

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

Ruby Duvall

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Pink Present

Ruby Duvall

Jin was too young for Yuki when he confessed his love years ago, and his unfulfilled desires dominated his sexual fantasies. He can't help himself when he begins to touch her on a crowded train among dozens of strangers, especially when her body betrays how much she likes it.

Yuki has had it with her old life. She's made her mistakes and with a new year comes a fresh start. She knows what she wants—and she wants Jin. She likes the danger of being caught, likes the attention of enthralled onlookers, and the moment he touches her during her morning commute sets into motion a sexual escapade that changes the direction of her life.

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Pink Present

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PINK PRESENT

Ruby Duvall

Dedication

This story was done in a relatively short time considering my usual writing pace, so I'd like to thank Zach for giving me time and space to make my deadline—and also for being a wonderful inspiration. My editor Helen is so supportive and brilliant, and I'm very lucky to have her. Thanks, Helen!

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Chapter One

Yuki stood on a train platform with about two hundred other people, listlessly staring at the train track and wondering what more could go wrong this year. Did she have a “kick me” sign on her back?

The last twelve months had felt like twelve years and all she wanted now was a fresh start. New Year’s Day couldn’t come fast enough, but her year of hell continued to haunt her. Just last night, her ex had left a message on her voicemail. He was getting remarried.

Who had he conned into matrimony this time? And how did he expect this new marriage to be different when she and he had gone from love to hate in only three years? She had been dizzy with joy when they’d first gotten engaged, and it was only after the honeymoon that Kenji had unleashed his own Mr. Hyde. Even then, drinking and gambling were only the start.

Yuki huddled further into her thin, waist-length coat, hugging her purse to her chest and staring at the train tracks with longing. Perhaps a fresh start wasn’t in her future. Perhaps she had made too many mistakes and there was no going back to the way things used to be. Perhaps it was better to end her misery. The Chuo Line trains came in fast and straight. She’d just need to time it right and then it’d all be over.

Her eyes filled with tears. Why was she feeling this way? Was it really all that bad? Was she really out of options? *Think, Yuki, think!*

The automatic announcement started up. “Soon arriving to platform number four is the express to Shinjuku. Please stand behind the yellow line.” Yuki looked to her left and spied the front of the train rocketing toward the platform. Her heart sped up at the thought of shocking the crowd with a sudden leap. All that attention on her, watching as emotion overcame her and made her act irrationally. She even felt a little warm

inside, a welcome heat that for a few seconds banished the cold from her chilly limbs. Ugh, why did her job insist that she wear a skirt and heels even in December?

Her morbid fantasy vanished when the train sped by, its brakes squealing as it came to a stop. Her racing heart slowed and sank. As usual, the train was packed with miserable-looking commuters, and the windows were foggy from the body heat of so many people bundled into their winter coats and squeezed into a metal tube.

Who was she kidding? She didn't need to be so self-pitying. She just needed something different, something better.

She needed to be bold.

The crowd on the platform, already queued at the markers where the train doors lined up, parted in half to allow passengers tumbling off the train to quickly exit. Yuki stood to the left and watched the flood of humanity pouring from the train car in front of her.

Then something from the corner of her eye caught her attention and she glanced over her shoulder. Her eyes widened.

She had never had an actual conversation with him, so she didn't know his name, but she did know the face of the boy who had been infatuated with her all those years ago. How long ago had it been? She had been in her last year of college, so about seven years, she supposed. He had been in high school at the time—she had been able to tell by his school uniform.

They had both lived near the same train station and had both taken the same train into the city for over six months when he'd run up to her one cold December morning with a young, flushed expression. He'd stiffly and silently presented a card.

After she'd taken it, he had nodded as if satisfied and had run away. Confused and wary, she had opened up the New Year's card and had found a confession of love. He had written that she was beautiful and that he wanted to be her friend. It was signed, "Your secret admirer."

The next time she saw him, he'd looked at her expectantly, as if hoping she would talk to him, but with guilt, she'd ignored him because of his young age. He was too impressionable, too naïve, and for several weeks the way he'd looked at her with such hurt and disappointment had weighed heavily on her.

In January, after a long day of classes, she had been walking down the stairs from the platform to the station mezzanine and had slipped. Her young admirer had jumped in and saved her from a nasty fall. He had to have been waiting for her to be so close at hand—to what end, she'd never learned.

"Thank you" was the first and last thing she'd ever said to him. He had seemed too stunned to say whatever he had wanted to say, and she had been able to make her escape. After that, he'd backed off and didn't approach her again, but they'd continued to notice each another quite regularly for the next couple of years and eventually had smiled at each other. When he'd graduated high school, though, she hadn't seen him at the station anymore. Then she'd become distracted by Kenji.

How strange that the boy who'd been infatuated with her so many years ago, even before she had met Kenji, stood only a few feet away. How long had it been since she had last seen him? Four years? He was now the age she'd been when they had first met, whereas she had celebrated her twenty-ninth birthday last summer.

The businessman waiting behind her indelicately pushed her to board and she realized she had spaced out. Frustrated that reality was intruding on her memory, she made her way onto the crowded train.

The heat inside the train was worse than Yuki had thought, like walking onto a sunny beach in your thickest winter clothes. She ended up crammed between the twin rows of standing passengers who clung to the ceiling rail above those lucky enough to be seated. With nothing to hold on to, she braced her stance and took a deep breath as the train doors closed.

She needed to see him again, though, and looked toward the door of the train where she had entered, trying to spot him somewhere in the mess of heads and limbs,

but she couldn't find him. Her spirits fell as she wondered if he had stayed behind for a later train.

The next station was only a moment away and once the doors opened, more people poured off the train, only to be replaced by another influx of commuters. The rush of fresh, cold air was too brief, but the man in front of her deboarded and she took his spot, gratefully grabbing the handhold hanging from the ceiling rail. People shifted behind her as everyone rearranged themselves and then the doors closed again.

With one last bit of hope, she looked for the young man again, and a blush flooded her cheeks when she found him only an arm's length away on the other side of a middle-aged businessman to her left. Her secret admirer was looking at her.

Right at her.

He was older, obviously, but more than that, he was more mature. The softness in his features had been replaced by a defined brow and a short-boxed beard. His soft lips were firmer, thinner, and that shyness was gone. He seemed confident, an observation solidified by the smile that curled his mouth the longer they stared at each other.

She wished she knew his name.

They arrived at the next station—the last one before a longer ten-minute stretch when the express skipped smaller stations. She tore her eyes from his knowing smile, swallowing hard as the passengers around her performed their recurring shuffle.

Another automatic announcement from within the train jumbled together with the beeps of warning as the doors began to shut. The people behind her shifted, elbows brushing her back, purses and briefcases poking her sides. More people trying to cram into the train held the doors up, which eventually closed. A gaggle of schoolgirls gossiped nearby. A young punk was blasting his MP3 player's cheap headphones. A pair of businessmen guffawed about a co-worker's mistake.

It was stifling.

The train was picking up speed when a hand smoothed over her hip and a pair of lips brushed the back of her neck. Her heart catapulted to her throat.

She didn't have to look behind her to know who was there. She didn't have to ask to know that he still felt something for her, and after so much time had gone by.

But what was he doing? Did he think no one would notice him touching her? And why was she so excited by the idea? What had happened to the shy, naïve high school boy who wrote his love confession on a New Year's card? What had happened to the college girl who would've stopped him from groping her in public?

He moved slowly, not forcing but rather nudging her to do what he wanted. He slid his foot between hers, tapping the insides of her high heels. His hand on her hip drifted down, squeezing and rubbing her rear. He traced the line of her panties from her hip back to as far as her skirt would let him press his fingers between her thighs. She knew it wouldn't be long until he wanted more, and when his hand gripped the back of her thigh, he inexorably widened her stance.

The people seated in front of her were either asleep or reading. The woman standing next to her was listening to music with her eyes closed and the businessman on her other side was reading a newspaper.

