

ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO

Switched

DESIREE HOLT

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Emma is prepared for another boring lawyers' conference until her suitcase gets switched with Luke Borelli's—a man who has as much interest in BDSM as he does in torts and contracts. Wet and horny from the moment she lays eyes on him, she accepts his invitation to introduce her to the pleasures of BDSM.

The feeling of helplessness the handcuffs create only enhances Emma's pleasure as his mouth devours every inch of her body, his hands teasing and tormenting. When he introduces her to the switch and the edge of pleasure-pain it brings, her orgasms reach a plane of undeniable intensity.

But what about afterward? Emma wonders if she'll ever see him again. How is she going to satisfy her now permanently aroused body?

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Edited by Helen Woodall

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SWITCHED

Desiree Holt

Dedication

To all my friends who have kept me going at a traumatic time in my life; to Helen Woodall, who has been grace and kindness itself; and to my late, beloved husband, David, who will always be the hero in my stories.

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Chapter One

"Thanks very much. Just put the suitcase on that luggage rack."

Emma Holder overtipped the bellman, grateful to be rid of the long flight, the chaos in the lobby and the ride to her floor in the crushed elevator. She just wanted to strip off her clothes, take a long hot shower, and order a bottle of wine before she had to face the opening day of the conference tomorrow.

Tossing her suit jacket on the bed, she released the clip pulling her hair back and shook her head, letting the thick brown unruly waves tumble to her shoulders. She was definitely not looking forward to the next two days of legal workshops. It seemed to her she hadn't had anything in her life for ages except legal briefs, research and depositions. Or worn anything except severe business suits to impress clients and judges, well-cut to disguise the flaring hips and what she considered "fleshy" thighs that no amount of exercise could seem to trim into shape.

Not that she hadn't known exactly what she was getting into when she clutched her brand new law degree in her hand and stepped willingly into the established law firm of Hannity and White. She just didn't know she'd be putting her sex life completely on hold. She'd heard wild stories from other attorneys about the flirting and hooking up that went on after hours. Too bad she hadn't reached that part of her career yet. Of course, that gave her more time to hopefully get herself into shape. Men were such *guys*, with their *Playboy* ideals of perfection. She wondered if they ever looked at *themselves* in the mirror.

Sighing, she knelt in front of her suitcase to open the combination lock and pull out something comfortable. When she spun the locks and they didn't catch, she bit her lip in frustration. Swiping her palm over the lock so she could try again, she carefully and

slowly moved each wheel to the exact sequence of numbers in the combination, pressed the release latch and...nothing.

“Damn!” she shouted, resisting an urge to bang her head on the offending piece of luggage.

Taking a deep breath, she set the numbers one more time. Ten minutes later she was ready to commit murder—on the suitcase or preferably the people who manufactured it. Her frustration level was off the charts, her hair hung wildly around her face and anger surged through her body.

Finally, at her absolute limit, she looked around the room for anything to help her open the freaking suitcase. Atop the minibar she spotted plates and an assortment of cutlery, including a sharp paring knife. Ignoring the damage she was doing to the expensive leather, she drove the knife into the fabric around the lock and pried and cut and pulled, finally slicing a gash the length of the leather and yanking back the top. Tossing the knife aside, she reached inside the luggage to pull out a robe and...stopped, her eyebrows nearly arching off her forehead.

Instead of the neat rows of feminine items and clothing she’d packed so carefully, what she saw was an equally neat pile of men’s clothing, and items she’d never seen in anyone’s suitcase before. Fleece-lined handcuffs. A pile of silk scarves. Something with a braided leather hand that had soft strips of suede dangling from it. In purple, of all things! An assortment of liquids carefully wrapped in plastic. And some items she couldn’t readily identify.

She stared in shock, stumbling back a step or two. What the hell was this? These weren’t her things. Whose were they? Had her luggage been switched with that of a serial killer, or some other kind of deranged person?

She was still gaping at the contents when a knock sounded on her door. Slamming the top back down on the suitcase, she forced herself to focus.

“Who is it, please?”

"I'm just down the hall." The voice was masculine, warm and deep, like thick syrup. "I think there's been a mistake in our suitcases and they got switched."

Hell and damnation! Wouldn't you know it would be someone with a sexy voice?

"Can you describe your suitcase?" she called. She'd traveled often enough to know not to just open her door to anyone.

She could hear the sigh even through the heavy door. "Soft brown leather with a braided handle and a combination lock."

Just like hers. Oh shit.

She started toward the door then stopped herself. "Wait a minute. How did you know you had the wrong suitcase?"

There was silence for a long moment. "I...managed to open it." More silence. "How about you?"

She swallowed hard. "I...um...opened this one too. All right. We can't very well do this through the door. But I warn you, I'm trained in martial arts."

"I consider myself on notice."

Emma suddenly realized how idiotic she was being. If the man really meant to harm her, he could have broken into her room or bribed a bellman for a key card. She just wanted to get this over with and order that wine.

"All right," she told him. "I'm letting you in."

She nearly stopped breathing when she pulled the door open and looked at the man standing there.

He was easily six feet, lean and muscular, with sun-streaked light brown hair, emerald green eyes and a square jaw. Everything about him said, *Fuck me. You'll love it.*

He lifted the suitcase he was holding, identical to the one in her room, in both hands, holding it as if it was nothing. "I believe this is yours?"

Somehow she found her voice. "Yes. I have yours over there," she waved in the general direction of the luggage rack.

He placed hers on the foot of the bed, then went to retrieve his own, stopping when he saw what she'd done to it.

"Did you attack it with heavy armor or something?" But there was a hint of humor in his voice.

"I-I'm sorry. It's been a long day and I was just frustrated..."

"I see you've managed to rummage through everything." He waited a moment for her to comment on the contents but she clamped her mouth tightly shut, daring a word to even break through.

"I'm sorry about the damage," she told him.

"No problem. I wasn't much kinder to yours."

He paused again, as if waiting for a comment, but when she made none he simply lifted his luggage as if it weighed nothing and hefted it under his arm.

"Wait a minute." A thought popped into her slightly addled brain. "How did you know it was mine that got switched with yours?"

"You have a business card taped to the inside of the lid, Emma Holder," he reminded her. "It *was* a zoo down there, we obviously checked in at the same time and the two pieces are identical. I can understand a mix-up happening." A grin teased at one corner of his mouth. "And I bribed the desk heavily for your room number."

"You could have just had a bellman come up and make the switch," she pointed out.

"And miss out on meeting the woman with the very sexy lingerie? Not a chance."

Heat crawled up her face. "You went through my *things*?"

"No less than you did. Shall we call it even?"

Emma bit her tongue to keep from asking him what all the paraphernalia was he was lugging around. Her curiosity was killing her. "Well then. Thank you for helping to make the switch."

"My pleasure."

"You know my name, but you haven't told me yours," she pointed out.

"Luke Borelli. Pardon me if I don't offer to shake hands." He nodded at the luggage he was holding.

"Well. Thank you for making the exchange, Luke Borelli."

He studied her for a moment, inquisitiveness stamped on his face, started toward the door, then stopped. "Why don't I buy you a drink to make up for all the inconvenience?"

"Even after I hacked your suitcase to death?"

The smile that curled his lips was the sexiest she had ever seen. "I didn't do yours very much good either. Come on. One drink. It's a lot better than the cocktail party that's planned for tonight."

"Cocktail party?" In the fatigue of the trip and registering, she'd totally forgotten the big opening shindig. She cocked her head and let her gaze travel over him. "So, you're a lawyer too, here for the conference?"

He chuckled. "Yes, but you have to promise not to tell anyone. I hate listening to all the bad lawyer jokes. Come on, one drink and we can part friends."

Emma nibbled on her lower lip for a moment. She was sure she was about to make a major mistake but at last she nodded her head. "All right. I'll meet you in the small lounge downstairs in thirty minutes."

"Thirty minutes." His eyes darkened slightly. "I'm looking forward to it."

* * * * *

Luke Borelli hastily stripped off his clothes and headed for the bathroom. He definitely needed a shower, especially if the delightful Emma took him up on his invitation. He figured there was a fifty-fifty chance she would, since she'd obviously gotten a good look at the items in his suitcase. They'd either scare her off or pique her imagination.

While the hot water beat down on him he conjured up images of Emma Holder in the role of submissive. He could see her on her knees, wrists cuffed to the bed, ass in the air as he layered it with stripes from the flogger. Or on her knees, his cock in her mouth, all that rich-looking sable hair cascading over her naked breasts.

Beneath the skirt she was wearing he'd been able to see what a fine, well-rounded ass she had. See the bare outlines of her nipples through the silk blouse and the lace bra, a tempting shadow beneath the fabric.

In an instant he was as hard as a spike, his cock throbbing with need. He didn't remember the last time a woman had turned him on this much so quickly.

She was so obviously a woman used to being in charge. But Luke had found, over the years, that more often than not those were exactly the women who had latent submissive tendencies. And he definitely wanted to explore that possibility with Emma.

As he dressed in fresh clothes, he made a mental note to leave a message for Sharon that he had other plans for tonight. That was the great thing about their relationship. No strings. They each had their own lives in different cities. When opportunity provided them a chance to hook up, that was great. If other things came up, no hard feelings.

Yes, he was definitely hoping Emma would show up for that drink.

* * * * *

The hotel's smaller cocktail lounge could best be described as intimate, with its dim recessed lighting, thick carpeting and wood paneling. The clink of glasses was a subdued sound and people seemed to be speaking in whispers.

Emma smoothed the fabric of her silk shift, wet her lips and glanced around the room. Maybe he'd changed his mind and she could dash upstairs and hide behind her locked door. But no, there he was, in a corner table, of course. That sexy smile crawled over his face, sending shivers along her spine, as he rose and motioned her toward him.

"I was afraid you'd changed your mind," he told her, holding the chair for her. "I was nearly ready to give up."

"Sorry. It just took me a little longer to change than I expected."

Because I rubbed my new peach-scented lotion onto every area of my body, redid my makeup twice and changed my dress four times. How stupid is that?

She'd also taken a few minutes to boot up her laptop and Google some of the items she remembered from Luke Borelli's suitcase. She knew people used these things but she never had and some of them were unfamiliar to her. The first site it took her to specialized in equipment for "your BDSM enjoyment". Despite a slight sense of shock, she hadn't been able to hold back the sense of erotic pleasure that washed over her.

So Luke Borelli was into the BDSM lifestyle. Interesting. Was he meeting a partner here? Was it someone he hooked up with on a regular basis? If so, then why had he invited her for a drink? Or was he just killing time until his "date" arrived?

"Those look like some pretty heavy thoughts weighing you down." His molasses voice broke into her mental wandering.

Emma blinked her eyes and smiled at him. "Sorry. Just...trying to decide what to drink."

And isn't that a lame excuse?

He reached across the table and took her hand lightly in his, his thumb just brushing over her knuckles. Emma had to squeeze her thighs together to suppress the growing tingle. She was afraid to raise her eyes to his, afraid he'd see the spark of excitement in them. Get the wrong idea. She had never been into BDSM and didn't think she planned to start now.

Although in her situation, always having to be in control sometimes got old. What would it be like...

"Let's see," he drawled. "I'd say you were either a wine drinker or something more complex like a Black Russian."

She grinned in spite of herself. "Almost. White Russian, although I'm a wine lover too." She made herself look at him. "What made you guess that?"

One corner of his mouth lifted in a lopsided grin. "Wine indicates intelligence, taste and sophistication. The mixed drink a complexity of personality but not the artificial veneer you find with the cosmo drinkers."

Emma burst out laughing. "I'm flattered. I think."

"It was meant as a compliment." He squeezed her hand gently before withdrawing his own. "So what will it be tonight?"

"White Russian. I feel like being...complex."

"Complex it is." He signaled for the waiter, shifting slightly in his chair so that across from her his leg brushed against hers.

