

# Trusting St. Nick Yvette Hines



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## **Trusting St. Nick**

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To all of my readers who love a delicious erotic Christmas story as much as I do. For all of your support, feedback and always reminding me your waiting on the next story. Thank you. ~Yvette Hines

## Chapter One

He tracked her walk as she quietly made her way to her seat. Even in the dim room the look of guilt was evident on her features as she tip-toed to the available chair at the boardroom table. As he watched her, assessed everything about her that morning, Madison Gray continued to speak. He'd become a master at observing Tiffany Carson or Ava as he liked to think of her, and doing other tasks. Three years now she'd worked for Gray Medical Corp and all of that time he'd desired her.

Today, no different than any other, she was dressed in a tailored suit, a perfect hip hugging ensemble. He was partially annoyed that she was late. Not because of any company rules or policies, but because she liked to sit upfront in meetings. Her position always gave him the perfect opportunity to see her legs and she had nice ones too. The material ended at her knees and barely revealed her thighs to his avid sight. Ava kept her legs covered with sheer stockings that caressed her skin. Legs that remind him of his favorite Christmas treat, ginger snaps.

Just as delectable the four inch heels she wore to work defined her calves and ass as she walked away. She power-walked everyday at lunch while others crowded the gym. Her choice of fitness activity gave her body a sleek toned look, firm and feminine her body left him wanting. Wanting no other but Ava.

Ava's hair was another tease. Thick and ebony, she kept it swept up in a topknot. Haphazard by style, yet she ensured it was neat and tidy, twisting each strand tight giving her a conservative look. However, it was the loose tendrils that caressed the nape of her neck that constantly kept him in a state of arousal. They gave him hot and sexual thoughts about blowing across the back of her neck and making the escapees dance, a prequel before he began licking a trail down her spine. These were images he shouldn't be having while conducting a PowerPoint presentation before his managers.

The mental chastisement didn't halt his wayward thoughts. Nothing did and over the years he'd learned to live with them as companions to his day. When he was home alone he gave them free reign. Allowing his mind to reflect on every aspect of Ava that excited him until the images became so highly charged there was only one relief.

Dirk his best friend and partner shifted in his seat, bringing Madison's gaze away from Ava and back to the final points of the morning meeting. If it wasn't for his partner drawing him away, it would have been seconds before his reaction to her was apparent to everyone in the room. It was difficult for him to be around Ava or think of her without his dick becoming hard.

He gave Gina his assistant the signal to bring the lights up.

"In eight months we will open up our technology division that will advance GMC in copious directions. There will be an abundance of changes in the next year." Madison scanned the faces as light flooded the room. Some of his managers took notes while others stared intently at him. None were dozing, which is something he prided himself on. He never abided long drown out meetings when he was coming up in the business world and he refused to give them to others. Quick and to the point with minimal slides.

Only one person wasn't looking at him and that was Ava who took a moment to flip through the PPT slides tracking the information that she missed. The lines around her mouth attested to her depth of concentration. She was his best accounts liaison. Rarely when she went out to meet with a medical director did they tell her no to a new equipment purchase. Her success rate included the majority of the hard-sell items.

"There will also be more positions in the company. Many of them transferrable, however, most of them will be in the new Concord, North Carolina division." Where he was planning to set up his new headquarters, Dirk would continue to run things here while he took the lead of the tech division.

He was going to hate leaving. His focus returned to Ava like a magnet to metal. Stanley Walten whispered something in her ear. She leaned into him, smiled as she nodded her head in agreement. As she looked away Madison took note of the corner of her lips showing a slight tightness. What did that mean? Was there trouble in paradise? He could only hope.

Stanley worked in the company's marketing department. A reliable employee if not the most talented and he'd been dating Ava for a year now. It was the only reason he hadn't pursued his feelings for her. He didn't go

after another man's woman. Unlike most companies GMC had no rules, policies or regulations against interoffice romances. Why bother, he and Dirk had decided at the beginning, they would happen anyway and it would just make him and his partner police everyone's life.

He didn't have time for that. The only rule the company had on it was if it interfered in a negative way with the business then both people were out.

"Tomorrow HR will post the job listings on the company's site. If any of you fit the qualifications and desire to apply for one of the new positions please do. We're going to pick the best candidate. However, our first choice is from within." Madison allowed Dirk to handle the questions on the floor. He had a teleconference with the construction team in fifteen minutes in his office.

Dirk came to the front and leaned against the podium and called on Peter Oslow first. Moving toward the door Madison chose the route around the table that would bring him passed Ava's chair. She had finished reading the document and had swiveled and tilted her seat back to stare toward the front of the room. Her long legs were crossed and she was slowly rotating her ankle. Something she always did when she was engaged in the topic at hand. He wanted to follow the line up from her burgundy heel to her thighs, but he restrained himself. Keeping things respectable was too important to him. So, he obverted his gaze but allowed her sweet pomegranate scent to caress his senses as he walked along side her and out of the boardroom.

He had that smell memorized in his mind and categorized among the other mental files about Ava Carson. Pushing out the door he remarked to himself how he loved the delicious fragrance that adorned her body, but what he really wanted to know was the aroma of her true essence. He would give his fortune to take in the smell of her unique perfume, knowing its taste and have it imprinted on his body-- among his sheets. But, time was running short. He was leaving soon and she still belonged to someone else.

~YH~

"Stanley, get out!" Ava launched herself off her bed and toward the room door.

Eyes wide and mouth gaped Stanley's baffled look followed her. "What?"

"What don't you understand about get out?" Flinging the door open she pointed into the hall. "How about get the hell out, is that better for you?"

"Tiffany, what's wrong?" Stanley buttoned up his shirt covering his well-defined muscles.

"This is wrong." She waved her arms toward the candles and nightstand full of the items her boyfriend had brought to her house. "We're wrong. The fact you keep calling me Tiffany is wrong."

No one called her Tiffany. It was her first name, but it was also her mother's first name. That was a good enough reason for her to want it different. Everyone called her by her middle name, Ava, which she'd explained numerous times to Stanley.

Crossing the room, he took her shoulders into his strong hands, squeezing her. "Ava." He emphasized. "It's our anniversary whatever problem there is we can fix it. We've always fixed it."

The pleading sound in his voice drew her eyes to his face. A handsome chocolate face. His gentle hazel eyes had been the thing that captured her first, and always made her heart soft and give in to him over the year they dated. Not this time. "No, Stanley, that's not true, we don't always fix what's wrong with us. I just pretend that it doesn't matter. Pretend I can go without my needs being met." She broke their contact and began gathering the various pseudo pleasure items around the room and placed them back in the brown sack he'd brought them in.

Shaking his head, he tracked her steps with his eyes. "Six months ago, you said you wanted us to go on a vacation and not always sit around the house or do local things. We went away."

"To a fisherman's resort with your two brothers and their wives along with all nine children. I fuckin' hate fishing. Matter of fact I still have bruising from all the damn mosquito bites I got screwing you in the woods at night because you didn't want us having sex in the house where the kids might hear."

"I got bit too," he whined.

She guffawed. He was completely missing the point just like then.

"You said you wanted me to remember your birthday and special events and be thoughtful enough to get you a gift. I programmed every major holiday, to include Groundhog's Day, into my cell phone so I wouldn't forget. And I haven't missed one in months."

His smile of achievement pissed her off even more. Grabbing the lilac scented massage oil she chucked it into the bag with its friends. "You bought me chocolate covered cherries for Valentine's Day. Try to remember for your next girl when she'd allergic to something. And green colored macaroons for St. Patty's Day and you ate all but a half of one. Don't be so generous next time."

"You said you didn't want anymore."

Grabbing the pack of Magnums she dropped those inside the bag as well. "Just drop it. It's best we part as friends. It's been a good year. Now it's over."

He advanced towards her. "That's not true, Ava, this can't be over. I care for you. I think I want to marry you."

Stepping away from him so he wouldn't touch her, she stared at him. He couldn't be serious. "I think a lot of you too. But, *this is over*. We haven't even had sex in almost six months, isn't that telling you something?"

"You've been battling Migraines and women issues." He looked like a lost puppy dog with his eyes wide and his mouth turned down.

Her only woman issue had been her man, but she'd used whatever excuse she could not to get between the sheets with him and be disappointed. Unwilling to hurt his feelings more, she said, "We are not compatible, Stanley."

"I can change, honey. Just look." He grabbed the bag from her and held it up to her face. "You said you wanted more adventure and excitement in the bedroom. These things are not what I enjoy, but I'll do this for you."

Pushing the bag out of her face she snatched up a handful of faux petals from the bed and tossed them inside. This whole room was a bold example of how wrong they were for each other. She'd been out in the living room while he "set the stage" for the anniversary night of her fantasy. Yeah, right.

"You missed the mark. Big time. When we talked two months ago and I told you sex was definitely off the table until you could be more adventurous. I told you I wanted eroticism. To experience dark passion that people whisper about secretly. I bought you a damn book, Stanley, and highlighted things I was interested in. How much more plain could I've been?"

He frowned, his features becoming very unattractive. "Some of those things looked painful. I didn't want to hurt you."

"Instead you insulted me?" Brushing past him, she made her way up the hallway to the front door. "Lotions...whipped cream...baby oils...squeeze fudge." Turning she faced him, as he held an armful of items. "What am I a bowl of ice cream? We're not college students. I'm a grown woman with needs and if you can't meet them it's time for you to get the hell out of my life."

Stanley's lips opened and closed like a beautiful black fish out of water, probably shifting through his thoughts to find the right words. Any words that would win her back. They'd played this game for two long, it was now over.

Opening her front door, she stood beside it, not caring that she was in a sheer black gown that allowed anyone passing by to see her nude body underneath. She crossed her arms below her breasts and waited.

With shoes flopping from the lack of socks filling the space, pants unbuckled, and shirt collar up and his arms full of all his romantic notions a dejected Stanley left her house. Pausing beside her, he glanced into her stone set face and kissed her cheek and was gone.

Closing the door behind him, Ava felt no need to cry. This moment had been inevitable since the moment she allowed Stanley to take her out to dinner. But, he was sweet and kind, he could make her laugh at the oddest times. They had become friends and she had made the mistake of settling and thinking it would evolve into all the things she needed.

Walking to her bedroom, she passed her mirror on the wall, she stopped and assessed herself. She knew she was attractive, not in the drop dead gorgeous sense, but in the way people spotted a woman who took care of herself. She spared no expense on good skin care. She tried to eat right, perform a moderate work out five days a week and shopped smartly to accentuate her positives.

Glancing at her body through the transparent material, she admired her C-cups, small waist and the flare of her round hips. At thirty-one, she was a beautiful black woman. Standing five nine in her bare feet, she didn't have doubts that she would find another man. But, this time she was only falling for the right man.

That man wasn't Stanley. No, it was a man that exuded confidence, control and power--someone like Madison Gray. Her mind flashed to see him a week ago at the staff meeting, commanding the audience with his voice as he explained the transition to come in the company. His thick chestnut brown hair always lay against his forehead, emphasizing his springtime green eyes, dark like new leaves. Even talking about something so bland had made her panties wet. Then Stanley had ruined it by speaking to her. She didn't even know what he had said, but smiling at Stanley always made him think she was paying attention and a lot of times she wasn't.

She sighed. Gray probably had women on their knees begging for things that she could only dream about. Shaking her head away from her image she headed to her room.

She and Stanley hadn't worked out because of his fear of dark desires, now she needed a drink. A toast to the end of her relationship.

~YH~

"Let me have a Watermelon Martini and a double Jolly Rancher." Ava called out to the bartender over the loud salsa music.

"I'll have a Mango Margarita on ice." Malina chimed in. "Damn, Ava, what's up, girl. You called and asked me to come out with you tonight I thought you wanted to go dancing. Not get drunk."

Ava knew her friend was correct, getting plastered wasn't her thing but she was pissed off right now. She couldn't stay in her house any longer. Its silence just seemed to announce her failure. So, now standing at the club she was looking for oblivion and distraction from her own thoughts.

The bartender placed their drinks in front of them.

"I didn't know it either until I got here." She picked up the pink shot and downed it. The flavor was sweet, but the warming after affect made her quickly wish she had rethought her decision. Pushing the empty glass back to bartender, she grabbed her blush colored martini and followed Malina to a table.

Meandering their way through the rhythmic gyrations of the crowd, the two of them made their way up to the second floor where the music wasn't so loud.

They slipped into a booth overlooking the dance floor. Ava's head was already starting to spin a little. If she didn't slow down she would be drunk in no time.

"Tell Bill thanks for letting you come out with me on such short notice." Using her finger, Ava tapped the lime floating at the top of her drink. Not yet brave enough to sip it.

"It's no problem. Bill was working on a presentation for work next week. This gave me something to do."

