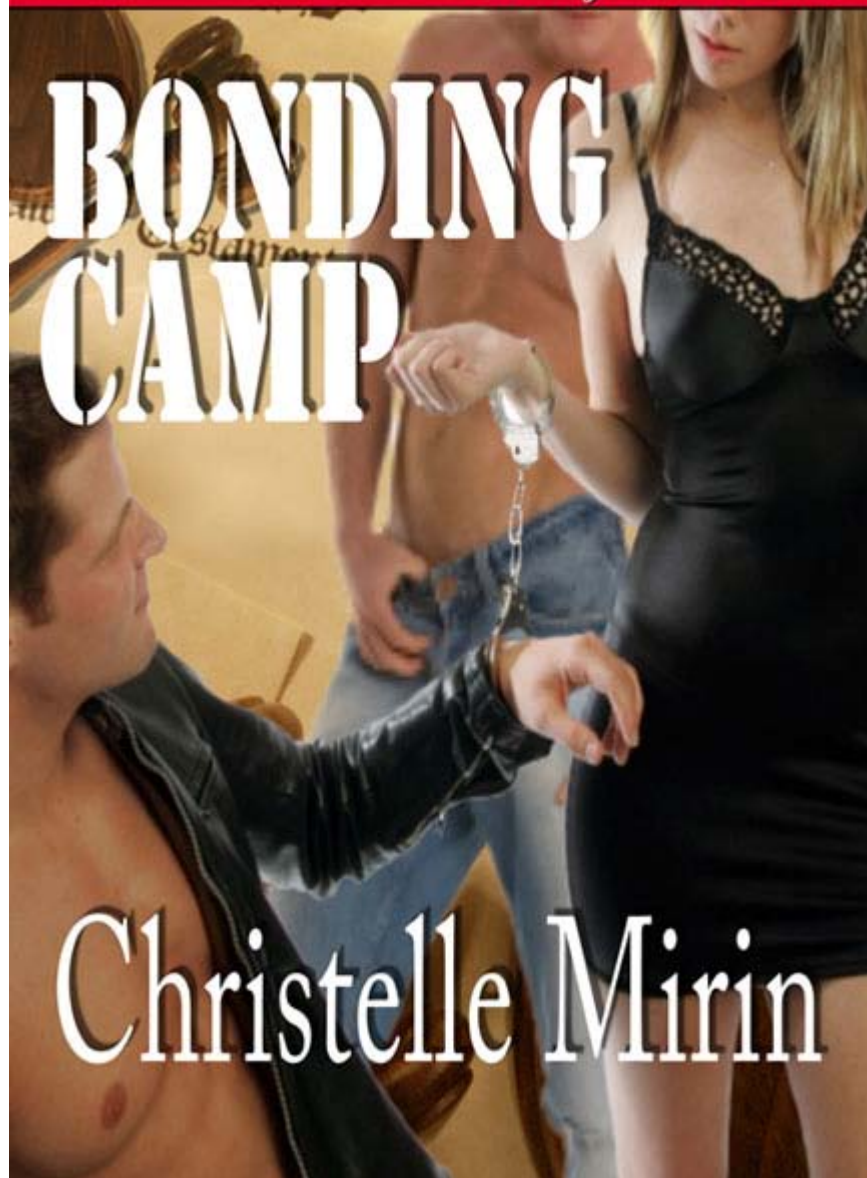


Siren Publishing

*Ménage & More*

# BONDING CAMP

Christelle Mirin



## Bonding Camp

When Lauren Brooke's secret wish to be handcuffed is revealed to her boyfriend's football buddies, she quickly ends the relationship. Feeling exposed, she's kept to herself ever since. Until now--until Justice Cane informs her that a requirement of her employment with his law firm is to attend bonding camp.

Justice Cane's associates are bonded together, forming a formidable force in the courtroom. Knowing all about their coworkers, including their secrets, creates a favorable work environment. The colleagues are close...very close. Will Lauren bond with them--with Justice--at bonding camp?

Lauren is cautious, but Justice reassures her with his calm, yet intriguing, way. Not quite sure what she's getting into, she agrees to attend bonding camp. After all, would bonding with Justice be such a bad thing?

**Genre:** Contemporary, Ménage a Trois/Quatre

**Length:** 20,715 words

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**Christelle Mirin**

**MENAGE AND MORE**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
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# **DEDICATION**

For Rhiannon Neeley

# **BONDING CAMP**

**CHRISTELLE MIRIN**

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## **Chapter One**

“You’ve got to be kidding.” A ball of dread formed in the pit of Lauren’s stomach, seething hot, molten metal searing her insides until it congealed into a heavy weight, solid and not going away soon. “Is it truly one of the requirements of employment I attend bonding camp?”

Lauren forced herself not to clench her hands into fists. She focused on keeping them elegantly crossed, one on top of the other, in her lap. It wasn’t easy. She’d heard about these corporate bonding camps, and it wasn’t something she was interested in doing. Lauren wasn’t into getting close to strangers. Sure, you worked with them but that’s what it was—work. Lauren kept her friends close, closer than most, but she kept them private. She had her reasons. That’s why she always kept work and her private life separate. But bonding camp?

Problem was...she really wanted this job.

Already chiding herself for the “you’ve got to be kidding” outburst, she waited for Justice Cane’s answer to her question and tried not to fidget. This was her fourth interview with Cane, Moss, and White, but her first with one of the partners. Justice Cane—the name suited his profession, to say the least. She wanted to give the impression of class and elegance, the exact qualities the firm was noted for. They were one of the most prestigious law firms in the Tri-State Area and were known nationally for some high-profile cases. It



would only be a stepping stone for her, true, but a reference she would need if she wanted to move on to bigger and better firms in the larger cities. She wanted the name Lauren Brooke to be synonymous with elegance and hard-biting lawyer. A position with Cane, Moss, and White would be the first step toward achieving the distinction.

“Lauren...may I call you Lauren?” Mr. Cane asked.

“Of course, Mr. Cane.”

“Call me Justice. Mr. Cane puts distance between us, and here at Cane, Moss, and White, we like to keep everyone close. A connection of sorts between all of us, partners and associates included. It gives us a combined front when it comes to appearances, and we share a bond, a closeness, while working on sticky cases. It’s the reason we ask our newest associates to attend bonding camp. So they can be brought into the family, so to speak. Be a part of what it means to be one of us.” He leaned back in his chair, his mouth forming an easy smile. “That way we learn your strengths and your weaknesses. What makes you tick. What your passions are...”—he tilted his head—“...so we can handpick associates for specific cases.”

Lauren swallowed. He had an awesome smile, with dimples included. It was warm and inviting and...

*Don’t go there.* She could not allow herself to think of him as anything other than a partner in the firm, therefore her prospective boss. But, dang, this man was the definition of handsome. Dark hair, tan, trim with the hint of muscles beneath the suit, his warm brown eyes sparkled with energy and a bit of daring. The “daring” part was intriguing. Was he daring her?

“I try to keep my private life and my work life separate. Bonding camp seems so...personal.”

He threaded his fingers together and rested his hands on his stomach. “You’re right. It does get personal. The exact reason why we require it. We want to know you. Know your limitations. If it’s a problem—”

"I think I can do it, Mr. Cane...Justice," she interrupted. "I know I can." She really wanted this position. If bonding camp is what it took, she'd have to deal with it. Chalk it up to another step toward her goal.

"Good to hear, Lauren." Justice sat forward and pulled an appointment book toward him. He flipped through a few pages. "Let's see...Are you free this weekend?" He picked up a pen and poised it above the book. Looking at her, he raised an eyebrow. "Will that work for you?"

She took a slow breath in. It was almost as if he were asking her for a date. But she knew he wasn't. So far, he'd been all business with no hint of attraction to her other than his smile. Then there was that mention of passion...*Don't go there*. "This weekend, yes. I'm free," she managed to say.

"Good. We'll schedule a two-day bonding camp for this weekend." He wrote in the appointment book, finishing with a flourish. Closing the book, he smiled at her. "My secretary will give you the particulars on your way out. I look forward to seeing you this weekend, Lauren." He stood and extended his right hand.

She stood and shook his hand. "You'll be at the bonding camp, then?" she asked, noting the warmth of his palm before she released his hand.

"Of course. I make it a point to get to know the associates I hire."

"I'm hired?" A tickle of excitement threaded through her veins.

"We'll attend bonding camp this weekend, and you'll begin your career here at Cane, Moss, and White the following Monday morning if all goes well." He tilted his head again, his gaze dropping to her lips, then back to her eyes. "I don't doubt it will go well."

*If all goes well.* The statement gave her an odd sense of foreboding. *Shake it off, girl. Just think of bonding camp as an extended interview.*

She stopped at the secretary's desk and picked up a booklet titled *Cane, Moss, and White ~ Bonding Camp Agenda* and made her way to the elevator. She pushed the down button and bit the inside of her

lip to keep from impatiently tapping her foot. When the doors opened, she nearly bolted through them into the elevator. Thankfully, it was empty and she didn't have to deal with fake smiles and nods of people you meet in the elevators. She punched the lobby button once, twice. The doors closed, and the elevator began its descent.

How was she going to get through this weekend? How was she going to get through the next two days worrying about this weekend? She flipped open the booklet. Okay, so she had to be ready to be picked up at eight a.m. Saturday morning at her residence. Today was Wednesday. She had two days to prepare herself. What to pack? Where was it held? Who else would be there besides herself and Justice Cane? A hundred questions flitted through her mind.

She closed the booklet, closed her eyes, and heaved a cleansing sigh. She reminded herself again that, no matter what, it was going to be worth it. It would all be worth it in the end.

\* \* \* \*

Justice sat at his desk and gazed at the closed door of his office.

The woman was striking.

It was the only word that came to mind when he thought of Lauren Brooke. She was tall, slim, and well, striking. She would be pure intimidating elegance in the courtroom. After reading her resume, Justice knew she would be an asset to the firm. True, she was older than most lawyers fresh from taking the boards, but at twenty-nine, she projected experience even though she didn't have any to speak of.

He relaxed back in his chair, picked up a pen from the desktop, and absently tapped it on the blotter. Lauren had conveyed a professional attitude during the interview, but she seemed a bit...inhibited. She gave him the impression of being closed off and private with her emotions.

Possibly bonding camp would open her up and show her getting to know people could open doors and create new possibilities. He hoped so. Though they were proud of their portrayal of distinction at the firm, they were also closely tied to each other in their business lives and their personal ones. Friends, and even some lovers, but all who worked at Cane, Moss, and White thought of the firm as their family as well as their livelihood.

He would like to add Lauren to the family and get to know her...intimately.

Bonding camp this weekend would show him whether she could open up enough to allow him to. And if she would open up to him, maybe she would open up to the other partners also. But then...he may want to just keep her to himself.

This weekend would tell.

## **Chapter Two**

Lauren stood at her bedroom window, looking down on the street in front of her apartment house. It was seven-thirty a.m., and she was as ready as she was ever going to be. Twirling a set of handcuffs around her fingers, she waited for the car from Cane, Moss, and White to pick her up and take her to bonding camp. Bonding camp. She still couldn't believe she was going to go through with this.

According to the manual she was given, the bonding camp was being held at the firm's private retreat in upstate New York, supposedly one hour from Albany. She wasn't looking forward to the one-hour car ride. It was that much more time for her nerves to get the better of her. The private retreat sounded very inviting, like a place where you could spend a romantic weekend. Secluded in the woods, the grounds held a main house, a caretaker's house, and a building especially for meetings and seminars, not to mention the actual bonding camp. The manual also stated any number of prospective associates could be at the scheduled bonding camp along with members of the firm. At least one partner would be in attendance, if not all three.

The agenda for the first day had schedules for arrival, assignment of rooms, meal times, and private one-on-one meetings with staff of the firm. The meeting schedules would be distributed on arrival at a meet-and-greet brunch at ten a.m.

She bit the inside of her lip. A car slowed then sped back up to cruise on past her building. She spun the handcuffs, the metal chain in the center jingling. The coolness of the smooth metal of the cuffs didn't incite her imagination this morning as it normally did. The

handcuffs had been a gag gift from Betha, her oldest and best friend, on her last birthday. "*Lighten up and get a little kinky,*" Betha had said, laughing. "*You're too uptight. I swear, you've been this way ever since you and Randy broke up. You used to be fun, Lauren. Now you're just—*"

"Guarded." Lauren jumped, realizing she had spoken out loud.

Well, she had a reason to be guarded. It was the same reason she had broken up with Randy and kept her friends close and private now. There were only three people she truly trusted these days, Betha, Rona, and Carol. All three had been her friends since grade school. They knew each other's secrets, and none of them had ever told anyone any secret they had shared, even to this day.

But Randy had told.

