



A JANE PORTER STORY

Hot
FOR
Teacher

DOMINIQUE ADAIR

SAMHAIN Publishing LLC

Who says three's a crowd?

Entrepreneur, fashionista and submissive-in-training, Jane Porter is headed to New Orleans with her lovers, Antonio and Santos. Armed with an invitation to the exclusive Marché d'Esclave, a members-only pleasure club, Jane steps into a world where submissives are auctioned to new masters for training. Happy with her current masters, Jane has no intentions of going up on the block herself until she comes to face to face with a man she'd thought never to see again...

Among the patrons is the mysterious Archer, a master from Europe with legendary skills in the art of training. His submissives command the highest prices at auction and for those in search of a master, he is the one they crave. Intrigued by the beautiful Jane, he employs his considerable talents in the hopes of seducing her away from her lovers and returning to his home for a little higher education.

Will Jane resist temptation or will she accept Archer's invitation to explore more of the pleasure she's come to crave...

Warning: Extreme bondage, spanking, sexy men doing very naughty things to themselves and others, more spanking and the creative misuse of fruit.

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Hot for Teacher

Dominique Adair

Dedication

For anyone who ever had a crush on a teacher in high school.

Chapter One

“You’re holding out on me.”

Hearing Lily’s voice, Jane grabbed her silk robe mere seconds before her friend threw open the door to the walk-in closet. Silly her, she’d thought shutting her bedroom door was enough to convey her need for privacy. Unfortunately it didn’t occur to her that Lily might drop in or else she wouldn’t be standing in her closet half-naked waiting for fashion inspiration to strike.

“Earth to Lily, hello? I’m naked here.” She secured the robe with the matching belt. “Since when has knocking before entering a room become passé?”

“Oh, please.” Lily waved her hand. “I knew you didn’t mean me.”

Jane rolled her eyes. As much as she loved her best friend slash business partner, Lily Tyler could be a handful. The woman had enough personality for three people and she believed rules were meant for other people. In business, this made her a bit of a shark, which was good for Jane as she didn’t possess the killer instinct, but in friendship it made her a pain in the ass at times. She might only be five foot two but her huge personality put her well over six feet tall.

“I mean it’s not like you have anything I don’t have.”

“Yeah, except mine is a foot higher off the ground.” Jane grinned.

“Har, har. Is a closet really a room though?” Lily looked around the sumptuously appointed space with its rotating shoe racks, built-in jewelry drawers and watered silk wallpaper. “Strike that. Your dressing room is bigger than some third-world countries.”

“Oh, please. I’ve seen your closet, and it’s nothing to sneeze at.”

“My closet could fit in yours twice over,” her friend muttered.

“Of course it is. I’m sleeping with two men and you only have to satisfy one,” she laughed. “Twice the work, twice the closet space.”

“You’re just a barrel full of laughs today aren’t you?” Lily flopped down on the cream chaise in the center of the closet. “What happened? Did Macy’s increase your credit limit?”

“I should ask you the opposite question. Why are you such a grump?”

Jane frowned when she noticed what her friend was wearing. When was the last time she’d seen Lily in something as pedestrian as a pair of blue jeans and a T-shirt? With her face scrubbed clean and her brilliant red hair pulled back into a ponytail, she looked more like a high school student than a successful businesswoman.

Maybe Jean Jacques was rubbing off on her...in a good way of course.

"I'm not a grump." Lily yawned. "I'm tired."

"Jean Jacques keeping you up late?"

"How can he when he's constantly traveling? He's been in New York for three weeks, and I'm losing my mind."

Her expression was so forlorn it tickled Jane to no end. Lily and Jean Jacques were the only ones oblivious to their sexual chemistry when they met. For two years they'd argued at every opportunity because they were too stubborn to admit their attraction to each other. It wasn't until the Prentiss's masquerade party last year that they finally put away their swords.

Well, not completely.

The past ten months had been a rollercoaster for Lily and Jean Jacques. He was French and stubborn to the core while Lily was a spirited and fun-loving American. Their passion, like their tempers, ran hot and plentiful with their time evenly divided between both.

Jane's lover, Antonio, like to say, "if they weren't fucking then they were fighting."

"I forgot he went East a couple weeks earlier than my men." Jane resumed her search for something to wear. In less than an hour she was having a business lunch with Monique Poirot, the heiress to the Belle Jolie cosmetic fortune. Her oldest daughter was turning eighteen in three months and Mommie Dearest was looking to spend a ridiculous amount of money to celebrate the day. "Why didn't you go with him?"

"Because someone has to be at the office?" Lily waved her arm in the air. "I can't just take off and jaunt across the country any time I want."

"Why not? We have adequate office staff now and Megan is up to speed and assuming more responsibility every day." She pulled out a yellow and white Chanel dress then immediately put it back. It was a little frivolous for a business lunch. "What's the point of owning our own business when we can't take time off when we want?"

"I guess," she sighed.

Abandoning her search, Jane crossed the room to join Lily on the chaise. Her friend looked so miserable that she couldn't help but be concerned. Most of the time she was a smart-mouthed, wisecracking dynamo but not she looked as if she might cry.

"What's going on with you, girlfriend?" Jane laid her hand on Lily's knee.

"I'm afraid that I'll wake up and find that all of this is a dream." She shrugged. "We worked so hard to build R.S.V.P. into a profitable business and now we've reached the point where we are the go-to gals for party planning."

Jane frowned. "Isn't this what we wanted?"

"Yeah. No." Her lips twisted. "I don't know."

“Lil, we’ve worked hard for our success. Remember when we first started out and we worked out of my kitchen in that dinky apartment I had?” Her nose wrinkled. “This is what we’ve always dreamed of. Owning our own business, building it up from nothing to where we could support ourselves in the style to which we easily became accustomed.”

Lily chuckled. “Amen to that.”

“There are no guarantees in life, Lily. You know this as well as I.” She took her friend’s hand. “But you can’t let your fears stand in the way of your happiness because it could go either way. We could lose it all tomorrow or Oprah could give us a ring and ask us to be on her show.”

“Now that would be a kick.” Her smile was wider and more genuine now. “And we’d look fantastic on camera.”

“Of course.” Jane gave her a firm hug then got up to grab something, anything to wear. “So you’re going to fly to New York and meet up with that sexy man of yours?”

“It is an idea,” she mused.

“Now that is the Lily Tyler I know and love.” Jane laughed. “Do you want me to call Megan for you?”

“No, no, I’ll do it.” She was sitting upright, and Jane knew she was already making lists of things she needed to do before leaving. Lily snapped her fingers. “Oh, almost forgot the reason I came by, your invitation to Marché d’Esclave.”

She turned to stare at her friend. Jane was constantly amazed by Lily’s ability to find out anything and everything at a moment’s notice. Who needed Twitter when she had Lily around? Paris Hilton had nothing on her.

“Did you think I wouldn’t hear about it?” Lily’s brow arched. “Why didn’t you call me? An invitation to New Orleans’s most decadent pleasure club is the Holy Grail of the bondage scene. How did you finagle this?”

“I didn’t.” Jane scanned the rack of jewel-toned dresses. No, something a little lighter would be better to show off her golden tan. “It was a complete surprise to me when it showed up last week.”

“So who sent it?” She rose from the chaise and walked toward Jane. “Where is it? I want to see it. Was there a note with it—?”

“Hold your horses.” Laughing, Jane removed a simple rose silk sheath from its padded hangar then carried it behind the hand-carved dressing screen. A gift from Santos, the antique screen came from China where it had been owned by a sixteenth century concubine of a very wealthy man. She loved the significance of the gift.

“Can you hand me my gray Weitzman heels?”

“The plain ones or...oh my god these need to go home with me.” Lily squealed. “Damn it. Why do you have such huge feet? *Quelle honte.*”

She had to bite her tongue at Lily's mangled French. A shame, indeed. "Have you ever stopped to think that if you didn't have feet the size of a Smurf that we could borrow shoes?"

"Whatever."

Smoothing the delicate silk over her hips, Jane stepped out from behind the screen. Lily was sitting on the chaise again, this time holding a pair of black suede Stuart Weitzman stilettos with a laced-up front. Cooing over the shoes, she stroked the butter-soft leather as if it were a child cradled in her arms rather than a stunning pair of footwear. Jane stepped over her friend's sprawled legs to retrieve her pumps, which were still sitting untouched on the shelf.

"Thanks for getting my shoes for me." She nudged Lily's leg with the tip of her shoe. "Now quit drooling. Do you have any idea how difficult it is to remove spit marks from suede?"

Lily's dreamy expression and heartfelt sigh mirrored how Jane felt when she'd bought them a few days ago. There really was nothing more magnificent than shoes that were not only beautiful but made her feel sexy. She frowned. Did Lily have tears in her eyes?

"Have you ever seen anything so glorious?" she purred.

"Well, yes. I am the one who bought them."

"I swear, on the lives of my unborn children, that if I owned these shoes I'd be the happiest and most contented woman—"

"Until next season," Jane teased. "Your obsession with shoes is second only to your appetite for Jean Jacques."

"Look who's talking." Lily nodded toward the array of shoes in every color imaginable. "How many pairs do you own, Imelda? Two hundred?"

"Ninety-four actually." Jane retrieved the shoes from her friend then put them back on the shelf. "I think you have me confused someone else. Namely, yourself." She turned out the lights then walked into the bedroom leaving Lily to follow. She'd have to make sure and frisk her before she left. It would be just like her to swipe the shoes then stuff the toes with paper just so she could wear them.

The bedroom was flooded with the morning sunshine from the row of windows overlooking the mountains. The French doors were open and the crisp breeze was sweetly scented with sage and honeysuckle.

Her writing desk was positioned in front of the windows and sitting on top next to her laptop was a Fed Ex envelope containing her invitation. Automatically her gaze went to the return address as if it had changed in the hour or so since she'd last seen it. Whoever sent the coveted invitation had used the street address of the club, which gave her no clue as to the sender's identity. She'd wracked her brain trying to think of anyone who was a member of the club and would make such a magnanimous gesture. The only name she'd come up with was Dirk Prentiss, but he and his wife had been out of the country for seven weeks.

“Is this it?”

Lily reached around her to pick up envelope but Jane snatched it up first and held it over her head. “How bad do you want to see it?” she teased.

“Badly, now fork it over or I’ll stick you with the Cambern party.” Her eyes danced with laughter.

“Uncle.” Jane tossed her the envelope as if it burned her skin.

The Cambern’s had hired R.S.V.P. to arrange a birthday party for their son...who was two. There was nothing worse than dealing with a baby mama who insisted upon clowns and horses for a party when the kid would only be terrorized by all the strangers towering over him. It was a good thing they were rich because little Billy was going to need some serious therapy when he grew up to be a bed-wetter with a clown fetish.

“Just holding the envelope is enough to give me chills.” Lily had discarded the cardboard sleeve and now held the heavy burgundy linen envelope. “And you have no idea where it came from?”

“None.” Jane sank into her favorite armchair to put on the jewelry she’d picked out earlier. “I’ve been chewing on it ever since it arrived. Do we know anyone who is a member?”

She laughed. “How many multi-millionaires do we know? Dirk is the only one who comes to mind.”

“It’s not him.”

“Beauty, I hope you will grant me the honor of your company, signed, an admirer.” Lily read. “That’s it?” She flipped over the engraved invitation hoping to find something on the back. “How anti-climactic.”

“You’re not telling me anything new.” Jane sighed. She’d become obsessed with finding out who sent it but she had nothing new to go on. How do you find someone who obviously doesn’t want to be found?

“Marché d’Esclave.” Lily perched on the arm of Jane’s chair. “What is that? Cheap...”

“Your French is atrocious.” She winked. “It means slave market. The building was owned by the pirate, Jean Lafitte, and it was a front for selling his stolen goods. Later it turned it into a gentleman’s club and there were Quadroon and Octoroon women who lived above stairs for the purpose of entertaining the patrons.”

“Fascinating, but get to the good stuff.” Lily’s green eyes were bright with interest.

“In the days of prohibition it was a speakeasy before it was transformed into a club for the deviants and perverts of the day—”

“Like you,” Lily snickered.

“Thank you for pointing that out.” Jane cleared her throat. “Now it is a very exclusive gentlemen’s club and whatever goes on behind closed doors is a tightly held secret. Only members and their guests are permitted to enter the building and their membership requirements are strict. The yearly fee is well over a hundred grand and the application fee is more than double that.”

“Holy cow,” Lily gasped. “I heard they host slave auctions. Is that true?”

Jane wasn't about to admit she was very curious about the auctions herself. Basically a submissive, in agreement with her master, could be put on the auction block for other potential masters to bid upon for the purposes of further training. The money went to the submissive once the conditions of the negotiated contract were met. It wasn't about sex because the sub wasn't required to sleep with the master who'd purchased her time. Instead it was about the training and acquiring new skills to take back to their masters.

The idea of being auctioned to a master strictly for the purposes of training was enticing though she knew she wasn't ready for that step. Besides, she was enjoying her time with her lovers, Antonio and Santos, and she couldn't imagine leaving them anytime soon.

"According to Santos it's true, but I don't know anything about it. They have other things like gaming, live theatre and tableaux..."

"Tableaus, eh? That could be interesting."

Lily and her lover were both exhibitionists, and she had dozens of titillating stories of their exploits all over Colorado.

"The boys are going with you, right?"

"Definitely. We're meeting up in New Orleans tomorrow." She caught sight of the clock. "Heavens, I need to run."

Bounding out of the chair she grabbed her portfolio and purse before following her friend downstairs and outside. Ament, her driver, stood by the sleek Lincoln Town Car and when he saw her he opened the door.

"I expect you to have lots of stories from New Orleans," Lily said. Her racy blue Jaguar XFR, a gift from Jean Jacques, was parked behind the Town Car.

"And I expect to hear that you're in New York by the weekend." They exchanged air kisses.

"You've got it, I promise."

"That's my girl. Go get your man." Jane waved then got into the car.

Ament shut the door then took his place behind the wheel. "Where to today, Miss Jane?"

"The Black Pearl on South Pearl Street."

"Good choice." His teeth flashed white against his dark skin.