Watching the dancers below, Ava compared herself to her friend. They'd known each other since college, both of them Business Administration majors with minors in Marketing. She and Malina had a lot of similarities in their looks, neither one more attractive than the other. Both of them were desirable black women in their own right. Where she had a medium build and curves a plenty. Malina who was mixed with black and white blood was slim, lithe as the ballet dancer she'd been for most of her life. They were both successful. Malina was a manager for a designer airline company in Norfolk. She handled private flights for people who could afford the price.

The only difference between them was that Malina's Mr. Right had come along. Bill Handlin was an MIT man, a quiet and intelligent black man, who would do anything for his wife. But best of all, Malina and Bill were compatible in every department that mattered, sexually and emotionally.

"Why are you here, Ava, instead of having hot sex with Stan the Man?" Lifting her orange tinted drink to her lips, Malina tasted the alcohol mixture.

Ava would have laughed, however, she felt like the joke of her relationship was on her. That thought wasn't funny. "You know like I do, that he isn't "the man". Well, he's someone's man, just not mine." Boldly, she raised her own glass and sipped, then returned it to the table.

"Today's your anniversary. You told me earlier today that he was planning some big hot night for you two."

"Stan's idea of a big hot night is a double chocolate sundae." Just remembering all those ridiculous items made her depressed. She sipped again.

Malina's forehead crinkled and her upper lip turned up. "What? He brought desert?"

Shaking her head, she corrected her friend. "No, apparently I was desert and he was going to add a bunch of damn toppings to me." She took another sip. Damn, she'd have to stop getting angry or she'd be finished with her third drink, even though the first two had been in the same glass.

"Oh." Understanding was written across her friends face as Malina drank her Mango beverage and leaned back against the seat. "That was not what you were expecting," she stated flatly.

"Nope." Ava didn't have to tell her friend what she had wanted. Over the years, they had become good friends because of their open honesty. Malina was the only one besides Stanley that she had told about the erotic fantasies she had been having. Her friend hadn't frowned at her or made her feel weird because of her desires. Instead she had discussed with her some of the things she and her husband had tried. What had worked for them and what didn't. Then Malina encouraged her to talk to Stanley.

Continuing, Ava said, "Basically, he was uncomfortable with performing some of the acts on me. So, he went with an alternative plan."

"Which didn't work for you?"

They sat in silence for a moment, Malina drinking her drink and Ava stared off in the distance.

So many thoughts were running through Ava's head. She made a good place for herself at her job. Careerwise she was very pleased. It was her personal life she couldn't get off the ground. Malina and Bill, her husband of three years, had already discussed getting pregnant next year. Soon, Ava would find herself behind the curve in another area, something her grandmother took great pains in reminding a few weeks ago at Thanksgiving. It was a good thing she rarely went home for Christmas. It snowed in Massachusetts and she didn't want to get trapped in the airport like other holiday passengers praying the plane wings would be able to be de-iced before the New Year.

"What's with the sighing?" Malina's voice pulled Ava out of her fog.

"I really wanted it to work out with Stanley." She looked into the face of her bi-racial friend. Malina had wide light brown eyes set in a round face with thin lips that curved up at the corners from her frequent smiles.

"Because you love him?" Removing the lime from the side of her glass, Malina bite into it and waited.

A light chuckle slipped past Ava's lips. "No. Don't get me wrong, I cared for him a lot. I know I could have fallen for him someday. Otherwise I wouldn't have stayed with him so long, but, I'm ready to move on with the next phase of life."

"You wouldn't have been happy," Malina declared.

"Maybe not. But, isn't it okay to settle for contentment. A lot of couples do."

Malina nodded. "You're right, Ava." Opening her purse, she pulled her cell phone out and slapped it on the table. "So, call him. Call Stanley and tell him you made a mistake. You want him back. Just like every other time he fucked up and you took him back. Call him."

Ava stared at the phone. The *HTC Evo* sat there still and taunting. It was simple, pick up the phone and call her ex. Malina was right. Over and over again her needs hadn't been fulfilled, yet she took him back. If she called him, eventually they would find themselves walking down the aisle and pregnant within the first five years. It was a simple solution.

But, she couldn't do it. Pushing the high-end phone back towards Malina, Ava lifted her Martini and finished it. "Come on, let's go dance."

Rising she grabbed her friend by the hand, dragged her out of the booth and they headed down to the dance floor. Ava didn't care that the three drinks, two passed her limit, would make her uncoordinated and possibly look like a fool before everyone around.

Hell, looking like a fool was a lot easier to deal with than feeling like one.

#### Chapter Two

**He** and Dirk mingled around the bachelor party and enjoyed the view of the ladies spinning their bodies up and down the portable brass poles like the other thirty men. Strippers weren't really Madison's thing, but he was a heterosexual male and couldn't deny himself the occasional view. The ladies had talent. Dirk's younger brother was getting married in the morning and they'd both chipped in for the night of entertainment. Dirk tried to convince his brother that having a wedding a week before Christmas wasn't a good idea. But, at twenty-four, with a graduate degree in his pocket from Columbia, Thomas thought he knew everything.

Madison laughed as he watched the groom take lessons from one of the dancers and attempted to get himself up the pole, unsuccessfully.

Dirk wandered off to chat with his uncle, when Stanley Walten strolled up to him.

"Well, hi there, Mr. Gray, fancy seeing you here." Stanley wobbled, having a difficult time staying balanced on his own legs.

It didn't take Madison very long to realize that Stanley was drunk, three sheets to the wind drunk. Madison had already known that his employee would be one of the men among the party. Thomas and Stanley's younger brother were good friends. When Madison and Dirk had gotten the list of invitees from Thomas both Walten men had been included.

Madison didn't make is a practice to hang out with his employees, it was situations like this he wanted to avoid. It was hard for him to consider someone's true value on the job when images of them falling down drunk or saying something inappropriate was implanted in his memory.

"It was great of you and Mr. Prieston to put this on for Thomas."

Madison nodded looking around the room trying to find a way of escape.

"Damn, that woman's ass is just like Tiffany's." Stanley's voice was filled with awe as if he'd just discovered a rare jewel.

It didn't take Madison but a second for him to realize who Stanley was talking about. He knew everything about Ava, he'd read her human resources file after the first time she'd step into one of his meetings, late as usual. Her first name was Tiffany, but she preferred her middle name. Frowning at Stanley's rude use of a name Ava didn't like, he followed the inebriated man's gaze.

It centered on a woman who was presently bouncing up and down in a full split on Dirk's wood coffee table. The woman's skin tone was darker than Ava's by several shades. However, Stanley had the ass comparison correct, at least what he'd noticed through clothing. The hot metallic blue G-string the woman had running up the crack of her ass accentuated the two firm halves moving up and down.

The thought of seeing Ava's round ass bare as the woman's was before him, caused his cock to flick in his pants. His entire body was on full alert and awareness of his minds thoughts. Madison felt ashamed standing beside another man and envisioning that man's woman naked and in all sorts of laud positions and acts.

"I don't think we should be talking about your girlfriend, Stanley." Madison used the commanding voice he normally reserved for work to get his point across. The effect was lost on the sauced man.

Facing his boss too quickly, Stanley almost lost his balance, but caught himself on the back of the couch. "Girl friend? Yeah, right." He bobbled like a buoy beside the couch. "It's over. She dumped me again."

*Again*. "Why?" Madison could have kicked himself. He couldn't believe he'd let that one word slip from his mouth, but he couldn't fight his own insatiable need to know all about Ava.

"Why indeed." Stanley grabbed a glass of something amber from a server making rounds through the room.

Madison was glad he and Dirk had the foresight to rent limos for the night that would take people home and back to hotel rooms.

"Apparently, I wasn't man enough for her." The other man continued, "I'm a dime, a catch, a good man." He swigged down some of the drink.

"Sometimes women can be hard to please," Madison commented.

"Yup." Stanley scratched the side of his head, sloshing alcohol down his shirt. "But, the things she wanted."

Listening, Madison stood silent. He wondered if he'd missed something about Ava. Like maybe she was a high maintenance woman, always wanting expensive trinkets from her man.

"Unnatural things," Stanley's voice became low as his gaze shifted back to the full-assed woman back on her pole.

"Unnatural?" Repeating the word, Madison wasn't sure if he had heard him correctly. The hair on the back of his neck was already beginning to rise.

Gulping down more alcohol, Stanley continued, "Yeah. You know the whole whips and chains. Tie me up and spank me crap."

Heat waves raced down Madison's spine, centering the heat low in his belly. Shit. This wasn't possible.

Glancing at him again, Stanley's eyes held a glazed pleading look. "I tried man. The fuck if I didn't. But, who does she think I am her daddy. What girl wants to be spanked?"

A mature woman that knows her own desires. "So, is that something she was into before you all met?" Madison inquired no longer attempting to stop himself.

"Hell, no. She said she saw one of those True Sex, Real Sex, Beat'em up Sex things and it gave her ideas." Stanley rolled his eyes as if he didn't believe Ava's words.

Madison wanted to shake the other man.

"Sometimes a person can't help what they desire."

Stanley shrugged and sloshed his drink on his own shoes this time. "Maybe. I mean she even gave me a book with pictures." Leaning in he attempted a whisper that didn't go over so well. "One of them was a man fucking a girl in the ass."

Swiping a coke from a server, Madison guzzled it down quick, cooling his temperature down. Every vision and fantasy he'd had with Ava was coming to life at that moment and he needed to keep control.

Moving away again Stanley finished with, "I just want a girl who enjoys the pipe-laying, easy and simple. No tricks or freaky-deaky shit." Stanley moaned, sounding like a dying animal. "I'll miss Tiffany though."

Madison didn't want Stanley's mind headed down that path. "I'm sure the next girl will be just what you want."

"Hey, Madison, I need you for a sec." Dirk rushed in between them. "Thomas is vomiting all over my fucking magnolia bush. We need to get him to bed or my mother is going to have my ass tomorrow if he screws up at the wedding."

"We should have given him fake beer." Madison shook his head. "Five years in college and a man can't handle his alcohol that's a shame."

"It sure is." Dirk realized who Madison had been talking to and turned to Stanley and said, "Stan, I see it's almost time for you to head out as well. Let me get one of the drivers for you."

"No, I'm fin--"

"No, you're not." Dirk's voice overruled, Stanley's.

"Go, home, Stanley. We'll see you at the wedding tomorrow." Madison stared directly at the other man, making sure he understood the command in his voice through the alcohol-haze.

"You're right, Mr. Gray, it's been one hell of a week." Stanley bobbed his head up and down like a puppet on a string.

Dirk waved over one of his cousins, an NFL linebacker, dark as night, six-six and weighed three-o-five.

"Paul, make sure Stanley get's into the limo nice and tight and gets home safe. Get Dwayne to drive his car behind you guys."

"Got it." Paul's voice was so deep and heavy it sounded like a mountain moving every time he spoke. He grabbed Stanley's arm and propelled him toward the front door.

Madison was happy to see Stanley leave, the last thing he needed was him telling anyone else about Ava's hidden secret. "One problem down. Now let's see about your little brother, Dirk."

"Before my flowers won't bloom in the spring." Dirk ranted as they walked out the back of the house.

He knew Dirk didn't care as much about what kind of flowers grew in his backyard as much as he was concerned about wasting all the money he had spent this year having it landscaped.

"If the yard is ruined we'll make Thomas pay for it by naming his first born after you."

Dirk smiled. "Let's hope he has a girl."

Laughing with his friend Madison moved toward the stone path where Thomas' face was buried deep in a bush.

~YH~

"Shit. Are you serious?" Dirk asked.

Madison had just finished telling his friend about the plan he'd come up with yesterday. All day Sunday, he'd been working from home. Or at least trying to work. His mind kept playing around the conversation he had Friday night with Stanley about Ava. Her wants and needs. He couldn't shake off the feeling that this was his opportunity to seize and he didn't want to miss it.

So he'd spent time formulating a plan. Now he was putting it into action.

"Yea. I couldn't believe what I was hearing myself." Madison sat in the chair across from Dirk's desk. "Maybe in the long run it wouldn't work out for her and I, but if she's interested in the things Stanley described than she should have someone experienced in the dark arts of passion to initiate her."

"You're right. I knew you had a thing for her some years ago. I just didn't know you still had it that bad." Dirk tapped and rotated his pen as he glanced at him across the polished wood surface.

"You make it sound like some infection I need to get treatment for before it spreads to my brain." Madison placed his ankle on top of his opposite knee, making a four with his legs.

"When's the last time you saw your doctor?"

Madison chuckled.

"So, how long will you be incommunicado?"

Shrugging, Madison said, "No more than a week. I'll be in the office Christmas Eve."

His friend shook his head, Dirk knew better than to debate the merits of him working on the day before Christmas. "You still going to Italy for the medical tech conference or do you need me to take that for you?"