Randy had broadcast it to his buddies, his *drinking* buddies, that she had asked him to tie her up. She had only asked once, after much soul-searching and wondering if she could trust him, and it had come back to bite her. Randy and his buddies had been watching Monday Night Football, drinking beer like water, and making a mess of the living room. At halftime, Lauren made her way through the mess to gather empty beer cans when one of the boys grabbed her wrist. "*Hear you want to be restrained. I'm your man,*" he had said, his speech slurred and eyes bleary.

Lauren's heart dropped to her feet.

Then the laughing and taunting began. She grabbed her coat and left. The next morning, she told Randy to leave and not come back.

She had bared her deepest, most secret desire to him, and he had broadcast it as breaking news.

She'd never forgive him. So, she didn't reveal secrets now. Not to anyone.

Not even Betha.

Lauren looked down at the handcuffs, the silver sparkling in the morning sun. Betha had heard about her desire and bought the handcuffs. A lot of women had bondage fantasies, Betha had

reminded her, and there was no reason to be embarrassed. Handcuffs. As if she'd ever get to use them. *Yeah, who can you trust?* She opened one and slid it over her wrist. It clicked shut with a small *snap*. What would it be like to—

A car horn blasted from below.

“Shit.” She looked down at the street. A black sedan was double-parked at the curb. “Shit.”

Scrambling, she grabbed the handcuff key out of the top nightstand drawer and unlocked the cuff. She dropped the key and cuffs into the drawer and almost ran from the room.

What a time for the car to show up...when she was just starting to fantasize.

\* \* \* \*

Justice waited in the entry hall of the main house, more anxious than he'd ever been for the prospective associates to arrive. This time, there was only one—Lauren Brooke

Crystal White walked up beside him. “Why are you waiting here?”

He looked at his partner of ten years. She was petite, with short dark hair that complemented her big, dark eyes. He had enjoyed working with her from the beginning. Smart and sassy, Crystal was a hellion in the courtroom. And, from what he'd heard, in the bedroom, too.

He slid his arm around her shoulder. “I’m anxious, I guess.”

She pursed her lips and looked up at him. “This one is intriguing, eh?”

“Yes. Very.” He turned, taking her with him, and walked in the direction of the dining room. “I think she'd be an asset if she can shed the hard shell encasing her.”

“Hmm. Hard shell.” Crystal lifted a slim flute of mimosa from the side buffet and handed it to Justice. “You’re good at cracking those. I’m sure you won’t have a problem getting her to loosen up.”

He took the glass from her. “I hope you’re right. For some reason, I really like this woman. She’s special. I can feel it.”

“Your guest has arrived, Mr. Cane.” Rodgers, the caretaker, moved to the side of the doorway.

Lauren Brooke entered the dining room, her smile a bit nervous. “Good morning, Mr. Cane.” She nodded at Crystal.

Justice raised his hand to her. “Come in, Lauren. And please, no ‘Mr. Cane.’ Let me introduce you to Crystal White. Crystal is a partner in the firm also.” Lauren took his hand and stepped fully into the room.

Crystal handed Lauren a champagne flute of mimosa. “I hope you like mimosa for brunch. I think it sets the day off to a luxurious start.”

“It’s nice to meet you...Shall I call you Crystal?” Lauren released his hand and used both hands to hold her glass.

“Yes. We’re all on a first-name basis. Here and at work. Please, come in and sit down. Brunch will be served shortly.” Crystal moved to a chair at the large table.

Justice took Lauren’s elbow and led her to a chair on the other side of the table. “I hope you’re hungry. We tend to eat quite a feast when we’re here at the retreat.”

Her smile was tremulous. “I am a bit hungry, if I must say.” She sat down at the table, placing her glass beside her plate. “When will the others arrive?”

Justice sat next to her. “The others? Oh. You are the only new associate. Crystal and Morgan and I are here. You’ll meet Morgan later. He’s running behind this morning. But we thought since all three partners would be here with you, bonding camp will be a special treat. We’ll get to know you, and you’ll get to know us. See if we mesh. Of course, we have staff here. Rodgers is our caretaker and all-around butler-type man. If you need anything fixed, he’s the go-to



guy. Missy and Rachel are also here. Rachel cooks and takes care of the main house. Missy is our masseuse and personal trainer. If you want to work out, have a massage—which you’re already scheduled for, by the way—or swim in the pool, Missy will be your right-hand woman.”

Lauren reached for the champagne flute. “Thank you. I’m sure I’ll have a nice time.”

Justice noticed the slight tremor in her fingers when she reached for the glass. She seemed nervous, but controlled it well, which was a good trait for a lawyer. Hopefully he’d be able to calm her nervousness by Sunday night. At least she hadn’t shied away from taking his hand when she arrived, and that was a good sign.

They made small talk during brunch, tentatively getting to know each other. Crystal was her usual self, her openness seeming to set Lauren at ease. Justice leaned back with a cup of coffee and listened to the women discuss shoes. Yes, things were going well. He hoped Lauren could keep her casual air about her during the full bonding camp.

Once they were finished with brunch, Rachel entered to clear the table.

“Would you like to take a walk and see the grounds?” Justice asked, pulling out Lauren’s chair as she rose.

“I’d love to.” Her smile lit up her eyes.

A tightening began in his stomach, an inkling of promise. He could get used to being smiled at by Lauren Brooke. Very easily. “Come on, then. I’ll show you around.” He reached for her hand. She readily took it. “We’ll see you later this evening, Crystal.”

Crystal winked at him. “Possibly. I do have a few plans for tonight.”

“It was very nice meeting you,” Lauren said. “I’d love to have coffee sometime.”

Crystal smiled. “Oh, I’m sure we’ll have more than coffee.” She walked toward the door. “You two have a nice walk.”

“We will.” Justice squeezed Lauren’s hand. “Shall we?”  
She nodded, squeezing his hand in return. “Let’s.”

## Chapter Three

Walking along a tree-shaded path, Lauren took in a deep breath. The air was clean and crisp, with a hint of the woods. The path wound through the trees, and birds sang above them in the branches. It was secluded and private, a nature walk.

“It’s lovely here,” she said, meaning it.

Justice smiled down at her. “We come here often. It helps to get away from the courtroom and the city sometimes. Just to remind you there are other things in life than cases and clients.”

Looking up into his sparkling eyes, Lauren felt her stomach do a funny little flutter. He was still holding her hand, the heat of his touch traveling like a tendril of smoke up her arm.

She’d never expected to feel this relaxed. This was a job interview, basically. Why did it feel so much like a romantic weekend with a handsome man? *Get your head out of the bedroom, Lauren. He is not boyfriend material. He is going to be your boss.*

She cleared her throat. “Well, it is nice to get away once in a while, but I do love my work—or should I say, what *will be* my work. I enjoy researching the cases, figuring out a plan of attack in the courtroom. It’s like a puzzle I’m trying to solve, one where the outcome benefits the client and myself.”

“Interesting analogy. A puzzle.” He let go of her hand and slid his arm around her waist. “Watch your step here.”

Heat sizzled along her back where he touched, flaming straight to her solar plexus. Her foot slipped on the path when she began to step over a rock.

His arm tightened on her waist. “Careful. We don’t want any injuries. Hate to have you file a claim against us.”

“I’d never—oh!” Both feet went out from under her, the wet leaves on the path like a patch of ice.

Instantly, Justice grabbed her around the waist, catching her, and before she knew it, she was facing him. Pressed against his chest, both his arms circling her waist, he gazed down at her.

*Oh boy.*

*No...not boy...man.*

She let out a giggle. “Sorry. I’m not usually this clumsy.”

His gaze didn’t falter, nor did his arms around her relax their grip.

Lauren’s heart stuttered. His heartbeat transferred through her palms where her hands rested on his chest. Strong, thrumming, his heartbeat didn’t stutter. *Kiss me. Please...just kiss me.*

As if reading her thoughts, he lowered his gaze to her lips. “Sometimes, clumsy is good,” he said, his voice deep, husky.

Her fingers twitched. She wanted to grab handfuls of his shirt and drag him down to her mouth.

She didn’t have to.

His lips met hers with a molten heat, sliding across her lips deliciously. Lauren closed her eyes, her legs watery with the passion of the moment. “Mmm,” she moaned when he deepened the kiss, tilting her head back with the force of it. *Overpowering. Yes. Overpower me. Take me.*

Too soon, their lips parted. Lauren opened her eyes, her lips hot from the contact.

Justice gazed down at her, his face flushed. “I...I didn’t mean to...”

Lauren cleared her throat. “No. Don’t. Don’t apologize. Please.” She pushed a bit against his chest, taking a step back. His hands slid across her waist then disappeared.

Justice raked a hand through his hair and glanced off into the woods. “I don’t usually—”

“Stop.” Lauren cleared her throat again. “If you apologize, that kiss—that amazing kiss—will seem like you didn’t mean it.”

He turned back to her. With a short laugh, he said, “Oh, I meant it. Never doubt that.” He raised a hand and stroked her arm. “Want to continue our walk?”

She nodded. “Just so you know, I don’t normally kiss my boss.”

“Well, that just changed, didn’t it?”

“Sort of.” They began to walk again, the path leveling out. “I don’t want you to think I sleep my way into jobs.”

“I don’t. To be honest with you, at our firm, we’re a lot closer than most.” He held back a tree branch for her to pass. “But only as close as you want us to be.”

“I’m not sure what you mean.” What was he trying to say? How close was “close”?

They entered a clearing where the path branched off in two directions. Justice stopped and touched her shoulder. She turned toward him, meeting his eyes. They were honest eyes, eyes of a man she felt she could trust. She didn’t know why, but the sense that she could confide in him, tell him her secrets with no worries, centered in her being. There was no nervousness now, no apprehension about the job. Had the kiss done all that? Allowed her to feel, well, like herself?

He hooked his thumbs on the pockets of his pants. “Close. What I mean is, the people at our firm share more than cases. They share their lives. Their wants. Their needs. Their desires. All of themselves. Or, as much as they want to share.”

She swallowed. What exactly was he saying?

\* \* \* \*

How could he explain this without sounding strange? Justice wanted Lauren to accept the job offer, to allow them to get close to her. He wanted for her to *be* one of them. The trick was how to do it without scaring her off.

“Don’t look so scared,” he said. “We won’t poke into your life unless you want us to.” He could tell by her eyes she was spooked, yet intrigued. He needed to keep her leaning toward “intrigued.” He reached for her hand. “Come, let’s walk some more. I can see we need to do a lot of talking.”

She took his hand. It was a natural gesture. There was no hesitation on her part. Leaves crunched beneath their feet. There had been no hesitation when he had kissed her either. Was she more open than she first seemed?

“Aren’t I supposed to have a ‘one-on-one’ meeting with the other partners today? At least, that’s what was in the agenda,” Lauren said, looking off into the trees.

“Yes. That will be this evening. You’ll meet with me at four, Morgan at five, and then we’ll all meet for dinner at six. After dinner, you’ll meet with Crystal. Then it’s everyone to themselves.” He hoped he wouldn’t end up by himself tonight. He hoped she would spend some more time with him so he could really get to know her. If they weren’t close enough by then...well, he’d think of something to bring them closer.

“Doesn’t this, what we’re doing now, constitute our one-on-one meeting?” She looked up into his eyes. Sunlight shifted down through the trees and glinted on the highlights in her hair.

“Not really. I just want you to feel comfortable here. That’s basically what this is about. This walk, this letting you get to know the compound. If you accept our job offer, you will be able to spend any amount of time here that you like.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

She smiled, her eyes opening wide. “It’ll be like I have a vacation home.”

“Exactly.” He squeezed her hand. She squeezed back. “Do you like it here?” he asked, almost holding his breath until she answered.

“So far, yes, I do.” She stepped closer to him as they walked, her arm brushing against his. “I like the people here, too.”

“Do you like us enough to share some of your life with us? To bond with us?” There was the million-dollar question.

Lauren bit her bottom lip, her eyes on the path ahead. “I guess you’ll have to explain to me what you mean by ‘bond’ with you.” She looked up at him. “I’m usually a very private person. Though I will admit, being here seems to relax me. Even though I’ve only been here for a few hours.”

Justice took a deep breath then slowly let it out. How much should he say at this point? She seemed so closed off when they had met, but was now opening up to him. He didn’t want to go too fast. “Let’s just play it by ear on the bonding. How’s that sound?”

She nodded. Suddenly she stopped.

“Something wrong?” Justice asked, stopping beside her.

Her brows drew together in a frown. “I have to ask something...just how bonded are you and Miss White? Are you two...”

He smiled and rested his hand on her shoulder. “Crystal and I are very close. We share many things. Many personal things. But if you’re asking what I think you’re asking—no, we’re not together. Not an item. Not in a relationship.”

She smiled a trembling smile. “I’m sorry. Maybe I was too forward. I didn’t mean to pry.”

He stroked her hair. *So silky...* “You’re not prying. Like I said, we like our associates to be close. Which means we do share details about our relationships. Would that be a problem for you?”

