



Punished

A Taboo Wishes Story

By

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For Tiffany who inspired me

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Chapter One

Play acting had never been high on Natalia Cooper's list of activities, but today she found herself dressed up and filling a role that made her positively wet. Why? Who knew? She didn't. Who really understood the wanton directions of a person's most titillating fantasies? Hers was already curling tendrils of need in her middle.

She sat in a hard, molded plastic chair in a brightly lit room made to look like a school office waiting area. It appeared genuine, but this place, *The Dungeon*, was far from that. *The Dungeon* specialized in fantasy fulfillment. Hers had always been the naughty girl scenario.

"Miss Smith, the principal will see you now." Natalia stood at the use of her fake last name. No real identities were allowed here. She straightened her miniscule green plaid skirt and followed the secretary into the "principal's office".

Nerves began to ball up in her belly. She'd always followed the straight and narrow and had rarely been punished as a kid. She'd never even been spanked. That was until a boyfriend had smacked her ass a few times during sex. He'd just been messing around, but she'd liked it. A lot. She'd longed for it ever since, but never found anyone...

And now what was she doing?

"He'll be right in," the "secretary" said.

Natalia nodded, unable to speak. She bit her lip and wondered if she was insane to be here waiting for a man to paddle her. According to the play-acting sheet, she was a habitually naughty student at Her Lady of Perpetual Need Catholic School and she'd been caught sneaking two boys into the locker room of the all-girls school.

As the woman left her alone, Natalia reached up to touch the mask that covered the upper portion of her face. Not only were names protected here, but faces as well—

"Miss Smith."

Her throat went dry. Her back straightened as the door behind her scraped open and the man's deep voice preceded him. She didn't dare look, and she folded her hands together in her lap.

"So we meet again. It seems you like my office."

"Um...no sir," Natalia answered as he came into her line of sight. Sweet Jesus! He was huge. Dressed in a black suit and a black shirt with a priest's collar, he looked like someone who might oversee an all-girls parochial school.

He leaned against his desk and crossed his arms over his wide chest. His coat strained over the muscles in his arms. His large hands looked like they would engulf hers if he took her fingers. Oh, her ass was going to sting.

Her breathing grew shallow as she envisioned it.

He looked down at her, his deep blue eyes studying her through the mask he too wore. It should have distracted her, the mask, but instead, it heightened her want. No matter the scenario, he was a stranger and he was going to give her exactly what she'd longed to receive for years.

One long finger tapped against his biceps. "Skipping school. Drinking in the parking lot. Cheating on your math test. Putting glue in Sister Martha's coffee. And now bringing these two boys into school. What are we going to do with you?"

She shrugged a shoulder and bit the corner of her lip. "Detention?"

He slowly shook his head. Rounding his desk, he slid off his suit coat and hung it on the back of his chair. Methodically, he folded his sleeves up his forearms. "No, I think we've moved beyond that. You'd sleep through detention, just like always, then leave your gum under the desk. I'd call your parents, but we both know that wouldn't do any good. It seems I'll need to take you in hand."

"What are you going to do?" She really didn't know, and her stomach was flipping at the options. Her panties had been drenched ever since she'd gotten here and put on this teeny-tiny uniform skirt and top. The second she bent, it would creep up her torso, exposing part of her back.

She slouched in the chair, thinking to take the part of naughty girl even further. She parted her knees slightly and ran her finger along the slightly veed collar of her shirt. "You could take up where those boys left off."

His lips compressed. "I think not, Miss Smith." His palms flattened on his desk as he leaned toward her. "Stand up. Now!"

Shaken, she leapt to her feet.

“You will remove your panties and leave them on my desk.”

Take...*off*...her panties? She blinked at him. She'd thought she'd leave them on while he did this. If she took them off, he'd see how wet she was. He'd smell how aroused she was. He'd... Oh God, he'd punish her naked ass.

“Problem, Miss Smith?”

“No, sir.”

Swallowing, she reached beneath her skirt and slid her thumbs into her waistband while doing her best to keep her skirt over her pussy. She pushed them down her thighs then realized her skirt would ride up her ass when she bent to pull them off her legs. Pausing with the white cotton just above her knees, she looked up at him.

His jaw was locked. His gaze locked on the panties. He'd straightened and now his knuckles were white on the back of the chair as he watched her. Would he try to do more than spank her? Right then, she knew if he wanted to fuck her, she'd let him.

“All the way off,” he demanded in a strangled voice.

Biting her lip, she shoved the underwear the rest of the way down her legs and wrestled them past her saddle shoes while she tried to ignore that her ass was sticking out. Quickly, she stood upright and yanked her skirt back into place then realized that she'd left the panties on the tile floor.

She looked up at him, and he tilted his head. She imagined if he weren't wearing a mask that she'd see a dark brow lifted.

“I said ‘on my desk’,” he reminded her. As if she needed to be reminded. Crouching, she picked them up, noticing the way her thighs slid together as she moved. She was so wet, her cream was seeping from her folds and onto her legs. She pressed them together and rose quickly, afraid she might actually drip on the floor, then casually tossed the underwear on the desk.

He shook his head at her façade of nonchalance. “You think this is a joke, Miss Smith?”

“No, sir.” She trembled as her pulse fluttered in her neck and went wild at her temple. This couldn't be farther from a joke to her. She was deadly serious about this need—hell, what else would have driven her to find a place that would cater to her desire to be punished?

“Hmm.” He sat at his desk and opened a manila folder. His fingers ran along the edge of her panties as he appeared to read—the edge that had to be wet from her arousal. Her face heated as she imagined what he was feeling.

“Stop fidgeting,” he ordered without looking up at her, and she realized she’d been shifting from foot to foot.

“Yes, sir,” she murmured.

“Oh, I see you’re failing algebra, as well,” he commented drily.

“I’m bad at math.”

“Perhaps if you studied...” His long, powerful fingers tapped on the desk, sending a tremor through her as he continued to radiate strength.

Where were men like this in real life? She only knew of one, and he was unattainable.

“I’ve considered your behavior for a while now. I’ve assigned you numerous rosaries. Have you done them?”

“Um...”

“I didn’t think so. Corporal punishment seems the only solution.”

Standing suddenly, he came around the desk, grasped her upper arm and hauled her toward a waist-high stool much like one would drag along a truculent child. He pushed her roughly forward onto the padded seat so that her torso rested along the length. Taking her wrists, he pulled them behind her and crossed them over her lower back. He adjusted her so that the fingers of each hand gripped the opposite forearm.

“Do not move,” he ordered.

Oh finally. This was it. She bit back a moan as he flipped up her skirt, tucked it beneath her clasped arms then backed up a step as if surveying her.

“I considered spanking you,” he said, his voice again sounding strangled. He trailed a finger lightly over the curve of one buttock then suddenly yanked away. “But I think perhaps that might not be right for a naughty girl like you. I think perhaps my paddle.”

Her heart thundered at the thought. Yes... He was right. At the moment, his hand would be too intimate and perhaps not hard enough. She needed something rougher, something coarser, something that really would punish her backside.

It wasn’t as if she’d truly done something wrong. Maybe she just wanted to be punished for being such a fucking good girl all her life. The boring, vanilla, yawn-worthy girl who’d suppressed her wild side until it nearly smothered her. That girl, yes, that girl needed the whipping.

“Please...no,” she begged, her words only raising her arousal level. She knew it wouldn’t stop him. Only her safe word—her panic word—would make him cease this play. And there was no way she was saying “artichoke”.

“You should have considered the consequences before you indulged your evil side,” he grated. She heard him walk away and dared to strain a look over her shoulder. At his desk, he opened a drawer and withdrew a paddle that made her consider rethinking this adventure.

Her breathing sped up, and she faced forward again. Fear and excitement warred, and her intense need won out.

“You needn’t be scared,” he said, again at her side. “You won’t be harmed, but I can guarantee you won’t sit comfortably all weekend. You won’t easily forget the wages of your behavior.” He brought the paddle within her line of sight. “It’s wood. I’ve chosen solid rather than the one with holes for today. That will increase air resistance and keep your bottom from feeling the full wrath it deserves. *But...* this has been handcrafted, and as you will feel, there are slightly upraised knobs carved into it to remind you to behave.”

He ran the rectangular panel along her arm, and she felt the protrusions. Another shiver ran through her. Yes...

“Are you ready?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” she replied. Actually, she wasn’t so sure, but she wasn’t backing out now. If this were a mistake, then she’d suck it up, not sit this weekend then never do this again, but deep down... Deep down, she knew this was completely right for her.

“Not a sound,” he warned. “We don’t want the other students to know of your punishment.”

“But, sir, I don’t know if I can...”

“Do try.”

She nodded, momentarily unable to speak and hopeful she’d be able to remain silent. Already she was biting back her moans of arousal.

He rubbed the wood along her ass then patted her buttocks with it, as if testing her firmness. She squirmed, barely keeping herself from begging him to get to it. This couldn’t be what she’d paid for. Suddenly, he drew back and cracked the wood against her bottom, drawing an involuntary cry as pain burst across her skin and radiated from the impacted area.

“Silence,” he growled. Another whack accompanied the command, and her fingers bit into her forearms as she struggled to keep her cry from escaping. It came out as a strangled whimper. She pressed her forehead to the edge of the bench while the paddle rained down on her ass. White-hot pain splintered downward through her, curling into her cunt and thrusting upward into her channel. If only she were being fucked. If only.

The agony continued, but so did the satisfaction. It felt right. It was what she needed, and... Oh God! The pleasure! He slapped the wood relentlessly onto her ass, the smooth,

rounded bumps digging into her meaty cheeks, but pain had morphed. It had shifted away, and only ecstasy remained. It shuddered through her as solidly as a wide, demanding cock and she bit into the seat to keep from screaming. Wave after wave washed over her so intense that she barely felt the paddle on her ass, and hardly felt when he stopped.

She screeched involuntarily at the sensation of his cool fingers on her fiery rear.

“Shh...” he murmured. “Shh... Okay, it’s okay.” His hands ran gently over her arms, loosening her grip and easing her hands to her sides. Carefully, he helped her stand then wiped away tears that had leaked both onto and beneath the mask. She hadn’t even known she’d cried.

“All right?” he asked.

She nodded then gasped at the sensations that pulsed through her from her burning ass when she straightened and her lightly starched skirt brushed over it. And yet, her body demanded more. She needed to be fucked, and she wished she could ask for that, but that wasn’t part of her contract. Disappointment settled in her middle even as her arousal continued to spin out of control, and her satisfaction with the paddling told her she’d definitely want more. As for the fucking... Tonight, she’d lie in her bed, with her aching ass to her fresh white sheets, and use her vibrator hard while she pretended it was Mr. Unattainable and that he’d just spanked her bottom but good.

* * * *

Alone in his changing area just off the “principal’s office”, Ethan Tavish gripped the edge of the vanity counter and bent forward slightly while he struggled to breathe. His arousal had never been so far out of control. Perspiration dotted his skin and ran down the side of his face as he recalled the scene he’d just exited.

Natalia Cooper. His beautiful, sable-haired, brown-eyed secretary. Her succulent curves had always tempted him. And she’d come here to be punished. He knew from the file provided him that this was her first time here, and her reactions confirmed that this wasn’t something she’d indulged before now. Oh...she was a born submissive. That was obvious. Some might even call her a pain whore. He wouldn’t. She was just beautiful and would be perfect for his bent.

