

Pleasing Sir

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Dedication

To anyone who's ever had a crush on the man in charge...

Chapter One

The little red button on the telephone blinked twice. And like a dog trained to recognize the shake of its dinner bowl, Raelie Wood's attention was arrested.

Deep within her core, her body began the steady ascent toward full-blown arousal. A thousand butterflies settled in her stomach, madly fluttering their tiny wings. Her breaths shortened to excited little gasps and shivered through her breasts. The juncture of her thighs swelled with lush promise—a pulse thrumming there, slow but insistent.

She'd waited two whole days for a summons. Two days while she'd quietly attended to the office duties, proving why she'd been bumped up from the floating secretarial staff to fill in for Bryce Caldwell's executive assistant while the woman was away on her honeymoon.

Raelie had seen to every duty on his EA's meticulous checklist. This morning, she'd already typed the scribbled notes he'd left in her inbox the previous night when he'd finally left the office. Not that she'd seen him leave.

Because she didn't want to seem overeager, she'd left her desk at precisely five o'clock each evening. Even though she'd wanted nothing more than to stay late, strip naked, and slip into her boss's office to show just how diligent a secretary she could be.

The thought of his shocked stare trailing down her nude body was a delicious one; however, she knew that wasn't the way to get what she wanted from her no-nonsense employer. For once, she'd exercise a little subtlety.

The light blinked again, and her gut clenched. Time to start the next stage of her campaign.

She gathered her pad and pencil and quietly strode to his closed door. Just before she opened it, she slipped the left side strap of her bra off her shoulder from beneath her neat white sleeveless blouse. Ready now, she gripped the knob with a sweaty hand.

Her boss sat behind his desk, his face tilted toward whatever report he scanned, but looking as yummy as ever. Remote, cool...in control. She wondered if he looked as effortlessly powerful and together when he rolled out of bed in the morning, or if he donned that cool, professional persona the same way he did his designer clothing.

Watching the way his lips thinned into a firm, straight line as he read, she imagined that same stern look as he stood over her while she knelt with her hands clasped behind her back. A smile teased her lips. Heat pricked her nipples.

The restraint of the last few days broke. Despite the EA's note about him disliking meaningless chatter, her mouth opened and a breathless "How may I serve you, sir?" floated from her lips.

Bryce forced himself not to react to the tantalizing phrase which pretty much summed up exactly what he wanted from the woman—service. A month's worth ought to get her out of his system. A textile-free month where nothing but their sweat and his cum came

between their bodies.

From beneath his eyelashes, Bryce saw the tiny smile Miss Wood quickly suppressed and wondered what had amused her. He cleared his throat and turned his gaze to the young woman whose cheeks flushed a pretty rose as she took her seat in front of his desk.

Morgan hadn't been wrong. His business partner had been the one to suggest the slender blonde fill in for Kathryn. Miss Wood was competent enough, easy on the eye, but there was something a little extra, something intriguing about the woman whose body didn't fidget nervously beneath his stare.

Yeah, he had to hand it to Morgan—his friend could spot a woman ripe for a little training from a mile away. The chance to spend time subtly observing her, testing her, was one he hadn't been able to resist. He'd been without a woman too long. Procuring just the right partner had proven a little more complicated than he'd imagined. Who would have guessed that finding an unruly submissive would prove such a challenge?

His glance raked her from head to foot quickly and with discretion, because he wasn't ready to betray his interest. Straight California-blonde hair was pulled into a loose knot at the back of her head, making her look like a high school girl playing dress-up for the prom. Cute and neat, professionally groomed, still he would have preferred to see her hair fall to the middle of her shoulders or in a sexy ponytail—a handy rope he could use like reins as he rode her from behind. He pushed aside that thought because he knew it might be some time, perhaps never, before he earned that privilege.

As he assessed her appearance for more hints of an ability to pay attention to the details, he admired the way her grey pencil skirt kept her knees pushed demurely together. The crisply pressed, white sleeveless blouse was barely creased, her nylons a pleasing skin tone, her shoes a demure dark pump. Everything in its place—except for the lavender band sliding down her arm. His gaze snagged there for a moment.

"Was there something you needed, Mr. Caldwell?" she asked in her breathy little voice, which had him imagining her whispering just like that in his ear when he shafted deep. His cock swelled, and he eased apart his legs beneath his desk, smoothed his expression into a cool mask, and met her wide blue gaze.