“I’m not in a relationship at the moment.”

Justice noticed her gaze had become cloudy, closed off again. “You had a bad relationship.”

She blinked. “How did you know?”

“It shows in your eyes. You can talk about it, if you want. With me. Or with Crystal if you feel a woman would be more

understanding.” He took her hand and urged her to walk again. “You see, we’re sounding boards for each other. Whatever is going on in our life, we discuss it with the others. It makes us behave like family, instead of some backstabbing corporate operators. Do you know what I mean?”

They walked along the path, turning to the left and back toward the main house.

“I hate the backstabbing part of the corporate world,” she said. “Everyone trying to outdo everyone else, making themselves look good at the expense of others.”

They arrived at the main house, stopping on the front porch. He grasped her other hand and turned her toward him. “That’s not how we conduct business. At our firm, we’re family.”

Lauren looked up and smiled widely. “I really do think I’m going to like it here.”



## Chapter Four

Lauren was nervous. She didn't know why. She had already met and talked at length with Justice Cane. So why was this one-on-one meeting with him making her tremble?

*Maybe because you're so attracted to him you can't see straight?*

She blew out a breath and checked her makeup in the mirror for the third time. She had fifteen minutes before she was supposed to meet Justice at the building they used for meetings and seminars, and she needed to get rid of this nervousness.

It was a short walk through the woods along a path, just to the right of the building they called Solitude. Lauren wondered just what Solitude had inside. She knew from the booklet that there was a massage room, a sauna, and the like. That's probably what was in that building. Hopefully she'd find out this evening. She hoped to have a massage and maybe spend some time in the whirlpool.

"Okay, you've checked the mirror enough. Get on with it," she told her reflection.

She quickly exited her room and made her way through the main house toward the front door. Crystal was lounging on the couch in the living room. "Good afternoon, Miss White," Lauren said as she moved through the room.

Crystal looked up from her magazine. "Lauren, do call me Crystal, would you, please? We really don't stand on formality here."

Lauren smiled. "Sorry. Crystal it is." She continued toward the door. "I have a meeting with Justice in a few minutes, so I must rush off."

Crystal nodded. "No problem. I'll be seeing you soon enough."

Lauren waved and continued on out the door and headed in the direction of the meeting building.

\* \* \* \*

Justice stood in front of the portrait of the company staff that was centered on the wall behind his desk. You couldn't really call it a "portrait" since it was actually a group photo taken last summer, when all the office staff, along with the partners, had spent a week here at the retreat. They all had a wonderful time, the staff becoming even closer than they already were. They were a family at Cane, Moss, and White, and from the smiles on the faces and the arms around each other in the photo, their close relationship to each other showed. It made for a great working environment, one they prided themselves on.

He hoped Lauren would join them, be a member of the family.

A tentative knock at the door brought him out of his thoughts.

"Come in," he said, turning toward the door.

Lauren entered, looking lovely in a butter-yellow summer dress. Justice instantly felt a twitch in his loins, wondering what it would be like to slide the thin shoulder straps of her dress down and expose what was underneath.

"I hope I'm not late," she said, clasping her hands in front of her.

"Come," he said, gesturing for her to come closer. "Sit." He indicated a spot on the couch in front of his desk.

She smiled and walked around the end of the couch and folded her trim body into a seat on the end. "I don't think I've ever been in an office where there was a couch in front of someone's desk instead of a chair or two. What made you choose a couch?" She crossed one slender leg over the other.

Justice moved in front of the desk and leaned against it. "Comfort and familiarity. That's what makes this company run. So, a couch instead of chairs. That way I can sit beside you." He moved to the

couch and sat, placing one arm along the back of it. Hesitantly, he touched her shoulder with a finger, noting the smoothness of her skin. “Lovely dress,” he said when she didn’t move away from his touch.

“Thank you.” She turned slightly toward him in her seat.

*A good sign. She’s interested.* “Tell me, Lauren, would you find it awkward to confide in your colleagues?”

She tilted her head to the side. “Confide? About what?”

He used his finger to make a trail up her shoulder to the curve where it met her neck. She gave a little shiver. “Oh, let’s say family issues or relationship issues. Do you see yourself being comfortable enough to do that? Just basically talk to us as if we’re friends instead of colleagues?”

“I, um, don’t seem to have a problem talking to you,” she said. She took a fold of the skirt of her dress in her fingers and toyed with it.

“Okay, that’s good. So, you’re not in a relationship at the moment, am I right?” The first question. He wondered how many she would answer as he delved deeper.

Lauren pressed her lips together for a moment before she answered. “I don’t have a boyfriend at the moment, no.”

“But you did.”

She nodded. “Yes. But it’s over.”

Justice slid his palm down her arm to her hand, which rested in her lap. “Was it a bad breakup?”

“In a sense,” she said. She seemed a bit hesitant but still willing to continue.

“Can I ask what happened?” He watched her face, trying to catch whether or not this was bothering her. It seemed to be. He needed her to relax. He used his thumb to stroke her fingers, slowly and rhythmically.

Lauren sighed. “He wasn’t trustworthy is how I would put it. He couldn’t keep my secrets.”

“Hmm,” Justice said. “That would be an issue, wouldn’t it? Keeping secrets is one of the foundation rules for any relationship. Whether it be personal or professional. Don’t you think?”

Her eyes sparkled, just the tiniest bit. “Yes. I do. Keeping secrets is like keeping someone’s confessions in confidence. It means a lot to me.”

He raised her hand to his lips, barely touching it to his mouth for a light kiss. “I would keep your secrets. So will the rest of the firm. We’re very big on that sort of thing.” He felt a sizzle when her lips parted slightly.

“I’m glad to hear that,” she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Lauren...”

“Yes?”

“If you join us, will you tell us your secrets?” God, he wanted to kiss her.

She cleared her throat, hesitating.

Justice lowered her hand, this time into his lap. “I’ll tell you one of my secrets if you tell me one of yours.”

“What sort of secret?” she asked.

She was blushing, just a hint of rosiness to her cheeks. *What is she thinking?* he wondered. “Any sort of secret.”

She lowered her chin coyly. “You go first.”

“Okay, one of my secrets.” He drew her hand further into his lap. She didn’t pull away. “I like to be in control during sex. Now, your turn.”

\* \* \* \*

Lauren felt heat rush up from her center to her face. She fought not to pull her hand from his just to fan herself. He liked to be in control during sex. Whew! That was very personal and to the point. But oddly, it didn’t bother her in the least. As a matter of fact, it intrigued her.

"I'm not sure how to respond to that," she said, figuring she should not reveal too much since this was supposed to be a job interview, so to speak. "That's very personal, and I'm glad you feel you can trust me with something that is so personal but—"

"You don't feel you can trust me, is that it?" he asked, interrupting.

"No, it's not...Okay, here's something personal about me. I *don't* like to be in control during sex. I like to *be* controlled." Butterflies were beating their wings wildly against the walls of her stomach. She had never admitted that to anyone except a few people, and one of them had betrayed her with that information. But Justice felt like a person she actually could trust. She wasn't sure why, but she felt some sort of deep connection to him.

"There. That wasn't so bad, was it?" he asked, a smile lighting his face. He leaned forward, his eyes traveling over her face, his gaze hesitating on her lips before moving back to look her in the eye. "So I like to be in control, and you like to be controlled. Sounds like we're very compatible."

*Kiss me. Take me. Here. Now.* Her thoughts burned sizzling sparks through her body. "Yes, it does." Her throat was so tight with need she could hardly speak. "But, what does this conversation have to do with me being an associate at Cane, Moss, and White?"

"It has everything to do with it. If you can trust me, and the others, of course, then we can trust you. We can confide in you, and you will respect our confidences. As we will respect yours." His voice was low and soothing. "And...we can share things with you, things we share with no one else. Things that bond us together."

He was close now, had moved closer with every word he spoke. Lauren could feel his breath against her lips, warm and moist. Warm. Moist. Exactly like she felt inside. She searched his eyes. There was heat in his gaze.

"This is what bonding camp is about?" she asked, her voice a whisper.

“This and more.” He dipped his head and brushed his lips across hers.

She closed her eyes and swayed toward him.

“Are you willing to bond with us, Lauren? Are you willing to let us get to know you? Completely?” he asked.

Her breasts felt swollen, nipples tingling. There was only one answer. “Yes,” she breathed.

His mouth closed over hers, his tongue sliding past her lips. Lauren moaned, giving in to her desire for him, her need for him. His tongue explored her mouth, tasting, tangling with her own. She felt a rush of heat spread over her, circling her waist then diving down lower.

“You like to be controlled,” he said, breaking the kiss.

She blinked, her vision blurred in a sexual haze. “Yes.”

“Then you shall get what you like,” he said. “If this goes too far, if you feel you’ve had enough or are at your limit, just say stop. Agreed?”

She nodded, her insides trembling with the need for him to take her and make her his own. “Agreed.”

Justice leaned back and took her hands. “Stand up.” He rose from the couch, pulling her up with him.

Lauren’s legs felt watery. She placed her hands on his shoulders, wanting to dig her fingers in, wanting to pull his mouth down to hers again. She wanted him to take the lead...

“Turn around,” he said, his voice low and forceful.

She turned, her back now to him.

He stepped up behind her, sliding his arms around her waist. His hands splayed across her stomach then slid upward, cupping her breasts.

Lauren leaned her head back against him and bit her bottom lip, closing her eyes as his fingers grazed her nipples through the fabric of her dress.

“Raise your arms and put them around my neck,” he instructed. “Then spread your legs.”

She snaked her arms around his neck, the movement shoving her breasts forward. She parted her legs, widening her stance. She felt his erection, hard and full, nestled against her bottom. “Like this?” she asked.

He rolled her nipples between his fingers, sending sparks shooting through her breasts. “Yes, like that.” One of his hands moved down, down to the hem of her dress, and pulled it up. “What do you have under here?” he asked. Then his hand was at the waistband of her panties, sliding inside them. “Are you ready for me?” His finger dipped into her cleft.

Lauren shuddered. “Yes. Yes, I’m ready.”

His finger found her little nubbin and gave it a stroke.

Her thighs tensed, and she fought not to push against his hand while his other hand drew slow circles around her right nipple.

“Let’s get these panties off. I want to be able to touch you with no boundaries,” he said. He removed his hand from inside her panties and grasped her wrists, removing her arms from around his neck. “Take them off, Lauren.”

Trembling, she didn’t turn to look at him but reached beneath the skirt of her dress and slid her panties down her legs then stepped out of them. She smoothed her dress down and stood still, waiting for his next instruction.

“Don’t think about anything, Lauren. Just let go. Let me guide you.” His hands settled on her waist, turning her to face the desk. He cupped her chin in one hand and tilted her head back. Nuzzling her ear, he whispered, “God, I want you.”

She shuddered again. “Then take me.”

He groaned and took her wrists again. “Hands on the desk,” he ordered.

She did as she was told, placing her hands on the desk. Her hair cascaded over her shoulders when she dropped her head and closed

her eyes. His hot hands grazed her hips, urging her to step backward and bend further at the waist. Then she felt cool air on her bottom as her skirt was raised up, exposing her. She bit her lip, trying not to moan.

“God, you’re gorgeous,” Justice said, running his hands over the globes of her bottom. “Smooth, round. *Mine*.”

His hand dipped between her legs, one finger sliding into her wet sheath. He began to stroke in and out. “Do you like?”

She nodded, unable to speak.

He added another finger, his other hand moving to the front and her clit. He drew circles around her swollen nubbin, making her tremble all the more. She arched her back, moving back against his hand as he stroked in and out with his fingers.

“Hmm, yeah, you do like this. That’s my girl. Let yourself go. Be yourself. You’re with me, and I keep your secrets.” He slid the hand at her clit up to cup her breast and tweaked the nipple again.

She let out a little moan, her breath beginning to come in shallow gasps.

“Okay, Lauren, stand still for a moment.” His hands left her.

Her insides were buzzing with electricity. At this point, all thoughts about the job were forgotten. The only thing whizzing through her mind was having Justice Cane take her, having him control her.

The sound of him removing his pants, his belt jangling, came from behind her. She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself, to wait.

Then he was behind her again, his cock sliding between her thighs, hot and silky smooth.

“*Please*,” she uttered, moving her hips back against him.

“What do you want, Lauren? You have to tell me. Tell me now,” he commanded.

She let out a little whine. “Please...fuck me.”

“Oh God,” he said, groaning. Then he was inside her in one forceful stroke.



“Yes!” she cried out, splaying her hands on the desktop.

His hands clutched her hips, each stroke pounding into her deeper. “Fuck me, Lauren.”

She braced her feet and met him thrust for thrust, her breath coming in great, deep gasps. His shaft seared her insides, branding her with lusty heat. Each thrust rocked her to her core, sending her closer to the edge.

