



Morgan Hawke  
**Bad Girl**

*Published by Mojocastle Press, LLC  
Price, Utah*

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Bad Girl

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[\*Security Issues\*](#)

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## Dedication:

To the best editor a Bad Girl could ever have.

# Bad Girl

## - One -

The frantic thumping and grunting in the executive office was getting louder.

Penelope scowled. Sitting at her desk less than three feet from the closed door, she couldn't avoid hearing the sounds of the occupants'...personal enjoyment, loud and clear.

Not that they were bothering to be quiet about it.

As usual on Friday and only an hour before it was time to leave, her tall, dark, and handsome boss was banging yet another tall, dark, and statuesque visiting executive on his desk like there was no tomorrow — while she played door guard. Not that anyone wouldn't know what was going on from the sounds alone.

Very nearly growling in annoyance, she pulled out the slender bone chopsticks holding her pale blond hair in its French twist, then reached into her pink clutch purse for the small brush. What did he see in that...woman? Or rather, what *didn't* he see in *her*? Deliberately not looking at her boss's door, she viciously brushed out, then coiled her long pale blonde mane back into its tight, neat twist.

What the hell was wrong with *her*?

Penelope jammed the pale bone chopsticks back into the excruciatingly neat blond coil, then dropped her brush back into her pink clutch purse and

snapped it closed. Nothing, so far as she could tell. She was pretty. She was sweet. Prettier and sweeter than that...*vamp* he had on his desk. She didn't need half the makeup that...*woman* used.

So why couldn't she catch his interest?

She was everything an elite executive assistant should be. She was organized, efficient, and reliable. She was always on time and ready to be of assistance. She kept a pleasant smile on her face at all times with plenty of lipgloss. She maintained a professional and ladylike appearance, with extremely tailored shell pink and cream business suits that were always neat and tidy.

All that effort and...her handsome boss barely noticed her. Not even a second glance to notice that she wore lace-top stockings rather than pantyhose. He saw every other female that breathed, but not her.

The only time he did notice her was when he needed her to fetch an expensive gift for one of his paramours, or guard his door so he could bang yet another female on his desk.

She crumpled the scrawled notations she was supposed to be entering into his itinerary. *It was so damned – unfair!*

The moaning in his office reached a crescendo.

She kicked the leg of her desk. The desk made a hollow bang and slammed against the wall with a nice solid thunk. *Stupid boss.*

"Oh, baby, I'm right there!" Her boss's voice was husky and loud. "Let me cum on your tits. Yeah, that's it. Fuck! I'm cumming, ah...fuck! I'm

cumming!"

Just what she *didn't* need to hear only an hour before her long, empty weekend started.

Penelope snatched her purse from her desk, got up, and shrugged into her pale pink suit jacket. *Screw them.* They could deal with whoever walked in on them on their own.

She walked toward the elevator, not even bothering to make her strides a ladylike mince. Yeah, she was leaving two hours early, but she was a good girl, she never did anything wrong. Her boss would just assume she had an appointment that he'd forgotten about.

She ground her teeth. He'd forget his head if it wasn't attached.

She got into the elevator and hit the button before anyone else could get on. In perfect privacy, she indulged in a small bit of refreshingly loud wall kicking.

The elevator stopped halfway down the tower, and the doors opened.

Tyler, computer geek extraordinaire and head of the company's IT department, stepped onto the elevator looking decidedly rumpled. His suit coat was missing, and his midnight blue tie hung loose around the collar of his cream dress shirt. The elevator light gleamed on the delicate gold-framed glasses framing his slate black eyes. His long pitch-black hair, normally pulled into a very neat tail, was just a bit mussed. A trace of five o'clock shadow roughened his strong jaw.



He looked utterly delicious.

Penelope sighed. Even at his scruffiest, Tyler was much better looking than her boss. She would have latched onto Tyler and never looked back, but he was already in a committed relationship. His *boyfriend* was said to be as good-looking as he was. She folded her arms in disgust. She couldn't win for losing.

Towering head and shoulders over her, Tyler gave her a lift of one black brow and a crooked smile. "Fetching for your boss again?"

She gave him a sour smile. "If you really want to know, I'm deserting my post."

"Oh?" Both of his brows lifted. "He has...company again?"

She rolled her eyes. "Does *everyone* know what he does in there?"

Tyler shoved his hands into his pants pockets and shrugged. "Pretty much." He pursed his lips and looked up at the elevator's ceiling. "Does it bother you? His...activities?"

"What?" Penelope frowned up at him. "The sex?" She snorted and gave him a sour smile. "No."

Tyler tilted his head. "Really? Sex doesn't bother you?"

The elevator door chime rang, and the doors opened on the lobby.

"Sex doesn't bother me one bit. I like sex." She looked over at Tyler and smiled ever so sweetly. "What bothers me is that everyone *else* is getting it." She stepped out of the elevator and faced him. "Everyone but me."

The doors closed on Tyler's wide eyes and slack jaw.

Penelope tilted her head. Tyler's expression had been...interesting. Apparently, he'd been surprised that she liked sex. She turned away from the elevator. A lot of people assumed that nice girls didn't like sex. She scowled. Well, they were dead wrong. She was just...picky.

She strode across the main lobby floor and ignored everybody. It actually felt good. No goodbyes, no sweet smiles, no little waves...

Barry, the uniformed security guard, lunged for the heavy glass door and dragged it open for her with a sunny smile.

Okay, so she smiled at him, but she didn't wave.

Penelope stepped outside and strode across the square toward the busy downtown street. She had no idea where she was going, but she was tired of being where she was expected.

The tall executive buildings crowded the sky, shading the sidewalk, and a brisk breeze cooled her hot cheeks. She absently brushed her pink suit jacket pocket, and realized that she still had her boss's business credit card. She'd forgotten to give it back after fetching lunch; sushi for him and the bimbo.

She scowled. He didn't think twice about sending her out with the company platinum card to buy trinkets for his women. Yesterday it had been extremely expensive concert tickets, and a box of roses.

She ran one finger over the edge of the card, and

## Bad Girl

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smiled. Maybe she should do some shopping? It wasn't like he'd ever know. He didn't handle the expense paperwork, she did.

She raised her brow thoughtfully. It would have to be something he'd never assume she'd want in a million years, something shocking, something *naughty*.

## - Two -

Two blocks down from her executive building, Penelope came to a complete and stunned halt before a plate-glass window. The boutique was called '*Dark Desires*'. The female manikin in the window wore the most incredible pair of black leather pants she'd ever seen. They rode low on the hips, flared wide from knee to ankle, and were completely open down the sides, held together by long black ribbons laced in a criss-cross from hip to toe. Only someone shopping for sex would wear those.

Now *there* was something no one would ever suspect her of having. She smiled. Perfect.

She pushed open the door. The boutique was dimly lit and the walls painted in stark black with a hardwood floor that gleamed with polish. Everything else was chrome; the racks, the cases, and the light fixtures.

Penelope took a deep breath. The whole place smelled of leather. It was a good scent, a sexy scent. Her nipples tightened in her lace bra. She looked around in avid interest at the leather pants, coats, skirts and some other oddities she couldn't quite figure out. Everything on the racks just screamed 'sex'.

This was definitely the place to get something truly naughty.

A bald man in an exceedingly tight black muscle-shirt was slouched by the register. His shoulders were incredibly broad and powerfully muscular under colorful tattoos that sleeved him from shoulder to wrist. He flipped a page of his magazine and didn't look up. "Welcome to Dark Desires." His voice was deep, rich, and bored.

Smiling, Penelope strode for his counter. "I'd like the pants in the window."

He looked up and his eyes widened. A smile lifted the corner of his mouth. "Lemme guess, they're for a friend, right?"