She shifted her purse to her right side, giving him cover as he fished for the hem of her skirt. Her heart was thundering. She wanted to touch him too, but it would give them away, so she tightened her grip on the overhead handle and swallowed a gasp when his fingers found the inside of her leg – and the top edge of her thigh-high tights.

Yuki barely heard his shuddering exhalation, and for a sweet moment, he stroked the sensitive skin at the edge of her panties. Her eyes slid shut.

The man next to her turned the page in his newspaper and she nearly jumped. The one behind her, though, was unfazed and wriggled two fingers under her panties. She bit her lower lip as he rubbed the outside of her vagina and discovered for himself how depraved she was. She had never become this wet this fast. The risk of discovery and not even knowing his name made her slick and swollen.

He pressed another brief, chaste kiss to the back of her neck even as he did very unchaste things below. His longest finger parted the lips of her vagina, easily locating the stiff, hard nub of her clit and making her legs shake.

It was so difficult not moaning or even showing pleasure on her face. She had to suppress everything. Even so, it'd be the fastest, biggest orgasm she ever had.

Her nameless admirer had deft fingers, which vigorously rubbed her clit back and forth, from side to side, swirling around the swollen pleasure point and nearly drawing a gasp from her. She did bite her lower lip when he squeezed one finger inside her and gently pumped that long digit in and out of her. It wasn't long until his other finger joined the first, pushing deeper and harder. She hoped no one noticed how she seemed to be jostled differently from the others standing around her.

The crotch of her panties was soaked, but she wanted even more. Through fluttering eyelids, she saw their train pass through the second-to-last station of the express section. They only had a couple of minutes left.

He pulled his slick fingers out of her and returned to her clit. His fingers pulled it around in rapid circles and she couldn't help the slightest catch in her throat. The effervescent buzz of orgasm was starting. Dizziness, ringing in her ears and the nearly irresistible urge to cry out.

His warm breath spilled across the back of her neck. He was panting almost as hard as she was. The air was too close, too thick. She couldn't breathe!

The train began turning a wide corner, its wheels screeching on the rails. They were seconds away from the next stop.

She gripped the handrail so hard it hurt. Her knees shook and with a gasp she couldn't hold back, she came. She could feel eyes on her, but she didn't care. It felt so good, and she reveled in her wantonness. His fingers left her, and he quickly pulled her skirt down the few inches it had ridden up her thighs.

The orgasm went on, though, and as the train braked hard upon its entrance to the next stop, the heat and pleasure overcame her. She fell back but didn't fall down. Her

nameless lover caught her, just like that cold January evening seven years ago, and she felt a smile on her face.

This was what she meant when she said she wanted to be bold.

"Whoa," Jin said. He tried to keep her standing but quickly gave up and wrapped his arms around her waist. Her hair spilled across his face. She smelled incredible.

People around them whispered and stared, some pulling their ear buds out and some leaning around others to observe the event disturbing their morning commute.

"I think she fainted," he said as an excuse. He forced himself not to smile in triumph for giving her a climax that put her unconscious.

Others nodded, looking concerned. "Poor thing fainted."

"It's really way too warm in here."

"Maybe she didn't eat breakfast?"

The doors opened only seconds later and practically everyone was getting off, already thinking about the rest of their day. Jin turned the girl in his arms and managed to get his arm under her knees. He then lifted her up and carried her out of the train with the stragglers. A few people waited on the platform to get on the train, but they only spared the two of them a mildly interested glance.

Jin was making his way to the platform's only set of chairs when the girl in his arms stirred. Her head shifted on his shoulder, and one delicate hand touched his chest. How long had it been since he first saw her? High school seemed so long ago now.

He still couldn't believe what he had done on the train. Sure, he had fantasized about it a thousand times, but shouldn't he have started off with a conversation instead? *Hi, how have you been? Do you remember me?*

Carnal instincts had taken over, though. She had seemed so sad, distant and perfect. When he'd caught her eyes on him at their old platform, a bit of life had sparked within them, and he'd known that she hadn't forgotten him or his feelings. She'd continued to

seek him out on the train and it had given him an enormous surge of hope that she was interested in talking to him, and he'd moved closer and closer to her.

When finally he'd stood behind her, he had to touch her. No amount of willpower would have stopped him, and before he realized it, he was pleasuring her. He had been grateful for his long coat, which hid his motions from one side while her purse hid them on the other side. Now his coat concealed his stiff, aching cock.

Only one person was sitting on the chairs in the center of the platform, an old man who seemed to be asleep. After assuring a station employee that the woman in his arms was fine, he set her on an open chair. She held his arms to steady herself and opened her eyes. His cock jumped when she smiled at him.

"Hi," she said.

"Hey." His heart was racing.

"I'm Yuki." Her teeth pinched her lower lip and he nearly darted forward to kiss her.

"J-Jin." He wanted to groan with embarrassment at his stutter. Was he back in high school again?

She sighed as though relieved. "Jin. It's been a while."

"Yeah, but what a way to reunite." He grinned when she laughed.

"I can't believe that just happened," she said, shaking her head. "I never thought in my life I'd do something so..."

"So taboo?" he asked.

"Yeah." She pulled a few loose strands of hair back over her ear. "But I really liked it," she whispered.

His arousal was throbbing. He had to take her somewhere.

"Do you want to do it again? Now?" he asked softly. Her smooth cheeks reddened. "Oh, but you're going to work, aren't you?" He didn't think he could wait until she got off work.

She was quiet for a few seconds, staring off to the side. Then she pressed her lips together and looked at him. "I hate that job, anyway. I'm quitting."

He reared back at that, nearly falling on his ass. "Don't quit your job on account of me," he said.

She sighed and spread her coat open, showing him the waitress uniform beneath. "Losing my job at Donny's is not something I'd regret," she said.

Donny's? He had always seen business textbooks in her arms when he was younger. Why was she working as a waitress?

Yuki sighed. "It's a long story, and it's been a long year. A *really* long year."

Inspiration struck him. He leaned forward, touching her knees. "Then today we'll have a *bounenkai*."

Her eyebrows went up. "A party to forget the year?"

"I co-own a business in Kabukicho and our *bounenkai* party is tonight. I don't see why you and I can't start it a little early."

She didn't hesitate. "Okay, I'm in. Where do we go first?"

He smiled mischievously. "I know somewhere good." He stood and pulled her to her feet.

The walk toward Kabukicho was tense. He wanted to know why she was working as a waitress and why the ring on her finger was gone, but the pressure of such prying conversation when they had never spoken before made it difficult to think of anything innocuous to say. It also didn't help that he wanted to push her against the nearest wall, hike her skirt up and then pound into her until he exploded.

Eventually, though, practical conversation took over.

"Did you eat breakfast?" he asked.

"I wasn't in the mood to eat this morning," she said. He looked askance at her, watching her press her hand against her stomach.

"You'll need some food in you. You like pastries?"

"Sure."

Good, he thought. The place he had in mind was a little café only a block from the store he'd need to visit. They stopped by there first, a shop with blackened windows and the name "Lovely" in elegant gold print. Jin had Yuki wait outside to prolong the surprise. When he came back out, he was holding a plain brown bag.

"What did you get?" she asked. She playfully grabbed for the bag, but he held it away from her.

"It's a surprise," he said with a smile. "Come on, let's get something to eat. You'll need it."

When they arrived at the café, it was mostly empty except for a couple of lone patrons at the window-side counter seats. *Perfect*.

For Yuki he got a calorie-laden breakfast pastry and a latte, and for himself he got a coffee. He sat across from her at a small table in the back corner of the café. After a sip of his coffee, he spent a couple of seconds digging around in the paper bag. Yuki watched him curiously as she ate her pastry.

"Is it good?" he asked.

"Hm?"

"Your breakfast. Is it good?"

She nodded earnestly, swallowing the bite in her mouth and licking her lips clean of powdered sugar. He shifted in his chair at the thought of that tongue licking him clean. Could he wait until their next stop? Probably not. He needed a distraction. Perhaps some conversation...

"You said it was a long year. Why's that?" he asked. Resignedly, she licked the sugar off her thumb, staring down at her plate.