The tingling began, a tickle at first, then building into an electric sizzle that coiled inside her. The sound of him pounding into her, the slap of skin against skin, filled her ears. “I’m gonna...gonna...” she choked out.

“Come, Lauren! Come now!” he told her.

And the rush of pleasure drowned her, her hot sheath clutching him, milking him, sending sensation along every nerve of her body. “Yessssss!” she screamed, throwing her head back.

“Aw God,” Justice yelled, tensing, spilling himself inside her, digging his fingers into her hips.

Lauren collapsed, her arms giving way. She gulped, trying to catch her breath.

Justice released her hips and stepped away from her, his breath coming in rough gasps. “Damn,” he said. “That was—”

“Amazing,” she finished for him. She straightened, smoothing the skirt of her dress down over her backside. She turned as he was putting his pants back on.

Buckling his belt, he looked up at her and smiled. He took a step toward her and wrapped his arms around her.

Their lips met in a tender kiss.

“This,” he said, leaning his forehead against hers, “is bonding.”

## Chapter Five

Lauren couldn't believe what had just transpired between them. What had she been thinking? She had given in to Justice so easily it was like—well—she *was* easy.

She dropped down on the couch, a hard knot forming in her stomach. “Oh my goodness,” she said, placing her trembling fingers to her lips.

Justice sat down beside her, concern etched on his face. “What’s wrong? Lauren, are you all right?”

Unshed tears stung her eyes. “I-I can’t believe we-we—” She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. When she opened her eyes, she met his gaze levelly. “That was very unprofessional of me. I hope you won’t allow my actions to affect your decision to hire me.” She laced her fingers together and rested her hands in her lap, both feet firmly on the floor. It was extremely hard to hold her head high when her panties were lying on the floor in front of her new boss’s desk.

“Hey, what happened?” Justice asked, placing his hand over hers. “Just a few moments ago, you were ready to share yourself with me. Now you’re all tense.”

Lauren let out a little laugh. “I admit I am so attracted to you that my judgment flew right out the window, but I can’t believe everyone in this firm is willing to share *all* of themselves to be able to bond with each other.”

“What’s so hard to believe?” He squeezed her hand. “We like each other immensely. We have nothing to hide from each other because we know all of our desires. If someone has a specific passion, there’s usually one of us who will indulge it. It makes our working

environment so much more relaxed, and there's no pent-up frustration getting in our way. No hostility toward each other."

"You make it sound like a workable paradise."

He smiled, dimples dotting his cheeks. "It is, actually."

He smiled so easily and his eyes held such a sense of honesty that Lauren trusted him. There was something about him that told her he would never hurt her, would not betray her confidences. "I want to be able to talk to someone, to be able to trust someone enough they can be my confidant," she said.

Justice took her hands in his. "You can trust me. You can trust us. Believe me, Lauren."

Her heart swelled with hope. Could she really have found coworkers—friends—who could be trusted with her secrets? She chewed her bottom lip, debating with herself.

Justice sighed. He patted her hand and rose from the couch. "I can see you're unsure, and that's understandable." He moved behind his desk and opened the center drawer, pulling out a sheaf of paperwork. "I usually don't reveal this until the end of bonding camp, but since you seem so unsettled..." He came around the desk and handed the paperwork to her.

"What's this?" she asked, taking it from him.

"Read it. I think it will make you feel better." He sat down beside her, placing his arm around her shoulder.

Lauren leaned back, the warmth of his arm around her comforting. She began to read...

\* \* \* \*

Justice hoped the agreement in writing would allay her fears. It was a shame he had to reveal it so early in the game, especially when she had given in and allowed him to take control of her after telling him her secret of liking to be controlled. He watched her face as she read the document. Just how strictly controlled did she want to be, he

wondered. Did she want to explore a bit of bondage? Would she allow it? Would she allow herself?

He shifted on the couch, the thought of Lauren in bindings awakening his erection yet again.

Lauren laid the paperwork on her lap and turned toward him. "This is a contract."

He nodded. "Yes."

"It says that anything that happens between myself and any employee, including the partners, whether it be spoken, implied, or a physical action, will be kept in the strictest confidence from today in perpetuity. Even if myself and the company part ways." The look on her face was incredulous.

"Yes, it does state that."

"And if any of my 'secrets' are revealed by anyone at any time, the firm will pay me the sum of five million dollars."

He toyed with a strand of her hair, running the silky tress through his fingers. "It's a legal document. If having a signed copy of this document in your hand would help you feel better about the situation, then we will arrange it. Myself, Morgan, and Crystal have power of attorney to sign for all the personnel employed by us, so you just say the word, and we can take care of it within half an hour."

Lauren let out a huge sigh, her uncertainty evident on her face. "How many of your staff have asked for this to be signed?" she asked, rolling the papers into a tube.

Justice traced the edge of her ear with a fingertip. God, he loved the way she shuddered when he touched her. He glanced down at her breasts. Her nipples were peaked, hard little pebbles beneath the thin fabric of her dress. He brought his gaze up to meet hers. "Over the years we've been in business, three employees have asked that we sign it."

"Are they still employed by the firm? Have you ever paid off on a claim against the contract?"

“Yes, they are still employed here, and no, we’ve never been asked to pay up.” He wrapped a strand of her hair around his finger. “And do you know why?”

She shook her head.

“Because,” he said, moving close enough their noses touched, “we bond. And once we bond—we never tell.” He traced her bottom lip with his tongue. Her lips parted in invitation. “Will you tell us your secrets, Lauren?”

“Yes,” she breathed.

Justice smiled then kissed her lightly. “I’m so glad to hear that. Now, it’s almost time for your meeting with Morgan. Would you like to freshen up a bit first?”

Lauren cleared her throat. “Um, yes. I should.”

Justice could still see the heat of passion in her eyes, which was good. Morgan would instantly be drawn to it. “You can freshen up in there,” he said, pointing toward a door at the back of his office that led to a fully stocked bathroom.

“Thank you.”

“And while you’re freshening up, would you like me to have the partners sign the agreement?”

Lauren looked at the papers still rolled up in her hand then back at him. She’d be a fool not to sign it. Whether they kept her secrets or revealed them, it was a win-win situation for her. True, if her sexual fantasies got out, she’d be embarrassed—but with five million dollars, she could move to any part of the country and start her own law firm.

“Actually, yes. I would.” She tilted her head. “I hope you don’t mind.”

He held out his hand for the document. “Of course not. I’ll have these signed while you freshen up.” She rose from the couch, and he took the document from her. Moving to the desk, he grabbed a pen. “Here, you go ahead and sign. I’ll sign. Then I’ll send it off for Morgan and Crystal to sign.”

She smiled slightly, took the pen, and signed. Justice took the pen from her and signed his name.

“There we go,” he said, rolling up the document. “You go on and freshen up. I’ll be back with a signed copy for you before you’re finished.”

“Thank you.” Lauren bent to retrieve her panties from the floor.

Justice stroked one firm globe of her bottom. “Why don’t you just leave those here?” He took the panties from her hand when she straightened. “I’ll have them sent to your room for you.”

“But—my meeting—”

He cut off her words with a kiss. She melted beneath his onslaught. When he came up for air, he caught her gaze with his. “Your meeting with Morgan won’t require panties. Just remember, we’re bonding this weekend. Sharing our secrets. Getting to really know one another.”

He saw her swallow. “Don’t be afraid,” he assured her. “Morgan is a lot like me. I’m sure you’ll get along famously.”

She gave him a tentative smile. “Okay, but I’m still nervous.”

Justice turned her toward the bathroom. “Don’t be. Remember, we *want* you to join our little family.”

She flashed a smile over her shoulder at him. “And I want to join.”

He smiled and waved a hand at her to go on into the bathroom. “Go on, freshen up.”

She nodded and entered the bathroom.

Justice blew out a breath and raked his fingers through his hair. “One down, two more of us to go,” he said to himself. After the other two bonded with her, though, he was claiming her for his own.

He picked up the phone and called Rodgers. He instructed him on what to do with the paperwork then disconnected the call. Then Justice dialed Morgan’s extension. Best to let him know she was a little nervous.

And it also wouldn't hurt to let him know what Lauren's preferences were, either.

## Chapter Six

Lauren straightened her dress, smoothing her hands down the front of her skirt. It felt a bit awkward to be going to a meeting sans panties. But if the situation was everything it seemed to be, it was a fantasy job come to life. How free she would feel if she could live her sexual fantasies never having to fear the content of them, or her actions, being revealed.

She looked at her reflection in the mirror above the sink. Her cheeks and chest were flushed pink, outward signs of the satisfaction and passion she had just experienced at the hands of Justice Cane. Her eyes even sparkled with an energy she hadn't felt in years—or maybe ever.

She tapped the fingers of her right hand on the marble vanity top. The facts as she knew them were: There was no way a prestigious firm like Cane, Moss, and White would risk their reputation for a sex scandal. They already had a contract in place in the event any corporate secret—because that's what it would be, a corporate secret—was revealed. Five million dollars was a great amount of money, no matter how rich you were. And from the looks of the contract, it was airtight.

In other words, this bonding camp arrangement was the real deal.

Lauren smiled at her reflection. "Let it go," she whispered. "Enjoy it. You'll have the signed contract. Bond with them, and make some truly loyal friends."

With a bounce in her step and excitement tickling her insides, Lauren returned to Justice's office. He was sitting at his desk, looking over some paperwork.



Feeling a bit adventurous, she approached him from behind and snaked her arms around his neck. She leaned in close and whispered in his ear, "Thank you for the lovely meeting."

He chuckled. "My pleasure."

"And mine," she said.

He looked up at her, and she graced him with a quick kiss. "I have to go. I think I'm late already," she said, glancing at the clock on the opposite wall. Sure enough, she was already ten minutes late for her next meeting.

"Get moving," Justice said, giving her a little smack on the bottom as she headed for the door. "I'm having the signed contract sent to your room. And you are late. Morgan just may punish you for it." Then he winked.

A zing traced down her spine at the hint of punishment. "See you at dinner," she said and rushed out the door.

Lauren had never met Morgan Moss, but she'd seen pictures of him in the newspaper. Known for his fierce style in the courtroom, his looks suggested he was equally fierce outside the courtroom.

She arrived at the door to his office, which was three doors down the hall from Justice's. She raised her hand, hesitated, then knocked, saying, "Ah hell," under her breath.

"Come," the deep voice on the other side of the door said.

Lauren opened the door and stepped inside.

Morgan sat in an overstuffed leather chair facing the door.

Lauren's blood thrummed through her veins. He looked sexy, dangerous, forceful. His black hair was loose, the ends brushing the shoulders of the crisp white shirt he wore, the front unbuttoned to his waist. The black slacks failed to hide the strong thighs and distinct bulge at the apex of his legs. His eyes, dark as night, gleamed with intrigue.

"Don't just stand there," he said. "Close the door and come closer so I can get a better look at you."

Lauren closed the door, her hand slipping on the doorknob. Her palms weren't the only thing that had become wet. The way he spoke reminded her of the Big Bad Wolf and Little Red Riding Hood.

"Come here," he said, crooking his finger. "I won't bite. Unless you want me to."

Lauren stepped forward, a smile beginning to form on her lips thanks to his little joke. Then she noticed the seriousness of his face and realized he wasn't joking. She tentatively walked toward him. "I'm sorry I'm late," she said softly.

"As you should be." His dark eyes flashed with danger.

Lauren stopped, her heart skipping a beat. "I didn't mean to—"

"Hush," he said with a wave of his hand.

She swallowed, unsure of what to do now. Maybe this was a mistake.

"Don't be so shy, Miss Brooke." A smile caressed his lips. "I've been informed you prefer the subservient role in our bonding."

She let out her breath. "Yes."

"You've been instructed on what we do, how we perceive each other at our firm?" One dark eyebrow rose questioningly.

"Yes. I have." She clasped her hands in front of her, trying to look prim, which was very hard to do when such a sexy beast sat in front of her.

"And you are comfortable with our arrangement and wish to join us?"

She nodded. "Very much. I signed the contract and hope to be an asset to the firm."

"Yes, I'm aware of the contract. It has been signed by all of us, and a copy has been sent to your room." Morgan tilted his chin down and laced his fingers together in front of him, his elbows propped on the arms of the chair. "Do you have a secret you wish to bond us with?"

Lauren hesitated for only a moment. Then she remembered the decision she had come to a while ago. She was in this all the way. “I’ve always wanted...” Could she say it? Actually say it out loud?

“Yes?” Morgan asked, raising that eyebrow again. “Contrary to popular belief, I can’t read minds, Miss Brooke.”

“I’ve always wanted to be handcuffed,” she said, her words coming out in a rush.

\* \* \* \*

Morgan forced himself not to smile. Handcuffs. This prim, proper girl in the yellow sundress, who looked so innocent standing there in front of him, wanted to know the feel of steel bracelets securing her wrists while someone like him did whatever he wanted to her.

His shaft pulsed at the thought.

