



Miranda's
MISCONDUCT

ALI ATWOOD

If Miranda Kelsey's friends were asked to put a descriptive label on her, it would be workaholic—a tough-minded woman who has built her London-based realty company from the ground up, making a great deal of money in the process. If the forty-one year old Miranda told her friends she had a cougar fantasy centering on a Ménage a Trois with younger, random strangers, they would never believe it.

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Miranda's Misconduct

By

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Dedication

In praise of older women everywhere.

Chapter One

York, in the North of England.

Miranda Kelsey was operating on all eight cylinders, her dark gaze darting back and forth to the indicator lights as the hotel elevator jetted her to the ground floor. Her business meetings were done and dusted. She'd acquired a fabulously wealthy, new client. And now, miles from home, where no one knew her, she had sixteen hours to spare. She'd pondered and argued with herself, and damn it, she was going to do it—tonight, at long last, she was taking that walk on the wild side to live her favorite fantasy.

As the occasion required, she'd dressed to be noticed, pairing a red, Armani jacket with a short, black sheath that hugged her well-rounded bottom. She had superb legs, enhanced by black, strappy stilettos. She looked both elegant and flagrantly sexy, drawing several pairs of eyes her way as she strolled out of the elevator to cross the red-carpeted foyer, heading out to a nightspot in

the heart of the city.

Approaching the in house piano bar, Miranda slowed her steps, tossing up if it was worth taking a look inside the bar for quarry. The setting was tame for the type of studly guys she'd envisioned. But who knew, there could be an out-of-towner, or two, killing time before *they* hit the local, nightclub circuit.

Making an abrupt turn toward the bar's entrance, Miranda moved slightly inside to scope out the dimly lit room. Her gaze flicked over the couples seated at small, round tables and zeroed in on the mostly singles crowd bunched around the wood-paneled bar. Not seeing anyone who grabbed her interest, Miranda glanced at a noisy group the far end of the room. Since they were all male, she examined them individually. Most of them were flush-faced from drink and several had paunches hanging over their belts. None came close to the hot stuff Miranda was hunting.

She shrugged. The night was young and richer hunting grounds awaited her. Pivoting on her sexy shoes, she strode back out to the lobby before a whisper of awareness tickled the nape of her neck. Momentum almost kept her going. Compulsion had her backing up to reassure herself. This time her attention touched on a cluster of people moving away from the bar, giving Miranda a sidelong glimpse of the man

working behind it. Her gaze swerved back with a quick, sharp breath. *My God, I almost missed him.*

Even with the dim light and the blond hair falling carelessly around the bartender's face, Miranda could sense he was attractive. Added to that, he had a body that capitalized the T in testosterone, so tall and powerfully built, his plain, white shirt, obviously a hotel uniform, could barely constrain his well-honed torso. Just the thought of that husky male muscle pinning her softer, female flesh caused Miranda's blood to heat with rapid arousal. She smiled, bringing her hands up to slip off her short, red jacket, the graceful sway of her hips a little more pronounced as she strolled toward her target. *Game on.*

If Miranda Kelsey's friends were asked to put a descriptive label on her, it would be workaholic – a woman who has built her London-based, realty company from the ground up, through her own sweat and ambition, making a great deal of money in the process. If the forty-one year old Ms. Kelsey told her friends her wet dreams centered on a ménage a trois with younger, random strangers, they would never believe it.

Now as she gazed down the length of the bar, watching her drool-worthy prey serve patrons with deft, practiced motions, Miranda was certain he was a natural blond. She guessed his pubic hair would be a shade or so darker. More to the point,

would it surround a cock long and thick enough to satisfy her? For a moment, she let herself imagine how that cock might feel, thrusting into her vagina from behind.

Flooded with fresh heat, she shifted on her barstool to examine his navy, uniform pants. Yep, even from a distance she could see there was weight behind his zipper, plus he had a stellar ass, taut, but well-curved. *Better and better*. Finally, she saw his hips shift in her direction. She sat up straighter, watching him approach with athletic grace and a welcoming smile.

"Hello. Sorry to keep you waiting."

Miranda's red-glossed mouth curved in response. "That's all right. I can see you're busy."

"Yeah, we've got two, large conventions booked in for the rest of the week."

His face was riveting, strong, square jaw, full mouth with a sumptuous lower lip and vivid blue eyes that spoke of Celtic blood. Late twenties Miranda guessed, roughly thirteen years younger than her. As her gaze drifted from the strong column of his throat, over his wide chest and the rock-hard biceps, stretching the short sleeves of his white shirt, Miranda almost purred with anticipation. "I'll have a double Scotch," she told him, "single malt with one ice cube."

Aware his eyes were taking a good look as she spoke. Miranda wondered what he perceived.

Though she wasn't conventionally beautiful, her nose a little large, most men found her looks intriguing. She was hoping this handsome, young stranger saw a woman very much in her prime. Those long hours in the gym and been worth it. Her upper body was now showing plenty of definition. Her full breasts nicely presented in the scooped-neckline of her form-fitting dress. And while her dark, shoulder-length hair was deliberately disheveled, her makeup and mascara had been skillfully applied to accentuate her best feature—her large, up-tilted, whisky-colored eyes.

"Would you like to see the bar menu?" he asked. "I can recommend the fantail shrimp?"

Savoring the sound of his Yorkshire brogue, tinged by a just-awakened huskiness, Miranda felt her body start to lubricate. She gave him her sexiest smile. "No, I'm good, thanks, just the scotch."

His gaze lingered on her face before he nodded. "Right-o, just be a tick."

As he moved to fix her drink, Miranda took in more details. The lights behind the bar highlighted the fine golden hair on his muscle-corded forearms. His hands were surprisingly elegant, the fingers long and lean with well-kept nails.

Visualizing those competent fingers slipping beneath her black thong, Miranda wondered if he'd be surprised to find her slick vulva denuded

of hair. *Mmm. Maybe I won't have him take me from behind first time...perhaps I'll straddle him –*

"There you are, madam, our finest, single malt."

Miranda looked up sharply, inhaling the smoky aroma of Scotch as he placed a glass in front of her, along with a fresh bowl of nuts.

He stared into her watchful eyes. "Let me know if you need anything else."

With her pussy getting wetter by the second, desperate to have it sliding over his cock, Miranda took the bull by the horns. "As a matter of fact, there is something else..."

Starting to move away, Blondie, as she now thought of him, glanced over his shoulder, looking even more appealing as he quirked a fair eyebrow over those intensely blue eyes. "Hungry after all?"

You have no idea. She moved slightly so one spaghetti strap of her dress slid down her shoulder. Her prey followed the motion. His gaze a few degrees hotter when it returned to her face. Miranda stared steadily. "If you're not encumbered, I'd really like to have *you*."

She watched his pupils flare, wondering if this was a first for him. Though she'd never had trouble attracting the opposite sex, as fuckable as this guy was, he had to have oodles of women, and men, dying to get naked with him. She took a hasty sip of Scotch, preparing herself for rejection.

Much to her relief, she saw a flicker of interest in his gaze.

"I like directness in a woman. What exactly did you have in mind?"

Her pulse skittered with anticipation. "I'll pay you a thousand pounds to do whatever I wish for the night."

His eyes registered astonishment. "Why would a hot lady like you think you needed to pay for sex?"

She wasn't about to explain herself. That wasn't how the game was played. "Are you interested?" She watched him purse his sensual mouth, imagining it sucking on her clit, which made her hairless pussy quiver.

"That's a lot of money for straight sex. I assume you want something exotic."

Taking it that he'd decided to accept her offer, Miranda let herself enjoy the fact that she was going to have him. "I'd like a three-way with another man, both of you working to pleasure me. If you want to do each other, I'd be pleased to watch." Something Miranda couldn't decipher glinted in the depths of his eyes.

"Do you have another man who's agreed?"

She shook her head. "I'm in town on business. I was hoping you'd know someone. I'll pay him the same amount of money."