Heat rushed along her skin even from that brief contact. When he moved his gaze back to her, his emerald eyes had darkened to a forest green. Hunger shone bright in them. Emma lowered her lids, hoping her own eyes didn't show the growing need inside her.

What was going on here? She never reacted this quickly to a man. In point of fact, lately there had hardly been any man in her tightly ordered life. But she remembered how it used to be. There was always the little flirtation, the intimate dinners and the teasing foreplay. She'd never been one to fall into a man's bed five minutes after hello. But this man across from her, a man with sexual tastes far beyond her experience... Well, if she could rip off her clothes here in the bar she just might do it.

I have got to get hold of myself. Right now.

"You're thinking again," Luke teased. "I don't suppose you'd like to share what's really going on in there."

"Just a few scattered thoughts about how strange it is that out of all the people in this hotel, at this conference, *our* suitcases were the ones that got switched. And now here we are together."

The waiter arrived with their drinks and Luke raised his glass to her.

"I'd say it was Fate."

Emma raised an eyebrow. "An attorney who believes in something as insubstantial as Fate? Luck? I thought if you couldn't see it, taste it or smell it, it didn't exist."

"Is that how you look at things? Just the facts, ma'am?"

She sipped at her drink. "That's what I learned from law school and from the partners at my firm. And so far it's worked for me."

He took a swallow of his own drink, studying her over the rim of his glass. "But don't you ever want to break free of that? Just throw off all that control and enjoy new things?"

Emma had a good idea where this conversation was leading. Neither of them had mentioned the contents of his suitcase, which he damn well knew she had seen after hacking it open. As she considered how to answer him, he leaned back in his chair, stretched out his legs beneath the table and she found his hard muscled calves effectively trapping hers between them. The strange thing was, she had no urge to extricate herself. An image flashed across her mind of Luke naked, towering over her, herself on her knees before him, hands cuffed behind her.

Heat crawled up her cheeks and she tried to bury her face in her glass.

Luke chuckled, a deep, rumbling sound. "Now I *really* want to know what's on your mind. And you still haven't answered my question."

"I think I've lost track of it," she apologized, wondering if there was a way to change the direction in which this conversation was heading. Or if she even wanted to.

"I wondered just how deep that need for control actually went, or if you ever just tossed caution to the winds. Forgot about being an attorney and thought about being a woman."

Emma frowned. "Are you saying they can't be one and the same?"

"I'm saying you look like a woman who's been hiding behind the person she thinks she should be." He sat up and leaned across the small table. "But I sense there's someone in there who's hot. Sensuous. Uninhibited. Just begging to be let loose."

Emma gulped her drink, nearly choking on it. Wiping her eyes with her napkin, she tried to arrange her face into an expression of indignation, but she was sure it wasn't working. And if her face had been hot before, now it was burning.

"Don't you think that's a little inappropriate for someone who's just met me?"

He picked up the hand that wasn't holding her glass, playing with the fingers, caressing each one with feathery strokes. "I know you saw what was in my suitcase. Yet you still agreed to have a drink with me."

He turned her hand over, his thumb stroking the inside of her wrist.

Emma wet her lips. "I didn't... I mean... Nothing was of interest to me."

"Liar." His voice was so low if he hadn't been leaning close to her she might not have heard him. "I can feel your pulse racing."

"Luke." She wet her lips again. "I'm not sure —"

"Is anyone ever?"

"Aren't you expecting to meet someone? Isn't that why you have all of that...stuff with you?"

He reached his other hand over the table and tilted her chin with two fingertips. "No one important. Just a...friend."

"It would be rude to stand her up," Emma whispered. The pulse in her cunt was beating harder than a jungle drum and she knew her thong was completely soaked. Muscles quivered in hungry need for this man's cock. And maybe for everything that came with it.

"I left a message for her," he assured her. "We've known each other a long time and have an understanding."

Emma hated herself for asking the next question. "Is she someone special?"

He smiled, the expression like a flare of heat straight to her body. "Not as special as you. What about it, Emma? Willing to throw caution away and take a walk on the wild side? You might find you actually enjoy it."

Could she do it? It would, after all, be just for one night. She could avoid him for the rest of the conference. They'd never see each other again. A once in a lifetime opportunity to taste a forbidden flavor.

"Convince me," she whispered.

"Come to my room with me and I will."

Chapter Two

Luke unlocked the door and stood back to let Emma precede him into the room. He knew what she saw was a duplicate of her accommodation. The standard king-size hotel room, upgraded one class. A symbol that both of them had more than a basic expense account. She stopped by the small table and chairs and turned to look at him, as if waiting for him to tell her what to do next.

"Relax," he grinned, forcing himself to do the same. He held out one of the chairs for her. "I don't expect you to rip off your clothes right away."

Well, that isn't exactly true.

Her answering smile was tentative, as if she was wondering whether he was serious or making a joke.

He reached down and stroked his fingers along the smooth skin of her cheek, then let his hand drop to where her breasts swelled above the dress. Her body with its lush curves had made him so horny from the moment he laid eyes on her, he'd been afraid he'd actually start to drool. He was so used to women who starved themselves to an unappealing stick-like figure that he could hardly believe this Rubenesque bit of womanhood had been literally dropped into his lap. He blessed whoever had switched their suitcases.

"I haven't looked in the minibar," he went on, jerking himself back to awareness, "but I have a feeling they don't stock White Russians. Let me call room service and have them send something up."

"That's not necessary," she told him. "Whatever you have is fine."

"On the contrary. I want you to relax and be comfortable. Not settle for just anything. This will only take a second."

When he'd placed the order, he removed his jacket, loosened his tie and sat down opposite her. Casually he crossed his legs, resting one foot on the opposite knee. The air around them was charged with electricity so strong it was almost visible. He could tell by the look in her eyes that Emma felt it too.

When she crossed her own legs, primly tugging down her dress, and folded her hands on the table he almost laughed out loud. He could see her at a bargaining table, the ladylike lawyer with the air of authority. Tonight he was going to do his best to show her she could have another side to her life. One in which she could hand control over to someone else yet by her submission still retain it.

"I'm sure you must have questions you want to ask me," he said. "About the things you saw in my suitcase, so go ahead. Ask away."

He loved the pink blush that crept up her porcelain skin. She might be a worldly attorney but obviously not in all things sexual.

She unfolded her hands and spread them out. "I'm not sure where to begin. Obviously you're into the BDSM lifestyle, right?"

"That's a simple question with a complex answer."

She shrugged. "I told you I do complex. So give it a shot."

He studied her, wondering the best way to begin. He didn't want to scare her off, just intrigue her. And he certainly didn't want to sound like a lecturer.

"Like I said, there are a lot of answers." He ran his finger around the rim of his glass, wondering what it would feel like to do the same thing with the opening of her cunt. Wet, he guessed, just like his drink. He shifted in his chair, trying to ease his burgeoning erection. What *was* it about this woman that made him so instantly horny? "Many couples use it to put spice into their sex lives. They take from the lifestyle those things that appeal to them and leave out the others."

A knock at the door interrupted them. He waited while the room service waiter set their drinks on the table, signed the tab and closed the door. When he turned he saw Emma taking a healthy swallow of her drink and hid his smile.

"You might want to sip," he suggested. "The evening will be a lot more fun if both of us are fully aware of what we're doing."

"So some couples aren't really into the lifestyle as a whole?" she asked.

When he was seated again, he reached over and took one of her hands, much as he'd done in the cocktail lounge. Her skin was petal soft, her fingernails neatly trimmed with clear polish. Somehow that turned him on more than the long painted claws most of the women he knew favored. He was sure he could hold onto her hand forever, caressing the skin, brushing the knuckles. Imagining them wrapped around his shaft.

Now *he* was the one who needed a hefty swallow of his drink.

"No. It's just another form of arousal for them. Although for true Doms and subs they live every facet of it inside the privacy of their homes."

"And others?" she prompted.

He chose his words carefully. "Some people take it a step further. Out of their homes, so to speak. There are BDSM clubs in most major cities where people can go to play as much or as little as they want."

Her eyes widened. "With *strangers*?"

"Sure." He grinned. "Haven't you ever had sex with a stranger?"

There went that blush again. Just looking at it for some reason made his balls ache. He wondered if he was bewitched.

"Y-Yes." The word came out reluctantly. "But not in public."

"Different strokes." He took another swallow of his drink. "And then there are those couples for whom this is the foundation of their relationship. Where for one of them control in their professional life is so consuming they are actually ready to hand it over in their personal life."

Emma put down her drink and leaned across the table, "But letting another person have total control? I don't think I could do that. It's...demeaning."

Luke shook his head. "Not if they love and respect each other."

“And you, Luke? Which category do you fall into?”

How to answer that? Because what he had was not necessarily what he wanted.

Emma couldn't believe how aroused she was, just discussing this lifestyle. Of course, the ultra sexy man giving her chapter and verse had a lot to do with it. She was a smart woman who had full control of every aspect of her life. It might be fun to try out one or two activities, but that was all it would be. Just play. With an overbearing father, an authoritative brother and dictatorial senior partners, she had no intention of putting her life in another man's hands. She'd lose herself, she was sure.

But to play...

“Come here.” Luke stretched out a hand to her. “Come on. I won't bite.” He chuckled. “At least not much.”

She sipped at her drink, needing the liquid courage, then rose and took his hand. She loved the feel of it, so strong and masculine, slightly roughened as if he worked or played outdoors when not attending to business. She had a feeling his taut, lean body was not the result of a gym or health club.

He tugged her toward him and before she realized it she found herself in his lap. She wondered if the moisture drenching her thong would seep through to Luke's trousers. Then she realized he was in much the same situation she was, his enormously thick erection pressing against her buttocks. Her nipples, already hard, were doing their best to poke through the fabric of her dress. She had daringly chosen not to wear a bra. Now she wanted to pull her dress down and offer her breasts to this man.

“Better,” he told her in a soft voice.

His hand smoothed along the curve of her hip, heating the flesh beneath the clinging material. Casually it stole its way up her back until his fingers reached her bare skin and did a little tap dance from one side to the other. When they slid beneath the heavy fall of her hair to the nape of her neck, stroking it lightly, a shiver raced over her

body. Luke tilted her head closer to his and his lips brushed against hers, his tongue tracing the outline of her mouth.

Emma was glad she was sitting down, because even that ghost of a kiss turned her legs to water.

Rather than taking the kiss deeper, his lips trailed across her cheek to her ear, where he nipped the lobe lightly, then down the column of her neck. Wriggling her ass against his thighs and the hot erection, she clutched at his shoulders and tilted her head to give him greater exposure.

One of his hands caressed her arm, sliding down until his fingers wrapped around her wrist.

"Feel that, Emma?" His voice was husky. "Feel how gentle my fingers are around your wrist? That's how those handcuffs will feel. That fleece lining is even softer than my skin."

"B-But I wouldn't be able to pull away from them." She was clinging to the edge of reason very precariously.

"Maybe you wouldn't want to." His lips pressed against the pulse beating furiously at the hollow of her throat.

"Maybe I wouldn't." Oh god, did she just say that?

His hand dropped to her thigh, drifting to the edge of her skirt, sliding it up so incrementally she almost didn't notice, distracted as she was by his marauding mouth.

"No pantyhose," he murmured. "My kind of woman."

His fingers danced up the inside of her thighs, skimming lightly over her skin, until he reached the crotch of her thong. A husky laugh echoed from his throat.

"You are so wet, Emma. You're absolutely drenched. You want this, don't you." A statement, not a question.

How could she deny it when the evidence was right there?

He stood, lifting her in his arms.

"Let's take it slowly, shall we?" He carried her over to the bed and stood her on the floor next to it. "One thing at a time."

She nodded, unable to form words. She had never been uptight about sex, but she was about to step into an unknown world and hoped her courage matched her high anticipation.