A glint of something sparkled there for just a moment. Long enough to warn him that not all was what it seemed with the delightful Miss Wood. Because he didn't think well when he was aroused and worse when he was sitting, he pushed off his chair and began to pace. "Have you arranged Cafferty's showing?"

"For four PM, sir. Rance Cafferty said the client was in town and would accompany him this time to take a look at the office space."

"Good, good." He stepped around his desk to pace the length of his office to the door and back. "We'll want his approval before we proceed with offering the rest of the spaces. His client has first priority." He turned his gaze when he passed close.

She kept her head bent toward her notepad, white teeth sinking softly into the center of her bottom lip.

He strode closer on the second circuit and stopped beside her.

She glanced up, her baby blues skimming up his abdomen to his chest before reaching his face. Pink blossomed again in the center of her cheeks.

"Did you set the meeting with the plaza crew?" he murmured, enjoying watching her from above, envisioning more intimate moments when her face would be level with his hips. "We're making changes in our suppliers and need to make sure it doesn't affect our delivery date."

She blinked once then dropped her gaze and turned her notepad over. She trailed a finger down the copy of the schedule she'd printed to have on hand, just as he insisted Kathryn always do. "The meeting's set for Thursday at five. Morgan said he'd have the site foreman and the lead electrician there."

She called his partner "Morgan", but reserved "Mr. Caldwell" for him. He didn't know if that was a good thing or not. His brain looped on the thought. Then his gaze fell again to the purple strap, and because he was becoming impatient with his lapses, he slid a finger up her arm and tucked the silky ribbon back inside her blouse.

Raelie froze as his finger trailed upward. Then she quivered when he slipped the strap beneath her clothing. He had to have felt it too, but he turned on his heel and resumed pacing, firing off notes which she jotted down, only half her mind employed while the other was giddy with delight.

He'd touched her. Corrected a mistake. And he'd done it without thinking too much about it, apparently, because he'd finished speaking and was giving her a steady stare that indicated she'd missed his signal to leave.

"I'll just...um, go," she said, rising and smoothing a hand down the side of her skirt to make sure it hadn't ridden up.

She hurried out his office, wondering what had caused one corner of his mouth to curl. Her distraction? Had her eyes crossed dreamily as they tended to do when she faded into a daydream? Had he caught her staring overlong? Still, she thought everything had gone very well indeed. Her plan to seduce her sexy, formidable boss was well underway.

He'd touched her.

Chapter Two

Over the next few days, Raelie stepped up her campaign to force him into action.

On Tuesday morning, she dressed in another shirtwaist blouse. One that fit tightly over her breasts. Before she entered Bryce's office to deliver his mail, she turned the top button snuggled between her breasts sideways. She hoped his gaze would be helplessly caught, waiting for her to exhale deeply and let the button slip. Not that she planned to let that happen. Power lay in the anticipation.

She entered without knocking, and this time, stifled the urge to give him a flippant greeting to get his attention. If obvious didn't work with the man, maybe a tease would. As she bent over his desk to drop the envelopes and magazines into his inbox, she watched him from beneath her eyelashes.

His gaze swept her, lingering for a moment on the button between her breasts. Heat banked in his eyes, and his nostrils flared before he turned to the items she'd delivered.

She wasn't fooled. He only pretended to ignore her.

Assured he was invested in the game as well, she gave him a more direct stare. "Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?" she said, lingering over the last word.

His head jerked, canting slightly as his gaze narrowed. "I think that's enough, Miss Wood," he murmured.

Chastised, but far from defeated, she walked away with a smile on her face.

He might be fighting his attraction, but she knew she'd captured his notice. Back at her desk, she closed her eyes, reveling in the tingling that tightened her breasts into aching little points, the tiny golden rings adorning the tips mashing against the cups of her bra and inciting her nipples into an even greater arousal. She waited for a moment when no one was around then massaged her breasts through her clothing until the tightness eased.

On Wednesday, she carried in the lunch he'd ordered, a Reuben and a small salad, sliding it beside him as he talked on the telephone. She reached for the napkin wrapped around the utensils, unfurled it and shook it out with a snap before laying it across his lap, her fingers brushing over him.

This time, he couldn't pretend he hadn't noticed. His voice trailed away midsentence, his breath caught because she'd managed to fleetingly graze his cock. His dark, thick eyebrows shot upward, touching that disobedient lock of inky hair she wanted so badly to comb back into place.