He hesitated while he seemingly tried to wrap

his mind around the fact that she was willing to spend a great deal of money for something she could get for free. He couldn't know that paying for sex with younger men was an important part of Miranda's cougar fantasy.

Finally, he nodded. "Okay, I'll call someone who might be interested. But as far as I know, he's totally heterosexual."

Though Miranda was slightly disappointed she wouldn't be a voyeur, she nodded, "That's fine, what time do you finish here?"

He glanced at his wristwatch. "My shift ends in an hour."

Chapter Two

At 10:15 PM, Miranda's face was a study in concentration, her heart beating entirely too fast as she watched Blondie come out of the hotel. *God, I feel like a teenager.*

He was even taller than he'd appeared behind the bar, his blond hair shower-damp. Miranda couldn't imagine how any woman looking at him now, dressed in a tight, black T-shirt and snug-fitting, black jeans could help but wonder what he'd be like in bed.

She studied his expectant expression as he hesitated on the top step of the hotel's covered entrance, glancing right and left in search of her, his look of shocked pleasure when he spotted her leaning against the black, rented limousine giving her a tremendous kick. Her exhilaration spiraled upward when he strolled over with an inborn, swaggering grace.

He whistled softly. "Pricy ride." He flashed a wicked smile. "Am I about to join the limo-sex

club?"

Miranda couldn't stop staring at him. Along with the calendar perfect body, he had so much natural charm. She couldn't believe her luck in finding him. And she had a foolish urge to make him laugh. "You know, of course that most applicants don't pass the limo initiation test."

For a second, he looked blank, then his blue eyes warmed and glinted, appreciating her. "Is that right?"

"Fraid so, but you will have an advantage if you're good at video games."

His sensual mouth kicked up at the corners. "Any clues as to tactics?"

Deadpan, she told him, "Your opening moves are crucial. Don't rush them."

"Okay."

"Needless to say, you'll score major points if you press all the right buttons."

"Uh-huh."

"And the rest"—her dark brows lifted in teasing challenge—"will depend on how well you control your joystick."

His slow grin was delicious, deepening to a rich, rumbling laugh. "You're a kick-ass, darlin'. I can see I'll be needing my Flash Gordon outfit to keep up with you."

She laughed, a warm, throaty sound. "I'm certainly fast."

"And you're beautiful."

She almost told him he didn't have to pretend, but seeing the heat dancing in his eyes, sensing his words weren't rehearsed, she was absurdly flattered.

"As it happens," he said quietly, his gaze never leaving her face, "*my* joystick guarantees one hundred percent satisfaction."

Phew! Her mind threw up another image of how his unfettered cock might look. Her pussy tingled as she gestured to the limo. "Climb in." *Before I jump you right here on the sidewalk.* Amazingly, she still remembered to ask, "What about your friend? Will he be joining us?"

With one booted foot inside the sleek vehicle, Blondie glanced back at her. "He'd love to, if we can pick him up. His car's in the shop."

Miranda wasn't about to quibble over details. "No problem. Give the driver the address."

While Blondie moved onto the seat behind the chauffeur's glass division, leaning forward to mumble instructions, Miranda settled herself on the plush seat opposite, letting herself savor what lay ahead – once they picked up her other guy, the limo would continue on to a second hotel where, for safety measures, Miranda had booked a room under an assumed name. She wanted no residual complications.

"The driver estimates a thirty-minute journey."

Miranda glanced up to see his gaze had drifted to where her dress rested midway up her thighs, giving him a perfect view of her long, shapely legs and the generous portion of bare skin above the lacey top of her stockings.

"Gorgeous," he murmured, lowering a hand to adjust his hard-on through his jeans.

Miranda's pulse leapt wildly again, imagining she could smell their combined arousals.

He smiled, all teeth. "You own me, darlin'. It's your move."

And oh, how she loved having that power. She pointed to a small wood-veneered fridge. "There's a selection of refreshments in there. You can pour me a glass of red wine." She watched his dexterous movements as he uncorked and poured the red burgundy.

He glanced up as he handed her a glass. "Am I permitted to know your name?"

Looking up into his expectant gaze, Miranda shook her head. "No, we won't exchange names or histories. Beginning now, you'll be Blondie and I'll be Mistress."

Sitting back to sip his wine, the desire in his eyes lightened to amusement. "Mistress, eh, does that mean I get to see your flogger and cuffs?"

Miranda's lips twitched. "You're thinking, because of the money, that I might a leather-and-whip-dominatrix."

"I wondered..."

Whilst erotic toys were a lot of fun, Miranda figured a primitive-sex three-way didn't need any accoutrements. She wasn't inclined to divulge that in the past she'd been a submissive, finishing with her Dom when he tried to carry things beyond the bedroom. "Let's just say, I like dynamic sex. But I like to maintain control." And she hoped it was true that younger men were supposed to be able to go on forever. "What about your friend," she asked, changing the subject. "Is he fair or dark?"

He looked thoughtful. "He's dark...black hair, brown eyes, like you."

Miranda was pleased. She'd have two contrasting men working on her. "Maybe I'll call him Nick?" During a work-related vacation in Greece, she'd known a black-haired Nick, enjoying his bronzed body for the entire summer.

"If it's not against the rules to ask," Blondie cut into her reverie, his gaze now fixed on the smooth gleam of her deep cleavage, "can I see those great looking breasts?"

Since her nipples were already diamond-hard, pressing against her black, silky bra, Miranda was tempted to yank down her dress and push her bounteous rack into his face. "Not yet," she said with mild authority, wanting to prolong the anticipation. "I want to look at *you* first." She set her glass aside and crooked a finger. "Come over

here.”

He rose sinuously. His pleasing cologne filling her nostrils as he dropped his solid weight onto her seat, his long legs spreading naturally so one powerful thigh rested excitingly against hers. Up close, his eyes looked incredibly clear and blue. They lowered to her full, soft lips while he glided his fingers a hair's breadth above her breasts. “If I can't see these, can I kiss you?”

Strangely, that took her by surprise. When she'd mapped out her night of debauchery, it hadn't included kissing. She'd visualized basic sex with no pretenses or illusions.

What the hell. Catching the hair that any woman would die for, she touched her lips to his. His hands ran up her back until she turned her soft curves into the muscular shape of him. When his arms tightened around her midriff, Miranda groaned in pleasure at his strength. Rather than the quick cruise of her mouth that she expected, his lips covered hers hard and fast, robbing her of what little breath she had. When his tongue swept into her mouth, the banked fire smoldering in her since she first saw him raged into an inferno. Clinging tightly to his broad back, she thrust her tongue to dance and duel with his. He growled deep in his throat. Miranda pulled at his arms so he shifted on top and she could feel the powerful weight of him. Then she pressed her belly hard

against his, prompting him to press his erection into the juncture of her thighs. The jerk of his cock against her covered sex felt as hot as a poker. Moaning in yearning, she suddenly reversed her actions, pushing against his chest.

His heavy lids snapped open in surprise. "Smatter?"

"Get it out." Beneath the heat in his eyes, Miranda caught the spark of humor.

"I thought you'd never ask." With three swift moves, he levered up, sat and unzipped.

And there it was. His beautiful banger, standing proudly, as big and thick as she'd anticipated with a tightly distended, plum-colored head. Miranda's mouth watered as she leaned forward to look inside his open fly. Since he wasn't wearing underpants, she could see his thick, tangle of pubic hair was, as she'd guessed, a couple of shades darker than the hair on his head.

Blondie followed the motion of her manicured hand as she reached inside his jeans. When her cool fingers cradled his fuzzy balls, he sucked in an appreciative breath.

"Well," she murmured, encircling the hilt of his throbbing shaft to stroke upward to the glistening head, "It seems you're well-built in all areas." She'd planned to ride him right away, the condoms in her purse close at hand. Now she had a sudden impulse. "I'd like to watch you jack off."

He stared for long seconds and grimaced. "Really? Seems like a waste."

Not to me. She'd been married for three years plus she'd had two, long-term relationships. But in all that time, Miranda had never watched any of her lovers self-serving. It was a curiosity she wanted satisfy.