When Lily admitted she was afraid one day she'd wake up to find her life was only a dream, Jane understood exactly what she meant. Sometimes it was hard to believe how much her life had changed in the since Dirk and Kitten Prentiss's party. The weekend affair was a smashing success and R.S.V.P. had more business than they could handle. They'd already hired three more office staff and a full time coordinator, Megan. The money was rolling in and each month they received requests to handle events outside of Colorado. Already they'd crafted events in New York, Toronto, Miami, Hollywood and numerous other cities.

Then there was her love life.

Before the party she'd endured a year of celibacy after a terrible breakup with her former master. Then she'd met Antonio Villareal, Dirk's half-brother and son of a Spanish winemaker. After spending an intensely intimate night together, he introduced her to Santos, his best friend and business partner. It wasn't too long before they'd taken her to bed, and they'd yet to leave. Both men were her lovers, and they made her happier than she could ever remember being.

Five months ago she'd moved to their estate where she enjoyed a life beyond her wildest imagination. They indulged her with expensive gifts, trips, servants and allowed her to express and indulge her sexuality to her heart's content. Most importantly, they provided a supportive and loving environment and all of them flourished.

She'd almost given up on finding someone she was compatible with sexually. Her sex drive was voracious and former lovers complained about not being able to keep up. Another passion was for dominance and being controlled, she craved it like a drug. Pain, she'd learned, was a heady aphrodisiac. When applied properly it led to some extreme levels of arousal and mind-blowing, full-body orgasms. It was the combination of her high sex drive and need for dominance that had made it difficult to find satisfaction.

Until Antonio and Santos.

For the past week both men had been in New York on business, and she couldn't wait until they were together again. Before leaving they'd forbidden her to masturbate, and she was so horny that they'd be lucky to remove their shoes before she was riding them like a cowgirl. She smiled.

It looked like the invitation to Marché d'Esclave couldn't have come at a better time.

Chapter Two

Jane was pleasantly tired by the time the bellman opened the door to her suite at the Windsor Court Hotel in New Orleans. It was all she could do to not gape at the exquisite furnishings and beautiful artwork adorning the walls. Traveling was one of her favorite hobbies though, until now, she rarely had the time or the money to do it up right. After she and her lovers had made a trip New York she decided traveling was much more interesting when people fell over themselves to earn a good tip.

Would you care for a glass of champagne before we take off, Ms. Porter?

Spa services, Ms. Porter?

Shall I call a car for you, Ms. Porter?

“Will that be all, Ms. Porter?”

She blinked when she realized the bellman was watching her with a rather curious expression. Jane flashed him a wide smile. Obviously he’d been talking to her while she’d gotten lost in her rich fantasy life of a jet-setter, and now she had no idea what the question was.

“It’s a beautiful room, thank you for your help.” She slipped him a tip then ushered him out the door as quickly as she could. Seeing that she’d had to be up and dressed by six this morning for a seven thirty flight, she was more than ready for a nap before the guys arrived this afternoon.

After locking the door she turned to sneak a peek at the fully stocked bar. She was trying to decide between a glass of Chianti or a Shiraz when she spied a movement out of the corner of her eye. Before her mind had time to register she was no longer alone Antonio’s mouth was on hers and his big body crowded her against the wall.

A broken whimper caught in her throat, and her arms snaked around his neck. The searing heat of bare chest and the dizzying sensation of his tongue sliding against hers sent of a jolt of arousal through her with the delicacy of a hurricane. The scent of his skin with the added dash of Cajun spices sent her libido into overdrive and she wrapped herself around him tighter than a pair of size four Spanks on a size twelve woman.

When Jane captured his tongue and gave it a sharp nip, he groaned deep in his throat. His hips bumped against hers, the insistent press of his hard cock sent a gush of liquid heat straight to her pussy. It had only been a week, but she’d missed this, missed him. His hands fisted in her hair and he forced her head back to accept his dominance...not that she’d even thought of fighting back. With the wall behind her and a sexy Latino intent upon penetrating every cell in her body, Jane was in heaven.

When it came to kissing, she'd considered herself to be well versed in the art, and it wasn't until she'd met Antonio that she realized that her education was sadly lacking. The melding of lips was so much more than the physical act of putting one mouth against another, it was an important way to communicate between lovers as well. Soft, sweet kisses could say hello or I'm sorry while playful kisses could be a way to signal a silly, fun mood. Deep, passionate kisses conveyed hunger and need while rich soulful kisses were a silent way of expressing wonder, gratitude and the sheer joy of living life.

Today, right now, in a cozy hotel suite in New Orleans, Antonio Villareal kissed Jane Porter as if doing so was the most important thing in the world.

No man could turn her inside out the way he did using only his mouth. His kisses were like a drug, and she could never get enough of them. The intensity stole her breath, and he could be both tender and rough at the same time. This was the kiss of a man who was at ease with his sexual appetites, a true sensualist. Each time he kissed her, she felt utterly feminine and desirable, as if she were more important than his next breath, the only woman he kissed with his heart and soul. Antonio demanded everything with his kiss, and she was helpless to resist.

When his hands moved to her hips, he lifted her easily, his hips moving between her thighs to pin her firmly against the wall. She twined her legs around his, and they moaned in unison when their bodies aligned in perfect harmony as if they'd been lovers for many years rather than a handful of months.

The night of Dirk's party, when they first met, he'd turned her entire world upside down. Within forty-eight hours he and Santos had transformed her from a sexually frustrated woman who lived a nun-like existence to a sexual submissive with a taste for kink. It was in his bed that Jane had begun the transformation and Beauty was born.

She rubbed against him like a cat. Each motion sent waves of heat throughout her body, and her head spun. Her questing fingers roamed the expanse of his muscled chest, and she swallowed the soft growl he made when she tweaked his flat male nipples until they were tightly budded.

Dragging his mouth from hers, Antonio shifted just enough to tear the soft cotton shirt from her body. The thin fabric tore easily, and his triumph flashed in his dark gaze. With a feral growl he reclaimed her mouth, all evidence of the worldly elegant man had vanished leaving his animal nature in control. His heart beat madly beneath her hand and the musk of sexual arousal scented the air. When he broke the kiss to lick and suck his way down the column of her throat, Jane's breathing was rapid as if she'd jogged from the airport to the hotel instead of being picked up by a car and driver.

"Antonio," her voice shook. "I want you inside me."

As if by mutual consent, they slid down the wall to the plush carpeting. He cradled her body against his then rolled with her until she lay on her back beneath him. When his erection pressed against her mound, she made a hungry sound. He rose only long enough to open his pants and release his cock before

grasping the hem of her skirt and shoving it up to her waist. Finesse wasn't an option in the face of such blatant hunger.

When she reached for his erection, he thwarted her by capturing her wrists and forcing her hands to rest on his shoulders. His touch was rough, hungry as he forced her thighs wide. As he covered her, the broad head of his cock rubbed against her hungry flesh, and her hips instinctively bucked upward to receive him. Slick pink nails dug into the pads of muscle when he dipped the thick head into the narrow opening of her body.

Later on she couldn't say if his intentions were to tempt or tease her in that moment. All she would remember was the spiraling desire as the nerves around her slick channel went into hysterics as they were stretched. Of its own volition her body thrust upward as he pushed forward and their bodies were joined with one powerful thrust. Stars spun against her eyelids, and her groan was loud and hungry.

Antonio withdrew then drove himself in to the hilt, his cock was huge and hard, and filled her so completely. She wrapped her body around him, cushioning him as he took her with him on a bumpy thrill-seeking ride. Each time the root of his cock touched her clit a keening wail was torn from her mouth.

How she had missed this. Missed him.

Her hips thrust upward to meet him, and she heard him curse beneath his breath. Many times he'd told her how he enjoyed the noises she made during sex and how much they turned him on, and she let loose with them now. The rhythmic slap of his balls against her ass mixed with the scents of sex as their skin grew slick. Her head thrashed against the carpet, and her hands shifted to his ass drawing him deeper, harder and faster. As much as she craved an orgasm, she also didn't want to let this man, these feelings, go too soon.

Staring up into his handsome face she saw his eyes were closed and his handsome features were contorted with concentration. With each thrust a low growl emerged from his parted lips and a bead of sweat ran down his cheek to splash on her lower lip. She sucked in the salty liquid and thought about how utterly beautiful he was as he fucked her. More visual than most women, Jane enjoyed watching him make love. With his longish dark hair and muscular physique, Antonio was poetry in motion.

When she pulled her long legs upward, her knees almost under his arms, the position drove him in even deeper. His eyes opened and she caught the twin emotions of lust and love in their depths. A soft kiss on her nose was in direct opposition to the violence of their writhing bodies. Once again he thrust deep, and this time he didn't retreat. Instead he held himself there and rotated his hips sending jolts of electricity through her clit.

Jane knew she was done.

"Oh, god, oh god," she wailed.

As her back arched upward, her pussy tightened around him in rapid convulsive pulses as her release slammed through her. When he dipped his head to suckle a nipple through the fine lace of her bra, flicking

it with his tongue and nipping with his teeth, her groans increased in volume. It could've been seconds or hours later when he gave a fierce shout as the spasms of her body brought him to completion.

She heard him shout her name as his cock swelled inside her slick channel, and he began to shake, igniting a second smaller orgasm. When he threw back his head, his neck corded and he spilled his seed deep inside her body. As his muscles turned to jelly like hers did, she cradled him against her body and a contented smile touched her lips.

Now *that* was the way to properly greet a lady.

Antonio nuzzled the line of Jane's jaw, still stunned by the violence of their mating. Each time they came together it was an all-consuming experience. He was a man who loved women, and he was experienced in the ways of love and sex. In the first heady days of their relationship he'd dreaded the time when sex would lose its magic between them. In his experience, sooner or later it always did once the gloss had been worn away.

Not so with his Jane.

When they came together it was still as powerful and startling as that very first time had been. In fact, he wanted her even more now that they were comfortable with one another. Watching her still took his breath away and with each passing day he knew it would only get better.

Well, once he was off of the floor that was.

His body still covered hers, and he slowly became aware of a slight stinging sensation on his shoulders and ass. He smiled against her throat. She'd sunk her claws into him and howled like a jungle cat in heat. The sweet scent of her skin permeated his body and her soft curves cradled him as if they were made for one another.

Raising his head, he looked down into her beautiful face. His chest tightened the way it always did when he saw her. Strands of her blonde hair had come down from her usual neat twist, and her baby soft skin held the blush of sexual release. A sated smile curved her lips that were swollen from his kisses. He'd put that look on her face. He'd been the one to make her scream and claw at his flesh when her hunger grew too great to bear.

His cock twitched.

"Mmm, you're so beautiful." Brushing the tangled hair away from her face, his heart stuttered when she opened her eyes and smiled up at him.

"So are you." Her breath was warm on his throat.

Lying on the carpet couldn't be too comfortable for her, but he hated the thought of moving. With his hips between her legs and his cock still nestled in her slick flesh, each breath, each shiver caused his body to harden. His thirtieth birthday was still months away and he should be unconscious after that cataclysmic orgasm, but his body wasn't about to give up on a good thing, not yet anyway.

Antonio flexed his hips, burying himself deeper inside her. “Do you think I missed you, *belleza*?”

“Maybe a little.” Her inner muscles tightened around him and when her hands slid down his back to cup his butt, he did it again. “Oh, you feel so good.” Her voice was sexy soft.

“And did you miss me, my pet?” He withdrew then entered her again slowly sinking into her inch by inch. Her pussy was slick with her cream mixed with his seed making each motion smooth and easy. When she sighed, the sound of pleasure sucked the air from his lungs. Her green eyes were taking on a familiar hazy look signaling her escalating need.

“Si.” Her answer morphed into a moan.

“*Bueno*.” He kissed her, their tongues slowly touching, caressing. Her hips lifted to meet his next thrust and this time he moaned. They needed to move this to a bed before her tender skin was rug burned. Antonio broke the kiss to nuzzle the valley between her breasts. Hell, she still had her bra on. “Jane, we need to move this into the bedroom.”

“No, why?”

“Your skin is will be sore from rolling around on the carpet.”

His words were cut off when she wrapped her legs around him tightly. Her hot breath caressed his forehead, and he knew it was now or never. Two more seconds of this and he’d be pounding her through the floor.

Sliding one arm beneath her buttocks, he used the other to push upward into a sitting position. The changes forced his cock in deeper and she shuddered, the quivering sensation sent a mayday signal to his balls. The urge to tumble her to the floor and fuck her anyway ran hot in his blood though he refused to give into it. Instead he caught her around the waist and lurched upward to his feet. She gasped, and her eyes flew open. Her hands clutched his shoulders as if he were going to drop her.

“You’re safe,” he murmured. “I’ve got you.”

“You may have me, but who has you?”

He chuckled and when she kissed him, he stumbled over his own feet. Her breath caught, and her hips canted upward ever so slightly causing his vision to fracture. Whose bright idea was it to move the party into the bedroom? The floor felt good to him...

“*Belleza*,” he protested but she didn’t stop the exquisite torture. He stumbled through the doorway of the bedroom and when Jane sucked on his tongue he decided that being horizontal during sex was highly overrated.

Jane gasped when they fell onto the comfortable king-sized bed and the force of their landing rammed Antonio’s cock deep into her pussy. Her eyes flew open, and she fell headlong into his gaze. The first time they’d made love she’d decided he had the face of a fallen angel as he was one of the most beautiful men

she'd ever seen. His full mouth was damp, and his lashes were ridiculously long. His intense eyes were focused on her as his hips moved easily between her legs.

No man had ever looked at her the way he did, as if he wanted to swallow her alive. A tender smile touched his mouth, and he raised his hand to touch her cheek. There was no need to say anything as his feelings were written on his face for all to see.

She loved him too.

Tilting her hips she found the perfect angle then began to move, each dreamy thrust sent golden shards of pleasure through her system. Against her breast she felt the rapid tattoo of his heartbeat. This time he held himself in check for her, taking his time to bring them both to release for a second time.

With a flick of his fingers he released her bra and freed her breasts. Cupping one full globe in his hand, he teased the nipple with his mouth, teeth, tongue and fingers before moving to the other one. The growing ache deep in her body expanded and she moaned.