"A lot happened."

"Tell me," he said quietly. He set the brown bag on the table.

"How long has it been since we last saw each other?"

"The last time I saw you was a little over two years ago," he admitted. "You were married," he said with a frown he couldn't help.

"Two years? I thought the last time was four years ago." She sounded a little panicked, and he kicked himself for admitting any knowledge of her marriage. He didn't want to alienate her.

He looked down at his coffee. "It took me a while to understand why you didn't reciprocate my feelings, but even when I realized it was because of my age, I was still naïve and hoped that once I was in college, you'd reconsider. The last time I saw you, you were with someone. You had a gold band on your ring finger." Red-faced as he recalled his disappointment, Jin looked up at Yuki. She wore a pained expression.

"Kenji." She stirred her latte. "We got divorced in March."

"Your choice?" he asked.

"Yes. I don't think he knows how to be a husband." She laughed bitterly. "But he keeps trying."

"He's getting married again?"

"Yup, he left a voicemail last night, saying he was. I think his fiancée is one of the women he was seeing while we were married."

Jin's hands became fists. How could a man want anything but Yuki? She had never seemed anything but hardworking. She had always been at the station at the same time every day, studying her notes. As for looks, she was an angel. Graceful and lean with pert breasts and long, silky hair. He bit back a groan when his erection returned. He moved to the chair on her left.

"He'll regret everything he's done."

"Kenji? Regret? I won't hold my breath. Can we talk about something else?"

"Okay, why are you working at Donny's?" he asked. Yuki heaved an angry sigh and moved to get up. He gently grasped her wrist. "Please don't shut me out."

"What do you want from me?" she fiercely whispered. "I already feel humiliated."

“I just—” He swallowed his words back. He couldn’t let her know how much he had desired her—how much he still desired her. More than she could ever suspect. He had put her on a pedestal to worship her, and now if he didn’t get to know the real woman she was, he would never keep his feet on the ground. He would never have something real and their relationship would last only as long as their fleeting glances.

Since words had failed him for now, he grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her to him. Her startled gasp was quickly muffled by his lips. His arousal raged as he tasted the sugar on her lips, the slick warmth of her tongue. He felt her hands on his chest, grabbing fistfuls of his black button-up and pulling him closer. He plunged his other hand into her hair, nearly shuddering with bliss at the sensation of her silky mane running through his fingers. He wanted to feel it slide across his face and down his chest. He wanted the sensuous torture of her straddled above him, touching every bit of him with her lithe form.

Abruptly pulling back, he looked at Yuki’s reddened mouth and flushed cheeks. Lust was there in her heavy-lidded eyes, and he wondered just how much his expression revealed.

Slowly, he reached for the brown paper bag. Yuki wetted her lips with curiosity. He brought the bag down to his lap, hiding it from the barista who thankfully hadn’t noticed their kiss. The customer at the register certainly had, though. The way the young woman’s eyes flicked about the room in a desperate search for something else to look at besides the lovers in the back was a dead giveaway.

Jin slid his fingers into the bag, grasping the surprise and pulling it out. Yuki slapped her hand over her mouth to muffle her gasp.

Chapter Two

She couldn't believe he was going to do this here! Sure, they had a little space from others, but it was so much quieter in the café than in the train, and what if someone sat at the table behind him? Would they tell the barista? Would they tell the whole café? Would they watch?

Would she like that?

"You know where I want you to put this," Jin said softly. Despite her shock, or perhaps because of it, she was eager to follow his lead and when he held out the small device, she accepted it without hesitation. The black vibrator was shaped like a robin's egg, and the black power cord connected to a remote that Jin kept in his possession. He was going to control the speed.

She surreptitiously surveyed the front of the café while subtly sliding her hands under her skirt. She was already slick when she pushed the little egg down the front of her panties and between the lips of her vagina.

"Finish your latte," he said. With a pounding heart, Yuki smoothed down her skirt and reached for her cup. Just when she raised it to her lips, he turned the remote's power wheel. A subtle jolt went through her body. She swallowed the moan she would have made as well as the last of her coffee, and her cup rattled against the saucer when she set it down. Bracing her hands on the seat of the chair, she shifted to better feel the delicious sensation between her legs. Jin was rubbing the erection tenting his slacks, and the look on his face was a potent mix of exultation and desire. Nothing in that expression was anything like the infatuation of his youth.

He turned up the power. She tried so hard to keep the moan back, but it eked out anyway. She squeezed her thighs together, wondering if the other customers could hear the sound of the vibrator. Maybe they would think it was a ringing cell phone? With

shallow breaths, she glanced at the front of the café. The barista was making a latte for a customer who was intently texting on his phone. The remaining patron at the windows was reading.

Emboldened, she grabbed her purse and set it on her thigh. She then pulled the skirt of the tablecloth over her lap and slid her hand up her skirt to plunge her fingers into her panties. When she found the vibrator, she pushed it against her clit and let out a long breath of satisfaction.

Yuki turned her face away from the front of the café, holding Jin's intense gaze as he yet again turned up the vibrator's power. She massaged herself with that lovely buzzing egg, bumping it against her clit in time with his hand as it stroked the front of his slacks.

How long had it been since she had last had full-on sex? A year? The promise in Jin's eyes for exactly that was unbearably arousing. She couldn't help the mewl of pleasure that fantasy evoked, and tensed up as orgasm neared. She closed her eyes.

Jin turned off the vibrator. Yuki made a noise of frustration and she opened her eyes, expecting to see a sly grin on his face, but his expression was far from smug. His lips were tight, his cheeks flushed and his hand gripped the bulge in his pants as if he was ready to whip down his zipper and throw her onto the table. The heat in his eyes could have lit the tablecloth on fire.

"Go to the ladies' room," he said quietly, intensely.

She didn't understand. "The what?"

"The restroom, Yuki." She followed the flick of his eyes and saw a small hallway leading farther back into the building. "Go to the ladies'. I'll be there in a minute."

She was stunned. Her body was still but her heart was pounding and her pussy throbbing. He was going to fuck her in the bathroom. She was never more aroused in her life than at that second.

Nodding wordlessly, she pulled the vibrator from under her skirt and then did her best to stand up calmly. She even pushed her chair in. Hoisting her purse onto her

shoulder, she walked to the little narrow hallway and then to the back, past some kind of storeroom and to the restroom door with the figure of a woman on it.

The restroom was large enough for two toilet stalls and a sink, which was surprising for such a small café, and it meant the restroom door wasn't the kind you could lock. Taking off her jacket, she went to the stall farthest from the door. She hung her purse and jacket on the hook and then stood there anxiously.

A moment later, the door of the restroom opened. She unlocked the stall door and looked out to find Jin pushing the restroom door shut. His long coat was gone—probably still at the table—and she took a few seconds to admire the clean look of his all-black ensemble, from his button-up shirt to his crisply ironed slacks to his shiny leather shoes. He wasn't dressed like the ordinary businessman, and she smiled at that. She didn't want ordinary.

Jin pushed away from the door and sauntered toward her. She backed into the stall, keeping her eyes on his determined expression as he followed her in and pulled the door shut behind him. Not long after the lock slid into place, Jin spun her around and pushed her forward until she had to brace her hands on the back wall of the stall. He lifted her skirt.

"Yes," he whispered, reverently smoothing his palms up the outsides of her thighs. His index fingers hooked the sides of her panties, slowly pulling them down.

Her heart was racing. By the time her panties were at her knees, she was panting with need. The exhilaration was almost too much to bear.

Jin filled his hands with the flesh of her bare backside, rubbing and squeezing. His deep groan was followed by the hurried unbuckling of his belt—then the sound of a zipper and a sigh as he released his cock. The sound of a wrapper tearing gave her relief that he had sheathed himself with protection, but she tensed with impatient desire when he grabbed her hip and with his other hand guided his erection to the sopping-wet center of her body.