Luke bent his head to kiss her again, but this one wasn't just the touch of a butterfly. This one meant business. The moment her mouth opened for him his tongue swept inside and tasted every bit of her. He plunged and thrust, demanding her response, even as his fingers found the zipper on her dress, slid it down and pushed the fabric away from her.

Self-consciously, Emma moved her hands to cover herself. She could hardly stand being in the light with all her flaws exposed. But Luke wasn't about to let her retreat. He lifted his head, his eyes heavy with desire, raking his gaze over her almost naked body.

"You are so beautiful." His soft words were almost reverent. A hand swept over one hip and thigh. "I love a woman with real curves. Mouthwatering."

Emma gave a short, self-deprecating laugh. "Haven't you ever heard there can be too much of a good thing?"

"Not if you're referring to yourself. You don't have any idea what a turn-on you are, do you? Cup your breasts and hold them out to me," he told her, his eyes holding hers. "As high as you can lift them."

Again with a certain amount of self-consciousness she did as he ordered. He leaned down and swiped his tongue across first one nipple then the other. Emma had to dig her fingers into her flesh to keep herself from melting.

"God, you taste delicious. I'll bet that sweet little pussy of yours tastes even better."

Luke stepped back and with an economy of motion stripped off his clothing and tossed it on a valet stand next to the armoire. Emma widened her eyes at the sight of his naked body. Holy mother! This man belonged in every woman's wet dream. His lean

runner's body was solid muscle and bone. A thick dusting of hair slighter darker brown than that on his head formed a pelt on his chest and arrowed down to... Good god! The most amazing erection she had ever seen. She barely kept herself from drooling.

Thick and swollen, the plum-colored head dark with the blood that had rushed to the magnificent cock, it pointed straight out, a tiny bead of fluid already seeping from the slit. Luke wrapped his fingers around the root and slid them to the head and back again.

"Ready to play, Emma?" His voice was thick and hoarse.

"Yes. I am." She heard the tremor in her voice.

Luke stood in front of her, close but not touching. "Okay, we have to establish some ground rules first."

Emma frowned, wishing he'd let her sit down. "Ground rules?"

"Uh-huh. Rule One. In BDSM your partner's pleasure is the most important thing. Therefore, we don't want to do anything that turns you off or causes you unnecessary pain." His voice dropped. "Only pain that brings pleasure. So you need a safe word."

"Safe word?" She was beginning to sound like a parrot.

"Any time you want this to stop, you just say that word and it's all over. So what do you choose?"

Choose a word? She could hardly think, so she blurted out the first word that popped into her mind. "Merger."

Luke laughed, that low rumbling sound that made her juices flow. "Spoken like a true corporate attorney. Okay, merger it is. Rule Two. It is common for the sub to address her partner as Master. However, since this is your first time, we'll forgo this until and unless you feel comfortable with it."

She nodded, wishing he'd get on with this.

"Rule Three. You will do whatever I tell you to, and only what I tell you to. Unless you use your safe word to stop. Clear?"

She nodded again.

“Good. Then it’s time to get started.”

He lifted her and placed her carefully on the bed, bending to give her a predatory kiss and skim his hands lightly over her body. When he reached her thong, he yanked it down and tossed it aside along with her shoes.

“Spread your legs,” he commanded.

Heat shot through Emma and every pulse began to throb. She opened her legs for him, watching him.

“Good. Now bend your knees and plant your feet on the bed. I want to see every inch of that cunt.”

Emma knew that more liquid was seeping from her pussy, an indication of how aroused Luke’s orders made her. As if she wasn’t hot enough before.

She expected Luke to climb onto the bed with her, but instead he walked to his suitcase, studied it for a moment and selected two items. Standing beside her again, he reached for her hands. With a deft motion, he slipped a fleece-lined cuff on one wrist and locked it in place. Pulling her arms over her head, he threaded the links through a spindle in the headboard and manacled her other wrist. She was now completely at his mercy. Unlike the fear she expected to feel, jolts of lust speared through her, straight to her nipples and her cunt.

“Better,” he smiled. “Now I can play to my heart’s content.”

He knelt between her outspread thighs, staring at the core of her before bending down and opening the lips of her pussy as if unfolding a flower. One fingertip slid from her clit to her opening and back again. Luke held up the finger for her to see.

“Look how wet you are.” His voice was low and warm, like thick chocolate.

Emma had never realized how aroused the feeling of helplessness would make her, how liquid her body would be. Her pulse was racing in anticipation of what would come next.

Luke pressed his palms against the inside of her thighs, spreading them even wider, lowered his head and licked the tip of her pulsing clit. Emma arched her body, thrusting her hips at him as best she could.

More! she wanted to shout. *Don't tease me!*

He gave her more, but not exactly the way she'd hoped. His tongue flicked against her clit again, and again. Over and over. Lust surged through her more powerful than she'd ever felt before. Her belly clenched. Her womb clenched. Her manacled hands fisted against the onslaught of sensation. Her climax was building deep within her, threatening to erupt at any moment, but she wanted Luke *inside* her when it happened.

Should she beg? Is that what a good submissive would do? But Luke lifted his head and his next words disabused her of that notion.

"Do not come, Emma." His eyes stared into hers, powerful magnets holding her gaze. "You may not come until I tell you to. Do you understand?"

"But —"

"Do you understand?" He repeated it more firmly.

Emma bit her lip and nodded.

"Say the words," he commanded.

"Yes. I understand." But how on earth was she supposed to survive the sensual attack of his hands and mouth without coming?

Luke moved up over her body and put his face close to hers.

"It's an exercise in discipline, Emma. It pleases your Master when you can do this." His face was barely more than an inch from hers now. "And you should know that a sub has it in her power, by obeying, to give her Master the greatest pleasure possible. So you see? You really have the power in your hands after all."

Her eyes widened as his words sank in. *She* was controlling *his* pleasure by letting him control hers? That she'd have to see. Right now, however, she needed every bit of self-discipline not to give in to the orgasm threatening to consume her.

Luke bent to his task again, teasing her clit with flicks of his tongue. She wet her lips and tried to control her breathing, even as tiny spasms traveled through her body. Just when she was sure she was at the limit of her control, he lifted his head and sat back on his heels.

"I think it would heighten your senses if you could only feel. Not see. I enjoy blindfolding my subs to increase their awareness and arousal."

He swung off the bed and walked over to his open suitcase, pulling out two of the silk scarves Emma had seen. Standing beside her again, he folded one and placed the soft fabric across her eyes, reaching behind her to tie it at the back of her head. The silk was like a caress on her skin and Emma closed her eyes behind it. When she felt Luke kneel between her thighs again, she tensed for the next assault on her senses. It wasn't long in coming.

The touch of silk was a whisper over the sensitized flesh of her pussy. Moving the other scarf so lightly she barely felt it, Luke played the soft material back and forth over her tormented cunt. The sensations were at once both soothing and demanding, arousing her to a point that was almost unbearable.

"You are so wet." Luke's voice was low and thick. "Your beautiful pussy is just gushing. It's so slick and pink. I can hardly keep myself from lapping it all up. But I have other plans for the moment."

With a faint brush of air he pulled the scarf away. While Emma lay there wondering what came next, he reached up and released one of the handcuffs and lifted her to a sitting position. He left the blindfold in place.

Pulling her hands behind her, he locked the cuff into place again, then sat down and lifted her to his lap.

"You know," he murmured in her ear, "there is so much I'd like to do with you but I don't want to frighten you away."

"I'm not frightened yet," she told him, her voice raspy with need. "Just...extremely aroused."

“That’s what I want. When I finally let you climax, it will surpass anything you’ve ever felt. And it will be at *my* command, which will enhance it for you even more.”

As he spoke his warm hand stroked up and down her arm, just a hint of a caress. Casually he moved it to her hip and the curve of her buttocks.

“Do you know the cheeks of your ass are an erogenous zone, Emma?”

“N-No, I didn’t.” She was beginning to feel way out of her element here and wondered if she’d made a mistake. But a sliver of erotic darkness was beckoning to her, and she couldn’t make herself turn away.

“The touch of a hand, the sting of a slap, even the sharp caress of a flogger can elicit pain that carries you to a higher threshold of pleasure.” His hand continued to smooth over her flesh. “That’s one reason so many subs enjoy having their Masters spank them or flog them, and why Masters get such enjoyment out of bringing that pleasure to their subs.”

Before Emma realized what was happening, Luke lifted her and turned her over so she lay across his thigh, hands manacled behind her, her ass lifted in the air and exposed to whatever he had in mind.

She drew in a deep breath and let it out. “What are you going to do?”

She could almost hear the smile in his voice. “Masters punish their subs by spanking and flogging,” he went on, “but good subs often deliberately incur the process because it brings them so much enjoyment and stimulation. Let’s see what it does for you, shall we?”

The next thing she knew, Luke’s big hand met her ass in a light but stinging slap.

“Oh!”

She jerked at the contact, felt the flash of heat on her flesh. But in the next moment the muscles in her pussy quivered and more liquid seeped out to coat the insides of her thighs. Reflexively she squeezed her thighs together.

"Ah." Luke's voice had just a touch of self-satisfaction. "Like that, do you? I had a feeling you might. You have an ass that just begs to be spanked."

His hand came down again, striking her with controlled power over and over. Just enough to sting. The more his palm connected with her flesh, the hotter that flesh became. The heat streaked down to her pussy, setting the tiny nerves embedded there aflame. Emma couldn't stop squeezing her legs together to still the flutters inside her hot channel that were driving her crazy.

When the spanking stopped she almost cried.

"Luke!" she wailed.

"Ah god, that ass is the most gorgeous shade of red," he uttered almost reverently. His hand slid between her thighs. "And look at how wet you are. Hell, Emma. You wreck my self-control."

She knew the spanking was just as arousing to him. His cock, if possible, grew even thicker and prodded the soft flesh of her belly. The liquid that seeped from the slit was slick against her skin. Balancing herself as best she could, she wiggled against it, hoping to tease him as he'd done to her.

Without warning his palm smacked the burning globes of her ass.

"Did I give you permission to do that?" His tone was deceptively soft.

Emma dragged in another breath. The heat from her ass had once again streaked to her cunt, which was now burning with need. Deprived of the sense of sight, every sensation she felt was magnified. Shockingly she could understand why so many people adopted even a part of this lifestyle.

"I-I'm sorry," she gasped. Then, tempting the devil, she wiggled again.

Luke's laugh vibrated through her body. "I think I have a convert here. But defiance earns more than a spanking."

He lifted her, rose and placed her face down on the bed. His hands moved pillows until her head was cradled on them and he'd raised her to her knees. She was still

blindfolded, her hands still manacled behind her back, only now her helplessness felt completely delicious. And she desperately wanted to come.

“Let’s see if this teaches you anything,” Luke purred.

The instant the thin straps of what she could tell from the impact was the flogger lashed against her buttocks, more heat flooded her, this time spreading through her entire body. She couldn’t hold back the low moan that pulsed from her throat, nor stop the automatic arching of her ass demanding more.

She felt Luke’s warm breath against her face and his mouth close to her ear. “By the time I fuck you tonight, you’ll wonder how any other man ever satisfied you.”

That’s what Emma was afraid of.

Luke ran a hand over the curve of her ass and down the backs of her thighs. Then she felt his mouth on each globe of her buttocks, pressing light kisses on the tormented flesh. Those kisses were as erotically arousing as what came next. The flogger straps kissed her ass with a sharp crack, and Luke set up a steady rhythm. The more he struck, the more aroused she became, until she wasn’t sure she could hold off her climax another moment.

Yet when he stopped, she wanted to beg him to continue. Especially when she felt those light kisses raining on her burning flesh again. And his hand sliding between her thighs to probe at her drenched pussy. When one lean finger slid inside she tried to grasp it with her internal muscles, but Luke pulled it away.

“Are you trying to force me into flogging you again?” Luke asked. “I have something different in mind.”