Blondie sighed resignedly, sliding his hand to the base of his steely shaft and back. Down and up he went, with his preferred motion, down and up, keeping a steady rhythm. When he paused to squeeze gently below the big, plummy head, his eyelids dropped lower. When his thumb glided over his slit, it started to ooze pre-cum

The erotic sight was too much for Miranda, in a flash, she was off the seat and on her knees, Blondie's blurred vision snapping into focus as she guided him to her open mouth.

"Oh yeah, now we're on the same track."

Miranda teased his slit with her tongue, delighting in the musky taste him. She bent lower, fanning her breath over his balls before she licked each one in turn.

"Ahhh, baby."

A corner of Miranda's mind wondered how much the chauffeur could see through the glass divider. Not that she cared, moving upward to coil her tongue around Blondie's cockhead and ridges while she stroked a finger around the

sensitive spot at the base of his shaft. She licked up one side, then down the other, her saliva flowing freely when she closed her mouth over his hard heat to draw him in.

Blondie made hissing sounds, his hips rising slightly as she applied suction.

She took him deeper and deeper, giving him more suction, enjoying the sound of his heaving breath as his cockhead hit the back of her throat. The wet ache between her legs intensifying as she imagined how his driving thrusts would feel pumping in and out of her pussy.

"Do you want me to come?"

She slurped him out of her mouth. "No!"

He blinked and swore, quickly catching hold of his full balls to pull them back slightly, relieving pressure to stave off orgasm.

Miranda almost apologized before she looked down to see his penis was still, amazingly, erect. She didn't make a wisecrack about his joystick's guarantee, saying simply, "Your self-discipline's impressive."

He drew another long, slow breath, looking up at her with unreadable emotion swirling in his vivid blue eyes. "I'm very aware it's your pleasure we're cultivating tonight, darlin'. I know I'll get my rocks off."

Several times, Miranda hoped, kissing him for his sweetness before she stood to hike up her

dress. Then looking down, she watched the renewed interest stream into his eyes when he came face-to-face with the scrap of wet, black silk shielding her mound. "Now," she said with a lusty sigh, setting her knees on the seat to the sides of his thighs, "would you kindly pull down my thong with your teeth and tongue-fuck me?"

Stroking his hands up and down the backs of her thighs, he looked up at her with a roguish grin. "Certainly, Mistress, that happens to be my specialty."

Miranda took a deep breath and collected herself. She didn't want to come too soon.

Holding her steady with one hand, Blondie kept his gaze on her face as he moved his thumb little by little from the top of her thong over her smooth stomach to her bellybutton. Slowly, he circled it, looking down when he touched her tiny, diamond-drop piercing. "Nice."

When his head dipped, Miranda held her breath, the first stroke of his wet, velvety-rough tongue over her quivering stomach sending bolts of pleasure streaking down to her waiting vagina. With excruciating slowness, he licked around her bellybutton and back down to the top of her thong, pausing to slide his tongue tantalizingly inside the rim of elastic. Miranda was breathing through her mouth, waiting for him to lap her dripping juice. She felt a quick flick on the black

silk. Then he pulled back in surprise.

"No hair." He looked up, his eyes sparkling. "I like it." He ducked down to move the flat of his tongue strongly against the thong and the delicate folds behind it.

The exquisite torture drew audible gasps from Miranda while he drew her essence through the fabric.

"Umm...taste great. I could eat this pussy all night."

Amen to that.

Finally, his teeth caught the top of her thong, tugging.

Miranda gripped his shoulders to steady herself, moving a knee free from the fabric. She knew he'd want to stare at her denuded pussy and he did with sounds of masculine approval.

"It's the first bare one I've seen...it's sexy as hell."

"Uh-huh. Take a closer look." She arched into his face, pressing her thighs against his head.

"Oh, man." Breathing in her musky dampness greedily, his hands cupped her rounded ass tightly as he placed his open mouth on her plump vulva, kissing one pink labia lip and then the other.

The incredible pleasure forced a shuddering moan from Miranda. Her eyes drifted closed when his tongue went deeper to lick up and down her

welling cleft. When he sucked at her wet inner flesh, she tightened her grip on his hair. By the time she felt the divine touch of his mouth on her sensitive pearl of flesh, her thigh muscles had gone completely lax and she could barely stay on her knees. He slid the tip of his tongue around her clit several times before he worked it with varying tempos, gently, harder, softer, then at full-force with nipping teeth. "Oh God, yes, oooh."

When he pulled away, her hoarse cry of protest broke off as soon as she felt the point of his rolled tongue pushing through her crimson slit, her sensitive muscles clenching around him as he teased her with short stabs before he thrust forcefully, in and out, over and over. Finally, two strong fingers replaced his tongue, sliding into her channel to swing right and left. Miranda's vagina spasmed, the climax hitting her so hard her body jerked into a frenzied release, her juices gushing. "God, God."

Blondie held her until the aftershocks had subsided, looking up at her face, as though trying to assess her thoughts.

Miranda drew some long, quivering breaths, looking down to see his mouth was smeared with her warm cream. And—bless him—he was still hard. She bent to kiss him, tasting herself. Then she repositioned her legs for the grand fuck. "You more than deserve this."

His shaft prodded her swollen vulva and the limo came to a smooth stop.

"Shit." Blondie glared through the tinted window. "That was a short, bloody, thirty minutes."

Wiggling her dress back into place, Miranda hesitated before she climbed off him. "Shall I tell him to drive some more?"

Blondie shook his head, stuffing his semi-erect shaft back into his jeans. "Nah, I'm okay."

Miranda gave him a sympathetic look. "I'll make it up to you."

Good humor flashed in his spectacular eyes. "I'm counting on it. But what'd'ya say instead of going on to a hotel, we stay here? Cliff—Nick won't mind and it will save a hell of a lot of time."

Miranda considered his idea as she squinted through the tinted glass and was surprised to see a well-maintained apartment block instead of the shabby, bachelor digs she'd envisioned.

"It's his parents' place," Blondie supplied. "He stays here when his folks are travelling."

Miranda nodded, still debating. She'd chosen to use the limo and stay at luxury hotels to lessen personal risk. As an added safeguard, she had a container of mace in her purse and five years of kickboxing under her belt.

Blondie spoke as if he'd read her thoughts. "You don't know me, but you can trust me to see

to your safety.”

Miranda looked into his steady, blue gaze and saw nothing but truth.

Chapter Three

Waiting at the apartment door, Miranda could hear low voices on the other side, intrigued that her second candidate had a visitor, a female from the sounds of it.

Blondie leaned down to say quietly, "When I called him from the hotel he mentioned his lunch date was still with him. Things must have gone on longer than expected."

A moment later, the door was opened by a heavily breathing man of Mediterranean appearance. "You got here fast." His disordered, black hair and wrongly buttoned, blue shirt made it clear he'd dressed in a hurry. Slightly shorter than Blondie, he was less of a looker, but attractive in his own way, with a nicely defined mouth and soulful brown eyes that roamed approvingly over Miranda's lush figure. "Hello, I'm Clif—"

"No names," Miranda cut him off, shaking the hand he'd offered. "And I don't need to know what you do for a living."

He blinked and measured her for a moment and then nodded. "Okay, sure. Anonymity's fine with me."

"But rather than grunt at each other," Blondie put with a grin. "We're using aliases. She's Mistress, I'm Blondie and you'll be Nick."

The newly named looked amused. "Just plain Nick? You couldn't have made it catchy. Like...Stevie Stamina...or Len Leisurely."

Miranda laughed, enjoying him. "So which will it be?"

He winked. "Come to think of it, Nick Nonstop should cover it."

Blondie snorted. "Show off."

Miranda counted on the entertaining Nick living up to his boast as she rode his cock into the early morning hours. Curious, she asked, "Was your visitor planning to stay overnight?" She watched speculation glint in his dark eyes.

"She was, yeah."