They all had their kinks, this motley crew who made up their law firm. Some liked bondage. Some liked to dish out a bit of punishment—nothing too harsh, mind you. No telltale marks would ever show in court, nor would anyone ever draw blood. Bonding camp was the safest place for you to be if you wanted to indulge in being punished or being the “punisher.”

There were also those who liked a taste of the same sex once in a while, or a bit of two-on-one matches, but didn’t want it broadcast to the masses. Then there were the fetishes, too many to name.

No matter what your pleasure was, there was always someone to satisfy you. It was the main perk of working at Cane, Moss, and White. No one harbored any sexual frustration. An active sex life was the basis of a happy life in Morgan’s opinion.

“Handcuffs, then,” he said. “I do believe I have a set. Or two.” He could swear she was visibly vibrating in anticipation.

He pushed himself up out of the chair and rose to his full height of six foot five. He reached out and cupped the back of her head in his

hand and drew her to him. “Would you like to know one of my secrets?” he asked, liking the way her cheeks were flushed with heat.

“Tell me,” she said, her gaze locked with his.

He leaned down, placing his cheek against hers, his mouth at her ear. “I like it if you struggle just a bit. Put up a fight to make it interesting.”

She sucked in a breath sharply.

“Don’t worry,” he crooned, massaging her scalp with his fingers. “If it becomes too much, just say the word ‘stop.’” He ran his tongue along the edge of her ear. She smelled wonderful, of warmth and sex. “Are you willing to fulfill my desire as I am ready to satisfy yours?”

“Yes,” she said breathily.

His fingers tightened in her hair, gripping it. “Let’s see how much fight you have in you then.”

Lauren pressed her hands against his chest and pushed herself away.

Morgan laughed. The fire in her eyes was a deft touch. “It won’t be that easy,” he said, advancing on her. “I will have you.”

Lauren ran her tongue across her upper lip. She darted to the side.

Morgan caught her with one arm around her waist and lifted. She kicked her feet, jiggling nicely in his grasp. With his other hand, he nimbly grabbed the zipper on the back of her dress, and in moments he had the dress off her completely and flung the bundle of cloth across the room.

He laughed again, full and hearty. “Nothing beneath the dress. How convenient.”

She let out a short, clipped scream, then an “oof” when he slung her over his shoulder, her bottom high in the air.

“Nice,” he said, running his fingers along the cleft of her rounded ass.

She kicked and quivered, an intoxicating combination. “Let me down,” she said, hitting him in the back with a fist.

He gasped then smiled. *She will be wonderful at this.* Then he pushed through the door to his inner sanctum at the back of his office.

The room was dark and warm. Morgan flicked a switch along the wall, and soft recessed lighting illuminated what was otherwise a room painted completely black. A gleaming silver chain hung from the ceiling in the center of the room. Morgan reached into a built-in drawer and removed a set of handcuffs.

“Now, I’m going to put you down, and to save you from injury, you are not going to fight me for a few moments. Agreed?”

“Agreed.”

Morgan slid her off his shoulder.

She stood in front of him, wearing only a pair of yellow high-heeled sandals, her eyes glued to the set of handcuffs in his hand.

“Raise your wrists,” he said.

She raised her hands, and Morgan clipped the cuffs on her. He grabbed the chain holding the cuffs together and raised it then latched it inside the hook dangling from the chain on the ceiling.

“Are you in pain?” he asked, stepping away and removing his shirt.

The metal jingled with her movement. “I’m fine,” she said with a tremble in her voice.

Morgan looked at her and groaned. She was luscious, her long blonde hair cascading around her shoulders, her arms stretched high above her head, causing her teardrop-shaped breasts to jut forward. They sat high and firm, with pale pink nipples standing erect like hard little pearls.

\* \* \* \*

Lauren trembled, the chill of the metal cuffs a stark contrast to the heat she felt at her core. She grasped the chain she was latched to in one hand and tilted her head back, her eyes still glued to Morgan’s dark gaze. Her position wasn’t uncomfortable, not yet anyway, but

she wished she had thought to kick off her sandals. The high heels were stretching her calves. She hoped they didn't cramp.

She ran her tongue over her upper lip and took a deep breath then twisted slightly as if she was struggling against her bonds. The movement caused her swollen breasts to bounce. She had to stifle a smile when Morgan's nostrils flared and his shaft, which was at full attention, twitched as if it was straining to get to her.

Parting her lips, she watched him through half-closed eyes. His body was sculpted and massive.

Morgan moved toward her, his look determined. "Miss Brooke," he said, his voice a low rumble, "I think you are shaking." He loomed beside her now. "Let me see..." He splayed one hand across her lower abdomen.

She gasped, catching her bottom lip between her teeth. The heat of his hand seared her skin, inciting her jewel box to become slickened with her cream.

"Are you afraid?" he asked, his lips against her ear, his other hand reaching to cup one globe of her ass.

*The act. Nod your head,* a tiny voice inside her said.

"Y-Yes," she answered, making her voice hitch.

Morgan groaned deep in his throat. The hand that was cupping her ass moved to the back of her head, and he pulled her head back by her hair.

Lauren let out a small yelp, unprepared for the quick movement.

Morgan's lips found hers, crushing, claiming her mouth.

Lauren tried to turn her head, remembering her part to struggle with him.

He chuckled then drove his tongue past her lips at the same time the hand that was on her stomach slid down, parting her cleft. Then fingers—thick, hot fingers—drove deep into her wet pussy. His tongue thrust into her mouth, matching the rhythm of his long fingers inside her.

Lauren moaned, her knees becoming watery and weak.

Morgan raised his head.

Lauren gasped, taking in much-needed air.

Morgan removed his fingers then shifted so he was standing in front of her. He placed one hand on either side of her waist. "Is this what you wanted?" he asked, tucking his cock between her legs but not entering her.

"Y-Yes," she said, wetting her lips with her tongue.

Morgan leaned down and flicked his tongue across her right nipple.

Lauren shuddered, her knees quaking. She felt the handcuffs bite into her wrists. The sensation made the muscles in her lower tummy coil tighter.

"Nice," Morgan said, flicking his tongue across her nipple again. "But I'll bet there's something even sweeter just a bit further down."

And down he went.

Lauren looked down, watching him move lower until his face was centered at the apex of her legs. "Aw God," she whispered.

"Now for the sweet spot," he said then leaned forward.

Morgan's warm tongue slid into the cleft of her pussy, up to her clit, then began to undulate in pulsing waves over her swollen bud.

Lauren's knees threatened to buckle. Closing her eyes, she let her chin fall to her chest. The handcuffs bit in again as her arms stretched. She moaned, the wave of pleasure building inside her with every swipe of his experienced tongue.

"Mmm," Morgan moaned. Then he leaned back. "You are so wet, so sweet."

She opened her eyes, her body tensed and ready to explode. Morgan rose to his full height.

Lauren whimpered, "Please..."

He smiled. "Oh no, I want to be inside you when you come, Miss Brooke." He tucked his cock between her legs again, moving his hips back and forth, sliding against her without entering. "And to make

you come,” he said, lowering his lips to hers, “I’ll be wanting someone to help.”

Before she could ask anything, Morgan’s lips crushed hers, and she moaned, lost in the kiss.



## Chapter Seven

Lauren's arms were beginning to feel the effects of being stretched above her head. When Morgan released her mouth, she struggled to catch her breath. Her lips felt swollen from his assault, her nipples so tight and hard it stung. "What-What did you mean, you wanted h-help?" she asked, her voice sounding raspy in her ears.

Morgan only chuckled then looked over her shoulder and nodded.

Lauren tried to look over her shoulder. Was there someone else in the room? Someone watching?

She soon found out.

"Hello, Lauren," Justice said, pressing himself against her back.

His naked chest was warm against her. His erection bumped against the cleft of her ass.

Morgan caught her gaze with his own. "No more struggling, Miss Brooke." He ran a fingertip across her bottom lip. "You will enjoy what we are going to do to you. And you will tell us you enjoy it, won't you?"

*Oh, sweet Jesus. Two men at once. While handcuffed. A fantasy I hadn't fathomed...until now.*

"Miss Brooke?" Morgan gave her a stern look. "I want an answer."

She swallowed, her throat clicking it was so dry. "I...I will."

"Let's begin, shall we, Justice?" Morgan asked, pressing himself forward, crushing her breasts with his chest.

Justice pushed against her from behind. "Oh yeah," he said, brushing her hair back from her neck. He kissed her softly, just below her ear.

Hands, so many hands, roamed her body. Two hot cocks, one behind, one in front, probed between her legs. Her skin dewed with a thin sheen of sweat, slickening their bodies.

“Relax, Lauren, just relax,” Justice breathed into her ear.

“I’m trying,” she said, her throat tight. It was hard to relax when your body was screaming for release.

“I’m going to slip something inside you,” Justice said at the same time Lauren felt his fingers slip between the cheeks of her ass.

“I’ve never—”

“Shh, don’t say anything right now. Just feel,” Justice said.

Lauren slowly closed her eyes and allowed herself to just experience the sensations of two men having their way with her. She no longer struggled to define which man was touching her where. It didn’t matter, not as long as they continued to touch.

A hot tongue laved her right breast while fingers separated the cheeks of her ass. More fingers pinched her left nipple, sending sparks all the way to the back of her tongue. She tilted her head to the side and grasped the chain holding her up with both hands. The fingers toying at her back entrance disappeared for a moment then returned again, warm and wet this time.

“Relax,” someone whispered. She thought it was Justice.

Lips closed over her right nipple and began to suck at the exact time the warm, wet finger slowly slid into her back entrance.

Lauren let out a sigh, the sensation new to her and decadently good.

“Do you like?” It was the voice coming from behind her again.

“Mmm-hmm,” she moaned, arching her back the slightest bit, pushing against the finger that began to move tentatively in and out. The mouth released her nipple with a small *pop*.

“Can you take more, do you think? Do you want more?” Justice asked.

“More, yes, more,” she said, her body on fire.

“Let me distract her a bit,” Morgan said.

A hand slid down her front and dived into her pussy cleft. Fingers pinched her clit, rubbing deliciously.

“Yesss,” Lauren hissed between her teeth, her head rocking back.

Justice moved behind her, his cock sliding between her legs against her ass. She wriggled.

“Widen your legs, Lauren,” Justice said.

Gripping the chain above her head, she slid her feet as best she could, which opened her pussy cleft wider also, the fingers rubbing there sending her close, so close.

“Does it feel good, Miss Brooke?” Morgan asked, so close she could feel his breath against her mouth.

“Mmm, good, yes, good.”

“Don’t come yet. Not yet, Miss Brooke.”

“I can’t...can’t wait too much longer,” she answered. Her body vibrated, her legs getting weaker.

“Bend forward if you can, just a bit,” Justice instructed.

She did slightly but not much. She wasn’t able to move much trapped between the two of them, shackled to the chain as she was. She was bound. A wave of heat washed over her at the thought.

Hands gripped her hips, one on each side. “Here we go, Morgan,” Justice said.

The ministrations on her clit increased. A cock probed her ass from behind, grazing her back entrance then pushing against her. “Oh my God,” Lauren gushed, Justice’s cock entering her ass, sending shivers of sparks up her spine. Instantly the hand at her clit disappeared and her mouth was crushed beneath a hungry kiss.

“Jesus, you are so tight,” Justice said behind her as he started to move, to fuck her, to move deeply and stretch then pull back. Morgan released her mouth. “What do you feel, Miss Brooke? What do you want?”

She opened her eyes a crack and looked directly into his as Justice moved in and out behind her, fucking her. “Fuck me,” she said, her voice low and demanding. “I want you to fuck me. Now.”

Morgan smiled widely then moved back a bit, centering himself. "As you wish, Miss Brooke." Then he speared her pussy with his cock, all the way to the hilt.

Lauren threw her head back and let out a guttural scream, the orgasm crashing into her. Her heart stuttered as she gulped air. Her legs could no longer hold her, but it didn't matter.

Justice dived deep in her ass, pulling out as Morgan dived deeper yet into her pussy. The twin cocks fucked her in a rhythm she'd never forget. Her stomach clenched, her muscles pulsing.

"She's coming so well, milking me," Morgan said.

"Yeah, mmm, I feel it," Justice said. "I want to taste her."

Lauren was coming down from the heights but wouldn't be down for long, she knew. "More," she said. "Fuck me more."

"Yes, baby," Justice whispered in her ear. "We will."

Lauren could smell their sex and their sweat. Her body rocked with the assault of two men spearing her in front and behind. The chain holding her rattled above her.

"Morgan, have you tasted her?" Justice asked.

"Yes. I still do. Come closer," he said.

Lauren opened her eyes, watching them through lowered lashes. Justice leaned forward over her right shoulder. Morgan met him there, still moving slowly inside her.

The two men melded together at the mouth, their tongues tasting each other, searching.