Ethan wasn’t into all the standards of BDSM. Chains, leather, clamps, release denial, he could give or take them—mostly he ignored them—but when it came to flogging, spanking, paddling or whipping a succulent ass, there was nothing better. He liked to be in command and he liked to dominate. Mostly, he loved the screams of passion from a woman

when the momentary pain of his discipline became a pleasure so divine she would irrevocably be addicted to it.

Natalia's sweet cries had almost driven him to rip open his pants and fuck her until neither of them could move. But now wasn't the time or place. She hadn't contracted *The Dungeon* for that, and he didn't fuck women here. That was too much like prostitution for his tastes. Now if he and Natalia had come here and rented one of the playrooms...that would be another story. Ethan pulled off the priest collar that was choking him and vowed that in the near future, they *would* come here together and he *would* show her all the pleasures of the dungeons he favored.

He straightened and groaned in agony at the constriction of his pants on his cock. And they didn't constrict enough. He'd had to get out of the room quickly before she'd seen the huge tent in his pants. He was so hard that he'd have a devil of a time putting on his jeans in a few minutes.

"Hey, buddy."

Ethan looked up to see his best friend, Rob. As usual, the man looked as if he'd done his light-brown hair with an eggbeater, but that didn't stop the women around here from wanting him. In fact, their attraction level seemed to skyrocket whenever they learned he owned *The Dungeon*. Poor guy. He actually didn't like it. It made it awfully difficult to find the woman meant for him.

"Are you okay?" Rob asked when Ethan gave him a half-hearted wave. "You look pale and feverish."

"Fine. I'm not sick."

"Tough session?"

"Yeah. You might say... I know her, though she didn't realize it was me." Masked or not, he'd know Natalia in a minute. He wondered if he should be insulted that she hadn't recognized him as well. When she'd bent over the whipping stool, the tattoo on her lower back had confirmed her identity. From time to time, he'd seen those intricate wing-like Celtic knots intertwined with ivy vines when her shirt had crept up while she filed. It was both feminine and distinctive. He'd never seen anything like it. There was no mistaking that tattoo.

"And you want her..."

"Gee, you're psychic." He sighed. "Sorry, man. Yeah, I do. I have for a long time. Can you..." Should he ask? Yeah, he should. "Can you let me know if she comes in again?"

"Absolutely. You're one of the best. I'll give you to her every time—you know, as long as you want to keep up this gig. I know you have a full-time job in the 'real world'."

Ethan laughed when Rob made quote fingers at the “real world”. He dealt with a lot of crap over his club, but enough people enjoyed it that he did a bang-up business.

“The ‘real world’ can be boring,” he replied, making quote fingers back at his friend. “Women just don’t let me go around bending them over the credenza and spanking them.”

Now there was an idea, and come Monday, Natalia was going to find herself bent over his knee, his desk, and definitely his cock. If she liked her ass warmed, he was definitely stepping up to volunteer for the job, and he wasn’t taking no for an answer. She was his.

Chapter Two

Natalia squirmed in her chair, wishing she could still feel the sweet sting she had experienced Friday night and all of Saturday. By Sunday, there had only been a vague trace of an ache in the morning, but it was gone by lunch and she missed it. Dear lord, what was wrong with her?

Valiantly, she plowed through her work, doing her weekly reporting for her boss, Ethan Tavish, and attending to whatever else he needed throughout the day. Ethan, who was the vice president of advertising at the small firm where they worked, seemed strange that day. In fact, Mr. Unattainable, as she often thought of him, wasn't acting nearly as unattainable as usual.

"Natalia, can you come in here?" he called through his open office door at a minute to five. She rolled her eyes. Of course, he wanted to see her just as it was time to leave. Oh well, it wasn't as if she had big plans. There was nothing but a movie, a bubble bath, and her battery-operated boyfriend on the agenda.

She stuffed her purse in her desk drawer then flipped off her desk light. Ethan was standing near the door when she entered his office. She glanced at him, confused. An odd tension seemed to zing through the room and, coupled with his unusual behavior today, she wondered if she was about to be fired. Or maybe he was being transferred, and he had waited until now to tell her.

Unsettled at the sight of his cleared desk, which was usually piled high with paperwork, she decided the latter to be true. So why was he so tense right now? Was he afraid she'd bust out with *Ding Dong the Witch Is Dead*? He had a reputation as being a demon to work for, but in truth, she enjoyed his dominance. He was never mean. He was merely...demanding. And exacting.

She liked pain. She liked his sometimes overbearing nature. Apparently, she was a glutton for punishment. Big time. But he was protective, too. No one messed with her unless they wanted to incur Ethan's wrath.

"Did I forget to run a report?" she asked, knowing very well that she hadn't. She used a checklist so that she didn't foul up his paperwork.

She jumped as she heard the door shut, and when she looked up, Ethan stood against it with his hand poised over the lock.

"Ethan..."

He shook his head. "Sir," he instructed. "I like it when you call me 'sir'."

"But I've never..."

She trailed off as he crossed his arms over his chest and his shirtsleeves strained over his muscular arms. His long, powerful fingers curled over his biceps. Except for one—his pointer finger tapped slowly, up and down.

No...

Her pussy turned creamy as his deep blue eyes stared at her as if he knew all her secrets. Suddenly, she was pretty sure he knew at least one.

He reached down and turned the lock, and her heart tripped as the tumblers fell into place, sealing them together in the room.

"Now, Miss Cooper," he said, his voice full of command. "I want you to drop your panties, bend over my desk and lift your skirt to your waist."

She stared at him, aghast.

"Should I call you Miss Smith?" he asked, confirming what she already knew.

"No..."

"No, you won't follow my command, or no, I shouldn't call you Miss Smith?" He stepped away from the door, any playfulness leaving him. "Now, Natalia. Do as I said."

His tone brooked no argument, and she had no desire to argue. She'd been attracted to Ethan since the day he'd come to the secretarial pool, pointed at her and demanded she take over for his secretary who'd just run out in tears. He wasn't an ogre—she'd seen that right away—but there were few who could roll with his personality.

A shudder rippled through her, and heat curled through her cunt and up into her belly. And now she knew something about him that no one else in the company could guess.

Her pussy positively drenched, she hiked up her pencil skirt and pushed her lacy black panties down her thighs.

“Leave them around your knees,” he growled, “then part your legs as much as you can.”

“Yes, sir,” she whispered, knowing she’d look completely wanton, yet turned on all the more by the picture of it in her mind. She leaned over his desk. Now she understood why the surface was clear.

“Lovely,” he murmured. His palm ran over her ass, and she jumped in surprise. She hadn’t heard him move closer. “No bruising or marks. You heal well. Are you in any pain?”

“No, sir.”

He chuckled. “Do you want to be?”

She hesitated. Should she tell him?

“Truth, Natalia.”

God help her... “Yes,” she murmured. “I...liked feeling the reminder of your dominance. It made me feel...”

“Special? Cared for? Possessed?”

“Yes.”

“*Sir.*”

“Yes, sir,” she revised.

Standing directly behind her, he dragged his fingers lightly over her hips. “Do you want to know why I used the paddle rather than spanking you?” His hands ran up and down her buttocks, his thumbs tracing her crack. He pushed slightly and parted her. Reaching lower, he stroked her seam. “I couldn’t trust myself not to do this.”

Natalia cried out as two of his fingers pushed inside her sheath and claimed her cunt. Her head dropped to her arms on the desk as she gloried in the feeling of him finger-fucking her and making her pussy his.

“Baby, you feel so good on my fingers,” he told her. He thumbed her clit, sending her onto her toes as lightning rocketed through her. “Oh yeah, I like when you come. You’re dripping all over me.”

“I like you touching me, sir.”

“But that’s not all you like.”

Still embarrassed to be admitting her dark desires to him, she hid her face in her arms and shook her head. She moaned in protest when his hands left her. Was he done already?

The hiss of his belt clearing his belt loops ripped through the room. The belt? He was going to do her with the belt?

It snapped as he brought it in half and readied it for lashing her behind.

Natalia moaned and squirmed at the thought of what was to come. Excitement raced through her veins. He leaned over her, his lips to her ear as the leather dragged over her ass.

“I like the sounds a woman makes when I discipline her, but here, you must keep quiet. No screams or loud cries,” he warned. “Understand?”

“Yes, sir,” she answered.

With that, he stepped away to stand to the side and slightly behind her hips. The belt whistled through the air as he brought it down on her tender ass, and she fought back a screech. She muffled the sound with her hands as the cutting pain seared through her. Ethan didn't pause. The belt came down on her behind repeatedly until she was sure it was as red as a McIntosh apple. She was on fire, and tongues of flame licked down into her pussy, igniting pleasure that poured through her like lava.

Her muted cries were tinged with ecstasy. “Yes,” she whispered. “Don't stop. Make my ass yours.”

“Naughty mouth,” he chided, and she noted his breathless, rough tone. A few lashes landed on the crease of her buttocks and thighs, and she knew she'd be reminded of this interlude when she walked, as well as when she sat.

Ethan bent over her. “Do you want me to fuck you?”

If he didn't, she might die. Her vibrator hadn't come close to fulfilling her need on Friday. She needed to be mastered by her Master. “Yes. Yes, yes, yes. Please.”

Grabbing the scissors off the table beside his desk, he cut away her panties. “You're not allowed to wear these when you're near me. Understand?”

He tugged her upright and roughly nuzzled her neck, biting and sucking while he pulled open her blouse. In a moment, it was tossed to the floor. Her bra followed a second later. If she'd thought he'd fondle her breasts, she was dead wrong.

Ethan shoved her back against the desk and grabbed her wrists. While most of his actions were brutish, he was gentle in bringing her arms behind her, and she knew his use of force was to arouse them both. He had no desire to hurt her.

As soon as her wrists were at the small of her back, squeezed together with one huge hand, he kicked her legs further apart. His free hand lined his cock up with her cunt. With one mighty shove, he surged completely inside her, forcing apart her tender channel and giving no quarter as he began a brutal rhythm in and out of her body before she could adjust.

“You know your safe word?” he growled.

“Yes,” she moaned, then began a litany of no’s as she yanked at her wrists, behaving as if she wanted to be free of him. “No...stop...” she panted, knowing he wouldn’t unless she said the real word to make him cease.

“You like it,” he grated. “Take it. Take my cock fucking you. Your cunt is mine.”

“No,” she moaned. He yanked at her arms, tugging so her shoulders drew together and back, her breasts pressed into the desk. The surface stuck to her perspiring skin, pulling and abrading as he fucked her unmercifully.

She’d fantasized about Ethan, but she’d never imagined she would ever be so completely at his mercy. She loved it.

“You belong to me,” he demanded.

“Yes...”

“And I will fuck this pussy whenever I choose.”

“Oh, God, Ethan,” she cried. Release pummeled her, wringing through her body almost as hard as he fucked her. Her body bowed, pulling against him as sensations rocked her like an out-of-control marionette on a string. Still, he rammed in and out of her.

His arm slid beneath her, and he lifted her from the desk, taking her to the carpet where she knelt doggy-style with her shoulders to the floor and her ass in the air. Ethan never ceased. He pounded forward into her with such force, she had to brace herself or get rug burn.