Getting hornier by the second, Miranda let her gaze drift down to his denim-covered fly, seeing the ridge of what she took to be a semi-hard erection. "I suppose we should apologize for showing up while you were still fucking her?"

Clearly welcoming her outspokenness, he grinned as he glanced down at his crotch. "Yeah, maybe you *should* apologize, since Mr. wiggly was getting a primo blow-job when you arrived. And

clearly —” he slapped his palm on his forehead — “the drain of blood from my brain to my dick has made me forget my manners. Please come in.” He stepped back, gesturing them in with a small flourish.

Stepping into a large, mirrored, entrance hall, leading to a floral-carpeted corridor, Miranda felt Blondie’s hand come to rest on the small of her back. Was he feeling possessive of her in the presence of the gregarious Nick? The totally feminine part of her was delighted that she wasn’t the only one still affected by their short bout of limo-loving. And as Blondie’s hand slid lower to caress her ass through the thin fabric of her dress, Miranda moved a hand behind her back to brush her fingers over his semi-hard shaft. She was thinking, that so far, the evening had more than lived up to expectations.

“Not to interfere with your plans,” Nick put in, “but wouldn’t it be more convenient for everyone if we have the party here instead of a hotel?”

Miranda exchanged a fleeting glance with Blondie who nodded encouragingly. “Okay, thanks. It will save time.” She looked along the corridor at the doors that probably opened into bedrooms. “Perhaps your date would like to join us.” It was a scenario she hadn’t considered, but the idea was intriguing because of the voyeuristic aspect.

"I was thinking along the same lines," said Nick. "Let me talk to her." He gestured to an open door across the hall. "Make yourselves at home in there and have a drink."

Following Blondie to the indicated room, Miranda paused, calling to Nick as he disappeared along the hallway, "Be sure to tell her she'll receive the same amount of money." Fortunately, Miranda had brought extra cash and plenty of condoms.

The room she entered with Blondie was immaculate and surprisingly cozy with overstuffed, flaxen-colored couches, a thick, fawn-colored carpet and bright, rural paintings on the walls.

Obviously familiar with the layout, Blondie moved to stand in front of two, wall-mounted, glass cabinets with a silver drinks-trolley beneath. "Straight okay?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Mmm, fine." Settling herself on one of the comfortable couches, Miranda took fresh pleasure in the magnetism Blondie exuded, admiring the movements of his butt beneath his snug, black jeans as he opened the left cabinet and took out two glasses and a bottle of scotch. Pouring two fingers of liquor for each of them, he stepped over to hand Miranda a crystal tumbler. Then he moved away to lean against the ivory, marble mantelpiece, sipping his scotch as he studied her

over the rim of his glass.

"I have to say something."

At the serious note in his voice, the glass in Miranda's hand halted halfway to her mouth. "Okay."

"I want you to know my real name. It's Mark."

Miranda nodded slowly, trying to guess where he was heading. "Good name, it suits you."

He stared.

Miranda shook her head. "I'm still, Mistress."

He lowered his eyes to study the contents of his glass, a groove forming between his brows as he pulled in his lips, releasing them with a popping sound. "Then, to continue, I've never done the multi-partnering thing before."

Miranda felt a quick stab of apprehension. *Oh, hell.* "Are you getting cold feet?"

His head snapped up. "What? No! No, not at all." He gestured with his free hand. "I know I must sound like an idiot, but I haven't felt like this with any other women." He glanced at the door, lowered his voice. "I haven't felt this sort of...connection with other—" He released an explosive breath. "I want to see you again."

Her heart bounded while her mind reasoned that the most that could exist between them was a fleeting affair. She doubted a woman lasted more than a month in his emergent life. "I think seeing each other after this would be a mistake."

"It doesn't feel like a mistake to me."

It occurred that he might be trying to cleverly manipulate her.

Then he continued, "Don't get the wrong idea. I'm not out to exploit you. From the get go, I never meant to take your money. I'm bartending while I get my law degree." Before she could respond, he held up a hand. "Just think about it, will you."

It did considerable good to Miranda's ego to know he genuinely lusted after her and didn't want it to end tonight. But whatever reply she might have made was forestalled by a chirpy voice from behind.

"So, what do I have to do for a thousand quid?"

Mark straightened abruptly, frowning before his face took on a look of mild interest.

Turning in her chair, Miranda faced a petite, twenty-some female with short, red hair and big blue eyes.

Presumably naked under a man's white shirt, the newcomer followed her remark with a juvenile giggle, her gaze widening with interest when it rested on Mark. "You're Blondie, right?"

He smiled. "Yeah, what'd we call you?"

The redhead giggled at a higher pitch. "Bambi, I guess. That's what they nicknamed me at school, on account of my skinny legs." She kicked out a willowy limb to demonstrate.

Shit, Miranda inwardly cursed. *Screws loose*. She

warned herself not to encourage conversation.

Bambi had different ideas, moving closer with widened, child-like eyes to study Miranda's elegant, black sheath and designer shoes. "Great outfit. You got it in London, right?"

"I did, yes."

"Cool." Her gaze gravitated to Miranda's costly jewelry. "Maybe you could tell me which part of the city has affordable flats that aren't rat holes. I've almost decided to move South next —"

Miranda held up a silencing finger, saying as kindly as she could, "We'll talk later." She looked at Nick. "I'd like to get started."

"Perhaps we could do it here, where there's plenty of room," Mark put in quickly, evidently as keen as Miranda to stop Bambi's chatter.

Nick nodded. "Yeah, we can we put the sofa cushions on the floor."

"Perhaps a couple of sheets," Miranda said, thinking of his absent parents.

"Right, right." Hurrying off, Nick returned in moments with armfuls of blankets, pillows and sheets, which he tossed into the center of the room.

Bambi whooped with delight. "It's like a slumber party." Taking a running jump into the soft pile of bedding, she peeled off the white shirt in the process, revealing small, pink-nippled breasts and a perfectly flat belly above a triangle

of dark hair, proving she wasn't a natural redhead.

Miranda was beginning to wish she'd never invited to the other woman to stay. Unzipping her dress, she slid it off her smooth, olive-skinned curves and removed her stockings. But she left on her black bra and thong. From the corner of her eye, she could see Mark slipping out of his pants, tugging off his T-shirt, exposing a tight, hard navel, long, powerful legs and a perfect bubble-butt.

With pagan yearning, Miranda examined both men from head to toe as they came to stand in front of her. Mark, whom she still preferred to think of as Blondie, looked brawnier, if possible, with his wide, ripped torso and long, velvety prick thrusting out from its circle of reddish-blond pubes.

In contrast, Nick looked more rough-edged and dangerous unclothed. His well-honed, hirsute body embellished by huge balls and a large, darkly fleshed cock, the spiky bush around it as black as coal. When Miranda looked back at his face, she saw that he was looking his fill at her.

"You sure are built, Mistress." He wagged his black brows. "So, who does whom first?"

Even if she never saw Mark again, Miranda wasn't inclined to let the flirty Bambi have her way with him. Tonight his dick belonged to her.

"Why don't you start things off with Bambi," she said to Nick.

Kneeling in the center of the bedding, Bambi did her saucer-eyed thing again. "I could suck Blondie's cock at the same time." She shot Mark a hungry grin.

Miranda mentally stiffened, forcing back another stab of possessiveness.

"It would make it more interesting," Bambi persisted.

Miranda reminded herself not to mistake sex, no matter how great, for more than it was. "Sure," she said. "Go ahead." Retrieving her drink, Miranda dropped down to sit crossed-legged at the edge of the bedding.

"This is gonna be sooo much fun," Bambi said to no one in particular, flipping onto her back to watch Nick slowly roll an ultra-thin condom over his cock's bulbous head.

At the same time, Mark moved to kneel at the back of the redhead. The light from the table lamp gleaming on the triangular slabs of his wide shoulders while he tore open a package to slip his condom on. Bambi turned her head to smile at him and whisper something Miranda couldn't quite catch.