Penelope's breath stopped. His face was...incredible. Midnight blue eyes gleamed under straight dark golden brows, setting off a clean-shaven face carved like a god, and his mouth... His mouth looked lush, and delicious. A gold ring gleamed in his left brow, and in both ears. He looked dangerous. He looked sexy.

He frowned. "You okay?"

Penelope started. "What?" Oh God, she'd been staring. She never stared! "Oh, yes. Can I have the pants in the window, the ones with the ribbons?"

He leaned back and his brows rose. The gold ring in his brow glinted. "You know what size you need?"

She nodded. "I wear a size seven jeans."

He blinked. "They're for you?"

"Of course." She frowned. "Is there something wrong with me buying them? They *are* for sale, aren't they?"

His eyes widened. "Uh, no problem at all! They're

definitely for sale.” He stood, revealing a belly that rippled with muscle and a very narrow waist. “I just didn’t picture someone like you—” He leaned forward over the counter, and scanned down her painfully neat pink suit to her sensibly sweet cream shoes. “As the type to wear them.”

Penelope scowled. “Well, I am.” She crossed her arms. “In fact, I think I’ll try them on, too!”

He looked up at her, and a lop-sided grin appeared. “Well then, I better get you a pair right away.” He moved out from behind the counter and strode past her, revealing gorgeously tailored black leather pants hugging the finest ass she had ever seen on a man. Keys jingled at his right hip, attached to his broad belt by a chain.

He stopped at a nearby chrome rack suspended from the ceiling by chains. He flipped through several pair of pants, stopped, then looked back at her. “Uh, that jacket and skirt is covering a lot. Would you mind taking your coat off, turning around, and pulling your skirt tight, so I can see your butt?”

Penelope nearly choked. “What?”

He smiled. “My stuff is really—” He cleared his throat. “Tailored. I want to make sure I give you a pair that’ll fit right.”

Penelope blinked. “Oh, okay.” She set her purse on the counter, shrugged out of her jacket, and set it on top of her purse. She walked back to the center of the aisle, obediently turned her back to him, and pulled her skirt snug around her bottom.

“Wow...”

"Huh?" Penelope glanced over her shoulder.

The guy's head was tilted, and he was sucking on his bottom lip.

She turned slightly toward him, still gripping her skirt snug to her butt. "Is something wrong?"

"What?" He looked up, eyes wide. "Oh, no! It's just that..." He shook his head and pursed his lips. "Babe, you have one hell of a fine ass." He turned and pulled a pair of pants from the rack. "I think I have the perfect pair, right here."

Penelope's mouth fell open. He thought *she* had a fine ass? Her cheeks heated, and a warm tingle of pleasure spilled up her spine. She was forced to release her skirt, so she could wipe her damp palms down it. Wow... *He* thought she had a fine ass!

He flipped the pants over his muscular and brilliantly tattooed forearm, then frowned at her. "You got something to wear on top?"

Penelope frowned at him. "On top of what?"

He smiled and shook his head. "That frilly blouse isn't gonna go with these. You got something else to wear with them?"

"No..." Penelope winced. She didn't have a single thing at home either. Not one thing in her wardrobe went with black leather...sexy black leather. She looked over at her jacket lying next to the register, and thought about the platinum card, and her boss. "Why don't you find something for me, and I'll buy that too?"

His mouth fell open. "You serious?"

She turned and smiled. "Absolutely." She tilted her

head. "I'll probably need shoes too." She licked her lips. "In fact, I think we might as well make it an entire outfit, head to toe."

His brows rose, and then he strode toward her, a slow hot smile lifting his full sinful mouth. "Darlin', you got yourself a deal. Tell you what, how about I dress you myself?"

Penelope froze right where she stood. The image of his hands helping her into all that black leather, and sliding across her body, made warm moist things happen in her panties.

He choked and raised his hands. "No, no, I meant I'll put you in a dressing room and hand you the stuff over the door!"

Her breath left in a rush of disappointment, leaving a pout behind in its wake. "Damn..."

He leaned close and his smile widened. "You're a lot naughtier than you look."

Penelope smiled right back. "I like to think so."

He chuckled, and strode past her with a wave. "This way." He led her toward the back of the store. "So, what's your name?"

She followed only a few steps behind. "Penelope."

He stopped dead in his tracks.

She nearly ran into his back.

He turned around, and scowled at her. "Babe, *that* has got to change."

She looked up at him. "What? My name?"

"Yeah, *that*." He started walking, leading her between racks of long leather coats.

Her mouth fell open. He didn't like her name? She



hurried to catch up with him. "What's wrong with my name?"

He stopped at the back wall by a row of four roomy stalls with doors that were open along the top and bottom. "Not a damned thing." He grabbed the keys at his hip and unlocked the last door on the right, and gave her a sour look. "If you're a five-year old." He opened the door for her. "What's your middle name?"

Penelope nibbled on her bottom lip. "Audra."

"Now *that* is a sexy name." He nodded and stuck out his hand. "Hi, Audra, I'm Brody."

She raised her brow. "Audra, huh?" She took his hand and it engulfed hers. She was just annoyed enough to give it a hard squeeze, and a single shake. "Nice to meet you, Brody."

He smiled. "I'm going to enjoy dressing you in leather, Audra." He handed her the pants, saluted and walked off into the aisles.

She stepped into the black-carpeted dressing room. The lighting was subdued, but all three walls, were mirrored, as was the door, making it brighter. A low bench covered in black vinyl was set against the right wall. She hung the pants on the hook in the left corner.

She unbuttoned her blouse, and shook her head. *Audra...* To be perfectly honest, she had preferred to be called Audra when she was younger. She hung her blouse on the right hook in the corner over the bench. However, to make it in the business world, she'd discovered that sweetness went further, so Penelope

she had become. She unzipped her skirt, stepped free, and put that on the hook with the blouse. Sadly, sweetness hadn't gotten her where she really wanted to be—in her handsome boss's arms. She slipped out of her neat white sling-back shoes. She was definitely doing something wrong.

But what?

She faced the back wall and bent over to work the right garter strap free of her stocking. The room suddenly got brighter and a breeze drifted across her back. She jerked upright and looked over her shoulder.

The door was wide open.

Brody stood in the doorway, his mouth slightly open and his eyes wide.

## - Three -

Standing in the open doorway of the changing cubicle, Brody's hand was upraised, holding a leather halter top on a hanger. His wide-eyed gaze lifted from her butt and his mouth snapped closed. "I, uh..." He blushed. "I didn't do it. It swung open all by itself." He swallowed. "But damn, Audra...stockings?"

He looked so stunned she couldn't help but be flattered, and said the first thing that came to mind. "Do you like them?"

He nodded with several quick jerks. "Oh, hell yeah." His gaze slid back down to her butt. "But, um, they're gonna have to come off. Err... To wear the pants." He swallowed and looked up at her. "The panties too." His pink cheeks darkened.

Apparently, he was flustered. She'd never flustered a man before. She smiled. "Oh, I know." Giddy with delight over her effect on him, she licked her lips and said what she had been dying to say to her boss since the day she bought the stockings. "Do you want to help me take them off?"

His brows lifted, then he frowned. "You don't want to go there, babe. I'm gonna want to do more than just take your clothes off."

She looked into his grim blue eyes. Did she really want to do this; have sex with someone she didn't

even know? Because that's what he was really asking for — point blank.

She glanced down his incredible body. His nipples were clearly at attention under that tight black muscle shirt, and there was a good-sized bulge in those leather pants. All because of *her*. Her core clenched with moist hunger, and her nipples tightened. Yes, yes she *did* want to do this with him. She looked him dead in the eyes. "I know."

His jaw tightened. "You serious, or are you just teasing me?"

She licked her lips. "I'm serious. I...I want you, Brody."

He stood frozen for one entire breath, then held up one finger. "Hold that thought." He turned on his heel and headed straight for the front of the door.

*Huh?* She tilted her head. Where the heck was he going?