And she loved it. This was the kind of fucking she’d dreamed about for years. Fierce. Dominant. A man who completely overtook her.

Suddenly, another release hammered through her, clamping around him so tight his thrusts lifted her. She screamed into her hands, tears streaming down her face as the sensations racking her body overwhelmed her emotions as well.

Ethan went rigid behind her, and she felt his hot cum flooding into her. He collapsed to the side, pulling her with him. Much more gently than he’d fucked her, he withdrew from her pussy and turned her to her back. Tenderly, he stroked away her tears with his thumb.

“Okay?” he asked, his brow furrowed with concern.

“Perfect.” She nodded and swiped at her cheeks. “I don’t know what’s up with these.”

Leaning over, he kissed her gently. His tongue pushed between her lips, tasting and claiming her mouth. “Come home with me?” he asked.

“I don’t know if my behind can take it.” It ached, but oh so good. She shifted. She’d be reminded of this encounter for hours, maybe even into tomorrow.

He nuzzled her shoulder, and she felt him smile before he spoke. “Regular sex. Vanilla. No spanking. I just want to be with you and hold you tonight. ’kay?”

“Yes. I’d like that.”

* * * *

Natalia felt a bit uncomfortable leaving the building while she was partially clothed—not that the casual observer would know she was missing panties and bra, but she felt naked. Ethan walked close by her side, but not so close that anyone would think anything of them being together. He didn’t touch her or even really look at her.

Until they reached his Lexus.

Then he opened the passenger door and guided her inside with a covert slide of his hand down her back and over her ass. She bit her lip at the intimate touch and hoped she was doing the right thing. He was her boss, but right now, he seemed like he was so much more. Ethan knew her secret wishes and was more than willing to fulfill them. In fact, he seemed to share the same desires, except from the opposite angle. She wondered if that should worry her. She liked sensual spanking as part of sex play, but she wasn’t sure about being in a relationship where it could be an all-the-time occurrence. And she had to think this would be a relationship. As her superior, he’d always been professionally aloof. He’d never approached her before or let on that he might remotely desire her. Anything less than, at least, a loose commitment would be difficult to work around on the job.

“You’re okay with this?” he asked after he’d settled in his seat.

“I think so.”

“But you don’t know what to expect, right?”

She nodded. “Yeah.”

He started the car, and his hand brushed her leg as he reached for the gearshift. “You should expect to be mine,” he told her, and a calm settled over her even as her heart sped up.

“Yours... Okay.”

“I’m into certain aspects of BDSM, but not all. From what I’ve seen, I think you’ll enjoy those things I do. And when we’re in a scene, you will call me sir. Understand?”

“Mostly. When are we in a scene?”

“Whenever we’re alone and this tension between us is running high. You’ll feel it. You’ll know.”

She squirmed as his hand traveled up the inside of her leg, pushing up her skirt and slipping between her thighs. Heat flooded her pussy, and she sensed this was right.

“Like now, sir?” she asked. Her breathing sped up as arousal took a tighter hold of her. Her nipples were hard against her blouse and she knew they must be poking forward, clear beacons of her need.

“Exactly. You’re so responsive. I can’t wait to be with you again. I want to see your face as you fly apart around me.”

She couldn’t wait for that either. Her pulse stuttered at the thought of watching him as he came inside her. Looking at him would never be the same again. *Sir, here’s your report. Can I bend over the credenza and have you fuck me now.* She almost giggled at the inappropriate thought, but the sound turned to a moan as his fingers stroked up her folds and flicked over her clit. Her head leaned on the rest as she sank into the sensations of it. He curved the digits downward and pushed inside her, stretching her recently pummeled passage, but it was so good having him in her, touching her there. She slouched in the seat to give him better access.

Ethan was everything she’d fantasized about for years. Forceful, taking, yet attentive to her pleasure. Being dominated by him fulfilled her deepest needs. She prayed he’d keep her as his for longer than a few nights.

“Don’t bite your poor lip,” he ordered. “I want to hear you.”

“Yes, sir,” she gasped then cried out as he pinched her clit hard and myriad colors burst before her eyes. Gentle and rough. She’d never had it so good. “Yes,” she whimpered. “Again. Please.”

He abandoned her passage altogether to focus on the needy little bud that could bring her such pleasure-pain. “You’d look so beautiful with a ring or a bar here,” he told her as he pinched again and gave a little twist of his fingers. “The healing time would hamper our play though... Luckily, I know ways to simulate the same without actually piercing you. Mmm, yeah. I can feel that you like that. You’re so creamy. I’m going to lick it all up as soon as I get you in my bed—or maybe sooner,” he added when she trembled.

Did he have any idea what his sensual words did to her? Minutes later, he pulled into his shadowy, tree-lined driveway.

“Stay there,” he told her. Getting out of the Lexus, he came around to her side of the car. She’d expected him to help her out of the vehicle. Instead, he pivoted her in the seat, splayed her legs and knelt between them. *In the driveway!* She had hardly a moment to think before his head dove between her thighs. She muffled a screech with her hands as he grasped her clit with his lips and teeth. His hands shoved beneath her ass and lifted her into his mouth. Hungrily, he feasted at her, lapping at her cream and nipping at her tender flesh.

“Oh, God, yes! More!” she begged.

He pinched a sensitive buttock to punish her lack of deference. This was a scene, and she had to respect that and him.

“Sir!” she exclaimed. “Please, sir. Please.”

He growled against her cunt, vibrating his approval deep inside her, and she knew she’d responded properly. He wanted her submission to him...and it was so easy for her.

She gripped the dashboard and the seat back to steady herself as he dragged his tongue over her then thrust it deep into her channel, pulling away all the creamy arousal he could. Even in the midst of the overwhelming sensations, it bemused her to watch his dark head dipping and pushing against her. Ethan, her austere boss. Mr. Untouchable. And wow...was he *touching* her.

His lips latched onto her clit once more, and he pulled a hand from beneath her. Suddenly, two fingers shoved into her pussy and the world exploded around her. Falling backward against the center console, she screamed. On and on her orgasm flowed, colors rushing before her eyes while her blood pounded past her ears. Ethan rose over her, kissing her harshly. His fingers continued their fucking of her cunt. Wanting to feel him, be one with him, she wrapped her legs around his slim hips.

The two of them were so raw, so needy, that she wondered if they’d make it to his bed before they fell on each other again. The steps, the hallway, the couch, the wall...she didn’t care. Having Ethan in her was all that mattered.

He laughed as they started to come down from her release. “You’re loud,” he murmured against her ear. “Good thing my neighbors are oblivious.”

“Sorry,” she whispered, feeling heat unrelated to her orgasm rushing to her cheeks.

“Don’t be. I liked it.” He nipped her bottom lip. “I want more of it.”

Disengaging himself from her, he climbed out of the car then pulled her to follow him. Hugging her close and kissing her, he shoved closed the door then shuffled them toward the front entry. Once inside, he pushed her against the wall and kicked shut that door as well.

“All mine now,” he growled against her neck.

“Should I be worried?”

“Oh, yes...very. Hasn’t anyone told you? I’m an ogre. I eat up nubile secretaries and send them running for their lives. But what no one knows is that I like spanking games. All kinds of spanking games.”

“Mmm,” she murmured, sliding her hands up his chest. His nipples pushed against her palms as she moved over his firm pecs. “I knew that.”

“Did you know I like to tie my lovers to my bed and have my wicked way with them?”

A tremor quivered in her belly. She hadn't known that but...oh, she wanted him to do it to her. "No. I didn't."

His thumb pulled at her lower lip. "You're biting this again. So you're game?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes, I'd like that, sir."

He grinned and cupped her chin, his thumb brushing her cheek. "To think I had no idea what I had within my grasp all this time."

"I'd like a little more grasping..."

He cupped her breasts and squeezed the firm mounds. "You would, would you?"

"Yes...Ethan..."

Chapter Three

Natalia's aroused voice sang in his ears. How could he have waited this long? It seemed he'd been attracted to her forever, but he hadn't approached her due to office politics. There was no rule against him dating her, just a general air that he should not. Plus, it worked to his benefit that everyone thought him the ogre-type. People took advantage of nice guys, and he just didn't have time for that.

But Natalia... He wanted to show her just how nice he could be. For a long, long time.

Scooping her up into his arms then over his shoulder, he strode through the house to his bedroom while she laughed. He could listen to that chortle for days. He loved to hear her happy.

With an exaggerated growl, he dumped her onto the bed and immediately crawled over her, boxing in her body with his arms and legs.

"Mine," he claimed between bared teeth. He watched a shudder go through her. This was the woman he'd waited for all these years. Someone not easily cowed by him, but utterly willing to submit fully to him and offer up her ass to both their pleasures. It wasn't her ass he was interested in right now, though. "I want you naked," he told her, "with your hands cuffed to the headboard. I want to fuck you while you moan and thrash under me and beg me to stop but tell me with your body that you want me in you, hard."

Her lips parted, and she sucked in choppy breaths while she stared at him. "I know my safe word," she said quietly, and he knew she was telling him she'd do exactly what he'd said, because it would arouse them both while still being in the realm of acceptable. They'd both want it, even if the playacting said otherwise.

Grasping her wrists, he held them roughly in one hand. His other ripped open her skirt and shoved it down her thighs.

“Stop,” she gasped, pulling her arms to get away from him. He almost did until he looked in her eyes and saw her deep need. Her body moved sinuously against him even while she continued to feign an escape attempt.

“Stay still. You’re mine, all mine,” he grated. He plundered her mouth while she writhed beneath him. One leg came up around his hips, and her pussy ground against his crotch. Reaching between them, he shoved open his pants and pulled out his cock. Not bothering to push the trousers down his legs, he thrust into her open, needy cunt. Her fiery passage closed around him, clamping onto his shaft and pulling him deep inside her.

“No,” she whispered, though her moan was rife with *yes, yes, yes*.

“Oh, yes,” he replied, feeling one hundred percent pirate plundering the lusty maiden. The easy glide of his cock through her folds enflamed him, and he drew from all his reserves to control his surges into her, slow and deep and powerful, and full of his mastery of her body.

“More, oh please, more,” she begged.

“Just like this,” he replied, denying her.

“Please,” she tried again. “Sir...please...”

“No. Just feel. Feel my cock pushing into you. Spreading you. Filling your tight, tight pussy.”

“Oh God...” Her eyes squeezed shut, and her passage clenched around him as she reacted to his words. He smiled, knowing he was in control of her reactions. He would bring her to the edge and push them both over into bliss.

“Mmm...” he sighed. “You’re so wet. You like what I’m doing. You like me holding you captive and making you bend to what I want.”

“No...”

“Oh, yes, you do. You’re such a bad girl. You try to be so good, but you’re naughty. The way you’re clamping onto my cock, milking me, trying to get me to come... The way you’re pushing your hips up and rubbing your clit and your damp curls against me. You’re so wet and so needy for this cock.”

He shoved hard and she screamed, bucking her hips. Her fingers flexed in the empty air as he pushed her wrists into the mattress, fucking her powerfully. Her cunt gripped him tight.

“Stop. Please stop,” she murmured half-heartedly as she pumped her hips into him. With a giant thrust that seemed to catapult a surge through his body, he impaled her one final time and lost himself within her.