Moving between Bambi's slender legs, Nick caught hold of her ankles to raise and spread her knees, simultaneously, Mark moved upward on

his knees to use the palm of his hand to tilt Bambi's head backward.

The redhead wasted no time going to work on Mark's well-shaped testicles, nuzzling and kissing before her tiny, pink tongue darted out to lick up and down, Miranda growing more watchful as she listened to Mark drawing quick, pleased breaths. When Bambi's mouth closed around his full sacs to suckle greedily, Miranda remembered they had been cool and tasted salty.

Now Nick hoisted Bambi's slim hips while the thick head of his shaft probed her widely spread sex. The redhead released Blondie's balls for a moment to make a trilling sound as Nick glided inside her with a satisfied grunt. Bambi arched her hips toward him as far as they would go. With expert movement, Nick plowed her steadily, as if to build momentum. With one hand, he reached out to caress the tiny, rosy tips on her very, white breasts.

Mark was feeding his straining penis into to Bambi's open mouth. She craned her neck to swallow as much as possible, her noisy sucking way too impassioned for Miranda's liking.

There was no doubt that Mark liked it, his handsome face making it plain he was in ecstasy as he held Bambi's head steady and pumped his shaft rhythmically through her full lips. The redhead's cheeks moved in and out as she applied

full suction. Miranda kept her gaze on Mark's face. His cry of release vibrated in his throat as he spurted hot seed into the condom.

Masking her unsettled emotions, which were really starting to piss her off, Miranda turned her attention back to Nick, seeing the beads of sweat on his rapidly plunging buttocks. He was definitely more barbarian than Mark. Bambi's slender limbs jerked as Nick's dark, meaty shaft drove her pink folds apart with each merciless thrust into her soft core. Miranda was fascinated by the wet suctioning sounds they made.

"Oh, yeah, yeah," Nick shouted. "Milk me, milk me, you hot little cunt."

The scene was so highly arousing now that Miranda slipped a finger under her thong, thrusting into her own hot, slippery vagina while she thumbed her clitoris.

Without Mark's cock in her mouth, Bambi was making fast, urgent, supplicating sounds, as if desperate for her own release. Her limbs twitching as Nick plunged his shaft one, two more times, releasing a bellowing cry as orgasm punched through him. Bambi reached her own climax on a piercing screech.

Reeling from the stimulus, Miranda rapidly rubbed and thrust into her own sex until she joined them in a multiple orgasm.

Silence reigned for long minutes. The room

now smelling strongly of sex, layered over with their personal aromas. Still sitting on the floor, Miranda closed her eyes and leaned back against the lower half of a chair, wondering how long it would take the men to recover. Opening her eyes at a clinking sound, she saw Nick utilizing the drinks-trolley to pour them iced champagne. Moving toward Miranda, he handed her a delicate crystal flute.

"Been saving this bubbly for a special occasion."

"Lovely," Miranda said. Her gaze drawn to the door as Mark reentered the room. He smiled and winked at her. Reaffirming that he'd thoroughly enjoyed his quick foray. But as Mark moved toward Miranda, Nick jumped in ahead to sit beside her. Miranda's gaze was pulled like a magnet down to his penis. Though it had softened, it still looked incredibly large.

"I wanted to tell you," he said softly, running a seductive finger up and down her arm, while his gaze flicked to her breasts, which got her juices going again, "that *you* gave me that hard-on you mentioned at the front door.

A buzz of satisfaction raced through Miranda. "I'm flattered."

"There's more. I'm not taking your money."

She examined his darkly handsome face. "Why?"

"Because I'm hoping we can share some unconventional thrills on a regular basis."

Curious, Miranda glanced toward Mark who was standing by the mantelpiece again, talking to Bambi while he watched Miranda and Nick with obvious interest. Bloody hell, Miranda thought, who knew this would turn out to be so amazing. She sipped at her champagne while she acknowledged, with mild amusement, that the cougar part of her fantasy was being shot all to hell. She told Nick, "You certainly know how to make a lady feel special."

He winked. "You are a special lady with a fabulous ass."

As he'd clearly intended, Miranda imagined his shaft sliding into it.

As if to break up Miranda and Nick's intimate chat, Bambi bounced toward them. "So what combo are we gonna do now?"

Since the irritating, younger woman had served her voyeuristic purpose, Miranda put her glass down, about to rise and pay the redhead, tell her to go home.

Nick intervened. "Why don't you do a reheat, Bambi?"

Miranda understood his meaning when Bambi moved to kneel in front of her.

"Have you done the girl thing before?" the younger woman asked, her expression conveying

that she had.

"No," Miranda told her, still wavering on whether she wanted to go along with the unexpected development. Not that there was anything wrong with it. She just wasn't attracted to her own species, but tonight had nothing to do with her regular, everyday life.

It wasn't the touch of the other woman's hand sliding up her leg or the thought of the redhead licking out her sopping pussy that kicked Miranda's level of excitement up by several notches. It was the sharpening interest she saw in the men's eyes as they moved to stand behind Bambi. Miranda had often wondered if she would get off just knowing she was being observed, with which she spread her legs to invite the redhead in.

Bambi hesitated, whispering, "I bet the guys would like to watch us kiss." She brought her full pouty lips forward.

Miranda leaned in, going with it while Bambi plied her mouth and did a little tongue action. With one eye on the guys, Miranda saw them shift sideways for a better view.

Finally, Bambi moved off Miranda's lips to kiss along her throat down to her black bra, licking between her scented cleavage while her small hands swept up Miranda's back to unclasp her bra.

The luscious appeal of Miranda's self-

supporting breasts bouncing free brought breathy sounds of appreciation from the guys. The touch of Bambi's wet tongue on one of her long, ruby-colored nipples sent surprising shocks of pleasure racing to Miranda's core. *Well, I'll be damned.*

Glancing back at the men, who looked enthralled by the girl-on-girl action, Miranda's eyes gleamed as she leaned back on her elbows to balance on her butt, holding aside the wet fabric of her thong as she raised her knees. Enjoying the men's intense scrutiny as she fully exposed the velvet details of her scarlet nucleus and the droplets of warm fluid spilling onto the sheet.

Bambi didn't hesitate, ducking down between Miranda's thighs for some slavish tongue thrusting. Making *mmm, mmm* sounds as she sucked in aromatic juices.

As the pleasure coiled tighter and tighter, Miranda started to breathe shakily, gripping the tangled bedding as the redhead's lips finally closed on the glistening distension of her throbbing clit.

God, this is fabulous. While she might not choose to go one-on-one with a woman, Miranda was sorry she'd waited so long to try the multi-coupling arrangement, opening herself wider to the redhead's ministrations as her breath came out in harsher and harsher gusts. She broke into a guttural cry as Bambi pushed her over into

orgasm.

Long minutes later, Miranda opened her eyes to see Bambi had left the room again and both men were sitting in the middle of the bedding, watching her with expectant gleams in their eyes.

Awaiting her commands, Miranda thought, drawing a deep breath of satisfaction as she imagined herself being wedged between their hard-ons. She didn't have to ponder which combination she'd prefer, since Nick had declared he wanted to bury his dick in her backside. She said to Mark while she slid off her drenched thong, "I'd like you to do my pussy."

Mark saluted playfully. "By your command, Mistress."

"Well, hey," Nick said, staring down at Miranda's naked mound. "I didn't realize you were totally muffless." He nodded. "Very alluring."

"Thanks."

His dark eyes glinted. "Perhaps I should shave *my* pubes, what'd think?"

Very conscious of his virile appeal, Miranda treated herself to another look at his heavy, darkly fleshed cock and the springy, black hair around it. "I've know a couple of guys who liked to be naked down there." She gave him a feline smile. "As I recall, they particularly enjoyed me licking the shaved skin around their dicks before I sucked

them into my mouth." She watched his gaze intensify.

"What'd say if after this next bout you shave me?"

"I'd love to." *Hurray for randy, young bucks, ready to go several rounds.*

"Hey, what about me?"