"Antonio, it's...so...good..."

His hand slid down her stomach then between their bodies, and his thumb touched her clit. A wail was torn from her mouth as his firm touch brought her arousal to a sharp point and her need for release was now acute. Lacing her fingers through his hair, she pulled him close for a deep kiss. He nibbled her tongue as her orgasm washed over her in a slow, heavy wave leaving her relaxed and utterly sated.

"*Belleza*," he whispered.

Capturing her hands he raised them over her head and held them there. Kissing her face, throat and breasts, he said her name over and over before reclaiming her mouth. His hips plunged, and his movement grew jerky only seconds before he found his release.

It was a few minutes later before either of them could move. Gently rolling to the side, Antonio held her in his arms before falling into a deep sleep.

Yawning, Jane snuggled into him and wondered where Santos could be. She missed the heat of his body against her back, and she hoped wherever he was he'd be back soon.

Chapter Three

“Beers as Big as Your Head.”

Santos barely glanced at the neon sign hanging over the doorway of a Bourbon Street bar. Who cared about copious amounts of beer when he was holding hands with a beautiful woman? His lips twitched when he noticed how her nose wrinkled as she grimaced.

“How is this a good thing?” she asked.

“I guess that would depend upon your idea of fun.” He shrugged. “If swilling cheap beer and puking up your intestines the next morning is your idea of a good time then have at it.”

College-aged males were crowded near the open door in noisy clusters. Most carried bright plastic containers of liquor in a variety of colors not found in nature. Tall neon yellow glasses with grenade-shaped bottoms sported a drink of the same name while bright red Hurricanes, the cocktail made famous in New Orleans, came in every shaped cup imaginable. Two of the young men stood off to one side clutching head-sized beer cups, and both were looking a little worse for wear.

“I’ll pass.” She looked away.

The humid evening air was as thick as honey, and the scent of Cajun spices made his stomach rumble. It hadn’t been his idea to hit Bourbon Street, but Jane had begged so prettily that he couldn’t deny her the experience. This was her first trip to the Crescent City, and she was determined to see all of the sights she’d read about.

While Santos met two potential vendors for the vineyard, she and Antonio had gone out to the marshes where they’d learned to throw a cast net, an effective if old-fashioned way to catch shrimp. They’d met up at the hotel and when he’d kissed her he’d tasted the spicy kick from the crawfish boil from their lunch.

Antonio said she’d had such a good time then suggested they’d have to bring her back when they could spend a couple of weeks instead of only four days. That wasn’t nearly enough time to taste all of the delights this unique city had to offer and he didn’t want her to miss anything.

Santos squeezed her hand, and she looked up at him. “Are you ready for some amazing barbeque and the best jazz you’ll ever experience?”

She gave an excited little bounce. “I’m starved. Let’s go.”

Her smile was wide and sunny, and he felt the warmth of it clear to his toes. Her pale skin had picked up some sun today giving her a healthy glow while the humidity caused wisps of blonde hair to curl about

her face. She was dressed simply in khaki shorts, a white tank top and white tennis shoes that showed off her mile-long legs. Jane Porter was the picture of a thirty-something American woman, statuesque, confident and very beautiful. He'd seen more than a few admiring glances directed her way.

Growing up in Europe, both he and Antonio had been surrounded by some of the most gorgeous women in the world. Going by the current standards of beauty, Jane would be considered overweight by some foolish individuals though he thought she was perfect. Whoever decided that females should look like pre-pubescent children rather than a full-bodied, curvy woman with soft hips and breasts had never met his Jane. She had that indefinable something, a particular sway in her walk and that certain glint in her eye that lifted an ordinary woman to extraordinary heights.

In his eyes, Jane was the most beautiful woman in the world. Her physical qualities along with her business acumen, quick mind and somewhat bawdy sense of humor combined to create a woman who kept both he and Antonio utterly charmed. There was no doubt their relationship was unorthodox, two men sharing the same woman both in and out of bed, but it worked out well for them. For a man without a blood family, he knew he was blessed to have two people who loved him as much as they did.

Santos guided her back to Conti Street where their car and driver waited. The street was crowded and he kept a sharp eye out for grifters and thieves. All it took was a pointed look from him and potential troublemakers were convinced to take the night off. With his early years spent running wild on the streets of Barcelona, Santos knew how to handle those who wished him ill.

Beside him, Jane stumbled over an uneven brick and he slid his arm around her waist. The soft curve of her left breast pressed into his side, and he inhaled the sweet scent of female flesh and healthy sweat. His groin tightened, reminding him that it had been a week since last he'd taken a long hard ride with this lovely creature beneath him.

As they approached the car, the driver's side door opened and Aubrey, their driver, stepped out. The New Orleans native reminded Santos of a young Louis Armstrong with his deep bass voice and quick smile. He opened the back door for them.

"Did you have a nice time, miss?" His accent was rich and luckily for them, not so garbled that they couldn't understand him.

"I did. This city is such great fun." She was grinning as she climbed into the car.

"Good, good." He looked over to Santos. "Where to, sir?"

"Vaughan's on Lesseps." Santos followed Jane into the car and sank back on the soft leather seat. Aubrey had left the car running so the air from the vents was cold and refreshing. Santos slid an arm around his woman and enjoyed the way she cuddled into him.

"So you're looking for some authentic jazz are you?" Aubrey's brilliant teeth flashed against his smooth black skin and he nodded approvingly. "Yes, sir, you picked the right spot. Not many visitors know 'bout Vaughan's, sir." Putting the car in gear, he pulled away from the curb.

"I've been here on several occasions, and I make it a point to stop in when I visit," Santos said.

"Do you enjoy jazz, miss?"

"Oh, very much."

"Now that's what I'm talking about," Aubrey was saying. "You're going to have a good time tonight, miss, a very good time."

Her hand landed on Santos's thigh and he looked down at her in time to catch sight of her tongue moving across her lower lip. He leaned down to growl in her ear.

"Keep it up, and we'll spend the rest of the evening in the car."

"Mmm, that's your job." Her teasing gaze dropped to his groin. "Keeping it up that is."

Santos laughed, and it was a very long twenty minutes later before they reached their destination. Vaughan's was a somewhat ramshackle white building with two big windows facing the street complete with the obligatory neon liquor signs throwing patches of color onto the sidewalk. Two long benches, one under each window, were full of patrons catching a breath of air having a smoke.

"This is it?" Jane looked surprised.

"Don't let old Vaughan's fool you, miss, it's the best Jazz place in town." Aubrey smiled wide. "And tonight Kermit Ruffins is in the house. Yes indeed, you're in for a real treat, a real treat."

Santos helped her from the car then told the driver to park and come on inside as well. Following the aroma of spicy barbeque, he led her across the street to an old pickup truck where a group of men gathered around a smoky grill. After buying their dinner they headed to the club patio to eat while local musicians got the crowd warmed up before Kermit Ruffins took the stage.

A waitress met them at the table with bowls of red beans and rice along with two ice-cold beers. Settling back in his chair, he couldn't decide what was most enjoyable, the music or Jane's excitement.

"This place is amazing," she shouted over the energetic music.

"I knew you'd love it."

He had to remind her to eat as she kept losing herself in the music and her feet were tapping madly against the cement. When Kermit and his band took the stage, she reached for his hand. Wordlessly, he pulled her to her feet as the band swung into a rousing version of Skokiaan, an energetic tune that made it impossible to remain still. Sprints were high and everyone was out to have a great time.

They slipped into the dark club and claimed a spot on the miniscule dance floor. Pulling her close, he realized this was the first time he'd seen her dance so he wasn't surprised to realize that she danced with the same sensual abandon that she had in bed. Jane simply allowed the music to sink into her body and take control.

After several songs he stepped back to the edge of the floor to watch her. The lighting was low, but her golden hair glowed like a beacon. With her eyes closed, she didn't see the heads that turned in her direction as she moved in time to "Can't Take My Baby Nowhere". Her slim hands stroked her lush thighs

before sliding over her belly then between her breasts to her throat. By the time they reached up and over her head in a move vaguely reminiscent of a bondage position she favored, his cock was fully stiff and throbbing.

When the song ended, applause broke out on the floor and her eyes flew open. He laughed at the look of shock on her face when she realized they were clapping for her. Jane's gaze sought his but before she could move, a young black man asked her to dance. She looked at Santos again, and his subtle nod had her taking him up on his offer.

Returning to their table just outside the patio doors, he kept a close eye on his woman. After her solo dance it seemed as if every man in the place wanted to touch her, talk with her, dance with her. Vaughan's was a legendary jazz bar, but it was also a rough place and he couldn't afford to let down his guard.

With each passing hour, he watched her charm everyone in the place. Men bought her drinks and she laughed, danced and flirted outrageously with them, but it was Santos that her gaze sought out time after time. And it was he who would take her beneath him later. It was his cock that would pound into her pussy again and again until she begged him to stop.

Jane Porter was his.

Slowly, his hunger built to a near fevered pitch by the time they left around three in the morning. Aubrey brought the car around, and they tumbled into the back in flurry of limbs and need. Santos hit the privacy button, and the darkened screen slid into place sealing them into their own little world. The car wasn't even moving before they fell on each other like wild dogs.

His body covered hers on the comfortable seat, his hands running over her luscious curves as their mouths met in a scorching kiss. Her skin was silken beneath his hands and even as he reminded himself to be gentle with her it was a lost cause.

Shoving the cotton tank top over her breasts, her bra confounded him so much that he simply tore it off with his hands. Her breasts were full and heavy and her nipples were hard. He dropped his head to take one into his mouth and mewled like a kitten. Skimming his hands over the soft curve of her stomach, he made quick work of the zip and button on her shorts. He had no intentions of making love to her in the car, but if he didn't get a taste of her body, he was going to lose his mind.

Quickly he moved to the floor then pulled her upright. Jane looked dazed, her eyes a stormy green illuminated only by slices of overhead streetlights. Luckily for him she seemed to understand his urgency as his hands were suddenly replaced with big clumsy mitts that couldn't handle the simple task of removing her shorts. Lifting her hips, she shimmied them down her legs to reveal a miniscule pair of white cotton panties.

The scent of her arousal lured him closer, and he moved between her legs to nuzzle her pussy through the damp cloth. Her hands came down on his head and he inhaled her essence. His cock ached within the

confines of his jeans with a rush of blood to his groin that made him lightheaded. It took everything he had to keep from tearing at the cloth and burying himself deep in her slick heat.

Instead he kissed the sensitive skin above her belly button, and he felt her tremble. She used to be self-conscious about this gentle curve, and it had taken a few months to disabuse her of the idea that her body was pudgy. Jane was exquisite with her lush feminine curves. They'd spent many hours simply stroking her, seducing her with their hands and their assurances of her beauty.

Working his way up her torso, he avoided her breasts and focused on her collarbone...ears...then up one arm and down the other as he covered her with kiss after kiss. When he caressed each fingertip with his mouth her gentle sighs of pleasure spurred him on. Working his way down to her breasts, Santos took a nipple into his mouth and Jane broke her silence with an earthy, sexy moan.

Her breasts were a delight to him. They were so sensitive it was possible to bring her to orgasm without touching her anywhere else. He suckled, plucked, flicked and nipped the tight bud and her response was immediate. Her hips arched upward and her hands clutched at his shoulders.

Dropping his hands to her knees, he pulled her toward him then touched the wet cotton covering her pussy. As he stroked her through the cloth, she whimpered his name. His hand was shaking when he pushed the narrow placket aside to dip into her flesh. Penetrating her with two fingers, Santos gritted his teeth against the rush of lust. Sliding his cock into her body was a heady experience, but when he fucked her with his hand, he felt the way her engorged flesh tried to keep him inside her body. Working his hand against her, he reveled in her total capitulation.

He sucked in a shocked breath when she latched onto his ears and forced him to release her nipple. Her mouth was hot against his, and their tongues tangled and fought for supremacy, all the while his hands kept up a sensual dance. He was merciless in his ministrations, not slowing until he'd brought her to orgasm twice in quick succession.

"I can't take any more." Her head thrashed against the leather seat. While her mouth said one thing her body told him another story entirely. Her sweet pussy rippled with fading spasms, and her cream dampened the seat.

"I'll decide when you have enough."

His tone was brusque, and he added a third finger to her slippery passage. Locating the swollen flesh pressing against the tips of his fingers, he stroked it with firm, direct pressure until she was sobbing his name over and over. Only then did he lower his head to give her the kiss he'd fantasized about all night. His mouth covered her clit, and he licked and sucked the hardened bud, all the while continuing to manipulate the fat little pad behind her pubic bone. Her hips bucked, and her breathing became ragged.

"Please, I need to come," she moaned.

Flicking his tongue against her salty sweet pussy, Santos tightened the circular motion of his fingers. Her sheath tightened, and he pressed harder, working his tongue and fingers at the same time until she was

screaming. She bucked beneath him and ribbons of cream poured from her pussy over his hands. Gently he backed off, painting her sex with cream until she quieted. He was quite sure there was no sight lovelier than a woman in full orgasm.

“Santos, you take my breath away.” When she reached for him, he moved forward to kiss her. His cock ached, and he thought his balls might be in danger of atrophying. But he enjoyed kissing her so much that he loathed stopping. It wasn’t until she whispered in his ear that he could bring himself to.

“I want you to come.”

He shuddered at the images her words evoked. Gulping in deep draughts of air, he moved back then was surprised when she didn’t reach for him. Instead she watched him through sleepy sexy eyes and she started to fondle herself. His throat tightened until he could scarcely breathe.

Fuck, she’s killing me.

Their seduction had begun when they were walking down Bourbon Street simply holding hands. It continued at Vaughan’s where she’d danced for him in a room filled with dozens of strangers. Here in the back of the car he’d tasted her cream and touched her intimately until her throaty cries begged for release. Now, watching her stroke her pussy broke what little restraint he had left.

In short order he freed his cock from his pants, but when he moved between her legs she shook her head. Lifting her hand, she rubbed her sweet cream in the valley of her breasts until her flesh gleamed. He understood what she wanted and was more than happy to oblige her. When she lay flat on the seat, he straddled her body to press his hard cock between her breasts. Jane pressed them closer, encasing him in a silky channel of cream and soft fragrant skin.