“Sweet mother of mercy,” he panted, pressing his forehead to her shoulder, just above her sweetly curving breast. His arms slid beneath her to hold her close as her hand stroked over his damp hair. He couldn’t think. He couldn’t contemplate what had just happened or where it was all leading. It was so visceral, so absolutely, unexpectedly right.

“Natalia?” he said, tilting his head so that his chin rested on her and he looked up into her eyes.

“Yes, Ethan?”

He liked that she knew to call him by his name and not “sir”. That would be important if she took him up on what he was about to offer. “I need more of you.”

“More?”

“Mornings, noon, nights—especially nights. With you at my mercy. Your sweet behind, mine to punish. Your pussy, mine to fuck. Your mouth, mine to fill. Your body, mine to explore and conquer.”

She bit her lip again in that delightful way that made him want to fight her for nipping rights. “What if I don’t want to be conquered?”

“You want it. You definitely want it.”

She hesitated, and he could see the wheels turning in her sharp mind. “I’ll have a lot to learn,” she offered.

“Not so much. You want what I want. And I don’t want anything complicated. Just your submission, your willingness to offer yourself to me, your need for pain that leads to pleasure. And I want to give that to you.” He wanted to be the only one to give it to her. Ever. And that startled him. He cuddled her close. “And right now, I want you in my arms all night long.”

She smiled. “Yes, Ethan. Yes to it all.” She kissed his temple near his ear. “Sir.”

* * * *

Natalia frowned as she woke, her body aching slightly and the sun crossing her face from the wrong direction. As her eyes blinked open, she remembered where she was. In Ethan’s bed—in her *boss*’ bed!—where she’d spent a good part of the night naked and handcuffed to the headboard.

Sweet heaven, what had she done?

Submitted. Given herself. Fucked him like a nymphomaniac on speed. She suppressed a groan. What was he going to think of her? First the fantasy play at *The Dungeon*, then screwing him like a sex-starved bunny. Somehow, she didn’t regret it. How could she ever regret his wide cock plowing into her? Already, she ached for more of him. But in the glaring

morning sun, she recognized the depth of her idiocy. She also recognized that if she didn't get in gear, she was going to be late for work.

Geez! She had no clothes here. No car. Her purse and her cell phone were still on the floor of his car where she'd forgotten them when he—

No, she would not rehash that or she'd be climbing all over him. Carefully, she slid from the bed. She'd dress then she'd grab her purse from his Lexus. There was a main street two blocks from here. As much as she didn't want to make that kind of walk of shame, she'd hightail it over there and find a cab.

Determined to work her plan, she tiptoed from the bedroom and headed through the living room, managing to get on her skirt and blouse along the way.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?" Ethan growled behind her when she was halfway to the front door.

Oh crap. There was no mistaking his tone. She was in big trouble. *Big.*

She turned to find him naked in the doorway behind her, his expression thunderous.

"Well, I..."

"You what? Thought you'd sneak out? *Not* acceptable, Natalia."

She held out an imploring hand. "I need to get home so I can get ready for work."

"And what were you—" His words cut off, and he stared at her, his features growing darker as his displeasure magnified. "You were going to walk down to Madison, weren't you?"

She trembled at the command in his voice. "I was just..."

"Come here. Now."

She paused, frozen to the spot. He moved to the armchair and sat.

"Unless you want us to end this moment, you will come here now, Natalia."

"Yes, sir," she whispered in a muddle of fear and excitement at his demand. There was no question that he was disappointed and unhappy with her. She walked toward him on leaden feet, wondering what would happen. She didn't have long to speculate. As soon as she was close enough, he grabbed her wrist and tugged her over his lap. Her skirt was over her hips in moments, his arm clamped around her to keep her in place and his hand clapped down on her ass.

"Ethan, no!" she cried.

"You need to learn to behave," he told her calmly. His hand smacked down on her sensitive behind again.

She trembled at the shock of it on the flesh he'd whipped last night. The heat started flowing through her, and she bit her lip, knowing it would soon morph to pleasure.

"You may not sneak out on me," he told her with another spank. "You will think beyond yourself. You will consider your safety. You will depend on me to take care of you."

His hand rained down on her with each statement, with several more thwacks on her rear for good measure. Tears streamed down her cheeks at the burning there, and she squirmed to get away, embarrassed by the pleasure it gave her. An orgasm crept up on her, and she knew she'd find release with a few more paddles of his palm.

As if sensing this, he suddenly stopped and lifted her to her feet. With thin lips, he surveyed her stricken face. "Now," he said and pointed behind her. "You will go stand in that corner. Leave your skirt as it is, put your hands at the small of your back, and *do not* rub your behind—or anything else. Naughty girls do not get release."

"Sir..." she pleaded, weak with her need and the blood pulsing through her. Her orgasm throbbed in her belly, nearly aching in her great desire for explosive release.

"Now, Natalia. Do as I say."

With a nod, she moved to the corner and took the position he'd ordered. Her head rested against the wall while the cool air caressed her no-doubt reddened ass. It embarrassed her momentarily to know she was like this, but what got to her more was that her arousal was slipping from her pussy to bathe her thighs.

She prayed he'd fuck her soon. He'd disciplined her. He'd given her exactly what she'd needed—almost. She needed his cock in her, too.

Behind her, she heard him moving back into the bedroom and wondered what he was up to. A door opened then closed then drawers slid from a dresser. A minute later, she heard his shower start. He was getting ready for work? While he had her standing here?

She took a shuddery breath, trying to push away the desire he'd built in her. He was showering. She should just leave, she told herself angrily. How dare he! But her feet didn't move. She couldn't. Not because he'd told her to stay put, but because she needed this. She needed him and the discipline he doled out. His command. Submitting to him.

She closed her eyes and waited, wondering what was wrong with her. Had she missed something vital as a child? Was she some sort of deviant masochist? She'd always been so normal. She didn't like any pain but the kind Ethan gave her when he spanked her or pinched her nipples and clit. She gnawed at her lip. Or when he bit at her lip. She liked that, too.

She smelled his woodsy cologne before she heard him. He'd moved silently behind her while she'd thought. His body blocked out the light from the living room windows and his heat seeped into her.

"Good girl," he soothed as his hands smoothed over her arms, straightening them to her sides. The sharp creases of his suit abraded her behind and the backs of her thighs. Dressed. Damn. She should have known it, but now it was clear. She wasn't getting release. And that was her true punishment.

He adjusted her skirt into its correct position then turned her into his arms. She pressed her still damp cheek to his starched white shirt while he held her tightly, his cheek against the top of her head.

"Lesson learned?" he asked gently.

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry I tried to sneak off." And she was. Not because she'd gotten caught or because he'd spanked her, but because she knew she'd disappointed him, and though he hadn't shown it, she suspected she'd hurt him.

He nodded against her hair. "Let's take you home so you can get ready, then we'll catch breakfast on the way into the office."

* * * *

At Natalia's apartment, Ethan sat on the closed toilet and listened to her wash. They'd driven here in silence. Once in her home, he'd selected her clothes for the day and instructed her to shower with a strict admonition not to linger on her pussy. She was not to find release without him.

The water cut off, and she stepped out onto the mat and reached for a towel. He shook his head and took up the towel instead. Slowly, he pulled the nubbed material over her heat-pinkened skin. Natalia quietly groaned as he dried her. Ruthlessly, he rubbed over her breasts, making sure to arouse her already crinkled nipples. She whimpered as he moved lower, drying her belly and legs. Crouching before her, he spread her thighs and parted her folds with his thumbs. Flicking out his tongue, he lapped at the juices collected in her pussy.

The tangy-sweet honey would stay with him all day, tempting him to pull her into his office and fuck her at every opportunity. He already knew there was no calming his rock-hard cock. Nothing would help it but being inside her. Wasn't happening.

His balls throbbed as he delved deep into her folds and thrust into her passage. She quivered around him, and he forced himself to stop. Natalia was not getting release until later.

He'd been horrified by the panic that had flooded through him when he'd woken alone in bed this morning. And when he'd caught her sneaking through the living room, he'd

been stunned by the relief and the unmitigated anticipation of re-staking his dominance over her. Of disciplining her. It was his bent, but he'd never felt such a need with another woman. It had almost been difficult to be stern with her.

"Go get dressed," he told her as he stood.

"Sir, I need—"

He gave a single shake of his head. He knew what she needed; he needed it, too. But it wasn't happening. For either of them.

"What are you doing?" he asked as she headed for her dresser.

"My..." She blinked at him. "No panties?"

"I think I made that abundantly clear last night. No panties around me."

She bit the side of her lip in the adorable way that spiked his arousal up a few notches.

"The skirt of the dress you picked is kinda...flippy."

He looked at the black dress with the filmy, full skirt. He'd seen her wear it before, and it had always gotten his blood pressure going. It was demure enough, but the glimpse of her skin through the sheer sleeves and the way the hem brushed just above her knees set his heart to pounding.

"I guess you'll just have to be careful," he said with a shrug. *Especiallly around me.*

"I do need to wear a bra."

He nodded. It was one thing to know her cunt was bare for him. It was quite another to have other men ogling her unbound breasts. "The sexiest one you have. And know I'll be thinking of taking it off you all day."

"You can almost make me come with your words."

"Well, we can't have that."

She frowned, obviously disgruntled. "Yeah, I figured that out."

With a huff, she went to the dresser and opened the top drawer. For a second, she stared at the contents. She pulled out a skimpy, red-lace thong and dangled it from her index finger. "I can't interest you in this?"

"Wear it when you go out with your girlfriends."

"It's hardly girls' night out material." She smiled wickedly. "On second thought, maybe—"

"Do you want another spanking?"

"Probably."

"I can see I'll have to monitor your clothing choices for when you go out with your friends."

She laughed as she pulled out the black bra she'd wear. "Don't worry. I have some great granny panties I can wear. Very Bridget Jones. I have some pink ones with ruffles on the bottom. I bet you'd like those."

"Only when we're playing." His mouth went dry as she put on her demi-bra that barely restrained her breasts. Her areolas peeked over the tops of the cups and the lace trim teased her erect nipples, urging him into action. His cock lurched. Lord, he was gonna die today.

"This bra always makes me so hot," she told him. "The lace brushes me whenever I move. It's like fingers trailing over me—"

"Put on your dress," he rasped. She was so naughty! She deserved every spanking he might give her. He loved it, even if it was pure torture.

She smirked as she finished dressing, fixed her hair then slipped her feet into the black medium-heeled pumps he'd selected.

"Starbucks?" he muttered and headed for the door. He had to get to the car, or they'd be very late for work.

Natalia followed Ethan from her apartment, enjoying the powerful sense of femininity he instilled in her. It practically had him in a stranglehold he wanted her so badly. Getting through the day would be a trial, but she hoped tonight would be worth every torturous moment.

He drove through the coffee shop for drinks and breakfast sandwiches on the way to work. At the office, he pulled into the parking space beside her car then got out of the Lexus and headed into the building without looking at her. Surprised, she stared after him. What the hell?

It wasn't until she stood between their cars and had given him a good slam that she realized he was giving an impression that they'd arrived separately. Unless someone was really observant, at a glance, they wouldn't realize she'd arrived in his car and not her own. Taking a moment, she gathered her wits about her then headed into the building, fighting the breeze intent on getting her into a full Marilyn Monroe pose—only Natalia was pretty sure Marilyn had been wearing panties.

