



Dirty
BUSINESS

Monica Kaye

Loose Id

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Chapter One

She was tied up.

Chloe Walters tried to move her arms, but they were restrained above her head. She looked down at her body to confirm that she was also naked.

Where was she?

The thought should have sent chills of fear across her body. Instead her skin vibrated with anticipation.

She gazed around the room. It was empty, save for the bed. There were no windows that she could see.

She looked up to where her wrists were tethered to the headboard with a length of silken cord. She tested the knots. Yup. She was well secured. The only way she was going to get loose was if he allowed her.

He? Who was “he”?

She was waiting. For what, or for whom, she couldn't say. She just knew that he was coming for her.

Suddenly she heard footsteps. They echoed like cannon bursts in the complete silence of the room. She began to shake. This was not fear. No, it was something darker, something deeper. Anticipation, desire, dark hunger. They all roiled in her belly, hardening her nipples and sending a wet rush of heat to her pussy.

The footsteps paused at the door. She held her breath, her gaze glued to the door.

Please.

Please come in.

The knob turned and the door opened on silent hinges. He filled the doorway. Shadows hid his face. Not that light would have done her any good. The upper half of his face was covered by a mask, leaving only his nose and mouth bare.

She wanted that mouth. She stared at it as she imagined all the things that mouth could do to her mouth, her nipples, her aching cunt.

She clenched her thighs in an effort to relieve the throbbing there.

She forced her gaze away from his mouth and allowed it to travel down his neck, across his broad chest, which was sadly covered by a crisp white shirt, over the visible bulge of his cock beneath black pants, down his beefy thighs, to his spit-polished boots. His body was a feast for the eyes. Her hands itched to touch him. She clenched her fists in response to the tingling in her palms.

He said nothing. The only sound in the room was that of her labored breathing. She didn't ask his name. She didn't care, didn't want to know. All she wanted was him. Anyway she could get him.

Finally, he started toward her. His movements were languid, unhurried. He obviously felt none of the urgency that coursed like fire through her veins. He stopped at the foot of the bed.

"You've been very patient, my sweet Chloe."

Oh God! His voice! It was seduction itself, liquid sin that poured over her, making her skin tighten and sending another electrical current straight to her clit.

She didn't answer. She couldn't.

A small smile appeared on those full lips. His bright green eyes widened. She pleased him.

"You look oh so mouthwatering tied up, sweets."

She licked her lips, aware his gaze followed the action.

"You look like you want to be fucked. Is that right? Do you want to be fucked, darling?"

"Yes," she gasped, his voice sending a ripple of heated desire directly to her core.

He chuckled. His hand landed on her ankle. She groaned. Heat spread across her skin where he held her.

"Shh, it's okay. I know what you need."

He grabbed her other ankle. Then, in a move she hadn't thought possible, he flipped her over so she lay on her stomach. The silken threads holding her arms became entangled above her head but left her palms touching.

"What...?"

"Have I ever told you how much I enjoy your ass, Chloe? It gives me...ideas."

She shuddered. Ideas. She liked ideas.

He took hold of her foot. She tensed, unsure where this was going. She moaned as he started to massage the instep.

"Does that feel good?"

She nodded. Speaking still not an option.

He moved his way upward, spending some time on her calves before continuing on to her thighs. Her chest heaved, causing her already sensitive nipples to scrape across the sheet beneath her. The fabric may well have been burlap for all the softness it afforded.

Unable to stop herself, she raised her hips off the bed, offering herself to him.

"I can see your poor pussy, Chloe. It's weeping. Is it sad? Missing something?"

Yes. You.

As though he read her thoughts, he thrust two fingers into her aching cunt.

"Oh God." She clenched her hands around her restraints and pressed against him, wanting—no, needing—more.

He obliged her. Keeping a steady rhythm with his fingers, he used his thumb to tease her clit. Need was a clawing beast in her stomach. She moved her hips in time to his thrusts. It was good. It wasn't enough. Not nearly enough.

"More."

He paused. She wanted to scream, cry. Both.

"You need something, sweetness?"

"You."

"You have me." He twisted his fingers to illustrate the point.

"No. More. I need more. Fuck me."

She did cry out when his fingers left her. She arched her back, silently begging him for a deeper touch.

She couldn't see him, but she heard him behind her. Heard the rustle of clothes. He was undressing. Thank God. Naked. She needed him naked and inside her.

Now.

The bed shook as he climbed behind her. He took his place between her legs, his hair tickling the sensitive skin of her thighs.

This was it. Her pussy clenched in anticipation of his first thrust. Juices flowed down her thighs. She was ready. Oh so ready.

Instead, his hand landed on her right butt cheek. It was a light tap, but it startled her, and she cried out.

What the hell? Was he spanking her? Seriously?

Her answer came with the next swat on the opposite cheek.

She opened her mouth to protest.

"Don't talk. I know what you need. Trust me."

Her jaws snapped shut. His words soothed her, because as odd as it seemed, she did trust him. Plus, the sting left behind from his open palm served to enhance her pleasure.

Huh.

She never figured herself for a pain slut, but her body, and this stranger spanking her, obviously knew differently.

She allowed her body to relax. He continued his light smacks, alternating ass cheeks. No, it didn't hurt. Soon she found herself anticipating his rhythm.

"Please. Please. No more. I need you. I need you to fuck me. Please."

Before the last word had even left her mouth, he thrust his cock into her wet cunt.

"Yes!"

He held her hips tight between his hands, keeping her still.

She dug her fingernails into her palms. It was perfect. So perfect. He filled her as no other man had before. The stretch was a pleasing burn that sent chills through her body. Tears leaked from the corners of her tightly closed eyes as she savored the sensation of having him inside her. There were no words to express the pleasure she felt.

The orgasm that been held at bay crested over her. Her pussy clenched around his dick, holding him tight, refusing to let him go. She heard him curse.

"Damn. That was good. Let's try that again."

He set a hard pace, fucking her with long, steady strokes. Not too fast. Not too slow. Deliberate thrusts designed to drive her out of her mind. She didn't have far to go.

"Oh God. So good. It's so good." Incoherent phrases slipped from her lips.

She moved her hips in time to the pistoning action of his pelvis. Her clit rubbed into the sheets beneath her.

"Come on, sweets. Come for me. Let me feel that sweet pussy hold my dick so tight. So tight. Damn! Yes!"

He quickened his movements. She worked in counterpoint to him. She gasped when his palm landed heavily on her bottom at the same time as a particularly deep thrust.

“Oh! Yes!”

Her entire world had condensed until the only things that mattered were the thrusts of his cock and her yearning pussy. Pleasure ate her alive.

Relief started at her toes and moved over her in slow waves; each one grew stronger in intensity until her entire body shuddered with ecstasy.

“Fuck yes! Take that cock. Show me how much you love it. Shit! You're perfect. The perfect pussy.”

She opened her mouth to scream, but suddenly, everything went black.

She jerked up and awake with a gasp, the orgasm she'd experienced in the dream following her into the real world. She fell back against her pillows and pulled her blanket over her face.

Wow!

That was too weird. Where the hell did the bondage and spanking come from? That was not part of her usual sexual repertoire. She was a vanilla sex kind of gal. Not even Darius, the dreaded ex, could convince her to bring handcuffs into the bedroom. And they were together for over three years.

Maybe that was why he was marrying her cousin-Helen. The woman was known to fuck anything that moved in ways not even the Kama Sutra had described. Skank.

Chloe lay there for several moments. Her breath heaved in and out of her chest as though she had just completed a marathon. She'd had the most amazing orgasm in her life, and once again there was no one there to experience it with her.

She sighed.

The life of a twenty-first-century single girl.

She rolled over and reached over for the warm body usually found next to her. When all she encountered was empty space, she lifted her head out from beneath the coverlet.

“Baxter?”

Silence. Suspicious silence. Baxter was a lot of things—sweet, adorable, the love of her life—but quiet he was not.

Chloe struggled to extricate herself from the death grip her sheets had around her. Once free, she looked around her shadowed bedroom. Weak light streamed through the slats in her blinds. A quick glance at her clock confirmed her estimate that it was six a.m. A full half hour before the alarm was set to go off.

“Baxter?” she called out once more. Again she was greeted with silence.

She was going to have to go look for him. She put one foot off the bed and into a warm, chunky substance. She closed her eyes against the wave of revulsion that shuddered up from her stomach. Her lip curled up. She leaned forward to confirm that Baxter had indeed puked all over the carpet.

“Baxter.” The word was almost a whine. No wonder he was MIA. The little shit.

She half hopped, half limped over to the bathroom and stuck her foot under the tub's faucet. Satisfied she was once again clean, she set off to find Baxter, the six-month-old pug she'd bought as a celebratory gift to herself after her breakup with Darius.

She found him beneath the pile of dirty laundry she had meant to get to last night. Chloe checked to make sure that he was all right before she went to scrub the mess he left behind. Soon enough the floor was clean and she was able to dress for work. Keys and purse in hand, she gated Baxter inside the kitchen and issued a stern warning against a repeat of that morning's behavior. She knew it wouldn't do any good, but at least the tile on her kitchen floor was easier to clean.

No sooner had she stepped off the elevator, than Gladys Harding, the HR director, hurried up to her.

Chloe worked as an administrative assistant—which she personally felt was a euphemism for “office bitch”—for a small software-development company based in Denver. Not her dream job. And as her mother was always careful to point out, it was a waste of her computer science degree. From NYU, no less.

“Oh, Chloe, thank God you're here!”

“What's up?” Chloe's brow wrinkled. Gladys was not one given to hysterics.

Gladys grabbed her arm and steered her toward the executive suite. “Lana quit.”

She blinked. Lana? “Executive assistant to the CEO Ryan Dorset” Lana?

“Really?”

“Yes. She called this morning babbling about moving to Las Vegas to be a showgirl or some such nonsense.”

Chloe snorted. The day Lana became a showgirl was the day that Chloe would grace the cover of *Vanity Fair*. Lana was fifty if she was a day and Chloe had seen her dancing at the Christmas party. Elephants were lighter on their feet.

“That's crazy, but what does any of that have to do with me?”

“The people from Keller Industries are coming in this week, and Mr. Dorset *needs* an assistant. Since you are the most senior of the admin staff, that duty falls to you. This is only temporary, mind you. And there will be no pay increase, of course.”

Chloe grimaced. Of course.

Gladys hustled her to Mr. Dorset's office. Once outside, she finally let go of Chloe's arm to straighten her clothes. She eyed her critically. “Well, I guess you'll have to do for now. Remember, you represent Mr. Dorset personally now, and I expect you to dress accordingly.”

Chloe looked down at her brown tweed skirt and cream silk blouse and wondered what Mr. Dorset could possibly find fault with.

Not that she was very interested in pleasing Ryan Dorset. She had worked at Dorset Technologies for three years with the promise of leading one of the software-design teams. Currently, her official title was executive assistant to the chief designer. It was a bullshit title Mr. Dorset had given her a year ago, again with no pay bump, after she had threatened to quit. Now that she was going to have Lana's responsibilities in addition to her own, it may be just the kick she needed to make a change. There was a thin line between company loyalty and company chump, and she was edging dangerously close to the latter.

Gladys knocked on the door and waited until she heard the muffled “come in” before entering the office.

Ryan Dorset sat behind an enormous mahogany desk. He wasn't the typical computer geek. In fact, he wasn't a geek at all. He had no real aptitude for computers or software, but he was sharp enough to understand what the “eggheads” said and guarantee that other people wanted what he had.

He was a very slick businessman who knew how to find talent and sell a good product. And it showed from the top of his immaculately styled blond hair to his natty blue pin-striped suit with pink paisley tie, down to what she was sure was a pair of Bruno Magli leather shoes. He always seemed to Chloe to be a kind of upmarket used-car salesman.

“Mr. Dorset, I've got Chloe Walters for you.”

Chloe tried not to roll her eyes at the sycophantic tone of the older woman's voice.

He looked up from the papers on his desk and blinked. “Oh, good. Thank you, Gladys. You may go.”

Chloe was surprised Gladys didn't bow on her way out the door.

She stood for several uncomfortable seconds as silence filled the room. He said nothing as his eyes seemed to inspect her. She clenched her hands against the impulse to fix her hair.

"Have a seat, Chloe." He leaned back in his chair. "I guess Gladys has told you about Lana. Such a silly thing."

She sat down in the chair indicated and forced a chuckle. "Well, to each her own, I suppose."

"Huh. This comes at a very bad time. As you know, we are in the process of being acquired by Keller Industries."

She knew. Which was why she had been excited by the possibility of Keller. If she couldn't convince Mr. Dorset to see her potential she at least had a chance with S.J. Keller. He had a reputation for finding and nurturing talent. Even though he was a bona fide genius, he still liked to surround himself with top-notch people. Jobs at Keller Industries were few and far between. People rarely left, and most of the new positions were recruited. If she didn't love Denver so much, she would have been in San Francisco knocking down his door.

"These are very sensitive negotiations," Mr. Dorset continued. "I need someone loyal. Someone who understands the company and has its best interests at heart. Is that you, Chloe?"

She squirmed at the intensity of the stare leveled against her. He was fishing. But for what? She shook off the shiver of unease.

"Yes, sir."

He nodded. "Good. I think so too. You know, Keller is very interested in new talent. I've mentioned your name to him quite a few times."

Her eyes widened. "Really?"

"I have. I think you have a lot of potential, Chloe. You just need to play your cards right." He turned his attention back to the papers on his desk.

What on earth did he mean by that? she wondered as she left his office.

She had no time to ponder this question. No sooner had she stuffed her purse in the bottom drawer of Lana's desk than the phone began to ring, and her day was off.

Later that morning, a handful of papers ready for Mr. Dorset's signature, she walked to his office. When she arrived, the door was cracked. She craned her neck to look in the window next to the door frame. He was on the phone, so she leaned a shoulder against the doorjamb as she waited.

"Listen, this deal is almost wrapped up. I'll be out before they suspect anything."

Her heart stuttered. What was he talking about?

"You need to calm down. If you do anything stupid, you fuck this up for both of us. Just lie low and keep your mouth shut."

She pushed closer, hoping to make herself invisible. Her blood roared in her ears. She needed to get out of here. Now. She licked her lips, trying to infuse some moisture into them.

"Chloe," Dorset barked.

She fought the urge to jump. She turned to see Mr. Dorset standing in the doorway.

His eyes narrowed on her. "Did you need something?"

"I, uh, I had those expense reports you wanted."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. I saw through the window that you were on the phone, so I was going to come back later."

"Huh. Did you happen to hear any of my conversation?"

She tried to look affronted. "Of course not! I don't walk around eavesdropping on phone calls."

"You wouldn't do that, would you, Chloe? Sorry, I'm just a bit snappy with all the stress of this buyout."

He gave her a smile full of teeth and false sentiment. She supposed it was meant to put her at ease, but instead it stabbed an icicle of dread into her veins.

She pasted on her own smile. "That's fine. It's understandable. Do you have time to sign these now?"

She held out the file to him, proud that the tremble she felt did not show in her steady hand.

"Of course." He took the file from her, then retrieved a pen from his inside suit pocket. He barely looked at the reports as he scribbled his name. Instead, his eyes stayed fixed to hers. She forced herself not to show any reaction to him.

"There you go." He offered her the file. She reached out to take it, but he tightened his grip. She looked up.

"You're a good employee, Chloe. I'm counting on you."

She managed a weak smile. "Of course."

He released the papers, and she let out a sigh of relief. She needed to get out of here. Now. She tried not to be too obvious as she bolted for the door.

Chapter Two

Chloe sat in a darkened hotel bar. After work she had returned home, where she fed, walked, and spent some time playing with Baxter before leaving him in the care of her sister and his favorite doggy cousin, Spike. Her plan now was to slowly drink herself into a fine stupor before stumbling into the room she'd had the good sense to reserve. The thought of how pathetic it was to drink alone briefly crossed her mind, but it was quickly washed away with vodka. Sweet, sweet vodka.

She leaned back against the high leather backing of the booth and replayed the conversation she'd overheard, until it skipped like an overused CD in her head. She had almost convinced herself she had imagined the entire thing. That maybe the conversation had nothing to do with business. But as much as she wished it to be a fantasy, she wasn't an idiot. She knew there was something wrong. Ryan Dorset had something up his sleeve, and she was going to find out just what it was.

After signaling to the bartender for another cosmo, she stared glumly out the window overlooking the area of Denver known as Lower Downtown, or LoDo.

She shifted her gaze to stare down into her glass as if it were a crystal ball and the answer to her dilemma would magically appear.

"Excuse me, is this seat taken?"

She opened her mouth to say, *Take a hike, bozo*. Or that had been her intention until she turned to see who was standing next to her table. When she did, she almost swallowed her tongue. She knew those lips. That chin. It was the man from her dream!

She shook her head. It couldn't be. Fantasies did not come to life. Still, the thought set her heart to racing and tingles to her alert clit.

Whoever he was, he was fine. George Clooney fine, complete with prematurely gray hair and a smile that would make every woman within a twelve-mile radius cream her panties. She couldn't see his eyes, but somehow she knew they were green. Crystalline. Like the man in her dream.

She gauged his height to be somewhere around six feet two. He was dressed conservatively, but she knew enough about fashion to know his clothes were straight off Savile Row in London. The suit jacket fit snug over his broad shoulders. It was unbuttoned, so she could see his flat stomach. Her fingers itched to touch him.

He looked down at her with a half smile that revealed a deep dimple in his cheek.

She stared at him for an embarrassing period of time before she realized he had his head cocked to the side as he waited for her answer.

She shook her head. "N-no. Please, have a seat."

He flashed another smile, revealing two rows of white, straight teeth. Her heart started to pound, and her nipples hardened in response to that smile. Horrified, she quickly crossed her arms over her chest.

"Thank you for allowing me to join you." His voice was husky yet smooth. It washed over her like a slow sip of really good whiskey.

"Um, you're welcome." What else was there to say?

"I apologize if I'm making you nervous. Am I?"

She tightened her arms across her chest. "A little bit, yeah."

"I can leave, if you'd rather be alone. I just figured that since you seemed to be alone and so am I, there's no reason not to start up a conversation. There's nothing more depressing than being out of town and sitting by yourself in a hotel bar."

She didn't bother to correct his assumption. Besides, she loved his voice; it was warm and smooth. The sound sent shivers across her body. Maybe it was the liquor, the man himself, or a combination of both, but her pussy became moist and tingly, a sensation she hadn't felt in a while. At least not with a man she wanted to lick like an ice-cream cone sitting across from her.

She allowed her arms to drift back down to her sides. An idea popped into her head. He might just be the thing she needed to take her mind off her troubles.

"No, please stay. I'd actually enjoy the company. You'd be doing me a favor, because if you left, I'd just go back to brooding. It's a pastime better suited to artists and poets, of which I'm neither."

"Hard day?" he asked.

She smiled ruefully. "You have no idea. It's a Fiji day."

His brow knit. "A Fiji day?"

"One of those days when I seriously contemplate chucking it all and moving to Fiji to live among the natives and dance topless in front of a bonfire."

She almost groaned. That seemed like a little, TMI. Dancing topless? Sheesh.

He didn't seem to mind and laughed, a low, rumbling sound from deep in his chest. Chloe's thighs clenched. "Do they do that in Fiji?"

"What's that?"

"Dance topless in front of bonfires."

"I have no idea. I've never been. But if they don't, I fully plan on implementing the practice."