They all glanced over at Bambi, who'd apparently been watching like a hawk from the sidelines. "If Blondie's going to fuck your pussy," she said to Miranda, "he could cunnie mine at the same time." She shot Mark a beatific smile.

As Miranda looked at Mark's face, which showed no discernible emotion, she visualized Bambi sitting on it. *Admit it, Kelsey, you're jealous as hell.* Maybe I am, she told herself. On the other hand, she'd long dreamed about this fantasy and the redhead would spoil the threesome rhythm she craved. Miranda said firmly, "Why don't you sit this round out and watch."

Bambi pouted, little-girl-like, eyeing Miranda resentfully. "I don't want to watch. I want to join in." With that, she glanced over at the guys, undoubtedly expecting them to support her. Since they'd wisely stepped back at the hint of hair pulling, they stayed silent.

Miranda could cheerfully have told the redhead to damn well leave if she didn't like it. She modified slightly. "Since I arranged the party, it

follows that I call the shots.”

With that, Bambi’s face hardened into tight lines, slitting her eyes at Miranda. “Well, excuse me, your Majesty. You can call all the effing shots you like. I’m leaving.”

Well, well, Miranda thought, the bubblehead bit is all put on. “I think,” she said with a thread of warning in her voice, “your leaving is an excellent idea.”

Putting her hands on her hips, the redhead glared in open warfare. “Fine, but I want the money you promised me—all of it.”

Miranda set her mind’s central control to serene and walked to the chair where she’d left her purse. But then, as she took out a bank envelope and offered it to the redhead, Miranda stared her down. One wrong move, she thought, and I’ll bitch-slap the prickly, little cat.

Evidently Bambi got the message, dropping her gaze as she scooted over to snatch the money. And she waited until she reached the dark hallway to toss over her shoulder, “Fuck the lotta yer.”

A few seconds later, the front door slammed.

Chapter Four

As Miranda turned to face the men, they expressed their opinions of Bambi's departure silently. Nick with an offhand shrug, Mark with eye roll of evident relief.

"Okay," she said. Let's do it." She walked to the middle of the bedding. All thoughts of Bambi banished from her mind as she watched Mark move toward her.

He smiled into her eyes, his elegant hands feathering up her arms to cup her face. "I meant what I said," he whispered. "I don't want it to end tonight."

Staring into his sparkling eyes, she drew a shaky breath. It was so long since she'd let her guard down with a man. She'd forgotten how it felt. And knowing she could fall very hard for this one, she shied away from thinking any further along that particular line. "We'll talk later," she said with a touch of firmness.

His eyes flashed. "Yes, we will." He said it as if

it were an absolute command. Then he bent to kiss her quick and hard.

The taste of his mouth, the smell of his skin, brought a fresh surge of excitement. She moved closer, feeling his rearing shaft touch her belly. When she moved to grasp his cock, he lifted her hand away.

"Not yet. I've been waiting all night to touch these gorgeous tits."

Though she was evading the issue, knowing he had feelings for her added to her pleasure as he filled his hands with her big, bare breasts, quavers coursing through her abdomen as his thumbs circled her marble-edged peaks.

"Fabulous, long nipples."

Nick's hair-roughened chest brushed against her back. "Don't forget about me."

She almost had, Miranda was startled to realize, forcing her emotions to settle down so she could concentrate fully on an electrifying experience between their two powerful bodies.

And here we go, she thought as Nick's large hands grasped her upper arms, goose bumps racing across her skin as he pulled her to her knees. The action jerked her away from Mark who dropped down in front of her to continue his ministrations, pressing his open mouth against the underside of her jaw to start a torturous, wet trail to the base of her throat. Her breath lodged there

as his wonderful mouth moved across her overheated skin to her shoulder, then down to the scented swells of her bosom, where he nuzzled and licked.

Now she felt the hard width of Nick's shaft nudging her backside, brushing her anus, his excited breath gusting against her ear as his hand came around her body to close over her right breast, weighing it.

"Man, these are beautiful." He took long moments, thumbing and squeezing her ruby peaks.

Miranda was always amazed at the power boobs wielded over men.

"Rock-hard," he declared, "just like my dick." This time he moved that dick tightly into the crevice between the globes of Miranda's bottom, sending fiery thrills up her spine.

At same time, Mark's wandering mouth closed over her other breast, his hungry pull, sending fresh surges of pleasure skittering over her skin.

As if on cue, both men unleashed, suckling fast and furious. "Oh, Jesus." Her head fell back, her heart kicking into triple time as her body curved to push more of her breasts into their gobbling mouths.

It was exactly what she'd yearned for. She'd never felt so much sharp, stunning pleasure, Mark bringing her to fever pitch when he slipped a hand

between her thighs to touch her swollen petals, growling in male appreciation as he pushed two fingers inside her vagina. "God, yes," she gasped.

Nick had stopped suckling, his voice thrillingly low and gravelly as he said close to her ear, "Do you enjoy erotic spanking?"

She did. Though at the moment she was more interest in Mark's thrusting fingers, getting set to tell them she was ready for dual entry.

Without warning, Nick yanked her naked body down across his lap.

Wha... His hard cock pressed into her thighs, his big palm coming down with a resounding whack on her bare ass. Miranda jerked and yipped, but she felt a spontaneous contraction in her core.

Whack, whack, whack, the stinging strokes kept coming. The quivering globes of her bottom turning crimson as tears came to her eyes, her flesh began to burn. "Okay, I've had enou –"

She stopped squirming when Mark's hand slid between hers and Nick's thighs. In seconds, Miranda was vibrating from wild excitement, being spanked and hand diddled by Mark, who increased the speed of his movements until she shot into orgasm on a hoarse cry. If she wasn't being held, she'd probably have dropped bonelessly to the floor.

She'd barely leveled her breathing when Nick

caught her waist to move her onto all fours. "If you've done the anal thing before," he rasped in her ear, "it's nothing compared to what you're gonna get."

Though his words made her shiver with fresh expectancy, Miranda cautioned, "Okay, but let me set the pace." He was bigger than any guy she'd taken this way and she didn't want to get hurt.

"Don't worry. I'll make sure you're well lubricated." His hot breath licked over her skin as his hands started to massage her back's pleasure points, working his way down to the curve of her bottom.

Meanwhile, Mark was stretching that great body out in front of her, lying flat on his back so she could move over him, not easy considering the width of his massive thighs. But once Miranda was positioned, she could enjoy the view of the smooth organ resting back against the fluffy inch of fair hair dividing Mark's washboard belly.

"Fabulous," said Nick from behind while he squeezed each of Miranda's still-flushed, ass cheeks.

Glancing back, Miranda saw the slit of his large penis oozing pearly fluid before he covered it with a condom.

Mark's hands came up to steady her as Nick slid a finger between her thighs from behind, checking to see how wet she was. "I think there's

enough lubrication." He smeared a mix of pussy juice and sweat upward around her pink rosette.

Miranda trembled from the promise of pleasure as his finger worked the fluids inside her dainty hole.

"Ready to go."

"Yes." As he grasped her hips to position himself, Miranda tried to relax her anal muscles, which pulsed in need. The first demanding press against her tightly puckered opening made her heartbeat skitter, the blood thudding in her ears.

With one flex of his hips, Nick shoved through.

"Oh, God." She reared up, dragging in air as she absorbed the shock wave.

"Okay?"

"Yes, yes, wow."

Nick waited a few beats. Then he gave another hard thrust, his breathless groan of pleasure fanning Miranda's ear as he moved fully into her tight confines.

She moaned as pain and pleasure flooded her rear passage. She caught her breath and nodded down at Mark, indicating that she was ready for him. Then she watched his hips arch as he guided that glorious banger toward her opening. His first thrust was a shallow one. Miranda's pleased cry encouraged him to withdraw and drive into her harder, just the way she liked it. The solid throb of the second cock feeling unbelievably hot as her

inner flesh sucked in every inch. "Okay, okay." She puffed out more breaths.

Neither man moved for a few seconds, allowing her to adjust to their bulk, their expectation evident from their increased breathing. Very slowly, Nick moved out and in with short expert moves, sending streaks of fiery pleasure darting through Miranda's back passage.