At her desk, she booted up her computer and opened her email. Ethan had already sent her a note.

Plan on a lunch meeting with me. Conference room 10.

She'd had lunch meetings with him before. Would this one actually be business? She pressed her thighs together and tried to alleviate the arousal overwhelming her. If she pulled up really close to her desk, she could touch herself without anyone seeing. A few flicks of her fingers or a momentary buzz from the tiny pocket rocket she kept in her purse and she'd feel better. Yes... She'd just run quickly into the restroom. Ethan would never know. She was so on edge, it wouldn't take more time than an ordinary bathroom break.

Feverishly, she dug through her purse for the small pouch in the bottom of the center compartment.

"What are you doing?" she heard just as her fingers closed around her prize and she dropped her bag back to the floor.

Startled, she looked up at Ethan. "Nothing."

"What's in your hand?"

She considered saying "nothing" again, but she wasn't going to lie. Not to him.

Reluctantly, she held out her hand, palm up, and sighed while she stared over his left shoulder. A zap forked through her as his fingers brushed her skin. She chanced a look at his face as he opened the pouch and dumped her inch-long micro vibe into his hand. His lips pressed into a thin line, and he flicked his gaze up to hers then back to the device.

"Hmm," he intoned and twisted the end to start the discreet buzzing that seemed unusually loud here in her office. "You want to explain this?"

Mortification washed over her, and she prayed no one would chance into the area. "I think you pretty much get the gist of it," she answered.

"I'm not sure I do." He shook his head, switched off the toy, and slipped the pouch, vibe and his hand into his pocket. She stared at his forearm above the fabric. He'd rolled up his sleeves, revealing fine hairs curled over lightly tanned skin and muscle. She pressed her thighs together as a cream flooded her cunt and her folds buzzed harder with her need than any vibrator could simulate.

"Ethan, please," she begged. Her head felt so muzzy, unable to focus on anything but her extreme arousal.

"I need the Barker file," he said.

"Barker?" The what?

He nodded.

"I think it's been filed."

"Can you get it?"

Get it? It was in his freaking office. He knew the alphabetic system as well as she did.

“Yeah, sure,” she replied. Shooting to her feet, she stormed into his office and over to the bank of five-drawer cabinets on the wall beside his desk. It wasn’t immediately visible from the doorway, and he took advantage of that, coming up behind her as she opened the drawer. His body blocking hers from view, he snaked his arm around her waist, bunched up the front of her skirt and pressed his fingers into her cunt. Capturing her clit, he gave it a gentle, but hard, squeeze that left her gasping. Fire once more licked through her. She’d never make it through the day! She wasn’t even sure if her legs would support her long enough to make it back to her desk.

“Behave,” he murmured. “No going off to find release by yourself. From here on, it will be with me and with me only. Understand?” He gave another pinch, and she moaned.

“Yes, sir. God, sir...how long?”

“Until, I say.”

She dropped her forehead to the edge of the drawer and sucked in an agitated breath. She was so on edge, it was as if she’d sucked down ten cups of coffee in short order. The cabinet, the walls, the floor, all seemed to have a pulse.

“I can’t take it much longer,” she pleaded.

“You can. Back to your desk. I have work to do. Be to lunch at twelve sharp.”

“Yes, sir,” she murmured. Her legs did wobble as she walked, but she made it back to her desk without mishap.

Chapter Four

Noon seemed to take forever to arrive. With every call Natalia transferred into Ethan's office, she grew more and more on edge until she was ready to scream out her frustration. She declined a coffee break with her girlfriends, claiming the need to keep at a project that was nearing its deadline. She dodged a call from her mother—her *sainted* straight-laced mother who'd never understand Natalia's needs that were so far off the beaten path. Well, maybe *beaten* path was the wrong phrase. But her mom would hear the catch in her voice as she tried to act natural. She'd ask Natalia what was wrong until Natalia broke down. *So* not happening.

At five minutes to twelve, she left her desk, taking a notebook and pen with her. Being closed in a conference room with Ethan was going to be hell, but being near him would help. A little.

Impatiently, she waited for him. At ten after, he came in with a cardboard tray of drinks and a plain white bag she assumed held their lunch. Without a word, he set his offerings on the table, shut the door, locked it then rounded the table. He pulled her from the chair and tugged her hard against his body. His rigid cock pressed into her belly as he grasped her ass with one hand to push her closer to him and thrust his fingers into her hair. Hungrily, he devoured her mouth. His tongue thrust inside as she moaned.

Her fingers curled into his suit jacket. She lifted onto her toes to get even closer to him. Her tongue dueled with his as tears pricked her eyes. Emotions and need roiled through her. Her nipples were so tight against the bodice of her dress and her pussy so wet as it begged to be filled with him. Strand after strand of arousal pushed through her, spiking out to her pleasure centers like tiny bursts of release.

"I'm sorry I'm late," he murmured against her lips.

"It's okay."

He shook his head and kissed her again, both hands bracketing her face. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"I think so."

"I know...*this*...can be intense."

"I feel like I'm about to explode," she confessed. Her fingers slipped inside his suit jacket to massage over one taut nipple. His eyes closed, his breath leaving him, and she knew he was just as on edge. A heady plan formed in her mind.

Slowly, she let her hand glide down his firm six-pack to his hard belly, then lower to his rigid cock. She palmed him, squeezing gently.

"Let me say I'm sorry?"

Mutely, he nodded and sank backward into a chair. She dropped to her knees. He opened his belt while she worked at the closure of his dark pants. She pulled them open and yanked down his underwear enough that his cock sprang free. Without hesitation, she lunged forward and engulfed him with her mouth. She cradled the smooth head with her tongue, lapping at the salty cum that escaped him, circling the wide surface. Slowly, she drew him deeper. And deeper. She traced the hard ridges of his length, loving the musky smell of him as she got closer to his root. His short curls tickled her upper lip and she pulled back, sucking hard, causing him to groan and drive his fingers into her hair as she exerted pressure on his tip and pressed her tongue to the spot just below his ridge.

Showing mercy, she plunged down him again, taking as much as she could while his hips left the seat. Pleasuring him so much pleased her as well. She parted her legs as she knelt there. Each movement down him, each bend, pulled at her folds, causing her to moan around him.

He writhed as she sucked hard on his cock again. "Nat...you're gonna make me come," he gasped. She fought back a smile, unwilling to relinquish the pressure she had on him. Moving more quickly, she worked up and down his shaft while her fingers gripped his tensed, corded thighs. Then with a strangled cry, he thrust upward and hot cum spewed into her throat. She swallowed as quickly as she could, unwilling to give any up.

Taking him completely, taking *all* of him was her full apology.

She'd barely had a chance to lick her way back up his length when he pulled her up and planted her on the table before him. Shoving apart her thighs, he pushed up her skirt and dove on her pussy. She leaned back on her hands and let her head drop backward as she gloried in the wet lap of his relentless tongue along her overheated flesh. The slight prickle of the stubble that had grown since morning abraded her tender folds. She loved it. She loved

the feel of him licking and biting and thrusting. His teeth caught her clit, and she bit back a squeak that might give them away. She shook as he sucked hard on the nub. Three fingers jammed into her passage, and she fell apart. Her back slammed onto the table as she pressed her hands over her mouth to suppress her screams of delight. A flood rushed to his mouth, and he kept at her until another wave of ecstasy threatened to rip her apart with its intensity. She writhed like a wild savage on the conference table altar of his carnal pleasure.

She trembled as forks of weak lightning continued to tingle through her as she fell from the peak of the release he'd given her. He stepped between her thighs and pulled her upright, kissing her with such tender, needy intensity that she thought she'd come again. Her heady taste burst over her tongue, full of the bliss he'd just given her. Hungrily, she savored it until they pulled apart, panting.

"If we don't stop, I'm going to fuck you," he ground out.

"I don't care."

"I only have the room for forty more minutes. Not enough time. Not enough padding on the walls to muffle the screams I'm gonna get from you, either."

She bit her lip.

"Oh God, don't do that," he moaned. "I barely have control as it is."

She licked her lip instead, and he groaned.

"I brought you one of those veggie burgers you like," he said. Obviously desperate for control, he shoved himself back inside his pants then turned to their lunch. She took a moment longer to regain herself before she straightened her clothes and climbed off the table.

"And a Coke?" she asked weakly. "There's no use being healthy without being totally unhealthy."

"Of course. I know how you are." He shoved a straw into one of the cups then pulled a foil-wrapped sandwich from the bag.

Natalia settled herself into one of the chairs. "Do we have actual work to do while we're in here?"

He shook his head. "No, and I don't feel bad about it either. I have a late meeting with Klingman tonight."

She frowned. Klingman was his boss. Meetings with him always stressed Ethan out. The man just didn't have a clue, and it frustrated the hell out of Ethan. "Do you want to come by my apartment afterward?"

"Yeah. I think he's going to send me out of town for the Barker account."

“Australia...” she murmured. That would mean a long trip. Last time they’d sent Ethan, he’d been gone for nearly two months. She pressed her lips together and fiddled with her straw to hide her emotions. This thing between them was so new. She didn’t want him flying off to the other side of the world.

Ethan caught her chin and turned her to look at him. “It won’t change me wanting you.”

“Me neither.” It would just be difficult.

“C’mere,” he said, sitting down in the chair beside hers and pulling her onto his lap. She curled into his chest and pressed her face into his neck. He rubbed her back. Somehow, between last night and today, she’d gotten to belong to him, and the time before that, all the tension and work camaraderie was foreplay for this climax.

“I don’t want you to go,” she told him.

“I don’t want to go... Don’t worry, honey. It’ll be okay. And who knows? Maybe he just wants to meet about something else.” But Ethan didn’t think that. She could hear it in his voice, and that sound settled dread where her arousal had been roiling all day.

* * * *

Hours later, Natalia paced her apartment, needing Ethan, needing to know where he was. At seven, she didn’t worry much. Meeting with Kingman could take this long. At eight, she started staring at the clock. He should show at any time. By nine, she was getting seriously concerned, and by ten, she was frantic.

Had something happened to him? If she hadn’t known him better, she would have thought he’d just decided he was tired of her. Done. But that wasn’t Ethan’s MO and that wasn’t the man who’d held her so tightly for almost twenty minutes at lunch today.

At eleven, she resigned herself to the fact he wasn’t coming over. Somewhat morose and confused about what had happened, she wandered around her apartment and turned off lights.

The night was fitful, and when she arrived to work the next day, she knew she looked like hell. With narrowed eyes, she glared at Ethan’s office and saw he wasn’t in yet. What kind of game was he playing with her? She’d bet *he’d* slept just fine.

A pitiful beep drew her from her ire. Great. And her cell phone was going dead too. She hadn’t charged it last night in all her worry. Thank goodness she kept a spare cord here.

She was digging through her purse, trying to find it, when another beep sounded, and she realized the phone wasn’t in her purse at all. The sound was coming from under her desk. On hands and knees, she groped around for it. After several tries, she finally found it. The

damn thing must have slipped out of her purse and tumbled under the drawer portion of her desk when Ethan had startled her yesterday. And—

Oh no! She'd missed ten calls, all from Ethan.

After plugging in the phone, she dialed up her voicemail.