He thrust slowly, wanting to pace himself but it was difficult. Her big green gaze flicked from his face to his cock fucking her breasts. She squeezed her breasts tighter around him, and he moaned. Leaning forward, he braced his arms against the door and began to stroke harder until the head of his cock almost bumped her chin. Pre-come leaked from the head and the tension and friction was incredible. But it was her whispered words that sent him over the edge.

“Come all over me, lover.”

Unable to do anything other than follow the dictates of his body, he thrust harder, faster as his balls threatened to climb up into his body. A cry caught in his throat when his orgasm tore through him in a torrent of brilliant light and a burst of white-hot come. It splashed her chin, her throat and marked her breasts and he shuddered at the sheer eroticism of their act.

When the storm passed he managed to avoid collapsing on her like a side of beef by sliding to the floor. She watched him with a satisfied smile as her slender fingers rubbed his come over her breasts. His sluggish mind struggled to catch up with what just happened and it took a few minutes before he realized she’d turned the tables on him.

This time the master had received a dose of his own medicine.

Chapter Four

Seated on the balcony, Jane basked in the warmth of the late morning sun. As much as she loved living in Denver, there was a certain quality to the air here that seemed to sink the heat through her skin and settle deep in her bones. She was feeling so lazy she was thinking about taking a nap after brunch even though she'd been awake less than an hour.

"More beignets, miss?"

The butler placed a small dish containing three more of the decadent fried dough squares buried beneath a mound of powdered sugar next to her coffee cup, and she eyed them with great longing. The first serving had disappeared into her mouth as if she'd inhaled them, and if she weren't careful these would share the same fate. She couldn't afford the calories as her plus-sized body had a tendency to horde anything sweet and attach it straight to her ass.

Besides, what women could feel good about visiting the Marché d'Esclave after sucking down three thousand calories before noon?

"I probably shouldn't—" she began.

"In that case, do you mind?" With a wicked twinkle in his eyes, Santos reached for her plate and she slapped his hand away.

"It's so not fair that you two can graze all day long and not gain an ounce," she groused. Picking up a beignet, Jane gave it a gentle shake to remove some of the excess sugar so she wouldn't end up wearing it. Biting into the sinfully delicious pastry, she wanted to swoon when the sweetness spread yummy happiness through her mouth.

Sinful. Positively, sinful.

"If only you could see the expression on your face," Antonio teased. "Gastric orgasm."

Swallowing, she licked the sugar from her lips. "I'll take them wherever and however I can get them."

Both men laughed, and she took another bite. Waking up in a warm pile of bodies, she'd been hoping for a little nooky before rising from their bed but they'd denied her the pleasure. Since they were going to the club this evening they'd called for a moratorium on sex, for her at least.

They'd even forbidden her to touch herself.

Then, as if that wasn't bad enough, they'd ordered her to give them blowjobs. Didn't the Geneva Convention mandate what constituted cruel and unusual punishment between warring countries? She was

wet, achy and in need of an orgasm *tout de suite*, didn't that qualify? The only thing crueler would've been to give her a vibrator after removing all the working parts.

"What do you think, Antonio? Our *belleza* looks upset this morning," Santos observed. Amusement flickered in his dark eyes.

Her gaze slid from one lover to the other then back again. "I'm not upset—"

"Frustrated, then?" Antonio swiped a beignet from her plate.

"You're pushing your luck." Jane glared at him then pulled the plate out of his reach. It was bad enough they were denying her sex but she drew the line at sacrificing her pastries.

After all, a girl had to have her standards.

Picking up the remaining fried dough square, Jane exhaled allowing her breath to dislodge the loose sugar before taking a large bite. When snacking on the donut New Orleans made famous, Jane learned quickly that little breathing technique kept her from looking like a tourist. It was easy to pick out the locals from the visitors because the residents were the ones who didn't resemble a snow-beast when they were done eating.

"It hasn't been twelve hours since I last bedded her," Santos was saying. "Surely she can curb her lust for a while longer."

"Restraint is an important component of being a submissive." Antonio's face was serious but the dark glitter in his eyes belayed his words. "Her training in this area has been remiss."

Her bark of laughter had both men turning toward her. "Twelve hours." She snorted. "Neither of you lasted that long. Let's see, what were your first words to me this morning?" Jane snapped her fingers. "Oh, I remember. It was something about wanting my mouth on your cocks."

Living with and loving these men had increased her sex drive and her body wanted, no, needed regular sex and as many orgasms as she could handle. Jane knew she was greedy, but her bodily demands wouldn't be appeased. They'd turned her into a sexual animal, and she was feeling just a bit put out because...well, they wouldn't put out.

"*Belleza*, come." Santos got to his feet and held out his hand toward her.

His voice was firm and commanding, a tone she recognized well. Relinquishing the rest of her breakfast, she felt her pussy quiver when they touched as he pulled her out of the chair. The teasing was over and it was her Master who was now in command. Walking by his side, her heartbeat increased as they reached the bedroom. Without asking, she removed her silk dressing gown before climbing into bed.

"On your knees, *belleza*."

He didn't even look in her direction. Instead, he opened the small suitcase they referred to as the toy box. The hard-sided case was filled with oils, paddles, dildos and a variety of other sexual devices. Moving slowly, she wished to see what item he'd choose, but he would have none of it.

"Now, turn away and face the other side of the room."

Santos's deep voice was harsh, and the sound sent a gush of cream through her pussy. Her sex ached, and her nipples hardened. Taking up her position on the bed, Jane presented him with her bare backside. The soft pad of feet on the carpet heralded Antonio's arrival.

"What did you have in mind?" he asked.

"I was thinking, the lavender," Santos responded. "Do you prefer that one or maybe the pink?"

What, what pink? Mentally she flipped through the list of pink things contained in the box. Dildos? Vibrator? The nipple clamps were pink with slim gold tassels on the end. The urge to bounce on the bed like a kid was almost more than she could bear.

Every time they'd ordered her to her knees, Jane was eager to comply. It was one of her favorite positions, and she mentally ran through a potential list of activities they might have in mind. There was something about a man taking a woman on her knees that simply made her hot. The sex was energetic, and her men seemed to lose a layer of civility when—

A soft sound reached her ears just before a soft leather paddle hit her on the ass.

"We've been lax in our training methods recently," Antonio's deep voice had the same affect on her body as playing with herself. Her body quivered then her muscles relaxed. He had his Master on, and he wasn't playing around.

Thank God. I'm gonna get lucky... I'm gonna get lucky...

The paddle landed again a little harder this time, and she sucked in a deep breath. The pain faded almost instantly only to be replaced by a gentle sting.

"Look how wet she is already," Santos murmured. "Jane has a beautiful pussy, and she's making my dick hard."

Her pussy clenched, and both men chuckled.

"You might want to take care of that," Antonio was speaking. "It's going to be a long day, and you should seek your ease now...before she's...otherwise engaged."

What? Otherwise engaged? What did that mean?

One of them laid his hands on her ass. Santos probably as he had more calluses on his hand than Antonio, and he parted her cheeks. Her heart pounded in her chest and automatically her back arched and she offered herself to him.

"Greedy little bitch, *belleza*. Have we been parted so long that you've forgotten yourself?" One hand left her then returned in the form of a sharp slap.

She moaned.

"I think you need to be reminded of who owns your pretty ass." His breath tickled her right ear.

Another hand fell sending a jolt of heat over her body. Jane bit her lip. She needed to remain quiet or her punishment would be all the more pleasurable...uh, painful.

“Many of our contemporaries will be at the club this evening, and it’s important you make a good first impression.”

The next strike left her breathless and her skin aching and hot.

“Do not shame us, *belleza*,” Antonio warned. “You’ll not like your punishment should you do so.”

Firm hands parted her ass cheeks and this time she felt someone apply a slippery gel over her anus. Whichever one it was, their touch was impersonal as they worked a good portion into her ass. She moaned softly when his fingers entered her to spread it deeper inside, and she was corrected with another stinging blow across her buttocks.

She was panting by the time he was finished, and her pussy was so wet she would hump anything, anyone just to get off.

“Now, I am going to fuck you in the ass, but you won’t be allowed to orgasm.”

No, Santos.

“As we mentioned before,” this time it was Antonio, “you are forbidden to touch yourself, and your release will only happen when we feel you’ve earned it.”

Earned it?

Jane heard the rasp of a zipper, and her body began to tremble. The tension was unbearable now. Firm hands stroked her stinging skin, the motion both soothing and arousing at the same time.

“You know that we would never do anything to harm you and as long as you please us, your evening will be enjoyable as well.” Big hard hands spread her ass cheeks, and she sucked in a deep breath when she felt the insistent prod of a thick cock. “So make us proud.”

Forcing herself to relax, Santos flexed his hips and worked his erection into her rear passage. By the time he was firmly seated, sweat rolled off her body. Where was Antonio? Was he watching?

His grip tightened on her hips, and she moaned when he withdrew and pushed into her again. Without warning the paddle landed across her ass and a tongue of fiery pleasure pain tore through her. Her flesh burned, and he started to move in earnest, his balls smacking against her hungry pussy. Leaning forward she felt the heat of his skin on her back only moments before he bit her neck.

When she moaned and tossed her head, he struck her again.

And again.

Again.

All the while his cock slid in and out of her anus, and her body rocked under the onslaught. She needed to touch herself, but she was afraid if she moved he’d stop fucking her. Suspended between agony and ecstasy, Jane arched and pushed back into him increasing the pace and power of his thrusts. Santos grunted each time his balls slapped her pussy. Cream ran down the inside of her thighs and while he hadn’t touched her, she knew her release was inevitable.

He wasn’t making love with her, it was straight, hardcore fucking and she loved every moment of it.

Panting, her orgasm was so close she could taste it when his hands tightened on her hips. His rough shout and the cessation of thrusts let the moment slip by as his come jettisoned into her body. Jane's limbs were shaking and together, they collapsed in a sweaty pile on the bed. She buried her burning face into the soft comforter.

She hadn't come.

Around her, she was aware of someone else in the room, but she didn't care. She felt like they'd given her a toy then took it away before she'd had a chance to play with it.

She must've dozed because when Santos pulled out, the twinge of pain forced her eyes open. As she rolled over onto her back, Antonio appeared and gently helped her to her feet and led her into the bathroom. Semen ran down the inside of her leg to mix with the evidence of her arousal.

Opening the shower door, he gestured her to take a seat on the marble bench before turning away to set the water temperature. She winced when her butt touched the cool stone. His smile was tender, and he set about taking care of her. He washed her hair before moving to the rest of her body with soapy hands and a growing erection. By the time he was done his beautiful cock stood at full attention and Jane licked her lips.

"Suck me off, *belleza*."

With her gaze never leaving his erection, she slipped to her knees on the floor. Warm water struck her from three sides when she nuzzled his balls seeking out his musky scent. His cock twitched, and she silently took him into her mouth and sucked him deep. When his hips began to thrust, she slid her hand between his legs and up to his ass. As he pressed against the tight ring of his anus, his groan was rough when the muscle gave way and she penetrated him.

Focusing on his prostate, Jane massaged the walnut-sized bump and he began to shake. Clutching at her head, his hips worked her and moments later he came with an animal-like howl of satisfaction. Pleased with his response, she gently fondled him until he grabbed her shoulders and hauled her to her feet. His mouth covered hers in a deep kiss and when it ended both of them were panting.

But he didn't take it any further.

Turning off the shower, he wrapped her in a thick white towel and dried her body before leading her back into the bedroom. Santos was standing in front of the open closet examining her clothing.

"Did you choose a dress for her?" Antonio gestured for her to climb on the bed.

"The green, to match her eyes."

"Excellent." He glanced at her. "Lie on your stomach, Beauty."

Her gut clenched, and she hastened to do as he bid. They were now rummaging in the toy case then moments later he was touching her, running his fingers down the crack of her ass.

"Her color is excellent." Santos petted her buttocks as if she were a cat. "Pink, firm. I'll bet she enjoyed her punishment."

“Hmm, no doubt.” Antonio sounded amused. “We may need to reevaluate our methods of correcting our slave.”

“We can’t have her enjoying her punishment or she’ll be ruined as a slave.”

Her ass cheeks were parted and another squirt of cool gel was applied to her anus. A soft murmur slipped between her lips but they didn’t seem to notice her slip. Her eyes slid shut, and her body relaxed into the bed.

“This one might be a little uncomfortable at first,” Santos was saying. “It’s bigger than what we’ve used before.”

“She can handle it.”

Jane flinched when something hard pressed against her ass. It wasn’t as yielding as a cock and she struggled to keep from tensing up as that would only make it hurt more. The butt plug was removed.

“Damn she’s tight,” Antonio muttered.

She heard the squelch of gel being applied to the plug then it was back to torture her again. Again the thick plug was pressed against her anus then wiggled and rocked back and forth until it breached her ass. Firm pressure slowly forced the slippery rubber in deeper until the narrow base rested against her skin. She moaned, her sore flesh pulsed around the plug, and her pussy was gushing cream.

“Look at that pussy.” Santos grunted. “I don’t think that she’s ever been that wet before.”

“Not counting a few minutes ago?”

Fingers touched the aching folds of her pussy, and her hips thrust upward. The dual pleasure of the anal plug and thick male fingers made her shiver. Her hands fisted in the rumpled sheets.

“Rest now, *belleza*.” Antonio’s voice was soothing. “You’ve done well.” His fingertips slipped down her back pausing only long enough to give the plug a firm jiggle. She bit back a moan.

She didn’t know what they had planned for this evening and feeling the way she did now, she only hoped she’d survive until then.

Chapter Five

Antonio sat across from Jane in the limousine, and he found he couldn't take his eyes off of her. She was an incredibly beautiful woman but tonight, she was...incandescent.

Her golden hair was loose about her shoulders in smooth white-gold waves. The emerald dress Santos selected skimmed her soft curves accentuating her breasts and hips. At first glance one would call the garment modest until she turned around. The neckline was cut into a deep V ending at the small of her back where tiny black and green beading in the pattern of a butterfly drew the eye to her perfectly lush rear end.