When Mark began to move inside her, she dug her nails into his flesh. Both men seemed to tacitly synchronize their rhythms, one withdrawing while the other penetrated. Miranda's inner muscles tightened and pulsed in tempo while she enjoyed the pleasurable impact of two sets of balls.

Mark's blue eyes were open, looking up at the bountiful breasts hanging over him. On each upward thrust of his hips, his tongue flicked over them.

"So how are you enjoying the bum fucking part," Nick breathed heavily into her ear?

Her body's movement made her voice unsteady. "I'm loving it...all of it." The whole thing was as intoxicating as hell. Being held by two sets of hard, masculine hands, inhaling their ripe, male musk while their cocks worked as one. "You can go faster if you like."

At her command, they upped the pace, the increased speed sending the heavy jab of their cocks so far in, Miranda felt the brush of Nick's

wiry pubic hair against the sides of her burning backside.

“Do me. Do me as hard as you can.” She’d never spoken such words and she didn’t care. There was a blood-beating wildness in her now straining for more, a primitive need that could only be satiated by the furious joining. “Harder,” she told them, her lungs working like bellows. “Fuck me like wild animals.”

With answering grunts, the guys surged into the depths of her body with all the strength they were capable of, their hot, rushing breaths sweeping over Miranda’s sweat-streaked skin. Her nails clawing at Mark’s arms as her body jerked with each surging jolt of their loins, listening to Nick’s explosive cries while he battered her.

“Bloody hell! Fuck! Holy shit!”

Miranda closed her eyes, the better to absorb the dark pleasure. Bright lights flashed behind her eyelids as her system tilted into overload, almost delirious as the climax rolled over her. “Oh, God. Ooooh!”

Her thoughts fractured, hot explosive waves spreading outward through her limbs, along her spine, all the way up to her chest. She was aware that Mark’s shaft must be feeling the frenzied clenching of her interior walls as she was launched into screaming ecstasy.

Almost in unison, the men, with the last

powerful thrusts of their cocks, came to their own shattering peaks. Their combined cries of rapture rang in Miranda's ears as their drenched bodies convulsed around her. Paralyzed beneath them, her heart still galloping like a pack of wild horses, Miranda savored the last vestiges of ultimate fulfillment.

They went a few more rounds. Then at dawn, the men collapsed into exhausted sleep. A short time later, Miranda slipped silently away.

Chapter Five

Two weeks later, after a long, grueling commute into central London, Miranda started up the wide steps toward the white, double doors safeguarding the offices of Kelsey Properties International.

Common sense demanded that she put the episode in York out of her mind. Yet during lunch with an acquaintance, or a workout in the gym, in the middle of a confidential, business meeting, the memory of Mark's tongue slipping over her melting flesh while the stiff length of Nick's cock pressed her from behind would bring her nipples into tight, tingling buds and fluid seeping into her panties.

She knew her assistant, Wendy, had noted her distraction, finally asking, "Is everything all right?"

"Yes, yes, everything fine," she'd lied. "You know me, always thinking about the next deal."

It wasn't just the mind-blowing sex that

Miranda couldn't put out of her mind. In her dreams, she saw Mark's bright blue eyes smiling into hers, heard his fascinating, Yorkshire-accented voice whispering tender words.

She was tormented by thoughts of him with other women. Had he kissed them as deeply as her while they clung to his muscled shoulders? Had he fingered and licked them until they begged him to plunge his massive erection into their wetness—

For God's sake, Kelsey, enough, you're coming unstrung. With a sudden stop, she put her hand against the wall, drawing deep, steadying breaths. An inner voice told her that Miranda Kelsey could control her thoughts in any situation. Straightening, she nodded sharply to herself. "That's right. I'm a bloody fire-eater. And no one had better forget it." She squared her shoulders and resumed her quick stride, turning a corner into the blue-carpeted reception area that was dominated by a large, circular, black desk, the facing wall covered with photos of prime real estate.

Setting down her brown, leather briefcase, Miranda hung her beige raincoat on the stand in the corner, smoothing her hands over her navy business suit and her upswept hair. "Good morning, Wendy, any messages?"

Miranda's blonde assistant glanced up from her

computer screen, green eyes glinting animatedly behind her black-framed glasses. "No, but your new client's lawyer is here."

Miranda glanced at her watch. "He's early."

"Yep, and he's not the one you were expecting."

"No?"

Wendy stood and came around her desk. "Their London office phoned first thing this morning to say Mr. Wentworth was called away for a family emergency, which led to a paperwork slip-up in their Northern office." Wendy drew a breath. "In short, they flew in substitute lawyer with the signed contracts. His name's Jarret."

Watching her assistant roll her eyes eloquently, Miranda raised one brow. "Something more I should know?"

Wendy grinned. "No, I'll let you see for yourself. He's waiting in your office."

Miranda stared. "You put him in my private office instead of the waiting room?"

"I know it's against the rules, but he said he needed more room to use his laptop and bring himself up to speed on things. And somehow—" she fluttered her arms— "I couldn't say no."

Miranda gave her a direct look. "Then I suggest you practice for next time."

Wendy looked suitably chastened. "Sorry, boss. I'll go make tea."

"Bring your pad," Miranda called after her. "I want you to take notes." When dealing with a multimillion-pound company, one couldn't afford to miss dotting every *i* and crossing each *t*.

As Wendy hurried away, Miranda snapped up her briefcase and strode briskly toward her office, entering with her professional smile in place. Her sharp gaze swept over the open laptop and a pile of documents on her desk before she glanced at the tall man in a charcoal-gray, business suit gazing out her wide window.

Making himself right at home, she thought. "Good morning, Mr. Jarret. Sorry to keep you waiting. It's a lovely view of Hyde Park, isn't it—" She broke off with a stifled gasp when she saw his blond hair. Like a bird hypnotized by a snake, she stood motionless as he turned to face her.

With a hand outstretched, Mark froze, his handsome face mirroring Miranda's incredulous expression. "Well, hey."

Miranda closed her mouth. "How in the world did—" She jolted as Wendy knocked on the open door, entering the room with a tea tray, which she carried to a rosewood table, seemingly unaware of the charged silence around her.

"How do you take your tea, Mr. Jarret?"

"Milk, no sugar, please." He was smiling now, a slow, dangerous smile that Miranda hadn't seen before.

Behind her shell-shocked gaze, Miranda was thinking that his sedate, executive dress only added to his virile appeal. His face, in the sunlight, was stunning, his blue shirt a perfect match for his eyes. The fact that those eyes were cruising slowly over her, lingering on the full breasts pushing against her snowy white blouse, made her heart skitter wildly against her ribs.

With effort she rallied, taking refuge in the business that had brought him here. "Please have a seat, Mr. Jarret." She moved to sit in the high-backed chair behind her desk, unable to stop her gaze trailing up and down his body as he dropped it gracefully into the chair in front of her desk.

One of Miranda's greatest weapons was her ability to keep a poker face during business negotiations. She used it now to hide the flood of sensations careening through her system. "So, you're filling in for Mr. Wentworth." She took the china cup and saucer Wendy handed her. "Have you been with the firm long?" She recalled he'd mentioned he was still working toward a law degree.

"I'm interning with Wentworth and Brigham," he replied. "They needed someone in a hurry. And since I'm specializing in corporate law, my name came up. I'm here to deliver the contracts that the client, Mr. Aziz, has already signed and I'll try to answer any additional questions you

may have."

Watching the movement of his full, passionate mouth, Miranda brought her teacup to her own lips, trying to block the waves of sexual heat radiating from his powerful body. It was best she'd seen him again like this, in all his glory, she thought. Best to know it could never work between them. He was too young and desirable to stay faithful to one woman. She may have gotten over her bastard ex-husband, but he'd left a scar on her heart. If she allowed Mark Jarret to unlock the restriction she'd placed on herself and he betrayed her, she might never recover.