"Hey, Natalia, Kingman's an asshole. I'm leaving tonight. The jerk had the travel department make all the arrangements and never bothered to tell me until tonight. I swear he's trying to get me pissed off enough to quit. I have to be to the airport in an hour and I barely have time to throw some things in a bag and go. Look, uh, I'll call you from the airport after I check in."

She closed her eyes, devastated that she'd missed all his calls.

"Hey, it's me. I'm sitting in the airport. I'm so sorry I'm not gonna make it over there tonight. God, I miss you already. I'll try in a little while before I board. I wish I could get hold of you. Okay, bye."

"Me again. Okay, looks like I'm not gonna be able to talk to you while we're in the same state. I have a layover in Indianapolis. I'll call you from there."

"Where are you? I don't have your home number with me. I need to talk to you and know you're okay. I'm in Indy for a couple hours, so call me when you get in."

Several more calls with hang-ups followed. Then:

"Damn it, Nat! Where are you? God, I hope you're okay. Call me. I don't care what time it is with the time change. Just call me. I need to hear from you."

"Hey, Nat," he said in the final message. "I'm in Los Angeles. I'll be getting on the plane in a few minutes and I'll be in the air for seventeen hours. Just leave me message. Just... Nat, leave me a message."

Tears pricked her eyes at the frustration in his voice. She put her elbows on the desk and settled her face in her hands. Blindly, she closed her phone and set it on the cabinet near her outlet. He was in the air and thinking she was upset with him. In light of that, the duration of his trip didn't even seem an issue. She had to talk to him—well, at least leave a message. He wouldn't get it until she left work today.

Her heart heavy, she took her cell into his office where she could shut the door. Plugging into the socket near his desk, she sat in his chair and inhaled his scent. Taking a few calming breaths, she dialed his number, thankful that he'd switched to an international plan the last time he'd had to travel out of country. She swallowed as she went directly into his voicemail, just as she'd expected. His deep voice wrapped around her as she listened to him identify himself and invite the caller to leave a message.

“Ethan,” she started. “I’m sorry. Sorry we couldn’t talk before you went, and sorry I missed you and so, so sorry I was an idiot and lost my cell under my desk yesterday. I miss you already. I hope you can hurry back.” She paused when it hit her that they wouldn’t send him to Australia without expecting him to be there for at least a few weeks. “I’ll, um, hold down the fort here,” she told him. “Um, I guess, call me or text me when you have a chance.” She rattled off her home number and said goodbye.

Returning to her desk, she logged into her computer. Kingman’s secretary had *finally* sent over Ethan’s itinerary. Two months. He was going to be gone for two months. Okay, well, she was a big girl. She could handle this. It wasn’t as if he’d be away for a year.

* * * *

The day seemed interminable. With Ethan on his trip, his boss came to her for answers on Ethan’s projects. Thankfully, she was up on the status of any work in question and was able to easily shunt Kingman away. He gave her the creeps so she didn’t want him anywhere near her.

She was just entering her apartment that evening when her cell phone—her fully charged cell phone—rang. Hopeful that it was the man who consumed her thoughts, she snatched it from the side pocket of her purse and flipped it open.

“Hello?” she asked anxiously.

“Hey, baby. I miss you,” Ethan said.

She slid down the wall next to the door at the sound of his voice. “I miss you too. I’m so sorry—”

“No worries,” he interrupted. “I’m just glad you called me.” He must have just gotten off the plane because she heard airport noises in the background. “I got your message as soon as I landed. Did you lose your phone yesterday when I startled you?”

He laughed at the memory, and she suddenly felt lighter, the pall of the day shifting off her. They talked amicably for a few minutes, keeping the subjects light.

She heard him get into a cab after awhile and give the name of his hotel. His voice grew deeper as he spoke to her again. “Look, honey, I’ve got to go, but I’ll try to get you online in a little bit—as long as the hotel has decent internet. The timing for this just can’t be any worse—”

“It’s okay. Don’t worry about me, okay?”

They said goodbye with him repeating how he missed her. It would be a long two months. Within hours, they discovered that he’d been booked into a squat hotel with no internet, let alone good internet. She talked to him for a few more minutes, the reality sinking

in. It was fiscally irresponsible for them to talk daily, he'd have spotty internet—none private—when he was away from his room, and the time change had them on opposite poles schedule-wise.

Natalia vowed to give him a great homecoming when he returned. She only hoped they wouldn't have grown too far apart.

Chapter Five

Natalia was so keyed up she thought she might explode. Fiddling with her letter opener, she stared at the email Ethan had sent her on her personal account. She shouldn't have it open at work, but the only one around her who'd care if she were doing personal business on company time happened to be in Australia. For two more weeks.

This email was explicit, like most that he'd sent over the last few weeks. Honestly, the man could write the most erotic things. Her thighs tingled as she read the words, her middle fluttering at what he planned to do to her when he came home.

While she was rescanning his promises, getting more and more worked up, a second email popped up. Sender, *The Dungeon*. For a second, she blinked at it, wondering if she should just delete it. No. It was a reminder of the appointment she'd made the last time she'd been there. She had to either affirm the arrangement or let them know she wouldn't show up tomorrow. The last time she'd been there, the master had been Ethan. She wouldn't be that lucky this time, but...

She tapped the letter opener on the desk as she thought. She *could* go... She could have someone help her burn off some of this steam. It wouldn't be Ethan, but it wouldn't be as if she were having sex with the man. She'd get spanked. With her underwear firmly in place. While she thought of Ethan.

If she didn't rein in her arousal, she'd probably fly apart or melt into a steamy puddle the second Ethan touched her in two weeks. That wouldn't do. She had to get this under control.

Her decision made, she moved her mouse to the email, double-clicked it open then filled out the attached form for the evening. One spanking, panties on, no role-playing, no special set-up, safe word "artichoke".

* * * *

Natalia's stomach was in knots. The closer she got to her appointment, the less sure she was that she should be doing this. It wasn't romantic or dating anyone and it certainly wasn't sex. It was just stress relief.

The receptionist let her into the room and told her "John" would be with her shortly. Natalia should put on the required mask and lean over the spanking bench. It was all so clinical. Nothing stimulating. The woman might as well have been showing her into a gyno appointment. Natalia felt just as eager. The first time she'd been here, her tummy had been so excited. Her pussy had been wet with anticipation. She had a feeling if anyone touched her now, it would feel like the Sahara.

No one was touching her.

She shouldn't be here.

Agitated, she stood up—just as the door opened and a huge man who could have doubled for the Hulk stepped into the room. "Back on the bench now," he growled.

She backed away. "Um...no. I'm gonna go. I'm sorry to have taken up your time."

"I said, back on the bench." He pulled the belt from his black trousers, and her eyes went wide.

"Look, you'll still get paid. I-I made a mistake. I shouldn't be here."

Hulk-John loomed over her and grabbed her arm, yanking her toward the bench. None too gently, he shoved her into position. His hand splayed on her back, and the belt slapped across her buttocks. She screeched at the pain, nothing close to what she'd ever experienced with Ethan.

Fruitlessly, she struggled as another lash came down. "Stop!" she begged. "Stop! I mean it! I don't want this."

Why wouldn't he stop? God, he was so strong, she couldn't move at all with the way he held and forced her into place. Suddenly, she realized as the belt came down for the fourth time that he thought she was playing her role with him.

"Artichoke!" she screamed. "For fuck's sake! Artichoke!"

The belt that had already been descending snapped as he broke the arc and yanked it back. Tears streamed down her face, not at the pain—oh God, the pain, and there was nothing erotic about it—but at the knowledge that she'd just made the biggest mistake of her life.

She shouldn't be here. She shouldn't have done this.

"Are you all right?" John asked gently, releasing his hold on her and helping her up. "Was I too rough?"

Anything would have been too much. She shook her head, crying in earnest now. She had to get out of here. She had to forget she'd been so stupid!

* * * *

Ethan couldn't understand it. After six weeks of the most intimacy he'd ever shared with a woman, Natalia had started dodging his calls and his emails. Three days of no communication. It frustrated him more than he could begin to say.

He leaned his head against his seat and closed his eyes as the plane made its descent into Indianapolis. Whatever had gone awry, he'd fix it in a few hours. Natalia didn't know it, but his business had finished ahead of schedule. He'd had the choice of spending his last ten days sightseeing or getting his ticket changed out so he could come home early. He was coming home early. He'd had enough of being away from the woman he loved, and he did love her. As soon he could, he'd get her to talk to him, get to the bottom of this and ask her to be his.

The plane taxied, and he started to gather his things. By habit, he pulled out his cell phone when the pilot told the passengers they could now make phone calls. Ethan scowled. No message or call from Natalia. There was a call from his friend, Rob, and Ethan wondered what he had to say. Rob was always full of ribald stories from *The Dungeon*, and at the moment, Ethan really needed something to cheer him up.

Quickly, he dialed into his voicemail and waited for his friend's cheery voice.

"Yo pal! I hear you've been living it up down under. We need to get together and get a good drunk on soon. Anyway, you wanted me to tell you if that woman came in again. I was doing paperwork and it looks like she did. I asked around. What a scene that was. I think Big John might never be the same..."

Ice water ran through Ethan's veins and he snapped shut the phone without listening to the rest of the message. Rage caught him so tightly, he wanted to rip something—someone—apart. She was his. What the hell! Big John indeed. He'd kill him. And Natalia...

His breath hissed through his teeth. How could she? How could she do this to them? No wonder she'd stopped talking to him. He envisioned the behemoth in leather who stalked the club, going through submissives as if they were Kleenex. John would chew up Natalia and spit her out before she knew what hit her.

This was for shit! How could this happen. Damn it! He'd thought he and Nat had a better connection than this. That they were destined to be together. That she was *his* and she knew it.

He needed to see her.

The plane had cleared before he got himself together. A three-hour layover loomed before him plus a flight to Detroit, another layover then another flight home. Five hours. He could be home in three if he drove. Determined to get there as soon as possible, he stormed off the plane and went in search for a car rental.

* * * *

Natalia was curled up on the corner of her couch, in the dark, staring at the glow on the wall from the streetlights when someone started pounding on her door with enough force to rattle the pictures in the entry hall. Her brow furrowed, and she pulled an afghan tightly around her. She didn't need this. She already felt bad enough about what had happened at the club that she couldn't talk to Ethan. Now some mad, crazed person was banging at her door?

Didn't she have enough problems? She needed to figure out how to tell Ethan, explain, apologize to him. She could only pray he'd forgive her. She didn't know what she'd do if he didn't.

"Natalia!" whoever was in the hallway bellowed. She dropped her head to her knees. Obviously her drunk neighbor. She *so* didn't want to fend him off tonight.

The pounding continued then suddenly stopped. Almost immediately, her home phone rang. She ignored it, too, until the machine picked up. "Natalia. Open. The. Door. *Now*."

"Ethan?" She jumped from the couch, tripped over the afghan and stumbled to the door. She yanked it open then almost slammed it shut again at the sight of her lover's livid face. He stepped inside before she could move and banged the door closed for her then flipped on the overhead light.

"I just want you to answer me a few things. I want to hear it from you. Did you go to *The Dungeon*?"

She stared at him, her stomach sinking to the floor. From the expression on his face, he already knew. Panic gripped her. No amount of apologizing would fix this. She should have known better!

"Did you let someone paddle you?"