Every man in the club would be drawn to her just as they'd planned.

When the invitation to Marché d'Esclave had arrived neither he nor Santos had been surprised. Archer Dreng, a familiar figure on the European BDSM scene, had met Jane during the masquerade at Dirk Prentiss's house. A Dom of some renown, his training techniques were effective and controversial especially here in the schizophrenic sexual landscape of America.

His students were so well trained and in-tune with their bodies that orgasm could occur through the bondage act alone. The ritual of roping, tying and binding the sub brought them to such an intense level of mental arousal that physical stimulation was unnecessary. His women were in high demand among the fetish set and, should they chose to do so, could command huge fees for their services. There were very few masters who could reach that deeply into the human psyche and accomplish total capitulation.

Archer made no attempt to hide his admiration for Jane even though he knew neither of her Masters would be willing to share their toys. At the masquerade they'd refused his overtures and whisked her out of his reach, but he wasn't backing down. He was the one who'd sent her the invitation and knowing Archer, he wouldn't give up easily.

And this wasn't the first time he'd come after one of their women.

Ignoring the fact that they had no interest in his line of work, Dreng enjoyed the game of luring potential submissives from their masters. His skills were legendary, and he had his pick of women at the slave auctions.

Auctions were more common in the hardcore bondage underworld in Europe than here in the States. Masters could sell their submissive at auction, with their permission, to a more experienced master to further their training. A contract was drawn up and signed for both parties before the sub was turned over to their new Dom. After the training was complete, the submissive was released to the original master fully trained and ready for service.

The money that exchanged hands went to the submissive upon completion of the training. Antonio knew of several young women who'd financed their education on the proceeds from their auctions. Jane had already expressed a curiosity about the process and should she decide to put herself on the block Archer would pay a small fortune for her.

He'd already offered them one million dollars, and they'd turned him down.

How far would the man go to accomplish his goal? For the most part, Antonio had enjoyed their little contests, but that was before Jane had come into their lives. They loved her, and she was the only woman they could see spending the rest of their lives with.

"Why are you staring at me?"

Jane's soft words broke his train of thought. She was watching him with a soft smile on those beautiful lips. Her green eyes gleamed, but he caught the hint of concern in their depths.

"I was thinking how lovely you look," he said.

"Thank you." A soft blush tinted her cheeks.

Santos reached for her hand. "Come and sit on my lap, Beauty. Antonio and I need to talk with you."

Jane snuggled in his arms and Antonio took her seat. Picking up her legs, he laid them on her his lap. Her scent was something vaguely floral and aroused female flesh.

"Are you nervous about this evening?" he asked.

"I'm more excited I think."

Her smile was huge, and he felt the tension in his chest loosen. "Santos and I are now members, and we're entertaining a few close friends in a smaller, more intimate setting within the club." He stroked the tender skin of her inner knee, and her silk stockings were gossamer like spider webs. "You will be our hostess, and we wish to share your beauty with others." With his hands on her he felt the tremor that went through her body.

"We have your trust, and you know we would do nothing to risk breaking that." Santos was stroking her breast, and her nipples stood firm beneath her gown.

"I do." Her voice was soft, and her eyes were huge. She was aroused.

"Tonight you're ours to command." Moving his hand up her thighs, Antonio was pleased when she spread her legs without any urging from him. Her breathing was accelerated, and her eyes looked enormous.

Santos caught her chin and turned her head to look him in the eye. "There will be consequences should you disobey us." When he pinched her nipple, she moaned softly. "Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Yes."

Antonio teased the outer lips of her pussy, and her sigh sent a shaft of heat straight to his cock. Unable to resist, he moved between her thighs to taste her with his tongue. She was on the very edge of orgasm when a bell sounded, and Aubrey's voice sounded on the intercom.

"We've arrived," he said.

Antonio hit the button to respond. "Thank you."

Jane no longer resembled an aroused woman. With a disgruntled expression on her lovely features she looked more like a cranky three-year-old. He flashed an apologetic smile as he slid her legs off his lap. Chances were good she'd get him back for not letting her come but he wasn't too worried.

In fact, he was counting on it.

Jane wasn't sure what she'd expected to see in a very expensive pleasure club but this sure wasn't it.

The marble foyer was spacious with soaring ceilings and a row of massive chandeliers overhead. Thick oriental rugs were scattered about, and priceless paintings hung on the cream plaster walls. Spying a Jackson Pollock original, it was all she could do to keep from drooling over the magnificent piece. The Marché d'Esclave had the feel of a museum or maybe a mansion owned by a Rockefeller.

"Welcome to the Marché d'Esclave." Two men in tuxedos approached, and the taller of the two was smiling. He gestured to the man half a step behind him. "I'm sure you know James Fortney, by reputation if nothing else."

"Good to see you again, Webb, James." The men shook hands.

"And you must be, Ms. Porter." Webb took her hand and brushed his mouth over her knuckles. "You honor us this evening."

Jane's cheeks heated, and she mumbled something she hoped was appropriate. Judging from Webb's smile she'd succeeded.

The man called James was staring at her in a way that was far too familiar. He had the coldest blue eyes she'd ever seen, and she automatically stepped closer to Santos. When he took her hand and rubbed his thumb over her knuckles her tension eased.

"Come, Ms. Porter, please allow me the pleasure of escorting you." Webb offered his arm, and Jane glanced at Santos before accepting his offer.

"The restoration on this building is quite stunning." She was unable to refrain from admiring the exquisite plaster and woodwork.

"Thank you. The original building was remodeled before the war of northern aggression or, as my great-grandmother would say, the late unpleasantness." He patted her hand nestled in the crook of his arm when she laughed. "It also has a long and very tawdry history as well."

"Well of course," she drawled. "Can you imagine the vibes if this building had been a convent?"

His rich laughter echoed off the high ceilings, and she noticed more than a few heads turning their way. “Indeed.”

Webb showed her the reception area, which featured a bar and cozy furniture where people could relax and hang out. The club also had a restaurant with tables arranged for maximum privacy for the diners. When they reached the double staircase, the other men joined them.

“Obviously, this floor is our public floor, and we strive to maintain a business casual atmosphere.” Webb smiled down at her, and she noticed he had lovely brown eyes.

“Which is shorthand for no nudity,” Santos said dryly.

Everyone laughed, and Webb gestured to the stairs. “Well said. Now, let’s head up to the second floor.”

Jane’s stomach tightened and her mouth went dry as they climbed the steps. From downstairs the upper floors appeared to be more open than they really were. Up close she noticed the small fingerprint scanners located by each door. Reaching the top, he escorted them to a set of wide double doors.

“Behind these doors is the very heart of the enclave. Privacy is of the utmost importance to our clientele so we record who accesses what areas of the floor. As you gentlemen are no doubt aware, our screening process for membership is extensive and very thorough.” He touched the panel with his thumb and the door opened. “Staff is available twenty-four hours a day and all hallways and public areas are under constant video and audio surveillance.”

It was a large, open space with numerous chair and couch groupings along with a bar to the left. Well dressed men and women sat or stood chatting while others were pursuing more intimate interactions. The low hum of voices mingled with the gentle notes of a piano.

“This is the common room and, as you can see, almost anything goes here.” He nodded toward a couple seated nearby who were performing an exhaustive exam of each other’s tonsils. “If you’re into public sex, this is the place to be.”

Jane thought her eyes were going to pop out of her head as they made their way across the room. Her gaze returned to a young woman who was clearly nude and bent over the back of a couch. Two men took turns spanking her as they fondled themselves.

“Here are the galleries.” He opened another door to a long hallway. On the right were couches and chairs facing large lighted windows where sexual scenarios were being played out. “Here you will find all sorts of activities from straight male female sex.” He gestured to the first window where a beautiful man was having his cock sucked by a dark-haired woman. “Masturbation.” The next window a man was jerking off in an enthusiastic fashion. She winced when he squeezed his balls hard.

“Bondage scenes.”

A woman was secured to a bed where she was blindfolded and gagged. One man held a lit candle, and he dropped hot wax on her breasts while another was between her legs fucking her for all he was worth.

Discreetly placed speakers played the sex sounds from inside the room. Jane licked her lips. It might be fun to go into that little room and be on display—

“I believe this one has caught our Ms. Porter’s attention,” Webb said.

Her cheeks heated, and she looked away.

“Never be ashamed of your desires.” He touched her hand. “As long as it’s consensual then it’s a beautiful experience for everyone.”

“I thought this was primarily a bondage club,” she blurted.

“BDSM is probably the most popular entertainment, but we’re a pleasure club and here, anything goes. We have something for every fetish imaginable, and you can participate as little or as much as you’d like.” Webb exchanged a look with Santos and Antonio. “Your experiences here are what you make of them.”

Chapter Six

By the time all of their guests had arrived, Jane was ready to come out of her skin. The private suite was as elegantly decorated as the main floor with antique furnishings and gorgeous artwork. Twenty or so people occupied the large sitting room laughing and talking while availing themselves to a buffet and full bar.

She was to keep their guests entertained.

Sitting on a delicate settee, Jane was still trying to figure out how she was entertaining anyone when her lovers had forbidden her to move from her spot. An hour had passed since they'd brought her in here and arranged her as if she were a piece of art. With her eyes fixed on the carpet, she was half-sitting half-lying on the couch with her long limbs positioned in a demure fashion. Most people seemed to ignore her presence while a few had ventured closer to see if she was real.

It was hard to keep from laughing when two women had argued whether she was real or a mannequin. "*Belleza.*"

Antonio's feet appeared before her, and she slowly exhaled and lifted her head. Sitting for that long had been difficult but when she saw the approval in his dark eyes she was pleased that she'd succeeded.

Taking her hand, he pulled her to her feet. "I would like to introduce to a couple of our closest friends. This big Sasquatch looking fellow is called Bear and this is Wyatt."

The one called Bear looked like a mountain man with shaggy brown hair and a thick beard. He'd already removed his tie and his shirt was partially unbuttoned. His big hands swallowed hers and his blue eyes were warm.

"Well, little lady," he boomed. "I don't know how you ended up with a rascal like this one, but if you ever decide to move up in the world just give me a holler."

Startled, she laughed and immediately decided he was her new best friend. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Bear."

"Pleasure is all mine." He shook her arm so hard she stumbled forward.

"Don't break the beautiful lady, Bear." Wyatt stepped forward and rescued her hand from the big man. "He doesn't know his own strength."

Dressed in head-to-toe black, Wyatt was a fine specimen of a man with dark hair and hazel eyes. Laugh lines fanned his eyes suggesting a sense of humor though if there was ever someone who looked less like smiling, it was this one.

“We never do,” she murmured.

“Beauty is our woman and still in training,” Antonio was saying. “This evening she will be yours to command.” His gaze shifted from Bear to Wyatt then back again. “She’s very precious to us, and we’ll not have her disrespected in any way.”

Her eyes widened at the menace in his voice. Both of her lovers were very protective of her, but she’d never heard quite the level of intensity from him before. Not only was a little scary, it was incredibly arousing too.

“You don’t need to warn us, son.” Bear nudged his arm. “We know how to treat a lady.”

Wyatt’s gaze never left her face.

“She’s very beautiful, Antonio.” A lovely redhead stepped in close to the men and her icy gaze moved over Jane. “Since when do you share your women?” When she looked away Jane felt as if she’d been dismissed by the newcomer.

Jane didn’t like her on sight.

“As a rule, we don’t.” His warm smile melted away the chill the woman brought with her. “We’ll enjoy watching her pleasure our friends.”

“Has she been with a woman yet?” She reached out and pinched one of Jane’s hardened nipples. “I enjoy a virgin piece of ass every now and then.”

Startled, Jane jerked under the direct assault even as fire raced to her groin. She didn’t care how much her lovers wanted her to entertain—screwing this bitch could only result in frostbite.

“Come, Marissa, let us talk as friends.” Antonio gave Marissa a coaxing smile and he offered her his arm.

“So we’re friends now?” Together they walked toward the bar.

“Darlin’, can you fetch me a scotch on the rocks?” Bear stood on one side of her, and there was something very comforting about his bulk.

“Certainly. Wyatt?”

“Nothing for me, thanks.”

Waiting until Antonio and the bitch were deep in conversation, she strolled over to the bar to place her order. She could feel the stares from various corners of the room. Chancing a quick glance over her shoulder, she saw Bear was fixated on her ass while Wyatt’s hooded gaze sent a shiver down over her skin. When she rejoined these two strangers she was pretty sure the party would begin.

Just over Wyatt’s shoulder she caught a glimpse of Santos. Standing by the wall, he wasn’t looking at her but he probably knew every move she made. He was that kind of guy.

“Here you are, Bear.” He was sitting in an oversized chair, the only kind that would hold a man of his size, and she placed his drink on the small table at his elbow.

“Thank you, Beauty.” His hand brushed one of her breasts when he patted his knee. “Why don’t you join me?”

Her cheeks were warm as she perched herself on his leg. Not only was he big, he was, well, BIG. The jut of his semi-hard cock against her hip was difficult to ignore and she wasn’t quite sure what to do. Should she mention it? Ask him what he wanted?

Jump on him and bounce up and down on a pogo stick just for her?

The needy flesh between her thighs clenched. Damn it. Maybe if she weren’t so horny she might be able to think straight.

“You are one beautiful woman.” Bear’s voice was a comfortable rumble in her ear. “Shall I guess what secrets you hide beneath your gown?”

Perplexed, she frowned. “What do you mean?”

He jiggled his leg and the motion pressed hard against the plug lodged in her anus. Turning her face away, she whimpered against his neck. Just like that she was hot, wet and ready for a long hard ride.

“I would say that you’re a woman in serious need,” his words were rough. When he rocked his knee again, her breath left in a rush. “And I’m the man to take care of that need.”

Before she could guess what he was up to, the big man picked her up like she was a doll and sat her on his face. Her skirt covered his head, and her knees came to rest on the arms of the chair. She latched onto the back of the chair to keep her balance. His thick beard ticked her skin, but his mouth wasn’t playing around.

The man ate pussy like it was going out of style.