He lifted her from the bed and set her on the floor, but on her knees rather than her feet.

“That sweet mouth of yours has been driving me crazy since I met you,” he told her, rubbing his thumb against her mouth. “Every time I looked at you all I could see was my cock inside. And every good sub excels at sucking her Master’s cock. Let’s see if you can make my dream happen.”

The head of his shaft pressed against her lips and Emma obediently opened her mouth as wide as she could. With the blindfold still in place, she could feel every inch of the soft skin over hard steel as Luke slowly pressed it into her mouth. She licked the sides, wrapping her tongue around it as much as she could. As it pushed farther into her mouth she tilted her head back to allow the head to slide toward the back of her throat.

The only thing about this new to her was the submissive pose in which she found herself and the enormous size of the cock she was trying to wrap her lips around. Luke had a distinctive male flavor that she found exciting. And his scent! She inhaled him as he pushed forward, the combination of natural musk and clean soap like an aphrodisiac.

When she had taken him as far into her mouth as she could, she began bobbing her head, sliding her lips back and forth, wishing she could reach out and cup his balls, feel them tighten in the palm of her hand. Her mind began to drift, even as her mouth stroked Luke's penis, wishing she could taste every part of his body.

When he pulled away her rhythm broke abruptly.

"Wha...?"

"Enough." His voice was rough. "I think I pushed myself too much, while I was testing you." He reached down and lifted her up, pulling the blindfold from her eyes and pressing a button to release the handcuffs. "I'm going to fuck you, Emma. And I want you to fully participate."

Emma wanted to throw herself at him and thank him. She was more than ready to welcome him inside her.

His eyes were so dark she could barely see any light in them as he moved between her legs. In a swift motion he rolled on a condom, spread her legs, parted her labia and drove himself home.

"Don't come yet," he told her in that hoarse voice.

Oh god!

She bit her lip, doing her best to hold back, but her pussy seemed to have a mind of its own. It clutched at Luke's heated rod with a desperation she felt in every muscle and nerve.

"No foreplay this time, Emma. I've had all the tempting and teasing I can stand." His breathing was ragged. "I've been ready for you since you opened the door to your room."

Foreplay? What did he call everything they'd been doing?

His head dropped and he captured one nipple, sucking it into his mouth, grazing its pebbled surface with his teeth. Emma moaned again, arching her body to give him better access.

He withdrew, then pushed into her again. The walls of her cunt were stretched almost beyond capacity by the size of him, but Emma welcomed it, welcomed his possession of her. She wrapped her legs around his waist, locking her ankles together at his spine, and held on for dear life as he pistoned in and out of her.

Hurry, Luke. I'm there, I'm there. I can't hold back.

He pulled back one last time, hollered, "Now, Emma," and drove into her until he filled every micro-inch of space. He went rigid, the muscles beneath her hands corded, jets of semen spurting into the thin latex sheath.

Emma exploded, falling through space, spasms racking her body. She was pushed to a plane of sensation higher than she'd ever been before. The muscles of her cunt milked Luke's throbbing cock, squeezing it as they clenched over and over again. The pleasure was so intense she couldn't breathe and she was sure her heart stopped.

When she finally opened her eyes, Luke was balanced over her, braced on his forearms. The rasping sounds as they dragged air into their oxygen-deprived lungs were underscored by the furious tattoo of two thundering hearts.

Luke touched his forehead to hers. "That finale was far too quick after all that buildup." He dragged in another breath. "I can promise you next time will be slower, longer and better."

Emma blinked. "Next time?"

He rolled to the side, taking her with him, his cock still wedged inside her. "Emma, we just got started tonight. I didn't want to throw everything at you at once."

"Everything?"

He caressed her cheek, his fingertips tracing patterns on her still flushed skin. "Your enjoyment tonight gave me such pleasure. I want to show you more. Try more with you." He brushed his lips against hers. "Take a lot more time with you."

She tried to pull away but his arms were wrapped firmly around her. "Luke, I don't know if I... That is... I'm not sure..."

"If you could be really into this?" he finished for her.

She nodded.

"Give it a chance. We're here for three days." His voice softened. "We could enjoy a great deal of pleasure, Emma. More than anything I want to introduce you to more of the enjoyment you can find in BDSM." His eyes held hers. "It was good for you tonight. I know it. And any time you want to stop, just yell 'merger' and we're done."

Anxiety and temptation battled for dominance. "Well..."

"Think about it," he said as he pulled out of her and swung his legs off the bed.

She heard him in the bathroom, heard the water running, then he was back. With gentle strokes he bathed the entire area of her cunt and the insides of her thighs. Using a tube he grabbed from his suitcase, he applied a soothing ointment to the burning stripes on her buttocks. Fetching another cloth from the bathroom, he wiped the perspiration from her face and body, then held a glass of cold water for her drink.

"Why are you taking such good care of me?" she asked.

"A good Dom always takes proper care of his sub. In a real relationship, it is the Dom's responsibility to see to his sub's welfare beyond the sexual acts. The sub accedes to the Dom's wishes because she knows her pleasure and comfort are primary to him."

"I-I never realized that," she stammered.

He climbed back into bed and spooned her against his body. “Emma, there’s *a lot* about this you don’t know. And I’m just dying to teach you.”

Chapter Three

At six Emma awoke and stealthily made her way down the hall to her room, treating herself to a long hot shower. Images from the previous night kept replaying in her mind, making her both uncomfortable and aroused. She couldn't believe the things she'd done. That she'd let Luke do to her. Despite the cream he'd applied, the skin of her buttocks still stung when the shower spray hit it.

And he was expecting to pick up tonight where they'd left off?

Damn!

What was she going to do? What did she *want* to do?

When the water turned cold, she shut it off, toweled herself dry and dressed for the day's conference program. Despite her determination to pretend nothing had happened between them, she couldn't stop looking for him at the buffet breakfast. Maybe he'd eaten in his room. She carried her plate and coffee to one of the small tables in the room and smiled politely at the conversation of the people who joined her. She knew none of them.

Strangers in a strange land, she thought, looking to connect. She'd certainly made her own connection last night. And then some.

Emma wasn't sure exactly how she sat through the endless sessions. Trying to absorb what she'd been sent to learn was difficult when sitting on her ass only reminded her of the spankings and the flogger. And although he'd skipped breakfast, Luke seemed to be wherever she was, always on the other side of the room. Yet whenever she allowed herself to steal a look at him, his eyes were on her, hot and tempting. She couldn't help the shiver that skittered down her spine.

At lunch Luke sat at a table as far from her as possible. She picked at her food and tried to engage in polite conversation with her table mates, but she couldn't concentrate

on that any more than she could on the sessions she attended. Hopefully there were detailed handouts so she could give her boss a semi-coherent report.

She sighed with relief when five o'clock rolled around, the programs ended for the day and everyone headed for the obligatory mixer. Free booze. Who wouldn't show up for that? Especially with all the casual groping that was sure to go on with the letdown of the day's good behavior.

Not me. Definitely not me.

She headed for the elevator, anxious to get upstairs. Room service tonight, she decided. Luke could sneer at her for being chicken and write her off, and maybe she *was* afraid of what he offered. She just wasn't sure she was ready to wade back into such deep waters. She was adventurous but she had her limits. She wasn't sure she was quite ready to dance with this particular devil, no matter how attractive he made it seem.

Didn't she?

The elevator doors opened and she stepped inside. Five more minutes and she could relax. But before the doors could close again, a hand reached inside to pry them apart and the devil himself, Luke Borelli, entered and moved next to her.

"Running out on me, Emma?" He stared straight ahead as he spoke, but she could see their reflections in the polished doors. "I wouldn't have expected it of you."

"Just having an early night after a long day."

Luke chuckled. "Yes, because it was so intense and interesting. Right. Try again."

"I don't need to explain myself to you." Her voice sounded prim even to her. Damn.

The elevator reached their floor and they both stepped out into the hallway. Luke took her arms in a gentle grip.

"Last night was good, Emma. You can't deny it. Tonight can be even better. So what are you running from? I'd say yourself."

She knew she should step away. He wasn't holding her that tightly. But the look in his eyes had her bones melting, her crotch dampening and her nipples hardening. His hands slid gently up and down her arms, a sensuous caress that stirred her blood.

"Don't run away," he coaxed. "We've just begun. We're here for two more nights. Give me this one, and if you want to call it quits after this, I won't press the issue." He leaned his face closer. "Come on. Give me a chance."

Damn! She was supposedly a high-powered corporate attorney. An associate on the partnership track. Why couldn't she handle the situation with this man better?

"One more thing," he interjected. "You agree to give me total control. You do nothing unless I give you permission, nothing except what I tell you to do."

No, no, no, said her brain. She never, ever gave up control. To anyone. But the idea of being in someone else's power sexually aroused her more than she would ever have believed. And it appeared her mouth had a mind of its own.

"All right," she heard herself say. "I agree."

* * * * *

Luke realized he couldn't do much about the erection betraying his feelings, but he was determined to go slowly with Emma. Last night he thought he'd just been looking for a new playmate, but somehow things had gotten...complicated. He always kept his emotions tucked in his pocket with regard to his partners. Mostly because he had yet to find one who touched him in more than a sexual way. They met, they played, many times they repeated the program. But there was always an end to it. A point when he was done. Finished.

But Emma, as reluctant as he was to admit it, had wiggled in under his shields and into his bloodstream. She wanted to walk away. Smart money said he should have let her. But his money didn't seem to be very smart at all.

So he stood in the shower, the two of them enveloped in a cloud of steam, and smoothed creamy bubbles over her body. Her breasts were small yet perfect, tipped

with rosy nipples already pebbled. In contrast, her hips were rounded and lush, exactly the way he liked them. And her ass. Jesus, he wanted to spread those tempting globes and plunge his cock into the dark hole and fuck her until she begged him never to stop.

Swallowing back his lust, he continued soaping her body, covering her back from neck to ankles, then turning her to face him so he could work on her mouthwatering front. Emma stood there with her eyes closed as his hands touched her breasts, her navel, the soft curls covering her mound.

"I'm going to shave this," he murmured as his hands rubbed the soft lather into her skin. "When we are finished here, I am going to spread you out helpless on the bed, your pussy completely exposed, and make it totally bare."

One lean finger pushed into her pussy, finding a wetness that had nothing to do with the water from shower.

"Ah, Emma, your body gives you away. Tonight will bring you incredible pleasure, I promise."

Pleasure was already coursing through her system and all they were doing was playing in the shower. It was the anticipation of what was yet to come that was pushing her hormones into overdrive.

I am an intelligent woman who controls her own environment. No way am I going to give that control over to some man.

But even as she tried to hold onto that thought for security, she knew she was lying to herself. Luke Borelli made her feel something that no other man ever had. Safe. How was that possible after a mere twenty-four hours?

Was he serious about shaving her pussy? She'd thought often about going to the day spa for a wax job but never about having a man do this to her. Just the image of it made more liquid flood her cunt.

Her thought process shut off as his soapy finger slipped into her vagina, reaching for the spot that drove her wild. She spread her feet for balance and rode his finger,

drawing out the sensation. What she really wanted was his cock, but she'd made an agreement with him before they entered the room and she was sticking to it. She hadn't expected to feel such a sense of comfort in it. What was happening to her?

When the finger was removed she felt a sense of loss and bit back the whimper of protest.

"Your turn," Luke told her, handing her the shower gel. "I want you to lather every inch of my body. Don't miss a spot or I might have to spank you."

Emma swallowed a smile, remembering the stinging pleasure of his hand on her ass. Maybe, just maybe, she'd be a little naughty and earn that punishment.

Luke tilted her head so he could look in her eyes, his own hot and demanding. "Get started. Now."