Brody came back nearly at a run and wearing a wide grin. "Wanted to lock the front door."

Her brows lifted, but a warm curl of delight spiraled in her belly. For once, a door was being locked for her.

He stopped at the dressing room door. "Damn, girl, that suit was hiding a smokin' hot body."

Her cheeks warmed, and she glanced away. He thought she had a smoking hot body. "Thank you." She couldn't think of anything else to say, so she simply moved aside to let him in.

He slid past her, sat on the stool, and spread his knees wide. He patted his muscular thigh. "Put your

foot up here."

She turned to face him and set her foot on his thigh. The leather was soft, sleek, and warm under her foot. The perfume of his warm, masculine and aroused body inundated the small space.

His big hands closed around her ankles and his gaze went straight to the crotch of her panties. He took a deep slow breath, then looked up at her, and smiled. "You're already wet, aren't you?"

She jolted and her breath stilled. What should she say? She sucked on her bottom lip. How about the truth? "Yes."

His warm hands slid up her calf, creating shivers. "Good." He reached her knee. "Damn, this is soft. Are these silk?"

She smiled. "They are."

He reached the lace tops and flicked open the garter belt fastenings. "Who were you wearing these for?"

She sighed. Her boss, who didn't know she was alive. "No one."

"No one?" He leaned forward, reaching between her thighs, and around her butt, to unfasten the clasp under her thigh. "That's a damned shame." His fingers curled in the lace and he eased the stockings down her legs. "I love shit like this." He leaned close and pressed a light kiss on her inner thigh.

She jumped.

He grinned up at her from between her spread thighs. "Sensitive?"

She smiled. "A little."

He nodded and sat back. "Good." He tugged the stocking off, and set it on the bench beside him. He patted his other thigh. "Other foot."

She lifted her other foot onto his other warm thigh.

His hands smoothed up her calf, then past her knee to the clip on her stocking. "So, no boyfriend?"

She took a deep breath and sighed it out. "No. Not in a long time."

"No?" He leaned down to unfasten the other clip under her butt, and frowned. "I find that really hard to believe."

She rolled her eyes. "So do I."

He laughed, then set his lips against her inner thigh. "Mmm, yummy..." His teeth nipped the soft skin.

She gasped. It hadn't hurt, it was just unexpected.

He smiled up at her. "Whoever these stockings were really meant for is an idiot."

Her breath caught. Was she that obvious? She released a sigh. *Oh, what the hell.* "He's too busy screwing everything else that walks to notice me."

Brody's head came up. "Changed my mind; he's a blind-assed moron."

Which was her assessment. She chuckled sourly. "I have no clue what I'm doing wrong, but whatever it is..." She shrugged.

Brody slid her stocking down and then off, setting it with the first. "I can tell you exactly what's wrong." He grinned. "But I don't think I will." His hands cupped her hips. "Foot down, and turn around, so I can get the garter belt off."

She put her foot down on the carpeted floor, turned around, and frowned. "Why not?"

He leaned to the side and his face appeared in the mirror's reflection. "Why won't I tell you?" His fingers were warm at the small of her back. He smiled smugly. "Because I like the idea that he's a moron and I'm not." The catch opened. He pulled the lace belt off. "Step back, so I can get the bra."

She stepped backwards until her thighs made contact with his. "Okay."

"Good. Sit."

She blinked. "Sit?"

He cupped her waist. "Yeah, on my lap." He pulled, just a little.

She sat down on his warm thighs. The leather was very soft except for the bulge in the middle, between her butt-cheeks.

He groaned. "Oh yeah. Your ass feels real nice on my dick." His fingers slid around the strap. "What the hell? Where's the catch?"

She smiled. "In front."

"Really?" He leaned to the side and set his chin on her shoulder. "A front-loading bra, huh?" He peered into the mirror and reached around to the front of her bra. "You *are* a little sex-fiend, aren't you?" His fingers fumbled with the catch.

She snorted. "Not that anyone has noticed."

He smiled, showing very white teeth. "I did." He fussed some more with the bra's catch.

She lifted her bra. "Do you need help with that?"

He scowled. "Don't you dare!" He twisted just

right, and the lace cups parted. "Ta daa!" He tugged the bra apart, revealing her rather abundant breasts and her pale pink, semi-erect nipples. "Damn, baby, you got some amazing tits." He pulled the bra from her arms and set it beside him.

She leaned forward to get up.

"Hey!" His arms closed around her waist. "Where are you going?" He pouted at her in the mirror's reflection. "I'm not done yet."

"Oh?" She sat back.

"Oh, yeah." His smile turned tight and his eyes narrowed. "You can't just show these to me..." His hands slid up her waist to cup the underside of her breasts in his warm palms. "Without letting me try them on for size." His big palms closed on her breasts and squeezed. "Oh these *are* nice."

Delight spiraled downward, into her belly. Warm curls of arousal transferred from her nipples directly to her clit. She sucked in a breath and lifted her chin, arching into his delicious hands, and shifting in his lap.

"Look in the mirror, Audra. Look in the mirror and see my hands on your tits."

She looked, and saw herself spread open in his lap. Her white lace panties seemed to glow against the black of his leather pants. His broad hands were darker than her skin and clearly visible on her breasts. Fingers spread, his palms rubbed in circles over her nipples.

Fire sparked up her spine, and a shiver shook her.

He smiled at her shoulder. "Oh yeah, you're



getting off on this." He released her right breast. "Lean back against me."

She leaned back against the broad hardness of his chest.

His right hand skimmed down to her belly and his fingers drifted over the lace edge of her panties. His reflected gaze trapped hers. "Last chance to back out, babe. Once my hand goes in, my dick is going to follow."

Back out? Was he insane? She licked her lips. "God, I hope so." She opened her thighs wider and arched. She had been in a raging state of lust since she had interviewed for that admin job over six months ago. There was no way in hell she was going to turn him down. She was in desperate need of relief!

"Good." He chuckled. "Because I am dying to fuck you." His fingers slid into her panties, and then his hand. The white lace bulged with his knuckles.

She sucked in a breath. His hand was so warm...

His fingers encountered her closely trimmed mound. "A shaved pussy? Damn, baby, you really are ready for a good fuck." His fingers slid between her plump outer lips and explored her folds. He licked his lips. "You are so wet." His middle finger settled on the point of her clit. He rubbed.

Erotic fire speared through her. She arched hard and her toes curled.

He grinned, and rubbed faster. "You gonna cum on my hand, babe?" He squeezed her full breast, captured her nipple, and pinched.

The fire in her nipple met the coiling burn from her

clit, and sent her to the very edge of insanity, but not over. "Oh, God...Brody!" She moaned, and bucked hard against his hand. It wasn't enough. "Please...!"

He chuckled while his fingers danced on her clit. His lips pressed against her ear "What do you need, Audra?" His deep voice delivered shivers of sensual delight.

She arched and writhed, her body trembling on the edge of release. His hand wasn't enough. She needed more. She needed his cock. "Please, I need you."

"Tell me, darlin'. Tell Brody what you want."

She writhed against his hand and rolled against the hard dick under her butt. "I need you to...fuck me."

His hand tightened on her breast, and he buried his hand deeper in her panties. "You want my big dick?" His middle finger found the hungry mouth of her pussy and dipped in, just a little. "You want it here? In your hot little cunt? Is that where you want it?"

She nodded. "Yes, yes..." She dug her toes into the carpet and pushed against his hand in an effort to get his finger deeper into her hungry body.

"Well then, if you get my big dick in your cunt, I get to have my big dick in your tight little ass, too. You got that?"

She stilled, and trembled. "My...ass?"

He caught her gaze in the mirror and smiled. "That's right, Audra. You can have my dick in your cunt, but I get to fuck, and cum in, your ass. If not, you can just cum on my hand, and I'll jerk off on your tits. Deal?"