"I went there..." she whispered. Tears flooded her eyes, and she couldn't clearly see him. How did she explain she had "let" the man? She'd been there and that was bad enough.

The anger visibly drained from him, but what it left was worse. "I thought better of you, Natalia. I thought you knew you were mine."

"I'm sorry," she cried. "I didn't—"

He cut her off with a slash of his hand through the air.

“Don’t.” He shook his head. “I can’t talk to you right now. I can’t even see you right now. I needed you to be committed to me—like I was to you. And you showed me you can’t be.” He shook his head, and she felt as if her world was splitting apart. His fingers forked through his hair, and he released a bone-weary sigh. “I’ve been traveling for twenty-two hours, but I needed to see if this was true.”

“Ethan, you don’t understand,” she begged as he opened the door and stepped outside. She followed him. “You don’t understand what happened. Listen to me.”

His deep blue eyes pierced her. “I already know you were there. I don’t need the details.”

And without letting her speak, he left. He just left. And Natalia knew they were over.

Broken, she went back inside.

Tomorrow, she’d plead with him, but when morning came, she found herself unable to deal with seeing him and being rejected. She called in sick to work that day. And the next. And the next. And on that final night, she decided she was going to quit. As childish as it might seem to an outsider, she’d never be over Ethan enough to face him, let alone work compatibly with him as if nothing special had ever happened between them.

Chapter Six

Ethan sat in his dark office, pretty sure he'd never been more miserable. Not when he'd had the chicken pox as an adult, nor when he'd lost his last job due to someone else's incompetence. Now, he just felt desolate.

Though he'd been bone tired when he'd finally arrived home a few nights ago, he hadn't been able to sleep. The sight of Nat's stricken face had haunted him, and he'd known there was something else going on. Something he'd missed. Just what, he didn't know.

Her despair struck a chord with him once he stepped back to think. What was it? What was going on? Whatever it was, he couldn't stay angry with her. Weak as some people might think him, as weak as he might have considered another man in the same situation, he needed her too much to give her up. He loved her.

As soon as he'd allowed himself to see past her betrayal and remember how important she was, he'd almost gone back to her place. Almost. But he wasn't *that* weak. He'd wait for her. She'd come to him. It was important to both of them that she did.

Three days he'd waited. For three days, she'd avoided him. Ethan had had it. Tonight, he was going to her place, spanking her into submission and fucking her into next week. And then, he'd make good and clear that she was his and only his and that she'd better not let anyone else touch her. Ever.

Standing, he reached for his suit jacket then headed for his door.

Fighting back the depression that had plagued her the last days, Natalia stood at her desk in the partial darkness with the after-hours lighting illuminating enough that she could see the personal items she planned to gather. Tomorrow morning, she'd call personnel and quit. Tonight, she wanted her stuff so she didn't have to come back after Ethan knew. He

hated her anyway, so she couldn't fathom he'd care. It would probably be a relief to see her go, and she didn't want to see it in his eyes.

"Natalia."

She jumped at the sound of his hard voice and looked up guiltily to see him standing in the doorway to his office. His voice revealed nothing but his usual command, and the shadows hid his face. Probably good. She didn't want to see his disgust or disappointment or anger. She'd been living with it in her memories for days.

"In my office. Now," he said, and without waiting for her to comply, he went back inside and switched on his desk light.

She considered refusing. He wasn't her lover or boss anymore. She didn't have to follow his commands. What would he do if she just headed for the exit? Spank her? Right. She doubted that would ever happen again. Not by him. Not by anyone. No man but Ethan would ever do that to her. She would never allow it again.

A heavy sigh escaped her. If he wanted to rail at her, fine. She'd let him. Feeling a million years old, she headed into his office for the end of the end.

He stood near his desk, most of his body, including his face, still in shadows. "Where have you been?"

"Sick."

He made a small, infuriated sound. "Don't lie to me. You haven't been sick. What are you doing now?"

"Getting my things." She stared at her hands then shoved them in the pockets of her jeans and glanced away toward the outer office. Looking at him still caused her belly to flip-flop and need to build in her pussy. It didn't matter how angry he was with her, her body still reacted to him.

He was silent for a few moments. "Why?"

"I'm leaving. Quitting." Against her better judgment, she flicked her gaze up at him and found he'd moved closer while she'd studiously avoided looking his way.

He raised his eyebrow and tilted his head. "You are, are you?" he asked, sounding vaguely amused.

"Yes."

"Hmm..."

He turned away, pulling off the tie that had hung loosely around his neck and tossing it on the desk. She moved to leave.

“I’m just learning,” she said quietly. “I didn’t mean to hurt you or disobey you or be unfaithful. I wasn’t having sex. I didn’t even enjoy it—in fact, I told him to stop before it even happened. But he thought I was playing until I screamed my safe word at him. Being there, knowing it wasn’t you, it was just...empty.” That same emptiness was creeping up on her again. She needed to get out of here before her fucking tears started again. She bit her lip, disgusted by her weakness even as her heart ached.

“Freeze,” he ground out. “I didn’t tell you that you could go.”

She refused to look at him. “You’re not my boss or my lover or whatever it was we had.” Whatever he called it, the time between them had been wonderful.

“Hmm,” he murmured again. “Is that so? Well, I happen to think I’m your master. Your ‘sir’. The answer to your fantasies.” He wrapped her in his arms then pressed her face against his shirt. His cheek rocked against the top of her head, making her feel cocooned in his protection, dominance and caring. He held her tightly, as if he’d never let go. “Thinking we’re done, that’s where you’re wrong, my little truant. You belong to me. Make no mistake—your heart, your soul and your entire body are mine. Even this ass.” He smoothed a hand over it. “Especially this ass when it comes to punishment. Understood? No one else touches it.”

She didn’t respond. She didn’t understand. She wanted to believe, but he couldn’t mean...

When he’d been at her apartment, he’d said they were over. Hadn’t he said that?

“Now,” he said. “I want you to strip and kneel in the corner by my credenza until I tell you otherwise.”

She stared up at him, still confused by the sudden turn of events. His eyes were tender, his face strict.

“I don’t understand.”

“I mean that I’m not giving you up. I’d decided that before you confessed what happened at the club—well, and now I want to beat him to a bloody pulp for daring to touch you when you said no, but that’s another story.”

“He apologized.”

“I don’t care. I’ll deal with him. Later. Now,” he commanded, quietly but firmly, allowing no room for her argument. “Undress.”

Skirting her, he went to the door and closed it—against possible interruption by the cleaning crew, she supposed. Unwilling to disappoint him now that he’d forgiven her, she

pulled off her T-shirt while she toed off her tennis shoes. Flicking open the button on her pants, she shimmied out of the jeans.

“Panties,” he growled, smacking her ass.

“I didn’t know I’d see you, sir,” she answered.

“That was your first mistake. The second is that you’re still wearing them.”

She pouted and ran her finger along the waistband. “Take them off me?”

“You want a spanking?”

“From you? More than you’ll ever know.” The thought of his hands on her, anywhere, made her tremble. Goose bumps rose along her arms and her pussy clenched as he drew nearer so they were chest to chest. His long fingers unclasped her bra and dropped it to the floor while she stared up into the hard lines of his face. Commanding, determined, so different from the anger she’d seen before.

Her thighs pressed together and her folds slid along one another, a slick sign of her arousal. It had been so long since she’s felt him...touching her, filling her, kissing her.

He thrust his fingers into her hair and drew her up to his lips. “Do you really think now is a good time to tease me?” he asked.

“Yes, sir.”

He shook his head. “Naughtiest girl ever.”

“Your naughty girl.”

“Damn straight,” he muttered. His mouth crushed hers, his lips pushing hers apart to thrust his tongue inside. She moaned, her body arching into him, hope for the future filling her.

He shuffled around as he hungrily kissed her as if he’d never have enough of her mouth. Still, commanding her lips, he sat in one of the chairs across from his desk. Before she could anticipate the move, he had her over his splayed knees. Quickly, he shoved the white cotton panties to her knees, trapping her legs but freeing her ass to him.

His palm rubbed over her rear. “So pretty, but so white. I like it red.”

“Oh God, please, sir. Please...”

“Please what? Spank you? Surely you don’t want that?”

“I do. I’ve been bad.”

“You have. What have you done?”

“I...I made you sad.”

“Mmm, yes, there was that,” he replied and his hand smacked down hard on her cheeks. Fire exploded through her, and it was all she could do not to arch like a cat in heat. Her breasts pressed into his pants, abrading as he spanked her.

“And?” he demanded.

“And...I...lied about being sick.”

“Three times, in fact.”

“Four,” she countered. “I told you, too.”

“Four then,” he responded. His hand slapped down on her ass with as many strokes as lies. Oh, the sweet pain. The sweet biting pain. Desperately, she tried to think of more transgressions. Truthfully, she was willing to make things up if he’d keep at the attention to her rear.

“Making work inconvenient, not answering my calls, not answering my emails...” Calmly he listed her sins and spanked her for each one. As her behind heated, the resulting arousal seeped down into her pussy and ricocheted through like out of control firecrackers. Her nerve endings sparked, sending her to a plane of unbelievable pleasure. She wanted to be here over her man’s lap for as long as he’d have her.

“Please... I’ll be good,” she cried for his benefit.

“You will not,” he snorted. He added a few extra thwacks for good measure while she squirmed on his knees, knowing it would incite him to more. The claps on her ass rang through the silent office, punctuated by her thready cries.

“Please, sir,” she begged. “Please...”

If he didn’t stop—and she didn’t really want him to—she’d be launched into an orgasm that would leave his pants damp. She needed him in her pussy when she came. She wanted that oneness with him.

“Refusing to take off your panties,” he added. She waited for another stroke, needing it, craving it, but he didn’t touch her. He lifted her to her feet and turned her to face him.

Her lip trembled, and she suddenly realized tears were rolling down her cheeks as she bowed her head like a recalcitrant schoolgirl before the authoritative headmaster. She bit her lip, knowing it added to the picture and enflamed him. Her hand rubbed her abused buttocks, the skin hot beneath her palm.

“Now, as I said. Kneel. Hands straight at your side and knees apart, Miss Cooper. And no squeezing your thighs together. Don’t think I don’t see you doing that.”

“Yes, sir,” she answered. Her heart fluttered at his commands.

Silence reigned in his office as she complied, and she was glad it was always somewhat warm in there. The goose bumps rising on her arms had nothing to do with chill, though the cold metal of the cabinet against one of her breasts made her shiver until her skin soon warmed it. Instead, her reaction was because she knew he was still in the chair, slightly slouched to lean on an armrest, one leg now crossed over the other, and he was watching her. He was looking at her reddened ass.

Her head tipped forward into the corner as the tension rose between them. She wished he'd kneel behind her and pull her body back against his, then arrow his fingers down over her belly until they slid into her pussy and thrust inside her.

She took a shuddering breath, feeling her cream seep into her folds while her cunt clenched with the need to be filled. Oh God, she hoped he wouldn't deny her release as he had the morning she'd tried to sneak away. After betraying his trust, she deserved to have that pleasure withheld.

"Tell me," he finally said, breaking the silence. "Explain why you did it."