She had to stand on tiptoe to reach the upper parts of his body. When she smoothed her hands over his shoulder her body reacted to the solid muscular feel of him and she wished she could stop and press herself against him. Instead she rubbed soapy gel into his broad chest, lathering the fine hair that covered it. She covered his arms before returning to his flat belly and trailing her fingers down through his pubic hair to his rigid cock standing at attention. Her mouth watered at the sight of the flared purple head and she remembered the feel of it in her mouth.

"Wrap your fist around it," he ordered, the hoarseness back in his voice. "Make sure it's nice and slick but don't do it too long. I don't want to come in the shower."

"All right."

"Get down on your knees, Emma. You can wash my legs and my cock much better from that angle."

She dropped obediently to a kneeling position, ignoring the water sluicing over her as she bent to her task. She would have spent most of her time on his shaft but she knew Luke expected her to follow his directions. The muscles of his calves as she rubbed them were just as tight as the rest of his body. She lifted her eyes briefly and saw Luke's own fingers wrapped around his cock now, stroking it lightly as she soaped him.

Finished with the front, she rose and he turned, leaning against the shower wall.

"Now the back, of course. Don't miss one spot, Emma."

"I-I won't," she assured him as her hands went to work moving from his shoulders down toward his feet. She marveled again at the taut toughness of his body. When she reached his feet, soaping them one last time, she rose and waited for his next instructions.

"You left one spot unattended," he told her.

Emma frowned. "I don't think so."

"Yes, you did. And you'd better get to it before all the hot water is gone." He spread his legs and pulled apart the cheeks of his ass. "You forgot *that* place."

Emma froze where she was standing. She couldn't seem to catch her breath. He wanted her to wash his anus? His rectum? She thought herself somewhat sophisticated about sex, but she'd never touched a man there before.

"Afraid?" he taunted her. "Afraid you'll hate it or that you'll love it? Come on, Emma. Remember the rules."

Forcing herself to move, she poured some of the gel into one hand and worked it into a rich lather. Gingerly she spread it around the puckered brown ring, stunned at the bolt of lust that shot through her. She ran her fingertip around and around, feeling the creased skin. Luke's body tensed and she knew he was waiting for her to push her finger inside. Holding her breath, she inserted one fingertip, then more of the finger, then more until it was all the way inside.

Her breath came out in a whoosh at the unfamiliar but thrilling feel of the hot, tight, dark muscles clenching around her finger. Her own inner muscles tightened in response.

"Move your finger," he ordered. "Just as I do to you. I'm going to fuck you in the ass, Emma, until you scream with pleasure. I want you to get to know how it feels to penetrate that tight channel."

Tentatively she moved her finger in and out in a slow, gliding motion, her body reacting to the sensual act. She could almost feel him inside her own rectum, feel his finger and...and...his cock! Oh lord. If she was as tight as he was, how would he ever get it in there? The waves of pleasure coursing through her made her wonder why she'd resisted anal sex for so long.

But the answer, of course, was that she'd never desired that intense level of intimacy with any of the men she'd slept with.

She was lost in the voluptuous wash of sensations when Luke's voice penetrated her thoughts.

"Stop. Now, Emma. Right now."

She yanked her finger out, fearful that she'd done something wrong. But when Luke turned around he had a hungry smile on his face.

"I want to save the rest until we're out of this shower."

He rinsed himself off under the spray, made sure Emma was clean again from head to toe, then turned off the water. Two large, fluffy towels sat on the counter. Luke dried every inch of her body with one of them, rubbing the nubby fabric against her nipples, then against her clit.

"Whenever we shower, I will bathe you and dry you myself," he told her. "It is my desire to care for you in every way as long as we are together. Do you understand?"

Emma nodded, unable to speak. Her legs were threatening to buckle again and she had to clutch at his arms to hold herself steady.

"Good." Luke wrapped the towel around her, picked her up and carried her into the bedroom. "I am going to shave that sweet little cunt of yours, Emma. I want to see it in all its naked glory, feast on the tempting pink flesh, see every shiver and quake without anything in my way."

He placed her gently on the bed then unwrapped the towel so it lay beneath her. Reaching into the nightstand drawer, he pulled out the fleece-lined handcuffs.

Stretching her arms out above her head, he locked the cuffs around her wrists and to the headboard as he'd done last night.

Emma watched him with curious eyes. She was already aroused from the activity in the shower and wanted him inside her *now*, but knowing the choice wasn't hers was unbelievably erotic.

Luke retrieved more items from the drawer and in a moment she felt soft cuffs locked around each ankle. When Emma glanced down she saw long straps of leather extending from each one. She didn't have to wonder about them for long. One at a time Luke extended them to the wrist manacles and fastened them so her legs were pulled wide, her body immobilized.

The last thing he did was to slide a pillow beneath her hips. Then he leaned over her and licked her lips with his tongue.

"Open," he commanded.

When she did, his tongue swept inside, gliding over every inch of surface in that wet cavern. She pressed her own tongue against his, dueling with it, trying to close her lips around it. But as swiftly as it darted in, that fast it withdrew.

"One more step," Luke told her, "and then we begin."

When he pulled a long, coiled thin rope from the drawer, Emma widened her eyes.

What on earth?

She soon had her answer. Straddling her hips, Luke took one breast in his hand and began winding the rope around it, until the breast stood out fully, the collar of rope holding it erect. Looping the rope behind her neck, he wound the rest of it around the other breast, then sat back to view his handiwork.

"Excellent," he pronounced. "And when I've finished shaving you, we'll add a little something else."

Emma would never have believed how deliciously erotic being bound and at someone else's mercy would be. Amazingly it was almost a relief not to be the one

making decisions. Making choices. Giving orders and directions. Her entire life it seemed was wrapped up in iron control.

Never let them see you sweat.

Whoever said that surely had been a lawyer, or an officer in the corporate world. Even with the men she'd chosen to take into her bed she could never give them the upper hand. She couldn't allow anyone to see a chink in her armor. But with Luke it was somehow different. There was respect in his attitude, even as he took control of her. A desire to please.

Maybe this lifestyle isn't so bad.

But hell, this was only their second night and she had no idea what was in store for the remainder of the evening. Maybe she'd change her mind, but somehow she didn't think so.

"Ready?"

Luke's voice broke into her thoughts. She'd been so busy letting her mind wander she hadn't realized he had settled himself between her widespread legs, the room's ice bucket filled with warm soapy water, a wash cloth draped over one thigh. He held a razor in one hand and a can of shaving cream in the other. He had an expectant look on his face as if waiting for an answer.

"Yes," she told him, wetting her lips with her tongue. "I'm ready."

The foam of the shaving cream was cool on her mound, sending little tingles through her skin. Luke dipped the razor in the water, then began shaving the top curls with deft, even strokes. She closed her eyes, letting herself feel the glide of the razor over her skin, the brush of the cloth as it followed the razor. If she thought her pussy had been wet before, it was dripping now. And now, with her legs locked wide open, she had no place to conceal the evidence of her excitement. From the flare of heat in Luke's eyes, she knew he saw it.

His fingers were gentle as they tugged at her outer lips, the tiny curls there falling to the razor's sharp blade. His knuckle brushed gently against her clit and it was all she

could do to keep from crying out in need. Every nerve in her body, every one of her senses, was focused on that area between her legs where Luke was exposing the skin little by little.

“Excited, are we?” There was a touch of humor in Luke’s voice. “I’d hate to think you weren’t. Just remember I control what happens here. Always.”

He continued to work on her moist curls, taking great pains not to hurt her in any way as he tugged at her sensitive flesh. When he finished, he rinsed her thoroughly with the cloth, dragging it in lingering strokes over her now bare cunt, then took his time rubbing a scented lotion over the entire area. By the time he was done, every nerve in her body was on fire and she was a solid mass of tension trying to keep her body under control.

Luke carried the shaving tools into the bathroom. When he returned, he opened the nightstand drawer again and drew out yet another length of thin rope.

“W-What’s that for?” Emma asked. Was he going to flog her with a rope? No, that would hurt too much and he promised no pain without pleasure.

“I think you’ll find this interesting.” That sinful smile quirked his lips.

He stood at the head of the bed and looped the rope through the piece crossing the nape of her neck. He tugged it until he could pull the two ends under her body and between her thighs. With deft movements of his fingers he knotted the two pieces of rope, placed the knot directly on her clit, wound the free strands once around her breasts, then tied them with the others behind her neck.

Emma squirmed as much as her restraints allowed. She was splayed wide open, every inch of her pussy exposed to Luke’s hungry gaze, her breasts swollen and aching for his touch, the knot he’d tied pushing against her clit with just the right amount of pressure to tease that swollen, aching nub to increase her state of arousal. Knowing that her satisfaction was beyond her control excited her even more, especially when she saw the hunger and lust in Luke’s eyes.

Luke straddled her hips again, his weight causing the knot to tighten even more on her clit, and leaned forward to capture one nipple into his mouth. The flick of his tongue made Emma jerk her hips in response and struggle against her bonds. But she was firmly held in place, and Luke was relentless in his slow assault on her pebbled tip.

"Remember," he told her, lifting his head. "You have your safe word. Any time you want to stop, just say it and I'll respect your wishes. This doesn't work unless it's voluntary. Unless we both get pleasure out of it." He reached up a hand and stroked her cheek. His voice lowered. "And you are getting pleasure, aren't you, sweet Emma." He pinched the nipple lightly. "Let me hear you say it."

"Yes." She hardly recognized her own voice. "I *am* getting pleasure out of this."

"A lot of pleasure?" he prodded as he tweaked the nipple again.

"Yesss." She arched up as much as she could. "A lot of pleasure."

"But you will not come until I permit it," he reminded her. "Your body is mine to do with as I wish."

His words, which from someone else might have been threatening, released a new rush of sensation through her body. She attempted to wiggle her hips to create friction from the rope against her clit.

Luke leaned forward and pressed his lips around the nipple he'd been tormenting, sucking it into his mouth, pressing his lips firmly around it. Flashes of heat spread from her nipple to her pulsing womb. He shifted his mouth to the other nipple, the movement of his body pressing the knot in the rope against her swollen nub.

It was the most exquisite torture, a high level of arousal without any relief in sight. He had definitely taken command of her body. Her *helpless* body. And she was quickly, amazingly, becoming addicted to the situation. What aroused her even more was the look in Luke's eyes as he raised them to hers. Lust and desire. Need. Pleasure. It was just as he said—by giving him control, she was actually in control of *his* sexual satisfaction. A surge of power shot through her.

Luke's tongue traced the line where the rope bound her breasts, licking the flesh then flicking against the swollen nipples. He slid his body slowly, maddeningly, up and down against hers, causing friction of the knot in the rope against her clit. The moan that rose up in her throat was swallowed by Luke's mouth closing over hers, sucking the sound into his own body.

She tugged at the manacles imprisoning her wrists, but there was little play in the links connecting them. And Luke seemed intent on keeping her at the peak of arousal as long as possible while denying her satisfaction. Her body vibrated, thrumming with sexual tension, but she was not about to beg for satisfaction. Nor was she going to use her safe word. Luke had set down the rules and she was going to follow them.

"I'll bet you're soaked." Luke slid back until he was straddling her widespread legs. One finger reached forward and slipped into her cunt. When he pulled it back it was slick, covered with her fluid. Very slowly he lifted it to his mouth and licked the juice from it.

"Delicious," he purred. "The nectar of the gods." His eyes locked on hers. "I'd say the role of submissive elevates your level of excitement far beyond anything you expected. Am I right? Well, Emma? Answer me."

She nodded her head.

"No. Let me hear the words."

"Yes."

"Yes, what?" he prompted.

"Yes, I am more aroused than ever before." Emma swallowed. "And yes, I love being helpless and under your control."

Luke relaxed back on his heels. "Good girl. That pleases me." He pinched her nipples. "You are turning into a wonderful submissive. Let's add another experience."