It had to be the alcohol that was making her tongue so loose.

"Personally, I think if you're going to go, go big. I say you lose all the clothes and do the 'full monty' thing."

"Eww. So not happening. I mean, just think about all the burning flesh. Weenie roasts would be ruined for me forever."

Oh shit, she thought when he simply stared blankly at her. Damn all this alcohol. It had the odd effect of making her put her foot in her mouth. It was definitely time for bed.

After her next cosmo arrived.

She was just about to open her mouth to apologize for her stupid comment, when he let out another low chuckle. The sound shot an electrical current across her skin and through her body, causing her nipples to constrict even further and her pussy to ache.

“Well, I’m sure that you wouldn’t have to worry about that. One of the first things that we as men learn to do is take care of our...weenies.”

She said nothing as she lost herself in the wicked gleam that lit up his eyes. Bedroom eyes. That’s what they were. She’d never understood that phrase until now.

Shaking her head, she muttered, “Yeah, well, you’d better. It’s what leads you around from the time you hit puberty until the day you die.”

The man across from her cocked his head, his brow furrowed. “Trouble in paradise? Is that why you’re here? You just found your man cheating on you?”

She had man trouble. Just not that kind.

“Nope. Nothing like that. Don’t mind me. I’m just a little buzzed. Speaking of which, where is that waiter with my drink?”

As if her words had somehow conjured him, he appeared. She turned and reached for her purse, when she heard the stranger offer to charge her drink to his room. She demurred. After a brief haggle, she allowed him to pay.

“Thank you, you didn’t need to do that.”

“Rarely do I pass on the opportunity to buy a beautiful woman a drink.”

She resisted the urge to look over her shoulder to determine what woman he was talking about.

“Yeah, well, thanks. I guess since you bought me a drink, I should introduce myself. I’m Chloe.”

“Nice to meet you, Chloe. The name's Sean.”

He reached across the table and offered his hand.

She hesitated before offering her own in return.

Whoa!

If she had thought his voice was dangerous, the feel of his skin against hers was positively lethal. She was unprepared for the flood of sensations that rushed through her body. A warm rush of moisture pooled between her thighs, dampening her panties. Her breath caught in her throat as she struggled to regain control of her racing heart.

Quickly, she snatched her hand back. She stemmed the need to rub her hands together nervously and instead offered a shaky smile. She couldn't tell if their brief touch had affected him, as his eyelids drifted down, shielding his eyes from her.

“Nice to meet you too, Sean. I have to run to the ladies' room.”

Sean flashed his dimple. “Is this your way of blowing me off?”

“Of course not. Look, I'll even leave my coat.”

“Your coat? That's not very interesting.”

She stared at him. “What else did you expect? My panties?”

He grinned. “It's a start.”

“I'll see what I can do.” She winked at him before turning away.

Chapter Three

Oh. My. God. I am not seriously contemplating having a one-night stand.

But she was. If the buzz under her skin was any indication. She rushed past the door marked LADIES.

She leaned forward against the long counter in the restroom and studied her reflection in the mirror. Nope, same old Chloe. Absently, she took in the smooth mocha of her complexion, the large, slanted eyes, the high cheekbones, and full, soft mouth. The face looking back at her had very little makeup and was sweetly heart-shaped.

Slowly, she let her eyes wander to the rest of her body, something she rarely did. Only now she wasn't seeing the twenty—okay, thirty—pounds she needed to lose. Tonight she only saw high, full breasts and softly rounded hips. Instead of taking in the massive thighs beneath her sensible skirt, she saw a full-figured woman. A Botticelli.

And yes, she did have a ghetto booty, courtesy of her mama. But when she imagined Sean's hands on the soft flesh, she felt more voluptuous than frumpy.

Turning this way and that in the mirror, she decided she looked hot tonight.

Biting her lip, she refused to speculate about the source of her newfound confidence and wondered how to go about luring Sean into bed. He seemed interested. It shouldn't be that hard. He was a man, right? They didn't turn down sex.

Did they?

But could *she* really do it?

Hell yeah!

Turning resolutely into one of the stalls, she removed her panties. She giggled, feeling wicked and free and not just a little intoxicated. She hurriedly stuffed the small scrap of silk into her pocket and exited the stall.

What else would she need?

Ah, yes, she thought, spying the condom machine. She dug frantically into her purse, searching for the change that she always kept there. How many? One? Two? She decided on three, just to be on the safe side.

Preparations complete, she grabbed her drink and was about to leave, when another wave of fear washed over her. What was she doing? She needed to run. Go back to her room and sober up before she made a humongous mistake. Her palms started to sweat, and her knuckles turned white from their death grip on the door. She took a deep breath. And then another. And another. Five breaths later, the constriction in her chest eased, and a sense of determination replaced her fear.

She tossed her head back and jerked open the door just as a woman came in from the other side. They barely managed not to run into each other.

Not a very auspicious beginning to her seduction.

She hoped her nervousness didn't show as she made her way back to the table. When she arrived at the booth, she immediately saw that Sean had moved. His face was now half hidden by shadows, giving him a dangerous, unpredictable air. The move also had the deliberate effect of ensuring that no matter where she sat, Chloe would be in very close proximity to him.

She barely suppressed a shiver.

* * * * *

Sean leaned back against the warm leather of the booth, his arm stretched across the low ledge behind him as he waited for Chloe to return from the

bathroom. If that was even her plan. Despite her bravado, fear and uncertainty had lurked in her topaz eyes.

He sipped his drink. His eyes closed as he savored the dark, smoky flavor on his tongue. He wondered yet again what had caused him to leave his bar stool and seek her out. Maybe it was the thought of yet another long night in a hotel bar. Another anonymous room in another random city. Then he'd caught a glimpse of her, sitting in a corner, looking a little sad, maybe in need of some companionship. Before he knew it, he was on his feet and walking toward her.

He didn't regret that decision.

Still, he hadn't been prepared for the impact of those incredible eyes. They'd stopped him in his tracks. They were a deep whiskey color that brightened her heart-shaped face even under the dim bar lights.

He opened his eyes just in time to see her emerge from the shadowed hallway. He sat up; his skin tingled as though touched by a live wire. He watched as she walked to him, her hips swaying beneath her knee-length skirt. He couldn't see her ass now, but from watching her walk away, he knew it was first-class. The kind that a man wanted to grab and have fill his hands as he thrust into a hot pussy. Her stride was swift, self-assured, as if she had somehow received a boost of confidence during her brief time away. He shifted in his seat as he imagined those thighs wrapped around his waist. Or his ears.

He narrowed his eyes and raked his gaze over the bounty that was her body. Most would consider her on the heavy side, but she carried her extra weight so well, she reminded him more of the lush beauties so popular in Renaissance paintings.

The staid cream blouse she wore did little to disguise her full, rounded breasts. He tried to imagine what color her nipples were. Mocha, he decided, slightly darker than her coffee-and-cream skin. Skin he wanted to lick, suck, and nibble just to see if she tasted as sweet as she looked.

He groaned as he watched her lean onto the bar to order another drink. Her skirt tightened over her ass, revealing not one panty line.

He wasn't sure exactly when he'd decided he was going to sleep with her. It hadn't been his intention when he'd approached her. He had only been in search of some companionship, maybe a bit of conversation. Now talking was the last thing on his mind. He only wanted to hear the sounds of her sobbing gasps of pleasure.

He smiled, sure that it held a predatory edge.

Tonight was going to be fun.

* * * * *

"I didn't think you were coming back."

She sucked in a small breath. Even his voice had changed, becoming deeper, infinitely more seductive.

"You know women, we use the restroom in packs, but I'm on my own tonight, so I had to do it all myself."

His eyes gleamed. "I hadn't realized there was so much to the female grooming ritual."

"Oh, you'd be surprised."

"Aren't you going to have a seat?"

Gingerly, she eased herself onto the bench. She was careful to leave as much space between them as possible. It wasn't much.

She silently berated herself for her timidity. It was the perfect opportunity to initiate something. This was what she wanted. The reason her panties were in her pocket.

She waited for him to break the silence. She took a large drink, letting the fruity alcohol coat her tongue.

"Is everything all right?" he asked, as though reading her mind.

"Yes." She cleared the squeak from her throat.

"It's okay. Nothing's going to happen. We're just two people having a drink."

She quirked her lips. "Then my virtue is safe with you?"

Sean leaned in. His warm, moist breath hit the side of her neck. A shiver of desire tore through her body. She resisted the urge to cross her legs in an effort to relieve the ache building in her pussy.

"I never said that."

She cleared her throat. She refused to turn her head in his direction, knowing that if she did, she'd start kissing him. The fact that they were going to have sex was a given. That did not mean, however, that she had to make it less of a challenge for him.

She may be a borderline ho, but that didn't mean she was easy.

Besides, she was enjoying the anticipation, the teasing remarks, witty comebacks. Or at least comebacks that seemed witty on four—no, five—cosmos. Lucky for her, she could hold her liquor, so she was only feeling buzzed.

"I suppose I should be afraid." She twirled the stem of her martini glass between her thumb and forefinger.

"Oh, there's no need to be scared. Nothing's going to happen that we both don't want."

"And you think that I want you?"

"I know you do. Just like I know you took off your panties in the bathroom."

Her breath hitched. Her pulse hammered as a wave of heat rushed across her skin. "Is that right?"

"That's right. What's more, the thought of you bare, naked to my touch, spawned some interesting fantasies. Shall I tell you what I was thinking about when you were in the ladies' room?"

"Let's say you're right," she said. "Let's say that I did remove my underwear. What would you do?"

For an answer, he laid his hand against the bare skin above her knee. She drew a sharp, hot breath at the touch of his skin against hers. His touch singed her. She expected him to move his hand farther up her leg, to test his theory of the missing underpants. To her frustration, his hand stayed put.

“Look at me,” he commanded.

She was helpless to do anything else as she turned to face him. His beautiful eyes blazed with so much heat, she was surprised her clothes didn't melt.

“I think you enjoy teasing me,” he said, his voice was as deep and heady as a rich red wine. “But are you ready to put your money where your mouth is?”

“I can handle anything you dish out.”

His brow quirked, and his smile turned smoky and seductive. “Really? What if I told you that more than anything right now, I want to slide my hand up your thigh and play with your pretty pussy until you come?”

She started to pant. Sean's crude yet provocative words stirred a deep longing. Moisture rushed into her pussy, even as the muscles clenched at the promise of his words.

Leaning in close, close enough that their lips were almost touching, she whispered, “I'd say that it's a good thing I shaved my legs this morning.”

There. There it was. She'd thrown the gauntlet.

Sean's broad hand began its long, slow journey. Her eyes locked on his.

“Is that what you want?” he asked, his voice raspy. “Do you want me to make you come right here? In front of all these people?”

Chloe shuddered. “Yes.” Sean's hand traced a lazy pattern on the inside of her thigh but stopped short of actually going where she wanted it most. She bit her lip to stop herself from letting out a moan of frustration. She strained toward his questing fingers as if her will alone were enough to force his hand.

“From the moment I saw you, all I could think about is what it would be like to fuck you.”

She gasped at his crude language.

“I wanted to bend you over the nearest table and slide my cock in you from behind. I thought about how sweet your cunt would taste. I wanted my hands on you, my tongue inside you. I wanted you to beg me.”

“Please.”

He smiled as his hand continued its teasing foray on her thigh. “What, baby? What do you need?”

“Please touch me.”

“But I am touching you, baby.”

She let out a sound of frustration. Fortunately it wasn't loud enough for any of the other patrons to hear, but she wouldn't have cared if they did. Her entire body was a firestorm of need. Her nipples were hardened to the point of being painful. More than anything she wanted to feel his hands on her, in her. She ached for his touch.

“Please make me come.”

“Your wish...”

He plunged two fingers inside of her hot, tight cunt. She gasped and gripped the table. She caught her lip between her teeth to keep from moaning. Bit by bit, he removed his fingers, only to plunge them back with a force that left her panting. Her hips began to move in rhythm to the thrusting digits inside of her. She whimpered.

“Shh, baby,” he whispered against the side of her neck. “No noise. You don't want anyone to know that I'm fucking you right now, do you? No, you don't, because if they did, then I'd have to stop. You don't want that, right? No, you like this. You like the feel of my hard fingers in your tight pussy.”

His words set off an inferno of lust as his fingers performed magic inside her hungry sex. She bit down harder on her lip as his thumb flicked at her

engorged clit. A warm, metallic fluid landed on her tongue and realized that she had drawn blood. But she didn't care.

"That's it, baby. Ride me. Ride my fingers. Take what you want." His fingers moved in and out, in and out, his pace increasing with every word he uttered. Her hips ground onto his hand, seeking out her pleasure, oblivious to everything around her. The beginnings of her climax tugged at her womb. She gripped the table tighter, needing some anchor in the sea of carnal sensation. Her body drew tighter and tighter, until, like a dam, she burst.

For a moment, she lost all perception of time or reality as her orgasm hit her with the force of a speeding train. Everything and everyone that had come before was forgotten as she lost herself in a vortex of commotion.

Suddenly Chloe could not hold back any longer. Her scream was cut off by a hot, hungry mouth before it even started. This was no gentle kiss. This was a kiss of possession, of pure carnal feeling. His tongue forced its way into her mouth, demanding entrance. She was helpless to do anything but respond to the claims of his mouth. Their tongues dueled in forceful thrusts and parries. This set off another round of explosions inside her.

The kiss continued long after the ripples of her climax ended. When the last aftershock had dispersed, he slowly lifted his head. She sank, sated and listless, into the dark recesses of the booth. He removed his hands from the humid shelter of her body, his actions gentle, almost petting her as she fought to bring her breathing under control.

Feeling somewhat settled, she reluctantly lifted her eyes to his. How ridiculous that she should feel so shy when she had just let the man finger fuck her in a public bar and bring her to the most amazing orgasm of her life. What would she find in his gaze?

Disgust?

Or worse, smarmy triumph?

Lust, she thought with a shudder when her eyes met his. Pure, unadulterated lust. No triumph, no mockery. His fingers emerged from beneath the table, slick with her juices. He held her gaze captive and proceeded to slowly lick every trace of her climax from his hand. Her chest burned as she struggled to bring air into it.

His tongue sought and found every last remnant of her orgasm

He certainly is thorough.

“Mmmm,” he purred. “Just as I thought, sweet as candy. So, your room or mine?”

Chapter Four

Her breath hitched in her throat.

Is that really sanitary?

Sanitary or not, it was one of the most erotic things that she'd ever witnessed. What would it be like when he went down on her?

She suppressed a giggle as the random thought, *finger lickin' good*, crossed her mind.

"Well?" he asked, his eyebrow cocked.

She took a deep breath. "My room."

His lips, full and sensuous, quirked up in one corner. "I'm beginning to think you have a real problem with trust."

"Damn right I do. How do I know that you don't have some kind of BDSM dungeon in your room?"

"How do you know that you wouldn't like it?"

She didn't. That was the problem. The dream from last night replayed in her mind.

"Hmmm...have my ass paddled or not have my ass paddled? Tough decision." Sarcasm dripped from her every word.

He leaned close, his lips not quite touching hers. "Oh no, baby. I can think of much better things to do to your ass."

She shivered.

"Like kiss it?" she teased.

He chuckled. "Among other things. Are you ready?"

As ready as I'll ever be, she thought.

She smiled and nodded her head.

She slid out of the booth and took his outstretched hand. She remembered where that hand had been and blushed. She was sure the words JUST FUCKED were burned across her forehead as she walked across the lobby to the elevator.

Stepping into waiting car, she moved to the back of the elevator and put some much-needed distance between them. One touch and she was sure to be on the floor, thighs spread wide.

He smiled, sexy and knowing, and asked, "What floor?"

She forced her brain to click into place. "Um, twenty-seven."

He dutifully pushed the corresponding button, then turned his back to her.

She waited, body clenched. He didn't turn back, and she resigned herself to an uneventful ride.

Famous last words.

The second the doors closed, he rounded on her. Her eyes widened, and she was pushed against the wall of the elevator. The chair rail dug into her back, but she had no time to so much as moan before his mouth, hungry and desperate, closed over hers. His tongue forced its way into the moist confines of her mouth, seeking and finding her own and demanding a response.

Finding a bit of sanity, she managed to pull back for a brief moment. "Elevator...camera," she gasped.

"Fuck the camera." He recaptured her mouth.

Never in her life had she experienced a kiss like this before. It wasn't just a meeting of lips and teeth and tongue. It was a possession. He was taking a little bit of her soul with each foray. He drew her tongue into his mouth and sucked on it. Her pussy wept.

She vaguely registered the hardness poking at her stomach.

That could not be his dick. Even through the dual layers of their clothing, its heat and thickness made itself known.

Pulling back, he muttered, "You've got one sweet mouth, baby. I can't wait until it's full of my cock."

She shuddered at his words. His graphic words made her pussy clench.

He ground his fabric-covered cock into her. Grabbing one of her legs, he wrapped it around his waist, opening her up even more to his forceful thrusts.

"Get ready, baby. I'm going to make you scream my name," he said as the elevator *dinged*, announcing its arrival at its final destination.

She barely heard the bell, but the trying-to-be-discreet cough as well as the shocked gasp rang in her ears with all the sound and fury of the Clark Atlanta marching band.

"Oh shit," she shrieked.

Horried, she pushed him back with one hand and tried to pull her skirt down with the other. Finally, she succeeded in putting some distance between them.

Embarrassed, she looked up to see a well-dressed white couple standing in the doorway. The woman, one many would consider handsome, now very much resembled a dried-up prune, her face squelched in horror and disgust.

"Will you put that thing away?" Chloe hissed, nodding toward his cock.

Sean smirked. "And just where would you have me put it?"

She was so not going to touch that one.

Hurriedly, she stepped out of the elevator. The woman moved away, giving Chloe a wide berth.

"Sorry, excuse me," she mumbled, eyes averted.

She marched down the hall, her back stiff as a poker, color high on her cheeks.

She stopped in front of her door. Her embarrassment was forgotten as he crowded her up against the door. She gasped at the feel of his hardened cock against her back. Her nipples hardened, and she let out a soft, hungry sound.

He smiled against the back of her neck. "Where's your key?"

She rushed to find the card key. After a bit of fumbling, she extracted the small, credit card-looking device and handed it to him.

He released her and took the card from her to open the door. He stepped around her and into the room. She hovered in the hall, her brow puckered as she considered the well-lit room. He looked back at her, one eyebrow raised.

What was she doing? This was not her. She was not the girl who got picked up by gorgeous men in hotel bars for anonymous sex.

There was still time to get out of this.

She met his eyes. Lust crackled in their depths. It was enough.

She took a deep breath, then followed him inside.

The soft *snick* as the latch caught sent shivers of desire down her spine.

She let out a low, hungry growl as he caught her in his arms and pushed her against the door. She wrapped her arms around his neck, straining to get closer to him. The lace of her bra chafed against her extended nipples.

His mouth was voracious, leaving her no time to think, let alone breathe. His hands greedily roamed her body before settling on her breasts. He captured her cloth-covered nipples, rolling them between his thumbs and forefingers, plucking at them. She moaned into his mouth.

"Do you like that, baby?"

The movements of his fingers made it difficult to talk, so she just nodded. The sensation shot through her body, and she clenched against the onslaught of incredible sensation.

"Tell me. Tell me what you want."

"Touch me."

He rained small, suckling kisses across her neck. “I am touching you, baby.”

She wailed, her body burned.