Jane threw back her head as his thick tongue slipped over her flesh. The soft grunting noises he made were a huge turn on, and his hands fastened on her ass. Spreading the cheeks, he found the plug and gave the base a twist. Sobbing, Jane saw stars when one of the strongest releases she’d ever experienced tore through her body. Her hips bucked, and she rode wave after wave of shivery goodness. Once it was over, Jane felt as if she were falling when, in fact, she was.

But Wyatt was there to catch her.

Gently, he lowered her to the floor and she sank to her knees. Looking up the long muscled line of his body, Jane felt a heady shot of desire when he reached for his cock. Releasing it from his jeans, her eyes widened when the full length was exposed. His hand moved slowly up and down the shaft, and he lowered himself into the chair across from Bear.

“I want to fuck your mouth,” he grated.

His rough words sent a gush of liquid to her pussy and she crawled on her knees toward him. A flush marked her cheeks and her breathing was ragged. Spreading his legs, she moved in close and took him into her mouth. Wyatt was a big man and his cock was a thing of beauty, but he wasn’t quite as large as her lovers so taking him deep would be no problem at all.

Closing her eyes, she applied herself to the task. When his hands came to rest on her head, Jane concentrated on relaxing her muscles and taking him deep. Hollowing her cheeks, she sucked him hard and fast.

“Son of a bitch,” he gasped. “Her mouth is fucking amazing.”

Releasing his cock, she took his balls into her mouth while her hand took a turn. When his hip thrusts became shorter and more frantic, Jane turned her attention back to his cock. Pre-come dampened the tip and she licked it away before taking him inside once more. His hips pistoned, forcing his cock in and out in short, rapid thrusts. A shout worked its way up from his gut and he came with a deep, guttural howl. Come splashed into the back of her throat and when the storm passed, she gently licked him clean.

“You are the fucking queen of head,” he hissed.

The sound of laughter brought her head around. All of their guests were gathered around to watch the show. Her lovers stood off to the side, and their expressions gave her no indication if they were pleased by what they’d seen. Though judging from the hardware in their pants, at least they were interested.

“Beauty.” Santos pierced her with a sharp look. “Remove your dress.”

She rose, her gaze skimming the faces of those watching her. Silently she skimmed the dress off her shoulders and let it puddle at her feet. Performing in front of these strangers was a powerful experience. She could feel pulses of desire radiating to her from the spectators. Lowering her gaze, she caught a familiar face and paused. His hair was reddish brown and though she was sure she had never met him, there something compelling about his eyes—

“Beauty.”

Bear’s deep voice jerked her attention away just as a hand struck her ass, hard. Jane yelped and danced away, but he caught her by the back of her neck and hauled her close. The man she’d once thought of a cuddly certainly wasn’t any longer.

He looked pissed.

“You and I are going for a ride.”

Her gaze darted to her lovers, and they weren’t looking any happier than Bear.

“Bend over, Beauty,” he growled. “I’m going to remove your back door friend.”

Her gut tightened, and her pussy clenched. Bending over brought her face to face with one of the biggest cocks she’d ever seen. Peeking out from the top of his trousers, this monster was at least nine inches and thicker than some women’s thighs.

Holy—

Before she could complete the thought, Bear gave the plug a firm wiggle before removing it in one smooth motion. Her knees went weak at the rush of sensation, and his arms came around her and hauled her upright. Once he was sure she could stand, he lowered his pants to release the one eyed monster before seating himself on a white leather bench.

She sucked in a deep breath and wondered if she could convince him to fuck her pussy with that log rather than her ass.

When he removed a condom from his jacket pocket, he winked. "I have to bring my own 'cause this place can't buy them big enough for the Hammer."

Those who heard what he said laughed, but Jane didn't because she was pretty sure he was dead serious.

"Come on, beautiful."

Bear pulled her close until she straddled his legs. He parted her ass cheeks, and she felt someone applying a generous amount of lube to her anus. Slim fingers, far too small and gentle for a man, eased the oily stuff inside and all around. As she was finishing up, Jane felt the stranger tease her clit with the sharp edge of one fingernail.

Her breath hissed, and she bit back the moan that longed to explode from her mouth. When she glanced over her shoulder it was Marissa who met her gaze. Lifting her hand to her mouth, the woman ran her tongue over her pinkie. A delicate shudder ran through Jane.

"Let's go, honey."

Jane let Bear guide her down until the Hammer was knocking at her back door. Her flesh parted and the head of his cock sank inside. She moaned when his hips lifted, and he crammed another inch inside her.

"Fuck, she's tighter than a fist," he grunted.

His hand snaked around to her pussy, and he stroked her tight clit. Her body loosened, and he moved in deeper until she felt he'd tear her in two. Cream gushed between her legs, and Bear crushed her back against his chest.

"That's it, little lady, take all of me while I fondle these tits."

His hand was gentle on her nipples as he teased one then the other until she was thrashing in his arms, the movements forcing his cock deeper than ever. Her hips began to move in concert with his, and her hands dropped to his thighs. Her fingers dug into his firm flesh, and the pain of her nails spurred him on. Bouncing on his lap like a plastic fuck-doll, Jane surrendered herself to the inevitable.

Chapter Seven

“Ms. Porter, your two o’clock is here.”

Jane looked up from the floor plan of the house she’d been studying for the past hour. A handful of clients referred to R.S.V.P. as miracle workers thanks to the some of the more elaborate events they’d pulled together. Too bad it wasn’t true because Lady Evelyn Greystone’s desire to cram five hundred of her closest friends into her backyard for her daughter’s wedding wasn’t going to happen without divine intervention.

“Thank you.” She nodded to her assistant before she closed the Greystone file. Maybe Lily would have a few suggestions for her.

Pulling up her calendar on the computer, she scanned the notes for her next appointment. Her gaze narrowed when she saw three words.

A personal matter.

A personal matter? Who would make an appointment with her during business hours for personal reasons? Jane’s brow arched when she read the name.

Y. Lee Ki-yote.

A smile tugged at her lips.

When Archer Drengir walked into her office, she was surprised that he wasn’t...larger. While they’d never been properly introduced, she was well aware of who he was. She’d seen him only twice before, once at Dirk’s and most recently in New Orleans at the club during her lovers’ private party.

He was a tall man, but not as solidly built as Santos or Antonio. Drengir had the look of an athlete, a runner maybe, with long limbs and an easy stride. His features were unremarkable with the exception of his eyes. Those were a soft bluish gray and in their depths there was a sense of...power. While he might look like your next-door neighbor, this man would be an immovable object should he choose to be.

“We’re not to be disturbed,” she said to her assistant though she didn’t look away from Drengir. It wasn’t until her office door was safely closed that she spoke to him.

“Wylie Coyote?” she mused. “Tell me, does that make me the Road Runner?”

“Ms. Porter.” His head dipped in a very European fashion. “May I?” He gestured to the chairs arranged in front of her desk.

"Please, do." Her gaze flicked over his clothing. A black Canali suit, immaculate white shirt, a blue and gray tie, very nice. She wondered if someone picked out his clothing for him or if he was one of those rare finds, a straight man who followed fashion trends.

"Thank you for the invitation to the club. It was quite...stimulating."

His brow arched. "Did I give myself away?"

"Only to those who are observant." She shrugged. "I saw you at the party watching me and my friends."

"What can I say? I find it hard to resist a beautiful woman such as yourself." When he smiled, she noticed his mouth was remarkably sensual for such an ordinary-looking man. "I could not resist the temptation."

"Why? What do you want from me?"

"I should think that would be obvious." He gestured toward her. "You, Jane Porter, are an intelligent and accomplished woman. Attended Harvard, graduated with honors, articulate, well traveled. Your business is flourishing, and you're on the fast track to becoming a millionaire within the next year or so." His voice dropped an octave. "Have I mentioned beautiful?"

"Not yet."

His smile grew wider, but he didn't add anything further. Then again he didn't need to, as he seemed to know everything there was to know about her. The sudden urge to move around a bit caused her to push away from the desk and get up.

"I'm afraid you have me at a disadvantage here." Bracing her hands on the desk, she leaned toward him slightly. "Sorry, but I didn't get the memo that I should've run a background check on you as well."

"Touché," he chuckled. "Let's cut to the heart of the matter. Since I first saw you at the Prentiss estate I've wanted you." His gaze moved over her body, and she almost regretted getting to her feet.

Almost.

"Tell me, Jane Porter, do your lovers appreciate you?"

Frowning, she moved away from the desk and toward the small bar built into the wall. "What do you mean? Of course they appreciate me—"

"But do they satisfy you?"

His voice was close, much closer than she'd anticipated and she hadn't heard him move. While he wasn't exactly crowding her, the heat from his body caressed her skin with a ghostly touch. Her drink forgotten, she turned to face him.

"I have no complaints either in or out of bed, not that it's any of your business," she said pointedly.

"I hear that you've expressed an interest in the possibility of an auction."

Again his gaze moved slowly down her body and this time it felt like a giant cat had run its tongue down her spine. It wasn't until he stopped at her breasts that she realized her nipples were hard. Her breath caught, and she had to fight to stop herself from crossing her arms.

"I can't say that I have an interest, it's more of a curiosity," she admitted.

"Curiosity is a good place to start." He took a half step closer to her. "I'm sure your lovers have mentioned my...particular talents have they not?"

"They have."

"Tell me, Jane. Do you wish to learn more about the sensual capabilities of your body?" His hand scorched her shoulder when he gently moved her hair back to expose her throat. When his head dipped toward hers, arousal exploded throughout her body. "I know ways to make a woman come using only my voice."

She sucked in a noisy breath.

"Intrigued?" His breath was hot against her neck.

No.

"P-possibly," she said.

Sliding his arm around her waist he pulled her close. Startled, she put her hands on his chest as if to push him away only to hesitate.

And he noticed.

"Do I make you nervous?"

His lips touched the base of her throat where her pulse beat frantically. When his hands slid down to her ass, he pulled her tight against his erection, she whimpered as liquid heat flooded her pussy. He made a sound of pleasure deep in his chest.

"Don't worry, Jane Porter." He nibbled his way down the side her neck, the gentle graze of his tongue coupled with the scrape of his teeth making it hard to think. "I'll be very gentle...this time."

This can't be happening. Not here, not in her office.

His slim, artist's fingers moved to her shirt, and he released the buttons in an unhurried fashion. With her mind screaming for her run, her body wouldn't obey. Her limbs felt heavy with need, and her breathing deepened when her shirt fell to the floor. His hands seemed to be everywhere at once, her shoulders, her chest, down her arms then back again. Catching her by the back of her neck, he hauled her close for a chaste kiss.

Warm, soft lips touched hers and she released a breath. His tongue licked her parted lips and a moan that felt like it came from her ankles worked its way up. Archer's mouth covered hers and his tongue thrust inside. She moaned again and returned the kiss. He tasted so good like fine brandy and hot, slick, warm male flesh.

Vaguely she was aware of him guiding her to walk backwards. His thumbs caressed her nipples beneath the lacy bra until she was panting. She clenched her hands on the expensive Italian suit, but he didn't appear to care. The world tilted when he swept her up into his arms.

"You shouldn't be carrying me," she whispered against his mouth. "You'll hurt your back."

"Beautiful Jane, it's not my back I'm worried about." He chuckled. "Only one body part is in danger from a woman such as you and that is my heart."

He was kidding, right?

He carried her over to the couch, a useful office addition for the days they worked late, and laid her down. Stepping back, he stood over her and began to disrobe. As each garment was tossed aside she continuously asked herself why she'd thought him to be small when he'd walked in.

Broad shoulders, a tight stomach, narrow hips...she licked her lips. No, small wasn't how she'd describe him now. Clad in tighty whities, his erection arched outward toward her. Without words, Archer lowered the soft cotton then bent to remove it completely. When he straightened, his hard cock stood tall and perfectly smooth. Jane licked her lips. All of the hair had been removed from his groin giving it a slightly exotic look to her eyes. She'd heard of this practice but she'd never seen it up close and personal...so to speak.

"Why do you remove the hair?"

"Does it bother you?" he asked.

"No." When he moved closer, she reached for him. His skin was hot and perfectly smooth beneath her hands. Gently she stroked him and a pearl of seminal fluid appeared at the tip. "You asked me if my lovers satisfy me and my answer was yes." Running her thumb over the head of his cock, she stroked the ultra-sensitive underside. "I will ask the same question of you. Who satisfies you and brings your fantasies to life?"

His expression became guarded and the immediate change was startling. One moment he watched her with a mixture of lust and amusement and the next, they could've been talking about stock futures.

"In fulfilling a woman, I achieve my own fantasy." His words were stiff.

"I don't believe that." She gently pulsed her hand around his cock forcing his gaze to meet hers. "Do you have a lover?"

"Several," he gritted.

"Only women?"

Heat flashed in his eyes and she smiled. Archer, for all of his mythic abilities, was pretty easy to read. Her question disturbed him but he was enjoying her hand on his cock too much to tell her to piss off.

"Not...only...women..."

He enjoyed men as well? Now *that* was hot.

Leaning forward, she swirled her tongue over the head making him groan. “Do you have a preference for one over the other?”

His hands fisted by his sides. “No.”

Raking her nails over his balls, she was rewarded with a moan. So he liked that did he? When she repeated the gesture his legs began to shake.

Interesting.

“When you’re alone in bed in the middle of the night, what has you reaching for your beautiful cock?” Tightening her grip, she began to stoke him with firm, slow movements. The head was slowly turning to a darker shade of brown and pre-come leaked from the narrow slit.

“What are you doing to me, Jane Porter?” His hands landed on her shoulders, his fingers digging into her flesh.

Her brow rose, and she shot his cock a pointed glance. “If you can’t figure that out on your own then I’m doing something wrong.”

He yanked her to her feet and shook her. Her breath caught when she realized how far gone he was. If she’d thought him to be angry before, now he was enraged. His hand fisted over the delicate lace of her bra and he tore it from her body. Her protest was cut in half when his mouth came down over hers. The pressure was bruising and he would give her no quarter.

Hands tore at her clothing, pinching her flesh until she was alternating between a paralyzing fear and painful arousal. Finally he broke the kiss as one hand moved to her throat. Archer pushed her down on the couch then straddled her hips. Leaning forward, his grip tightened on her throat.