"No, I got that. Next Friday, I'll have time to get the stuff I need together before the trip. Besides, if things don't go right I'll need time to regroup."

"What if when she discovers who you are, she gets angry and wants nothing to do with you. Even worse she might not be into white guys." Dirk stopped the pen flipping and stared at him. "She may walk away from GMC altogether. You're taking a big chance here, Madison."

Madison's eye contact didn't waiver from his partners. He and Dirk had been friends since the first semester of their MBA program almost ten years ago. They'd never pulled punches with each other. Madison didn't choose his women based on race. He'd dated them in all shades and sizes, but to him what mattered was the woman accepted his desires. That was the hardest part. To him, Ava was already halfway there.

"I know, but it's a chance I can't not take."

## Chapter Three

**Ava** was exhausted Monday night when she got home. As usual she'd gone into work early that day to take care of some things. However, she'd spent most of her afternoon out at one of the local hospitals meeting with the director and key personnel. She enjoyed her job and meeting new people but the week leading up to Christmas people were trying to close out the year and spend the last dime of their budget so they could be eligible for more money next year. The end of the year was dawning and her load would be light for the remainder of the year.

Going into her room, she showered and put on a pair of sweatpants and t-shirt. She was in the kitchen preparing a small salad, a sandwich and soup when her doorbell rang.

She crossed to the door wondering who it could be, she wasn't expecting anyone. Malina and her husband were in Florida with her parents this week. Glancing out of her peephole she noticed the delivery man. Excited, she unlocked her door and pulled it open. Her aunt had told her yesterday that she had sent her Christmas gifts from the family. Her Aunt Trudy never sent the gifts early to her because she would open them. She loved surprises but it was always hard for her to wait.

After moving in with them, she'd gotten in trouble every year trying to peel the tape away from her Christmas presents.

"Ms. Carson?" The man asked her.

"Yes, that me." She didn't even attempt to try and hide her smile.

"Please sign here." He held the electronic board toward her.

She took the thick pen in her hand and added her digital signature to the open window. When she was finished he handed her one long box.

"That's it?" Ava questioned the man. She looked around him toward his truck trying to see if perhaps he had other boxes stacked up beside it, just encase she wasn't home and he didn't want to lug them back and forth.

"That's it, ma'am." He confirmed giving her a lopsided smile.

Dejected, Ava stepped back into her house and closed the door. Maybe more were on the way and would arrive tomorrow, she thought. There was no return address so she didn't know which family member this gift was from. By the length and size it was probably a couple tops from one of her cousins. Placing it on the coffee table she went to the kitchen to finish her dinner.

Bringing it to the living room she began to eat while she watched the local news. After she was done, she began to open her gift hoping the article of clothing her cousin had sent would be something she could find a matching pants or skirt for it. Probably not, her three boy cousins had terrible taste in colors.

Her heart still pattered with excitement at having a gift, she started ripping the brown packing paper away from the box. Tossing the paper on the floor, she stared at the long emerald box with Designs by Claris in gold Edwardian script across the top. Wow, someone had stepped up their caliber of shopping, most likely her aunt and uncle.

A little more excited, she separate the top from the bottom and paused. On top of the tissue paper that covered the clothing item there was a piece of paper lying in the middle. Thinking at first that it was a note from her aunt she lifted it. Then realized it was a list of sorts.

Frowning, she began to read:

Ava,

For years you have desired your deepest and darkest passions to be satisfied. Your every fantasy will be fulfilled in the next week.

I promise you nights and days filled with ecstasy if you're bold enough to take this adventure.

**Instructions:** 

- 1. Tomorrow take an emergency vacation starting this Wednesday.
- 2. Wednesday at five p.m. get waxed. Chelsea's Spa off route 17 North (everything is arranged and paid)
- 3. At ten p.m. shower. Moisturize your body. Go bare beneath the trench coat.

4. Promptly at eleven-fifty be on the third floor of Peninsula Town Center parking garage. When a car pulls up, turn and face the wall. No peeking or the adventure ends.

Your Mystery Lover

Her heart was racing as she stared down at the note. Was this for real? Peeling back the green tissue paper she looked at the smoke gray tweed trench. She checked the tag, it was her size. Unable to resist she tried it on. It was thick and warm with fur lining, something she was glad to discover since she would be naked underneath. If she decided to do this.

If you do this? What other choice do you have? A man wants to make your dreams come true. Well, not a man, just one man. Stanley. Outside of Malina, he was the only person to know of her desires. Malina was away with her husband, but beside that they didn't have that kind of relationship.

It could only be Stanley. He'd finally understood she was serious this time. Did she want to give him another chance and see if he got it right this time?

Walking over to the mirror she assessed herself. The coat was nice. Evidently, sexual activities weren't the only thing he was experimenting with, his taste in gifts had elevated as well.

She pondered the pros and cons of going. Everything from what if he blows her mind and things go off well, did she want to continue the relationship. Then she considered if things turned out like last week did she want to risk another buffoonery event, filled with all of Stanley's fears? Taking off work wouldn't be a problem for her because the company worked light staff during the Christmas/New Year's holiday. Normally, she didn't take the time off, but she was considering it.

Back in the living room she sat down on the couch again and reviewed the list. If nothing else the instructions on the paper made her heart race. She could feel beads of sweat popping up between her breasts and her stomach muscles were in excited knots. She was getting turned on just with the thought of all the secrecy. The delicious anticipation of the unknown like the first time she'd viewed the True Sex show.

She knew her answer. She had to try this. She needed to believe that there was a man out there who would be willing to fulfill her needs. Never in another millennium would she have expected it to be Stanley after the last fiasco, but she was willing to try.

Turning off her television, she took her dishes into the kitchen then began turning off lamps and lights. In her room she laid the coat on the bed. Stripping out of her sweats she pulled the coat back on. She wanted to know how it would feel against her skin. There was a soft lining that caressed her skin. A thoughtful gesture, so unlike the old Stanley.

Tomorrow she would start with the first instruction, but tonight she would sleep in the coat and allow her fantasy to take over her mind.

~YH~

"Deanna, can you process this for me?" Ava entered the HR department where Deanna Lincoln sat behind her desk looking cool and efficient as always. Since she was a supervisor all of her absence forms had to go directly to the payroll officer. Handing the paper over to Deanna, Ava waited for the authorization.

Smiling, Deanna looked at the form. "Taking time off? Wow, Ava, I'm impressed. You never take vacation time."

She slipped into the chair beside the other woman's desk. "Something came up."

Scanning the form again a slight frown crossed Deanna's features. "It's marked emergency leave." She lowered the paper. "Is everything okay?"

"Everything is fine. I just figured it was time. It's for Wednesday below the week rule, so that's why it's marked emergency," she confirmed.

"Great." Picking up her stamp, Deanna pressed the signature block on the designated sections of the paper and signed it. "Enjoy your time off."

"I hope I will." Turning to leave she knew her response was cryptic, but she was trying not to get her hopes too high. Stanley had royally bombed the last time. She'd decided to give him another chance because she

wasn't looking forward to being back in the dating scene. The form in her hands made her fingers tingle with excitement. This was the first step to the fulfillment of her fantasy.

Please let this week truly be what I desire. She sent up a silent prayer.

~YH~

"Oh, shit!" Ava screamed after the first strip of wax was snatched from her pubis. Tears flooded her eyes and the skin on the upper part of her sex was stinging. She was having second and third thoughts about obeying this request by her "mystery lover".

"Please keep your thighs relaxed, it will allow me to work faster." The woman between her legs torturing her commanded.

Taking several breaths, Ava allowed her legs to fall wide again. This was not only uncomfortable but embarrassing. It was worse than a pap-smear, even though the woman working at Chelsea's Spa showed little emotion in seeing her most private parts laid out before her. Ava was thankful for that. Mandy, as the woman had introduced herself, moved efficiently through her task as if she were arching her eyebrows.

Ava gritted her teeth, flexing her jaw muscles with each ripping. Thoughts like, 'This better be worth it' were running through her head.

~YH~

Standing in the shower, Ava allowed the warm water to caress her newly waxed sex. The experience at the spa was eye opening to say the least. The water trickled down her body. She was amazed when the stream created a persistent path to her bare skin. Racing water played around her sensitive pussy like an avaricious lover, tickling every fold and curve.

Her eyes slid shut at the erotic delight. This was something she would have never expected. Following the lead of the water, she slipped her hand between her legs, liking the supple and slippery feel. The stiff bud of her sex pressed against her fingers mounting the tension to a higher degree.

A sigh journeyed through her parted lips as she stroked herself, unable to deny the need to bring herself pleasure. She had masturbated many times before, but this was like having a new and improved toy. And it was wonderful.

The orgasm hit and had her pressing her back flush against the cold tile of the shower wall panting and trying to refocus on the world around her. Steam billowed over her head and rapid needles of water pelted her breast and belly. The thought that her life was about to become one new experience after another. She prayed her mystery man would not turn out to be a disappointment.

~YH~

"Everything is ready, Mr. Gray."

Madison sat in the back of his limo listening to his housekeeper. "I appreciate you taking time away from your family to do this for me, Rita."

"It's no problem, sir. You have pre-made dinners in the refrigerator with instructions on them. As well as the refrigerator is stocked."

"Thank you, enjoy your holiday."

"You too, sir. It's good to know you won't be alone again this year. I hope it's a lady-friend. It's about time you settled down." She nagged at him as she'd done for the past five years. Rita was a grandmother and loved to see people happy. Happy to her meant family and kids.

Laughing, he said, "Merry Christmas, Rita."

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Madison. See you next year."

He'd already sent Rita's gift to her daughter's house where she'd spend Christmas. A painting of an African Roller bird in flight was awaiting her. His housekeeper was a big bird lover. Real or fax, she adored the feathered creatures.

Placing the car phone back in its cradle, he relaxed back against the leather seat and allowed his mind to drift toward another lady. One he was trying to make his lover.

Parking her car in one of the empty spots on the third floor of the Peninsula Town Center Ava sat behind her wheel for a long time debating whether or not to get out. Her head lights shined against the wall, she hadn't turned the engine off yet. Flexing her fingers around the ignition and keys she asked herself, "Can I do this?"

She was so nervous now that the moment was at hand. Can I do this? She repeated mentally. What if it wasn't Stanley? This wasn't his M.O. at all. Who else could it be?

Her mind ran blank. There wasn't anyone else who knew her that well. Knew that just the thought of secret sex turned her on. Licking her lips she stared at her reflection in the rearview mirror. Her eyes were wide, full of questions but clear. The reddish tint in her cheeks was evidence of how aroused she was minutes away from meeting her mystery man. Taking a deep breath she shut the car off. She was going to do this. There was really no doubt in her mind, otherwise she would have never gone this far.

She sent a quick text to Malina.

# I'm doing it.

Her friends response came back quickly as if she'd been waiting for the text.

# If I don't hear from you on Xmas Eve. Call'n cops.

Smiling, she texted back.

### You better.

Getting out of her car, with her small wallet, cell phone and keys in her pocket she tossed up a quick pray that her body wouldn't be found in a ditch somewhere by morning.

In the distance she could hear the echo of a car driving through the garage. She wasn't sure where the sound was coming from, above or below, the sound just seemed to vibrate all around her. Quickly, she pressed the car lock on her keys as she spotted the beam of lights coming around the corner. Turning in haste, with no time left to debate, all moments for escape gone, she faced the wall her hands buried deep in her pockets.

The car pulled up behind her, she could hear the soft rumble of the engine, as the urge to turn and look over her shoulder assailed her. But she remained still.

Seconds, turned into minutes as she stood there. Her nerves began to run ragged inside of her causing one of her heels to tap rapidly on the concrete from the shaking of her leg. Why isn't he getting out?

Thoughts volleyed in her head as she tried to recall whether or not she was supposed to do something else when the car arrived. She couldn't think of a single thing she'd forgotten. The note had been very straight to the point and short, she'd read it so many times it was memorized.

Why isn't he getting out? Maybe, it wasn't him, but someone else and they were trying to figure out what kind of mental case she was to be standing in an empty garage facing a wall. The cold winter breeze caressed her calves, making her shiver. Unable to take it a moment longer she started to turn when she heard the car door open.

She barely saw the front lights of a black car before she whipped her head around, staring at the gray wall before her once again. The sound of footsteps, slow and steady, met her ears as her body tingled with the feel of someone's presence moving near her. *This is it*.

The person stopped behind her. They weren't touching her, but close enough that she could smell the warm woodsy scent of cologne -- male cologne. Stanley's always smelled clean, fresh and sporty. This scent was overpowering and commanding, something that made a woman want to come home after a long stressful day at work. It screamed security, protection.

She flinched. He must have leaned forward, because his breath fluttered along the shell of her ear catching her unaware.