“My shirt”—she said on a puff of air—“take it off.”

“That's better.”

He placed both hands on the lapels of her blouse and pulled. Buttons scattered as they flew across the room.

She gasped, and her chest heaved; her breasts jiggled above the confinement of her bra. Her nipples were pinched and hard, aching.

“Damn, sweetness, those are some amazing tits.”

His hands cupped her. Need tightened her skin, sensitizing it. His dark head descended, capturing her nipple. She threw her head back as his hot, moist mouth surrounded her. His other hand came up to tweak her unoccupied nipple.

The pleasure swamped her. Her hands dived into his hair. She pushed more and more of herself into his mouth. He sucked harder, his teeth scraping at her tender flesh.

Without warning, he pulled back. She grabbed at him, wanting more. He stepped away from her. She collapsed against the wall, her body ached.

She blinked at him.

His smile was pure sin. “Get on your knees.”

She stared at him. He did not just order her to her knees!

Leaning back, she tried to imagine how he saw her, shirt unbuttoned, breasts spilling out from her shoved-down bra, nipples still wet from the searing heat of his mouth.

Wanton, she thought. An old-fashioned word but apt.

His mouth tweaked even further. She tried not to shiver. She loved that mouth.

His voice held a hint of mischief as he asked, "You mean, you don't want to be on the floor right now, your lips wrapped around my cock?"

Well, now that he mentioned it...

"And be careful how you answer that, sweets, because I know when you're lying. I can see the way your eyes drift to my cock. I know you're imagining the pleasure that can only come from letting me fill your tight little pussy. You love the thought of being on your knees, your hot mouth full of me, sucking me, taking me as deep down your throat as possible. And you do have such a pretty mouth. Perfect for what I want, what we both want. Isn't that right?"

She stared at him. He was right. The thought of kneeling in front of him, being dominated by him, was like a shot of adrenaline.

She bit her lip.

Could she do it?

She stared into his green eyes. They were fixed on her; hunger swirled in their depths. His cock strained against his fly. All of it was for her. For her breasts, her lips, her pussy.

Her gaze raked over him, taking in his supremely arrogant pose. One of his dark, thick eyebrows were cocked, and there was a shimmer of challenge in his emerald eyes. Something deep inside her, something long denied, was lured by it, by him.

Could she do it?

No doubt!

She reached out to tug on the sleeve of her jacket.

"Slowly. I like to unwrap my presents with care. And you are the best gift I've ever received."

Her heart melted in her chest.

She allowed herself to relax. She moved away from the wall. Her eyes drifted shut as her body swayed to its own internal rhythm. She let her jacket drift off her shoulders and down her arm to puddle on the floor. Her blouse was

next. She tugged the edges closed. Since he'd already made such expedient work of her buttons, there was little she could do in the way of teasing him. She turned her back to him, seductively lowering the neck of her blouse so that he got a glimpse of her shoulders.

A giddy streak shot through her at his quickly indrawn breath. She sustained the slow, grinding hip movements, led by the seductive song that only she could hear.

The air began to throb with the slow, pulsating sounds of a saxophone. She lost a step.

Her eyes snapped open. She saw that in addition to the music, he had also turned down the lights. The dim glow of the bedside lamp cast the room in mysterious shadow. He'd moved a chair into the center of the room, placing him in shadow.

Fear ran jagged in her veins. Until she saw his eyes. They glowed, despite the low lighting. His eyes licked hotly at her overheated skin.

She closed her eyes once more and allowed herself to sink into the music. She felt luxurious, powerful, woman. She peeled off the rest of her clothes as her body swayed to the seductive beat, leaving her naked in front of him.

"That's enough."

She stilled at the harsh whisper. This time her eyes were able to find him immediately. A shot of heady pleasure electrified her body as she saw the effect that her dancing had on him. His chest heaved in an effort to force oxygen into his body. His hands clenched and unclenched in his lap, as though they resisted the effort to reach out for something. For her. His whole being was tight as a bowstring. She had the feeling that it would take little effort to shatter his fragile control.

"Come here."

Her steps were slow, careful, as she moved toward him.

"Not like that. Get on your knees."

This time she didn't hesitate. She sank onto her hands and knees, then crawled toward him, her gaze never veering from his. A spark of approval lit his eyes at her subjugation. It thrilled her to know that she pleased him. His cock jerked in his pants as she came to rest between his legs.

"Lean back. Sit on your heels."

She complied.

"That's a good girl. You give one hell of a show, baby. I didn't think my dick could get any harder until I saw the way your body moved. I could imagine the way you'd feel beneath me, your hips undulating as I rammed into you. Could you feel that, baby?"

"Yes," she confessed. And she had. The entire time she was dancing, in her mind she saw his hands, large and strong. They had been the ones to touch her, to fondle her breasts.

"That's good. When I'm done with you, my cock, my mouth, my tongue are going to be all that you can think about. Now be a good girl and reach down and unzip me. As much as I'd love to have your cunt, I want your mouth on me even more."

She reached for him with shaking fingers. The skin of his belly burned her fingers as she fumbled with his zipper. The rasp of the metal teeth pulling apart sounded like cannon fire. She drew in a deep breath. His scent was deep and spicy, all male. It settled deep into her pores, marking her as his.

He wore no underwear.

Hot.

That was the only word that came to mind as her hand grasped his shaft.

It was hard and yet soft, so incredibly soft. Her heart pounded; her mouth watered. The need to see him, to taste him grew. Gently she drew him out from the confines of his pants.

She sucked in a sharp breath at the sight of him. She had no idea that a man could be so beautifully made. His shaft stood out proud and erect from the nest of dark hair at its base, curving ever so slightly toward his stomach.

She swallowed nervously. There was no way that she would be able to get her lips around him, much less take him down her throat.

"It's okay, baby," he rasped, as though reading her mind. "You'll do fine."

Easy for him to say.

Moisture pooled in her mouth. She needed to taste him. Now.

She leaned forward and used her tongue to trace the thick vein that throbbed dully around the underside of his cock. Salty and masculine, with just the barest hint of sweetness that was unique to him.

She licked him from the base of his shaft to just under the sensitive tip.

His hands cupped the back of her head. He didn't force her, didn't try to control her. He let her take her time, to luxuriate in the process of getting to know him. His breath rasped out of his throat.

Finally, when she felt she'd tortured him enough, she ran her tongue along the flared head of his cock. He moaned.

Gotcha.

"Please, baby," he said, his voice rough with desire.

She almost laughed with the feeling of feminine supremacy that washed over her.

"Please, baby' what?" She chuckled, feeding him back his own words.

"Please, I need your mouth."

She rained small, sucking kisses along his shaft. "You already have it, baby."

"More," he said, his breath coming in short pants. "Take me in your mouth. Suck me. Goddammit, suck my dick. Please." The words toppled from his lips.

Leaning forward, she flicked her tongue along the sensitive area, each time eliciting a response from him. A drop of clear fluid appeared at the slit at the top of his cock. She caught the pearl with her tongue.

"Yum," she whispered, before opening her mouth and enveloping the tip, sucking strongly.

"God, yes," he hissed. "Suck me, baby. Take more. Please take more."

But she didn't listen. Her hands came up to grasp his shaft even tighter. He was still moist from her mouth, and that eased her movements.

His hands clenched in her hair, directing her mouth along his rod, telling her without words where she could affect the most pleasure. His cock was hot against her tongue. His moans of pleasure filled the air. Her pussy pulsed in time with her sucking mouth.

Suddenly the hands in her hair not-so-gently tugged her away. Her lips released him with a soft *pop*.

She blinked up at him.

"What? Why did you stop?" She tried to lean back, eager to feel him once again in her mouth.

He wouldn't let her.

"Damn, baby. I knew it. You've got the sweetest little mouth. I'm going to have to teach you how to take all of me. There's nothing I want more than to fill your throat."

"Why don't we try now?"

"Because I was about to come."

"Isn't that the whole point?"

His eyes opened and fixed to hers.

"Maybe, but the first time I come, it's going to be in that sweet pussy of yours."

Before she could do more than gasp, he stood, bringing her with him. His lips fastened onto hers, drowning out any protest that she could have made.

Fighting him was the furthest thing from her mind.

She opened her mouth wider, inviting a mad clash of tongues and teeth. She barely felt his hands as they drifted down her back and over her ass. His hands squeezed her firm flesh as his mouth ate at hers.

He lifted her off the floor.

“Wrap your legs around me,” he growled, before once again capturing her mouth.

She obeyed with a helpless moan. The kiss seemed to go on forever. She was a deep-sea diver, dependent on him for her very oxygen. She rubbed against him, desperate for some relief from the burning that seemed to encompass her body. She felt the hot tip of his erection against her throbbing clit, and the fire that had been burning through her exploded into a raging inferno.

She whimpered when he pulled away.

“Damn, baby. You taste good. I want some more.”

He swung her around and started for the wide bed at the opposite side of the room. She tightened her legs around him, eliciting a low groan from deep within his throat. The sound spurred her on, and she began to grind her wet femininity against him. The silky fabric covering his chest scraped like burlap against her abused nipples, causing wave after delicious wave of desire.

He dropped her on the bed and stood above her. His gaze raked over her. His erection rose strong and proud from a dark thatch of hair, framed by the metal teeth and dark fabric of his pants.

With a gasp, she realized that while she lay on the bed in all her debauched splendor, he had yet to take off his clothes. She felt exposed, vulnerable. Automatically her hands came up to cover her breasts, hiding them from his view. She saw his mouth quirk.

"It's a little late for modesty, isn't it?"

He was right. She had just been on her knees, servicing him. What did the fact that he could see her breasts matter?

She dropped her hands and raised her chin in defiance. She felt his eyes trail fire across her skin as he took her in. Her entire being vibrated. "Well?"

His head tilted to the side. "Well, what?" he teased.

"Strip," she ordered.

His mouth did that quirky thing that melted her heart as his hands reached up to his shirt.

She lifted herself onto her elbows. "Slowly," she said, mimicking his earlier command to her. "I like to savor my presents."

His only response to that was a raised eyebrow and wicked smile as he proceeded to divest himself of the rest of his clothing. She scooted up on the mattress until she leaned against the headboard, then watched in rapt fascination. Her mouth went dry as he slowly peeled off his shirt. His rippled abdomen glistened with sweat.

His hands drifted down toward the button of his slacks. Her mouth went dry as her gaze fastened onto the long column of aroused flesh that protruded from his zipper.

She held back a groan of disappointment as he turned his back to her. Looking back over his shoulder with a wicked gleam in his eye, he performed a booty-grinding move that would make any Chippendale dancer envious. His pants fell to the floor.

Holy shit! It has to be illegal for any man to look this good from behind.

Lean, corded muscles composed his back. His ass was so high and firm, she had an insane urge to try and bounce a quarter off it.

"Turn around," she croaked past a dry throat.

It seemed like an eternity before he actually complied. But it was well worth the wait.

If the view before had been spectacular, to see him full-on almost caused her to swallow her tongue.

“Well?” he asked mockingly.

She said nothing. There was nothing to say. Not in the face of his mind-blowing maleness. And while her eyes did skim over his body, taking note of his taut muscles and golden skin, there was only one part of him that got her unfailing attention.

It really was the mark of male perfection.

“It's nice to know that my dick has the power to mesmerize women.”

Color flooded her face. “Well, I have to admit that it does have a certain hypnotic quality to it.”

“That's good. It's good that you have your mind full of my cock. Pretty soon, it's going to be all you think about, all you feel, all you know.”

As he spoke, he made his way to the bed, his movements sleek like those of a jungle cat. Her breath caught in her throat. He was a predator, and she was most definitely his prey.

He knelt at the foot of the bed. Her breathing increased as he crawled toward her, every bit the panther he personified. She almost jumped when he reached for her leg, pulling it straight. He placed a suckling kiss on the instep of her foot.

She giggled and curled in her toes. “I'm ticklish.”

His mouth continued to travel up her leg, over her calf. She trembled when his lips touched the inside of her thigh. Her breath came hard and fast as she waited for the inevitable touch of his lips against her sensitive flesh. A touch that didn't come.

His warm breath tickled her. She strained toward him.

“Please.”

“I hear you, baby. I'm just admiring my pussy. Such a pretty pussy. Whose pussy is this, baby?”

"Yours," she said, straining toward him.

"I can't hear you."

"It's yours," she said, out of breath.

"Damn right." He growled deep in his throat before lowering his head toward her.

He sought and found the throbbing bundle of nerves hidden beneath the soft curls. He avoided touching it. Instead he ran his fingers along the delicate flesh that surrounded it. Around and around those talented fingers went.

She wanted to shift closer to him. His weight prevented her from even the slightest movement. He seemed content to run his fingers along her delicate outer lips, pausing to dip his talented fingers inside her creamy core.

Her body strained against him, seeking a deeper connection. Her nerves stretched taut as the need inside her grew, clawed at her to break free. Just when she thought she would go mad, he thrust his tongue into her.

She almost sobbed in relief as she strained against his questing tongue. Slowly, he withdrew to trace along her outer lips, stopping just shy of actually touching her clit. He repeated the motion several times, slowly dragging his tongue along her sensitive inner lips, over and over again.

Her head thrashed on the pillow. She wanted more; she needed it. But every time she tried to thrust toward his luscious mouth, he would immediately pull away, keeping his hands on her hips to prevent her frantic movement.

"Shh, baby. It's okay. Let me take care of you."

"I hurt." And she did, her entire body felt like one exposed nerve ending, and he was the only balm that it would accept.

"I know. I feel it too. But you taste so good, like my own special candy. I'm not a man who likes to gobble his goodies down in one bite. I like to savor things, roll them around in my mouth, and let them melt over my tongue."

His words sent ripples of sensation across her body. "Please hurry. I don't know how much longer I can wait."

He didn't respond. He went back to working the tip of his tongue into her moist slit. This time, his tongue took full possession of her. It thrust its way into her most sensitive core before slowly pulling back, only to repeat the motion over and over again. Her hips found his rhythm and worked in counterpoint. His tongue mimicked the intimate love act, but it wasn't enough.

His hand pulled back the hood to expose her clit. Her breath caught in her chest as he used his index finger to softly apply pressure to her aching flesh. Her hips bucked off the bed as a fevered moan passed her lips. Only the pressure of his shoulders kept her anchored. Slowly, he began a gentle back-and-forth motion with his finger, even as his tongue continued its determined in-and-out motion. He played her body like a well-tuned instrument. He seemed to instinctively know where to touch or how much pressure to apply.

Suddenly he reversed his mouth and hands. Using two fingers, he thrust them deep into her, even as his mouth closed around the tight bud of her clit. It was too much. She cried out.

The fingers inside her withdrew, only to thrust forward quickly. He sucked harder on her clit. Her head thrashed back and forth. Her fingers twisted in the sheets. When he added a third finger, she could no longer contain the scream that bubbled out of her throat.

All at once, he let go, and her clit slipped out. Gasping, she looked down to see blazing green eyes looking back at her.

"That was music to my ears, baby. Now let's see if I can make you scream my name."

Her eyes widened. Surely there was nothing more that he could do.

She was wrong.

The fingers that were still lodged inside her body picked up speed, working their way deeper and deeper. Her body tightened, a hot knot of tension built in her stomach.

She strained toward him, seeking that connection, her breathing becoming more and more shallow, until she was almost sobbing from the need to fill her lungs. He ran his tongue gently around the outer rim of her clitoris. Using his tongue, he flicked back and forth across her clit before taking a long, leisurely lick.

"Please, please, please," she chanted.

He continued as though he hadn't heard her, repeating the pattern over and over, steadily driving Chloe to madness. She cursed the bastard.

She was just to the point of grabbing Sean's head and forcing it into the position she needed when he captured her abused flesh between his teeth and nipped.

"Sean," she screamed, feeling the need for release, coming close but not quite making it, needing something more, needing him.

Immediately he pulled back, crawling up her body until they were face-to-face.

"You screamed?" he asked.

"Don't stop. So close."

"Shh," He pushed the damp tendrils of her hair off her forehead. "I got you. Right where I want you."

"You're a bastard," she said, struggling to catch her breath.

He cocked his head as though considering. "True. But I'm also the man who's about to fuck your brains out."

She laughed breathlessly. "You talk a big game."

He chuckled, a low, husky sound from the back of his throat. The movement caused the hair on his chest to abrade her already swollen nipples. She caught her breath at the sensation.

"Believe me, baby, that's not the only thing that's big."

He shifted, trailing his fingers down her body until he could reach between their bodies. She held her breath as she waited for the feel of him. Instead he

used the tip of his cock to run light circles around her painfully distended clit. She bit her lip, holding back her cry of pleasure. She gripped the sheets. Fire raced through her veins. He was at the mouth of her entrance. She didn't know when he had put on the condom, but she was grateful. She raised her legs, draping them around his waist, trapping him where she needed him most.

"Please," she begged.

"Please what, baby?"

"Please fuck me."

He insinuated another inch inside her body. "Like this?"

"No no no."

"Hmmm." Another inch. "What about that?"

"More," came the breathless response.

Another inch. "There you go, baby."

"Not enough, not enough," she chanted, mindless.

But he wasn't done with her yet. Before she knew what was happening, he pulled himself from her. She moaned in frustration as he once again used the blunt tip of his dick to outline her clit before butting against it in a pale imitation of the sex act. Her head thrashed against the pillows as her hips strained against his, begging for what he'd promised.

Finally, just when she thought she could take no more, he repositioned himself and thrust into her core.

Her mouth opened on a silent scream. She arched her back, eager for more contact. She loved the feel of him deep inside. He felt huge. There was a pleasant burn as she stretched to accommodate him.

"Fuck me."

He thrust into her. She lifted her legs so she could wrap them around his hips. The motion caused both of them to shudder as his shaft burrowed deeper into her inviting channel, taking him to the hilt.

His eyes never left her face as he slowly repeated the motion. Drawing out of her tight, wet tunnel before quickly thrusting himself back in. Her hips tilted in an effort to take him as deep as possible. He continued his leisurely pace, slowly drawing out, then thrusting in quickly. In. Out. In. Out.

“Yes”—her hands clenched in the sheet beside her hips—“yes. Fuck me.”

“That's right, baby. Tell me what you want.”

“More. More, please.”

He leaned over her, holding his arms stiff beside her head.

“You've got me, baby. You've got all I can give.”

She moaned. It wasn't enough.

“Harder. Fuck me. Harder.”

“Yes,” he hissed. “That's it. Tell me exactly what you want. Exactly what you need.”

Her head pressed deeper into the mattress. “You. I need you. Please. Please. Please.”

“Here I am,” he said, sending his shaft plunging into her.

His hips pistoned in and out of her tender cunt. She soon found that her vocabulary had suddenly whittled down to two words. “More” and “harder.” Each time she uttered either one of the words, he seemed more than able to accommodate her demand.

Her hips moved in a constant counterrhythm to his. His arm slipped between their bodies and under her thigh. Her feet, which had been locked together in the center of his back, were torn apart as he lifted her leg high above his head.

“Oh shit,” she cried out as the motion changed the angle of his thrusts, drawing him deeper and deeper.

“That's right, baby. Do you like that? Do you like the feel of my cock deep in your delicious pussy?”

“Yes. Oh yes.”

“Good.”

Suddenly, without warning, he pulled out. She gasped at the abrupt departure. Before she could protest, he was urging her to turn over onto her stomach. She eagerly complied. He took a pillow from the head of the bed and, with her help, thrust it beneath her hips. He plunged deep into her wet folds.