“Yuki,” he moaned. She felt him step a little closer, his slacks brushing the backs of her thighs, and then the seeking touch of his cock as it pushed between the lips of her vagina. He pressed slowly, gently, and she bit down on her lower lip at the sweet slide of pleasure that followed. She also quickly realized that his cock was much thicker than she was used to. She leaned into the wall, trying to relax as he sank deeper into her body, stretching the walls of her swollen pussy. He sucked in a loud breath, pulling back as he gripped her other hip. He then bucked against her and bottomed out. She couldn’t stop herself from moaning.

With a deep growl, he began pumping. Her eyes slid shut as her pulsing canal gripped his hard, slick cock with every thrust. Her mind shut off and her body took over, rejoicing in the barrage of sensations. The orgasm that had retreated moments ago was quickly returning.

He sped up the pace. The slap of their bodies grew louder. He leaned over her and put one hand on the wall next to hers. His other hand palmed the mound of her breast. His mouth was there next to her ear. Panting mixed with groans. Her blouse felt looser and she realized he had popped the top three buttons of her waitress uniform. He then pulled down the cup of her bra, spilling her bare breast, which he greedily grabbed.

His thrusts became deeper, harder. He nearly forced a groan from her and she quickly pressed her lips shut.

Then the door opened.

They both froze. She heard the loud clacking of high heels and expected to hear the woman go into the neighboring stall, but she went straight to the sink. Yuki heard the water turn on. A cheery jingle started up—the woman’s phone. She answered it.

“Hello? Oh, hi.”

Jin began thrusting again. If Yuki could’ve gasped, she would have.

“Hm? Yeah, that’s fine. He doesn’t like that place, anyway,” the woman said into her phone. It sounded like she was washing her hands.

Jin's hand slid down her front and under her skirt. She felt his fingers between her legs. He quickly found her clit.

The woman continued droning on about dinner plans, and what little of Yuki's brain that was still functioning no longer cared if she heard them fucking in the stall. In fact, she wanted the other woman to hear it, so she let out all the moans she wanted. They both heard the woman's gasp, a moment of silent confusion, and then a quick exit.

It was starting. The slow slide of Jin's erection and the swirling pressure of his finger on her clit had her legs shaking. She bit down on her lower lip, arching her back to get as much of his cock as she could.

The next thrust did her in. She put her head back, nearly touching Jin's shoulder. He held her tightly, kept her standing. Eyes squeezed shut, she let out a shocked, shuddering breath as the effervescent buzz of orgasm washed over her. It was the first time she had come during sex.

Jin didn't slow down. He was still rocking against her, still hard. Once stability returned to her knees, he stood straight and grabbed her hips. His thrusts prolonged the buzz of climax, making her want even more. She took one hand off the wall and twisted her torso to look over her shoulder.

His expression was one she would never forget. His eyebrows were pinched, his jaw jutting out. His mouth gaped open when he suppressed a groan. She could see it in his face that she was granting him a long-held fantasy, one he was desperately trying to draw out longer. He had never stopped wanting her.

He noticed her watching him and began thrusting harder, faster. He made a noise as though his throat was closing up.

Then he came. He closed his eyes, his hands tight around her hips as his cock pulsed inside her. She watched with fascination as pleasure smoothed the tension from his face, and despite the intense orgasm she had just enjoyed, seeing his climax only made her want him again.

This was the best *bounenkai* of her life.

* * * * *

After cleaning up, Yuki left first. She knocked twice on the door before walking to the table to give Jin an all-clear. No one was watching when he left from the wrong bathroom, which meant the woman hadn't told on them. Jin went straight to a counter near the bar atop which sat clean glasses and a pitcher of ice water, and poured two glasses. After what they had just done, water sounded lovely. When he returned to their table, she was amused by the smile on his face — like he couldn't hold it back.

"You seem very satisfied with yourself," she said.

"I honestly thought we'd get caught," he admitted, shaking his head.

She lowered her voice. "Or maybe the lady couldn't bring herself to rat us out. 'Someone is having sex in the bathroom!' It'd be pretty embarrassing to walk up to the barista and say that. Otherwise, we'd have been thrown out."

"Would that have been so bad? We would apologize profusely and then a block later, we'd be laughing about it. Why does society frown on sex so much anyway? It's a normal human function like any other — sleeping, eating, bathing. It's nothing to be embarrassed about. We're too concerned with hiding and even suppressing our sexuality."

"There's a difference between sex at home, in private, and sex in a public place. Sex involves nudity and fluids, something other people might not want to see. It's a decency thing."

"We have public restrooms. That involves the same things," he pointed out.

"That particular human function isn't something you can put off, but sex is something you can control. Society forces you to keep sex at home."

"And that's my point. Even at home, not many people are getting laid. The sex industry in this country is famously eccentric. Red-light districts and fetish clubs provide sexual satisfaction for people to do with strangers what they can't do at home."

"So what do you want society to do? Provide public sex rooms?"

"Well, we have love hotels, but even when purchasing by the hour, they're expensive and only found in a few places," he said. Yuki pursed her lips at him.

"And how many love hotels have you been to?" As soon as she said it, she wished she hadn't.

"Not many." He smiled as he brought his water glass to his lips. "Can you imagine, though, how life might be different if society accepted sex more openly? If we had, as you said, public sex rooms?"

"I don't know. We would have to ensure it was safe. Casual sex brings all kinds of problems, especially if a public sex room also sold liquor."

"How about membership, which would require monthly STD screenings? And any member obviously intoxicated will be asked to leave."

"It wouldn't be public anymore if it requires membership—and that sounds expensive."

"Lucrative," he corrected. "And it's still public if anyone can join."

"You'd have a prostitution problem sooner or later," Yuki said.

"If someone were selling sexual services, it wouldn't be a secret for long. They would be found quickly and expelled."

"I'm sure the sex industry already has a smattering of fetish clubs and secret backrooms. It hasn't made society more open about sex—we just hide it even more," she contended.

"Sex clubs employ either women or men to provide sexual titillation. The kind of public sex room we're talking about would merely be a place where consenting adults gather to have sex with each other. The club's employees do not provide sexual services."

"I can't even imagine what kind of place this sex room would be. It sounds so..."

"So taboo?" Jin asked.

"Well, yes."

“But could you imagine it not becoming incredibly profitable? That the maximum membership would be reached in mere weeks? Or that the owner might be looking to start up more locations?”

“In Japan? The country of sexual rope-play, hostess clubs and theme cafes featuring waitresses who role-play as French maids? Yes, I can definitely imagine it being popular.”

He laughed, and suddenly it all clicked in her mind. His clothes, his attitude about sex and his palpable confidence.

Jin owned a sex club, and it was making him very rich.

“As the owner, all you need to do is provide food, alcohol and rooms ranging from small to large, where no questions are asked. The smaller rooms would have frosted glass to allow some privacy. The larger rooms, however, would not provide such privacy and would accommodate a larger group. The patrons at the bar would have an excellent view.”

Yuki listened as Jin laid it all out. Her jaw had dropped. Her attention was fixed on his intent expression and on the picture he was painting.

“Of course, you would need to maintain a tight level of discretion. Perhaps you would bar celebrities, CEOs, politicians—they only attract attention. You would also need to hire an efficient and progressively minded staff. Each room would need to be quickly and thoroughly cleaned. Bouncers would expel violent or intoxicated members. Bartenders, waitstaff, cooks. They would all need excellent compensation, and of course, they would also need to sign a very specifically worded employment agreement. If the owner didn’t have a degree in business administration, he would need someone who did.”

He looked at her very pointedly, and her heart nearly jumped out of her chest.

“Me?” she asked.

“You did get an MBA, right? This would be a great opportunity to work in a new and exciting field of business,” he said with a mischievous grin.

"I'd need to see the place first," she said, mirroring his smile.
Jin's expression was very pleased. "Done."

Chapter Three

Clothing stores were open by the time they left the café, and Jin insisted that if she were to join his team at the Pink Present, she would need the proper attire, so he took her into a large department store near Shinjuku station and then browsed for a few minutes before going into a boutique. At first, she was worried that the “proper attire” was something skimpy, but he had her try on a variety of simple black dresses. If one was too short or too low-cut, he axed it from the list of possibilities.