"You are to call me St. Nick." His lips pressed against the shell of her ear.

There was no doubt in her mind, this was not Stanley. Then who? Maybe it was the real Santa Claus, she wanted to smile at the thought but she was too nervous, too tuned into the situation at hand. His voice remained low and beguiling, making it hard for her to detect his identity. That didn't stop her body from responding, her clit began to throb. There was only one man whose voice could turn her on. Madison Gray's face flashed in her mind. Taking a deep breath she pushed him away, this was not the time to fantasize about her boss. Who was probably a million miles away having his Christmas holiday beside some snow bunny.

Maybe Malina had set this up. Merry Christmas from her friend. It was doubtful, but it was the only thing she had to hang on to as she progressed further into her week of adventure.

"Since you came here of your own will that means that you will obey my every command. My every request. You will not do anything this week unless I give you permission." His nose brushed the edge of her ear. "Is that clear?" He seemed to speak into her soul.

"Yes, St. Nick." She was practically panting and her thighs were becoming wet with the warm cream escaping her body and he hadn't even touched her yet.

"Good. Very good. Now place your hands on the wall."

Slipping her hands out of the coat pockets, she placed them flat against the cold cement.

"Close your eyes, I'm going to blindfold you."

Her mind screamed no. Was she a fool? Allowing some stranger to cover her eyes.

His lips were along her ear once again as he murmured, "Trust me."

Inhaling sharply through her nose, she allowed the deep timbre of his voice to wash over her, calm her.

A cloth was placed over her eyes and tied snug behind her head, closing her main sense off in darkness.

There was a stroke through her hair, then along the side of her neck. "Take my hand and I will lead you to the car."

Lowering her hands, she held one out and waited. When warm strength enveloped her fingers she sighed, the feeling of security was heightened to the next level. His hands were not only strong, but gentle too. They didn't squeeze her hand too tight as if trying to break her bones, but firm enough to carry the message that he was in charge.

His voice continued to sway her as he spoke tenderly, instructing her across the ground to the car and telling her how to get in without bumping her head. Once settled against the back seat, the car began to move.

She ran her hands out beside her on the supple leather cushion and confirmed she was in the middle of the back seat of a high end car. Then she searched before her body trying to find the back of the front seat, but could not locate it. She figured she was in some type of luxury car.

"Are you nervous, Ava?" He spoke a few feet in front of her. Was he driving? Her mind pondered. She wasn't sure, his voice sounded more direct than as if coming from over his shoulder. He didn't sound distracted as if watching the road for other vehicles. Not that he would have to because it was so late at night and most of the stores in the area were closed even with the holiday extended hours.

"Yes, I'm nervous. This is all new to me and I don't know who you are," she responded.

"Who I am is not important at this time. However, my plans of fulfilling some of your fantasies are."

"My fantasies?" She swallowed. The vibrations of the car increased as they accelerated, she assumed they were now on the interstate. Where were they going? She thought about every cop show she'd ever seen and how the victim helps the police pinpoint where they were taken by listening to sounds and counting turns and memorizing directions.

"Yes, Ava."

"I can't recognize your voice, so evidentially I don't talk to you often. Which means we aren't close. How do you know what my fantasies consist of?"

There was a short chuckle. "I know a lot about you. Set your mind at ease, we are acquainted and that's all I'm going to tell you."

That small bit of knowledge relaxed the knots in her shoulders some. "So, what do you want?"

"It's not what I want. This week isn't about me, but you, Ava. Your desires."

"Well, I desire to see you," she stated boldly.

He chuckled again, deep, rich like a slow strum of a bass guitar. She enjoyed it.

"Well, that's one request you will not get this week."

"I'll have to keep this blindfold on for a week?" she gasped.

"Not when you're alone. But, when I'm with you it must be on and stay on."

She wasn't sure how she felt about that, but at least she wouldn't have it on all the time.

"Where are we going? Will there be other people around? I don't have any clothing." She didn't know if he was planning to take her to some sex camp.

"No, just you and me. There will be no need of clothes."

The trembling began again. It was as if this man had dove head first into her mind and pulled out her wildest dreams. Being captured and at the mercy of a devilishly commanding man who fulfilled her every sexual desire. Holy-molely!

"What if you do something I don't like?" she asked.

"Then you say green."

"Green? Why that?"

"It's a safe word."

Safe. How his scent made her feel. It was familiar and captivating. She couldn't get her mind to wrap around where she'd smelled it before.

Safe word. She remembered reading something about that in one of the dark fantasy books she had bought. It had described different sex acts and lifestyles. She wasn't necessarily looking for a change of lifestyle. However, a man that would control and dominate her in the bedroom caused a bead of sweat to roll down her back.

"Let's see how well you followed my instructions."

"I'm here." She held her arms out to her side confirming the obvious.

"This I can see. Open your coat."

Her arms dropped like lead. "What?"

"Open your coat." His voice was calm, but the deep strength resonating in it left no room for debate. This was the moment, possibly even more important than arriving at the appointed time.

Once she opened her coat there would be no turning back. The raising of every hair on her skin, that hadn't been waxed away, and the full awareness she felt of every area of her body confirmed to her that she wanted this. Desired this.

Taking a breath, she lifted her hands and untied the belt, followed by the buttons and then raising her hands higher she didn't pause as she gripped the flaps of the coat and pulled them away from her body.

When the material lay at the side of her body, totally revealing her, she placed her hands back on the seat keeping them from attempting to cover up every imperfection. Every scar. Even though she couldn't see his expression, her heightened senses heard the distinct sound of the change of tempo of his breathing, as if he'd paused and exhaled a long slow breath.

"How'd you get the scar on top of your right thigh?"

That scar. The grotesque scar that kept her from wearing shorts or mini-skirt and kept her away from public places with a swimsuit on. "A biking accident when I was nine. One of my male cousins, a year older than me, was being reckless and rode too close to me on an old bike. One of the spokes was broke and bent and it cut into my leg." She laughed a little, not because she thought the accident that was still vivid in her mind was funny, but because she always got nervous thinking about the scar. All of them.

"Your body is beautiful, darling Ava. Every curve, dimple, beauty mark and scar. It's your body's character and it's lovely."

Biting the side of her lip, she felt speechless. No one, not a single person or any of her lovers had made her feel as beautiful and cherished as St. Nick did in just three sentences. "Thank you, St. Nick."

"My pleasure." His body shifted accompanied by the soft groan of leather. "I'm going to touch you, *mio desiderio*."

"Mio desi." Shaking her head, she stopped. "What did you say?"

"Mio desiderio, it means my desire in Italian." His voice was very close to her now. She could also feel the heat of his body before her, even though he wasn't touching her.

"Italian. Do you speak any other languages?" Her mystery man was turning out to be very fascinating.

"I'm fluent in both Italian and Spanish." His finger lightly brushed the bottom of her knee, above her calf. "How about you?" He was definitely not driving the vehicle.

"I can butcher French when given a chance. I took the required two semesters of language in college but I never applied myself to it. French was the language for lovers so I chose it over the others."

"Don't let the Italians hear you say that." He stroked lightly around her knee making small circles.

She wondered if the car was big enough for him to sit before her or if he were leaning toward her from his seat. Tempted, she wanted to stick her foot out and see just how far away the other seat was.

Ava laughed. "I believe I will heed your advice, St. Nick, if ever given the opportunity to vis--" Her words broke as his hands moved over the top of her knee to her thigh.

"Your skin is like warm silk. Yet the color of Ginger Snaps."

Her body tingled everywhere he touched. When he lightly brushed the scar her breath lodged in her throat. Even though he had told her she was beautiful, her old fears still rose. She never even allowed her ex to touch her there. It was always the off limits spot and now her mystery man was breeching her walls of comfort.

"Relax, Ava. There is nothing on your body I will not touch. Will not worship, pleasure and adore. You are mine."

That's what she wanted to be as well--his. A small voice in her head reminded her she didn't know who he was, but the thoughts brought to the forefront of her mind from his words were doing a good job of silencing that voice.

His other hand joined the first, stroked past her thighs, to her hips and higher. Clinching her fist, she concentrated on keeping her body still. She wanted to wiggle and scream, pressing her throbbing sex against the seat.

## Chapter Four

**Redolent**. That was the word that came to mind as he knelt on the limo floor, greeted by the succulent spice of her arousal and the sweet scent of pomegranate. Knowing how much Ava wanted him, or rather wanted the mystery of the forbidden and unknown caused his own desire to spike to the next level. But, he was a master at keeping himself calm and not giving in to the demands of his body. Every time Ava entered a room he had practiced the art of halcyon.

At this moment, his hands felt alive as they glided up her taunt torso, to her full breasts. Her nipples were erect in the center of her areolas. Those twin dark circles reminded him of his all time favorite dessert, red-velvet cake, a decadent brown with a tinge of red around the outer edges. He pinched one tight tip and was thrilled by the hissing sound escaping her lips.

Her lips parted as she panted at the small hint of pain. The pants turned to a soft settling moan as she relaxed into it. Wanting to hear the soft sounds again, he released that nipple and performed the same action on the other breast.

She didn't disappoint.

"I love how you don't try to cover up your response, mio desiderio."

"Thank you, St. Nick," she murmured.

Leaning forward, he licked the tip of one bud and heard her moan again. Rejoicing in the feel of the stiff flesh against his tongue he drew it into his mouth.

Ava buried her hands in his hair and pressed him closer to her breast.

Allowing her nipple to pop out of his mouth, he spoke against her skin, directing her. "*Mio desiderio*, place your hands back onto the seat at your sides and do not move them unless I tell you or I will please you no more."

Her slight pause was barely noted as she quickly registered his words and dropped her hands to the seat with a loud slap.

Smiling at her obedience, he continued sucking and tasting her nipples. Since he hadn't forbid her to verbalize her pleasure she did so in an expressive manner. She even went as far as telling him how much his mouth turned her on.

Shit, he never guessed that Ava would be so vocal in her lovemaking. He didn't disapprove at all, in fact his body wanted to show her how much it took pleasure in her words. But, he would hold off. He wanted to please her and show her the various levels of pleasure her body could experience. He wondered if Dennis, his driver could hear her through the thick privacy glass. Not that he cared. If he and Ava had had a history together then he would have lowered the glass and invited Dennis to watch him pleasure his woman, but this was a new journey for them and he didn't want anyone else involved.

Moving back, he studied the rapid rise and fall of her breasts as she took in air and attempted to steady herself. "I hear and smell how much you delight in what I do to you, but I want to see it as well."

Her breathing paused for a mere fraction of a second, awaiting his request.

"Show me how much you like it, darling. Open those sexy thighs and let me see how wet your treasure is for me."

The muscles in her thighs flexed first as she tensed, then slowly she parted them. There was hardly any space between her legs.

"Now that is not nearly enough." He gave one of her nipples a quick squeeze.

Crying out, she swung her thighs wide.

"Better. Next time, keep doing something until I tell you to stop." Staring up into her face, practically covered by the black scarf, he asked, "Understand?"

"Yes, St. Nick. I'm sorry." There was a hint of uncertainty in her tone.

Caressing her thighs, he wanted to remove her apprehension. "Don't worry, *mio desiderio*, it will be my pleasure to teach you so many things this week."

When a small smile pulled at the corners of her mouth, he finally glanced down the length of her body.

Her thighs were wide and inviting, showcasing the cream covered pouty lips of her pussy. Ava's scent was even stronger now, beckoning him to taste, sample and consume her delectable juices. Sliding his hands up her thighs, he used his thumbs to part her hairless labia until her clit was displayed boldly at the heart of her folds.

"You are very lovely," he told her enjoying the site of her brown thighs open and inviting. "Do you want me to taste you?"

"Yes, St. Nick," she whimpered as if she was having a hard time keeping herself calm.

"Then slide down and avail yourself to me."

This time, she moved and continued until he told her to stop. He halted her once her ass was hanging off the seat. With his palms against her knees he opened her wider.

Leaning forward, he dipped his tongue into her tight sex then slipped upward to her clit cherishing her rich taste. When he flicked over her clit she shrieked as her body trembled on the edge of an orgasm.

He smiled knowing that he was responsible for her rapid ascent toward rapture with only a few touches. He could only imagine how she would respond with the many things he had planned to do to her.

Holding her body in position, he continued his oral fondling. Licking along her slit and suckling her clit into his mouth, he quickly brought Ava to her first climax of the week. The sound of her scream was accompanied by the rough scrapping of her nails across the leather seat as she kept herself from clutching at him. Her release was beautiful, but mildly reserved he could only guess it was because part of her mind was on keeping control of her hands. He couldn't wait to have her restrained in bed at his mercy, passionate without any mental binding's only physical ones.

Soothing her with slow strokes of his tongue until the shakes of her body had been reduced to mild quivers. He savored every drop of her essence and reminded his throbbing cock that this was not the time to bury its head into her wet heat.