Lauren thought it was the most erotic thing she'd ever seen. Her insides began to coil again, winding tightly.

"Mmm, you taste so...so sweet," Justice said then licked Morgan's lower lip. Their mouths met again with a hunger.

She closed her eyes. Lauren could hear them, sighing, kissing, sucking each other's tongues. One of them moaned deep in his throat.

"I'm going to come," Lauren whispered. "Come with me."

The men began to stiffen. Lauren could feel them swelling inside her as their hungry mouths devoured each other over her shoulder.

Then the dam broke, and she spiraled off into oblivion, both men shooting hotly inside her. It seemed to go on forever, the pleasure-filled blackness encompassing her. Slowly, ever so slowly, she surfaced, both men breathing heavily against her.

Morgan slid out of her, backing away. Then Justice.

“Hold her,” Justice said. “She can’t stand. I don’t want to hurt her arms.”

Morgan grasped her around the waist while Justice reached above and unlatched her cuffed hands from the chain. Morgan caught her against his chest. “Limp little woman,” he said, sliding his arm behind her knees and lifting her into his arms.

Lauren licked her lips. “Water, please.”

“Take her to the whirlpool, Morgan. I’ll meet you there,” Justice said.

\* \* \* \*

Justice left Morgan to take Lauren to the whirlpool room and returned to his own office. He grabbed a robe from the back of his office bathroom door and slid it on. Then he retrieved three bottles of water from the small refrigerator beside the filing cabinet and exited the office.

Entering the whirlpool room, he found Morgan removing the handcuffs from Lauren’s wrists. She was lying on a chaise lounge, looking extremely relaxed and utterly exhausted.

“Here you go. Drink up. You’re probably dehydrated.” He handed a bottle of water to Lauren, who was rubbing her wrists. “Your wrists are okay, I hope.”

She nodded, taking the bottle from him. She opened it and took a long drink before answering. “Yes, I’m fine. I’m...more than fine.” Then she giggled, running a hand over her forehead. “That was—”

“Amazing,” Morgan finished for her. “I’ll be going to take a shower now,” he said, taking a bottle of water from Justice. “Miss

Brooke, very nice to meet you. I hope you'll enjoy your employment at Cane, Moss, and White." Then he smiled and headed for the door.

Lauren stretched her legs and lay back, sipping her water.

"Ready for a soak in the whirlpool? So your muscles don't cramp up," Justice said.

"Yes. That would be lovely." She smiled up at him.

\* \* \* \*

Justice was pleased that he didn't see any embarrassment in her face, only a satisfied afterglow.

Justice moved to the control panel on the wall.

The whirlpool room was his favorite hideaway at the compound. The room was tiled on three sides in muted hues of blues and greens, with recessed lighting that could be dimmed or turned off altogether. The whirlpool was built like a cross between a small swimming pool and a hot tub. It was large—eight feet wide by ten feet long—and had seats and lounging benches molded into the walls. There were too many water jets to count and underwater lighting that gave the water a bluish glow when the lights were out. The fourth wall of the room was floor-to-ceiling glass, hidden behind motorized shades. When the shades were raised, a view of the thick woods made you feel as if you were outside, communing with nature.

Justice punched a few buttons on the control panel. The water, which had been quietly swirling, burst into a roil of bubbles. The recessed lighting dimmed then turned off, the lights in the pool coming on.

"Wow, this is some room," Lauren said, rising from the chaise. She padded over to the stairs leading into the pool and touched her toe to the water. "Mm, warm."

"Go ahead, get in. I'm right behind you." Justice took the remote control for the control panel from its slot and shrugged out of his robe. He tossed the robe on the chaise and stepped into the pool,

hitting the button on the remote to raise the shades. When the motors kicked in and the shades started to rise, he laid the remote at the edge of the pool and waded through the bubbling water to the center where Lauren stood, waist-deep and her arms crossed over her breasts.

Justice moved behind her and slid his arms around her waist, pulling her back against his chest. “Why are you covering yourself?” he asked, concerned that her inhibitions had returned.

“Can anyone see us?”

The blinds were completely up, the forest revealed in all its glory.

“Lauren, there’s no one out there.” He reached up and massaged her shoulders. “Besides, if someone were out there, they would be part of our cozy little family and would take no notice of us.”

“Are you sure?” She let out a little sigh.

He felt her shoulders beginning to relax. “I’m sure. Our land is fenced and gated. Only those of our group can get in. You’re safe here, Lauren. Trust us. Trust me.”

She turned to face him. “I do trust you. If I didn’t, I wouldn’t have allowed you or Morgan to...” she placed her palms on his chest, “...to see into my fantasies.”

She looked up at him with such a wide, innocent look, Justice’s heart clenched. He cupped her cheek in one hand. “You surprise me. You seemed so private when I interviewed you at the office.” He traced his fingertip along the edge of her shell-like ear. Then he said something he’d never said to anyone before. “You know, Lauren...I’m falling for you.”

A smile bloomed on her lips. “I’ll catch you if you do.”

Justice laughed then kissed her. “Come on, let’s get into this water, sit down, and relax.” He took her by the hand and led her to the edge of the pool, where he sat in one of the built-in chairs. “Sit beside me.”

She shook her head. Placing her hands on his shoulders, she widened her legs and lowered herself onto his lap, facing him. “This is better.”

His cock sprang to life. "Yes. It is."

She leaned her head back, hands still on his shoulders. "This feels great. I haven't felt this free in what seems like forever."

Justice clenched his teeth, the sight of her breasts bobbing just above the water almost too much. "What happened?" he asked, trying to keep his mind focused.

"What do you mean?" She sat back up straight. She gathered her hair in her hands and lifted it up off her neck.

The water lapped against her breasts. With her arms lifted like that, he couldn't think.

"You're killing me, Lauren."

She only tilted her head. "In what way?"

His cock throbbed, bobbing against her pussy below the water. "You, sitting there like that—it's like you're offering yourself to me."

"Maybe I am," she replied in a sultry tone.

That's all it took. He grasped her rib cage and caught one of her nipples in his mouth, sucking, flicking it with his tongue.

"Oh, yes," she breathed, her hands going to the back of his head, clutching him to her.

*Damn.* With a groan, he released the rosebud nipple and lifted her, bringing her back down on this throbbing shaft in one smooth movement. He heard her suck in her breath, her pussy clenching him tightly. She placed a hand on his chest.

"Lie back," she said, her eyes hooded and full of lust. "It's my turn to fuck you."

He wasn't going to argue.

Justice leaned back, resting his head against the edge of the pool and scooting his ass toward the edge of the seat to give her room to move.

She didn't waste any time.

Lauren leaned forward, placing one hand on the edge of the pool on either side of his head and shifted her legs so she could brace her knees. Then she began to move, up and down, grinding herself against



him. Lauren groaned low in her throat. “Oh God, this is so—” Suddenly her back arched, and she jerked.

Justice felt like his eyes were rolling up into his head. She was coming, her pussy pulsing, squeezing him. “Argh!” he cried, digging his fingers into her hips as he came.

They both gasped for breath, coming down slowly from the heights of pleasure.

Justice leaned up and kissed her. “That was amazing.”

She nodded, swallowing. “Yeah.” Disengaging herself from him, she slid into the water beside him and rested against his side. “I’m exhausted.”

He slid his arm around her shoulder. “Me too.”

“Now, what were you asking earlier, before I assaulted you?” she asked.

“Oh, yes,” he said, clearing his throat. “I wanted to know what happened. What caused you to want to be so private?”

“Oh. That.” She shifted beside him. “Well, I was involved with someone, and I made the mistake of letting him know one of my fantasies. The one about the handcuffs.”

“And?” Justice stroked her smooth shoulder, coaxing her to talk.

“It was so embarrassing,” she continued. “He told his friends, and one day, while they were all at our place watching football, they thought it would be fun to ask me about it.”

Justice looked over at her. Her cheeks were flushed. He couldn’t tell if it was from the sex or if she was remembering the embarrassment she felt at her secrets being told. “That won’t happen here, Lauren. We’ll keep your secrets.”

She looked up at him and gave him a small smile. “I’m finding that out. And you know, I really do feel like I belong here. With Cane, White, and Moss. I feel secure.”

He reached over and tweaked her nose. “And you can feel that way. After all, we’ve got a contract to secure our secrecy. So, my lovely, you can fulfill any fantasy you want. We will indulge you in

any way and keep it to ourselves.” He leaned over and kissed her lightly. “But I must tell you, my fantasy has been fulfilled. Completely.”

She looked up at him. “And your fantasy is?”

He smiled and hugged her against his side. “You.”

## Chapter Eight

Lauren entered the dining room, tired but pleased. They were supposed to have dinner together, and then she was going to meet with Crystal White, the only partner left for her to bond with. She was a little nervous about what “bonding” with Crystal was going to be like. She wondered if it would involve sex. She’d never had sex with another woman. The thought did give her a little tingle, though.

Justice rose from his chair at the dining room table and pulled one out for her. “Thank you,” she said, folding her body into the chair beside him.

He sat down again and leaned over to brush a kiss across her cheek. “You look lovely.”

Morgan and Crystal sat across the table from them, smiling. Morgan raised a glass toward her. “Wine, Miss Brooke?”

“Yes, please. And please, call me Lauren.”

“Lauren it is.” Morgan motioned for Rodgers to pour the wine.

Rodgers moved beside her, expertly pouring her a glass. She looked up at him and smiled. He returned the smile and stepped back, away from the table. *I wonder if the staff gets involved in the fantasies. I’ll bet they do.* She took a sip from her glass, the wine caressing her tongue.

“Lauren, I want to personally welcome you to Cane, Moss, and White,” Crystal said. “I’ve heard you’ve signed the contract and are totally agreeable to the terms.”

Lauren nodded. “I am. I’m very happy to be here, and I’m sure I’ll love it at Cane, Moss, and White.”

Justice raised a glass. "Toast," he said, grinning. "To our newest colleague, welcome to our little family."

All at the table clinked their glasses and drank.

Lauren smiled widely. It was odd, but she felt so secure here, in the midst of them, that her inhibitions seemed to evaporate. They began to eat their dinner, conversing lightly of mundane things, everyday things, and Lauren fully enjoyed the dinner and the company. After dessert, Rodgers served coffee.

The brew was rich and strong. Lauren savored it on her tongue before swallowing.

"Well, Lauren, it seems we have a meeting in half an hour," Crystal said. "What do you say we meet in the massage room for a little massage after dinner? Just to get completely relaxed." There was a glimmer in Crystal's dark eyes.

"A massage? That sounds like heaven. Just let me freshen up a bit, and I'll meet you there." Lauren's muscles were a bit sore from all the activity of the day. A massage before bed would be heaven.

"It's a date, then." Crystal said, smiling.

\* \* \* \*

Lauren entered the massage room, wrapped in a large, fluffy white towel.

Crystal was lying on a table on her stomach, a towel draped over her bottom. Missy was massaging the calves of her legs. "Lauren, I see you've found the preparation room. Aren't the towels soft?"

"Yes." Lauren ran her hand over the nap of the towel. It was the softest thing she'd ever felt. "Shall I sit?" she asked, pointing toward a white wicker chair against the wall.

"Oh no, don't sit there. Go ahead and lie on the table beside me here. That way I can see you while we talk."

Lauren nodded and moved to the other massage table beside the one Crystal was lying on. She was a little self-conscious about dropping her towel in front of Crystal.

Crystal noticed. "Don't be embarrassed, Lauren. We're all girls here. There's nothing we haven't seen before. Now relax. That's an order from your superior." Then she grinned.

With shaking hands, Lauren removed her towel.

"My goodness," Crystal said, lying her head down with her face turned toward Lauren, "you look juicy."

Lauren felt heat rush to her face. "Thank you. I think." She mounted the massage table and lay down on her stomach. Resting her cheek on her crossed arms, she faced Crystal. "You're very lovely, too."

Crystal smiled. "Missy, why don't you begin on Lauren? From what I've heard, she's had quite the workout today."

Heat rushed to Lauren's face. *They told her what they did together.*

Crystal laughed, the sound like bells. "Don't be embarrassed. We tell each other everything when it comes to bonding camp. That way the other partners and I know whether the prospective associate is going to fit in with our little family. It's nothing to be embarrassed about."

Lauren felt Missy move to her side. "Are there any places in particular that you're feeling tightness in?" Missy asked, moving the towel that Lauren had draped over herself down to her bottom, exposing her bare upper body.

"My shoulders are a little tight," she said. And they were.

Missy nodded, her blonde ponytail bouncing. She was dressed in a sports bra and short shorts, looking very much like an athlete. Missy glanced toward Crystal. "What lotion do you think?"

Crystal pursed her lips for a moment. "Hm, the cinnamon. Yes. The cinnamon."

“You use flavored lotions?” Lauren asked, shifting so that her cheek lay flat on the table, her arms to her sides.