"I...um... I made the reservation at *The Dungeon* the night you were there, that night when you were the priest and I was the student. They ask you to make the next appointment right away—"

"I know how it works. Why didn't you cancel?" he interrupted. The ire in his voice had her squeezing shut her eyes and wishing she could escape to anywhere but here. She didn't want him angry again. Alone and naked and punished in his office, she suddenly felt vulnerable as she'd never felt before. Completely at his mercy.

"I thought about it," she answered. "It was the stupidest thing I've ever done. I-I'd just gotten an email from you—one of the personal ones. And it made me so hot—they all did. And you'd forbidden me to get myself off so I just had all this tension in me." Already it was building in her again as the words tumbled off her tongue, and she remembered the words of his email and the way she'd felt during that time. So agitated. So needy.

Her body started to shudder. She tried to stop it so he wouldn't see how worked up this made her, but nothing she did stopped the quivering. It only made it worse. Even her words tremored as she continued, on the edge of unfulfilled pleasure. Being here was more torturous than any spanking, whipping or paddling could ever be.

"And I was reading. And the reminder note from *The Dungeon* came in. And I thought, well maybe... Maybe a spanking—totally nonsexual—would take the edge off what I felt. That maybe I'd be able to make it through the next two weeks without going ballistic and snapping off some innocent person's head."

Ethan didn't speak. She wanted to look at him, to see what he was thinking, but she didn't dare.

"I didn't want anything...sexual," she whispered. "I didn't even realize that it's the sexuality attached to it with you that makes me feel better. I started having second thoughts right away, and by the time I got there, I was almost sick." Though he'd told her to keep her hands at her sides, she crossed them over her middle, hugging herself as if she could keep the memory away. "I told him to stop," she whispered.

"Natalia," Ethan said quietly. "Come here."

When she rose and turned, she found him standing a few steps behind her. He gathered her into his arms and kissed the top of her head. His warmth sapped away the cold the story had pushed through her. Gently, he stroked his splayed hand down her back and over her behind. The sensitive flesh prickled at his touch, sending new heat into her.

"I want to take you home and make love to you," he told her. "I can't wait that long."

"Please don't. I need you."

To her surprise, he dropped to his knees before her, holding one of her hands while her other pressed over her mouth. "Nat, my sweet love... Please marry me. Promise you'll always be mine. I won't *ever* let anyone hurt you." His eyes implored her to say yes. "I love you."

"Ethan..." she gasped. She sank to her knees, too, and hugged him tight. She kissed his neck. "I've been so scared and so empty without you."

"Me too, baby," he replied. Catching her chin in his hand, he lifted her mouth to his. As he kissed her, he moved his arms around her back and lowered her to the carpet, then followed. His body wedged between her parted thighs, his pants chafing her soft skin, his fly pressing into her pussy. Arcing her hips, she rubbed her clit against the slightly nubbed fabric. Desperate to feel his skin, she grabbed fistfuls of his shirt and pulled it from his trousers. Her hands slipped underneath the cotton to flatten on his back. She moaned. She loved how warm his skin was, how powerful he felt as his muscles shifted beneath her touch.

"Ethan," she murmured against his ear then nipped his lobe. "I know you want to make love to me, but I really need you to fuck me. Love me later."

"Nat," he groaned. He knelt back and ripped open his cuffs. His collar was already open, so he tugged the entire shirt over his head and tossed it to the side. Together, they pulled open his pants, then he fell on her, his wide cock driving deep.

"Oh, yes," she cried, her hips surging up into his. "Hard. Please, hard!"

After being utterly empty for the past two months, being filled by him sent her flying into a muzzy plane of pleasure where all she was aware of was his cock surging into her. She felt every ridge, every bit of his long girth as he stretched open her tender passage. She'd never felt as fully claimed as now, and knowing she'd be forever his, to be so owned by this powerful man...that just made this all the better.

One hand clamped onto her breast, the fingers twisting her nipple. A bolt of fiery sensation shot to her pelvis, and she clenched around him, screaming at the ecstasy. His mouth fastened over hers, muffling her cries as he kissed her with wild passion. Over and over, he tormented the peaks until she was frenzied beneath him.

Suddenly, she bucked and froze in a tableau of complete release, her entire body going tight then exploding into shuddering reaction. Ethan thrust twice more before following her into climax, his hot cum filling her. His deep cry rang through the office. She could forever listen to the sound of him finding that bliss. It was so visceral, so basic and she'd made it happen.

His mouth pressed to her neck as his hips spasmed a few more time and he grunted his pleasure.

"Nat," he sighed as they both calmed. His erection was still deep inside her, twitching and causing her to cry out softly at the gentle reactions it triggered. "Say you'll you marry me?"

Was there really a question of it?

"Spank me often?" she asked with a wicked grin.

He shook his head. "You're so naughty," he replied then sighed as if put upon.

"I think you like me that way," she teased. "My poor bottom. So punished."

She bit her lip, and he groaned, nipping at it himself.

"Probably often. Very often," he confirmed.

"Then definitely yes. Yes, sir." Her legs twined around his and she pushed up onto his still-hard cock. Her eyes met his as they both moaned, and all playfulness left her. "Yes, because I love you, Ethan. My sir."

About the Author

When it comes to books and movies, Brynn Paulin has one rule: there must be a happy ending. After that one requirement, anything else goes. And it just might in any of her books.

Brynn lives in Michigan with her husband and two children, who love her despite her occasional threats to smite them. They humor her and let her think she's a goddess... as long as she provides homemade chocolate chip cookies on a regular basis. Brynn is president of her local chapter of Romance Writers of America and also hosts a weekly writing critique group. She's conducted workshops at several writers' conferences around the country as she enjoys mentoring and meeting new people.

According to Brynn, her writing success can be attributed to an eclectic collection of music, her local road construction crews, a trusty notebook, and of course, her husband, Mr. Inspiration, who puts up with a lot in the name of research. Brynn loves to talk to her readers and can be found at www.brynnpaulin.com.

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***Two Plus One* by Brynn Paulin**

College math teacher, Briony Swift, lives life on the straight and narrow. After all, one plus one always equals two. But when two of her adult male students visit her office one afternoon, she soon discovers that one plus two might be a new and better equation to explore...

***Body of Art* by Bronwyn Green**

Art professor Seth Granger has two problems—an absentee life drawing models and a case of unrequited lust. Luckily his troubles have the same answer—his colleague, Dr. Callie Sullivan.

The trick will be getting her out of her clothes and into his studio...and hopefully into his bed. However, she's intent on keeping her mind on her art and ignoring him. Now he just needs to convince her she should be his body of art.

***Sense and Sensuality* by Cara Hart**

Eleanor McLaren leads a subdued life. She hates parties, avoids social interactions, and she cannot talk to men. But within the shell of her timidity lies the heart of a siren. Afraid of her own boldness, she hides her desires. Especially from the man who stars in her dreams of passionate encounters and works in her department.

Eddie Harrington has never lacked for partners in his pleasure games. But for some reason, Eleanor is the one woman he can't get out of his head. She is definitely not the type he usually pursues. Then he sees her at a bar, looking like his wildest fantasy. And one night with her is not going to be enough. The man who never commits just might have met his match—until a mistake from his past forces her to choose between trusting him or walking away.

***Sex Ed* by Mia Watts**

Mina Lasky has a pesky crush on Biology professor, Derek Link. They've worked in tandem in the same University facility long enough that even the sound of his voice makes her hot.

It's time to put the fantasy to an end. Mina signs up to be his guinea pig in a female sexuality lab for those on the doctorate track. She hopes to work Derek out of her system while enjoying some much needed sexual stimulation.

Dr. Derek Link has been itching to get his hands on the quiet, sexy Chemistry professor. He can't believe his luck when she signs up to be his lab. But one night isn't enough and Mina won't admit they can have something a lot more long term.

And when one of the students recognizes Mina, her heart isn't the only thing on the line. With her career in the hands of a blackmailer, and her heart begging to trust Derek, she's beginning to think the lab was a very bad idea.

Also available from
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***Heart of Ice* by Brynn Paulin**

Kai is perfectly unhappy with his life. Cast into a role as shop boy and forced into marriage to save his family, he sees nothing good in his future. In fact, his betrothed, Gerda, seems to hate everything he enjoys. Especially winter and his attraction to dominating his partners. His prospects look grim...until the Snow Queen arrives.

Wyn has spent her life alone, living vicariously through those who love winter. When she learns of Kai's predicament, she knows she must save him. If only she could save herself. She craves his dominance, but there's one tiny thing standing in their way. No human can touch her without experiencing chilly agony. And that might bring any relationship to an icy death.

***Red Ribbons and Blue Balls* by Tia Fanning**

After Nicolas punishes her for being naughty, the usually nice but now sexually frustrated Winter arrives at their secluded mountain cabin bearing gifts—special gifts that will ensure his submission and her revenge.

With only seven days left until Christmas, Nicolas expects to spend the night decorating the house for the approaching holiday, but Winter has other plans... Christmas might be coming, but if Winter gets her way, Nicolas won't be.

***Transparent Illusions* by Melinda Barron**

Freelance writer Saffron Tyler needs work. When she offers her journalistic skills to Steele Publications, they suggest that she spend two weeks as a submissive at Fingertip Fantasies, an exclusive BDSM resort that caters to the ultimate fantasies of any customer willing to pay for the high-end service. She's been tasked to come back with a titillating exposé guaranteed to enthrall the readers of Steele's underground magazine, *Salacious*.

But when Saffron arrives at the resort, she realizes nothing is as it seems, from the fact she doesn't know where the resort is located, or anything about the man she is submitting to—except she's to call him Master, with a capital M.

What starts out as an undercover assignment soon becomes so much more. Immersed in the lifestyle, Saffron finds herself no longer acting the role of the submissive, but actually wanting to be the perfect sub her Master believes she can be. When all is said and done, will Saffron take her experience and her story and never look back? Or will she choose to stay with the man who commands her mind, body, and soul.

***Primed Suspect* by Ann Cory**

Cassidy Valance is one part woman, one part Kitsune—a rare shape-shifting fox. She finds solace inside an estate, away from the hunters who have invaded her home in the forest. As a woman, she finds the nights unsatisfying with her insatiable appetite for sex. Tired of prowling for men to slake her relentless desires, Cassidy yearns for one man who can tame her wild ways, and love her despite what she is.

Officer Ian Valenti is assigned to investigate an abandoned estate after reports of unusual activity are called into the station. Since the death of his wife, he has fully devoted himself to his job. When he goes to inspect the house, he finds the suspect inside, naked and alluring.

Ian's instincts and years serving on the force tell him to cuff Cassidy and haul her in for breaking and entering. But she would rather he cuff her and treat her like the submissive she longs to be. With her restrained and primed, Ian brings Cassidy's fantasies of a Master to life. And willingly lets down the guard around his heart.

***Chance Encounters* by Mia Jae**

Seven short, erotic stories to whet your appetite, packaged in one collection. Whether the couples meet on a glance, make a split second decision or take a chance to be together, the encounters change their lives, for a minute, or for a lifetime.

You'll find a plumber who gets into more than a little hot water, a housewife tangled up in a cyber relationship, a cowboy trio attempting to brand a bartender for their very own, and a woman experimenting with a same-sex relationship. Then, there is naughty Rose, who dances naked in front of her bedroom window, a chance sexual encounter in a taxi that turns the tables, and a woman who finds herself doing exactly what she thinks she shouldn't...and liking it.

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