“Mm, that one looks very good. How do you like it?” he asked her about the fourth dress she had tried on.

Yuki studied herself in the mirror, wishing she had some makeup or at least a better haircut. She hadn’t spent much money on herself in the last few months. It was a struggle just to pay for rent and food.

The dress was lovely, though. It was a crossover V-neck, but not too low, and the pleated, ruched mesh fabric went down to her knees. The style was straight-cut but fitted and outlined her body much better than any other piece of clothing she owned. She felt elegant.

She smiled a little and espied his knowing eyes in the mirror’s reflection. “You like it,” he surmised. She found the price tag hanging from under her arm and turned it faceup. Her eyes went wide.

“It’s forty-five thousand yen!” she said. She looked in the mirror at Jin in his cushy chair and watched him wave away the price like it was nothing.

“In Tokyo? A bargain,” he said. “Let’s look at shoes now.”

Yuki whipped around to stop him from the steering the conversation elsewhere. “That’s half my rent! I can’t afford this.”

"It's required by the employee dress code, and it'll be part of your signing bonus. As for rent, the company will provide you with a furnished apartment in the Shinjuku area. You won't need to ride a train unless you're going somewhere for fun," he said with a smile. The memory of her climax on the train that morning was immediately forefront in her mind. She felt her face heat up.

Jin stood and waved to a salesperson. When the young, saccharine saleswoman came, he asked her to bring a few pairs of black high heels. "Of course," the woman said with a bow of her head. He then beckoned yet another salesperson. This one was sent for accessories.

Uneasily, Yuki turned back to the mirror. What was she getting herself into?

Jin's world was far bigger and far more excessive than the one she was used to. Working for a bank meant striving for high profit and low loss. It meant complying with company policy, having a strict code of conduct and constantly being judged on one's ethics. It meant guzzling the corporate Kool-Aid.

Kenji was certainly a member of Jin's world. Kenji would spend absolutely all of his excess money going out to hostess and fetish clubs, leaving Yuki alone at home with all the bills. She had come to hate her ex-husband. She definitely didn't want to become like him—obsessed with material things and unhealthy, short-term pleasure. She looked at the dress again, trying to reconcile her feelings.

Nothing in her closet was like this slinky, black dress. It had all been carefully chosen—no skirts or blouses that she hardly wore, no shoes that had never been scuffed by pavement. The dress she wore now was the very epitome of extravagant.

"Yuki," Jin said. He stood right behind her. She jumped in surprise, breathing out when he gently gripped her arms. "It's not the end of the world if you accept the dress. Whether you take the job or not, it's yours. I don't expect anything in return."

"Am I that obvious?" she asked.

"Yep," he said. She laughed at his quick agreement.

For the tenth time that morning, her cell phone began ringing—a default ringtone since she hadn't bothered to buy a vanity one. Her boss at Donny's was trying to get her to come in today, even though she had already told him she was quitting.

Jin narrowed his eyes at the ringing coming from her purse. "Maybe we should get you a new phone too," he said.

"I'll just turn it off." Yuki walked to her purse and dug her phone out. She flipped it open to push the power button when she saw the caller ID.

"It's Kenji," she said, her voice coming out small and robotic. Jin immediately reached around her body and took the phone from her.

She tried to grab for it, but he held the phone away from her. "What are you doing? That's *my* ex! You have no right—" Jin answered the call and hit the speaker button.

"Hello? Yuki? It's me," Kenji said.

Jin was silent and looked at her as if waiting for her to speak.

"I know. What do you want?" she asked.

"Someone from a Donny's near Nakano called me. He said you listed me as an emergency contact. He wanted me to get you to go into work today." He talked as if confused, but she detected a clear note of amusement in his voice.

Her cheeks turned red. She was never so mortified in her life. When she had taken the job at Donny's, she had no one else to write in as her emergency contact. Her mother had passed away in the summer, she had no siblings and her friends from work had abandoned her after Kenji had suggested she was sabotaging her department's productivity. She had never thought that her boss would ever need to call him.

"So?" she said, unable to think of something clever to say.

"Seriously? You're working at a Donny's?" he asked with a laugh. "What a joke."

"You're the one who got me fired from my old job. It's all I could get," she snapped.

"And those stupid uniforms! Did they make you wear the apron and everything?"

"It's an honest living, Kenji, and besides, I got a new job today. A *great* job." She said it with rancor than with pride.

"Oh yeah? Where?" he chuckled. "Handing out flyers at a train station?"

Jin cut in. "She's working for me, actually. She'll make more money in a month than you'd make in three years."

"Who's this?" Kenji said angrily. Jin hit the end call button. He then turned off the phone. When he handed it back to Yuki, she didn't know whether to slap him or kiss him.

She did both.

Her hand connected with his cheek and the pop of impact was much louder than she intended. She gasped at her lack of control, at the frustration and embarrassment that Kenji still inflicted on her. Jin didn't look angry at her, though. He held her tight when she wrapped her arms around him and kissed him for exacting a bit of revenge on her hated ex-husband.

It quickly became clear to Jin that Yuki was very complicated. His cheek still stung even while she kissed him, and for some strange reason, he was rock-hard.

She wasn't kidding when she said it had been a long year. Did her ex have some kind of influence at her workplace? Had he gotten her fired out of spite, as if divorcing her hadn't hurt her enough? A woman in her situation might move back in with her parents, but Yuki was living on her own, perhaps too independent to rely on her family, and even though her job at the restaurant was a point of embarrassment, she had swallowed her pride in order to make ends meet.

So she was proud and independent, just like him. Jin deepened the kiss, letting his hand roam down to her well-shaped backside. She moaned into his mouth.

However, they were still in the boutique and he was fairly sure they would be ejected for going much further. He reluctantly let her go, but he wasn't about to hide the

erection she had inspired. He saw her eyes flick down to verify his arousal, but then she cleared her throat and glanced coyly at the two saleswomen who were waiting uncomfortably with the items for which he had sent them.

Yuki didn't dawdle and chose the cheapest pair of shoes. She was silent until they left the boutique to wander through the main department store. She looked beautiful in the new dress, and the new shoes seemed to be more comfortable than the ones sitting in the store bag along with her old waitress uniform — she walked with more energy.

"I am so perverted," she sighed, shaking her head. "I actually enjoyed that."

"We gave those ladies something to tell their coworkers. They're secretly grateful to us," he joked.

She gave the ground a tight-lipped smile, her shoulders shaking with laughter. "I guess you're right."

He was starting to understand just what her kink was.

Exactly the same as his.

* * * * *

Yuki was grinning from ear to ear by the time full dark set in. Jin had entertained her the entire day: taking her to an arcade, indulging her tendency to window-shop — and also seizing opportunities to secretly buy the things she was looking at — filling her up with good food and good wine and also taking her to the movies, where he gave her another glorious orgasm in the back row of the theater.

When they left the movie, Jin checked his watch.

"The club's *bounenkai* is starting soon."

"Are you having it at the club?" she asked.

"Yes, but we're still open for business tonight."

"Wait. Most of the forget-the-year parties I've been to have alcohol. You're drinking before you start work?"

“No, no. We tend to drink a little with the customers, so we’re just having non-alcoholic drinks and our head chef Dai is cooking up a storm. I hope you’re hungry,” he said, grabbing her hand.

Already, Kabukicho was coming alive. Tokyo’s most famous red-light district was filled with bars, fast food, host clubs, specialty stores, arcades and a generous sprinkling of pachinko parlors, complete with conspicuous Yakuza hanging about. The foot traffic was mostly young, though office workers in their thirties and forties were also enjoying the district. The glow of neon lights could have replaced the street lamps, they were so bright.

Jin walked through the crowds with purpose, as if the distractions all around him were not penetrating. He was used to the lights, the people and the cacophony of beeps, buzzes and jingles. They passed young men in tuxedos sporting glam rock hairstyles, “hosts” who lured lonely ladies to their clubs where they pretend to flirt while encouraging their clients to buy endless expensive drinks. They passed a group of salary men, laughing and ties undone, who were headed to the nearest bar. They also passed countless couples, all out for a taste of Tokyo’s nightlife.