“It is flavored, but it also has other qualities,” Missy answered, taking a bottle of lotion from the warmer on a side table. “I’ve already got it warmed up.”

“You’ll love it,” Crystal said, rising up to prop herself on her elbows.

Lauren couldn’t help but notice Crystal’s full, heavy breasts were still partially pressed against the table even though she was propped up. Crystal was tiny, but her breasts were large and full for her size. Lauren swallowed, wondering why the sight of Crystal’s breast gave her a tingle in her own. She’d never felt this way toward another woman. Possibly it was the hint of contact, of a fantasy, that caused it.

Missy’s hands slid over her shoulders, slick with lotion. “Now, please relax. Let me do the work.”

The scent of cinnamon rose to her nostrils. Then a tingling heat permeated her shoulders where Missy expertly massaged. “Um, that does feel wonderful,” she said, closing her eyes.

“Told you,” Crystal said. “Now, I’ve heard your fantasy entails a bit of bondage. Were you satisfied by Morgan and Justice in that arena?”

Lauren opened her eyes and looked at Crystal. “Um, yes. Can I ask...do you normally discuss these things in front of...?” She didn’t know what to call Missy. She didn’t want to offend her in any way, but she did seem to be an employee, not a partner.

“We can discuss anything in front of Missy, or any of the other employees. They are all part of Cane, Moss, and White, so you don’t need to feel you need to hide anything. Right, Missy?”

“Right, Crystal.” Missy kneaded the muscles over Lauren’s shoulder blades, her fingers dancing over her skin.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to—”

“Don’t worry, Lauren,” Missy replied. “You haven’t offended me. Now relax. I’m going to move down your back. Loosen you up a bit.”

Her hands moved lower, stroking Lauren's skin. She almost sighed, it felt so good.

"How do you feel about indulging someone in a fantasy?" Crystal asked. "I mean, a fantasy not your own."

"What do you mean?" Lauren didn't quite understand.

"Well, we're all about having a healthy, satisfied sex life with a strong connection between all of our colleagues, but say, if someone asked you to fulfill their fantasy...would *you* be willing to indulge *them*?"

She thought about it for a moment. It was getting hard to think straight with Missy's hands on her. The warm lotion had some ingredient, a special something, that made it feel as if a thousand tongues of flame, licking, teasing, roamed over her flesh, tickling her toward frustration. Yes, she was definitely feeling the effects of the lotion, and the touching, and it was igniting her libido.

"Uh, yes, I would be willing to, I think. Short of a few bodily functions, that is."

"I don't think you need worry about any golden showers and the like. We don't normally indulge in that." Crystal shifted, sitting up. The towel fell away, and as she slid off the table, she was revealed in all her naked glory.

Lauren felt another zing whip through her, intrigue filling her. "Are you asking if I would fulfill your fantasy?" She locked gazes with Crystal.

She tilted her head. "Yes, I am."

Lauren smiled at her, totally relaxed. "I'll do my best, but I'm not sure what it is you want from me."

"How about I show you?" She took a step toward the table and slid her arm around Missy's waist. "I'll take it from here, but stay. I may...need you," she said to the young woman.

Missy stepped away, handing the bottle of lotion to Crystal. "I'll just watch for a bit, if you don't mind."

“Do you mind, Lauren? It is one of Missy’s fantasies,” Crystal asked.

“Okay. That’s fine, I guess.”

Missy smiled and moved to the wicker chair. She sat down and crossed her legs, getting comfortable, it seemed.

Lauren wasn’t sure what was coming next. Then Crystal’s hands were on her back, massaging. The tingling sensation grew, heating her flesh. She closed her eyes again and ordered herself to relax.

“Do you like the cinnamon?” Crystal asked, her voice taking on a husky tone.

“Mm-hmm.”

“Good. That’s good,” Crystal replied. “I’m going to remove the towel. All right?”

Right now, Lauren was so relaxed, she didn’t care what Crystal did. But she hoped this would lead to...what? She wasn’t sure. All she was sure of was that she felt relaxed and frustrated at the same time.

Cool air wafted across her bottom when Crystal removed the towel. Then hands smoothed lotion over her buttocks, the heat from the lotion warming her.

“So juicy,” Crystal whispered, her fingers working the flesh. “So round.”

Lauren caught her bottom lip between her teeth. It felt good to have a woman touching her.

“I’m going to go lower now.” Crystal’s hands moved down to the backs of her thighs. “Can you spread your legs just a bit for me?”

Lauren shifted, spreading her thighs, her toes dangling off the edge of the table.

“Breathe, Lauren. Just breathe,” Crystal instructed.

Lotion-slicked hands moved down, down, warm and teasing along her thighs. Lauren’s skin tightened, gooseflesh rising. Crystal massaged, the lotion wetting her strokes, making her hands slide across Lauren’s body. Then the taunting hands moved between



Lauren's thighs and a finger, slick and warm, slid into her cleft, spreading her. Lauren sucked in a breath.

"Yes, Lauren, breathe," Crystal crooned, her fingertip circling Lauren's clit. "Mm, what a nice little pearl you have. I wonder what it tastes like."

Lauren's stomach muscles clenched at her words. Could she? Would she?

"Please, Lauren, turn over onto your back. I want to see you," Crystal said, her hands urging her to turn.

"I've never..." Lauren couldn't say it, could barely think it. Being with a woman...she'd never thought about it. Until now.

Crystal's slick hands glided up and over her buttocks and continued up, her fingers grazing Lauren's sides then centering in the middle of her back, conducting warmth into her skin. Crystal leaned down.

"You've never been with a woman before, have you?" she whispered in Lauren's ear, her breath warm and moist.

Lauren looked at her out of the corner of her eye, her right cheek resting on the table. "No," she said softly. "I haven't. I'm sorry, but if this is your desire, I don't know if I can fulfill it." She briefly closed her eyes, Crystal's hot hands still kneading her back.

Then the hands disappeared.

When Lauren opened her eyes, Crystal was crouched down beside the table, her dark gaze even with Lauren's. She placed one hand on Lauren's shoulder. "There's no need to apologize," she said, her fingers drawing circles on Lauren's shoulder. "You are fulfilling my desires right now."

"I am? I don't understand." Lauren drew her arms up and pushed her palms against the table, rising up just enough to be able to look Crystal in the eye. "I thought—"

Crystal put a finger to her lips, silencing her. "Shh." She traced Lauren's lips with a fingertip, her eyes following its path as if fascinated. "You see, my fantasy, my desire, is the seduction."

Lauren caught the scent of cinnamon, spicy and hot. Her lips began to tingle.

Crystal's eyes met hers. "I want to seduce you." Her fingertip probed between Lauren's lips, parting them. "I want to seduce you into doing something you've never done before."

Something came over Lauren, a sultry sort of haze. She parted her lips farther, her eyes locked on Crystal's. Crystal's voice was low and soothing, her gaze hot and tempting. Lauren was mesmerized, and it was a good feeling. A different feeling. A sense of the...forbidden. Bravely, she flicked her tongue over Crystal's fingertip where it balanced on her bottom lip at the entrance of her mouth. She tasted cinnamon, hot on her tongue.

"Ah," Crystal said on a breath. "Do you like the taste?" Her finger entered Lauren's mouth slowly.

Lauren accepted the intrusion, warmth beginning to crawl up the back of her legs toward her center. She stroked Crystal's finger with her tongue. Cinnamon burst in her mouth. She watched Crystal's eyes. They were hooded and smoky, watching Lauren suck the cinnamon from her finger. Lauren wrapped the fingers of one of her hands around Crystal's wrist, holding her hand in place while pulling Crystal's finger from her mouth. When she slid her tongue down the side of Crystal's finger then licked the sensitive place between the index and middle fingers, she heard Crystal suck in a breath.

"You want to do something decadent, don't you, Lauren?" Crystal asked, taking her hand back from Lauren's grasp and placing it again on her shoulder. "Look at me," she said, her face drawing nearer, close enough their noses almost touched. "Now, lean back." She put gentle pressure on Lauren's shoulder, easing her to her side, then onto her back.

Lauren shifted, very aware that she was now completely exposed on the table. Instead of causing her embarrassment, her senses were heightened, her nerve endings buzzing.

Crystal rose to stand beside the table, her eyes traveling over Lauren's body with intensity. "Beautiful, just beautiful. What do you think, Missy?"

"She's lovely," Missy replied from across the room.

Crystal smiled and caught Lauren's gaze. "Missy, would you please come and finish Lauren's massage? I have something else I'd like to do."

"Of course," Missy said.

Lauren heard Missy rise from her chair and come up beside the table near her feet. She heard the sound of lotion spurting from a bottle then felt hands, slick and warm, caressing her ankles. Lauren sighed.

Crystal leaned over her, propping one hand on the left side of Lauren's head while the other hand rested on her shoulder. "Feels nice, yes?"

"Yes." Missy worked the tense muscles of her calves, sliding up to her knees. Lauren could feel the special tingle of the lotion, the heat that followed the tingle.

Crystal leaned closer, her full breasts coming in contact with Lauren's. "We want you to feel good, feel pampered. Here, at bonding camp, you'll feel anything you want to feel." She raised the hand on Lauren's shoulder and stroked her cheek. "I want to make you feel heaven." Then she leaned down, and for the first time, Lauren began to learn what it felt like to be kissed by a woman.

Crystal's lips were soft and full. They slid over Lauren's, her tongue flicking out to taste.

Lauren accepted the kiss, the gentleness of it spreading warmth throughout her body. She closed her eyes, parted her lips, and invited Crystal into the heat of her mouth.

Moaning, Crystal didn't hesitate. Her tongue delved into Lauren's mouth, her hand catching her cheek to hold her.

Lauren's arms moved of their own volition, wrapping around Crystal's naked shoulders and pulling her in. Their tongues tangled,

their breath hot and moist. Lauren sighed into the other woman's mouth then drew it back into her own. Crystal shifted, pressing against Lauren, her full breasts slick with lotion, sliding against Lauren's body.

All the while, Missy's hands worked from below, edging their way up her body, tantalizing with their experienced maneuvers.

Coming up for air, Crystal licked her lips. "You taste wonderful. Now, I want to taste more of you."

Lauren gasped when Crystal moved down, her mouth capturing her left nipple in her mouth. Instantly, her nipple pearled, tightening.

"Mmm," Crystal moaned, her breath coming heavier. She stopped for a moment and looked up at Lauren. "Watch me." Then she dipped her head again, her eyes large and seething hot.

Lauren tilted her chin down, her hands on Crystal's shoulders, her gaze locked with the woman's who was sucking at her breast. Crystal's full lips circled her areola, sucking slowly, her tongue flicking. Her eyes blazed with heat. Lauren felt her cream gather between her legs, her breasts tingling with the need to be touched. "Oh God," she said, capturing Crystal's head between her hands.

Crystal released her nipple and moved upward, devouring Lauren's mouth with a kiss

Their kiss grew wild, their moans growling and deep. Still, Missy's hands moved up her body.

Crystal suddenly broke away, leaning back. "Missy..."

"Yes?"

"Do what you do best." Then Crystal looked down at Lauren. "I want you to taste me now."

Lauren watched her as she rose a bit further then lifted one breast in her hand. The nipple was a light brown, tight as a button. Lauren's mouth watered. She didn't question it. When Crystal placed her other hand behind Lauren's head and drew her forward, Lauren opened her mouth and swiped her tongue over the budded nipple offered to her. It felt warm and a bit rough on her tongue. She wanted more. Locking

her mouth around the proffered nipple, she sucked, truly enjoying the tiny sighs coming from Crystal.

“Missy, now,” Crystal said above her, her voice tight.

Lauren felt Missy’s hands push against the inside of her thighs. Lauren sucked harder, reaching up to fondle Crystal’s other breast and rolling the budded nipple between her fingers. Then Missy graced her with a swipe of her tongue over her clit. Lauren jerked, moaning. Missy closed her mouth over Lauren’s sweet spot and immediately began sucking her clit.

Lauren groaned, scraping her teeth over Crystal’s nipple.

“Yessss,” Crystal hissed, pressing her head to her.

Missy’s tongue undulated, her hands spreading Lauren to the limit.

“Look at me,” Crystal said above her. “Look at me, Lauren.”

Lauren raised her eyes to Crystal’s just before a wave of pleasure overtook her. She shuddered, the orgasm ripping through her. Bucking her hips up to meet Missy’s hungry mouth, Lauren released Crystal’s nipple. Immediately Crystal’s mouth was on hers, stealing her breath, eyes locked with her own. Lauren’s stomach clenched, the orgasm railroading over her, and then she threw her head back and screamed out her pleasure.

## Chapter Nine

Lauren lay exhausted in her bed, a pillow curled into her tummy, her arms wrapped around it. It was close to two in the morning, and she had never been more sore, and more satisfied, than she was at this moment.

The room was dark, the bed soft, and the sheets cool against her skin. It felt perfect. Now if only—

The door opened.