She moaned.

She buried her face in the bed, her hands clenched in the sheets. She pushed her hips back, desperate to take more of him. To take *all* of him.

“That's it, baby. God, you feel so good. You're hot and wet. You feel like heaven.” He grunted before administering another particularly powerful thrust. In their current position, she could swear that she almost felt him at the back of her throat. His hands tightened on her hips.

For several moments, the only sounds in the room were those of wet flesh slapping against flesh and low moans.

She reached behind him and grabbed his hips.

“Stop,” she said.

He immediately obeyed the command, still buried deep in her body.

“I want to see you.”

He pulled out, then rolled until she landed on top of him.

“Ride me,” he growled.

She straddled his slim hips. She paused, her pussy poised just at the tip of his cock, to look down at him. His head was thrown back, the muscles in his neck tight and straining.

His hips pushed off the bed and toward her body. “Take me, baby.”

She chuckled. “You want this, baby?”

His eyes glittered. “Hell yeah.”

She allowed herself to drop an inch, slowly swallowing the head of his cock. "Is that enough?" she teased.

He strained against her. "More. Take more. Take it all." His hands reached up to grab her hips.

She grasped his hands in hers. "Uh-uh. My turn." She lowered herself another inch. And then another. And another, until she was fully seated on him.

He let out low groan. "Yeah, you feel so good, baby."

"I know."

She kept the measured and steady rhythm, slowly rising up before quickly reseating herself. His fingers bit into the sensitive flesh of her hips. His head tossed restlessly on the bed. "Please."

"Please what?" she teased.

He laughed. "You're an evil bitch."

"I know."

His hands roamed from her hips, skimmed along her sides until he reached her breasts. He captured her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers and used them to roll the sensitive flesh. She groaned and ground against him.

"I know what you're up to. It's not going to work." She grabbed his hands, pulling them from her breasts. She lowered their joined hands until they rested on each side of Sean's head. Unfortunately—or fortunately, depending on the point of view—the position necessitated she be bent over, her breasts within a hairbreadth of Sean's mouth.

"I've got you," she said, looking down at him.

His mouth quirked. "You certainly do. What will you do with me?"

Instead of answering, she began to rock back on forth on his cock, rubbing her clit against the coarse hair at the base of his dick.

He leaned up and captured one of her swinging nipples, sucking hard. Her pace increased. He let go of the captured nipple. His head pressed deeply into the bed. "Yes," he hissed. "Fuck me, baby. Fuck me hard."

She increased her pace again. The motion of their bodies rocked the bed. She felt the pressure begin to build in her stomach; her breath came in big, gasping huffs. He changed the position of their hands so that their fingers intertwined.

"Come, baby. Come for me."

The words were just the catalyst she needed. She let out a low, keening cry as the tension within her suddenly burst. The pleasure started in the hollow of her back and exploded throughout her entire body. Her inner muscles contracted hard against the flesh imprisoned there, milking him. The sensation was enough to send him over the edge. He thrust hard up into her, blasting her with the force of his ejaculation, even through the condom.

When it was over, her arms could no longer hold her, and she collapsed on his chest. His now-softened cock slid from her body as he brought his arms up to encircle her, holding her tight to him. She wanted to stay awake, but she seemed to have lost the ability to stay conscious. Her last thought before she drifted off to sleep was how perfect this moment was.

Chapter Five

The next morning, Chloe woke up warmer and more content than she could recall. In fact, her entire back was burning up, as well as her waist. She moved to push off her blankets when she encountered flesh. Warm, male flesh. She stilled. In a rush, memories of the previous night came back to her. Sean. Sex. Sean and really great sex.

Oh shit, her mind screamed.

She almost groaned and squeezed her eyes shut. What the hell was wrong with her? She was not the kind of girl who had crazy anonymous sex in anonymous hotel rooms with anonymous men. She left that for her best friend, Carmen.

She turned her head toward him and cracked open one eye. He was still asleep. She released a silent breath. She hadn't been so drunk last that her judgment had been impaired, so she was gratified to see she at least had some standards. Even in sleep, he was beautiful. The golden skin along his jaw showed the first hint of beard, and his long lashes lay softly against his chiseled cheeks. His lips were closed. Goose bumps raced over her flesh as she remembered exactly what those lips had done. And said.

Carmen would definitely have approved.

And on that oh-so-depressing note, it was time for her to make a break for it.

She brought her hand up to look at her watch.

Five-thirty.

If she hurried, she still had time to pick up Baxter, get home, shower, and wash the skank off her. At least on the outside.

She held her breath as she used incremental movements to extricate herself from beneath his arm. She slid from the bed and landed on a heap on the floor. She froze, certain that she had woken him. She heard him shift in the bed and squeezed her eyes shut and sent up a silent prayer that he would stay asleep. When she heard nothing but the sound of her heart beating in her ears, she moved away from the bed to find her clothes.

The sun was just breaking over the horizon, providing enough light in the shadowy room that she was able to locate most of what she was looking for. She was a ninja. All stealth and quiet.

Dammit! Where were her panties? They were in her pocket but must have fallen out sometime during her striptease. She prayed that they hadn't dropped in the elevator. She crawled over the floor in vain. They seemed to have grown legs and made a break for it.

Oh well, she thought as she heaved herself to her feet. What was one more bit of embarrassment?

She gathered up her heels and tiptoed to the door. She had her hand on the knob when she paused. She bit her lip. She should at least leave a note. It seemed...wrong to just up and bolt. She squinted as she searched the room for paper and a writing utensil. She found them both on the desk table. Go figure.

She nibbled on the end of the pen. What exactly did you write to the man who gave you the best orgasms of your life but whom you had no intention of seeing again?

She shook her head. She didn't have time for this. She needed to go. Now. She scribbled something onto the paper and crept over to the bed to leave it by the phone.

She made the mistake of once again looking down at her sleeping lover. She shivered. He really was fucking hot. If she could, she would not turn down another night with him. She shrugged.

She made her way silently across the room, and this time she didn't hesitate to open the door. Once outside the room, she straightened her spine. Her hair was a mess, she wasn't wearing panties and carried her shoes in her hand. She must have looked exactly as she was. A woman who had been thoroughly fucked and was now about to take the dreaded "walk of shame."

Yep, she thought, her day could not get any worse.

Sean woke up the way he usually did—horny. He reached for Chloe, only to find cold sheets.

His eyes popped open. Sure enough, he was alone in the bed. He sat up, certain that she must be in the shower.

"Chloe?" he called.

Silence. No answer. No sound of fast-running water. Nothing. She was gone.

He rubbed his hands over his face. Well, this wasn't how he had expected the morning to go. Usually he was the one sneaking out like a bandit in the middle of the night. However, before he'd drifted off last night, he'd had the vague notion that it would have been great if Chloe were the first thing he saw that morning.

From the moment he had started speaking with her, there was a spark. A sort of low-lying electrical current that flowed so effortlessly between them. The spark grew to an inferno once they were in bed. It was rare to find someone as sexually compatible as they were. He was blown away by their chemistry.

Literally.

He'd been certain that she felt the same way. He was wrong.

He swung his leg over the side of the bed. There was nothing to do now but go to his room and get ready for a full day of business meetings.

Maybe there was some way to find her.

As soon as his feet hit the floor, he felt something beneath them. He bent over to grab the silky fabric.

Panties.

Chloe's panties.

He ran them through his hand, a small smile playing on his lips as he remembered teasing her about taking them off in the bar. And what had happened once he realized she'd done just that. He'd never met a woman so responsive.

That's it. He was going to find her and bed her again as soon as they could find a flat surface. Or *any* surface. He doubted he would be able to wait the time it would take to get rid of their clothes.

He was about to heft himself out of bed and head for the shower, when he caught a glimpse of white out of the corner of his eye.

His heart accelerated. It was a note. Maybe he was wrong. Maybe she wanted to see him again.

At first he couldn't believe what he was seeing. He blinked a couple of times to make sure he hadn't gone senile. Nope. His eyesight was fine. The note, however, was another matter entirely. Instead of a name and phone number, there was a single word written on the stark paper.

Thanks.

Thanks. That was it. No *I had a great time* or *Sorry I had to go*. Just one insulting word.

He crushed the paper in his hand as he made a fist. Air left his lips in ragged puffs. His heart thundered in his chest so hard that he was certain it was bruising his ribs.

Part of his brain felt sorry for her. She couldn't have been aware of the mistake she had just made or whom she had made it with.

His smile was not pleasant.

He reached over, lifted the phone's handset, and dialed 0.

His call was answered before the end of the first ring.

"Yes, Ms. Walters. What can we do for you?"

He hung up without responding.

Chloe Walters.

Gotcha.

Chloe made it to work with time to spare, despite having stopped to spend time feeding and cuddling her puppy. She had managed, barely, to avoid her sister's questions and all-too-knowing gaze.

She wanted to be here before Mr. Dorset arrived. She dressed carefully for the occasion. The dark pin-striped pants and blazer were sharp and slimming. She'd paired them with a red silk shirt. A power color, Carmen said. It screamed *don't fuck with me*, which was exactly what she wanted. Not only because she had no fucking clue what she was going to do today, or if there was even a problem to fix, but also because she'd needed the extra boost of confidence after the taxi ride home.

When she arrived at her apartment, she immediately saw why the cabbie was snickering. She looked every inch the whore. Her hair stuck out in clumps, despite her best efforts to tame it, her eyeliner was smudged, and her lips looked as if they'd been attacked by a badger. Not a good look.

So she'd jumped into the shower, fixed her hair, and meticulously applied her makeup. She'd then left to pick up Baxter before bringing him back home. She was now the epitome of a woman with her shit together.

She was just sitting down at her desk when a frazzled-looking woman skidded into view.

“Chloe, thank God you're here.” Chloe's eyes jerked up to see Gladys. “The CEO of Keller Industries arrived early. Mr. Dorset has been looking for you.”

Chloe popped up. “He's here? Now?”

Shit.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Her mind raced. She wasn't ready for him now. She still had no good course of action and had no clue what, if anything, Dorset was up to.

Please God, not now.

“They're in the conference room. Mr. Dorset asked that you be sent in as soon as you arrived.”

“Thanks.” She snatched up her briefcase, which contained the folder that Lana had put together with information about the acquisition, then strode toward the conference room.

She burst into the conference room, not bothering to knock. “Sorry I'm late, Mr. Dorset. It won't happen again.”

“Ah, there you are, Ms. Walters. You're not late at all. I'd like you to meet Mr. Keller, CEO of Keller Industries. I was just telling Mr. Keller here what a valuable asset you are to Dorset Tech.”

She tried not to snort. An asset, her ass. When she'd started here three years ago, she was told there were no positions available in software engineering, her area of expertise. But she'd been assured that there *would be* opportunities for advancement. So far the only thing that had advanced were Dorset Tech's chief designer and Chloe's boss, Arnie Howe's paychecks and Dorset's dividends, all built on her ideas. In fact, it was her latest software invention for a facial-recognition program that had made Dorset such a plum company for Keller.

No more. She was done being a doormat. It was way past time that she got what was coming to her. She squared her shoulders and opened her mouth to speak, only to promptly snap it shut again.

There he was. Her anonymous sex god from last night.

Her attaché slid from her nerveless fingers to the ground with a soft *thud*. It fell open, and papers flew across the floor.

Color spilled up her chest and into her face, the flames reminiscent of the crimson shirt she wore. Her heart thudded in her chest. Unwittingly her nipples pebbled, her thighs clenched, and a wave of wet heat rushed to her throbbing pussy. The odd mishmash of emotions made it difficult to breathe, and she heard herself wheezing.

She had slept with the CEO of Keller Industries.

Sean.

Sean Keller.

S.J. Keller.

Oh God, please be merciful and kill me now. Just for a little while. Just until this nightmare is over.

God was not answering.

"Are you all right?" Dorset asked, concern lacing his voice.

Sean simply looked at her, one eyebrow raised and a challenging smile on his face.

"Yes, Ms. Walters, are you okay? You look a bit...flushed. Nothing too serious, I hope."

His words were soft but carried a wicked slice. She blinked herself out of her stupor.

"Y-yes. I'm fine. Sorry. I just got a bit light-headed."

She bent down to retrieve the fallen papers. Some had slid under the table, so she had to get on her knees to reach them. She wasn't aware of Sean's presence until she heard his voice in her ear. He crouched beside her.

"We meet again. Although I have to say, I didn't expect you to be on your knees quite so soon."

Chapter Six

Sean heard her swift indrawn breath and suppressed a smile. The last thing he had expected to find that morning was one Ms. Chloe Walters. Well, he had expected her, only snuggled in bed, not in the boardroom of the company he'd just acquired.

He had come to Denver early with a purpose. Yes, he wanted Dorset Technologies and its facial-recognition software. But he hadn't gotten to be the owner of a multimillion-dollar corporation before the age of thirty without also being a savvy businessman.

There was a leak in the company. One that could potentially cost him tens of millions, if not hundreds of millions. Hence, the reason for his impromptu trip. He was a bulldog, and now that he had sunk his teeth into this, he wasn't going to let go until he was good and satisfied.

How very convenient that he should meet Chloe in a bar. He didn't believe in coincidences and fully planned to get to the bottom of it.

He also planned on having a little fun before he did.

She froze at his words and turned her eyes up to his. His gut clenched as he gazed into her honey-colored stare. What was it about this woman that always made him feel as if he had taken a bat to the midsection? Would that feeling ever go away?

He doubted it, but that was neither here nor there. He had her now, and he knew just what he was going to do to her. If she was the one selling the insider information, he was going to make sure she rued the day that she ever

heard his name. If not, he was leaving in a couple of weeks. There was no reason the two of them couldn't...play.

He smiled. "What's the matter? Cat got your tongue? I don't remember your being so...quiet last night."

Her eyes widened until they took up half her face.

"Will you shut up?" she hissed.

"Are you two okay down there?"

Her head jerked up at Dorset's voice and slammed into the underside of the table. Sean winced at the *thump*. That had to hurt.

"Wow. That sounded like a smack. Are you okay, Chloe?"

She rubbed her head. "I'm fine."

He bent down to grab her arm to assist her in standing. She snatched it away as if she had been stung. He held out his hands, a gesture of supplication.

She glared at him. He didn't stop his lips from twitching. She looked so adorably annoyed, it was all he could do to stop himself capturing those sweet, pouting lips with his. His cock jumped at the thought.

Whoa, Keller. This is not the time to let your dick do the thinking. You have a job to do.

He backed away and took his place at the head of the conference table. He waited as Chloe finished collecting her papers and stood uncertainly at the end of the table. He gestured for her to take the seat on his right side. Dorset sat on the left.

Both watched him with expectant gazes. Only Chloe's held a tinge of fear. He met her stare, and she quickly looked away.

Interesting.

Was it because she was embarrassed about last night or because she had something to hide?

He took his time straightening his own papers, letting the silence fill the room.

“As you know, the rest of my management team will be joining us in about a week. My president, Ron Thomas, along with our CFO, Keeley Sutherland, will be handling the financial aspects of the acquisition. I trust the quarterly statements are in order?”

Dorset leaned forward. “Of course. Chloe prepared them herself.”

He saw her eyes jerk to Dorset's.

Well, well, well. That was an interesting reaction. She quickly ducked her head before he could read more from her face.

“While we're here, we'll all need offices. I will, of course, need an assistant.”

“That's why I asked Chloe to be here. She'll take care of anything you'll need.”

His lips quirked. “Will she now?”

He glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. Sure enough, color had once again flooded her face.

He turned his regard back to Dorset and raised an eyebrow. “I thought Ms. Walters was a software engineer.”

Dorset's chuckle hit Sean like a face full of camel spit. Slimy and just a bit lewd. “Oh, you know how it is with small companies. She's our jill-of-all-trades.”

He swung his gaze to her. “Is that right, Ms. Walters?”

She shrugged. “I guess so.”

“So you would be happy to accommodate all my needs?”

That got her attention. Her head snapped up, and she glared daggers at him. This was the Chloe he liked.

“I would be happy to assist you in all your business needs, sir.”

He winced. "Sir" was tossed at him like a javelin. One with the pointy end no doubt aimed at his heart.

"What else would we be talking about, Ms. Walters?"

Her jaw clenched so hard, he was sure she was going to break a tooth, but she didn't answer. Pity. He rather enjoyed their verbal jousting.

He pushed away from the table. "Dorset, you can show me to my office. Ms. Walters?"

He waited until she looked up at him. Nope, that was not the look of a happy woman.

"Yes, sir?"

"I'd like those reports in my office in fifteen minutes. Oh, and if you could also bring me a cup of coffee, black, freshly brewed, I would appreciate that as well."

Her eyes narrowed until he couldn't see her pupils through the horizontal slits. Oh she didn't like that. He'd be lucky to get coffee that was spit free.

Yup, this was going to be fun!

"I hate him! I hate him! I hate him!"

Chloe slammed the coffee carafe onto the metal plate, vaguely surprised that it didn't shatter.

Even as she said the words, she knew that they were a lie. Her entire body tingled. Her panties were damp from her arousal, and her poor nipples chafed against their lace confinement.

This wasn't supposed to happen.

Her movements were jerky as she filled the filter with grounds and set the whole thing to percolate.

"You didn't hate him so much last night." Carmen's sarcasm rang clear through the cell phone Chloe held between her ear and her shoulder.

Chloe grimaced. "That was last night. Before I knew who he was."

"So he's your new boss? So what?"

"Okay, I know this might be a difficult concept for you to accept because you work in a hospital where apparently everyone fucks like bunnies, but this is a big problem."

Carmen snorted. "You watch too much *Grey's Anatomy*. Plus, it's like not you're planning to sleep with him again."

Chloe wasn't so sure about that. She'd been tempted to throw Sean onto the conference room table and ride him until he relieved the ache burning beneath her skin. She didn't care if Dorset was there to see the show.

"And," Carmen continued, "if he fires you, you have a kick-ass excuse for litigation. You've got him by the balls."

The words caused another spasm in Chloe's belly. She did want his balls, just not to castrate him like Carmen so obviously would.

"God, Carmen, what am I going to do?"

"Why do you have to do anything?"

Chloe leaned back against the counter to wait for the coffee to brew.

"I think that Dorset is up to something."

"The Prick?" Carmen asked, referring to her nickname for him. It was apt.

Chloe sighed. "I overheard a weird conversation between him and some guy. I wanted to investigate before Keller arrived."

Carmen tsked at her.

"What?"

"What is wrong with you? When did you become Nancy Drew? Leave that for Keller and the Prick to hash out. Do your job and when Keller Industries takes over, dazzle him with your massive...assets."

"Very funny. He's already seen my ass and my 'assets,' and believe me when I tell you he isn't very interested in seeing them again."

"Is that what your problem is? Do you want an encore performance?"

"Of course not," she protested, aware that her voice was too high and defensive to be believable. "I'm glad. This thing is getting too complicated. I just need to find out why Dorset is being so shady, and then maybe I can convince Keller's team I can be valuable as a designer. Besides, he lives in San Francisco. After this week I'll probably never see him again."

"Um-hmmm." Disbelief was rife in Carmen's voice. "You keep telling yourself that."

Chloe had never been so grateful as when the coffee machine beeped, signaling its readiness. "Look, I've gotta go. I don't know why I call you."

"Because you love me."

"I also slept with my boss, so we both know that I don't have the best judgment."

Carmen's laughter was pure delight, a rarity for her. "Later, *chica*."