She groaned. She could barely think past his

## Bad Girl

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maddening fingers flicking on her clit, and tugging on her nipple, but she knew damned well she didn't want his hand, she wanted his cock.

But did she want him up her butt too?

His finger plunged into her pussy and flicked deliciously within. "We got a deal?"

She gasped, jolted closer to the edge, but not close enough. She moaned. She needed to fuck, damn it! She could do her own hand-masturbation on her own time. Fine, he could have her butt too. "Yes! God, fuck me!"

His grin was broad and his eyes narrowed. "Hot damn, I'm going to fuck me some ass."

## - Four -

**B**rody pulled his hand free of her panties and sucked on his wet fingers. "Mmm, you taste good." He smacked his lips. "Okay, up you get." He pushed her onto her feet.

She stood, and her knees shook. She was forced to set her hands on the mirror before her, to stay upright.

His fingers closed on the sides of her lace panties. He tugged and slid them down her thighs, then to her ankles. "Oh man..." He groaned in obvious appreciation. His hot palms cupped her butt. "What a sweet, sweet ass."

She stepped out of her panties, and spread her legs wide.

He leaned over to collect the panties, tossed them on the bench, then stood and leaned to the right corner to grab the leather pants. "All right, let's get these on you."

She stared at his reflection in shock. "But I thought...?"

"Oh, we'll fuck, don't worry." He pulled the leather pants off the hanger. "But I want to do it while you're in leather." He opened the button on the waistband, then sat back down on the bench. "I love the smell of leather on a woman that's good and hot." He tugged at the ribbons on the sides, loosening

them. "And, I'm dying to see what you look like in my work." He grinned up at her. "I've been wanting to test-drive this design."

She turned around to face him. "Your work?"

"Yep. This is my shop. All the stuff in here is my work."

Her mouth fell open. He made the coats, the shirts, the pants, the odd harnesses...? "The stuff in here is incredible. You made it all?"

He shrugged and his cheeks pinked. "I designed the originals, down in the basement. I have a company that makes them in bulk, and in different sizes." He shook out the pants, then tugged on the zipper fly, opening it. "They sell pretty good in here, but better at the fetish conventions. That's where I make my real cash."

She suddenly realized that the fly unzipped from the button at the front, all the way down, under, and back up to the waistband in the back. The entire crotch opened. The pants had clearly been designed specifically for sex.

He shook the pants out. "Okay, put your hands on my shoulders, and we'll get these on you."

She raised her brow. It was an order. Not that she minded, but he'd given her a lot of orders. She stepped up to him and put her hands on his broad, muscular shoulders. "Has anyone told you that you have control issues?"

He held out the pants and grinned up at her. "Only every day of my life." He slid the leather up her legs. "That's why I run a shop. I can't work for no one

else." He tugged at the ribbons on the side seams to make them fit properly, then carefully zipped them closed. "I have a problem with authority that isn't mine."

"Really? I would have never guessed." She turned to peer into the mirror. The waistband stopped well below her navel and sat very low on her backside. The soft black leather cupped her intimately, without binding, yet hugged her thighs and accentuated the curve of her hips, revealing the hourglass shape of her waist. It looked...sexy.

Brody leaned from side to side. "Damn, Audra. You'd think I designed them just for you." He shook his head and whistled. "Let's see what the rest of it looks like." He got up from the bench.

She turned to look over at him. "There's more?"

"Oh, hell yeah. There's this." Brody held up the hanger with a black leather halter top that seemed to be made of little more than straps and buckles. "And I got some boots for you too." He pulled the halter top from the hanger. "Chin up, arms out, babe."

More orders. She got into the position he requested and held still.

"Let's see, this goes like this..." He set a broad band of soft, glove-thin black leather across her breasts. A pair of zippers ran from the upper corners, downward and met in the center, forming a deep vee. Opened, the tops of her breasts would spill from the vee.

"And this, goes like this..." Mumbling softly in his deep voice, his warm fingers set the straps over her

shoulders, across her back, and around her ribcage, tugging and buckling as he went. "Hmm..." He pulled the back straps tight, making her breasts bulge against the leather. "Oh yeah."

She felt the zippers rasp against the very upper edge of her nipples, and sucked in a breath. With the leather this tight, if he opened the top, her breasts would spill out completely.

Brody leaned back and smacked his lips. "Oh, now that's *real* nice." He crooked a finger. "Follow me." He stepped out of the dressing room, and headed to the left.

She followed him out of the dressing room and discovered that the low-slung leather encouraged her to swing her hips as she walked—and everything rubbed deliciously. The leather gusset in the crotch, protecting her from the harsh zipper, rasped gently across her clit, even as the zippers teased the tops of her nipples. Erotic heat coiled hungrily in her belly, reminding her insistently of the unsatisfied appetite within her.

Brody stopped at a long wall covered in footwear. "Let's see... Yeah, these should be your size." He selected a pair of black platform boots with huge flared heels that laced in the front. He crouched down. "Gimme your foot."

Another order. She rolled her eyes, but complied, setting her hand on his shoulder for balance.

He rolled the widely flared bell-bottom of the pants up, then slid the boot onto her foot and laced her in. He did the same for the other. The boots went nearly

to her knees. He swept his hands against each other, then made a circle with his finger. "Walk around a bit, and see if those are comfortable."

She walked around in the aisle between the racks of leather, and discovered that the boots were not nearly as steep as the height of the platforms made them look. Her work shoes were actually less comfortable. However, the platform's height meant that she had to roll her hips to walk. She turned around and smiled at Brody. "I like them."

He stood. "Good, 'cuz I'm liking you in them." He shook his head and leered. "They're giving your butt a really cute little jiggle." He tilted his head and frowned. "Hmmm..." He crooked his finger at her. "Come here."

She frowned, and walked over to him. "What?"

"These..." Brody reached out and pulled the chopsticks from her hair. "They're not right for this outfit."

"Oh..." Her pale blonde mane tumbled down her back and fell in gentle waves to the small of her back.

"Holy shit, your hair...!" Brody jammed the bone chopsticks into his back pocket, then reached out to run his fingers through her tresses. "God, your hair... It's fucking gorgeous."

She felt her cheeks warm and looked away. "I'm glad you like it."

"Like it?" Brody leaned close and pressed a handful to his nose. "Mmm, vanilla... I love long hair." He turned her around and tugged gently on her hair, pulling her backwards until her shoulders came



in contact with his chest. "I'm definitely gonna have to see about keeping you around." He coiled her hair around his fist, tilting her head back until she was looking up at his face. "You don't mind, do you?"

She smiled. "I'll take your request under consideration."

"Under consideration...?" His brows shot up, then he smiled with feral hunger. "Is that 'attitude' coming out of your mouth? That'll get your butt smacked, did you know that?"

Her neck arched back by his hold in her hair, she grinned up at him. "A spanking? That sounds kinky."

Brody licked his lips. "A spanking isn't even close to what I call kink." He set his palm on her bare belly and pulled her back against him. The bulge in his leather pants made contact with the bottom of her butt. "But we can start there."

She licked her lips. "Promises, promises."

"Careful." Brody grinned. "I can resist anything, but a dare." He released her mane to cup her hips, and rubbed his crotch up against her butt. "Oh yeah, these boots make you the perfect height."

She arched and rubbed back against him. "The perfect height for what?"

Brody pressed his lips against her ear and ran a finger along the zipper of her pants. "For a standing fuck."

She blinked. "Oh...?"

"Come on..." He caught her hand and led her into a dark hall. "I wanna show you the playroom."

She followed after him, swaying on her tall boots.

"The playroom?"

"Yeah." He grinned. "It's in the basement."

\* \* \* \* \*

Holding tight to Brody's hand, she stepped carefully down the wooden stairs to the store's basement. It was huge, the same size as the store on the floor above. The back third was partially blocked off with a half-drawn red velvet curtain. It was clearly his workroom. Massive sewing machines, cutting tables and shelves with bolts of leather took up the whole space. A door was nearly hidden between two massive rolls of black suede.