Yuki had never gone out that much—she was too frugal to spend so much on leisure, but she probably would have if she had known what she was missing.

They arrived at the Pink Present. It looked like a typical club. Black windows, a neon sign, and during business hours, a bouncer or two would be stationed at the door, which was undoubtedly what Jin wanted—normalcy. They walked past the two empty rows of extendable barriers meant to control a line of waiting patrons. They then walked up a double-wide, red-carpeted ramp to the doors. Jin used his key to get inside.

While she waited for him to lock the door behind him, Yuki looked around at the front entrance of the club. A couple of rows of square, black lockers lined the alcove to the right. The alcove to the left was a reception area for accepting applications for membership. A couple dozen coats were strewn across the reception desk. A simple

sign below the desk read, “Now accepting applications for Pink Present’s sister site, the Red Box.”

“This area is mainly a buffer between the outside and the main club floor, beyond which are the rooms,” Jin explained. He took her coat from her, laying it across the counter of the reception desk alongside the other coats. They proceeded inward, down a short flight of steps and past an open area with low ceilings and a small bar. Beyond it was a pair of frosted, swinging glass doors.

Yuki’s jaw dropped.

The main floor was nothing short of impressive. Colored lights hung from the high, mirrored ceilings. The floor was well-polished black marble, supporting an assortment of tables, both short and tall, that were surrounded by white and soft-pink sofas and chairs. The DJ stage sat in the back left corner, in front of which was a generous amount of dance floor. In the center was a large, high-backed, semi-circular sofa that could easily accommodate ten people. The backside of the sofa was a shiny black countertop complemented by white cushioned barstools.

Jin’s employees were gathered around the sofa, all young and glamorous in their all-black attire. A few people were dressed more mutedly—possibly cooks or cleaning staff—but even they were dressed far better than Yuki’s best. Leather shoes, gold jewelry and looks as gorgeous models’. When Jin approached, they all smiled, raising their glasses of water or tea and cheering his arrival.

“Hey boss!”

“It’s a party now!”

They all looked at Yuki expectantly—a stranger at their private *bounenkai*. Jin put his arm behind her, resting his hand on the top curve of her backside. He pulled her forward with him. “Everyone, this is Yuki. I’m recruiting her to join our team here. She’ll be at the club tonight to see how things run.”

The staff all perked up, as if this decision was long awaited. A couple of girls came forward to bow and shake her hand. Others offered them a drink. Yuki was introduced

to every single one of the thirty people attending the party, each of whom was energetic, witty and very charismatic. The number of winks and double entendres thrown at her was staggering. Practically everyone talked as if flirting was the new icebreaker, and more often than not, the staff suggested she should “truly enjoy herself” tonight.

Eventually, the head chef Dai burst onto the main floor with a cart and two other men amid more cheers from the staff. Steam rose from the dishes on the cart, bringing with it the most savory scents. The employees were laughing and pointing in amusement at the food, which Dai and his assistants set out at a few stations next to chopsticks and plates. Yuki was introduced to Dai, a slight man in his early forties who had the most shocking sense of humor of all. As he doled food onto her plate, he described the dishes he had prepared. Several had been named for a part of the human body, including the club’s titular dessert, a pastry in the shape of a vagina, filled with pink-colored Bavarian cream. Dai was obviously proud of it.

As the evening progressed, Yuki became more comfortable with the new friends she had met—far more comfortable than she had ever felt at her old job. The staff had fun with their food, moaning as they ate their penis-shaped sushi or making a show of licking the cream out of their Pink Present desserts. She learned quite a bit about the night-to-night workings of the club, the problems they faced and the ways in which they were working to get more revenue.

The staff also told her interesting stories about the club, which was not even a year old yet. Their most popular event was the masquerade. Clients were allowed to wear just a mask and little else. Every Thursday was ladies’ night, at which male members voluntarily did practically anything the ladies asked. Most nights, though, the patrons provided their own entertainment. A week didn’t go by without intoxicated customers having to be removed from the club, as well as customers fighting over the attention of others.

Around nine, Jin found her at one of the tables, listening to Dai's plans for new menu and drink items to serve after the New Year, including a dessert that a customer could eat off their lover's body.

"And absolutely all of it would be edible!" he exclaimed.

"That's quite a lot for one person to eat," Yuki said with a smile.

"You think? Maybe a smaller portion would be sexy too. More naked skin is always good," he conceded. "We could then charge for a larger portion for multiple people to eat off one person."

"Dai, may I borrow Yuki for a few minutes?" Jin interrupted. "We're opening in half an hour and I wanted to show her the actual rooms." Jin held his hand out to help Yuki to her feet.

"Right, right," Dai said with a nod. He pushed himself up to his feet and gestured to someone behind them. "Let's start cleaning this up! It's time for another night at the Pink Present!" The staff cheered and everyone stood to help clean up.

"Tatsuo, you and your guys can get ready for the line," Jin said to a muscular guy in a black jacket with a buzzed haircut. A bouncer, for sure. Tatsuo acknowledged Jin with a salute.

"Don't stay back there too long," Dai said to Jin with a wink. Jin laughed and tucked Yuki's hand into the crook of his arm.

The back wall of the main floor was a bar on the left, a hallway leading to the rooms in the center and the aptly named Pink Room on the right. It was the largest of the club's backrooms and the only one into which customers on the main floor could see. Along the back and right walls of the Pink Room ran one long pink sofa, on top of which sat velvety white pillows of varying size. Jin opened the glass door and led Yuki inside.

"As you can see, this room is meant for a larger group," he said. "We've typically seen couples enter the room on their own to join other couples. The little bowls you see on the table contain contraceptives, and the shelf under the table contains towels."

Yuki's face was bright pink. She looked around, her mind flying a mile a minute as she imagined the orgy that took place nightly in this room. She tried to ask something relevant to the business rather than beg for a reserved seat in the corner. "I'm guessing this room is pretty much constantly used. How does the cleaning crew take care of it without, you know..."

"Without having to wipe down the table while someone is fucking on it? Good question. We're still trying to fix that problem. We tried posting times on the door when the room would need to be emptied for cleaning, but customers ignore the sign and also ignore employees telling them to leave."

"Hmm, I have some ideas about that."

Jin grinned. "Excellent. Let's move on." From there, they went farther back toward the private rooms, passing by a small reception desk at the front of the hallway. "We renovated some rooms with the least popular themes to create more rooms with the most popular themes."

"Rooms A, B and C are fetish rooms. We provide a variety of toys, costumes and other equipment, which often requires the customers to reserve the room and request items ahead of time. Those rooms generate quite a lot of revenue, and we're thinking of opening an auxiliary fetish supply shop. Room B has been reserved from eleven to midnight." Jin pushed open the door to room B and Yuki's lips fell open to find unlit candles, handcuffs and other BDSM paraphernalia set out on a black wooden table.

"Rooms D through G are more general purpose. They provide a couch, table and a flat-screen TV behind protective glass with pornography to watch—for a fee. We use these rooms the most and the standard block of time we sell is just fifteen minutes."

"How do you take care of all the room requests?" she asked.

"We have three reservation specialists. They work from the desk at the front of the hallway. The system isn't perfect, though."

She nodded. "I can take a look at it. What about that room?" She pointed toward room H, the eighth and final room in the very back of the club.

Jin gave her a very sinful smile. "Let's go inside and look." He pushed opened the door and overhead lights automatically came on.

"Wow," she breathed. It was a bathroom featuring a large and very expensive tub. The room was done up in bright white tile and the floor was a step down from the door to allow water to flow to the drain. A fogproof mirror was mounted on the wall above the tub so that its occupants could watch themselves.

"We have a variety of lubes the customers can use for an additional fee," Jin said, coming up behind her.

"I can see how you're making so much money off this place," she said. Her heartbeat was picking up. "You're very good at providing for every carnal need."