Chapter Four

Luke was having more trouble keeping himself under control than usual. Part of his pleasure always came from holding back his own release while bringing his submissive to the point of release over and over again, using a variety of stimulations, denying them that final satisfaction until he was ready. But somehow with Emma control was becoming a strain. Just looking at her made his cock harden and swell, but then, all the activities brought him so close to release he wondered if he needed to stop and take a cold shower. Even just the soft sound of her voice stiffened his dick and made him want to plunge it inside her.

What the hell was happening to him? This was supposed to be a game. The spicy side of sex. Something he could walk away from like he did with all his other playful subs. So why did he feel such a strong connection to this woman? He was actually dreading the end of their playtime.

He shook himself mentally, the music of her moans penetrating the fog in his brain. He studied her eyes glazed with passion, her body writhing in the limited movement he'd allowed, her nipples so swollen and darkened to a deep rose, her lusciously bare cunt with the knot of the rope stimulating her clit, and his mouth watered. His deprived cock throbbed so hard it was nearly painful. What a delightful sub she had turned out to be. If they had unlimited time, he would love to see how long she could last bound as she was, how long he could keep her from climax.

Her small tongue peeped out to wet her lips and he couldn't resist the urge. Shifting his position, he took his cock in his hand and rubbed the head back and forth across her velvet lips.

"Open," he commanded.

Emma opened her mouth as wide as she could and Luke slid his swollen cock incrementally into that delightful wet cavern.

"Tilt your head back," he urged. "Do as I say."

The new angle gave him greater access and allowed him to penetrate farther.

"I know I'm big," he told her. "Fight the gag reflex. Once we get past that certain spot..." He pushed a little harder. "There. Now tighten your lips around me. If we were together more often, Emma, I would expect you to be naked in my presence at all times, and to take my rod into your lovely mouth whenever the urge struck me. Watching television. Reading. Whatever we were doing. Would it bother you to have a relationship like that?"

A relationship? I need to keep my fucking mouth shut. This is just supposed to be a few days of playtime. A challenge to keep the boredom at bay.

"I-I don't know." Her words were uneven, strangled by her obvious need to climax and the strain of forming words around the thickness of his shaft in her mouth.

Yet she was a willing obedient, Luke noted. Waiting for his instructions despite the rising tide of lust in her body. What had begun as a challenge as well as a way to pass the time at this very dull conference was turning into something he wasn't sure he was ready to recognize. Again he had to refocus his mind.

"You are doing well so far, my lovely little sub," he murmured, rocking his hips so his cock rode against the friction of her lips.

He positioned his body so that each slide, each rocking motion, tugged at the rope leading to that teasing knot, creating movement of the knot against her clit. Every tug brought a moan from low in her throat that vibrated against his shaft. He wanted badly to come in her mouth, but the remembrance of the tight, wet clasp of her pussy deterred him. He wanted her spread-eagled, bound and helpless when he fucked her, unable to do anything except comply with his wishes.

Gritting his teeth, he slid his rod very slowly from her mouth and moved back down her body. He couldn't resist tweaking her nipples as he did, pulling on them hard

enough that he saw first a slight grimace of pain replaced at once by a rosy flush of pleasure. The sight only increased the painful hardness of his cock and the growing ache in his balls.

He couldn't wait any longer. This woman shredded every vestige of his control, her pleasure was so contagious. He reached for a condom, deftly rolling it onto his cock. Then, kneeling between her thighs, he slid the strand of rope away from the opening of her cunt, slipped his hands beneath the cheeks of her ass to give himself leverage and drove into the welcoming wetness of her vagina.

She sighed, as if to say *At last*.

He began the ride, the measured strokes sliding the knot back and forth to do its work. The muscles of Emma's cunt grasped at the thickness of his cock, tiny flutters racing him toward his release. She was ready. He knew it. He felt it. Saw it in her eyes. It seemed merely seconds before he felt the familiar tingle in his spine and the tightening of his balls.

He watched her eyes. Now, he thought. Now was the time.

He let go at the exact moment he felt the first of her violent spasms overtake her and they rode the crest of the wave together. Over and over the shudders raced through them, her hot liquid bathing his erupting shaft. He rode her bound and restrained body until the last spurt of his cum filled the latex reservoir.

He leaned forward on his forearms, drawing in great gulps of air, his heart beating a furious tattoo against his ribs. Beneath him Emma's body was still heaving in the aftermath of the shattering orgasm, her delicate skin covered with a fine sheen of perspiration.

When he could finally pull himself together, he pulled out of the hot clasp of her cunt and levered himself off the bed, heading for the bathroom.

Emma listened to the sounds in the bathroom, wondering if Luke planned to leave her bound this way for the rest of the night. She closed her eyes, savoring the afterglow

of the most earth-shattering climax she had ever experienced. That her helplessness only enhanced it made her wonder about her real sexual preferences and what would happen when she and Luke went their separate ways.

"I'm either doing this very well or very wrong if you're asleep already." Luke's voice was right next to her, edged with a hint of amusement.

Emma forced her eyes open. "I'd say the former. I may never be able to move again."

"Oh I think we can take care of that very easily. It is, after all, the responsibility of a good Dom to take proper care of his sub."

With great care he unwound the several strands of rope, releasing the pressure on her clit first, then the layers binding her breasts. As blood surged through them, bringing pinpricks of pain, Luke massaged the tortured mounds with incredible tenderness. He licked the reddened places on her skin, gently sucked her nipples and pressed kisses every place the rope had left its mark on her body.

The last thing he did was free her wrists, massaging the aching muscles in her arms and shoulders. Then he lifted her in his arms and carried her into the bathroom, where the tub was already filled with scented, steaming water. Stepping into it, he lowered both of them until he was seated on the bottom with her settled between his thighs.

Emma felt totally pampered as Luke rubbed the liquid soap into her skin, his long fingers working magic on her strained muscles. He paid careful attention to her breasts and nipples, whispering erotic words in her ear and tracing the shell with the tip of his tongue as he stroked and caressed.

No part of her body was ignored. Luke kept up his murmurings as he bathed her from toes to ankles to thighs to hips, turning her this way and that to give himself better access.

"I can do that," she protested once, when he settled her on her knees to attend to her buttocks and her rectum.

"Hush," Luke told her. "It is my responsibility and my pleasure to care for you."

When his soap-slicked finger penetrated her ass she sucked in a breath and shivered with pleasure.

"Tomorrow night," Luke said, "when you are on your knees, blindfolded and restrained, you'll feel my cock in here." He bent his mouth to her ear again. "I can't wait."

At last he lifted her from the bath and stood her on the floor, drying her with a large, fluffy towel, tying another around his waist. Then, wrapping her in one of the complimentary robes from the hotel, he carried her into the bedroom and sat in the big chair near the table that held the room service order, arranging her on his lap.

Emma frowned. "Are you sure that's still good?"

"Absolutely. The hotel assured me they could set it up to keep fresh for hours."

And indeed they had. The covered platter of fruit sat on layers of crushed ice as did the tiny sandwiches. The champagne was still chilled, the cork coming away with a satisfying *pop!* when Luke opened it.

They were silent as they ate, Luke feeding her every bite from his hand, drinking champagne from the same flute he held to her lips. By the time they were finished she was boneless and sleepy, her head resting comfortably on his shoulder.

"I should go back to my room," she said, barely able to get the words out.

"I think you should stay here tonight," he argued. "I'll set the alarm to get you up early enough to dress in your room."

She made no protest when he carried her to the bed, stripped off the robe and tucked her beneath the covers. In a moment his naked body was behind her, spooning against her, the light already turned off.

Emma sighed, so deeply satisfied she wondered if she'd died and gone to erotic heaven. The last thing she thought about before falling into a dreamless sleep was kneeling before Luke, blindfolded and awaiting his commands.

* * * * *

Emma dressed carefully in the morning, paying special attention to her hair and makeup. She wanted to look completely professional, but there was no getting rid of the glow on her face or the new sexy sway of her hips. Especially since Luke had ordered her not to wear panties or hose. Her naked thighs brushed against each other as she walked and already she could feel the trickle of the liquid of her arousal.

She was acutely aware of his presence at any of the sessions they happened to attend together. Although he was always careful to sit on the opposite side of the room, she was hyperaware of his eyes on her at all times. And the silent orders they issued to stay away from other men.

By the time the conference wound down with the obligatory cocktail party, Emma was strung as taut as a wire. All the easy lassitude left over from the night before was replaced by nervous anticipation. What did Luke have in store for her tonight? And what about tomorrow? Would they simply go their own ways, back to their own lives?

Well of course, you ninny. This was never supposed to be anything more than an erotic interlude.

She was waiting for the elevator when she sensed Luke come up beside her. Her nose caught the now familiar woodsy scent of his cologne.

"Have you enjoyed the conference, Miss Holder?" he asked in an uninflected voice.

"I have indeed, Mr. Borelli." She could play the part too.

As the elevator doors opened and they moved into it along with the others waiting there, he whispered so softly she almost didn't hear it, "My room. Fifteen minutes."

Emma showered carefully, rubbing scented oil all over her body. The curls she kept tamed in a twist during the day she brushed out and left hanging loose around her shoulders. Not knowing exactly how to dress, she put on the hotel robe hanging on her bathroom door, peeking carefully up and down the hall before launching herself toward Luke's room. Her nerves were jangling when she finally knocked on Luke's door.

He was waiting for her, completely naked, his lips curved in a sensual smile, lust burning in his eyes. He was holding a silk scarf in his hands, letting it play through his fingers. On the bed were the familiar handcuffs as well as the flogger, plus an array of other items that she found so arousing she was afraid she would come just from looking at them.

As if he'd caught the heat drifting from her in waves, Luke said, "Remember. First rule. You may not come until I tell you to."

"Yes." She set her lips and clenched her thighs. "I remember."

"Good. Are you ready for your final lessons?" He smiled at her, winding the silk scarf around one hand while the fingers of the other drifted through her curls. "This is our last night together."

Emma smiled back at him, hoping he could sense her willingness. "Yes. I'm completely ready."

"No matter what."

She nodded. "No matter what."

"And you remember your safe word?"

Again she nodded.

"Then we shouldn't waste another moment. Remove that robe and kneel before me."

Emma slid the robe from her shoulders and tossed it onto a chair, then sank to her knees on the thick carpet. Luke walked around behind her, bent down and tied the soft silk of the blindfold around her head. His lips trailed a path across the slope of her shoulders, placing teasing kisses on her skin.

"Hands behind your back, Emma."

She felt the familiar fleece of the handcuffs as he locked them into place, resting her hands against the small of her back. The position was awkward but Emma managed to hold her balance. She didn't have long to wait for what would come next.

"Do you remember how you loved the flogger?" Luke asked.

Emma nodded.

"Answer me," he commanded. "Say the words."

"Yes. I loved the flogger."

"And?" he prompted.

"And it aroused me. Made me hot. Stimulated me."

His chuckle was low and sensual. "At the risk of offending you, I'd say you're almost a natural for this. I was pleasantly surprised at how responsive you are. You were made for this, Emma."

Emma didn't know how to respond to that, so she just waited, balancing herself on her knees.

"I thought we'd try something a little different tonight," he stated. "You can't see it but what I'm holding in my hand is a switch. It plays prominently in BDSM relationships and activities, and not just as an instrument to be used when a Dom needs to punish his sub. For many women its use drives them to a high state of arousal."

Emma tensed as thin strips of something brushed against the soft flesh of her buttocks. Back. Forth. Back. Forth.

"It's obvious to me that punishment is a turn-on for you," Luke continued. "And as good as the flogger is, the switch is even better. More arousing. Its thin strips bringing more pleasure-pain than the flogger often can."

She sensed him move closer. Then the thin strips of what he called the switch smacked against her buttocks, drawing pinpricks of pain that turned quickly to a rush of heat that spread to her pussy. Was Luke right? Did she crave a lifestyle she'd never even explored before?

She had little time to wonder, however, as Luke brought the switch down again and again. Never too hard. Just the right amount of pain to raise her pleasure higher and higher. She wished she could rub her legs together but then she heard Luke move

around her and the next time the switch came down it was on her breasts. Then her stomach. Then her breasts again.