"I'll be back later to clear that away, sir. Enjoy." She walked out, not rolling her hips in a lewd way, but with her shoulders straight, her step light. His cock had stirred against his thigh as she brushed it. She'd accomplished what she'd come for.

Shortly after, she left for the ladies room carrying her purse snug beneath her arm. With her little fingertip vibrator, she used the memory of that fleeting touch to soar. If her

cheeks were flushed when she returned, she was also bonelessly relaxed. She didn't give a damn whether anyone with an expert eye guessed what she'd just done.

When Thursday rolled around, Raelie stayed past five o'clock to attend the meeting with the crew from the plaza worksite. She remained in the background, one leg crossed over the other. This time, she wore a looser skirt because she had special plans for after everyone had left.

Her foot kicked slowly up and down as she doodled, her skin warming just thinking about the naughty thing she planned to do. He'd probably never know. However, just the possibility of being caught was enough of a turn-on all by itself. The motion of her foot quickened, squeezing her thighs together, and by default, tightening her already throbbing pussy.

Lord, she wished she'd taken the edge off with her little vibrator before coming to the meeting. She glanced at her notes and realized she's substituted "bend over" for "Windover"—the name of the plaza Bryce and Morgan's company was building. She hastily scratched through it then guiltily looked up.

Morgan's gaze narrowed on her, suspicion glinting in his green eyes.

She wrinkled her nose. Bryce's partner, Morgan, was a flirt. He'd romanced every single woman who wasn't dog-ugly in the building, but she'd been the lone bastion, holding out for Bryce.

However, her resistance to his charm appeared to have proven an irresistible challenge for Morgan Markham. Every day, the man sat his fine ass on the edge of her desk, trying to woo her, coaxing smiles and mock scowls, but so far not a single promise to go to dinner or the supply closet.

She had no doubt Morgan knew his way around women. He had tons of experience, and he knew how to extricate himself from sticky situations. His glib tongue could let a girl down and still make her feel like a desirable, attractive queen among women. She'd seen him do it more than once.

No, she didn't want Morgan. Well, maybe once—and only if he was no longer Bryce's partner—because she wouldn't take the risk of Bryce being put off by promiscuity in his woman. Morgan wasn't the dominant male she needed in her life. He never made her feel small and vulnerable or eager to please. He never made her wet with just the sting of his hot stare.

Despite Morgan's best lines and flattery, she'd saved herself for Bryce, and he still didn't have a clue, which didn't dim her enjoyment of her crush. But she was making progress.

Even now, as she dangled one foot atop the other in the far corner of the room, removed from the discussion, she had his attention.

His gaze strayed to the glimpse of thigh the tightening of her skirt revealed with each slow swing.

She'd worn a beige skirt, nude hose and seashell pink shoes today, secretly mirroring the colors of her hair, her skin, her nipples. She'd felt sexy, nearly naked, when she'd dressed that morning, knowing she was exposing her personal, intimate colors to the man, and that he'd never know it.

The overlarge pearls nestled against her throat weren't real, but they warmed to

her skin. With a lazy finger, she lifted them and imagined Bryce tucking them one at a time into her ass while she whimpered.

Her chest rose around a deep breath and she raised her glance to find his gaze on her necklace before it darted upward to lock with hers. The moment stretched exquisitely long—a bit of subtle foreplay that enhanced her fantasy, fed her lust and her anticipation for the naughty thing she meant to do the moment she was alone.

* * *

Bryce hit the function key on his keyboard that opened a dozen different views from the security cameras staged around the office, looking for her, Morgan a silent witness at his shoulder.

Miss Raelie Wood wasn't at her desk. He wished he could resist her powerful allure because it wasn't like he didn't have work to wrap up or that he couldn't find a woman he didn't have to stalk. However, Raelie filled his thoughts to distraction.

Bryce recalled how her eyes had slid shut in ecstasy while she'd massaged her breasts Tuesday morning after he'd watched her bend over his desk. He'd been unable to look away, hoping that damned little button would slip out of its hole and offer him a glimpse of her full, firm breasts.

Yesterday during lunch, he'd gone rock hard the moment her fingers had brushed his cock. He'd sat in an agony of suspense wondering if she'd done it on purpose or by accident. In the end, the answer to that question hadn't really mattered. He still hadn't decided whether she was the one, which meant he couldn't make a move on her. So he'd locked his outer office door and took care of the erection in his private bathroom before he'd been able to continue working.