"It could be better, though. We need more space and a better system for the whole operation." He pressed himself against her back, his lips touching her temple as he spoke. She closed her eyes, recalling the moment when she first felt him behind her on the train that morning. She shivered. "I want you to be part of this," he said. His hands smoothed down her arms. "Will you take the job?"

Oh, but he wasn't talking about just the job. He wouldn't be evoking arousal between her thighs if he just wanted a business manager. No, he wanted her to be part of his life as well as the club. That part of him that had confessed his love so many years ago was still there, still pulling at his heartstrings.

However, her relationship with Kenji made her leery of how things would be with Jin. Kenji had been charming, ambitious and earnest, but once he'd married her, he'd treated her like an inferior. Was that how it would be with Jin? Would he treat her like an employee? Would he use his power to extract things from her? Would he break her heart?

"It wouldn't be proper for owner and manager to be romantically involved," she said, not meeting his eyes in the mirror.

"Is that what happened with Kenji? Was he higher up than you?"

"Yes," she admitted with shame. "No one at work knew we were married or when we got divorced. Kenji was the manager of our department and he was barely at the office to supervise the staff. I tried to keep everyone focused on our production goal, but I only ended up being unpopular for spoiling the lazy atmosphere. When we turned out poor results a few months ago, Kenji told his boss that I was disrupting the teamwork with personal problems."

"Yuki," Jin whispered. He squeezed her shoulders. "I would never do that to you. I want everyone at this club to succeed, and anyway, if I started cracking down on relationships between employees, half a dozen people would break up or quit, including Dai."

"But you hardly know me. What if I do a terrible job?"

"You won't. You're smart, hardworking, ethical and very sexy. This club needs you." He pressed himself closer to her back, letting her feel his erection. "I need you. Please say you'll take the job."

She shivered even as her vagina swelled with heat. The churning in her stomach went from anxiety to hunger. How did he affect her so much? "Can you give me until midnight to decide?"

He was quiet for a few seconds but then stepped back. "Of course," he agreed. "Let's go get a drink."

Yuki felt a little guilty, but the day had been so life-changing and she needed to be extra sure before she committed to anything. She followed Jin back to the main floor of the club, which was already cleaned up and ready for business.

Jin had a brief meeting with his staff and then the bouncers opened the doors. The club's DJ started up some house music and the club's lights were dimmed. Yuki and Jin sat at a table in the corner, sipping cocktails.

They kept their faces close together to make talking easier. She told him about her job experience and ran a couple of quick ideas by him to improve the club's efficiency. Jin told her more about how he got the club started thanks to some start-up capital from

Dai, the other owner of the club. All the while, Yuki watched with fascination as the club filled up. By eleven, the place was bouncing and Yuki was riding a pleasant buzz from the three drinks she had consumed.

Jin leaned toward her, placing his hand on her thigh. "The reservation for Room B is about to start. The two members who made the reservation are very particular, so I'm going to make sure they have everything they need. I'll be right back." She shivered when he pressed a kiss to her neck, and then watched him weave his way through the people and tables to the back hallway.

Once he disappeared, she finished her drink and one of the staff came by to pick it up. The server shook the glass with high eyebrows, wondering if she wanted more. She shook her head, mouthing a thank-you.

She surveyed the crowd. A couple dozen people were dancing to the music, bumping and grinding like the actors in *Dirty Dancing*. At the tables or along the walls, lovers kissed and groped, all eventually making their way to the Pink Room. She tried to pay attention to all the activity in the club, not just the particularly interesting things going on in the Pink Room, but her voyeuristic line of sight was incredibly fascinating. When a three-way started up between two men and a woman in a short red dress, most of the people around her were obviously watching.

Tearing her eyes away and fanning her face, Yuki watched the staff for a while, noting how quickly they brought drinks and cleared away empty glasses. Their only hiccup seemed to be with paying. Members paid as they went, and servers were wasting their time getting change. She made a mental note to suggest a solution.

Through the crowd, she could see glimpses of the three very busy reservation specialists stopping off at the desk and then disappearing into the back. Eventually, she espied Jin emerging from the back hall. He smiled confidently to a harried reservation specialist, a young man with a headset and a clipboard. He clapped the young man on the shoulder and then leaned closer to say something.

"Yuki? I can't believe it's you," someone said – or rather, yelled since the music was so loud. "What are you doing here?" Her attention was yanked away from Jin and she blanched upon seeing Kenji standing over her. He looked just like a host with overly styled hair and gold jewelry on his ears and wrists. His new fiancée was on his arm, dressed scantily and wearing a pink wig.

"What are *you* doing here?" she yelled back. "Oh right, I remember now. You're sleeping around. Don't let him out of your sight," she said to the pink-haired woman.

He ignored her sarcasm. "I didn't know you had it in you to come to a place like this, Yuki. You were always such a prude."

"You never invited me to a place like this," she said, standing up. "You just left me at home to cook and clean while you went out to break your marriage vows."

Kenji's fiancée looked alarmed. "I didn't know you were married," she said to him.

"You should know he's a liar," Yuki told her.

"Let's not argue," Kenji interrupted. "You and I simply weren't a good couple, but Chiako and I, we have something together."

Yuki rolled her eyes. *What a crock...*

"Is there something wrong here?" Jin walked up with a frown.

"What's it matter to you?" Kenji said. "Get lost."

"It matters to me because I own this club. Members sign an agreement to adhere to certain standards of behavior," Jin said.

"This is Kenji," Yuki offered. She saw Jin's face darken.

"And this is your bride-to-be?" Jin asked, looking at Chiako, who was trying to avoid Jin's eyes. Her head was turned as far away from Jin as her neck would allow and she was blatantly trying to hide behind the fall of her fake pink hair.

"Wait a minute," Jin growled, grabbing Chiako's chin and turning her face toward him. "You were banned from this establishment two months ago for violating our code

of conduct." Jin made eye contact with Tatsuo and made a gesture that had the bouncer over to their spot in three seconds flat.

"What are you talking about?" Kenji asked, stunned. He looked at Chiako.

"She pick-pocketed other members and even broke into a couple of our lockers," Jin revealed. He then pointed at Kenji. "I'm also banning you." He turned to his bouncer. "Get their member numbers and pictures. Then get them out of here." Tatsuo nodded and placed a firm grip on both Kenji and Chiako's arms.

"You can't ban me! I *know* people!" Kenji shouted. Yuki noticed heads turning their way. It seemed that someone getting bounced was the only thing more attention-grabbing than an orgy.

"I can do anything I want in my own club," Jin asserted. He put one arm around Yuki and pulled her against his side. "And for her sake, I *am* banning you. If you fight me on this, I'll make sure your employer knows enough about you to not only fire you, but to keep you entirely out of the financial industry."

Tatsuo began hauling Kenji and Chiako toward the door. Kenji's eyes were wild with confusion and embarrassment. Yuki couldn't help but feel smug. A tiny smile curled her lips.

Once they were out of sight, she turned to Jin and grabbed his head to kiss him. She forced his lips open, plunging her tongue into his mouth. He answered her passion without reservation. His hands went to her ass and squeezed, pulling her tight against him. Something hard was growing against her abdomen.

"Woo!" someone cheered.

"Nice!" another said.

Jin pulled back, sucking in air and rubbing her backside like it was more instinctual than deliberate. "We're going to the Pink Room. Right now," he said.

"Yes," she agreed. He took hold of her hand and made a beeline for the back. His staff cheered or winked as they passed. One guy was even clapping.

Yuki blushed the whole way. She was embarrassed, yes, but mostly she was overwhelmed by the sexual vibe the entire club gave off. As they walked through the crowd, she saw that more patrons than ever were in the throes of passion.

Jin burst through the door of the Pink Room and dragged her to an empty section of the long white sofa. She barely had a moment or the capability to notice the other lovers before he sat and pulled her onto his lap, assaulting her lips with his own as his hands busily unzipped the back of her dress. She was busy herself, unbuckling his belt and whipping down the zipper on his slacks.

He briefly came up for air. "You'll take the job?"

"Of course I'll take the job," she gasped between kisses. "Now fuck me."