With a laugh, Chloe closed the phone.

The minute she did, the smile slid from her face. The call to Carmen had been a diversion, but it did little to alleviate either of her problems. She sighed and trudged over to retrieve a coffee cup and fill it with the finished brew.

She left the break room and wandered her way to his office. She was delaying the inevitable but really needed the precious milliseconds as she figured out how on earth she was going to face him without the benefit of a buffer.

She paused at her desk and placed a hand on her stomach, hoping to still the butterflies that had taken up residence there partly out of fear but mainly out of desire. Her skin still thrummed from the memory of last night. She'd never expected to see him again, and the shock of finding him at work had nearly sent her into cardiac arrest. But mostly it was the hot slam of lust that had floored her. She needed to get that under control if she wanted to keep her

job. Although another night like last night might make her reconsider. She'd gladly find another job.

She sucked in a deep breath and pasted a bland smile on her face.

He answered her brief knock with a muffled "come in."

She swung the door open. He sat behind the desk, the financial reports prepared by Lana and Dorset spread out in front of him. He motioned her to the chair in front of him without looking up.

Well, she guessed that answered her question as to whether he was feeling the aftereffects of last night. She may as well have been a piece of furniture.

She set the coffee cup on the edge of the desk and lowered herself into the seat he'd indicated. And waited. And waited. And waited.

She resisted the urge to fidget, knowing he was establishing his dominance. She didn't relish the thought that he was a dog and she was the nearest tree. The silence stretched between them until she wanted to claw at the air until she could breathe again.

She was just about to scream when he looked up. She jerked as his green gaze lasered into her brown one.

"So I was surprised to find you worked at Dorset."

"Yeah, well, no more than I was to discover who you were." *Or that my new boss knew how to give an amazing orgasm using just his tongue.*

Stop! Focus!

He leaned back in the chair, then steeped his fingers beneath his chin. "I've been reviewing your personnel file. You graduated magna cum laude from NYU with a degree in computer science, yet you work as an admin."

She stiffened. "Yeah?"

"Why is that?"

She shrugged. "It was the end of the Internet boom. I wanted to live in Denver, and Mr. Dorset assured me that there was potential for advancement."

“And you believed him?”

She narrowed her eyes, unsure of the direction of this conversation. “I’m not sure what you’re asking me.”

He leveled his stare on her. “It’s just that I’m a little surprised that someone with your stellar résumé is content to underachieve.”

“What does any of this have to do with the business at hand?” She hated the defensive tone of her voice. She especially hated he wasn’t saying anything that she didn’t tell herself on a daily basis. She already felt like a chump for staying and believing Dorset’s promises. The last thing she needed was for Sean to so accurately pin her as a dupe.

“Nothing. I was merely curious.”

She crossed her arms over her chest and glared at him. “Well, I’m done with twenty questions, so let’s move on.”

“Okay. Just one last question, though. What do we do now?”

She pretended ignorance. “Now I help make this acquisition as smooth as possible.”

He smiled. “I’m thinking more along the lines of the fact that I want nothing more than to take you, bend you over this desk, and fuck you until neither of us can stand.”

Oh hell.

Chapter Seven

Sean watched the pulse at the base of her throat jump and her breathing speed up as his words sank in. She looked so adorably aroused and confused that he wanted to scoop her into his arms and do exactly as he'd told her.

Yes, Chloe was not as immune to his charms as she believed herself to be.

He didn't doubt her when she said she didn't know who he was. Still, something niggled at the back of his brain, refusing to acknowledge the coincidence of it. Even if she hadn't recognized him from the hundreds of industry-magazine covers he'd been on, there were still ways he was vulnerable to her now. So he'd decided to try and turn the tables on her. He smelled a rat at Dorset Technologies. He didn't know what, if anything, she had to do with the treachery, but he would make it his mission to find out. No one made a sucker of Sean Keller.

He was going to use her to get the information he needed. And if he had a little fun in the meantime? Icing on the cake.

It was a dangerous line. One false move, if she was innocent, and she'd have a great case for sexual harassment. Drew Trotter, his corporate lawyer and longtime friend, would probably shake him until his teeth rattled. Which was why he planned to keep him in the dark for as long as possible.

He shifted in his seat, trying to eliminate some of the tightness in his groin. The image he had created of laying her across the desk was affecting him as much as he wanted it to affect her. He remembered the tight, wet clench of her body, the taste of her skin, the breathy sounds she made as he thrust into her moist heat.

“Um, that's so not going to happen.”

He hid a smile behind his hand. “You think not?”

“I *know* not. You're my boss. Or at least you're going to be.”

“What was last night?”

“Last night was two strangers in a bar.”

“And that's it?”

“That's what it has to be.”

He stood up. He moved around the desk until he stood in front of her. He made no attempt to hide his erection. She didn't seem to make any attempt to hide her fascination with it.

Excellent.

“So you're saying that we need to pretend as if last night never happened? That I wasn't balls deep in that tight body? That I don't have your marks all over my back?”

She sucked in a huge breath before she bit her lip. He followed the gesture intently. He loved those lips. He wanted to taste those lips again. He wanted them wrapped around his cock as she sucked at him.

“I'm not saying that last night never happened. But even you have to recognize that it's over and can never happen again.”

“I do?”

She looked at him as if he'd grown a third head. He smiled back. She made a disgusted sound and shot out of the chair to pace around the office. He crossed his arms and leaned back so he could watch her. He enjoyed the play of her ass beneath the sedate fabric. His palms itched as he recalled the way the sweet globes fit into them as he lifted her for his thrusts. Pity she was wearing that jacket, but he had no trouble imagining her full breasts topped with dark cherry nipples. Nipples that were so sensitive, he would bet money he could make her come just by plying them with his lips and fingers.

What would she do if he crowded behind her and ground his aching cock against her? He had no doubt that he could make her respond to him.

“Okay,”—she whirled on him—“I know that we're both in shock here, and there is obviously some residual tension from our...encounter, but we need to be adults.”

“Oh, I am definitely having adult thoughts.”

“Get your mind out of the gutter and stop staring at my tits. You are my boss. I am an employee. I assume that you are fairly intelligent. You don't see the potential for disaster here?”

“Have dinner with me, and we can discuss it.”

She threw her hands up. “You can't be this thick. What am I going to do with you?”

“Oh, I can think of some things.”

She curled her lip. “I'm sure you can. No, I'm not going to dinner with you. I'm done with this discussion. From now on, if it's not in regard to business, I'm not going to discuss it.”

He hid a smile. He'd allow her to think she'd gotten her way. For now.

“Fair enough.” He rounded the desk and took his seat once again.

“That's it?”

He looked up. “Did you need anything more?”

“Um, no. I'm just surprised that you gave in so easily.”

“You tell me to back off, I do. It's what you want, right?”

“Of course. I've got some work to do. Let me know if you need anything.”

“I will. Close the door behind you.” He went back to studying the reports in front of him.

She stood where she was for several more seconds. Her stare bored into the top of his head before she turned away. The door closed behind her with a soft *snick*.

He threw the pen he held on top of the desk. He struggled to bring his heart rate back to normal and willed his erection to subside. He had to get his reaction to her under control; otherwise he was going to get caught in his own web.

Chloe ambled back to her desk. She should be relieved. She *was* relieved. She was sticking to her convictions.

So why did she suddenly feel like the little girl who lost her balloon at the fair?

She eased onto her chair, then swiveled to stare at the closed door. The shock she'd felt upon seeing him in the conference room was finally draining away, allowing her brain cells to function.

Other than the fact that she had had the most incredible sex of her life with her new boss, this entire situation could be either a very good thing or very, very bad. Sean made no secret of the fact that he wanted a repeat performance. She needed to be on her guard. Not against him but against herself. The right look could have her throwing him on the ground and riding him into dust. That was the last thing she needed.

She pursed her lips as she considered her dilemma.

She had no evidence that Dorset's conversation had anything to do with the acquisition. Nothing but a feeling of dread that churned in her throat. Something was going on, and Dorset seemed to be in it up to his ears. Still, all she had was conjecture.

Was it enough? Would Sean listen to her? Trust her?

She shook her head. These were questions without answers.

Whatever happened, whatever the answer, there was no doubt her life was about to become a whole lot more complicated.

Chapter Eight

“You look like a woman in need of a good fucking.”

Chloe jerked her head up at Carmen's casual words. “Would you please keep your voice down?” She glanced around the restaurant to ensure that no one was looking over at them. “There are actually civilized people here, Miss Potty Mouth. And for the record, I have no idea what you're talking about.”

Carmen gave her a knowing smile over the rim of her wineglass. “You know exactly what I mean. Feeling a little twitchy?”

She resisted the urge to stick her tongue out her friend. Mostly because Carmen was right, and Chloe hated that.

“How long has it been?”

“Seven days,” Chloe answered absently.

Carmen's eyebrows shot up. “Is that all? Girl, you must be hard up.”

Chloe blew out a breath. “I don't understand what's wrong with me! I'm snapping at everyone at work. I can't sleep. I'm hot and achy all the time.”

“And I bet BOB has been working overtime.”

Chloe's face colored at the mention of her vibrator. “This isn't like me. I've gone months without sex in the past.” Years, actually. “It's never been like this.”

“That's because you weren't doing it right before. And obviously not with the right man.”

“That may be, but right now, he's the least of my concerns. I'm pretty sure that Dorset is up to something shady.”

“Why do you say that?”

"I've been investigating."

"What? Why?"

Chloe shrugged at the incredulous tone. "I have to."

"People who go looking for dirt usually don't like what they find."

She leaned in close. "Tell me about it. I think that Lana may have been selling information to Gromen Tech."

"Lana?"

"Dorset's previous admin," Chloe said, clearing the confused frown lines from Carmen's forehead. "Las Vegas showgirl, my ass!"

"And Dorset has nothing to do with it?"

Before she could answer, a flash of movement out of the corner of her eye caught her attention. Her reply died in her throat as she got a glimpse of the man who'd been occupying her every waking thought for the past seven days. As if sensing her scrutiny, Sean lifted his head from the person he was speaking with and looked in her direction.

"Oh shit." Chloe scrambled under the table. She sent a silent prayer of thanksgiving that she and Carmen had been placed by themselves in the back of the room.

Carmen let out a startled laugh. "What the hell are you doing?"

Chloe poked her head out from under the tablecloth. "Is he here? Did you see him? Did he see me?"

Carmen gaped at her friend. "See who? What are you talking about?"

"Sean," Chloe hissed.

Carmen's head snapped around. "No way! He's here? Where?"

Chloe slapped her friend's thigh. "Don't look!"

Carmen strained her neck and searched the crowd. "Oh no. This is too good. I have got to meet the man who's had you twitterpated."

"I have not been twitterpated."

"Sweetheart, you're in the dictionary."

Chloe gnashed her teeth. "Have I told you that I hate you?"

Carmen laughed and blew her a kiss. "I love you too, sweetie. Now tell me where you saw him."

Chloe knew that until she did, Carmen would have no compunction about leaving her underneath the table as she surveyed every man in the crowd. "Over by the door, talking with some woman."

Carmen swiveled in that direction. Sean was still there, deep in conversation with another guest. "The cutie Clooney clone?"

Chloe prayed for patience. "That's him."

"*Damn!*" The word was uttered reverently. She had not taken her eyes off Sean. "You did not tell me he was that fine."

Chloe's jaw dropped. "I told you he was cute."

Carmen looked down over her shoulder. "Sweetie, cute is for puppies. That there is one bona fide grade-A hunk of pure American beefcake. Cute does not even come close. Am I drooling? I think I'm drooling." Carmen swiped at the imaginary moisture on her chin.

Chloe knew Carmen was right. Sean was every woman's fantasy. He had changed suits since she'd seen him earlier that day at work. His dark hair was cropped short, charmingly parted, and combed to one side. The silver strands in his hair glowed beneath the soft candlelight. He could've strutted off the pages of *GQ* with his immaculate charcoal pin-striped suit and snowy white shirt she was sure had cost more than her entire wardrobe. She may not buy quality, but she did recognize it.

Still, Carmen's gawking put Chloe on edge. It was ridiculous. Chloe had no claim over Sean, but that didn't mean she wanted her friend, her man-eating, drop-dead-gorgeous friend, anywhere near him. "Well, put your tongue back in your mouth and help me get out of here." The words tasted bitter, and she hated herself for it.

Carmen either took no notice or didn't care. "Why? Don't you want to talk to him?"

"Um, I would say the fact that I'm hiding beneath this table should answer that question."

"You need to go talk to him."

"Why? I saw him today. We talked."

"Yeah. That's why you're hiding underneath the table."

"Are you going to help me get out of here or not?"

Carmen lifted her shoulders. "Okay, your loss. Do you mind if I...?"

Chloe's lip curled. "Do it, and you're dead."

Carmen guffawed. "See, I knew you had it bad, girlfriend."

Chloe's jaw clenched. "When we leave here, I'm going to kick your ass."

Carmen stood and placed said body part in front of Chloe. "Try it, chica. I know Puerto Rican judo. And get out from under this table, you freak."

Chloe raised her eyes to the ceiling and prayed for the strength not to bite her friend's ankle. Still, she was right. Chloe couldn't spend the rest of the night on the floor.

She emerged. Just in time to see Sean pass by her table.

"Chloe?"

If there was a God, he would smite her as she stood and relieve her of the embarrassment of living. She didn't dare look over to see the smirk she knew would be on Carmen's face.

She feigned innocence. "Mr. Keller? This is a surprise."

"Please. We've been working together for a week, you can call me Sean."

She kicked Carmen in the ankle at her snort and ignored her muttered "hey!"

"Of course, Sean. This is my friend Carmen."

She told herself she wasn't jealous. Not over a handshake or the gorgeous, stacked blonde on his arm.

Bitch.

"This is Keeley Sutherland, Keller Industries' CFO and number cruncher extraordinaire. She flew in to go over the financials of the acquisition. Keeley, this is Chloe Walters, the glue behind Dorset Technologies."

Chloe would have let out a breath of relief if she didn't suspect that the two had slept together at some point. She wanted to rip her eyes out. Instead she pasted on a smile and held out her hand.

"It's nice to meet you, Ms. Sutherland."

"Oh, call me Keeley, please. I abhor formality."

I'm sure you do, you skanky whore.

"Keeley, then. And you already heard, this is Carmen."

The two women exchanged smiles and handshakes as Chloe contemplated causing bodily injury.

"What do you recommend?" Sean asked.

Why couldn't he just go away? Or his dick fall off? That way maybe she would finally be free of this obsession with him and said appendage.

"The food here is great. I'm sure that whatever you order will be fine."

"Oh, but I'm sure that you wouldn't put anything in your mouth that wasn't delicious."

Carmen choked on her wine. Chloe glared at her, but it did no good as the gorgeous Latina burst into a fit of giggles.

She turned her stare to Sean. He looked down on her with a bland expression. "I suggest you peruse the menu and not be bothered with what I'm putting in my mouth."

The second the words left her mouth, she knew they were a mistake.

He leaned down so that his lips were close to her ear. She shivered as his heat seeped into her pores. She inhaled quickly and took with her his unique scent, which went straight to her groin, flooding her pussy with moisture.

"I have to tell you that I am very bothered by anything you choose to put in your mouth."

She let out a breath as heat sizzled through her veins.

He straightened and graced them with a wide smile.

"Ladies. We won't keep you. Have a nice dinner."

Chloe stayed frozen until they were seated at their own table. It was then that she allowed herself to melt back in her chair.

"Damn," Carmen said.

She took the word right out of Chloe's mouth.

"I assume there was a point to that little show?" Keeley asked.

"Of course." Sean answered absently, pleased at the choice of table because it gave him a front-row view of Chloe and her friend. He hadn't been able to stop himself from delivering that last parting shot.

Seven days. It had been seven days since he'd been with Chloe, yet he was starving for her like a man wandering endlessly in the desert thirsted for the tiniest drop of water.

She smirked. "One good enough to keep Drew from kicking your ass for sexually harassing a potential employee?"

"That wasn't harassment. That was a little friendly conversation."

"A little too friendly, if you ask me."

"I didn't."

She held up her hands. "Hey, you're the multimillionaire here. It's no skin off my nose if you want to chuck half of it to fight off a claim. Drew, however, might have something to say about it."

“He's not going to know. I hope to have this thing finished before he gets here tomorrow.”

She leaned forward on her elbows. “Has your fishing expedition been successful?”

He relaxed into his chair. “Very. I'm almost positive that someone in the company has been selling the facial-recognition software piece by piece.”

“Who?”

“That's where I'm running into a problem. Whoever is doing it had buried the transactions deep in some pretty insignificant data. I'd love to hire that person and use their skills for good, because the program that they've created is so complicated, I haven't even made a dent in it.”

“Ah.”

He jerked his gaze to hers. “What does that mean?”

“Just that I see where our little Chloe fits into this. You think it's her.”

His gut clenched at the words. Until now, he hadn't wanted to voice his suspicions out loud. Somewhere along the way he'd lost his objectivity. Not hard to do when all he thought about day in and day out for the past few days was how he was going to get into her pants again. His mind had devised several creative ideas, some of which he wasn't sure were anatomically possible.

Seeing her every day wasn't helping. Every time he caught a glimpse of her, he was instantly hard, inconvenient during staff meetings. One whiff of her scent set his teeth on edge with blazing desire. If he were a more cynical man, he would have sworn that she was doing it on purpose.

Still, for every moment of lust, there was another moment of suspicion. The closed-door meetings with Dorset, the way she looked over her shoulder every time she sat down at her desk. The fact that she jumped each time he entered the room. He wanted to chalk that one up to desire, but thus far she appeared immune to their proximity.

“She's definitely high on the list of suspects. She's got the intelligence, expertise, and has had plenty of opportunity. She has a degree in computer science with a minor in finance.”

“What if you're wrong? What if she's not involved? This could end badly for you.”

“I know what I'm doing.”

“You're willing to risk the company for this?”

He didn't answer. Instead he went rigid as he watched Chloe stand up from the table. He was on his feet before he could form a thought.

He wasn't about to let her get away from him.

Chapter Nine

She didn't have to turn around to know that Sean had followed her into the ladies' room. The hairs on her arms stood up and electricity crackled in the air. Only one man made her feel this way. Sean. She'd seen him get up from his seat out of the corner of her eye as she passed. Maybe part of her even wanted him to come after her. Her common sense seemed to fly out the window where this man was concerned.

"Go away, Sean. Please go away." Her pleading voice sounded pathetically ineffectual even to her own ears. She knew that she was powerless to push him away, should he choose to stay.

"I can't do that." The words rumbled from deep in his chest, sending a quiver throughout her.

His gaze held hers in the mirror. The silence stretched between them. She felt the hairs on the back of her neck stand at attention. Her breath started to come in sharp gasps.

Chloe whimpered. It was too much to be so close to him and not be able to touch him. The past seven days had been a hell of wanting and frustration, and she'd reached her breaking point.

Somewhere deep inside, a warning bell blared but went unheeded. All her capacity for rational thought had left the minute she'd seen Sean. His hold on her was complete and inevitable.

He took the sound for the acquiescence it was intended to be. He crowded against her; she felt the hard length of his cock in the crack of her ass. A torturous sound burst forth from her lips as pleasure so sharp it bordered on

pain racked her body. This was it. This was what she had been craving. Him. Her skin absorbed his nearness. Much like dried, cracked earth soaking in a hard spring rain, her body softened for him. Desire ran as thick as lava through her veins.