The rest of the basement was walled in smoked mirrors, floored with thick black carpeting, and equipped with an odd assortment of...furniture. A big, padded x leaned against the near corner. A thickly padded vaulting bench with eyebolts in odd places was positioned by the left wall. The right wall was occupied by a long padded table with a massive trunk on rollers was parked at the foot of it.

Right in front of the red velvet curtain that divided the back third from the main room was a pair of black leather wing-back chairs with a small circular table between them. A huge black leather ottoman footstool was positioned in front of the table.

She looked up. Chains hung from the ceiling. "The playroom, huh?"

"Yep." Brody walked over to the trunk on rollers. "Strictly for grownups, though." He pulled up his

shirt and peeled it off, then tossed it on the padded table right by the trunk.

She feasted her eyes on the spectacular display of muscle on his back. A thorned black tribal tattoo started in the center of his back and disappeared into his pants.

Brody opened the trunk and started rooting around in it. He pulled out a bar with steel eyebolts on the ends and set it on the padded table, then pulled out a pair of broad leather bracelets with buckles and clips.

Curious, she inched closer.

Brody looked over his shoulder at her. "Stay right there."

She frowned. "What's in there? Whips and chains?"

He laughed. "Well, as a matter of fact..."

*Yikes!* She backed up, and put up her hands. "Never mind!"

Brody snorted. "I thought you liked kink?"

She put her hands behind her back. "Truthfully, I don't know much about it."

He smiled. "I figured as much. Don't worry. I'm not planning anything too shocking." His smile broadened. "At least, not this early in the game." He closed the trunk, picked up the bar and bracelets, and came toward her. "Ready to play?"

She lifted a brow. "What's the game?"

"It goes like this..." Brody jammed a thumb toward his chest. "The big bad pervert does bad things..." He pointed at her. "To the sweet, innocent

secretary." He smirked. "Sound like fun?"

She bit her lip. "Uh, sure."

He nodded. "Good." He lifted the bar over his head, and clipped the ends to a pair of hanging chains. "See if you can reach this."

She stepped forward and grasped the bar with both hands. In the boots, she didn't even need to stretch for it. "I got it."

"Good. Hold that position." He opened one of the bracelets and set it around her wrist. "These are just to help you hang on to the bar." He buckled it closed. "The manacles are safety locked. They come right off." He fingered one of the silver rings hanging on the side of the leather manacle. "See these? Squeeze them, and they pop open, okay?"

Her brows lifted. The bracelets were manacles? She peered at the ring. "Okay."

He popped open the ring and closed it around the bar. He opened the other manacle and buckled it around her other wrist, then opened the ring and attached it to the bar too.

She moved her wrists and the manacles slid freely across the bar. *Huh...*

He looked her straight in the eye. "This is a game, not for real. If there's a problem, or if something hurts in a bad way, call 'time out' and the game ends. Got it?"

"I say, 'time out' and you stop." She nodded. "I got it."

He cupped his palm under her chin and held her gaze. "If you call 'time out', the game stops. I'm

serious. The toys go back in the box, and we go home. No second chances. So save the 'time out' for a real emergency, because that's what it's for. Understood?"

She nodded. "I got it."

He nodded then grabbed the bar with one hand. "This is strong enough to hold your full body weight, so feel free to grab on and haul on it, if you feel like it."

She grabbed the bar and yanked on it. It rocked on the chains, but that was it.

"Good." Brody turned away, and walked over to the round table between the leather chairs. "God, I can't wait 'til Ty sees you."

Her brows shot up. "Ty?"

"Yeah." He tugged a drawer open and rooted around in it. "He's my significant other." He pulled out a tube with the word 'lube' scrawled across it in big blue letters. "You'll like Ty. He's better looking than I am, and much nicer."

She jerked back and the chains rattled. "You have a...lover?" He was in a *relationship*?

"Yep. Been together for a bunch of years now." He shoved the lube in his back pocket and strode back to stand behind her. "He's coming here right after work." His broad, warm hands cupped her butt. "I figure my dick will be hard up your ass right about then." He squeezed.

He planned to have sex with her in front of his lover? She licked dry lips. It was painfully hard to think with his hands on her butt. She could feel the heat of his palms right through the leather. "He won't

be, um...jealous?"

"Jealous? Who, Ty?" Brody snorted. "Oh, hell no." He leaned over her shoulder and smiled. "We share our women." His lips brushed ever so lightly up the right side of her throat.

She shivered under his lips. "Share...?" He couldn't mean what it sounded like.

Brody whispered, his breath caressing her ear. "Yep. As in all three of us in one big, sweaty puppy-pile, preferably in my bed."

Oh. Well, that was certainly different. She'd never been *shared* before. "Do you do this often? Share women?"

"No. Our taste in women doesn't always...agree." He reached out and curled his fingers into her long blonde hair. "You're different." He tugged her head back by the hair. "You're exactly his type—sweet." He grinned. "And mine—naughty." He pressed a kiss to her lips and released her. "We're gonna eat you up with a spoon." He pulled firmly at the back of her pants.

The sound of an unraveling zipper was loud in her ears. She swallowed. "Eat me up?" The seat of her leather pants parted, baring her ass to the cool air. "That doesn't sound too bad."

He chuckled, deep in his chest. "Oh, you'll enjoy it. I promise." He pulled the zipper all the way down and nudged her thighs apart. "Open wide, sweetheart."

She spread as wide as her booted feet would allow.

"That's my girl." He knelt and reached under to

tug the zipper all the way back up the front. The crook of his bare arm brushed against her sensitive flesh in passing. He completed his task, then pulled back and rose to his feet behind her.

Cool air brushed against her damp flesh. A shiver spilled through her. With the zipper opened, the only thing holding her pants on was the slender belt. With her wrists bound to the bar over her head, and positioned in the very center of the wide-open basement room, she felt so *exposed*. Heat filled her cheeks. She lifted her knee to shield herself.

He chuckled. "Oh, it's far too late for shyness, little girl." The sound of a different zipper rasped directly behind her. He groaned. Something rigid and hot prodded the cheek of her butt. "Feel that?" His hands closed around her hips and he arched into her, rubbing his cock between her bottom cheeks. "That's all your fault, sweetheart."

She couldn't stop her gasp. He was so hard she could feel it standing upright all by itself. She'd gotten him *that* excited.

He leaned close to her ear and pressed a kiss to her brow. "Parading around in all that tight leather..." His arms came around her and reached up to tug the pull tabs to the zippers across her breasts. With a soft rasp, the teeth parted. Her breasts surged through the openings and into his broad hands. "You're such a bad girl." His fingers closed on her nipples, pinching the tender, swollen tips.

A hard jolt of erotic fire seared from her nipples straight down to her clit. She didn't even try to stop

her gasp, or her moan. "I never said I was a good girl."

He released her right breast and pulled his hand back between them. His cock slid down the seam of her butt and pressed between her thighs to nestle up against her slick feminine folds. "You know what happens to bad girls, don't you, Audra?"

She swiveled her hips, writhing against the hot shaft pressed so intimately up against her. "Mmm? What?"

Brody released her other breast and his fingers closed tight on her hips. "Isn't it obvious?" He pulled his cock back, sliding the length of his shaft along her feminine folds. He paused with the broad crown positioned at the hungry entrance to her body. His warm breath brushed against her ear and his voice dropped to a soft growling whisper. "Bad girls get fucked."

The hair rose on the back of her neck, and her core clenched in hungry anticipation. She dared a small smile over her shoulder at him. "Good."

Brody grinned. "That's what I like to hear." He leaned back. "However, first things first."

She blinked in surprise and frowned over her shoulder. "Huh?"