This afternoon, watching her play with that damned string of large white pearls while one sleek thigh scissored atop the other had been sheer torture. He'd rushed through the meeting agenda to push the men out of the office before he betrayed the uncomfortable extent of his distraction.

Raelie was becoming an obsession. Every pout of her lips, even the way she gazed up at him, wide-eyed and expectant, had driven him slowly into blue-ball hell. He was quickly realizing that the timetable he'd worked out in his mind for a careful seduction, once Kathryn returned, didn't take into consideration his constant state of arousal or the blonde woman's tenacity.

For the sake of his business and his sanity, he either had to fire her or step up the schedule.

"There," Morgan said, leaning over his shoulder and pointing toward the entrance to the copier room.

She stood in the doorway and glanced over her shoulder, an action made suspicious by the furtive way she looked up and down the hallway. Was she planning to steal supplies from the cabinet?

He set his cursor over the view into the room, watching her enter and quietly lock the door behind her.

"Is our little Raelie a thief?" Morgan said, laughter in his voice.

"I don't think so," Bryce said, his body tightening with irritation.

Morgan might be his partner in business and one of his wingmen when he cruised the clubs, but this time, Bryce felt oddly possessive toward this particular woman. She had to be his first. He wished like hell he hadn't been tempted to mention the fact to Morgan. Now, Morgan felt it was his duty to help Bryce make a hook-up.

She walked toward the copier and slipped her feet out of the pretty pink pumps that had teased him all through the meeting with the crew. Then she reached for the hem of her skirt and lifted it on one side. Her free hand disappeared beneath it and a wispy bit of lace drifted down her long, silky legs toward the floor.

When the hell had she removed her pantyhose?

"Do you think she has a clue we have a camera in there?" Morgan murmured.

"Obviously not," Bruce clipped, annoyed that Morgan was enjoying his tension.

Morgan had been the one to tempt him with the security cams the day Raelie occupied Kathryn's desk. Ever since, Bryce had been obsessed, tapping keys to find her a dozen times a day, watching for a glimpse into her thoughts, looking for a hint of how to entice her to play.

However, he quickly discovered he was the one caught. Just watching the swell of her breasts as she breathed turned him on. Temptation was making him the worst sort of perv, not that Morgan seemed to have the same scruples as he leaned closer to the screen.

Raelie took a small step stool and placed it next to the copier then opened the cover and turned. Pulling up her skirt in back to expose her bottom, she sat on the glass.

"Fuck!" Morgan breathed.

Bryce wanted to give him a shove, but couldn't tear his gaze from the screen.

Raelie's skirt pooled around her hips, cutting off their view of her lush ass. Holding up her skirt in front with one hand, she reached between her legs and hit the start button. Light flashed, rolling beneath her. Paper spat out the side.

She leaned over, glancing at the sheet resting on the hopper. Her nose wrinkled, and then both her hands disappeared between her legs. She wiggled a bit and bent to mash the button again.

Morgan smacked his shoulder. "Look in the queue, dumbass."

"What?" he said, shaking his head, unwilling to look away from the young woman who smiled impishly as she took pictures of her intimate parts.

Morgan snorted. "It's a new machine. Didn't you pay attention to the demonstration?"

"Of course not," Bryce said nastily, his gaze still glued to the monitor. "It's what I have a secretary for."

"You'll be glad I was listening." Morgan shoved Bryce's chair aside and commandeered the keyboard. He opened a file, and then clicked on an icon for a document.

A picture filled the screen—Raelie's pretty, shell-pink pussy bracketed by pale buttocks, her lovely, orchid-shaped inner lips spread to display the opening of her vagina, which was deep and dark…beckoning.

"She's a real blonde," Morgan murmured.

Bryce clamped his jaw closed, the rush of blood toward his cock robbing him

momentarily of the ability to speak.

"Well, will you lookie there," Morgan said, touching the screen twice, pointing to the glints of gold piercing her inner lips. Morgan turned to Bryce and waggled his eyebrows. "Think she knows we can access what's printing?"

"Of course not," Bryce said, scowling at his grinning friend. "She'd be mortified." Bryce hesitated a moment, then ground out, "Print it. Print every one of them. Then delete the entire file. But use another computer."

While Morgan hurried out of his office, Bryce switched back to the video feed in the copier room.

Raelie hopped off the glass and smoothed her skirts down her sides. She gathered the copies from the hopper then bent over to grab her panties from the floor. She used them to wipe the copier glass and balled them up inside her fist. Taking a deep breath, she walked back to the door and unlocked it.