What was it about this man that turned her brain into mush? She knew this was wrong. It was just going to cause more problems than it would solve. Still, she couldn't push him away.

Instead, she ground against him, seeking, finding the exact right spot. Her entire being was consumed with a raging fire. She craved him as she'd never craved anyone before in her life. It didn't matter that Dorset may be up to something or that she sensed that Sean may well be using her. Those harsh facts were the last things on her mind. Her body wanted one thing and had taken control from her rationality. No man had ever made her feel like this, as if her very next breath was dependent on him.

Sean's arms encircled her. She tried to turn around, but he used his superior strength to hold her captive against the vanity. She cursed that she had chosen to wear pants instead of a dress, which would've provided easier access. She wanted his hands on her bare flesh.

She stared, mesmerized as Sean began to unbutton her thin cotton blouse. Her skin was tight, even the ultrathin layer of her clothes abraded her terribly. He took his time, allowing his fingers to brush against her skin with every piece of fabric he freed. She longed to arch into the touch, but that meant she would lose the feel of him trapped against her. She used her hands to brace herself against the sink, lest she bring both of them tumbling down. She raised her head and caught his gaze in the mirror. She couldn't look away, didn't want to.

A storm raged in his darkened eyes, turning his normally crystalline green eyes a mossy color. She knew he was purposefully holding back, determined to torture her, to make her beg. She was equally as determined not to give in. She needed to keep some semblance of control, because she knew letting go would

mean giving away her heart, and with everything so unsettled, it was the worst mistake she could make.

Sean insinuated himself between her legs. His fingers trailed over her soft belly until his hands cupped her breasts. He skimmed his forefingers across her distended nipples. She released a shuddering breath as he proceeded to do it again, each touch as soft as a butterfly's. She ground her teeth to keep the sounds she longed to make at the back of her throat. It was becoming harder to keep the pleading words from spilling from her lips.

He continued his slow torment. His eyes fixated on her dark brown nipples, visible through the transparent lace of her bra. Just when she felt she could no longer take it, he proceeded to capture the poor, abused flesh between each of his thumbs and forefingers. He pulled gently, then not so gently. He clearly remembered how sensitive her nipples were, and how much she enjoyed having them played with. She wished he would take them into his mouth.

Chloe lifted one hand off the vanity and reached behind her to grasp his ass and pull him tightly to her. A shaft of pure power shot through her at his answering groan. She needed to know that he was feeling the connection between them as deeply as she did. That she had the same ability to bring him to his knees as he apparently did for her.

Quick as lightning, he swung her around. She didn't have time to take a breath before his mouth was on hers, stealing what oxygen she did have. Their tongues dueled madly. Each one fighting for control, each determined not to give in. She knew what she would be losing. What she didn't know was what he stood to gain, other than her soul.

She sucked on his tongue, mimicking what she longed to do with another part of his flesh. But he wasn't to be outdone. Using his thumbs, he flicked at the puckered flesh of her nipples, causing her to whimper.

He was the first to pull back, so that he could bury his face in her neck. He reached up and grabbed a fistful of her hair, tugging it gently until her heavy head dropped down. He inhaled deeply, as though memorizing the smell

of her. She knew his scent was imprinted in her memory. Spicy with a deep undercurrent of dark musk, unique to him and seemingly designed to drive her out of her mind.

His cock grew impossibly harder against her stomach. She ached with the need to feel him deep inside her hot, moist flesh. He bit the long muscle that ran from the side of her neck to her shoulder.

She gasped more in surprise than pain. He was quick to alleviate the hurt with his tongue. He placed sweet, suckling kisses up and down her neck. She knew he was going to leave a mark, and that knowledge served to excite her all the more.

Sean's lips trailed down her skin until he reached the soft swell of her breast above her bra. Once again, he lapped at her. His tongue was rough yet soft, like that of pumice stone. His hands kneaded at her, rough in their craving for her. She knew the feeling. Her need for him was so great, it was all she could do to keep from ravaging him.

Her hands slid up her body until they cupped her breasts from underneath. She offered them to him. He captured her agonized flesh between his teeth, swallowing it and allowing his tongue to dance across the sweet bud. She closed her eyes to relish the feel of him against her. It seemed as though it had been a lifetime since they'd touched, and she wanted to soak in the warmth of it.

She reached out to clutch at his head, holding him in place. The pleasure that racked her body was unimaginable. Even better than the first time, if that was possible.

Her heart swelled in her chest as she looked down at the dark head bent to her breast. It was as if she were in a dream. The one she'd had every night for the past seven days. He was perfect, everything that she'd always wanted but was afraid to reach for. If she could, she would choose to live forever in just this moment.

She shook off the feeling. This was sex. Amazing, earth-shattering, beautiful sex...but sex nonetheless. She'd learned that lesson the first time around.

He released her nipple with a soft *pop*. She whimpered at the loss until he attached his lips to the other. She arched her back, forcing him to take her even deeper. His mouth worked on her sensitive flesh, alternately sucking and nipping. She grew resentful of the thin material that separated her bare flesh from his. She was just about to rip the fabric away, when he once again released her tender nipple. Her hand tightened in his hair, holding him as closely as she could, wanting with all her heart to keep him there forever.

Sean slowly made his way down her torso, stopping only to nip at any particular place that caught his fancy until he reached the waistband of her slacks. He made quick work of the buttons. The rasp of the zipper pierced the eerie silence of the bathroom. He tugged on the fabric, sending it floating down to her knees.

Her breath came in short, painful spurts. She struggled to find sufficient oxygen, which might explain why her brain was beginning to shut down. The sight of him between her legs, staring at her as though she were the sweetest confectionery piece he'd ever seen. She shivered. She couldn't remember a time any man had looked at her in quite the same way. He wanted to gobble her up, and she was more than willing to let him.

He reached to grab the elastic across the top of her panties. He didn't pull them down, simply ran his index finger around the rim, taunting her. She knew what he sought. She ground her teeth, not allowing the unrelenting word access to her tongue. She would not let him have that.

He shrugged his shoulders, accepting her resistance. For now. He released the fabric with a quick snap. There was a slight sting as the elastic made contact with her tummy. But that was quickly forgotten as his hand dipped beneath her panties to flirt with the tight, wiry curls around her mound. His fingers became ensnared as he tugged gently on the gathered hair. A shudder

racked her body. Unconsciously, she widened her stance as far as her legs could go, given the restrictive fabric still around her knees.

Using his index finger, he breached the warm outer lips of her pussy to find the sensitive inner flesh. At the first touch of his finger on her clit, she jumped, only to be steadied by his hand on her hip. He used the tip of his finger to trace the rim of the swollen flesh. Long, slow circles that came close but never quite met their target. Small, feral sounds tore from her throat as she crowded closer, desperate for a harder, firmer touch. If there was one thing that she'd learned about Sean from their previous encounter, it was that he was a sadistic bastard. A fact he proved as he continued with his gentle, agonizing touch.

She looked down to see that he watched her response, his expression almost inhuman in its intensity. His eyelids had lowered to cover his eyes. He seemed to revel in his ability to control her responses so effortlessly. She saw the brief flash of triumph in his gaze before he'd covered it. This was a losing battle. She wanted to give in as much as he wanted to take her.

Just when she felt stretched to the point of being painful, Sean yanked at her underwear with one quick movement. The fabric disintegrated in his hand as if it had no more substance than cotton candy. Sean thrust his head between the sweet warmth of her thighs and captured her overheated clit with his teeth. He lashed at the delicate tissue with his tongue, alternating long, slow licks and sharp, delicious jabs with the tip. A scream bubbled up deep within her soul and erupted from her throat. Only his quick work prevented everyone back in the restaurant from hearing it as he rushed to place a finger in her mouth. Her lips closed, and she sucked on the digit.

This time, it was Sean who groaned. She smiled around the finger still in her mouth. She reveled in the sign that he was just as helpless as she to the desire raging between them.

Releasing her trapped clit, he dipped his head as his tongue sought and found the source of her desire. He thrust his tongue deep into her pussy before

slowly withdrawing. She shuddered. Another quick jab before an unhurried removal. He kept this sweet, steady rhythm. Quick, hard push, long, leisurely removal.

She knew he intended to make her suffer, to make her beg. But she wasn't as powerless as he imagined. Each plunge caused Chloe to suck harder on the rigid flesh in her mouth. Her tongue danced merrily about the tip.

The taste of him intoxicated her, running like pure moonshine through her veins. She took his finger as deep into her mouth as she could. Her thoughts were no longer focused on retribution but on personal satisfaction. The need to have him a part of her clawed at her gut.

"Fuck this," he growled. He withdrew his finger from her mouth with a wet *pop*. Her eyes wrenched open just in time to see him pull down her pants. She assisted him by stepping out of the pooled fabric. He lurched to his feet, catching her knee with his forearm on his way. With his help, she hopped onto the empty space on the long vanity counter.

She leaned back against the mirror, the cool surface almost unbearable against her molten flesh. Brown eyes clashed with green as he stepped between her open thighs. The desire for her was there, as always, only this time it was tempered with something she could only describe as affection. There was something gentle in the way his hands rubbed the backs of her thighs. She shook off the sensation. This was just sex. It had to be. For the past week, he'd been walking around the office as though nothing had transpired between the two of them. Tonight was the first indication he'd given that he was as insane for her as she was for him. She wanted him so much, most days the wanting was just beneath her skin, scratching to get out.

He rubbed the hard ridge of his cock against her, the fabric grating across her painfully distended flesh. She hooked her legs around his thighs, trapping him. Not that Sean wasn't a willing captive. He thrust against her again and again, setting off minifireworks deep in her womb.

She stretched out a greedy hand to unbuckle his belt. He offered no assistance. She made quick work of his zipper before reaching in past his slacks to grasp his turgid flesh. She smiled. He was commando, all the better to get at him. Her fingers captured the small droplet of precum that dotted the head of his shaft. She worked it around his cock to lubricate her path as her thumb circled the mushroom cap.

Sean's head fell forward onto her forehead. Hungry, needy growls escaped his throat. Chloe gloried in her power over him. Never before had she been as sure of herself as a woman as when she held him in her hands. It was a giddy feeling, knowing she could so easily dominate this big, powerful man.

"Please, baby," Sean begged.

Chloe carefully threaded him through the gaping hole in his trousers. Her breath caught in her throat. None of her fantasies since their one fateful night had come close to the reality. She ran a wet tongue across her suddenly parched lips.

"Condom," she said on the last puff of air in her lungs.

"In my pocket." The words came from deep in his chest.

She rifled through his pocket until her fingers found and snagged the small foil packet. Her heart sank as she realized he had come prepared. She shook off the troubling thought. It wasn't any of her business; she was just grateful he had it.

Using her teeth, she tore the packet open and extracted the purple latex. Purple? She raised inquisitive eyes to his. He looked sheepish. She decided it best not to say anything as she once again grasped his shaft, then rolled on the condom.

He hooked her knee using the elbow of one arm and placed the head of his shaft at the wet entrance to her body. With one quick thrust, he was inside her. She'd forgotten how much he filled her, his penetration so deep, she imagined he touched the mouth of her womb.

Both she and Sean let out long, protracted groans. The feeling of finally having him inside her again was indescribable. It was as if a missing piece of her had found its way home. She was complete.

Inch by inch, he pulled out. She reached around him to grab hold of his flexing buttocks, determined not to allow him to get too far away.

After pulling back a few inches, he quickly thrust back in. He felt so good. Her fingers dug into his generous ass, urging him to go faster, deeper.

He picked up speed. Their coupling was a wild tangle of need, born of separation.

He slammed his mouth onto hers, engaging her in a duel even as he kept a hard, steady rhythm with his hips. She felt invaded, surrounded by Sean. He was in her mouth, in her body, and she sensed that somehow he'd worked his way into her heart.

As she rode the long path to ecstasy, she knew deep inside that no man would ever make her feel this way again. Only Sean. He had taken more than her body; he'd taken a piece of her soul.

It was the last thought she had as her body buckled and a million stars exploded before her eyes. She barely felt the sting when he tore his mouth from hers and bit down on her shoulder to muffle his exultant shout of completion.

For long moments, the only sounds in the room were the harsh rasps of their ragged breathing. She held tightly to him. She was pleasantly exhausted. She wished she could freeze this moment, where nothing mattered but the two of them and how they felt. And she could pretend, for a while, that they had a future.

She rested her forehead in the crook of his neck, inhaling the combined scents of their desire. As much as she didn't want it to, the real world was going to intrude soon enough, and they would be back where they were a week ago. He was her boss, she, his employee, and then he was going to return to his life in California. Leaving her right where she started, minus her heart.

The queen of impossible relationships—that was what Carmen had once called her. The words rang no truer than at this moment.

“What is it with you and public places?” Chloe mused, her body pleasantly sated despite the hum of electricity from where they were still joined.

“Me? What about you?” Sean's breath came as hot puffs of air against her shoulder.

“Before I met you, I was a good girl. I had sex in a bedroom. I kept the lights off.” Chloe lifted her head and ran an absent hand through his damp locks.

“Sounds like you needed to expand your horizons.”

Her mouth puckered at that. “Maybe.”

Sean pulled back and allowed his now-semihard cock to slip out of her. She bit the inside of her cheek to keep from asking him to stay. She watched with hooded eyes as he made his way to the toilet to dispose of the condom.

She hopped off the counter to retrieve her pants. She was out yet another pair of panties.

She turned to catch a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

Yeah, there was no way that Carmen wasn't going to know she'd just gotten fucked in the bathroom.

And Keeley?

She banged her head on the mirror.

“Hey. I happen to like your head. Please don't break it.”

“What did we just do?”

“If you don't know, I must have done something wrong. Let's try again.” He tried to put his arms around her.

She ducked to avoid him and turned to face him. “Let's not. You're my boss. My *boss*. I can't keep screwing you. In public places, no less. I'm such a slut.”

She collapsed against the vanity.

“A fact for which I am forever grateful.”

She cracked open one eye to see him leaning against the frame to a stall, a half smile on his face. He looked so pleased with himself, she had the dual urges to slap him silly and kiss him senseless.

It didn't help that a seed of guilt burned in her gut. He was buying the company under false pretenses. He wanted proprietary rights to the facial-recognition software. An idea built upon her idea. Someone in the company had stolen, or was stealing, that from under him. And taking a good portion of the company's assets with him. Or her.

“What's that look? What are you thinking?”

She opened her mouth to tell him, but something stopped her. She didn't have any proof. He'd want that. Plus, she couldn't accuse people she worked with, people she considered friends, without being absolutely certain.

“Nothing.” She forced a laugh. “I'm just glad Carmen and I are finished eating, because I'd hate to eat looking like I was just fucked in the ladies' room.”

He searched her face for a long minute. She tried not to flinch or fidget under his scrutiny. She let out a relieved breath when he finally looked away.

“Let me come home with you.”

She jerked her eyes to his. He was serious, his gaze boring down on her. Something lurked in their depths, something she couldn't quite put her finger on. Not desire, though that was definitely there. This was something more.

“Chloe, this thing between us isn't going away.” He stepped up to her. She would've backed up if she hadn't been trapped by the vanity. He grabbed her by the shoulders. His fingers dug in, but they weren't painful. “If anything, it's worse. I can't go through a day without wondering what kind of panties you're wearing or how you would look spread out on the conference table, a feast for

my mouth and fingers. Or those breathy little noises you make when I'm deep inside you. God, those make me crazy!"

She knew the feeling. He occupied the majority of her thoughts. Not only because it was all she could do to keep from ripping off his clothes, but also, this thing with Dorset was hanging over the both of them. Until it was finished, she had no choice but to try to keep him at bay.

She shook her head. "I can't. Not tonight. Carmen's staying with me while she looks for a place."

"When does she leave?"

"Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, then."

He jerked her against him and kissed her hard. Her lips instantly parted for the firm thrust of his tongue. The kiss was both a promise. And a threat.

"Wear a skirt," he rasped, before unlocking and strolling out the door.

She collapsed once more against the vanity. One day. She had one day to wrap this all up. She prayed that it would be enough time.

Chapter Ten

Sean stared at the computer in front of him, not wanting to believe what he was seeing.

Chloe Walters was a liar and a thief.

It was there in black-and-white. Oh, she'd hidden her tracks. She was great. He was the best.

He leaned back in his chair, then reached into his pants pocket to pull out the silky fabric contained within.

Chloe's panties.

He'd found them on the floor after their first night together at the hotel. He meant to return them but had never quite gotten around to it. Kind of pervy; however, he was loath to give them back. He wanted something of hers, and these had been driving him crazy for a week.

He fingered them absently as he looked at the computer screen.

He didn't want to believe it. Over the past week, watching her, working with her, he knew her to be a hard worker, a dedicated employee, and a brilliant strategist. Sitting in on meetings with her, after he stopped thinking about his erection or her bent over a desk, he listened to what she said. The woman had a brilliant mind. She was wasted as a glorified secretary. He'd wondered how his headhunters had missed her after her graduation from NYU. She was exactly the type of talent he craved and cultivated.

This was unexpected. When he'd first seen her after their night together, he'd had no other thought than to bed her again, with every intention of leaving her when he was done.

Somehow, she had gotten under his skin. She was like that itch at the back of your throat that no amount of maneuvering could alleviate.

And she was a thief.

He shook his head and laughed, a sad, bitter sound. He was a fool. Worse yet, he'd allowed himself to get caught. To think that last night he'd asked to go home with her. She must have thought she had him eating out of the palm of her hand. Or at least had him by the dick. He sighed as he tried to reconcile the two people he had now come to know. His heart, and his dick, told him that he and Chloe had potential. Real potential. Relationship potential. Normally this thought alone would have been enough to throw him into a tailspin. Or at least to another woman. But because it was Chloe, the idea seemed...right.

He was such a sucker.

He was about to call her in when he heard a knock on the door. He looked up to see Ryan Dorset poke his head inside.

"Dorset. What can I do for you?" He forced himself to rein in his impatience. He placed the panties back in his pocket.

The other man held up a file in his hand. "I have those numbers you wanted."

Sean gestured for him to come in. Dorset shut the door behind him and took the seat across the desk. He tossed the file in front of Sean. He stared at it but didn't pick it up.

"Is something wrong?" Dorset asked.

"Tell me about Chloe Walters."

Dorset's lips curled up on one side. "Chloe's great. A real asset to the company."

Sean tried not to snort. More like she was stealing most of its assets.

"It just seems to me that her talent is a bit wasted. She has a degree in computer science from NYU. Why is she an assistant? How come she isn't

heading her own design team? From dealing with her this past week, I can see she has the talent. And ambition.”

Dorset leaned back, hooked an arm over the back of the chair, and interlaced his fingers.

“Well, when she first came to me for a job, I was barely keeping my head above water. I only had money to pay for a receptionist. She accepted the job, but it gave her the opportunity to have her hands in all the pies. The company was so small, she couldn't avoid it. And then there was that whole thing with Arnie.”

Sean perked up at that. “Arnie Howe? The chief designer?”

Dorset laughed, one of those “between the two of us” laughs that sent revulsion skittering down Sean's spine. “Chloe has this crazy idea that the idea for the facial-recognition technology was hers.”

He narrowed his eyes. “Was it?”

“Technically, I suppose it was. But as her employment contract states, any idea that she has is property of Dorset Technologies. So you see, it all worked out.”

Sean did indeed see. Ryan Dorset was an asshole and was stringing Chloe along with no intention of doing right by her. A person could only put up with that type of treatment for so long.