In Brody's hand was a black rubber dildo. He pulled the tube of lube from his back pocket, twisted the cap off, and squeezed out a generous amount of the thick clear gel over the bulbous end of the dildo. "First, we need to prep that sweet ass of yours before you're even close to being ready to take my cock." He



gave her a wink. "I'm not exactly a small man."

She looked down at the thick, rigid cock swaying dangerously close to her exposed butt. No, Brody most definitely was *not* a small man.

Brody used his palm to smear the clear gel over the length of the black dildo, then lowered his slick fingers to press them up against her anus. "Push out here, darlin', and open for me."

She frowned. Push *out*? As odd as it sounded, she did so and felt her body actually open under the light pressure.

Brody's two fingers slid right in.

It didn't hurt at all, but felt so...strange, she stiffened in sheer surprise. Her body abruptly closed tight around Brody's fingers, causing a slight ache.

"No, no, don't stiffen up. That closes it. Push."

She went back to pushing and the ache disappeared. "Oh...!"

"That's it. Good girl." His fingers moved within her, swirling around and spreading gel, leaving strange yet rather interesting tingles in their wake. "Pain only happens when the muscles down here are being forced. As long as you're doing the opening, it won't hurt."

Distracted by the sheer strangeness, and *naughtiness* of having something inside her butt, she said the first thing that popped into her head. "Do you speak from experience?"

Brody leaned close to her ear. "Actually, I do."

That brought every thought in Audra's head to a complete and utter halt. "You mean you've...?"

"Yep, I've been fucked up the ass. Multiple times, in fact." He chuckled in her ear. "Though it feels better for me than it will for you."

"It does?"

He nodded. "I have a prostate in there. Kind of like your cervix in you." His fingers slipped out of her butt. "Take a big breath and push out hard for me, okay?" The cool broad head of the dildo was suddenly pressing against her anus.

She took a big breath and pushed.

The dildo pressed harder and began to press its way in. "That's good, keep pushing."

Her body stretched open to the aching point. She whimpered.

"Push, baby, push. The hard part will be over in just a bit."

She took a deeper breath and pushed. The fat end of the dildo passed into her, allowing her body to contract just a bit around the slightly smaller shaft. The ache reduced considerably.

"Excellent! Believe it or not, your body will get used to this pretty quick, so that when it's my turn, you'll feel nothin' but *good*." Brody twisted the dildo within her.

She gasped; not in pain, it didn't hurt at all. It just felt really...strange to have something in there. It was also a lot deeper than she'd thought.

"Just a tiny bit more..." The dildo suddenly became just a little bit narrower. Her body closed in that small amount, relieving even more of the tension. Brody released it. "There, all in." He tapped the end. The

vibration went deep into her. "How does it feel?"

She shivered. "Full."

Brody choked out a laugh. "Oh, that's nothing. Wait 'til I'm in your pussy. That's when you'll *really* feel it." The broad crown of his cock was suddenly back against the dripping entrance to her body. His warm breath brushed against her ear and his voice dropped to a soft growling whisper. "Ready?"

She licked her lips and tightened her grip on the bar. "Yeah."

"Tell me what you want, baby."

She gathered her nerve. "Fuck me, Brody, please."

"Your wish is my command." Brody pushed firmly. His cock-head nudged past the snug outer muscles and forged inward, spreading her trembling flesh to suit his girth. He groaned. "Babe, you're awfully tight for a bad girl."

She whimpered in sheer pleasure. The thick, hot, *hard* cock filling her slid deliciously against the dildo lodged in her ass. It felt so damned *good*. "I haven't had a chance to be bad in..." How long had it been? Months? Her cheeks warmed. "In a long while."

"Now *that* is a crying shame." His hips came into contact with her butt. "Mm... I'm in to the balls." He reached around her to cup her breasts in his palms. "A girl like you should never go without." He gave both her nipples a slow, firm pinch, then rolled them between his fingers.

Pleasure jolted in her nipples and resonated deep within her core. She sucked in a breath.

He shifted his hips, grinding his cock in her depths.

The buried head of his cock rubbed across something deep inside.

A pang of sweet visceral pleasure struck. Her entire body jolted and clenched deliciously around the shaft filling her. She gasped and her knees wobbled under her. She'd never felt anything so good.

"Ah, there we are." He pulled back and thrust hard, striking that pleasure point on impact.

Raw pleasure detonated in her belly, forcing another gasp from her throat. She moaned and writhed, trying to make the wave of delight last. "More!"

"My pleasure." His hands tightened on her full breasts, his fingers digging into her soft flesh. He pulled back and thrust, again striking that spot perfectly, then again, and again...

Her body shuddered with each impact of his hips against her ass, her breasts bouncing in his palms. The starbursts of ecstasy detonating in her core burned away any cohesive thought she might have had. She tossed her head back, and soft gasping cries of delight spilled past her lips under the hard, strong thrusts.

Gripping her breasts, Brody pressed against her back and groaned by her ear. "You gonna cum, baby?" His fingers tugged fiercely on her sensitive nipples. "You gonna cum on my dick?"

Behind them, heavy thumps sounded on the staircase. "Brody? You down here?"

Brody lifted his head and called out. "That you, Ty?"

She froze. *Brody's lover...*?

"Yeah." Footsteps approached. "The front door was locked and closed sign showing. I was worr—" The footsteps halted. "Are you...?"

"Fucking?" Brody ground deep into her. "Oh yeah."

It felt so damned good, she moaned deep and long in spite of herself.

Brody turned to look over his shoulder. "Come over here and take a look at what walked in my door. She frikkin gorgeous as fuck."

Soft footsteps came alongside her, then a startled pair of black eyes behind gold-framed glasses met hers. "Penelope...?"

She looked up from her bent-over position with her wrists cuffed and attached to the bar over her head, and her legs wide to accommodate the man behind her, whose cock was slow-pumping in and out of her body.

The man before her was tall, his long straight black hair falling loose about his shoulders. He had a midnight blue suit coat tossed over his shoulder and his cream shirtsleeves were rolled up his forearms. A midnight blue tie was tucked haphazardly into his shirt pocket. Light gleamed on the gold-framed glasses. His black brows were arched upward over his widened black eyes and his lips had parted.

Her eyes widened. "Tyler?"

- Five -

Brody stilled in mid-thrust, his cock deep and hard in Penelope's body. "You two know each other?"

She winced, but couldn't quite pull her gaze from the handsome head of her IT department. *Well, isn't this embarrassing?*

Tyler nodded, his eyes pinned to hers. "She, uh, works a few floors down from me."

Brody tilted his head to frown down at her. "Audra works at your office...and you're *not* doing her?"

Tyler frowned. "Audra?"

She rolled her eyes. "It's my middle name." She tilted her head toward Brody. "He didn't like my first name."

Brody shook his head. "Ty, don't go changing the subject. How the hell did you let this one slip past you?" He squeezed her breasts for emphasis.

She moaned. She honestly hadn't meant to, but his large, warm hands felt so damned good.

"Eh..." Tyler shrugged, his cheeks turning a warm pink. "I uh..." His gaze slid away, only to dart right back. "I didn't think she'd be interested in...that."

"What...?" She leveled a glare at him and grabbed the bar above her head, her knuckles whitening. "Do you honestly think I'd wear garter belts and stockings if I *wasn't* interested in *that*?"

Tyler blinked, then swallowed. "You wear...garter

belts?"

She practically growled, "And stockings, thank you."

Brody grinned over her shoulder. "She keeps her pussy trimmed nice and close too."

Tyler's gaze shifted to the side and winced. "Okay, fine, I should have at least asked."

Brody snorted. "Good, now that that's done, drop your pants and let her suck you."

Tyler's mouth fell open. "Brody...!"

Penelope noted the pink tinting Tyler's cheeks. *He's blushing? How cute!*

Brody leaned over her shoulder. "You don't mind sucking him, do you?"