Morgan sped back into his office, papers clutched in one hand, which he slammed against Bryce's chest. "Done," he said, with a sly look. "What are you gonna do with them?"

"Morgan, have a seat there," Bryce said, pointing toward the sofa to the side.

Morgan raised a brow. "Thought you might be worried about embarrassing her."

Bryce snorted, anger building in his gut. "Not anymore. She played us, buddy.

When she bent for her panties, she pointed her sweet little cunt right at the camera."

Morgan's grin reflected delight, which annoyed the hell out of Bryce.

Bryce tightened his tie and headed out of the office to find the not-so-innocent Miss Raelie Wood and let her know there were consequences for misappropriating office property.

The wait was over.

Chapter Three

Raelie bent to retrieve her purse from the bottom drawer of the EA's desk and slipped inside the panties and the copies she'd made.

Bryce's office door opened, and she straightened, knowing her face burned. She hoped he didn't intend to stay much longer, because she needed to get into the online copier folder and delete the pictures of her pussy.

"Do you have a minute, Ms. Wood?" he said, his words sounding clipped.

"Of course, sir," she said breathlessly, still horribly aroused. She'd wiped the copier glass with her panties, but knew she'd have to return with some Windex. She'd gushed arousal as the machine vibrated and heated beneath her bottom. She'd imagined Bryce looking at the pictures of her cunt, and she'd been transported.

His face looked so stern as she passed him upon entering his inner sanctum that she faltered for a moment, wondering if she'd been caught after all. However, Morgan sat on the dark leather couch inside. Surely, this was all about business. He wouldn't chastise her in front of another man. "Is there anything I can do for you before I leave, sir?"

Bryce's eyes narrowed, and he stared for a long, disconcerting moment.

Raelie fought the urge to fidget. If he was the guy, he'd want her to show greater self-control. Still, she couldn't help lifting her chin a notch and meeting his gaze.

A soft snort gusted from his otherwise implacable face. Then Bryce thrust a paper toward her.

Raelie glanced down, saw the picture of her genitals, and felt a flush of humiliation heat her cheeks and creep down her throat to the tops of her breasts. This was so not how she had imagined she'd feel in her fantasies. "I can explain..." she began, but couldn't continue when she looked up again.

His expression didn't betray a thing—not disgust or anger, and sadly not a hint of arousal. "Miss Wood, what were you thinking?" he said, his voice dead even.

She bit her lip, preparing a story then winced as he lifted a brow as if to say, I dare you to lie to me. But she did it anyway, although not with as much conviction as she might have wished. He was just too scary at the moment. "Um…I wanted to see my piercings?" She waited, and when he didn't immediately respond, blurted, "I'll pay for the toner and the paper, sir."

Bryce's eyes were fierce, frightening slits—completely sexy—which was not something she should be thinking right this moment. Not when she was about to be fired.

"This is misappropriation of office equipment," he rasped softly, like Dirty Harry to a perp. "A firing offense. What do you think I should do with you?"

Raelie froze, heat draining away as the blood left her face. "Perhaps you could suspend me instead?" she asked hopefully. After all...he'd asked.

"Suspension seems a little light for this kind of infraction," Morgan said from the sofa.

There wasn't of hint of teasing in his hard voice. Lord, had her sin been so bad

that even Morgan Markham was shocked? Shame shivered through her. She closed her eyes. It was one thing for Bryce to see the picture. But Morgan too? What had she been thinking? She bent her head. "Maybe you could..." She bit her lip. The only retribution she could think of that she deserved seemed every bit as inappropriate as her "infraction"...and completely self-serving.

"What, Miss Wood?" Bryce insisted, stepping closer and folding his arms across his chest. "What do you think I should do?"

She didn't back away. Each shortened breath dragged in his spicy scent and warmed the parts that had burned when the copier light hit them. Slowly, she looked up. "Maybe you could...spank me?"

A choking sound came from the couch.

Bryce aimed a killing glare at his partner before focusing on her again. "Spank you? Does that seem an appropriate and professional punishment? It sounds like something the State Employment Board would definitely frown upon."

She quickly shook her head, although she knew her continued insistence could get her fired for sure. If she was about to get the boot, she couldn't blow this last chance at getting what she wanted. Her heartbeat echoed in her ears. Now or never. "I would never tell. I've wanted your attention for the longest time, sir."