When she collapsed against the backseat, he placed a kiss on both of her thighs then readjusted the coat over her body. Glancing out the window he could see the familiar pattern of landscape letting him know they were close to his house in the country, nestled in a small town off 58 bordering North Carolina. It was quaint and secluded, his private place where he never allowed anyone to intrude. Until now.

~YH~

"You are now in the master suite. In this room you may do as you please when I'm not present, which also includes not wearing the blindfold. Before I enter the room, I will knock and you must place the cover on at that time."

Ava stood still. The room was warm and she could hear something hissing and popping behind her, a gas fire place she assumed. Thick carpet wrapped around her bare feet. He'd stooped down in front of her when they had entered the house and taken off her shoes.

Without his continuous direction as he'd given her when they walked into the house and up what seemed to be a spiral staircase she didn't know where to go. It was both frightening and comforting all in one. She had to trust him while she could not see, depend on him to care for her. She could tell that he stood some distance away to her left side. She turned her face in that direction as she asked.

"Will I be locked in?" She hated being trapped.

"No." He was directly behind her now, startling her. The carpet kept her from hearing his steps. "You are free to leave at anytime. If you no longer want to engage in this adventure, the fulfillment of your fantasies you just have to walk out of this room."

She didn't know why the thought of his words and ending this week too soon made her tremble inside. "What if I say green?"

"That is to be used in play. If something hurts you and you can't take the level of pain any longer or if you need to stop. It will not end our time together, only pause things for the moment."

Swallowing the information, she nodded.

"I will let that one go, *mio desiderio*, but for now on, you will always answer me, yes, sir or yes, St. Nick." He paused, his words hanging between them momentarily, then he said, "Do you understand?"

Licking her lips, she answered, "Yes, sir."

His hand trailed along her arm. "Are you hungry?"

"I think I'm too nervous to eat, St. Nick."

He stepped away again. "Then I will leave you to get comfortable with your surroundings. I will be back."

She started to nod, but stopped herself quickly. She wasn't sure what would happen if she didn't respond right. "Yes, sir."

"Good save." There was a light chuckle at the end of his words, she wondered if he was smiling and what his face looked like and if he smiled often. "Lose the coat before my return."

The door clicked shut before she could answer. Waiting a few minutes and trying to take in as many sounds as possible, ensuring she was alone. When no other sound met her ears but her own breathing and that of the fire, she lifted her hands and slipped the scarf up. She didn't remove it completely, because she didn't know when he would return.

The room was immaculate. The bed had to be a California King as large as it was, it would have taken up most of a normal room, but that wasn't the case with this room. The spacious suite was large enough for the bed and an orchestra to play in front of the fire place. The fire place was completely encased in a glass wall that separated the bedroom from the bathroom. No matter what side a person stood on they could see into the other room. The set up was scary, captivating and erotic.

Gold and burgundy was the color scheme of the room, but there were more accents to the overall décor keeping the large space from being over taken by the bold hues.

Stepping to the window, she pulled back the heavy drapes and peeped outside. He didn't say she couldn't and she was curious about where he had taken her. The only thing she could see beyond the balcony was a well trimmed lawn and a lake. That didn't tell her anything. She was sure that if she stepped out on the balcony she could probably see more, but she didn't want to risk it. That may fall under the rule of leaving the room.

She wasn't ready to end this.

There was a firm rapping on the door. She had been so caught up in her own thoughts, she wasn't sure if it was the first knock or not. Hastily, she pulled the covering back over her eyes, then unfastened the trench and flung it across the room hoping she didn't toss it in the direction of the fireplace.

"Glad to see you are still with me, darling Ava." The rich texture of his voices caused her nipples to tighten. Memories of his strong lips on her breast and sex fluttered through her mind.

"Yes, sir."

He was before her now. She picked up the scent of his cologne.

"You're exquisite. You always leave me breathless, Ava. Give me your hand."

Sticking her hand out, she was engulfed by his warmth. He gave her a slight tug, she followed him.

"I'm going to sit and I want you to lie across my thighs."

Across his lap? Why, she wondered.

"I need you to trust me." He commented, as if reading her thoughts.

She relaxed as he assisted her in situating herself across his legs. The fleshy part of her belly pressed against one thigh and his other lay below her breast, as they hung away from her body.

"I have always loved your ass, *mio desiderio*. Plump, round, brown and luscious." He drew an imaginary line down her spine until he reached the crease dividing her cheeks. Cupping her backside he stroked it. "Seeing it bare and available makes my mouth water. I want to do things to it. Things to please you, bring you some pain and a lot of euphoria."

She took a shaky breath as his words painted an obscure picture to her of things she had only read about and imagined.

His other hand caressed her breasts. He fondled and pushed her breasts together until he could squeeze her nipples at the same time. The strong pinch smarted, but she breathed through it. The car ride had given her good practice.

Smack. The strike to her ass was unexpected. She had been concentrating on her nipples and had forgotten about the activity of his other hand.

Smack.

"Aww," she cried out. The first one stung, but the second was beginning to warm up her backend.

Three or four more smacks with his hand was making her cheeks sting and itch a little with irritation.

"Your ass is supple and firm under my hand."

"Thank you, St. Nick." She didn't know why she had felt the urge to thank him, but it wasn't greater than her confusion of how she felt pride in his acknowledgement of her body.

Thwack.

"Ahhh, ssssst." She screamed and sucked in air through her teeth. That wasn't his hand that time, but something flat and solid.

Thwack.

A paddle, she was pretty sure. Her mind briefly pondered if it was one of the leather covered ones she had viewed on line.

She continued to cry and scream as he spanked her ass and pinched her nipples. Her body was manipulated with sensations. Her core was fluttering with both excitement and trepidation of the next hit, the next squeeze. Nothing drove her to distraction more than the pulsating of her clit. As she flexed her legs together she could feel her own wetness seeping out, coating her inner thighs.

Everything halted at the same time.

"Are you enjoying our play?" He licked her shoulder.

Panting, she tried to piece together more than one word mentally, but gave up the effort as her brain remained muddled. "Yes, s-sir."

He must have set the paddle down, because his bare hand touched her again. It slipped between her legs grazed against the bare skin of her sex. She sucked in a large amount of air almost choking on it, the nerves in her pussy were so alive and sensitive.

"Your cunt is like a dewy petal in the early morning. Soft and wet." His finger slipped between her folds and stroked her slit. He flicked her erect nub, once, twice. By the time he touched her the third time she was trembling, tensing her body trying not to come.

He moved away and she breathed easier until the single digit entered her aching core. Sliding in, fast and deep he caressed her back wall. Pulling back, he added a second finger, burying them both inside of her again. She could help but part her legs, she needed more.

When he retracted his hand this time and entered with a third finger widening her sex, and thrusting inside of her, she bore down on his hand and climaxed. Shaking and whimpering, she fucked his hand until every tremor had ignited in her body.

"Damn, you look divine. A rosy ass and wet pussy really becomes you. You are a sight to behold." Slipping his hand out, her body contracted around him as if attempting to hold him in place. He helped her rise.

"Up on the bed," he instructed.

Shuffling her feet, until she felt the side of the bed against her shins, she crawled up and continued across the soft plush mattress until he told her to stop. Her ass was on fire as if she'd sat down on the flames in the fire place. It throbbed and burned with every movement she made.

"Lay on your stomach with your arms out and your legs too."

She loved listening to his voice, even as it spoke to her with command, it made her feel secure. To herself she could admit she liked someone else taking control in the bedroom. Something Stanley was incapable of doing. Note to self, no thinking of Stanley this week. Never again as it relates to the bedroom.

As he bound her hands and feet, she gave a slight pull to test the strength of the straps, they held. Relaxing she waited for his next move.

The bed compressed, yet remained steady. A testament to its quality as St. Nick moved toward her.

She tensed for a moment, wonder if he was going to spank her again. When she felt a light touch against her shoulder blades, a feather maybe, she guessed. Whatever he used tickled and made her skin tingle as it brushed along her form. She sighed, after the paddle this was heavenly.

"Tell me, about your life. Who raised you? Where you were born? What your favorite thing to do is. I want to know you. All of you."

His line of questioning frightened her more than any whip, paddle or binding.

She lay there silently for a minute with her face cushioned on a pillow. Where to start? What could I say that wouldn't make him want to run far away from me?

He continued to glide the featherlike item along her sides.

Taking a deep breath, she began in the same way she always did with everyone, except Malina. "I was raised by my aunt and uncle with my cousins in a pretty brick house in Massachusetts. A suburban community that all had white picket--"

"Stop!" he roared. The room seemed to vibrate with his anger.

"Sir?" Oh, God she'd made him mad. Why? He didn't know anything about her childhood. Did he?

"Ava, do not lie to me." His voice sounded rough, filled with tension. Then she heard him exhale and felt the fluttering of his breath across her back. He began again in a more calm fashion, "I told you before there must be trust between us. You cannot trust me with your body, yet hide your heart, your emotions. I can tell in your tone that is a fiction version you tell people. It comes from your mouth, not your soul. If you allow me, I want to give you more than pain, I want to help you find yourself, be free. If that's not what you want than say green and we will do something else." He had continued to stroke her body with the feather, calming strokes, gentle touches, waiting for her.

*Green*. The word bounced around her head, as she lay there with her fist clenched and her legs tense. Green, the word she was allowed to use if something was too painful. If something hurt. Talking about herself did hurt and it was painful, but did she really want to cop-out like she did all the time. It was her life, she had a right to her own privacy and some dominate man didn't have the right to demand more.

She could still feel the quiet brushing against her skin, moving down one of her legs now.

Yes, St. Nick was a dominate man. But, he was a man who didn't just want to give her a week full of kinky sex, but know her. Truly.

Squeezing her eyes shut behind the blindfold, attempting to rid herself of the burning around her eyes. She didn't want to cry, she'd cried too many times over her life. "When I was eight I was taken away from my mother, Tiffany Dena Carson. She was an abusive angry woman. She used to lock me in a closet when I did bad things or acted up at school. If I didn't keep my room clean like she wanted me too or got dirty, she wouldn't let me eat. She'd cook, but she'd feed the two dogs my food. This wasn't so bad when school was in session, because I could lie and get lunch there. But one summer I didn't eat for over a week. I kept messing up. I couldn't be a good girl. I broke dishes, spilled paint on the carpet and other things." Her mouth felt dry, she tried to swallow to moisten her throat, be it didn't help.

The feather now traced a design along her hot ass. The contrast in sensations made goose bumps rise on her flesh. Amazing her, as she continued to tell her story, "One day I knocked over a lamp. Her favorite lamp she said, she made me stand in the corner. See she never put her hands on me. She was cruel in other ways. It just so happened that the mail man was bringing a box to the house. When my mother opened to sign for it, I fainted. All I remember is hearing the man's nice voice in the distance behind me."

She forced out air from her tight lungs. "When I came to I was at the hospital. I had fallen into our glass table. That's where the cuts on my shoulders come from and the one at the nape of my neck."

He brushed her hair away and stroked the small scar that had once been a deep gash. She felt his breath, before the kiss at the crest of her shoulder and then the other shoulder received the same treatment.

Continuing, she said, "Youth and Family Services showed up. It was a long night of questions about when was the last time I'd eaten. They wanted to know everything my mother had done to me. They located my father, who lived in Arizona. A man I had never known anything about except the hateful things my mother said when she was upset at me. He told YFS, he didn't want a child that he considered a mistake, upsetting his home. See he'd been married when he'd had an affair with my mother. A six month affair that didn't last. The next day, I left the hospital and went to live with my aunt and her family. She was my mother's younger sister. She had three boys, who didn't really want a sister. Someone they didn't know. I was tired, dehydrated, exhausted and hungry. Even though my aunt and uncle treated me well, I knew I wasn't a part of their family. To make friends, I realized early that I just had to tell them what they wanted to hear. Picket fences, two parents and a dog named Spot." She found herself giggling. "Spot was a beagle."

"Thank you." He spoke softly beside her ear. The feather was gone, but his hands began to caress her skin. His mouth joined in, kissing and licking her from her shoulders to the arch of her feet and back, concentrating

on her tender backside. Chanting in between licks, kisses, touches, he said, "Your beautiful, lovely, strong, courageous, *mio desiderio*."

Tears began to spill from her eyes, not because of telling her painful story, but his words. They were gentle and kind, they seemed to stroke her wounded heart. This week was becoming so much more.

He journeyed down the bed along her body, making her senses come alive. She would have expected to feel downcast after opening up. Instead, his sensual attention took her from humiliation to pleasure. Her arousal was reaching new heights. When he pushed her legs further apart and supped from the moist folds between her thighs, she arch toward his amorous mouth and moaned.