Penelope's gaze dropped down to focus on the rather impressive tent in Tyler's pleated dress slacks. *Wow...* "I don't mind at all." In fact, she'd been dying to see what was under that rumpled suit since the first time she saw him all those months ago.

Brody grinned. "See?"

Tyler's hands flew to the buckle of his pants. After a bit of fumbling, he got them open, revealing *very* small blue silk undies that did absolutely nothing to hide the very large erection straining to escape.

Penelope blinked. *Well, now...*

Tyler shoved his pants and underwear down and off, kicking them away. His cock arched up in a strong column above a neatly shaved sack.

Penelope licked her lips. She'd never seen a shaved...man before. It looked...interesting.

Brody grinned by Penelope's ear. "Lose the shirt

too."

Tyler looked over at his lover, hesitating, then rapidly unbuttoned his shirt to reveal a *very* nicely built chest—and pierced nipples.

Penelope's mouth fell open. "You have...nipple rings?"

Tyler's gaze slid to the side and he shrugged. "Um, yeah."

Brody chuckled. "Cute, aren't they?"

Penelope nodded rapidly. She couldn't help but wonder what they'd taste like.

Brody reached up and did something to the chains attached to Penelope's bar. The bar slid down until her wrists were about level with her nipples. "Bend over, sweetheart, and let Tyler fuck your mouth, like the naughty girl you are."

Gripping the bar, Penelope leaned over it. The cock inside her shifted deliciously. A small, moaning sigh escaped her. Suddenly, there was a thick cock right before her lips. It smelled of aroused male and clean soap. He gaze angled up to Tyler's face.

The man looked a trifle nervous and rather hopeful. He looked like he *really* wanted her to suck his cock.

It was kind of...flattering actually, to be wanted like that. She opened her mouth and took him in.

Tyler shuddered and bucked just a little.

Penelope sucked him in deep and was quite proud of the fact that she was able to take him down to the root without gagging—finally putting all the practice with that banana to good use.



Tyler groaned. "Shit, she took me to the balls."

Brody ground in deep and groaned. "Fuck yeah! I knew I picked a good one this time." He pulled back and slammed in, his hips making a sharp slap against Penelope's ass.

Tyler gasped and grabbed for Audra's head. "Shit...!"

With a wet slurp, Penelope pulled back to catch a breath, but dove right back for more of Tyler's cock.

Behind her, Brody began to pound into her while Tyler began to slide in and out of her mouth.

Suddenly, it came to her that *she* was having sex with two absolutely *gorgeous* men who both wanted her. The bolt of shock transformed almost instantly into excitement. She moaned around the cock in her throat, lashing the underside of Tyler's cock with her tongue for good measure.

Tyler shuddered. "Shit, shit, shit... She's gonna make me cum!"

"Oh, no, no, no..." Brody grabbed Audra's hips and pulled her back and off of Tyler's cock. "We can't be havin' that."

Penelope struggled against Brody's hold. "No! Give it back!"

Brody chuckled. "I got a better idea." He abruptly pulled out of her.

Penelope straightened up in sheer surprise. "What...?"

Brody slung an arm around her shoulder and grabbed her breast while he was at it. "Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere." He looked over at Tyler.

"Ty, get her legs up and get in her pussy. I'm gonna take her ass." He reached up and began taking up the slack in the bar's chains, drawing Audra's arms well above her head.

Tyler's eyes widened. "What...?"

Brody snorted. "It's fine. Audra here already agreed to let me take her ass." He turned to her. "Isn't that right, Princess?"

The two of them? At the *same time*? Penelope licked her lips nervously. It wasn't something she'd ever done before...but this was Brody and *Tyler*, and she was squirming—and dripping—with excitement. She *wanted* it. She wanted *them*. Penelope nodded and smiled, though it trembled at the edges. "Yeah."

Brody smiled smugly at Tyler. "See?"

Tyler set his broad, warm hands on Penelope's hips and gazed at her quite seriously. "Are you okay with this, seriously?"

Penelope nibbled on her bottom lip. "As long as you're okay with it?" Brody was *his* boyfriend, after all.

Tyler blew out a breath and smiled. "I'm *very* okay with it." His hands slid under her thighs. With only the slightest of grunts, he hoisted her up off her feet like she barely weighed a thing, then held her against his firm chest. He smelled of dusty paper with just a touch of musty sweat. He smelled masculine. He smelled *good*. "Lock your legs around me."

She did as asked, locking her ankles together at the small of his back.

He leaned close to whisper by her ear. "I've

wanted you since the first time I saw you." He let her slide just little bit downward and suddenly his cock was pressing against her entrance. "And now I get to have you." He let her slide further down and onto his cock, sheathing himself deep inside her.

Penelope gasped. He was *bigger* than Brody.

Tyler's eyes widened briefly, then he blinked. "Um, Audra, do you happen to have a...?"

Brody leaned over Penelope's shoulder and grinned. "Yep, that's a butt-plug you're feeling." He chuckled. "But not for long!"

She felt a wiggle deep inside her butt that generated the oddest tingles. It almost...itched. Then came a pull, swiftly followed by the slide of something thick, slippery, and hard. All of a sudden, there was this gaping...emptiness, a *dripping* emptiness. Her anus actually fluttered as though looking for something to grasp. It was such an incredibly odd feeling, she gasped.

Brody's warm hands closed on her hips and his lips brushed her ear. "Feeling a little...empty, sweetheart?" Something broad, slick, and hard centered on her spread anus, then pressed against it.

She sucked in a sharp breath. *His cock.*

Brody slowly pushed into her and groaned. The rigid heat of him spread her wider and slid in far deeper than the dildo. His length slid against Tyler's cock already embedded within her, separated by only a thin membrane.

Filled to aching capacity, she whimpered and arched, straining to relieve the tight fullness.

Eyes closed tight, Tyler moaned and withdrew his cock a small amount, only to push back in even deeper.

Brody gasped against her shoulder. "Shit...! Gods...!" His hands slid down to her buttocks, his fingers digging in. He spoke in a voice that was almost a whimper. "Fuck, Tyler, you tryin' to get me to lose it already? I just got in!"

Tyler sucked in a breath, then opened his eyes, but only partway. The dark centers had opened wide to black pits. "Sorry. Um, I'm just...really—" His gaze turned to Penelope and he gave her a lopsided and strained smile. "—*Really* happy to be...um, here." His hips rotated, grinding his cock in deep and illustrating his point.

Deep inside her, the very end of his cock struck something so utterly delicious, Penelope choked out a wide-eyed gasp that became a hungry moan. Her eyes dropped closed and her perfectly manicured nails dug into Tyler's arms. She rolled her hips in counterpoint.

Brody threw his head back and openly whined. "Gods! The two of you are gonna kill me!" His hips pulled back, withdrawing his cock halfway

Deep tingles that were surprisingly stimulating erupted within Penelope's anus. She moaned again and writhed.

Brody abruptly snapped forward, thrusting deep.

It was Tyler's turn to groan.

Between them, Penelope gasped in shock. Brody's swift reentry filled her to aching fullness, but at the

same time, the impact had forced Tyler's cock up against that delicious point deep inside her. The result was a violent pang of something far too carnal to be called mere pleasure. Her mind whitewashed for a brief moment and an animalistic moan escaped her throat.

As though her moan had been a signal, Tyler's mouth latched onto the side of her throat, scoring her with his teeth and stroking with his tongue. One hand closed on her breast and squeezed almost to the point of pain. He pulled back to thrust hard and deep into her core.

On the other side of her neck, Brody's mouth latched onto her shoulder while one of his hands closed on her other breast, squeezing just as hard. His cock withdrew in counterpoint to Tyler's cock, only to thrust into her anus on Tyler's withdrawal.

Her legs locked around Tyler's hips, Penelope gasped and twisted between them. She was drowning in the raw sensations of one cock stroking in while the other slid out, the two pumping in and out of her body, rubbing back and forth against each other with only her flesh to separate them. Fingers closed on her nipples to add near electric shocks of pleasure that somehow pulsed in her clit.