Emma jerked with each sharp touch, struggling to maintain her balance. She knew her pussy was drenched, the inner muscles quivering for something to penetrate her, to ease the growing demand of her body for satisfaction. When the kiss of the switch suddenly stopped she bit her lips in frustration. Her body stung every place the switch had landed, yet she wanted to beg Luke to do it more.

"Open your mouth, Emma." His hand was under her chin, stroking it with gentle fingers. "Now, or there'll be no more pleasure."

When she did so, she felt the head of his cock brush her lips and a drop of pre-cum fell onto her tongue. When he moved away she swirled the taste of him in her mouth, savoring it. Wanting more.

"I want you to suck my cock again tonight," he told her, "but I think we'll add a little something to spice it up."

She had no idea what that could possibly be. Then she felt him behind her again, his fingers probing at her cunt.

"Nice and wet. Just what we need. I want to see if you can really follow my orders, Emma." A warm hand stroked the hot flesh of her buttocks. "No matter what, do not come until I give permission. Do you understand?"

"Yes." She swallowed. "I understand."

The next thing she knew he was sliding a cool metal dildo into her vagina and in a moment a low hum began to echo through her body.

Oh god, how will I stand this? How can I follow his orders when my control is rapidly shredding?

"Open your mouth again," he told her. "Focus only on sucking my cock and keeping your balance. Remember. Do. Not. Come. Not until I give you permission."

Emma had never been in such a maelstrom of feelings. Blindfolded, seeing nothing, she could only feel, and that sense was highly intensified. While the vibrations from the dildo spread out to every part of her body, Luke's thick shaft fucking her mouth created an entirely new set of sensations.

"Don't come," he ordered again. "I promise you the reward for obedience will be greater than you can imagine."

Emma forced her mind to a different place, a serene setting where the sensual tension in her body became remote and manageable. She wanted to do this, as much for Luke as for herself. She wanted to please him, because she knew in the end the greater pleasure would be hers, but holding her climax at bay was becoming increasingly difficult.

Impossibly Luke's thickened shaft had swollen even more in her mouth. She pressed her tongue against the ropy vein that wrapped around it and felt the throb of his blood pulsing through it. When she dragged her teeth lightly across the surface she heard the hissing intake of Luke's breath and the jerk of his body. His hands tightened on her shoulders.

"Easy, Emma." His voice was raspy. "We don't want this over before we've begun."

Emma squirmed as the steady vibrations of the dildo continued to hum through her body. Her breasts ached to be touched, her clit pulsed with need. She even wished for the rope from the previous night that she could rub against and get some relief.

She tilted her head back, somehow keeping her balance, but without warning Luke withdrew from her mouth.

"You don't know how much I want to come in your mouth," he rasped. "Pump my cum down that lovely throat. But I have other plans for tonight that tempt me even more."

He moved away from her, his sudden absence throwing her off balance. She had to spread her knees to stabilize herself and as she did so the dildo began to slide from her body.

"I did not give you permission to move." Luke's voice held that same thick, sensual tone as he reached between her legs to push the dildo back into place.

"I-I'm sorry," Emma protested. "I didn't want to fall on my face in front of you."

"Nevertheless, it's important you understand that you make no movement without instruction or permission from me."

Instantly she felt the switch drawn lightly across her buttocks, then felt its sharp sting as it bit into her skin. Emma squeezed her eyes shut behind the blindfold and clenched her teeth. The combination of the stinging kiss of the switch and the hum of the dildo were driving her to the point she did not yet have permission to reach. What would happen if she lost control? The anticipation of more punishment only aroused her further, shocking her with the intensity of her craving.

She struggled to stay balanced and hold back her climax while the switch stung her again and again. When it stopped, she was stunned to feel Luke's tongue licking every place the thin strips had struck her. The touch of it was more of a healing balm than the lotion he'd applied the night before. It also sent sensual shivers over every inch of her skin.

"Lean forward, Emma," he commanded. "Rest your forehead on the floor. I have you."

His hands at her waist stabilized her until she'd achieved the pose he asked for. A muffled thud let her know he'd dropped to his knees behind her. Then his hands were pressed against the insides of her thighs, widening them as much as he could. Emma felt completely open and exposed. Totally vulnerable.

When she felt the touch of his tongue again the heat that flared inside her threatened to ignite her completely. Especially when it flicked lightly from the top of her crevice to the bottom, swirling in tiny circles at the opening to her cunt. With the dildo still doing its thing she was close to a complete meltdown, but she wasn't going to allow herself to do it. More than anything, she wanted to show Luke she could abide by his orders.

Without warning, Luke shut off the vibrator and slid it from the tight grip of her cunt. His fingers and tongue stroked up and down between the cheeks of her ass, his warm breath caressing the tight ring of her anus.

"Remember what I said last night, Emma?" he asked. "That tonight I was going to fuck you in the ass?"

"Yes." She was breathless from his touch. "I-I remember."

"I'm going to do it now. And I want you to remain in this position."

Two fingers probed at her tight hole, pressing a cool gel inside. As they worked in deeper, massaging the lube into her tissues, Emma felt a different kind of heat shoot through her. More like an electrical current, igniting every nerve in her body. Posed as she was, she was completely at Luke's mercy. And thrilled by it! Her! Proper Emma Holder.

"Do not move at all," Luke commanded.

She heard the familiar snap of latex as he sheathed himself, then felt the pressure of his cock pressing against her anus. His hands at her hips held her firm and he pushed in slowly, stretching her. Then pulling back. Then in a little farther. The way he held her, and in her kneeling position, Emma had no chance to push back at him, to move with him. Luke was in complete control. Dominating. Yes, that was definitely the word for it.

When he was completely inside her, he set up a steady, pounding rhythm. His balls slapped at her ass and the tops of her thighs. Icy chills skittered along her spine even as her body temperature spiked out of sight. She wanted to come. *Needed* to come.

Oh please, Luke, let me come.

But Luke was focused on the movement of his shaft in and out of her dark tunnel. When he leaned forward, slid one hand down between her legs and pinched her clit, she had to bite her lip to keep from flooding his hand.

"Beg me," he rasped, increasing the pace of his strokes. "Come on, Emma. I have the power to take you to heaven. Let me hear you beg."

"Please," she cried. "I have to come, Luke. Please let me come."

He powered into her once, twice, pinched her clit again and growled, "Now," into her ear. Emma exploded. The orgasm, so intense in its buildup, raced through her body with the force of a hurricane, shaking her, tossing her into a maelstrom that racked her body. She shook so violently she was actually afraid she would fly apart and not be able to put herself back together again.

And still he rode her, pushing her from one orgasm into another until she was mindless with pleasure, her body no longer her own. Her pussy clenched over and over, spikes of electricity raced from the tight darkness of her rectum to set fire to every other part of her body.

At last the wild ride ended. Luke slowly withdrew from the tight clasp of her rectum. She heard him move to the bathroom to dispose of the condom, then he was back attending to her as he'd done the night before.

The blindfold came off first and she squinted against the sudden absence of darkness. When he released the handcuffs and pulled her arms forward she nearly screamed with the sudden flare of pain. Her legs weren't much better when he stretched them out so she was flat on her stomach. But then he lifted her and placed her on the bed as if she was a rare jewel and proceeded to massage her with gentle strokes already familiar to her. The cool lotion eased the sting on her buttocks, Luke's long fingers rubbing it in with infinite care.

When he'd finished with her ass, he dripped warm oil on her spine and began to work it slowly into the muscles of her back and neck, then down her thighs to her ankles and even her feet. Intense lassitude overtook her. She began to drift off into a place of soft clouds when Luke gently turned her over and began the oil treatment on her front.

Her breasts were still slightly sore from the previous night's bindings but the oil was easing away the last vestiges of discomfort. Her nipples hardened as his fingertips rubbed them lightly, but she realized there was nothing sexual in what Luke was doing.

Not even when he rubbed the oil into her naked pussy. Just as he'd explained to her, he was taking care of her. Seeing to her comfort.

When he was finished with the oil, he left her for a moment and she heard sounds coming from the bathroom. Then he was back, carrying a warm cloth that he bathed her face with. His hands trailed over her body again, his touch slow and intimate. By the time he tucked the covers around her, she was already falling asleep.

Chapter Five

When she came awake in the morning Emma felt as if every muscle in her body had been stretched and softened with the greatest care. Now she knew where people got the expression “limp noodle” from. A warm male body was pressed against her. She knew it was male from the pressure of the thick erection against her ass. Lean fingers were dancing along her arm and hip. Her skin tingled wherever he touched her, making her hum with satisfaction.

“How are you feeling this morning?” Luke asked, his breath warm against her ear.

“Better and better. Especially if you continue what you’re doing.”

“You sure you’re not too sore for any activity this morning?” His tongue traced the shell of her ear before his lips drew a line along the column of her neck.

“I don’t think so.” She wiggled her backside against him, trying to trap his cock between the cheeks of her ass.

Luke moved his hand to rest on her buttocks, lightly rubbing the flesh that last night he had striped so efficiently with the switch. “I think you might be too tender for anything back here,” he told her. “This morning I want to leave you with a total feeling of satisfaction.” He paused. “And maybe a desire for more.”

Before she could ask him what he meant by that, he rolled her onto her back and took her mouth in a hungry kiss. His tongue pushed inside, seeking hers, sweeping the inside of her cheeks, the roof of her mouth, even the edges of her teeth. He plunged his tongue so deeply into her throat she wasn’t sure where hers ended and his began. She only knew that her body was responding quickly. The inner muscles of her cunt quivered, aching for his touch.

He took his time kissing his way down her body, nibbling at the tips of her breasts, lapping the skin to her navel before swirling his tongue inside the tiny indentation.

Palming her breasts, he slid farther down, nibbling at her until he reached her pussy. Then he lifted her legs over his shoulders, opened her like a Christmas present and went to work on her with his mouth.

She writhed in pleasure as he nibbled, licked and tasted. He teased her clit with his teeth, making her hips arch up in response. Her fingers threaded through his hair, desperately trying to clutch his head and prevent him from moving it.

Luke's big hands slid beneath her buttocks and lifted her to his mouth, giving him better access to plunge his tongue inside. He fucked her steadily with it, holding her firmly in place, allowing her no freedom of movement against his sensual assault.

He stopped for a moment and lifted his head, his lips covered with her juices.

"Play with your nipples," he told her. "Pinch them and pretend it's me. Go on. Do it now."

Anything. Anything so he would go back to what he was doing.

Emma took her nipples between thumbs and forefingers and pinched them as hard as she could, amazed that the pain turned at once into searing pleasure, shooting its heat directly to her pussy, which Luke was again giving his best attention.

She felt the orgasm gathering deep inside herself, swelling like a giant tidal wave.

"Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop," she chanted, gripping his head again as the wave rose up and threatened to burst.

But then he did stop, only for a moment, long enough to swiftly roll on a condom. Bending back her knees and widening her thighs, he plunged into her with one stroke. She began coming at once, vaginal muscles clamping around his cock, her liquid bathing it. She jerked and convulsed and arched, pushing her hips at him as hard as she could.

He held himself still, braced on his forearms, until the last of her spasms had subsided. Then he began to fuck her with long, powerful strokes. In and out. Again and again. Driving her to yet another powerful climax, one she was sure would shatter her.

And this time he was right there with her, his own body shaking, muscles corded, cock throbbing as he poured himself into the thin latex barrier.

In the aftermath they lay quiet, his erection still inside her. The ragged sound of their breathing was the only thing that broke the silence in the room as they worked to drag air into their oxygen-deprived lungs. Emma could hear the pounding of her own heart in her ears and wondered if it was possible to die of sensual pleasure.