“And she didn't quit?”

He waved an airy hand. “I made her a promise that I would give her a spot on the next project. Of course, now that the company will belong to you...” He allowed the sentence to trail off.

“I'll take care of it.”

Dorset stood up and smiled. “I wouldn't expect anything else. Let me know what you get off those figures,” he said as he left the office.

Sean swiveled in his chair to stare out over the Denver skyline as he contemplated his next step. There was no doubt he needed to fire her. The conversation with Dorset had given him that last piece of the puzzle.

Motive.

There's no hell like a woman scorned. Well, Chloe was going to learn exactly what happened when someone crossed Sean Keller.

He turned around, then reached for the intercom on his desk.

"Ms. Walters? I'd like to see you in my office."

He released the button without waiting for a reply. He leaned back in his chair and waited.

Chloe sat frozen in her chair, not believing what she was seeing. She was right. Someone was stealing company secrets and selling them. That same someone was also dabbling in a little bit of corporate embezzlement.

She just never expected that person to be her.

She sagged in her chair. She blinked again; something was wrong. So wrong. She was not a thief. She was definitely not a liar. Okay, there was that time she'd told Darius that it happened to men all the time, but that was only to spare his feelings. Or the time she'd told her mother she couldn't visit because she had a business trip, when she'd really gone to Barbados. Or...no!

Focus!

The bigger question now was how she was going to convince Sean that she wasn't involved in corporate espionage. Oh, and that she was pretty sure she was falling in love with him.

Yeah, that would go over about as well as swallowing a razor.

He was so not going to believe that. Or worse, he would think she had deliberately seduced him.

Hmmm... Exactly what would it take to get a fake passport and disappear?

She shook off that thought. Sean was a reasonable man. He would listen to her. Someone had obviously stolen her passwords and codes, then proceeded to siphon millions of dollars into an offshore, anonymous bank account, all the while selling their soon-to-be obsolete software to their closest competitor. But despite the piles of evidence to the contrary, it wasn't her.

All perfectly reasonable. Sean was bound to understand.

As if her thoughts had conjured him, his voice thundered through the air.

"Ms. Walters? I'd like to see you in my office."

Fucked. That's what she was. And so not in the good way.

She took a deep breath and pushed out of her seat. Her legs may as well have been rubber for all the support they offered. She steadied herself before squaring her shoulders. She marched to his office with a heavy anvil deep in the pit of her stomach. Much like a man condemned to a firing squad.

She opened the door without bothering to knock.

It was an innocent enough scene. He was sitting at his desk, his eyes fixated to her. The chill of danger slicked the air, causing the hairs on the back of her neck to stand on end. She felt very much like a lame gazelle caught in the crosshairs of a hungry lion.

The silence stretched between them. Finally the anxiety eating her from inside forced her to break the tension.

"You wanted to see me?"

Her voice was steady despite the fact that apprehension was dancing salsa on her nerves.

"Close the door."

She did, not looking away. Something was off about him. Something she couldn't quite put her finger on.

"Yes?"

He rose from his seat, his movements sleek and smooth, much like the big cat her brain was picturing him to be. Her eyes tracked his every move, her body tight, poised for flight.

“Did you have a good night last night? After our encounter, I mean.”

“I”—she cleared her throat—“I did. Nothing exciting. Just got Carmen off to the airport this morning.”

“Did you sleep well?”

“No,” she admitted.

“Why not?”

She looked away from his intense stare. “Couldn't sleep.”

“Neither could I. Do you want to know why?”

She didn't. She really didn't. But what came out of her mouth was “yes.”

“You. Thoughts of you. Memories of your hot, tight pussy. The way you gripped me. You were like a fever in my blood. I wanted to be every B-movie villain and kidnap you from your bed just so that I could fuck you again.”

Her breath stuttered in her chest. That was why she couldn't sleep. Her body was an inferno of need. She was tempted to masturbate but knew that it would be a poor substitute for what her body craved.

Him.

She licked her suddenly dry lips. His eyes zeroed in on the motion.

“Is that how you felt?”

She nodded, incapable of getting any words past her throat.

“Lock the door.”

She shouldn't. Of course she shouldn't. They were at work. She was involved in corporate espionage and embezzlement, at least on paper. They were at work. Her brain knew all these things but did nothing to stop her from backing to the door or halt her fingers from doing as he'd commanded.

The *snick* of the lock was a cannon burst in the small room.

She leaned back against the door, her chest heaved as she struggled to control her breathing.

Her eyes tracked him as he rose from behind the desk. His movements were deliberate, controlled. A frisson of fear raced across her skin even as desire rushed to the folds of her pussy, plumping them up, making them want. Him.

Something is wrong, her brain screamed. His actions were too practiced, almost disconnected. The thought did little to quell her rising yearning. Her nipples pebbled and scraped against the thin lace of her bra. The bra—and matching lace boy shorts—she'd purposefully worn in the hopes that he would see them.

“Walk over to the desk. Stop when you get in front of it.”

Some part of her wanted to protest his voice, the demand. But that wasn't the part that was controlling her now. She walked over to the desk. His eyes traced every step, their gaze a weight on her skin. A pleasant one. A dangerous one.

When she reached the desk, she paused, awaiting her next instruction.

“Take off your jacket. Shirt too.”

Her numbed fingers fumbled to obey. Seconds ticked by; each one seemed longer than the previous. Cool air rushed over her, causing goose bumps to explode across her body, but with it came relief. Her clothes were suddenly too confining. She reached for the front closure of her bra and stopped. She looked up and him, unsure of what to do next. At his nod, she unclasped it and allowed it to slide down her arms. Cool air wafted over her sensitized nipples, turning them into tight nubs.

“Now the skirt. And your panties.”

She hesitated, biting her lip.

Stop! Wrong!

Her skirt pooled around her ankles. Normally she would have felt the need to cover herself. She was standing in his office, naked. But the way he looked at her, as if she were the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen, stayed the butterflies in her tummy. In fact, she thrust her breasts forward, knowing how much he enjoyed them.

"Bend over. Put your hands flat on the desk."

She turned to look at him over her shoulder. He had moved the chair so that he was sitting right behind her. If she bent over, she would be giving him a prime view of her aching pussy.

His cock strained against his pants, but he was fully clothed. He stretched his arms out along the rests on the sides of the chair. He had somehow managed to find the shadows in the room so that half his face was concealed. The air around him hung thick and dangerous.

Fear mixed with the desire that churned in her veins.

"Sean...?"

He raised an eyebrow. "You seem scared. Is something on your mind, Chloe?"

He knows! She shook her head at the thought. He couldn't. He wouldn't be doing this if he did. She'd no doubt be handcuffed at this moment. Not naked, about to be fucked on a desk. No one would be that cruel.

"N-no. Nothing's wrong. Why would you say that?"

His mouth tightened, and she got the notion that she'd just failed a test.

"Then bend over."

Their eyes remained locked for long moments, the only sounds in the room were the soft hum of the electronics and her labored breathing. Finally, she broke the contact.

Took a deep breath.

And placed her palms on smooth, glossy surface.

She felt rather than heard him come up behind her. Her skin prickled with the nearness. She jumped at the first touch of his hand on her bare skin.

“Have I ever told you how much I enjoy this ass?”

“N-no.” Her voice was high and thin.

“I imagine how it felt between my palms as I pounded into your hungry cunt. Have you ever been spanked?”

Oh God. Her entire body shuddered at the dark promise in his voice. She was so not into spanking, or really any kinky stuff. She was a straight vanilla girl, but in the scant week since meeting Sean, all her scruples had gone out the window.

She must be crazy to be turned on by the thought of a slap on her rear. However, turned on didn't even begin to describe the fever racing in her blood.

“You don't have to answer. I know that you haven't. Would you like to try?”

He rubbed both palms over her bottom in soft circles. Everywhere he touched, he trailed fire. Her skin had shrunk about three sizes and no longer held all of her.

“You've been a very bad girl, Chloe. I'm going to have to punish you.”

She stiffened and tried to turn around.

“Keep your head down,” he barked.

Before she could answer, a light tap jarred her. She jumped and gasped, more out of shock than pain. Another came before she had recovered. She moaned and arched her back. The sensation was more than she could bear. Her nipples tightened, and her pussy gushed as he continued his light smacks. Never enough to hurt. Always enough to ensure that she felt it.

And loved it.

She bit her lip to keep from crying out, acutely aware of the people just outside the door. Iron danced on her tongue as she drew blood.

“I can see how wet you are. It's dripping down your leg. You like this?”

She couldn't answer. Any and all coherent thought had long since left her. Her breath came out of her in silent, shuddering sobs.

"Please," she whispered.

His answer was another swat. And another. She undulated to the rhythm he set. Her ass warmed. Her pussy spasmed as it sought to fill the emptiness. Need was a savage beast, roaring in her veins. She needed him.

"Fuck me. Oh God, please fuck me."

He didn't answer. The sound of a foil packet being ripped open rent the air. She placed her forehead against the desk and locked her knees against the wave of relief.

With no further warning, he drilled into her hungry cunt.

"Yes!"

She arched into him. She tried to turn her head to look at him. He put one hand in her hair to keep her still. The other he planted on her hip, holding her in position for his thrusts.

He offered no quarter. He fucked her with brutal strokes, filling her past the point of fullness. She reveled in the tight, stretched feeling he gave her. She moved in time to his thrusts, loving his dominance. Loving him.

"Oh God, you feel so good."

His balls smacked against her clit. She shuddered and went up on her tiptoes to adjust the angle.

Oh, there. Right there.

Climax broke over her with the force of a tsunami, washing away all reason. She bit the inside of her wrist to keep from crying out. Her inner walls milked the invading cock. He continued to thrust, seeking his pleasure. Suddenly he stiffened above her. He drove himself into her one final time. Even through the condom, Chloe felt the blast of his orgasm, setting off another series of shock waves inside her.

He pulled out of her. She heard him behind her, adjusting his clothes, disposing of the condom. She didn't move. She couldn't. Pleasure reverberated through her. Her breath rasped from her dry throat.

That was, by far, the most intense sexual experience of her life. She was ready for more.

She turned to him. The smile that lifted her lips slid from her face as she saw him. He looked more like a man disposing of roadkill than a man who'd just been fucking.

She opened her mouth to speak. He beat her to it.

"You're fired."

Chloe stilled, certain she had heard him incorrectly.

"Excuse me?"

He stared down at her; his eyes glittered with suppressed rage. Suddenly, she was aware that she was naked. It was ridiculous, but she brought her arms up to cover her breasts.

"You heard me. Pack your things and leave. You have twenty-four hours to return all the money. If I get the name of your contact person and the money, then I won't prosecute. Of course, it will be without a reference."

Each word out of his mouth was like a dagger to her chest, cutting off any air she might have been trying to get.

He knew. Of course he knew. That was what this was all about. Punishment. One last fuck before he fucked her over. Tears burned in her eyes as she retrieved her clothes from the floor. Her fingers shook as she pulled them on, all the while blinking the stubborn tears from her eyes to keep them from falling. It was a useless endeavor.

"It's not me," she whispered once she could push sound past the golf ball-sized lump in her throat, knowing he wouldn't believe her.

"Please. I have proof," he confirmed.

So he did. She did too.

She probably should have known better than to believe he would trust her. Believe her despite evidence to the contrary. She just hoped...

She shook her head as she laughed bitterly.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

"You have a decision to make. If my lawyer doesn't hear from you by three p.m. tomorrow, you can expect to spend the next twenty to thirty years in jail."

She stiffened her spine and forced herself to meet his hard gaze. Shock was now being slowly replaced by anger. A seething, crawling acidic anger that strengthened her even as it ate at her heart.

"There's no decision. It wasn't me. I know you don't believe me. I've been suspicious of this deal for a while. I wanted to tell you. I did," she said when he gave her a raised eyebrow. "I just had a bad feeling, no evidence, so I decided to hold off until I had something concrete to give you."

He crossed his arms over his broad chest. "Great. That's a convenient excuse."

"It's not an excuse. It's the truth. I think someone wants to make it look as if it were me, but I promise you, it's not."

"So you believe you're being framed."

"Yes, yes, I do."

"By whom?"

She took a deep breath and finally voiced her suspicions. "Ryan Dorset." She'd put it all together last night. Her first thought had been Lana. But she didn't have the tech savvy to pull off a scam of that magnitude. Ryan Dorset, on the other hand, had the skill and the cunning.

Silence. She struggled to keep her gaze level with his and not fidget or squirm or do anything that could even be remotely misconstrued as guilt.

"You sound ridiculous."

She threw her hands in the air. "Don't you think I know that? I don't know how, but he managed to get my passwords. He set this all up. I heard him talking on the phone."

"On the phone?"

"Yes." She relayed the details of the conversation she'd overheard last week.

"That's it? That's all you're basing your accusations on? Some obscure phone call of which you only heard one side?"

"You have to believe me. You know I wouldn't do something like this."

"I don't know anything about you other than you're a good lay."

She sucked in a breath and ignored the sharp, stabbing pain in her chest. "A good lay? That's all?"

"And a liar. I know you're a liar."

"I have never lied to you."

"You've done nothing but, since the moment I met you."

She wanted to shout at him, to smack him, to fucking kick him in the nuts. She balled her hands into fists at her sides and squeezed until she was sure that her knuckles were white.

"Don't you dare play the victim. If I'm a liar, then why did you come chasing after me?"

He shrugged. "It was fun."

"Fun? You call fucking me on your desk and then humiliating me fun?"

She gaped at him. Who was this man? This man who looked at her as though she were worse than gum on the bottom of his shoes? Where was the man who looked at her with something akin to awe or wild, desperate hunger that sent an answering strike of passion in her gut? This man was someone she didn't know. Didn't *want* to know.

He waved a dismissive hand. "I'd say that I was the one who just got fucked."

"Well, Human Resources may have something else to say about it when I tell them what's happened. And you can have your lawyer call mine. I'm sure they'll have a lot to discuss."

He snorted. She cringed at the amount of derision held in that small sound.

"No one will believe you. Especially when it comes out you've been embezzling millions."

"The truth will come out. No one will believe that I'm a common thief."

"No, you're nothing but a common..."

Her head whipped up. "A what? A slut? A whore? Believe me, right now, that is closer to the truth than I'd like to believe. You're not saying anything to me I'm not saying to myself. But let's get something straight. I wasn't the one who approached you that night in the hotel. I'm not the one who cornered you in that bathroom. And I am sure as hell not the one who spanked your ass just now. Don't you dare tell me that I started this. I didn't. But I'm sure as hell going to finish it."

She marched past him. He grabbed her arm to halt her. Before she could think about it, her hand came up, and her palm made contact with his cheek. The slap shattered the tense silence. The shock of it vibrated up her arm.

His jaw clenched, then unclenched, but he made no move to retaliate, nor did he release her arm.

"There are men waiting outside to escort you out. They'll also be watching your house tonight, in case you get the stupid idea to run."

She jerked herself free. "Don't worry. For the first time in the past week, I'm going to do the smart thing. I'll see you in court."

Sean stayed where he was for a long time after she left. His feet seemed planted to the floor. His cheek still stung from where she'd struck him. The woman packed one helluva wallop.

He trudged his way over to his desk, sat in his chair, and stared unseeing out the window. That had not gone how he'd expected. She did not act like an embezzler and agent of corporate espionage. Instead, her entire attitude had been like that of a hurt lover and outraged employee. He would have thought that her first act would have been to continue to use her charms to try and get on his good side. Threatening him with a lawsuit seemed counterproductive. Unless it was just a ploy in and of itself.

Could she really be that clever?

His gut told him no. But was that his gut or his dick? Both seemed to have lost their senses.

And what was with that cockamamy story about stolen passwords and whispered conversations?

The problem, as he saw it, was that he wanted to believe her. He wanted it more than anything.

But if she was innocent, then why did all the evidence point to her? He steepled his fingers beneath his chin. Now that the rush of betrayal was spent, he was able to concentrate. Despite the layers he'd had to sift through to discover her deception, everything from that point on had pointed to her. Even her name on some numbered accounts and the phone and e-mail logs. Everything, all of it, was clearly stamped with Chloe's name.

It was convenient. A little too convenient?

He didn't turn at the sharp knock on the door.

"Sean, we have a problem."

He swiveled to see Drew Trotter, his attorney, coming into the room. His scowl was almost as dark as Sean's mood.

"What's up?"

Drew planted his fists on the desk and glared at Sean.

“Who is Chloe Walters, and why is she filing a sexual-harassment lawsuit against you?”

She worked fast.

“She's Dorset's executive assistant.”

“Is she right? Did you sleep with her minutes before you fired her?”

Sean winced as he remembered his behavior. Shame ate holes in his gut.

Drew threw himself into the chair. “Jesus Christ, Sean. Can't you keep your dick in your pants for two weeks? What the hell were you thinking?”

He thrust a hand through his hair. “I don't know. I just...” He stopped. The fact that he had been feeling equal parts angry and aroused was no excuse.

Drew sighed. “Perhaps you'd like to fill me in.”

Sean nodded and proceeded to tell him everything. From the first night to just minutes ago.

Drew held up a hand. “Let me see if I get this straight. You pick up a woman in a hotel bar who turns out later to be an employee that you now suspect of embezzlement and corporate espionage, but before you fire her, you decide to give her one last revenge fuck. Here. In your office.”

Put like that, Sean's disgust with himself tripled. “That's it in a nutshell.”

Drew's head fell back, and he looked up at the ceiling as if seeking divine guidance.

“Is she?”

Sean's head jerked up. “Is she what?”

“Guilty.”

“I don't know. It looks that way.”

“Great. We can work with this. If she's guilty, we may have a way to spin this. She used you, seduced you so that she wouldn't get caught, or if she did, you might have been inclined to help her out. A regular corporate Mata Hari.”

“Don't.” Sean's stomach roiled at the thought.

Drew raised an eyebrow. “Don't what? Don't clean up your mess? I have news for you. Someone has to. This doesn't look good.”

Sean stood up and paced in front of the window.

“I know. I'm in deep shit. I have evidence that says she's a thief and a liar, but I don't believe it. She's not that type.”

“Oh my God.”

Sean whipped his head around at the whispered words. “What?”

“You love her.”

He jerked back at that. “No. I don't.”

“Really? The Sean Keller I know doesn't have a policy of allowing employees to swindle him. That Sean believes in quick, brutal retribution.”

“I don't love her,” he repeated, the words sounding false even to his own ears. “I just believe her.”

Drew crossed his arms over his chest. “If that's true, what are you going to do about it?”

Sean threw himself into his chair and picked up the phone. “I'm going to find out the truth. Once and for all.”

Chapter Eleven

Chloe sat huddled in the corner of her couch, a blanket wrapped around her. A half-eaten carton of Chunky Monkey sat melting on her coffee table. The television buzzed quietly. Baxter lay curled in her lap. She absently stroked his head.

After her encounter with Sean that afternoon, she'd gone directly to Gladys to give her side of the story. Gladys was very sympathetic but said that with the whole "possible embezzlement" thing, Chloe's options were limited. Her face still burned with humiliation as she remembered the way the two security guards had escorted her out of the building. Every eye had been on her. But she'd done it, held her chin up high and marched out. The brainless apes following her every step of the way. She had no doubt that they were planted outside her apartment right now, just as Sean had threatened.

As horrifying as the idea of being spied on was, the worst part was that her body still vibrated from the aftermath of Sean's lovemaking.