She glanced toward it, a silhouette standing there against the dim light of the hall. She recognized him right away. “Justice, come in.”

He moved into the room, closing the door behind him, throwing the room back into darkness.

She could hear him beside the bed, removing his clothes. “I don’t think I’ll be able to have more sex tonight,” she admitted. “I’m too worn out.”

Justice lifted the covers and slid into bed beside her. “I didn’t come here for sex.” He snuggled up to her back, slipping an arm around her waist, spooning her. “I just wanted to be near you.”

Lauren smiled in the darkness. “Tell me, is this more than just bonding camp? Between us, I mean.”

He planted a kiss on her temple then settled down on the pillow behind her. “I think it may be.”

“I would like that.” She felt so secure in his arms she hoped it would lead to a deeper relationship.

“I’m glad,” he said. “I’m sorry someone before me betrayed you. I hope you’ll let me show you I’m not like that.”

The heat from his body warmed her. She felt like they were wrapped in their own cocoon. “I’ll try. I can’t say it will be easy.”

“I know. I’ve been hurt before too. Just give me a chance.”

“Okay. You’ve got a chance. One chance.”

“Deal. Now get some rest. You’ve had a long day.”

Lauren chuckled. “Long day doesn’t even describe it.”

\* \* \* \*

The next morning, Lauren called Betha.

“Hello,” Betha answered, sounding tired.

“Hey, it’s me, Lauren. Were you sleeping?”

Betha cleared her throat. “Is the sun up yet? Yes, I was sleeping. What time is it?”

Lauren smiled, seeing Betha squinting at the clock beside her bed in her mind’s eye. “It’s six o’clock. Get up.”

Moaning issued from the phone. “Okay, I’m up. Now, what did you want so early in the freaking morning?”

“I want to tell you what a great time I’m having.” Lauren tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. “I was nervous about this bonding camp thing for nothing.”

“So...have you bonded?”

Lauren sighed. “Yes, yes, we have. I think I’m going to like working for this firm.”

“Wow, bonding camp must have done a number on you. I thought this job was going to be a stepping stone to something better.”

“Um, maybe, maybe not. We’ll see.” If things continued as they were, Lauren didn’t think she’d ever leave Cane, Moss, and White. Their philosophy had some substance: a healthy sex life made for a happy work environment. At this point, as far as Lauren was concerned, an innovative sex life was the key to a happy life—period.

“What’s this bonding all about anyway?” Betha coughed, clearing her throat again. “I need a drink of water. Gosh, it’s early.”

Lauren wasn't sure how much to tell Betha. Then she remembered...She couldn't tell her anything thanks to the contract. She'd have to make something up. She didn't want to lie to her best friend, but maybe she could bend the truth a bit, leave things out. "I'll tell you about it when I get back. I'll be back late tonight."

"Okay, tell me then. I think I need four pots of coffee." The sound of yawning came over the phone. "Call me when you get back."

"I will. Now go have coffee." Lauren hung up, smiling. She'd come up with something to tell Betha without giving away too much. She didn't want to ruin this new sensation she had found. The sensation of being able to totally trust other people—one in particular.

\* \* \* \*

Lauren and the others lingered over breakfast, talking about mundane things such as the weather, the flowers that were blooming, and life in general. After breakfast, they convened in one of the meeting rooms for the last appointment of bonding camp.

"Miss Brooke," Morgan began, "you've done extremely well here at bonding camp. I think the others will agree with me that you will be a nice fit at Cane, Moss, and White, and it will be a pleasure to work with you."

A sense of happiness swelled within her. Justice and Crystal both nodded and murmured their welcomes. Lauren leaned forward, placing her hands on the polished wooden tabletop. "I'm very honored to accept the position, and I hope to be an associate for a very long time."

Justice, who sat beside her, reached over and clasped her hand. "I hope you'll be more than just an associate. I hope one day you'll be family."

Lauren grinned. "Family. It has been so long since I've felt more welcome than I feel here."



"I'm glad," Crystal added. "Perhaps one day, your name will be added to Cane, Moss, and White."

A rush of excitement thrummed through Lauren. "I will do my best to be an asset to the firm." *A partner? Could it get any better than this?* Her original plan of making Cane, Moss, and White a stepping stone on her way to bigger things just flew out the window. She'd be a fool to turn a partnership down. Especially with a company she felt so comfortable with. *Especially now that I've found Justice.* She glanced toward the man she was quickly falling in love with and squeezed his hand.

He smiled and squeezed her hand in return. "I'm sure you'll be one of the top assets of the firm, Lauren. There's no doubt in my mind." He looked to the others. "Shall we enjoy the rest of the day then head back to the city?"

Morgan and Crystal nodded, rising from their chairs. "Morgan," Crystal said, looking up at him, "would you mind coming with me to the whirlpool? I have something I'd like to discuss with you." She winked.

Morgan looked down at her, one corner of his mouth twitching while he tried to control a smile. "I'd be glad to." He looked at Justice and Lauren. "If I don't see you again before we leave, I'll see you both on Monday morning." He nodded then took Crystal's small wrist in his large hand. "Shall we?" Then he led her from the room.

Justice laughed. "Looks like they'll be occupied for the rest of the day. What would you like to do?" He rose from his chair, pulling Lauren's out for her.

She stood, warmth enveloping her. "I have a few ideas..."

## Chapter Ten

*Three years later*

Lauren stepped off the elevator, took two steps, then stopped dead in the middle of the hall. The double glass doors of the office faced her. Staff bustled on the other side of the doors, everyone seeming to be on a mission, intent on their work. Every large law office Lauren had ever entered had been the same—office staff scurrying about, phones ringing, printers chugging out drafts of legal pleadings, and everyone looking like they needed something done yesterday. The firm’s daily grind was the same with one huge exception—everyone here wore an honest-to-goodness smile.

She sighed, admiring those double glass doors.

“Are you going to stand in the middle of the hall staring at it all day?” Justice asked, coming up beside her and slipping his arm around her waist.

Lauren felt the instant heat that always accompanied his touch. “I just want to enjoy the moment. It’s a once-in-a-lifetime thing, you know.”

Justice laughed. “I forgot. Yes, it is. Having your name on the door as a partner is a big deal.”

She looked up into his smiling eyes. “It’s almost too good to be true.” Looking at the doors once again, she read the gold lettering out loud. “Cane, Moss, White, and Brooke. I’m just...in awe.”

“Well, come with me, partner. I’ll ‘awe’ you some more.” Justice snatched her hand in his and led her through the double doors into the controlled chaos of the office.

“Where are we going?” she asked. They passed her desk. She stretched to drop her briefcase on it.

“Ah-ah, bring it with you,” Justice admonished, pulling her along.

“What is going on?” she asked, laughing.

Everyone stopped what they were doing and began clapping their hands. “Congratulations!” they all called after them.

Lauren almost had to run to keep up with Justice now. They entered the area where the partners’ offices were located. Their secretary, Rhonda, rose from her desk when she saw them, and she, too, began applauding.

Lauren didn’t know what to think. Surely they weren’t applauding because she made partner and got her name on the door. It was an important event for her, but the staff—she knew they all liked her, but applause? It embarrassed her a bit.

“Here we are,” Justice said, opening a door that had seemed to appear over the weekend.

It wasn’t there when she left on Friday. Hmm. Lauren stepped over the threshold into a perfectly decorated office.

“How do you like it?” Justice asked.

She turned to face him. “Justice, seriously, what is this?”

“This”—he swept his hand in an arc—“is your new office.”

A feeling of warmth blossomed in her chest. “*My* office?”

Justice placed his hands on her shoulders. “Lauren, a partner can’t be without her own office. How would that look to our clients?”

Her hands flew to her mouth. A wave of happiness overtook her and she laughed. “Oh my gosh, I love it!” She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him soundly on his very kissable mouth.

When she pulled away, Justice was grinning. “I’m glad you like it.”

“I do, I do,” she said, turning to admire the gleaming glass-top desk with the cushy-looking leather chair behind it. The walls were painted butterscotch yellow, and the wood floor was a glowing pecan. The room was so inviting, it didn’t seem like an office. Lauren crossed to the desk and carefully laid her briefcase on it.

*I really love working here*, she thought, turning to face Justice again. "Thank you."

"Don't thank me. You earned it." He crossed the room and pulled one of the slim leather chairs from in front of the desk, turning it slightly. "Sit down. I have something else to talk to you about."

Lauren sat down, taking note that Justice's grin had been replaced by a very serious look. It was unusual for him to look so serious outside the courtroom. She folded her hands in her lap and waited for him to speak, her tummy jittery from all the excitement and now this.

He shoved his hands into his pants pockets and lowered his chin, looking at her through his thick lashes.

Lauren realized she was holding her breath. She forced herself to let it out slowly through her nostrils, hoping he couldn't tell.

Finally he raised his chin and looked her directly in the eye. "Lauren?"

"Yes?" Her throat was dry. She chided herself for being so nervous. Whatever he wanted to talk to her about was probably something simple. This was the first time she had felt even the least bit nervous since she had started working here.

Suddenly, Justice whipped his hands out of his pockets, dropped down on one knee in front of her, and presented her with a small velvet box.

Lauren's mouth dropped open, her eyes drawn to what had to be a two-carat diamond sparkling atop a silvery engagement ring. This she hadn't expected. Not at all.

"Lauren Brooke, will you be my partner for life, bond with me forever?" Justice asked, his voice soft and serious.

Lauren looked away from the ring and met his gaze. "Justice Cane, I would be honored to be your partner for life. To bond with you forever and ever."

Justice stood and, taking her hand, pulled her to her feet. He plucked the ring from the box, placing the container behind him on her desk. Then he raised her left hand. His gaze shot to hers. "You're shaking."

Lauren smiled. "It's turning into a very exciting day."

He flashed a grin then slid the ring onto her finger.  
It was a perfect fit. Just as he was for her.

\* \* \* \*

*Two months later*

Lauren flipped the file folder closed. She rested her hands atop it and looked at the clock on the wall across from her desk. The new associate applicant would be here in ten minutes. This would be her first time interviewing a new applicant on her own. His file looked very respectable, even though he was just out of law school. His photo included in the file was intriguing. Very nice-looking, rugged, hair just a bit longer, but she sort of liked that. His name was Joseph Brown. And if the interview went well, she would invite him to bonding camp to see if he fit in with the firm.

She leaned back in her chair. Bonding camp. She remembered the first time she had attended. She had arrived nervous and jittery. She had left calm, happy, and satisfied with life. It had been enlightening.

Lauren had asked Justice his thoughts on bonding camp and their relationship a week after he had proposed. She wondered whether or not, after they were married, they both would continue with their “visits” to bonding camp. They had talked about it all night, revealing their feelings on the subject. They had both agreed they would continue to attend as long as both of them didn’t have a problem with it. After all, they had both been involved with bonding camp from the time Lauren had hired on at the firm up until Justice had proposed, and it hadn’t been a problem. Neither one of them foresaw a problem in the future. But they left themselves open for debate should one of them decide they wanted to revisit the discussion on their attendance.

So...if Lauren approved Joseph Brown for bonding camp, she would be the first one to greet him there. It would be a first for her.

She'd be the first to welcome him, inform him about "bonding" and their version of it, and be the first to "bond" with him.

Rhonda knocked on the door, interrupting Lauren's thoughts. "Miss Brooke, Mr. Brown is here for his interview," she said, opening the door and leaning in.

Lauren smiled. "Show him in, Rhonda."

She nodded and opened the door wider. "Mr. Brown, Miss Brooke will see you now."

Lauren stood, ready to greet the new applicant.

Joseph Brown walked through the door, and Lauren almost sucked in her breath. His picture didn't do him justice. Probably six foot tall, light brown, sun-streaked hair just brushing his shoulders, and striking bright green eyes. Dressed in a dark suit with crisp white shirt, he looked like he'd be more at home standing on a beach in a swimsuit, arm clasped around a surfboard.

He approached her, smiling widely, and offered his hand. "Nice to meet you, Miss Brooke. I'm Joseph Brown."

Lauren moved around her desk and took his hand. It was warm, strong, and slightly rough. *He works with his hands. Wonder what he works on?*

"It's a pleasure," she said. "Please, sit down. Let's talk." Standing this close to him, she could smell his cologne. Clean and fresh. Inviting. Heat began to coil inside her, attraction beginning to crawl its way to her core. She released his hand and returned to her side of the desk.

Yes, if he interviewed well, inviting Joseph Brown to bonding camp would be interesting...very interesting.

# THE END

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## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Christelle Mirin loves to write. Exploring all the possibilities of romance and sensuality in her writing is always in the back of her mind as she goes about her daily life. She lives in the Mid-West with her husband and two Cairn Terriers, Lucy and Wilder Snoot. Christelle also is the founder of her own ghost investigation group and travels with them to seek out the unknown and the unexplainable.



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