Bracing himself on his elbows, Luke pressed soft kisses all over her face and down the column of her neck. At last, with obvious reluctance, he slid from the clasp of her body, rolled off the bed and headed for the bathroom to dispose of the condom. Emma lay on the bed with her eyes closed, listening to the sounds of the shower being turned on.

When Luke lifted her from the bed she felt as limp as she had the night before and wondered if she'd ever be able to stand on her own two feet again or if she should just plan on spending the rest of her time lying in bed, naked, absorbed in satisfying and being satisfied. But Luke propped her up against the tile wall of the shower and within minutes of the needle spray hitting her body she began to feel revived.

He bathed her as he had all the previous times, paying careful attention to every part of her body. When he'd dried her off completely, he wrapped her once more in the hotel robe and carried her to the small table and chairs in the room.

"I think we both need a good breakfast to start the day," he said. "I'll order for you."

Emma could have taken it as a dictatorial statement but over the course of the two days she'd learned this was simply another way he was taking care of her, so she simply nodded.

"But lots of black coffee, please," she told him.

He grinned. "We need to be in shape to check out and head for the airport. By the way, what time does your plane leave?"

"Eleven o'clock," she told him. "What about you?"

"Noon. We can share a cab."

He placed the room service order then sat down opposite her. "Back to the rat race, right?"

Emma sighed. "Obviously. There's sure to be a pile of folders waiting for me on my desk. What about you?"

"I may be making some changes in my rut," he said, a slight evasive note in his voice.

"Oh? That sounds interesting. Tell me more about it."

At that moment a knock on the door announced room service, and although they talked as they ate, somehow they never got back to that subject.

* * * * *

The airport was filled with its usual busy crowds, a combination of business travelers and tourists, all rushing to get that last cup of coffee or the first place in line at check-in. Emma and Luke stood together, an island of stillness in the midst of activity.

"So." He put his briefcase down and took both of her hands in his. "Did you enjoy our little interlude, Emma?"

She felt herself blush as she recalled the things they'd done. The things she'd permitted him to do. Even enjoyed beyond expectation. She nodded.

"Let me hear you say it. You know I like the words." His voice was demanding but kind, softer than when she'd been naked and at his mercy.

"Yes," she answered in a soft voice. "I enjoyed it."

"You know, you fit this so naturally. I'd love to pursue this further with you. Who knows where we could take it."

"I-I think I'd like that." Oh god. Just the thought of it made her crotch wet and her nipples harden.

"Emma, this was something more than sex for us, no matter how it started out. Tell me I'm not wrong."

She was always afraid of admitting her feelings. It seemed such a total loss of control. Yet hadn't she willingly given up that control to this man for three nights? She wet her lips with the tip of her tongue. "Yes, I felt it too."

"Give me your number," he insisted.

They exchanged business cards, and he stared at hers.

"You may hear from me sooner than you think."

Then he pulled her into his arms and gave a brief but hard kiss. "You'd better check in at the gate. Go on. Don't miss your flight."

Then she was hurrying to her gate, the residual sting on the cheeks of her ass a pleasant reminder of the most erotic nights she had ever spent in her life.

* * * * *

Emma sat at her desk working her way through the pile of folders she'd predicted correctly would be waiting for her. While she was away her paralegal had done the requested research on each of the cases and the neat pages of notes were clipped to the front of each file. In three weeks, however, she was only halfway through the stack and she had meetings on the schedule she needed to prep for.

Today she was determined to finish the one client file that had "urgent" stamped on it. She told her secretary no phone calls, no emails, no interruptions of any kind.

But she found herself having to work hard to focus on each of the cases in progress. Images kept slashing through her mind of her nights with Luke. Herself naked and bound on the bed, or lying across Luke's lap while he spanked her in a rhythm calculated to elicit the maximum stimulation. Even now she still felt the tingling on her buttocks, the pressure of the fleece-lined cuffs on her wrists. Saw herself kneeling and spread open for Luke's pleasure.

And every time those images popped into her mind, she found herself squirming on her seat, trying to find some relief for her tingling cunt against the rough fabric.

Never in her life would she have expected she'd enjoy any part of the BDSM lifestyle, but obviously she was wrong. She enjoyed it enough to want more, including the incredible care Luke took of her each time. Could she live that way permanently, she who had always had an obsessive need for control? Maybe, or maybe not, but she desperately wanted the chance to find out. With Luke.

He'd promised to call, but she knew how that went. Been there, done that. And she had no intention of seeking out the same things with a stranger.

She swallowed her irritation when her secretary buzzed her on the intercom.

"Yes, Maureen, what is it? I thought I told you to hold everything."

"You need this one," Maureen warned. "Hannity's secretary just called and asked that you come to his office right away."

Shit.

"Excuse me?" Maureen sounded startled.

Oops! Emma hadn't realized she'd cursed out loud.

"Sorry. Did he say what he wanted?"

What could he possibly want? There was no staff meeting scheduled that she knew of. But Hannity could get a bug up his ass about any old thing. And he and White, the other senior partner, had been huddled together lately about something that no one else knew anything about. Rumors had been flying that some of the junior associates were being let go. Or that more were being hired and the whole staff was being realigned. Gossip always grew in a vacuum but Emma was scrupulous about avoiding it. She had enough problems as it was.

"Emma?" Maureen's voice broke into her thoughts. "Did you hear me?"

"Sorry. I was distracted."

"Better get undistracted," Maureen warned. "I said he sounds more than usually annoyed."

Emma bit back her irritation. "Fine. Call and say I'm on the way."

She shoved the notes she'd been reviewing back in the folder, rose from her chair and shrugged on the jacket to her suit. Dress code was the rule of law at Hannity and White. Emma had heard of people banished to research in the law library who'd decided casual dress would do the job.

Smoothing her hair back into the twist she fixed every morning to tame her curls, and brushing imaginary wrinkles from her skirt, she hurried down the hallway to the double doors at the end.

Loretta James, Hannity's secretary, looked up as Emma walked in.

"Go right in," she said. "The others are already here."

Emma stopped short. "Others? What others? Did I miss a memo or something?"

"No." Loretta shook her head. "This caught all of us by surprise. He had me call all the junior partners together." She waved her hand at Emma. "Hurry. You know he hates to be kept waiting."

When Emma opened the inner door to Hannity's office the first thing she saw was her colleagues gathered around the conference table at one end. The only empty seat was at the far end of the table. As she tried to make her way there with as little fuss as possible, the second thing caught her eye and she stopped, frozen in shock. Sitting next to the senior partner was none other than Luke Borelli.

She stared at him, wondering what he was doing here and hoping she didn't do anything to embarrass herself. This had to be some kind of nightmare. Why wouldn't he have told her about this?

"I'd like to call you," he'd said.

This was a little more than a phone call. Was he playing some kind of game? She waited for him to blow the whole thing, tell everyone they'd met at the conference, but he simply gave her a cordial, artificial smile. His eyes, however, were full of mischief.

"I waited until you arrived to make this announcement official," Hannity said to Emma, looking at his watch, a slightly chastising tone to his voice.

"I'm sorry." She slipped into the vacant chair. "I came as soon as Loretta called."

"What about the email?" he asked, as if she'd committed some crime.

She blinked. "Email?"

"Yes. I had Loretta send it out first thing this morning."

Right. And she'd been so busy studying case notes she hadn't checked her mail box. Damn.

"But I've let the others here know already. This has been in the works for some time. I wanted to wait until everything was signed on the dotted line, so to speak. I'm pleased to announce that Lucas Borelli has agreed to join our firm as head of mergers and acquisitions."

Emma was glad she was sitting down or she surely would have fainted. That meant she and Luke would be working together in the same area.

He'll be my boss. Oh shit!

"Lucas is considered tops in his area on the East Coast," Hannity went on. "We've been trying to steal him away for a long time." He looked at Emma. "That means you'll be working under him rather than Jenkins, who's moving to Arizona."

Working under him? That's a definite double entendre.

She cleared her throat. "Welcome to Hannity and White, Mr. Borelli. I'm sure we'll work well together."

"I don't doubt that at all," he said, a tiny smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

Emma wasn't sure how she got through the rest of the meeting, or how she choked down one of the tiny pastries Hannity served. Finally she excused herself and fled to

her office. She had hoped to see Luke again, but not in a situation where they'd be together every day. In a business environment.

Now what did she do?

"Are you all right?" Maureen came into Emma's office and closed the door. "You look very strange."

Emma leaned back in her chair, trying to form some kind of answer, but a knock on the door interrupted her thoughts. Deep inside she knew who it was.

She sighed and nodded at Maureen. "Go ahead. Open it."

Maureen looked at her strangely but pulled the door open. Her eyes widened at the sight of the man standing there. She glanced from him to Emma and back again. Luke flashed his smile at her as he strode into the office.

"It's okay," Emma told her secretary. "I'll buzz you if I need you."

Maureen reluctantly returned to the outer office, obviously swallowing a mouthful of questions.

"You didn't say a word to me," Emma said to Luke in an accusing voice. "Not even a hint. Were you playing yet another game with me?"

"Not at all. We didn't finish working out the details over the weekend," he explained.

"Did you know who I was when we met?" she demanded.

Luke shook his head. "No. Hannity hadn't given me the names of any of the junior partners during our discussions. I didn't even know you were with the firm until I saw your name badge. Then I didn't want to tell you until I was sure it was happening. What if all the negotiations fell apart?"

"What if this...whatever it is between us hadn't worked out? Turned sour? What would you have done then?"

His mouth crooked up in a wicked smile. "I knew after that first night we were good to go." He came around to her side of the desk and pulled her from her chair.

"Face it, Emma. You were made for the lifestyle. You enjoyed every minute we spent together." His eyes narrowed. "We made a connection that went far beyond the sex. Admit it."

She knew he was right but admitting it was hard for her.

"Emma?" He cupped her cheeks and stared into her eyes. "I'm waiting."

"Yes," she sighed. "I felt something too. So where do we go from here?" She was breathless just from his touch.

"I understand you have a condo with a magnificent view of the city. I'd say that's where we go first."

"B-But we'll be working together," she stammered. "How will that..."

"Work is work," he said firmly. "I know many couples in this same situation and they make it work." He leaned forward and brushed a kiss across her lips, igniting a fire that spread from breasts to cunt. "It's the part outside of work I'm interested in. With you."

She stared at him for a moment before nodding her head. She knew there was no way she could refuse him. "All right."

"Good." He pressed his lips to her ear. "I have a brand new switch and a new set of handcuffs. And I'm willing to bet you've been a very naughty girl."

"Yes," she whispered, the pulse in her cunt throbbing. "Very naughty."

"Take off your panties," he ordered.

Her eyes widened. "Here?"

He nodded. "No one will know but me. And you must learn to obey my instructions without question. Now I'll have to punish you even more."

Emma shimmied out of her panties and stuffed them in her pocket.

Luke slid his hand under her skin and caressed her bare ass.

“Let’s go. I can’t wait to try out the new switch on this luscious ass. I hope you weren’t planning on any sleep tonight.” He grinned again. “This punishment may take a very long time.”

About the Author

I always wonder what readers really want to know when I write one of these things. Getting to this point in my career has been an interesting journey. I've managed rock and roll bands and organized concerts. Been the only female on the sports staff of a university newspaper. Immersed myself in Nashville peddling a country singer. Lived in five different states. Married two very interesting but totally different men.

I think I must have lived in Texas in another life, because the minute I set foot on Texas soil I knew I was home. Living in Texas Hill Country gives me inspiration for more stories than I'll probably ever be able to tell, what with all the sexy cowboys who surround me and the gorgeous scenery that provides a great setting.

Each day is a new adventure for me, as my characters come to life on the pages of my current work in progress. I'm absolutely compulsive about it when I'm writing and thank all the gods and goddesses that I have such a terrific husband who encourages my writing and puts up with my obsession. As a multi-published author, I love to hear from my readers. Their input keeps my mind fresh and always hunting for new ideas.

Desiree 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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