His tongue dove into her, stroking along her walls, licking the very heart of her desire. When her body began to quiver on the edge of ecstasy, he moved away. She whimpered. She could feel the subtle shifting of the bed as he climbed off. Then there was a rustling off to the side, she turned her head, wishing she could see what he was doing. If he were removing his clothes, she wanted to behold his naked strength.

A drawer opened and closed, then the sound of a tearing package met her ears and sent excitement racing through her veins. Was it a condom? Was he coming back to the bed? He was so silent, she wanted him to speak, say something.

The urgency of release was still upon her, she pressed her hips towards the bed grinding her clit against the covers.

"No, darling. Any and all orgasms you have this week will be given by me or at my command."

She ceased her movements. Then hurry up, she wanted to scream, instead she confirmed his words, "Yes, St. Nick."

Joining her again on the bed, he dragged every inch of his nude form along her backside. Once his chest was pressed to her back and his cock rested along the crease of her ass, he spoke in a voice as rich and intoxicating as cognac. "I'm going to bury myself deep inside you. I want to hear you scream. If you have any thoughts about why you don't need to be fucked senseless right now, you better speak fast."

If she could have become hornier, at that moment his words would have done it. She couldn't think of one reason why he shouldn't do exactly what he said.

"Please, sir," she moaned.

Clutching her hip with one hand, he pushed forward and entered her. She cried out, feeling his solid length forcing its way into her snug sex. It had been a while for her, but her body quickly made room for his thick shaft. Another thrust carried him home and sealed them together.

"Warm cream, supple silk I'm lost in you," he told her.

She sighed in agreement.

The hairs on his groin tickled her sensitive ass as he pounded into her. He weaved his hands around her arms and gripped her hands, linking them together in every aspect.

His body pressed into hers as he propelled her to erotic rapture securing her with his weight as he chanted words of affirmation to her. It was the most titillating experience she could ever remember having.

When she came she clutched his hands tight, wanting more than anything to be able to hold him in her arms.

Moments later, her body shook as he reached sexual paradise.

They lay still their breathing in harmony.

St. Nick was the first to recover. Silently, he shifted away, leaving her feeling cold and alone.

"I will release you and leave you to care for yourself." The bindings on her limbs loosened one after the other. "I hope you have a restful sleep. See you in the morning, darling Ava."

The door clicked shut before she had a chance to roll over.

Removing her blind fold, she looked around the room. There was no trace of her mystery man that remained except his scent, heady and alluring. That slight reminder of him made her feel forlorn.

## Chapter Five

**Madison** stood before his bedroom door. On the other side was Ava, in all her nude glory. He'd always thought she was attractive, but all the things he had learned about her childhood and how she had survived the hideous treatment by her mother. A mother who had probably been consumed with grief over being stranded with a child from a lover who'd abandoned her. That still didn't give her the right to abuse an innocent child in such a fashion. Listening to her story he had been filled with anger, but his compassion for Ava over rode that feeling and all he'd wanted to do was care for her. The desire to unbind her and cradle her in his arms was intense. It had taken a lot of his strength to stay focused.

This was only a week, it wasn't a lasting situation. He debated with himself whether or not to reveal his true identity at the end of the week. At the moment he didn't believe he would, his job was just to give her a fantasy and fulfill his own at the same time. To have Ava, plain and simple. No strings. He would be moving to Charlotte at the start of the New Year and that would be a blessing not to have to see her on a frequent basis and not have her. Besides, Ava had never given him any inkling that she desired him, her boss, in the same way he'd wanted her. No, showing himself would be a bad idea. Bad for business.

Stepping forward he tapped twice on the door and then waited a minute or two before he opened the door. Entering the room, he was assailed by the floral fruity scent. She had showered and used the soy pomegranate body products he had purchased for her. He wasn't sure if it was the same scent she bathed in at home, but it had always captured his attention when he was around her.

"Good morning, St. Nick." Her melodious voice pulled him out of his thoughts as he located her standing in front of the fire place once again. His bathrobe was lying eschewed at the foot of the bed. She had evidentially been wearing it and had cast it away before he came in.

"Morning to you, my darling. Did you sleep well?" He crossed the room to her. Cupping her chin he kissed her, gently on the lips.

Slightly breathless, she confirmed, "Very well, sir. That bed must have been brought down by Zeus from the heavens."

He chuckled. "Not quite. But, I am glad you rested."

"Yes, sir." She smiled.

"I will escort you down to the dining room. I have already prepared breakfast, then we will go outside for a walk. How does that sound?"

She bit down on the side of her lip, hesitating in her answer. He figured she didn't know how to approach the subject of her lack of clothing.

"F-fine, sir."

"Have no fear. I will have you properly dressed after breakfast."

Her shoulders relaxed, showing her relief.

Slipping his hand around her elbow, he guided her from his suite.

~YH~

During their morning by the lake they talked for hours about his childhood. She'd laughed tremendously, when he told her he tried to start a rabbit farm in his tree house without his parents knowing. Until they began to breed too much and had run him out of space and began escaping.

He had dressed her in a ski suit, including boots, gloves, hat and neck scarf, but under the suit she was nude. When he noticed her nose had turned red and she was sniffling, he brought them back inside.

"How about a swim before lunch?"

"There's a pool?" The excitement in her voice could not be masked, nor could the bright grin on her face.

"Yes, there is. Indoors too."

"Ah, sir. I think you just stole my heart." She lifted a hand and placed it over her chest.

He was glad she was blindfolded and could not see his expression, because her words stole his breath.

"It is Christmas, St. Nick," she added.

"Yes, it is," he mumbled, raising his hand and stroking her chapped red cheek. "If you want to swim you must earn it." Taking her hand, he took her through the back of the house until they entered the pool house. It was a large fitness room. The three lane lap pool took up most of the room. In one alcove was a hot tub while in another alcove he had a treadmill and nautilus equipment. The room was trimmed in mahogany wood with the exception of the stone fireplace next to the hot tub.

"How, sir?"

"You have a sleek and appealing body. At this moment you have on too many clothes. I want to see you strip for me."

"Just take my clothes off, sir?" Her brow puckered.

"If you do it right, I will reward you along the way." Backing up, he went to stand next to a table in the room where he had set up the objects he would need. Lifting the remote, he commanded, "Think of pleasing me, *mio desiderio*." He pressed the play button. When the music first began it startled her a little.

Licking her lips, she stood there for a moment as Usher's voice echoed around the room as he sung about a *Lil Freak* and bringing a woman out of her comfort zone into a dark, erotic world of pleasure. He thought the song perfect for what was happening between him and Ava.

Settling into the music she began to sway her body to the music. As she slowly swung her hips from left to right, she pulled her hat from her head, careful not to remove the scarf. Moving to the zipper slid it down in an unhurried fashion. She became bolder, as she rotated her hips seductively.

When the top of the suit opened baring her brown skin to his gaze, he grabbed two items from the table. Crossing to her he spoke aloud letting her know he was approaching.

He secured clamps with weights to her nipples. Her movements halted for a moment as she pressed her lips together.

"Breath through it." He stroked the underside of her breast until she calmed.

Ava started bobbing to the beat again, this time a little more carefully, to keep the nipple ornamentation from swinging more than necessary. Bunching the top of the suit at her waist, she stepped out of her boots next. She continued with removing the pants part of the zipper. Turning around she gave him her backside as she pushed the material down her hips.

It was a glorious sight, seeing her ass pushed out toward him. Especially, when she bent forward, hesitating a moment when she realized gravity tugged the weights down which were fastened to her nipples. There was a little tremor to her hands as the music and the remainders of her covering faded away together.

"That was lovely, darling Ava." He shed his clothes and placed them on a chair beside the table. Grabbing one more item, he stepped to her. "Follow me. We will go into the water and warm you up."

"Yes, sir." She stepped lightly behind him.

They entered the water and moved deep until the water covered most of her breasts causing the clamps to bob weightless in the water, most likely giving some relief to her. She rolled her bottom lip into her mouth and licked it.

Her relief would not last long.

"We are going to play, darling. Your word is still green."

"Green, St. Nick."

"The only thing I require of you is not to orgasm until I've given you permission."

There went that tongue again, darting from between her delectable lips and gliding over them.

"Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Caressing her breasts under the water, he took hold of each clamp and with his thumb compressed the small rubber button and switched on the vibrations one at a time.

"Ohh," she cried, shocked at the sensation.

Under the water, he turned on the other object in his hand. The water muted most of the buzzing sound of the battery operated lovers wand. "Open your legs."

Stepping out, she stood wide in the water sinking lower below the surface. Holding her waist with one hand, he guided, the toy to her sex, lightly. He enjoyed the quick intake of air.

Back and forth, he stroked her cunt. When she started shaking in his hands and moaning, he removed the wand. "Remember, Ava, no coming."

"No, coming, sir."

He removed one of the clamps and listened to her howl as the blood rushed back into her nipple. Leaning down he flicked it with his tongue and slipped the wand back between her thighs.

She cried out, and tried to keep from thrusting against the toy, which made her movements somewhat erratic.

He removed the other clamp and pushed the slim curved vibrator into her pussy. She gripped his shoulder, balancing herself as she gritted her teeth.

Taking her other throbbing nipple into his mouth, he suckled it, forcing the blood faster into her aching tip. "Sir!" she pleaded.

Ceasing everything, he allowed her a moment to regain some control. "Breath, darling Ava. Deep cleansing breaths. You are in control of your orgasms, not the other way around."

The air rushed hard out of her mouth. Soon it slowed to mild pants. He reattached the nipple clamps one after the other and slipped the wand inside again. With the pulsation of the weights and the wand buried deep inside of her as he rotated it against her G-spot, she began to shake.

He smiled at one moment when she started singing ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall and her numbers went from ninety-seven to seventy-four, missing all numbers in between. One more time he removed the vaginal stimulator.

She was clutching his shoulders now, breathing deeply as if trying to fortify herself for the next assault.

"Please, St. Nick, let me come," her voice was husky, beseeching.

"How bad do you want it?" He touched the tip of the wand to her clit.

Screaming and arching her hips away from the device, she said, "Very badly, sir, very bad."

"Then it will cost you your pretty wide mouth. I want those thick lips wrapped around my dick."

"Anything, sir," she reassured him.

This time when he slipped the wand inside of her, he showed no mercy. He shoved it deep and rotated his hand, hitting every hidden area of her sex. Her tremors shook her body, when he released the clamps and she came so hard it almost seemed as if she were fighting against him. Her legs flailed in the water and her nails bit into his arms.

Wrapping a strong arm around her, he continued to manipulate her pussy with the toy until she settled against him, limp and exhausted.

Carrying her out of the water, he told her of his pride in her self-discipline.

Reaching a lounger, he grabbed towels and dried her body. Then dropped one folded towel on the floor between them and handed her another one.

"It is your turn to honor your word. Dry me off and then tend to my body on your knees."

Grabbing the large terry cloth, she started at his shoulders and moved to his back. Once she had that entire side wiped she returned to his front. Briskly, she swiped his chest and abdomen and then lowered herself to her knees. She took care of his legs and feet, leaving his cock still wet and erect, begging for attention.

Without preamble, she gripped his hardness and took him deep into the hot recesses of her mouth. She licked and sucked every drop of water from his dick. Relaxing her jaw, she deep throated him, making him groan in pleasure and fist her ebony hair at the base of her scalp, ensuring she didn't dislodge the scarf.

Pulling back, she lowered her head below his cock and collected the droplets from his balls as well.

*Fuck*. It was a good thing he didn't know how good she was at giving head, otherwise he would have never made it through a single board meeting with her in the room. Not without an erection for all to see pointing directly at Ava.

Reclaiming his shaft between her wickedly sensational lips, she hollowed out her cheeks and gave him pleasure only second to being buried inside her tight wet sex.

Pumping his hips, he thrust his length toward the back of her throat, fucking her mouth. He was going to come and he wanted to watch her take in every drop, swallowing his love completely.

Love. Shit. He tried to chide himself. Warning himself to keep the week in perspective, but he was already coming in thick glorious waves into her mouth. Through a drowsy gaze he watched her consume his essence like a greedy erotic nymph. Hearing her moan in pleasure stroked his ego and sent waves of heart along his spine.

Drained he stumbled away from her, plopping down in a chair. "Come here, Ava."

He continued to beckon her, as she crawled on her knees, following his voice. Once she was before him, he kissed her swollen lips and then stroked her cheek. She curled up against his leg and rested her head on his thigh.

In that quiet moment, Madison knew peace and contentment. He knew at the end of the week it would be hard to let her go.

~YH~

It was day four and there were two more days left on her week of adventure. Ava was having the best Christmas holiday ever. St. Nick, had turned out to be a stern and forceful dominate, while still being a very compassionate and gentle lover. It made her crave to know who he was. He had told her that they knew each other. She had gone through her mind making a list of ex-boyfriends and other people that she knew. She included co-workers. However, she couldn't place him. There was something strong and distinct about his voice that was so familiar she felt as if she'd listened to him talk before, just him.