Jin's heart roared with joy. After months of silent infatuation and then years of unrequited longing, she was finally in his life, not just another fleeting moment of vain hope. He pulled her against him for a kiss—a long, searing kiss that defined precisely how much he worshipped her, and it was even more than when he had first seen her. She was daring and open-minded, proud and independent, unselfish and practical. He wanted her like nothing else.

He clumsily pulled off his jacket, trying to kiss her and undress at the same time. As he struggled to yank his wrists out of his jacket sleeves, he felt her soft hands tugging at his shirt, popping buttons in rapid succession before pulling his shirt free of his slacks and pushing the shirt off his shoulders.

"Jin," she gasped, greedily passing her hands over the skin of his abdomen, his pectorals and his shoulders.

When he was free of his jacket, he grabbed her hips, slid his ass to the edge of the sofa and ground their bodies together. He wanted nothing else than to fulfill their mutual fantasy—one she was still barely aware of—by pounding into her while a hundred strangers watched. For so long, he had been the voyeur that it had colored his

sexual appetites, had inspired him to open up the Pink Present. That he could have the object of his desire in such a setting was as near to ecstasy as he had ever come.

"I need you. Damn it, I need you so badly," he admitted, sweat beading on his brow as he bucked his aching member against her.

"I know you do," she whispered even as she pulled the front of her dress off her shoulders. His mouth went dry.

"No bra," he said hoarsely. He looked up at her lopsided smile.

"And no panties," she said, wriggling against him.

Without preamble, he wrapped his arms around her naked torso and went for the delicate blushing tip of her breast, his tongue out and his dignity on the floor. He heard her gasp, felt her body tremble as he licked, sucked and nibbled to his heart's content.

Then her hand wormed its way into his slacks, past his boxer briefs and around his cock. The touch of her warm fingers forced a shocked gasp from him and he worried that he wouldn't have the stamina to withstand it. She began stroking him, somehow teaching him anew what the heat and friction felt like.

Something cool and wet touched the head of his cock. He jumped, looking down and finding that somehow she had opened up a contraceptive. Her fingers gently slid it down the shaft and he gritted his teeth, already about to explode.

"I can't wait anymore," she moaned. Oh God, neither could he.

She raised herself on her knees, shifted forward an inch and then sank.

Everyone was watching.

Everyone.

The mirror above the back of the sofa in the Pink Room gave her a view of the main floor behind her, and they had managed to capture the attention of everyone in the club. Over a hundred people.

No one danced, no one talked and nothing could describe the feeling pumping, *pounding* through her to a beat even faster than the music. Her skin buzzed. Her pussy was slick and throbbing. She rode a kind of euphoria better than anything she had thought possible. Compared to earlier that day—being fingered on the train, masturbating under the table, sex in the café bathroom, kissing in the boutique, another orgasm in the movie theater...

This time, everyone knew. They wanted to watch, wanted a taste of her arousal, a hint of her pleasure, a spark of her climax.

Yuki realized with unexpected joy that she was an exhibitionist, and the revelation was very freeing. She was tired of hiding secrets, of conforming and of lying to herself about her taboo desires.

She began rocking her hips and didn't hold back a groan of pleasure. She lifted her hair, holding it above her head and displaying her bare breasts to Jin's heavy-lidded gaze. His eyebrows pinched. His jaw clenched.

The other couples in the Pink Room were watching too. Their bodies instinctively went through the motions but their eyes stared, transfixed.

"That's right," Jin gruffly said. "You want them to watch. It turns you on."

"Yes," she sighed. His hands tightened around her hips and he lifted his legs, propping his feet on the table in front of him. It made the position easier, not only to do but to be seen. A small sound escaped her throat as his fingers pulled up her skirt, leaving nothing to the imagination to the onlookers. She watched in the mirror as the crowd outside reacted. People stood up or leaned to the side for a better view. Their mouths fell open. Women slid their hands into their own cleavage and men rubbed their erections.

"Show them how good it feels," he said. "Take what you want from me." She heard a hitch in his throat and watched his eyes slide shut.

It did feel good and she did want more. Grabbing his shoulders, she rode him hard, watched his expression tighten as he tried to hold back. She felt wild, free and powerful.

Her innermost muscles clamped down and she moaned, coming hard and drenching her lover's cock. She was vaguely aware of his hands clamped around her hips, of the impact of her head and shoulders against the soft cushion of the sofa. Gravity had shifted and she didn't know how. Her feet went up and her thighs touched her chest.

Jin had her on her back, one of his feet on the floor as he pumped his hips against her. He hissed, watching her body rock beneath his thrusts. She grabbed the back of the sofa with one hand and held on to his shoulder with the other. She heard the nearby young couple reaching climax. A few seconds later, another couple closer to the entrance of the Pink Room could be heard groaning with pleasure.

Yuki turned her head, panting and moaning as she soaked up the attention. The crowd on the main floor had gathered closer to the glass. Some people were openly masturbating.

"I'm coming," Jin gasped. "Yuki, I'm—" She looked back at Jin just as he threw his head back, shouting at the ceiling. He bucked hard and she gasped as another orgasm rippled through her. It went on and on, stoked by his final thrusts, and she couldn't keep her eyes open. Jin's weight pressed down on her, and just before she went completely limp, her legs slipped past his arms, coming to rest around his hips.

Then she passed out.

* * * * *

Yuki woke in an office. She was lying on a leather loveseat, her clothes straightened but her feet bare—her shoes were on the floor. Her head rested on Jin's lap. A small smile sat on his face.

"Welcome back," he said. "That's twice today."

She cleared her throat. "You're very good at overwhelming me."

"Well, I may have also been out for the count for a bit back there," he admitted. She snickered.

"Is this your office?"

"Yeah, it's behind the reception desk in the front."

She closed her eyes, imagining him carrying her past everyone in the club. He must've felt very satisfied with himself. She certainly did.

"Tell me," she said, looking up at him. "Was I completely unprofessional back there? I mean, we had sex in full view of your staff and customers."

He grinned. "A little maybe, but half the staff has hooked up with their boyfriends and girlfriends here. It didn't...freak you out, did it? Was it too taboo?"

"No, not at all," she said, surprised by her own answer. "I felt incredibly alive. Thank you for that, Jin. Thanks for the whole day. It's been the best *bounenkai* of my life."

"Did it make up for the year you've had?"

"Oh yeah," she said with a smile. She then sat up and set her feet on the floor. "So what now?"

"We can hold off on employment paperwork until tomorrow, but there's one more thing we've got to do." He stood up, offering a hand to help her to her feet.

"What's that?" She stepped into her heels.

"We don't have much time. Come on." He grabbed her hand and opened the door. The noise from the club blasted them. Everyone was cheering.

"I almost forgot!" Yuki gasped. "New Year's!"

They walked onto the main floor, where everyone watched a live broadcast on the flat screen above the bar. The countdown clock only had a minute left.

"I need to tell you something!" Jin yelled.

"Tell me what?"

"I love you, Yuki! I've loved you since I first laid eyes on you," he confessed.

She stood there frozen, a lump in her throat. The strangest feeling was spreading through her, both painful and joyous. Jin had brought out something wonderful inside

her, had brought her a happiness she had thought out of her reach. He was ambitious, incredibly savvy and damn sexy.

And he loved her.

She couldn't make her tongue work, but Jin seemed eager for an answer—any reaction at all.

“W-well, I don't expect you to say it back yet or anything,” he stammered, “but it's New Year's and I wanted to tell you.”

“M-me too!” she finally managed to say. “Jin, I love you!” She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him, determined to memorize this exact moment and this exact feeling. A second later, the clock struck twelve. The club erupted into cheers.

Jin clamped her to him, spinning her around and kissing her. Yuki laughed and kissed him back. She never thought the year would end like this, but a lot can happen in a year—or a day, in her case.

About the Author

Ruby Duvall is an avid reader of many romance and erotica genres, but her favorites are fantasy and paranormal. She also enjoys movies, RPGs and maybe a little shopping too. She currently lives in Washington.

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