Lovemaking, she scoffed silently. There was nothing loving about that. She'd been fucked. In more ways than one.

She fumbled for another tissue. Baxter whined and cuddled closer. She looked down to see him watching her with one raised doggy eyebrow.

"At least one man loves me. It's you and me against the world, kiddo. Or at least against Sean Keller."

Thoughts tumbled through her mind as she considered her options. Sean was expecting her to come up with a few million dollars. Apparently she could just pull that out of her ass.

Footsteps echoed in the hallway outside her door. She stiffened, her heart trying to pound its way out of her chest. It was the police. She knew it. She wouldn't put it past him to call the cops earlier than his three-p.m. deadline, for the money. Seeing as how she didn't know where it was, it was a good bet the police would be on her doorstep at any moment.

She would not make a good prison bitch.

Air rushed past her lips as the person bypassed her apartment.

Safe. For now.

Still royally fucked, though. Literally and figuratively.

She had to hand it to him, Sean made quite the last impression. The whole "you need to be punished" thing was a stroke of genius.

Stroke.

Ha.

She searched around to find the remote. She located it under her ass. She raised grainy eyes to the television. Her arm froze in midair as Ryan Dorset's picture flashed on the screen. She straightened up, and Baxter yapped at the loss of his prime napping spot but settled in close to her thigh.

She turned up the volume.

"In a surprising story, local Denver businessman Ryan Dorset has been arrested for embezzlement and corporate espionage. Federal agents captured Dorset at Denver International Airport trying to board a flight for Argentina. Dorset's accomplice, Lana Rivers, was apprehended in Miami, where she was attempting to leave the country with a fake passport. Mr. Dorset's attorneys could not be reached for comment."

She blinked. What the fuck? Dorset arrested? Lana an accomplice?

I knew it!

She jumped at the chimes of her doorbell. Baxter, excited as always for company, jumped off the couch and started to prance around her feet, barking.

"Hush, Baxter." she whispered, hoping to get his attention. Not that it would do any good.

The police! Oh, God! Were they here to take her away as well?

She sucked in a breath. Maybe they would just go away if she ignored them. They would think she was also trying to make her way to Rio.

"Chloe? Are you there? Open up. It's me, Sean."

She sagged back against her couch. Rage followed quickly on the heels of relief.

"I know you're in there. Your neighbor said you haven't left, and I can hear you whispering to your dog."

Damn that Mrs. Snyder!

She struggled to extricate herself from her quilt and trudged over to the door. Baxter followed at her heels. She reached down to pick him up before answering Sean.

"I don't have anything to say to you, Mr. Keller. Now get off my doormat before I call the police."

Big words coming from someone about to be arrested.

"Chloe. Please. We need to talk."

"Anything you have to say to me, you can say to my lawyer. She'll be in contact with you first thing in the morning." As soon as she found one.

Silence.

She snorted. Figured.

She was about to walk away, when he called once again through the door.

"I'm sorry."

She paused.

"I can explain. Please. Let me in."

She nibbled on her lip. She shouldn't. She really shouldn't. She looked down at Baxter, but he looked up at her as if to say, *It's your choice*. It was. The

only problem was she was afraid she was making the wrong one. That didn't stop her from reaching for the dead bolt.

She opened the door. He looked like shit. His hair stuck out in places, his suit was wrinkled, his eyes were bloodshot. Her heart thudded. Even looking like a hobo, an expensively dressed hobo, he still sent chills all over her skin.

Damn him!

Baxter's body was as tight as his mistress's, and he growled deep in his throat, his tiny frame vibrating in her arms.

He looked down at Baxter. "Cute dog."

"Yeah, he's a killer, though." She cuddled him against her chest and glared at Sean over his head. "I've been teaching him the ancient martial art of ball biting so don't get too close. You have five minutes."

She pivoted on her heel and marched back over to the kitchen and dropped Baxter behind the gate. He whimpered at the confinement.

"I know, boy." She whispered so Sean wouldn't hear her. "I'm sorry. Mama has to try and keep her ass out of prison. So no playing now."

He growled, until he saw his favorite rawhide chew toy in her hand. He took it from her fingers and settled onto his doggy bed in the corner to gnaw.

She returned to the living room to see Sean still stood in the doorway. She lowered herself onto the couch and crossed her arms tight over her chest. Her toe tapped the floor.

Sean was slower to move. He shut the door behind him. He hovered next to the television. His eyes flickered over to the screen.

"I take it you've seen the news?"

She sneered. "You mean the one that cleared me? Yeah, I saw that. Although I tried to tell you this afternoon I was innocent, but you wouldn't listen. Too busy throwing out accusations, I guess."

He winced.

"I don't know what to say."

"There's nothing to say."

"You have to admit that it looked suspicious. Your name, your access codes were used. Your signatures."

She nodded. "You're right. I guess I shouldn't have expected the man who I was sleeping with to stop for a moment and give me the benefit of the doubt."

He sucked in a breath. "There was more to it than that."

"Like what?"

He ran a hand through his hair, further putting it into disarray. "Come on, Chloe. You don't think that it's the least bit coincidental that you and I meet on the very night I came into town?"

She gaped at him. "You think that I slept with you on *purpose*?"

He shrugged. His gaze slid away from hers. "It had crossed my mind."

Anger ate at her stomach. Her fists clenched, and she struggled against the urge to slap him.

"How would I even have known who you were?"

He snorted. "You're in the industry. Surely you must have seen my picture somewhere."

She had to cede the point. Still... A thought occurred to her.

"Let's say that you're right. That I was playing you. What has this past week been about? Getting me to confess? Using me?"

He looked away.

She exploded off the couch. She moved to the window to stare out into the night. Her breath rasped in her throat. Her fingers clenched and unclenched. She closed her eyes to stem the burning behind her lids. She told herself that it was anger she was feeling and not pain. Not soul-numbing pain.

When she felt she could talk once more, she turned to him.

"I agree the evidence against me was damning. You had a right to be suspicious. Hell, I'd probably suspect me. You did not, however, have the right

to treat me the way that you did today. I have never felt so used and dirty or been so humiliated.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Yeah, you said that. Funny how that doesn’t make a difference. I’d like you to leave.”

“I can explain.”

“Good for you. I don’t want to hear it.”

She tried to move past him to the door. He grabbed her arm. She swung. Her palm hit the side of his face with all the power she could muster behind it. The force of it vibrated up her arm.

He released her.

She held her stinging hand to her chest. She lifted her chin. She refused to apologize. He deserved that and more.

“I deserved that,” he said, echoing her thoughts.

“You’re right. That, and a whole hell of a lot more. You need to go.”

“I will. I promise. I just need to tell you a story, and then I’ll go.”

She nibbled on her lips. He stood where he was, head cocked to the side, an air of defeated pride around him. This was not the man she knew.

She collapsed onto the couch, calling herself all kinds of fool.

Sean exhaled when she finally sat down. He paced in front of the couch, aware of her gaze following him.

Where to start?

The events of earlier in the day replayed in his mind. A loop that sickened him every time he saw it. He didn’t recognize himself in that clip.

He stopped in front of her and forced himself to meet her glare. Hurt and anger swirled in her bloodshot eyes, darkening them to a chocolate color. Her nose was red, obviously from crying. Tissues were scattered around the couch,

and a half-eaten pint of ice cream lay open. His chest tightened. This was his fault.

He ran a hand through his hair.

"Listen, I know that this is probably going to mean nothing to you, but I truly am sorry for what happened earlier. It was despicable, and I have no excuse."

"Other than you thought that I was an embezzler. Tell me, do all the people you believe have betrayed you get the same treatment, or was I just the lucky one?"

He smirked. "I guess you were the lucky one."

She snorted. "Now I can go play the lottery." She shook her head. "You said you had a story to tell me."

He swallowed past the lump in his throat. This, he was not looking forward to.

He sank down onto the coffee table, his elbows on his knees, hands dangling. "When I was twenty-three, I got married. Marie. We met in college, and she was brilliant. She certainly had me fooled." He gulped down the bile that threatened to come up.

"What does this have to do with anything?"

"I was getting to that. I started my first company when I was twenty-four. I put everything I had into it. I worked crazy hours. Marie was right next to me. She was my accountant, bookkeeper, secretary, everything. I depended on her to keep the business going so I could do what I needed. In three years, we were millionaires. In four, she and my best friend had managed to steal the company right from under my nose."

"That's horrible. I'm sorry that happened to you."

"But it doesn't excuse what I did. I get it. Just for the record, it was a game. Not for me. When I met you in that bar, there was something about you. You were irresistible," he admitted.

A blush crept up her cheeks. "Thank you. No one's ever said that to me."

"They should have. You are amazing. The way you think and the way your mind works fascinate me. I can't tell you how many meetings I've had to sit through, my dick hard enough to break bricks, not only because you're hot as hell but also just hearing you talk."

She jumped up and wrapped her arms around herself. "Don't. Don't say things like that."

He followed her. He stood behind her, not touching her but close enough to let her feel the heat radiating from his body. She was in his blood. He doubted that he would ever be free of her again.

He wasn't sure exactly when he had fallen in love. Maybe it was that first night in the hotel. All he knew was that every time she smiled, he smiled. Every time she was hurt, he wanted to strap on his armor and fight the demons. The fact that he was the dragon shredded his soul.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am that I hurt you."

"That's all fine and dandy. I don't trust you. I can't."

He put his hands on her shoulders. She jerked but didn't pull away. "I'm so sorry," he repeated.

He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her against him. He buried his face in her neck and breathed deep. Her scent, warm vanilla, sank into his every molecule.

"Forgive me," he whispered against her neck. She had to do it. He wouldn't be whole if she didn't.

She pushed at his arms. He reluctantly released her. She turned. Tears glittered in her eyes. His stomach dropped.

"You know the funny part? All week, I knew something was up. Probably with Mr. Dorset. I was going to tell you, but I had no proof. After I found out who you were, I think I figured you would come to the conclusion that you did. So I held back and tried to gather evidence. I can't blame you for doubting me."

He smiled as a boulder lifted off his chest, allowing him to breathe again.

“But”—she held up a hand—“that's no excuse. I'm sorry.”

His shoulders slumped. “I understand. Please know that you will be receiving severance pay, per your contract. You may count on me for an excellent reference.”

She nodded. He turned to leave, his insides scraped raw.

“Wait.”

He stopped, hardly daring to breathe. He faced her once again, air trapped in his chest.

Chloe regretted the word the minute it left her lips. She should have been cursing him and relieved that he was leaving, hopefully out of her life for good. But somehow the thought of him walking out the door was tearing at her heart.

What was wrong with her? When had she developed this crazy propensity toward masochism?

The problem was that she knew, despite his recent behavior, he was a decent guy. She'd watched him this past week. He was kind to everyone he met. He listened, really listened, when people talked to him. He called everyone by name...even Marvin, the nighttime janitor. Most men in his position wouldn't have bothered. She doubted that Ryan Dorset even saw Marvin, much less took the time to get to know his name. Then again, Dorset was an asshole, so that probably wasn't the best comparison.

All this made for one irresistible package. Was it any wonder that in spite of it all, she was very much afraid she had lost her heart to him?

She tilted her head and studied him. He was a picture of dejection, with his slumped shoulders and hands stuffed in his pockets. He had no right to look as though she had just kicked his puppy. She was the wronged party, damn it!

Still, there was one thing she needed to know. Had to be sure about.

"Just tell me. Why did you do it? The thing in your office?"

She forced the words past her dry throat. She clenched her fists and locked her jaw, as though preparing for a physical blow.

He ran a hand through his already tousled hair, making her palms itch to repair the damage.

"I don't know. I was...angry, but that's no excuse. I just needed to touch you, hold you. I knew it was going to be the last time, and that didn't sit well with me."

"You sound like a boy who lost his favorite piece of candy."

His mouth quirked, and she tensed her thighs against the answering rush of heat the action sent to her pussy.

"*You* are my favorite piece of candy. Every time I see you, I want to take a bite out of you."

She pursed her lips to keep the answering grin off her face. She'd walked right into that one.

"I'm sorry. I know that it's inadequate, but believe me, the last thing I want to ever do is hurt you again. Although, I can't say I wouldn't do it over again. It was the hottest sex I've ever had. I would just change the circumstances surrounding it."

She laughed and shook her head. She was wrong. He wasn't perfect. Not by a long shot.

But he was hers.

"Well, you're going to have to work very hard to make it up to me."

She watched his face go blank for a second before understanding dawned in his eyes. He crossed the distance between them before she even had a chance to blink.

He snatched her into his arms and slammed his mouth down onto hers.

"Thank you," he whispered a second before their lips touched.

He kissed her as though she were the last oasis in the desert and he hadn't had a drink in weeks. His tongue sought and found hers, engaging it in a duel. He invited it to come play in his mouth, then captured it for a hard suck. She moaned and shuddered in his arms.

Her arms came up to encircle his neck. He grabbed her ass and lifted her up so that his cock was nestled against her heat. She wrapped her legs around his waist. This was perfect. She had him right where she wanted him.

"Bedroom."

"Down the hall. First door."

"Right."

He hitched her up higher, then returned his lips to hers. He started walking in the direction she indicated.

His cock scraped against her clit with each step. She pressed closer to the glorious sensation. She tightened her limbs around him and took control of the kiss. She invaded his mouth with her tongue and was rewarded with a shudder. She resisted the urge to smile. She had him.

When they entered her room, a single bedside lamp illuminated the room.

Sean made a beeline for the bed and placed her gently in the middle. She looked up into his face, temporarily speechless by the stark lust and yes, love, she saw reflected there.

She left his embrace and scooted until her back met the headboard. He watched her with a wrinkled brow.

Chloe smiled. "Strip."

He raised one eyebrow but did as she asked. She licked her suddenly dry lips as she leaned against the cool iron of her filigreed headboard to take in the show.

"No, let me have the tie." She said when he was about to drop it on the floor.

This time she shocked him. She saw the way his eyes widened and both brows shot into his hairline.

She took the silk he offered and ran it through her hands, relishing the cool against her heated palm.

“Continue.”

His mouth quirked in the way that made her want to gobble him up, but he said nothing as he finished. This time there was no sexy dance or swagger. Just a silence that was so charged, it raised the hairs on her arms.

She sucked in a breath when he was finished. The man should be declared a lethal weapon. She came up on her knees as she took him in. His muscled chest was lightly dusted with hair that tapered down over his washboard abs toward his cock, which was so hard and thick, it curved up toward his navel. Her pussy spasmed as she remembered the hot length buried deep inside of her.

This man definitely pressed all her buttons, and he knew it. It was time for a little payback.

He grinned at her. “Well?”

“Lie down. On your back.”

Again, he said nothing as he complied.

Chloe moved over to make room for him. He lay back but turned his head toward her. His gaze sizzled, and she felt the caress of it as it moved over her. She hadn't made any move to remove the T-shirt or boxer shorts she wore.

“Arms above your head.”

She saw the question in his eyes and held her breath to see if he would do it. He did.

She took the silk tie in her hands and used it to bind his wrists together before attaching them to the iron curlicues above his head.

She sat back on her heels to admire her handiwork. He looked so right against the dark purple of her duvet. His tanned skin gleamed gold in the dim

light cast from the lamp beside the bed. A feast for the senses. She wanted to lick him, to bite him, to get her hands and mouth on every piece of his flesh she could find.

"I seem to recall that you have a habit of staring at me while I'm naked."

Her gaze caught his. He was smiling, his eyes crinkled at the corners.

"And I remember you being just a tad arrogant."

She hopped off and moved around so she was standing at the foot of the bed. She felt his eyes tracking her every step.

She stood there for several long moments. Electricity crackled between their stares, setting the hairs on her arms on end. Finally, right when she thought the tension would snap, she smiled at him, pouring as much seduction into the twist of her lips as she could. She grasped the hem of her T-shirt and pulled it over her head. She heard his quick, indrawn breath and smiled. She wasn't wearing a bra. Her nipples were tight, hard buds. Her hands came up to cup them, taking them between her thumbs and forefingers and rolling them. He watched, seemingly mesmerized.

Her head fell back as tiny ripples of pleasure washed through her. She knew how much he loved her nipples, how much she loved having them played with. She used her fingers to give them a hard squeeze. She gasped. He groaned.

She opened her eyes to see him straining against his confines. His dick appeared to have grown even harder, precum leaking from its tip.

"Please," he said.

Her hands stilled. "Please what?"

"Please let me fuck you."

"Oh no. We're not finished playing yet."

She chuckled at the moan that sounded as though it were ripped from his chest. She trailed one hand down her chest and over her belly until she reached the waistband of her boxers. She looked up at him through her lashes.

His hands were clenching and unclenching around the silk tie. His jaw ticked in an effort to control himself. She knew this was hell for him, but that was too damned bad. This was her game. She was in control. She shivered, enjoying the fact that he was at her mercy.

“I want to touch you. Fuck you.”

She tsked at him. “Not tonight, baby. I’m the one who gets to do the touching, the fucking.”

She pushed her shorts down her legs.

Chloe made her way over to the side of the bed and knelt next to him. His skin scorched hers where they touched. She licked her lips as she considered her treat. She met his hot stare with a small smile.

She reached out for him. His dick throbbed in her hands, and her cunt spasmed in concert with its pulses. She wanted nothing more than to take him in her mouth, but she was too hungry and she had a feeling that Sean wouldn’t last long. Neither would she.

She straddled his hips, positioning him right at her heated core. Without a word, she slammed down on his cock. He threw his head back and hissed, “yes.”

He filled her like no man ever had or ever could. Whenever they were together, the feeling of rightness never left her. It was a feeling she wanted to have forever.

“Oh God. Your cock feels so good. So good.”

“So fucking tight. So wet.”

She set a hard and fast rhythm, ensuring that every downward plunge rubbed her clit against him. He met her every time, thrusting in counterpoint to her. Flesh slapped against flesh as each worked their way to ecstasy. She grabbed onto the headboard and used it for traction. Her breasts dangled over his lips. He captured one between his teeth and sucked, hard.

It was the thing she needed to send her over the edge. Pleasure burst over her in one long, unceasing wave. She tossed her head back and screamed, "Sean."

"Fuck yes! I'm here, sweets." She was vaguely aware of his climax, just those last hard, powerful thrusts that served to prolong her orgasm.

She collapsed against his chest. The air was filled with the sound of their harsh breathing and heavy with sex.

"Untie me."

Chloe fumbled with the knot; her hands trembled from residual satisfaction, but she was able to release him. He immediately rolled them over so that they lay spoon fashion. His heart thumped against her back, and his arms surrounded her. She sighed. There was no place she would rather be. No man she'd rather be with.

"Just one more thing," she murmured sleepily, content for the first time in a week.

"What's that?"

"If you ever pull a stunt like you did today again, I'm going to cut your balls off."

His chuckle was a puff of warm air against the cooling skin of her neck.

"Duly noted."

 THE END 

Monica Kaye

Monica Kaye has always loved reading and especially writing. For her, it was over the moment she picked up her first Harlequin when she was fourteen years old. Since then she has been in love with love. She started writing her first romance at age eighteen, and that story, thankfully, is lost in the annals of time. As she grew older, her tastes evolved and she began to add more spice to her stories until she discovered the genre of erotic romance.

Monica currently lives in Denver, Colorado where she, often gets into trouble at her day job making up stories for her “real” job. She loves hearing from her fans and can be found at www.authormonicakaye.com or contacted at monicakaye@gmail.com.