Like now, he had been reading to her all day. They'd relaxed somewhere downstairs, she didn't know if it was an office or the living room. There was a fire roaring, but that was the case in most of the rooms. She'd awaken with breakfast already in her room and shortly after she'd finished St. Nick had knocked and led her to this cozy place. While he read, she'd lain with her head against the arm of the sofa, nude as always, a state she'd become extremely comfortable in and with her feet propped in his lap.

Briefly, pausing for lunch, he'd returned with sandwiches and fruit which he'd fed her steadily. When he gave her the first bite of fruit, she had hesitated. He'd said, don't worry there are no cherries. Steadily, he'd continued through page after page of a story he'd called *Love My Way* by an author named Bridget Midway.

It was an erotic story of an unconventional love. She'd never had a man read to her, especially not something so passionate. To say she was turned on was an understatement. Currently, she was so wet, her own damp musk reached her nose and she was sure he could smell her as well. However, he didn't touch her. Even though she knew he was just as aroused as she had been over the hours, the evidence was the thick, hard shaft under her calf.

At one point, she had attempted to entice him by rubbing her leg across his erection. He'd gripped her foot, stilling her movement without breaking stride in a single sentence. She'd gotten the picture and had stopped. Least she find herself spanked or worse denied a spanking, something her ass had become very fond of receiving.

"Did you enjoy the story?" he asked, when he'd finally finished and slid the book on something she assumed was a table.

"Very much so, sir," she whispered, her mind overflowing with all the erotic episodes taking place in the book. "Thank you, St. Nick."

"It was my pleasure, Ava." His own tone became low as he said, "However, there is something that would bring me even more pleasure."

"May I ask, what it is, sir?"

"You may ask, but I'd much rather show you."

Assisting her from the couch, he placed his hand at the small of her back and walked with her up the steps. She knew they were not going into the master suite, because they continued beyond the number of steps it took to reach the door from the landing. Eleven paces more and they entered another door. This room had a slight chill to it. Unlike most of the house, this room seemed more open. Everything seemed louder here, as if echoing off bare walls. The floor was smooth, like polished wood under her feet.

"Where are we, sir?"

"My recreation room."

Her spine tingled with nervousness and excitement. She had read about such rooms and had spied a few on the net. Still she wondered what this one looked like. What toys and equipment were displayed in the room?

For once she was glad to be blind folded, she may become more apprehensive if she could see the things he was about to use on her.

Halting his movements, he began to instruct her.

Following his lead, she took two steps forward and then her hands were guided to a bar before her. It was about waist high.

Telling her to bend one knee then the other, he placed them each on a thick narrow pad. Straps were tightened around her upper calves behind the bend of her knees and her ankles were cuffed. The cuffs were snug but she could easily rotate her feet. Her thighs were spread about shoulder width apart.

She maintained her grip on the cushioned bar. Running her fingers along it while he worked, the leather was taunt but soft as if covering a small cylinder pillow.

"Leaning forward," he directed.

She bent her upper body downward over the bar. When her finally told her to stop, he placed her arms on a narrow padded rail, then strapped her forearms down and cuffed her wrist. Just like her feet, there was room for her to flex and twist her wrist inside of the confines.

Totally at his mercy, with her limbs constricted and her backend high in the air available to anything St. Nick desired to do.

"Such a pretty pose, *mio desiderio*." Petting her bottom, he continued, "Your pussy and ass look like beacons of pleasure, calling me."

She shifted her hips, becoming more aroused knowing he was viewing her.

"You behaved very well today, listening to the book so attentively." His hand moved to the crease of her ass and stroked down the line and fondled her sex. "Did it turn you on hearing those naughty words?"

With his hands stroking her moist cunt, she knew there was no reason to tell him that she was aroused, he could see and feel it. Being obedient, she confirmed, "Yes, sir. It turned me on."

"Did you want to be the heroine, submitting to a master?"

That question hit the spot. Struck the core of her erotic desires. Moaning, she said, "Yes, St. Nick."

"I knew you would."

Because he knew her and had guided directions to her fantasy, her desires.

He moved away from her briefly. She heard a drawer slide open and then close again.

When he returned he began to pour a cool liquid over her skin and coated her backside with it. His hand dipped repeatedly into the juices coating the apex of her thighs, blending the two fluids.

With little prelude to his intentions, he pressed one finger into the puckered hole of her ass. The feeling was foreign and awkward, but not that much difference than when she'd done it to herself while masturbating at home, yet a little thicker.

Soon, he added another and the entry gave her pause as they continued to pump in and out, aided by the slick gel.

"Relax, Ava," he coaxed.

Her body began to adjust to the invasion and she was unable to stop herself from pushing back against his hand asking for a little more, enjoying the wicked feeling.

If there was a thin line between pleasure and pain, it unified as one in her ass when St. Nick added a third finger. She caught her breath. Trying to breath, she whimpered, the walls of her ass beginning to burn.

"Breathe through it, darling." Still driving his fingers in and out, an unremitting rhythm. "You can take this, let go and become one with the pain. Accept it."

His velvet voice soothed her senses and stoked the flames of her desire. When his other hand caressed her clit, she rocked back, meeting his thrust. Her whimpers became moans of need. Her orgasm was building with a vengeance. She never realized that this act would bring her to the brink of begging a man to fuck her in the ass.

She wanted more. The nefarious passion brought on an insatiable appetite, one that only something thicker and longer could fill.

"Fuck me. Fuck me, St. Nick," began to be her chant. Uncaring whether the whip or paddle would be her punishment for speaking out, she didn't care. She'd take it with pleasure as long as he didn't withhold what she yearned for most--him. In a raw, tawdry moment she longed to be consumed by him -- turned inside out. She wanted him to manipulate the erotic component of her soul. "Please, sir!"

Swift as lightening he removed his hand and then slapped his wide handed on her ass.

Crying out, she sobbed. Not because of the strike, but the absence of him.

Believing she'd made a grave error, she hung her head in shame, shaking, attempting to control her hunger. The distinct sound of a foil wrapper being opened caused the fire smoldering inside of her to ignite, becoming a roaring blaze and radiate from her core where it lay pressed against the padded bar.

Afraid to move or make a sound, she waited hopefully.

When the broad tip of his penis touched her anally, she bit down on her bottom lip, willing herself to be patient. Then he was there. One smooth penetrating push and his abundant length entered to the hilt. A flame of heat licked up her spine, causing her to arch up in a cat pose -- satisfied.

They moved as one in the wicked, virulent dance of rapture.

In the end, it wasn't clear who had reached unbridled gratification first, nor did she care.

He rained kissed on her back as his heavy pants drummed along her skin, caressing nerves and making her feel alive.

Unhooking her from the bench, he took her in his arms. Standing there in the middle of the room with her cradled in his arms he began to kiss her. Deep, ravenous kisses that made her feel wanted, desired and accepted for who she was and what she wanted.

The kisses stopped and started all the way down the hall, making their journey long and pleasurable.

She knew they were there because it always smelled like the fruit scent of her soap. She wasn't sure how he had discovered her scent. He seemed to know so much about her, it drove her crazy that she couldn't pin his identity.

Once there, he took her into the bathroom. Silently, they bathed each other. She acquainted herself with the mysterious image of his body, while he caressed and stroked all over, tenderly.

When their bath was done, he guided her to the bed. Slipping beneath the comforter with her, he covered her body with his own.

"I thought this week was only to show you the unrestricted passion you desired, Ava, but I will not walk away untouched."

Gingerly, he slipped inside her sex and drove home.

Lifting her hands she did something, she had not done all weekend, traced the lines and definition of his face. Sifting her fingers through the bone-straight strands of his short hair, the textured let her know his ethnicity wasn't the same as her own. Skin was something she didn't care about. It was an uncanny and eerie moment, as his features began to take shape in her minds eyes. More than his voice had given her. She could almost picture his looks. Still a clear image eluded her.

Kissing her fingers and sucking them into his mouth, he dragged her into the intimate moment of their bonding, where nothing else mattered.

#### Chapter six

**Warmth** enveloped her as she turned and buried herself against it. Snuggling deeper, she tried to stay below the surface of the Sandman's horizon. She was too content and at peace to leave slumberland just yet. Something strong wrapped around her like a vise and pulled her tight against the heat source.

Sighing, she reluctantly opened her eyes. It was dark and that confused her. Why was it dark?

Realizing she was under the covers, she pulled them down and was struck by two things, the winter sun beaming between the curtains and the sleeping face of Madison Gray. Her boss. Correction, the head boss and co-owner of Gray Medical Corp, the company she worked for.

She was in bed with him. Double correction, she had fucked him. He had done things to her. Oh, my God.

His eyes popped open. Making her aware that she'd said the words out loud. His deep green gaze captured her. Green. Safe word. Oh, how she wanted to scream that word now.

It would do her no good unless it could tip her world back on its axis.

"Ava?" There was question in his voice, traces of sleep and curiosity as if he were wondering how she'd ended up in the same bed with him and no blindfold. Seeing him.

She wished she could find the damn scarf that apparently had gone missing in the night and rewind the clock back five minutes.

Scrambling away from him, she stumbled out of bed practically toppling herself to the floor.

"Shit. This wasn't supposed to happen. I didn't mean to fall asleep here." He sat up, plowing his fingers through his hair. "Where's your blindfold?" he barked.

"How the hell should I know?" Rubbing her face she wanted to yell, stomp her feet and throw something. "I'm not sure of much of anything right now." She dropped her hands and stared at the man in the bed.

His eyes were dark almost emerald as they assessed her body from head to toe.

That's when she recalled she was buck-naked in front of her boss. A boss who had seen every nook and cranny of her body. She had no clothes. Rushing to the closet, she snatched out the first thing her hand landed on, one of his starched dress shirts. Shoving her arms into it, she hastily buttoned it up. It may have covered up all her special places, but it was not nearly long enough.

Shaking his head, he sighed heavy and got up from the bed. He moved with an agile grace, panther style --controlled and masterful. There was superiority and command to his walk, one that dared someone to approach him. In a suit he was formidable. Naked he was downright mouth watering.

Stop it, Ava! She screamed at herself.

He picked up the robe from the chair where she'd tossed it the other day. "These days have been special. I know you felt it too. We need to talk."

Throwing her hands up, warding off his words. "No, I need to go home. Right now. Get out of here." She looked around the room. Not sure what she was looking for, but any sight was welcomed besides him. Madison Gray. St. Nick, yeah right. The man was a business barracuda. She'd learned her tenacity in negotiations and persuasion from observing him in meetings.

She had been an astute pupil. Then became his sexual submissive.

Why didn't I know it was him? Listening to his voice now, she could pick it out in a crowd. Why not in the last five, no four days? All of this would have ended tomorrow.

Stepping to her, he began, "I will take you home--"

"No." Moving back, she said, "Let me call a cab." She just needed to get the trench coat from where ever he stored it and use her cell phone.

Noticing her retreat, he didn't walk towards her again. "There's no way, I'm putting you in a cab when you're over an hour away from home."

"Fine. Then I'll call someone to come and get me."

He growled and folded his arms over his chest.

"I can make decisions for myself. The control game is over, Mr. Gray--"

"You think so?" His voice dropped.

Gray didn't have to cross the room to her, or touch her. Just speak and she began to tremble wanting to be restrained again by him. She took a fortifying breath and forced his captivating spell away.

"Listen, Mr. Gra--"

"Don't you think after all we've shared, calling me Mr. Gray is not appropriate at this time?"

"This," she waved her hands around the room, "is inappropriate, Mr.--"

"One more, Mr. anything and I'll paddle your ass," he declared.

Crossing her arms under her breasts, she said, "I'd like to--"

He arched a single eyebrow high causing her to bite her tongue, keeping the bold words inside. In the last four days he'd proven that he was more than willing and capable of following through on his threats.

Her ass cheeks flexed in remembrance. "I just want to go home, right now." All her bravado went out the window, her throat was tight and her eyes burned. She felt like crying.

Gazing into her eyes for a moment, he nodded, he said, "I'll call a car for you. Dennis can be here in twenty minutes." Turning towards the door, he pivoted back to face her. "It really wasn't supposed to end like this."

She glanced down at the floor.

When she heard him open the door, she spoke quickly, "Was this all some sick joke?"

"Ava." The velvet tenor of his voice caressed her name.

She looked at him.

"It was no game. I've desired you for a while. I had an opportunity to bring you pleasure, passion and I took it. At the end of the week you would have been satisfied and we both would have gone on with our lives."

"Would you ever have revealed yourself to me?"

"No."

Swallowing, she said, "I guess I need to look for another job."