Then it occurred, with an embarrassing jolt, that she might be worrying over nothing. As young as he was, Mark's infatuation with her might not be applicable anymore. For all she knew, he might be mentally rehearsing how to blow her off, if she propositioned him again. Either way, it was best to get rid of him as quickly as business allowed. "I do have one question," she said. "Has Mr. Aziz decided if he would like my company to take on full management once the units have been renovated?"

Mark nodded. "Yes. Mr. Aziz is very impressed with your administration of the King's Reach apartment complex in Chelsea." His dark-gold lashes lowered as he consulted his notes. "The forty-eight units apparently had a ninety percent

occupancy rate for the last twelve months."

"That's correct," Miranda said. "I'm good at my job." There was no self-importance in her statement, simply fact.

"I'm sure you excel in everything you set out to do, Miz Kelsey."

Hearing the smile in his voice, Miranda glanced up to see it glinting in his eyes. *Oh God, he still wants me.* It changes nothing, she told herself. He's still too young.

Acutely aware of Wendy sitting to her left, taking notes, wanting to get rid of Mark before her assistant caught on to their byplay, Miranda said briskly, "Since that's the only question I have at this time, Mr. Jarret, there's no need to take up more of your valuable time." She watched silent questions flicker in his eyes. She kept her gaze flat, continuing, "Why don't I go over the contracts and have my signed copies couriered over to your hotel later today. Where are you staying?"

"I haven't booked anything yet. I came here straight from the airport."

Miranda turned to Wendy. "Please book Mr. Jarret a room at the Park Plaza. Then you can type up those new rental agreements we discussed."

With Wendy dismissed, Miranda waited a beat before she stood and came around the desk. She nixed the idea of shaking hands. She didn't dare touch him. "Well, it was nice to see you again,

Mark."

He rose fluidly from his chair, saying nothing. And he made no move to collect his belongings.

Ignoring the intensity in his gaze, she tried again. "Well, have a safe journey back to York. I'll get the contracts sent over to you within the next four hours." When he stepped closer, her pulse jumped. Quickly, she stepped back to reach for the intercom. "Let me see if Wendy has—"

He caught her hand. "Damn you. Did you really believe you could dismiss me without an explanation?"

Inhaling his familiar scent, Miranda battled dizzying surges of need, managing to keep her gaze level with his. "We had a one-night-stand. End of story." She gasped when he yanked her closer, the silk of her stockings moving against the soft, gray wool of his slacks.

"From the first moment I saw you I knew... I've been going crazy these past weeks, thinking I'd never see you again."

Her throat was tight now, her heart pounding raggedly. Because he was making her feel so much, she showed him less. "I'm sorry, Mark. To put it bluntly, you were a good leg over, but you don't interest me enough to take it further."

His eyes flashed vividly blue. "Say that again after this." He bent to seize her mouth, his lips moving over hers aggressively, tongue thrusting,

seeking entrance, devouring and demanding.

Her arms strained to push him away even as her senses greedily absorbed the heady, overpowering flavor of him. In her mind, a voice whimpered and became a moan on her lips. She jerked when the intercom buzzed, then pushed frantically against his chest, tearing her lips from his. "Wait," she gasped, "she'll knock if I don't answer." She turned to lean over her desk, fighting to level her breathing while she depressed the button. "Yes, Wendy. Did you manage to book a room?"

"All set, Miz Kelsey. Would Mr. Jarret like me to order a taxi to drop him at the hotel?"

Miranda opened her mouth to say yes and felt the heavy arc of Mark's erection press against her ass. Stifling her murmur of desperation, she spoke hurriedly into the intercom, "No, we're still going over a few details. I'll call the taxi. You go on and have your lunch."

Before Miranda could speak again, Mark's hands were all over her, yanking open her jacket and then her blouse, unsnapping her white satin bra, as if he couldn't touch her fast enough. His hard weight felt so right, so natural against her body. His scent, part spicy cologne, part aroused male, enveloped her as he gathered her exposed breasts in the large width of his hands. Though her powers of reason had stopped operating the

moment he'd touched her, a small cognizant voice in a corner of Miranda's mind shouted, *Take control. Tell him to stop.* "Get your hands off me," she said lamely.

"What are you afraid of," he rasped, "getting close to me or to anyone?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Let me go and I'll meet you at your hotel later."

"I don't believe you."

The breath rushed from her lips when he gripped her wrists in one hand, stretching her tautly beneath him over her desk, causing her thick mane of hair to come loose from its coil. Miranda could see herself reflected in the window, her breasts swinging heavily in her loosened bra. Barely aware he was undoing his belt and fly, letting his prick lose before he jerked up her skirt, caressing the back of her thighs and then her lush buttock cheeks through her office wear, white panties.

"What do you think," he whispered, the scent and heat of his skin surrounding her. "Should we do it doggy fashion or would you prefer missionary on the desk?" His hot hand rooted between her thighs, touching the damp crotch of her panties. He played with her leisurely, her body throbbing with anticipation. "What's your answer, *Mistress?*"

Because she was desperate to yield, inhaling the

scent of her own arousal, she started to struggle, her movement jutting her butt into his erection.

He groaned and shuddered as the sensitive tip of his cock slid between her thighs. Keeping one hand on the indent of her waist, his other hand came around to slip through the leg of her panties, stroking her labia and then her trickling petals. "Mmm, mmm, look how wet you are, Miz Kelsey." He twiddled her clit.

She gasped as electric charges streaked through her pussy, then he slipped a finger into her slit.

"Wouldn't you like my dick to be pushing in there? I've been thinking these past weeks that if I did find you, I'd fuck you so hard you'd melt into a puddle at my feet."

Miranda registered that he was unknowingly acting out another of her other secret fantasies, making her helpless for his pleasure. To her eternal shame, she knew she'd submit to him no matter what the cost.

He pulled down her panties, freeing her from her underwear as he nudged her legs apart. Miranda's body responded with a flood of fresh moisture.

He growled as he eyed her smooth butt, bringing a hand up to caressing it. "God, I've never wanted a woman as much as you."

Recalling the diameter of his penis, Miranda's body pounded with excitement as his heavy body

settled around her, his long fingers sliding between her thighs again to open her dripping crevice. When he thrust his rod, Miranda felt the vibration of his groan against her back. Tremors of rapture sweeping through her velvet sheathe as it stretched around his bulky organ.

"How does it feel to have me in the dominator role?"

She could have told him it brought a euphoria she'd never felt before, but she couldn't suck in enough air to get the words out. As he withdrew and plunged deeper, she braced her hands on the desk. He pumped steadily and deliberately, fingers bruising her skin as he urged her hips into circles, moving into her faster and harder. Out and in, out and in, the jolting movement of his heavy cock jiggled her breasts while she breathed in open-mouthed pants.

"Whatever you want sexually," he said, his breathing and motions telling her he was close to release. "It's all right. If you want to do the group thing again, fine, as long as I know you really belong to me."

Miranda's mind searched for more objections and then it threw in the towel. Who was she kidding? She was mad about the boy. She recalled that someone had once said age is merely a number on a sheet of paper, it doesn't define you.

Seconds later, at the pinnacle of sensations, she

came and came, telling herself she was one lucky woman to have found this unique man who, along with his raunchy lovemaking, had engaged her mind and roused her humor. She'd be the world's greatest fool to walk away.

About the Author

Ali Atwood was born and raised in the British Isles and now lives happily in the US. With Scottish and Danish—Viking—ancestry, Ali has always been fascinated by Celtic lore and mystical phenomenon. The latter nurtured by her Scottish grandmother who, some say, had the sight.

A voracious reader from an early age, Ali devoured hundreds of books while still in school. Tales of youthful derring-do gradually replaced by romance, and later on, by spicy romance with no-holds-barred love scenes. Left with countless Alpha heroes crowding her head, Ali had no choice but to set them free.

When she's not writing, Ali enjoys the outdoors—horseback riding and golf. The books she creates are the type she likes to read, happily-ever-afters with a solid plot, strong characters and oodles of high-voltage sex.

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