“I’ll ask you one more time, Jane. What are you doing to me?”

Chapter Eight

I'm going to make you beg.

Staring into his tortured gaze, she bore witness to the pain in their depths. Something was eating this man alive from the inside out. She didn't know what it was, but it was stealing pieces of his soul until soon there would be none left. No matter what he did or how hard he tried, nothing would ever fill the darkness that was eating through him like a cancer.

Jane relaxed beneath him, her gaze held his. Confusion was followed by panic before his grip loosened on her throat. Horror flashed over his face and he started to move away, but she'd have none of that. Twisting, she slammed him into the back of the couch then under. Bracing her legs on either side of his, she pinned him down with her body.

"Tell me, Archer, what gets you off?"

Stretching, she bit his throat hard. He froze, and his muscles turned to stone. His breathing was fast, and she felt his overwhelming need for the basic kindness of flesh against flesh. Jane kissed the reddened skin she'd just wounded before moving to his flat nipples. Sucking on the tender nub it hardened against her tongue.

"Few women can give me a satisfactory ride," his words came out in a rush. "I'm a man who takes a while...to come."

Wow. She certainly hadn't seen that one coming. Jane sat up and took his cock in her hand. "Do you have sensitivity issues?"

"No, not that." She was surprised at the faint blush that crept over his face. "It's difficult for me to orgasm when I'm inside a woman. Usually they are too sore before...well...I'm even close."

Hot damn!

"Sounds like a dare to me." She began stroking his erection, and the tension eased from his body.

"You have great hands." His hips bucked upward. "So you think you can succeed where others have failed?"

She shrugged. "I don't know, but if you think I'm going to give up a chance to ride my own personal orgasmatron, you're crazy." Her grin was wicked. "Who knows, I might wear you out."

He laughed and pulled her against his chest. Holding her tightly, he flipped positions until she was on the bottom before working his way down her body with his mouth. No part was left untouched and by the time he reached her pussy, she was in pre-orgasmic agony.

“You’re so wet for me, Beauty.” Pleasure filled his voice. “Seeing how this will be a leisurely ride, I must ensure you are prepared.”

A devilish glint entered her eyes as he parted slick petals. Avoiding her clit, he licked sucked and stroked her swollen flesh. His tongue licked around her slick entrance and every now and then he’d penetrate her with his tongue. When his teeth grazed her labia she jumped and tried to capture his head to push him in the right direction. Instead, he captured her hands then pinned them down by her sides. As his tongue fluttered over her pussy, her hips bucked upward in a silent plea to end the torment. Instead he pulled away and rose over her.

“You are a work of art, Jane Porter.” His lips touched hers, and she tasted the sweetness of her cream on his tongue. “You will be a pleasure to train.” After grabbing his pants from the floor, he sheathed his cock then lowered his body to hers. “You could be my crowning achievement.”

“I’ll bet you say that to all the women,” her voice was oddly breathless. Wearing only thigh high stockings and her high heels, she felt sexy and daring. With his cock rubbing against her pussy, moisture ran down the crack of her ass.

“I’ve never said it to any woman.”

Her answer was turned into a moan when he thrust inside her. One moment they were two people and the next his cock was filling her. His gaze bore into hers, probing, searching, very much like another part of his anatomy was doing a bit lower down her body.

Bracing his body over hers, he began to move. His stroke was slow and steady as if he had the rest of the day to make love to her. Stroking his back, she felt the stretch and bunch of his muscles as he moved lazily. A sweet smile touched his mouth, and his eyes were now closed. His expression was blissful, dreamy as he slowly fucked her.

Jane had experienced all different kinds of sex. Slow, fast, hard, soft, sweet, hungry and on and on...but she’d never felt anything this before.

The way he held himself and the manner in which he moved was like a full body massage without the hands. Sweat gilded their skin and they slipped and slid over and under one another. She moaned with each easy descent, her pussy was hypersensitive to each ripple of movement. Shivers wracked her body as he rocked in out, in out, in out. Every now and then he’d add a little hint of a shimmy, a move that stretched her opening as he rimmed her with the thick head of his cock.

Each time he performed the move a slow heavy groan would work its way up his throat. He was making love to her from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. Her entire body was a sexual organ, and the arousal was slow and thick as it moved through her limbs.

But he never increased the pace.

“You feel so good, Jane.” His mouth was soft when he kissed her. “Close your eyes and feel me.”

When she did, the slow glide in and out of her body grew richer and more complex. Each new sensation was sweeter, hotter and even more arousing. Her body was on fire, and her pussy clenched tight around his cock. She heard his indrawn breath, and she opened her eyes. He was watching her with an intensity that was as disturbing as it was sexy.

“Archer, I need to come.”

“I’m not stopping you.” He bit her throat.

“I need...”

What did she need? She was being penetrated, and the friction he’d created was incredible but a little more oomph would hit the spot.

Pardon the pun.

Her nails raked down his back to his ass as she zeroed in on his anus. Pressing her finger against the tight ring, Jane gasped when his hips slammed against hers.

“Yeah, baby,” she panted. “Fuck me hard.”

She plundered his ass, and her fingers stretched and stroked him hard. The rougher she was, the harder he thrust as any attempt to maintain a rhythm was lost. Her cry was high and sharp, as her orgasm washed over her. It was slow and protracted. Each wave seemed to take twice as long to peak leaving her shaking. By the time Archer joined her, she’d lost count of the number of times she’d come. Her body had morphed into one big erogenous zone and anywhere he touched hummed like a tuning fork.

As they dressed Jane was forced to dig into her cache of clothing she kept in the bathroom. Archer had destroyed her favorite Cavalli skirt and she had no desire to drive home with her bare ass on a leather car seat. When she walked out of the bathroom, he caught her with a kiss.

“Jane, that was amazing.”

“The master of understatement.” She smiled.

He tweaked her nipple with his thumb. “When will you put yourself on the auction block? Before the end of the year?”

“I don’t know—”

Annoyed, she slammed her lips closed and stepped away. “I never said I would.”

“You will.” The confidence in his smile made her want to smack it right off his face. Opening the door, he paused. “It’s only a matter of time before you realize your true calling, and I’m the only man who can bring it to you.”

“You—” she started.

“Ah,” he made a *tsking* noise. “I see you need to work on restraint. Until next time, Beauty.”

Annoyed beyond words, she stomped into the bathroom, tearing off the clothing she’d just put on moments ago. She’d been putty in his hands, damn it. Turning on the shower, she stepped inside the glass cubicle. Damn him. She wished she’d never seen him before.

Liar.

What happened between them was one of the strangest and most memorable sexual encounters of her life. She'd always had a taste for the dark side. A little pain could bring on a great deal of pleasure. In Archer's hands, what would be the cost of pleasure? Or, more importantly, would she be willing to pay it?

That would be a—

The telephone ringing cut off her silent answer. Turning off the water, she stuck her head out of the stall to grab the phone. Only her private line rang directly into her office so she knew it had to be someone close to her.

"Jane, where are you?" Antonio's smooth voice poured into her ear.

Both the tension and anger that Archer stirred up melted away at the sound of his voice and she knew exactly where she wanted to be. In his arms.

"Sorry, I lost track of time."

"No problem. We just wanted to make sure you were okay."

"Well, if I wasn't I certainly am now." She grabbed a towel and draped it over her head. Drying her hair with one hand wasn't exactly an efficient way of doing things.

He chuckled. "Come home to us, Jane. We're missing you."

"I'm leaving now," she promised.

"I love you."

Her throat tightened. "I love you too."

Hanging up the phone, she rushed through getting dressed. Before the phone rang she wasn't exactly sure if she was willing to go the distance for what Archer could teach her. There was only one thing she knew for sure.

She'd travel to the ends of the earth for the two men who waited for her at home and for now, that was enough.

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Educating Jane Porter

He's throwing a kink—or two—in her plans...

Educating Jane Porter

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A Jane Porter Story

Last night Jane met the Master of her dreams...

Tall, dark and very Spanish, Antonio Villareal is a lover unlike any Jane has ever known—undeniably sexy and more than willing to help her explore her submissive side. To find a master who's a natural dominant is one thing. But kind and considerate, as well? She can hardly believe her good fortune.

Antonio is well aware that Jane is determined to keep their sexual relationship temporary. But he has a different plan in mind.

In the morning he introduces her to his best friend...

Enjoy the following excerpt for Educating Jane Porter:

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Jane."

His voice was smooth, cultured like a fine brandy or the perfect cigar. When he assumed the chair next to her, his scent, a mixture of lime and healthy male, tickled her senses.

This man was hot, really hot. She'd never considered going to bed with another man so quickly after bedding Antonio, but—

When she became aware both men were giving her a curious look, she cleared her throat.

"Uh...it's lovely to meet you too."

Santos flashed her a smile that was both amused and pleased.

You're acting like a complete hick.

"So what brings you...uh...here, this weekend?" Inwardly she groaned. Of course he was here for Antonio's birthday. They were friends.

Santos's brown eyes twinkled. He took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"My friend told me the women were exquisite."

His lips touched her skin, igniting a quick flash of heat. When his tongue touched her knuckle she shivered.

Wow.

She didn't miss the glance the men shared. Her sex clenched.

"Isn't she as beautiful as I described?" Antonio slid into the chair directly opposite Santos. Between the two of them they'd effectively pinned her in the corner of the terrace.

"That she is."

“Blonde, elegant, confident.” Antonio’s hand slid under the table to settle on her left knee. “What more could a man ask for?”

“I don’t know if I’m all that.” Under the stare of both men, her cheeks heated.

“You are, and much more.” Antonio’s smile was intimate. He gave her knee a gentle squeeze and a warm ribbon of heat unfurled in her stomach.

“You’re making her blush.” Santos sounded amused.

“I enjoy making beautiful women blush.”

Her lover’s hand slid up the inside of her thigh pushing her skirt along with it. She sent a silent thank you to Kitten for requesting full-length tablecloths. Whatever he was up to, no one would be able to see under the table.

Antonio gently pressed his hand against the inside of her leg indicating his desire. Reaching for her glass, she opened her legs several inches.

“It appears you do it well,” Santos spoke.

Another hand touched her right knee, and she started. Her gaze flew to Santos’s face, but he wasn’t looking at her. A waiter approached with them with three bowls on a tray.

“As you ordered, *Señor Santos*.”

“Thank you, Ramon. The sun is warm, and this will be much appreciated.”

Ramon placed the first bowl in front of Jane.

“I hope you like lime,” Santos said. “I took the liberty of ordering for you.”

“Why yes, thank you.”

In unison, their hands slid further up the insides of her thighs, gently tugging them apart. Jane snatched her spoon as the waiter completed his service. He left with a slight bow.

Antonio’s hand squeezed her upper thigh. Santos’s hand moved upward and without thinking, she spread her legs. His pinky nudged her mound, and a rush of liquid filled her pussy.

“The flavor is exquisite.” Antonio spooned a small amount of his peach gelato and offered it to Jane. “You’ll find this to be a singular experience.”

Though she wasn’t entirely sure he was speaking to her, she obediently opened her mouth. The creamy substance landed on her tongue bringing with it the cool taste of peaches and cream.

Santos’s fingers nudged her pussy.

“It is most pleasant.”

Her gaze flew to his face. He was watching her with an odd little smile. His finger parted the slick lips of her pussy to delve inside. Electricity shot through her body when he touched her clit.

There is a stranger with his hand on your crotch!

Panic overtook her and from deep in her throat, Jane squealed. When she slammed her legs shut, she wasn’t entirely sure if it was to keep him out or to hold him hostage.

“There is a shy quality to this dish.” Antonio was speaking. “But if you savor the flavor, absorbing every nuance of its sweetness, it’s well worth the effort.”

Hell, they weren’t talking about the gelato...

“Yes, I see your point,” Santos murmured. Scooping up a small bite of raspberry gelato, he offered it to her.

“You will enjoy it, I promise you,” he said.

Her stomach dropped. This was the moment. Santos wanted an invite into her bed. Her gaze darted to Antonio.

“I assure you, it is a flavor you must try.” His smile deepened. “The experience will change your world.”

Their hands on her thighs exerted enough pressure to alert her to their intentions. Need burned low, hot in her pussy. Her nipples ached with the need to be touched, sucked.

She wanted both of these men.

Jane opened her mouth to accept the bite. Cool raspberry delighted her tongue even as she relaxed her thighs. Spreading them wide, she gave them entry to her darkest desires.

“Pleasing, is it not?” Santos asked.

She couldn’t even enjoy the bite because their hands were perched at the top of her inner thighs. At the first touch of her clit, Jane swallowed the bite.

At the second stroke, her hips thrust forward.

“It’s lovely.”

Her voice was shrill to her own ears. Quickly spooning a bite of her gelato, she stuffed it into her mouth.

“Soft, creamy. It’s perfection.” Santos stroked her clit.

“Sweeter than candy. I think we should indulge as much as possible before the party tonight,” Antonio said. “It has been a while since I’ve indulged my love of sweet cream.”

A finger prodded her vagina. Her breath caught, and she was penetrated. A second finger joined the first, stretching her. Delicate nerves leapt to life sending a gush of liquid need into her pussy. Her grip on the spoon tightened, and her knuckles turned white.

Judging by the angle, it was Antonio who was finger-fucking her under the table. Her nipples hardened, creating tiny points against her thin sweater. Fighting the urge to caress them, she took another bite of the gelato. The creamy dessert was melting under the warm sun, much like she was under the table.

From the right, a finger touched her clit. Her hips shot forward in a silent plea for more.

A bite of peach gelato appeared in front of her, and she licked it from the spoon. Antonio’s greedy fingers in her pussy began to thrust while Santos stroked her clit. Antonio leaned toward her, and his lips brushed her cheek.

“I’m going to eat your pussy, Beauty.”

A whimper slipped from her lips. Her gaze was focused on her dessert bowl, now filled with green cream.

“And then, after you come against my tongue, I’m going to put my cock into your hungry pussy and fuck you until you come again.”

Explicit images crashed through her mind...her naked body, both men feasting on her flesh. Two cocks, thrusting, thrusting...