"There's no need for you to leave. Remember I will be relocating to the new Concord division at the start of the New Year. But, if you want a transfer to another company then I will make sure it happens." Staring at her he finished with, "I never meant to hurt you. All I want is your happiness."

Not responding, she glanced away, gazing into the fire.

"I'll get you some clothes for your trip." He left the room.

Her legs were weak as she moved to the chair by the fire. Sitting there she bit hard on her bottom lip, forcing her tears away. She wanted to cry almost as bad as her body needed to breath, but she knew if she started there would be no stopping her for hours. That would keep her in this room, in this house and she was leaving today. She had to leave.

~YH~

"I can't understand you, Ava." Malina's calm voice came through the phone.

She hated that she'd called her best friend and interrupted her holiday with her family, but she really needed someone to talk to. Someone who knew the stupidity of her actions without her having to explain it all or worry about being judged, that was Malina.

Sniffling, she wiped her nose with a wad of toilet paper then tossed it to the living room floor with the other fifty. "It's all over."

"What's all over?" In the background, Ava could hear Malina's screaming nieces and nephews at play. "Hold on, give me a sec to find a quiet place...somewhere."

The sound of the kids became fainter as she supposed Malina drifted away from them and then became mute after the sound of a door closing.

"Okay, what happened?"

"I shouldn't have called you." Ava curled herself up tighter in a ball on the couch.

"Don't even go there, girl. You know we've been friends too long for you to be alone crying. So spill it."

A few more tears leaked out her puffy and swollen eyes. She was impressed there was any water left within her. "I don't know..." Her words drifted away.

"Tell me what happened. How was your week?"

For a minute she allowed her mind to remember the memorable days and the passionate experience. "It doesn't matter. Everything is all over with."

"What's all over with?" Malina asked perplexed.

"It was a trick. A foolish game," she moaned. She really should not have called her friend she was feeling to miserable for even verbal company. "I'm going to let you go."

"Ava, if you don't start making sense right now. I swear I will run from Florida and choke you with Christmas ribbon and decorate your dead carcass with silver tinsel."

Unable to stop herself, Ava began to laugh. The very thought of what she would look like after Malina finished with her made her chuckle.

"Now, that's better," Malina commented, evidently hearing the sound of her mirth. "Let's make this easy. I'll ask questions, you give me answers. Got it?"

"Yes." She was feeling a little better thanks to her friend.

"I know you went to meet your mystery man. Did you go away with him?"

Sighing, Ava responded, "Yes."

"When did you get home?"

"Last night."

"Hmm, a day early." Malina surmised, "That means that it wasn't all that you wanted it to be and he disappointed you..."

"I was not disappointed," Ava confirmed.

"Then something else went wrong. Did he hurt you?" Concern entered her voice.

Ava paused, considering how to answer that.

"Scratch that. Considering the things you wanted done to you." Malina giggled.

She smiled.

"Was he violent with you?"

"No. He was wonderful. The perfect commanding gentleman. He was so much more than I expected." Ava took a moment to tell her friend about her days.

"It sounded like he gave you everything you wanted and then some."

"Yea." Her throat was tight again with emotions welling up inside.

"Did you fall for him? Are you wanting the relationship to continue?"

"I was until..."

"Until what?"

Closing her eyes, Ava's mind flashed back to yesterday morning when she had awakened and saw those green eyes staring at her. "Until I discovered who he was," she answered softly.

"Who is he?" Malina whispered as if others were listening in on the line.

It was almost comical. Taking a deep breath she allowed the words to flow out with her breath. "Madison Gray."

"Madison Gray. The Gray of Gray Medical Corporation?" Malina's astonishment came through the line.

"Is there another?" Ava rolled over to her back and stared at the ceiling.

"Well color me purple and fuck me blue. I need to sit down." Malina's voice was faint.

"Try lying down, it's a lot better," she advised.

"So now what?"

"Now, nothing. I'm sure there is some rule about fucking my boss in the employee handbook being a nono."

"But he fucked you."

"Semantics." Sighing she sat up. "I need to get my ass off this couch and type up my resignation."

"But, Ava, I don't think Madison Gray would want you to leave the company. You're one of the best employees and you know it."

"Well, it will be for the best."

"Why you, Ava?"

"What?" Confused at her friend words she frowned.

"Why would he go to such lengths to bring you your fantasy?"

She shrugged and admitted, "How am I supposed to know."

"I'm also wondering how he knew all this stuff about you. Sensual secret stuff. Things that would not be in your personnel file." She paused. "You think your house is bugged." She was whispering again.

Ava looked around her house slowly and gave the small Bamboo stalks a suspicious glare. "Who knows? People can pull up your house now days on the web, anything is possible."

"Well. I think before you sit down at your computer and make a decision you may regret on many levels you owe it to yourself to get some answers."

Sitting silent, she pondered her friend's advice. Did she care that much? Wouldn't it just be easier to cut her loses and stay away from him. It would be far considering he was moving six hours away.

Malina continued, "We know what you expected from this week, but what was his reasons? You need to know why he did this."

"You really think I should?"

"If he got just as caught up emotionally as you did, Ava, it may be worth putting your heart on the line." It was already there.

They ended the call with Christmas wishes and Ava promised to call her friend the next day.

Still sitting on the couch, Ava processed the events of the week and her friend's words. She wondered if her need for sexual adventure had led her down a path she wasn't bold enough to take. She allowed herself to recall the things Madison, St. Nick, did to her. The ways he touched her and made her feel safe, secure, accepted and whole. Her heart began to thump forcefully in her chest as she realized that she was about to allow the man who touched her soul to walk out of her life.

~YH~

"So, how did your week of erotic pleasure go with Ava?"

Madison groaned and stared at his partner, leaning back in his seat. Christmas would come and go with no word from her. He knew she'd gotten home safe, because Dennis had called him after he dropped her off.

"I could beat around bush, but I'm too tired for all that." Madison rubbed the weariness from his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose attempting to relieve the throbbing headache. "Everything was great until I lost my head and fell asleep beside her. She woke up and saw it was me. That was that."

Dirk sat down on the arm of the office chair across from him. "Man, I bet she was pissed."

Tipping his head back and staring at the far wall, Madison felt exhausted all of a sudden. "The anger I could handle. But she was hurt. I couldn't explain."

"I'm not sure any woman would've given you the chance at that moment."

"The whole thing was built out of my own selfishness. I can see that now." Madison rubbed his chin.

Folding his arms over his chest, Dirk said, "You said you lost your head. But, maybe it was your heart you lost."

"Dirk, you know I lost that years ago. I love her."

His friend laughed, a deep belly splitting laugh. "Then what made you think for a moment that you would be able to bind her, dine her, spank her and end it?"

"Shit, I don't know." He shoved his hands through his hair. "I just saw an opportunity, planned and took it." "That works in business."

Nodding, he said, "You're right."

"So, what now?"

"I don't know. She hasn't spoken to me since she left. I'm giving her the space she asked for, because I don't want to push her."

"So, the rumors are true, you do work on Christmas Eve." The soft, sultry voice came from the beautiful black woman standing in the doorway of his office.

Seeing Ava dressed in the grey tweed trench coat that he had given her, made him hope that maybe things weren't lost, yet. The coat was open to reveal a fitted cream wool sweater and matching slacks. The sight of her caused his heartbeat to accelerate with hope and expectation. Why had she sought him out? Was her being here a good sign?

"Good evening, Ms. Carson." Dirk filled the silence with his cordial greeting as he crossed the room with extended hand.

She was still staring at him passed Dirks shoulders, then shifted her gaze and smiled. "Fine, Mr. Prieston."

Dirk nodded and then looked back at him with a secret smile playing at the corner of his lips. "Well, I must be going, Madison. After all tomorrow is Christmas. Have fun at the conference."

"Will do." Madison replied. After a round of good-byes, Dirk was gone, leaving him and Ava alone.

For a while the room was filled with silence as they stared at each other across the room.

"I'm glad you're here, Ava." He noticed she still had not moved any further into the room, so he walked around his desk.

"Why?" She fingered her hair behind her ear, something she did in nervousness.

"Because I wanted to explain my actions."

She took a tentative step towards him, then another. "I'm ready to listen."

He let out a slow relieved breath. It wasn't everything he wanted but it was a chance. "The first time I saw you, you were wearing a brown suit with pink pinstripes."

Her brows puckered as if she were trying to ascertain when it was.

Continuing, he said, "The jacket was closed and hugged your breasts and you wore a pink lace camisole under it. Your skirt stopped conservatively at the top of your knees, but when you walked the split in the back gave a glimpse of your thighs. It was three years ago and just like always you were late for one of my staff meetings."

Ava's eyes where stretched wide in amazement. "You remembered that?"

"I remembered you." He moved closer, still leaving four steps between them.

"Is that why you did this, because I was some sort of fantasy to you?" She rolled her bottom lip into her mouth and licked it.

The sight of her pink tongue teased him. "You were *the* fantasy, Ava. No other was allowed space in my mind. Every night I went to sleep imagining all the things I'd love to do to you, show you, and teach you various levels of wicked pleasure."

"So, it was just a fluke that you happened to send me the invitation to spend the mysterious week at your country home?" Her gaze glided over his features.

Shaking his head, he revealed the truth. "Ava, I would've gone on desiring you from afar. Hoping it'd be easier not to think about you from Concord. The chances of you being interested in my style of affection were extremely slim."

The frown was back. "Then how--" Anxious for information she rushed towards him, leaving a little more than one step between them.

"Your ex."

She gasped, placing her hand over her mouth in shock.

"I'm sure he'd never have told your secrets, but Stanley was drunk. In a haze of intoxication he revealed some things to me. Things I had desired and yearned to share with you." Lifting his hand he stroked them across the satiny skin of her cheek. "Selfishly, I wanted to be the one to initiate you." His hand dropped. "As I crafted my plan, I reasoned with myself that if I would've come to you there was a strong chance you would deny it or not agree to what I wanted. So, I opted for covert methods in hopes that I'd gain your trust. That you'd be free to discovery your true nature if you didn't have to worry about who was guiding you to it."

"Well, I guess you got what you wanted," she said.

"Not just me, Ava." Stepping closer, he caressed her thick bottom lip with his finger. "I was there with you. Your passion and beauty blossomed at every new experience. It was amazing."

"Passion. I guess we should be happy that we both got lust, and physical satisfaction." She glanced away, but not before he saw the hurt in her brown eyes.

Seeing the emotional pain, he hoped it was because she felt that something deeper had transpired between them. Candidly, he said, "I would've been foolish to wish for your heart. Yet, in the end, it was all that I wanted, darling Ava."

Raising her gaze to his, he noticed a glow on her face as if his words meant something to her. God he hoped so.

"My heart?" she whispered.

Taking her shoulders in his hands, he decided to confess all, knowing that if she rejected his feelings it would rip him apart. "Nothing else in this world matters more to me. I love you, Ava."

Her gaze searched his, as if looking for the truth of his words. "This week you stole my heart, even when I couldn't see you. I could hear you, feel you, smell you and taste you." Her voice began to tremble with emotion and her breathing became heavy. "When I saw you, I was shocked and afraid to trust my heart. I realized that it was because I had already cared for you. I never processed it before, but I watched you over these years. Everything you did and said. I thought I was admiring a business man." She smiled. "That was part of it, but really I was ranking every other man in my life to you. Your image in my heart, my soul. They all failed to meet it." Ava reached out and placed her palm on his cheek. "I was scared because when I saw you, I didn't want to face the fact that my dream came true in that moment."

"Let's start over," he offered as he pulled her to him, closing the gap completely as her soft, sweet pomegranate scent enveloped him.

"No. I'd rather pick up where we left off." She settled her body against him. "I believe I left earlier than our agreement and I still owe you a night."

Groaning, he placed his lips against hers and suggested, "How about we agree on every night?"

"Hmm, I like your terms." Her lips brushed his.

"How about you allow me to upgrade that offer and we leave tonight and start our first in Italy, mio desiderio."

"I trust you to give me exactly what I need for Christmas, St. Nick."

Proving her correct, he captured her mouth in a kiss as he slipped his hand below her sweater and squeezed one of her nipples. Her body quivered in response as she moaned into his mouth.

l'estremità

I love romance and writing it is one of my greatest and guilty pleasures. I enjoy creating happily ever after stories with HEAT. The hotter the better! Life is busy, it would be great to have a chance to sit down and enjoy a long read, since that is often not the case, I bring you Short and Sexy, Sensual Erotica. Just long enough to help you meet the *need*. I was talking about your reading need...where's your mind? As an erotic romance author, I try to show that every woman no matter color, age, shape or size deserves a high level of passion in her life. So, if you like diversity and a good read, check out one of my books. Then drop me an e-mail about it and we'll chat. I run a newsletter group where I post contests, excerpts, blurbs, covers and news about where I am and what I'm doing.

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