Moans and gasps filled in the basement punctuated by grunts of effort and the wet slaps of flesh against flesh. The air became thick with the scent of clean sweat and raw sex mixed with the perfume of leather.

Penelope's moans became gasping cries she didn't even try to hold back. All too soon, the rising tide of

pleasure crested at the breaking point. "I'm cumming!"

Behind her Brody shuddered. His voice tight, he gasped out, "Fuck! I can't hold it!"

Tyler sucked in a sharp breath. "Me neither. Fuck!"

Deep inside, raw pleasure detonated within Penelope, stilling her breath and tightening every muscle in her body. Her mind went white even as her throat loosed a scream.

Behind her, Brody choked out a pained moan, thrust deep and held.

Before her, Tyler also thrust deep, threw back his head and gasped.

Penelope felt the pulse of Brody's cock deep in her ass only moments before Tyler's cock also pulsed. Hot wetness filled her to overflowing.

Penelope panted hard against Tyler's shoulder while floating in a warm white cloud of bliss. The two men that held her panted against either side of her throat just as hard.

Brody was the first to lift his head. "Fuck, that was good."

Tyler nodded against Penelope's shoulder. "Yeah. Fuck yeah."

Penelope was barely aware while the guys unfastened her from the bar. Between the two of them, she was hauled into a small bathroom with a shower, then stripped of her leathers. They set her on the toilet naked, then stripped to the skin.

Brody turned on the shower. In moments, the small room was cloudy with steam.

Penelope wasn't quite sure how they managed it, but all three of them got in the shower together. Both men grabbed cloths and liquid soap and washed every inch of her with loving attention, from her fingertips to her most intimate of places.

Penelope finally snapped fully aware, wearing a thick nubby bathrobe in black while sitting on the couch sandwiched between the guys. She had never felt warmer and safer in her whole life. Still slightly foggy with pleasure, she leaned her head back to gaze unseeing at the ceiling and smiled. "Can I keep you guys?"

Both men turned to stare at her wide-eyed. They exchanged narrow-eyed speaking glances, then grinned.

Tyler turned away to cover his face with one hand and snickered.

Brody grinned. "We were just gonna ask you the same thing, babe." He leaned close. "Can we keep you?"

Penelope stared at Brody and blinked. "I was only kidding."

Brody crossed his arms and put on a severe pout. "Well, we're not." He looked away, and pink colored his cheeks. "I could use a model like you in my shows." He shot a narrow smile at Tyler. "And I happen to know that Ty here has been pining for you for months now."

Tyler shot Brody an affronted glare, but didn't deny it.

Penelope nibbled on her bottom lip. "But..."

Brody frowned fiercely. "But...what?"

Penelope ducked her head to hide behind her wet hair. "But won't I get in the way of your relationship?"

Brody exchanged a look with Tyler, then blew out a sigh. "You're gonna do us both, right?"

Heat filled Penelope's face. Her voice came out a bit tighter than she expected. "I'd like to."

Brody slapped his bare thighs loudly. "Then it's settled! You'll be our girl for as long as you can stand us."

She looked over at Tyler.

Tyler nodded. "We're a package deal." He smiled. "The bed's big enough for three." He shot a narrow smile at Brody. "Since Brody's so short."

Brody snapped back as though struck, then leaned forward to glare past Penelope. "What the hell was that? At least I don't hit the doorways when I go through them!"

Tyler snorted. "He's also a cover-hog, so you'll need to watch out for that."

"Bastard. At least I don't burn water!"

Tyler nodded and crossed his arms. "Yep, he sews and cooks." He lifted a brow and gave Brody a sly smile. "Perfect wife material."

Brody growled. "Hey! Who's the top in this relationship? Not you, buddy!"

Penelope laughed. She couldn't help it.

Tyler smiled. "Does this mean you don't mind spending the weekend with us?"

Penelope wiped the tears from her eyes and



grinned. "I'd love to."

Brody threw up his hand. "Score!"

Penelope smiled. "I'll need to get a few things from my apartment first, though."

Brody nodded. "No problem. Tyler can drive you."

Tyler sighed. "And I just got home too."

Penelope frowned at Brody. "You guys live here?"

Brody grinned. "The upper two floors are an apartment."

Tyler got up from the couch and held out his hand to Penelope. "Where are your clothes?"

Penelope took his hand to stand and was glad she had. Her knees were more than a little rubbery. "In the dressing room."

An hour later, after Penelope had dressed in her pink suit—though without her stockings—she finally noticed her mildly beeping cell phone. There were roughly twenty messages on it, all from her boss.

He wanted his credit card.

Penelope sighed. Apparently, he intended to spend the weekend entertaining the vamp, but for some reason, it just didn't bother her the way it would have normally. She strode to the shop's door, where Tyler was waiting. "I'm sorry, but I need to go to the office first. Is that okay?"

Dressed in worn jeans and a soft blue dress shirt that was unbuttoned at the throat with his long black hair loose over his shoulders, Tyler looked absolutely scrumptious. "Did you forget something?"

Penelope blew out a breath and gave him a tight smile. "Yeah, to leave the company credit card with

my boss. He's entertaining."

Tyler's smile turned positively wicked. "No problem at all."

\* \* \* \* \*

The ride to the office was very quick since it was so close. Tyler was even kind enough to escort her through the darkened building. Though the moment they got into the elevator, he pressed her against the wall and kissed the breath out of her.

Penelope got out on her floor with her hair loose about her shoulders, her cheeks more than a little warm, and lips she just knew were more than a little swollen.

Tyler was a very aggressive kisser.

Exactly the way she liked it.

Her boss waited for her leaning against his office door with his arms crossed and a decided pout on his lips. He spotted her and straightened. "Where the hell have you—" His wide-eyed gaze traveled down Penelope, then up again. "—Been?" His gaze finally settled on Tyler, standing behind her. His eyes widened and his jaw went a little slack.

Penelope's cheeks heated. She couldn't help it.

Tyler grinned widely. "Uh, sorry. We were a little...busy."

Penelope ducked her head and held out the card. "Sorry. I didn't realize that I still had it."

Her boss took the card, but his gaze stayed on Tyler. "Oh."

Tyler set his arm across Penelope's shoulder and leaned down. "Brody's waiting, and we still need to go to your apartment."

Penelope nodded and allowed Tyler to turn her toward the elevator. "Yeah."

She glanced over her shoulder.

Her boss was in the exact same position. His hand holding the card, his eyes wide, and his jaw somewhat slack.

She waved and smiled. "See you Monday!"

Her boss nodded, still slack-jawed, still wide-eyed.

Penelope stepped into the elevator and watched the doors close. "Hmm... I think we shocked him."

Tyler chuckled. "Ya think?"

Penelope looked up at Tyler with a sly smile. "Monday ought to be interesting."

Tyler leaned back against the elevator wall. "I hope you remember to bring plenty of lipgloss."

Penelope frowned at him. "Lipgloss?"

Tyler nodded. "You're going to need it if you want to maintain that 'good girl' image after I get you down to my office."

Penelope's brows lifted. "Oh?"

Tyler grinned. "I happen to have a very sturdy desk I'd like to introduce you to."

Penelope smiled, though it was more of a smirk. "Very sturdy, is it?"

Tyler nodded and openly smirked. "Absolutely. You can ask Brody if you don't believe me."

"Oh, really?"

Tyler leaned down to whisper against her ear. "He

doesn't *always* top."

Penelope laughed and followed Tyler out of the elevator. "You're going to have to show me sometime."

Tyler tossed an openly lascivious grin over his shoulder. "Count on it."

*Fini*

# Morgan Hawke

To learn more about Morgan Hawke, check out her website: <http://www.darkerotica.net>.