A sharp pinch on one nipple was all it took.

Antonio caught her chin and pulled her toward him. His mouth took possession of hers stifling her cry. Their tongues mated as her orgasm whipped through her body. The whole situation was so carnal, so explosive. Jane was rocked to her very core.

The spasms eased, and so did the kiss. His mouth gentled, and his fingers in her pussy did the same. They removed their hands leaving her feeling empty, shattered. Antonio broke the kiss.

“You pleased me very much, Beauty.”

She ducked her head, and he slid his arm around her waist then pulled her against his side. With the taste of Antonio thick on her tongue, she peeked up at Santos.

His gaze was direct, hot. Her eyes widened when he raised his left hand to his lips. His tongue slipped out to taste her cream, and his gaze turned fierce.

“That was quite enjoyable.” Antonio was speaking to Santos. “Aren’t you glad you took my advice and indulged this morning?”

“It was unforgettable.”

Santos’s gaze burned into her flesh, and she looked away. Just thinking about what they’d done under the table was enough to cause her heart to flutter. She’d just allowed two men, virtual strangers, to finger her under a table.

In public.

A rush of yearning moved through her body. Exhibitionism was a secret fantasy of hers, one she’d felt destined to remain unfulfilled. Her pussy clenched. Now, she wasn’t quite so sure.

“I don’t know about you, Antonio, but I’d like to taste more.” Santos tossed his napkin on the table. “Shall we move our tasting upstairs?”

This summer is going to be twice as hot...

Summer Solstice

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The view from Leigh's front porch was never this nice. In fact, her hunky new neighbor is sparking all kinds of naughty ideas about how to beat the heat. Much to her delight, the feeling is mutual—as long as they keep things light. Her divorce left her a little lonely, but far from needy.

Jared doesn't plan to spend much time in his new place before jetting off on his next photojournalism assignment. Leigh's classic, California blonde looks are any man's fantasy. A little flirting, a little playful, neighborly car washing, and it isn't long until their summer fling is in full swing.

Neither can imagine the sex being any hotter—until Jared's sometime roommate and lover, Matteo, comes to town. In the arms of two men, Leigh brings her ultimate fantasy into scorching reality.

Jared revels in the chance to command his two lovers' every move, but when he gets the call for his next overseas gig, he's not so sure he's ready for the fireworks to end. And even as Leigh gives her two lovers the most precious gift—their freedom—she wonders how she'll find the strength to say goodbye.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Summer Solstice:

"So," he said when the waitress had walked away, "I have something to tell you."

"That sounds ominous."

"It doesn't have to be." He picked up his drink, took a swallow. "I have a friend...well, he's more than a friend. Matteo is a musician. He plays a beautiful Spanish guitar. He travels a lot. And in between he often comes to stay with me. He sort of lives with me part time. I've never mentioned him because, well, I didn't realize at first that we'd spend so much time together, you and I."

He was watching her, his dark eyes serious.

"Jared, did you think I'd be bothered by it? That you have a sort-of room mate?"

"No. But maybe that I haven't told you sooner."

"As you said, there wasn't any reason to."

"And because he's not a room mate, really. He's my lover."

"Oh."

Had she intruded on a relationship? But why would Jared have slept with her if that was the case? He hadn't struck her as the sort of guy who would do anything dishonest. She felt oddly let down.

"Does this mean... Are you and he...together?"

"Ah, it's nothing like that. We're together when we're together. No strings. Is that your only concern?"

"Well, that and whether or not I'll see you while he's here."

“Those are your only worries?”

“What else should I be worried about?”

“That I’m bi.”

Her response was instinctual. Honest. “Are you kidding? The idea of seeing you with another man is pretty hot, actually.”

He smiled at her then, his dimple creasing his cheek. “Oh, you are a dirty girl, aren’t you?”

“But you like that about me.”

“I do.” He took her hand, turned it over and stroked her palm with his thumb, sending shivers up her arm, into her body. “I’m glad you won’t mind Matteo being here.”

“When does he arrive?”

“Sometime tonight. I only found out a few hours ago. It could be late. I’m not certain. You’ll like him. The girls always do. He’s Spanish and Irish. Passionate. Stubborn. Beautiful. An irresistible combination. And he’ll like you.” He raised her palm to his lips, laid a soft kiss there, let his tongue flick onto her skin, his gaze on hers. “As much as I do.”

“I’ll look forward to meeting him.”

She was going wet, loving the sensation of his lips, his hot tongue, on her hand. And at the thoughts his words, his actions, inspired. Two men... Could Jared be implying what she thought he was? That Matteo could end up in bed with them?

The idea made her shiver. Having two men at once had been a long-time fantasy. Watching them together another one. Both at once was almost too much to think about.

Her body was heating up and she could hardly wait to finish dinner, to get back to Jared’s place. To get him into bed. And maybe, to see one of her fondest fantasies brought to life.

They ate quickly, and Leigh wondered if Jared was anxious to see Matteo, if he was thinking about the possibility of a ménage, if he was concerned about whether she and Matteo would get along.

Stop worrying so much.

Yes, she needed to just see what happened, not think about it or she was going to over-think it. Either she and Matteo would mesh well or not. He’d find her attractive or he wouldn’t. And vice versa. She still wasn’t entirely certain that Jared had been hinting what she thought he was. What she hoped.

By the time they got back to his place her body was on fire, buzzing with possibilities. They pulled into the driveway and found another car already parked there, an old, hard-topped Porsche. Jared turned to smile at her.

“He’s here.”

She smiled back, nerves lighting up her skin, making her stomach flutter as Jared came around to help her from the big SUV, led her up the flagstone path to the front door, opened it.

He was sitting on one of the overstuffed chairs, his legs swung over one arm, an acoustic guitar in his hands. He was as beautiful as Jared told her he would be. Dark hair waving to his shoulders, his skin a gorgeous golden-brown. And his eyes were green, darker than her own, a deep shade of moss. Electric. He had his shirt off, and she could see that while he was more delicately built than Jared, he was still all muscle, long and lean. And his chest was perfectly smooth, his skin sleek, his nipples dark. He was smiling at them, his gaze assessing her.

Jared crossed the room in a few short strides, taking Leigh with him, her hand in his. He reached out and pulled Matteo to his feet, his arm wrapping around his neck to pull him in close. The two men kissed, and heat shot like lightning through Leigh's body.

Jesus.

There was something almost terrifyingly erotic about those two masculine mouths meeting. She'd never seen anything like it, this intimate caress of lips between men, not this close up. Not with Jared holding onto her hand, as though she were a part of it.

They pulled apart, and Jared pulled Leigh closer.

"This is Matteo."

"Hi, Matteo. It's nice to meet you."

Matteo was smiling at her, his teeth a brilliant white in his wide, lush mouth. He really was beautiful. He took her free hand in his, his long fingers wrapping around hers. His palm was warm, his fingertips calloused from playing guitar. She couldn't help but imagine what those rough fingers would feel like on her skin...

"And you're Leigh." His accent was purely American, surprising her for some reason. "Jared told me his new neighbor was a beauty, but I had no idea..." He turned to glance at Jared. "I hope you weren't planning on keeping her all to yourself."

"That's entirely up to her."

Matteo's smile widened into a grin as he turned back to her, and she went hot all over as he gave her hand a squeeze. "I'll have to work hard to charm you then, Leigh."

She smiled back. He was charming enough already. And she understood fully that the invitation was there, for them all to go to bed together. Would it be too much if she simply screamed yes?

"Can I get you two anything? A beer?"

"We just came from dinner and a few margaritas. Have you eaten?"

"I stopped on my way from the airport. I didn't want to waste time eating once I got here. I have a new piece I've wanted to play for you. Do you mind, Leigh?"

"No, not at all. I'd love to hear you play. Jared says you play beautifully."

"I hope you like it. Come, sit next to me."

Matteo was still holding onto her hand. He pulled her down next to him on the dark leather sofa. Jared sat on her other side.

Matteo began to play, his fingers fluttering over the guitar strings, making them sigh. The tempo built, a lovely rhythm that was sensual, sexual somehow. He was watching them, Leigh and Jared both, his green eyes gleaming, some sort of challenge in them. Or was she imagining that? He could certainly play. The music was gorgeous, Spanish-style guitar mixed with a bit of Caribbean flavor. She turned to look at Jared, and his gaze was on Matteo, but quickly flicked to her. He smiled, his dimple flickering in his cheek, and he took her hand, stroking the back of it with his thumb as they listened. The music, Jared's touch, was sending heat spiraling into her system. And Matteo's beautiful face, the intensity of his expression... What sort of lover would he be?

When Matteo was done he set the guitar down on the floor carefully.

"What do you think?"

"Brilliant," Jared answered.

"You always say that."

"It's always true."

"And you, Leigh? Did you enjoy my playing?"

"Jared's right. That was brilliant. Gorgeous. So soulful."

"Ah, I like this one, Jared," he said, lifting her hand to kiss it, his soft lips lingering.

Jared was still stroking her other hand, and he moved his palm up over her arm, stroking her shoulder. She was shivering with need, with the sensation of the two men touching her at once. With the exquisite anticipation of what might happen between them all.

Jared moved closer, his mouth next to her ear, until she could feel his warm breath on her cheek. "Leigh, tell me what you want."

It was a command, and yet she knew this was up to her. Knew she'd be crazy to turn this opportunity down.

"I want you both."

She always got anything she wanted...

Scandalous

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Playing with Fire, Book 3

A teenage crush on her big brother's boyfriend. It was one of the few times in her spoiled-little-sister life that Alexa had to swallow the word "no". She got over it, or she thought she had—until her brother's wedding brings Eric back into her life, as flirty and fun as ever. It never mattered to her that he's gay. Attraction is attraction.

One illicit kiss, and their reconnection blows her mind and rekindles girlish hopes. Then he sets her away from him and runs like hell.

Eric can't believe that a woman's touch arouses him. Not just any woman, but sweet Alexa, and he can't help but want more. Desperate to come clean, he confesses all to his steady boyfriend, Brandon, expecting anger. But Brandon's intrigued. He wants to meet the woman who's tied Eric up in knots. With luck, maybe she'll relight the spark between them.

Alexa may have lost her chance with Eric, but the consolation prize—a fling with him and Brandon, is too tempting to resist. She never expected to love both men, or to secretly yearn to belong to the one who commands her body like no other...

Enjoy the following excerpt for Scandalous:

Alexa went still at Brandon's seemingly innocent words. Well it was his tone that was innocent—his words were anything but.

"Then what would you say if I told you that you could have sex with Eric, but I'm part of the bargain. Would you be interested?"

She accepted their invitation for drinks and ended up getting propositioned within minutes of arriving? What the hell?

And what the hell was wrong with her that she was actually considering it?

"You don't have to answer that," Eric said, reaching across the table to give her hand a gentle squeeze. His expression was full of both understanding and worry, and she wondered if he even knew his boyfriend had been going to mention something like this.

Her gaze drifted back to Brandon and noted the tension in his firm jaw, the rigid line of his impossibly broad shoulders. The guy was a regular Adonis. She bet if she stripped him naked he would be male perfection personified. And his face...no wonder Eric fell for him. It was a thing of pure masculine beauty with the most gorgeous set of lips she'd ever seen on a man.

The thought of those lips wandering over her skin, kissing her mouth, sucking on her nipples, sent a rush of tingles cascading throughout her body.

"I'll answer it," she finally said, once she recovered her voice. "Is that why you guys invited me out tonight? To see if you could get in my pants?"

"Of course not," Eric said at the same time Brandon offered a simple "yes".

The two men glared at each other, and she had the insane urge to giggle uncontrollably.

"I have a tendency to believe Brandon over you, Eric," she said, her voice soft, her breath lodged in her throat as she waited for their reply.

Eric sighed and shook his head. "Fine. It was his idea. He became interested when I told him I kissed you and became...aroused."

A little thrill filled her at the thought that their outrageous kiss had caused the same reaction within Eric as it had for her. "I told you it was intense."

"It was," Eric admitted, his gaze skittering in Brandon's direction.

Brandon didn't seem bothered by his admission in the least. "He's never been interested in a woman before. Not like he's interested in you, Alexa. And that interests me."

She finally couldn't contain it any longer; she laughed. Laughed and laughed even as the server brought over their plate of appetizers. Her hunger was long forgotten as she considered this odd situation she found herself in.

Months of the single life and she'd been okay with it. She hadn't found anyone who interested her and that had been fine. She had her vibrator when the urge for an orgasm came over her. She viewed it as stress relief more than anything.

But now she had not just one but two gorgeous guys interested in her. Two gay guys who...what? Wanted to include her in their kinky sex games? Did they both want to fuck her at the same time? Were they exhibitionists and wanted to fuck each other while she watched?

Her pussy grew wet at the thought. These two gorgeous men, naked bodies entwined, mouths wrapped around each other's cocks. Brandon sinking his cock inside Eric's body and both of them moaning...

Her cheeks flamed, and she took another much-needed drink. "So you want to fuck me."

Eric nearly spit out the potato skin he'd been munching on. "Jesus, Lex."

"I want to get to know you first," Brandon said quietly as he watched her carefully. Damn if she didn't want to squirm. "I think something could—happen if we let it."

"This is weird," she said with a slight shake of her head.

"Don't question it," he said, his deep voice low, rippling along her nerve endings and making the tiny hairs on her arms stand up. "Just go with your gut reaction. What's it telling you to do?"

She studied his face, his hazel eyes, his beautiful, sinful mouth. God, he really was gorgeous. The most gorgeous man she'd ever encountered. And Eric certainly was no slouch. He was beautiful in his own right with the dirty blond hair and sharp masculine features. She knew many of the women and even a few of the men in the building cast envious glances her way—only because she sat at the table with two of the most handsome men in the entire bar.

“My gut's telling me that you're crazy.” She paused and let her words sink in, experienced a little thrill when she caught the worried glimmer shining in his eyes. “And that I'm crazy for even considering it.”

“You'd consider it?” She heard the shock in Eric's voice, and she laughed again.

“I would. Now tell me how you boys are going to convince me this is the right thing to do?”

“This has nothing to do with right or wrong.” Brandon's expression was intense, subdued.

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