Bryce blinked, his expression still neutral, but she saw a hint of tension in the grinding of his jaw. Then his gaze softened, fractionally.

His hesitation gave her hope. Raelie felt a rush of power sweep through her. If he was intrigued, here was a weakness she could exploit. She turned abruptly away and glanced over her shoulder—at him then at Morgan—and walked around him to his desk, bent over the gleaming wood, and reached back to inch up her skirt over her bare buttocks. "Just for the record, sir, you didn't ask me to do this."

"Looks like Bryce could be the one to scream sexual harassment," Morgan murmured. "Want me to leave, Bry, while you...uh, handle this?"

"We're partners," Bryce said, his voice still level. "It's our copier she abused."

Raelie faced forward and rose on her tiptoes, lifting her bottom higher. Seconds ticked by. The longer she laid there, her ass perked for them both to see every inch of her feminine anatomy, the more nervous she got. Her stomach clenched. Maybe she'd misinterpreted the signs and colored them with her own desires.

At last, the slide of leather through cloth told her he was removing his belt. She bit back a whimper at the thought, but a tiny groan slipped out.

"Are you afraid of my belt, Miss Wood?"

"Yes, sir," she said in a small tight voice, so excited she thought she'd melt from the inside out and end up a gooey puddle at the foot of his desk.

A warm, heavy hand cupped one cheek, molding it. Clothed thighs pushed against the backs of hers. Bryce leaned in and pinned her to the desk. "I've watched you, Miss Wood. You've been playing me all along, trying to seduce me, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir." What else could she say? She'd laid it all out, sacrificing her pride to reach this moment.

"I'm a particular kind of man," Bryce said. "Some might even say peculiar or deviant. Does that frighten you?"

Jesus, did he mean it the way she hoped? Her mouth went dry and she swallowed. "No sir, I'm not frightened."

"Just so we're clear. You can stop me at any time. Your job is not at risk. You can say no. Do you understand?"

She nodded eagerly, her excitement growing so intense she couldn't catch a full breath.

The hand on her ass squeezed. "I need an answer, Miss Wood."

Her pussy clenched, and moisture seeped to wet her folds. "Yes sir, I understand. You'll stop if I ask you to." She took a deep breath and deepened her voice, "This is consensual, something I need...so that I can be a better secretary."

A muffled laugh sounded from the sofa then leather creaked.

While her heart beat madly, Morgan walked around the other side of the desk to stand in front of her. He held his own belt in his hands. Had Bryce signaled him? She tried to glance behind her to see Bryce's face, but couldn't quite reach.

"Morgan's my partner, Miss Wood," he continued in his uninflected voice. "Some matters require joint disciplinary action. Do you have a problem with that?"

She swallowed hard. This was happening faster than she could have hoped, but she really didn't want the pace to slow. While she'd been teasing Bryce, she'd worked up her own arousal to a fever pitch. "No sir," she whispered, "you know best what punishment I deserve."

Morgan threaded the leather tongue of his belt through the buckle, forming a circle that he looped around her wrists. He drew the loop tight and pulled her arms toward him. Then he threaded the end through the handle of Bryce's center drawer.

Standing on her toes, with her body stretched across the surface of Bryce's desk, she was completely, deliciously helpless.

Morgan's fingers dug into her hair, and he lifted her head. "Had a feeling 'bout you for a while, Raelie Wood."

"Oh?" She didn't complete the thought. Her scalp stung, which only heightened her awareness of the cool wood beneath her and the heat radiating off the man standing behind her.

Bryce nudged apart her feet, widening her stance. When she was spread so wide she felt her inner lips gape open, she couldn't help the little shivering sob that escaped.

"Was that fear, baby girl?" Morgan asked, easing his grip on her hair and kneeling so his face was aligned with hers. "Or do you want this?"

She searched his face, looking for a clue of what he thought about the way she'd behaved or a hint of where this was going. But his expression remained bland. "Want," she groaned, hoping she'd given the right answer. Want trumped the trepidation that quivered through her body.

One brown eyebrow arched. The wicked twinkle was back in his eyes. "You've been teasing Bryce here until he's just about lost his mind."

"I'm sorry," she said, but allowed a little one-sided smirk, sharing a glimpse of the joke.

He tapped her nose then rubbed his thumb over her lower lip. "You should be. We have a business to run. What are you going to do to make this right?"

She licked her lips. "Whatever Mr. Caldwell feels is appropriate."

Morgan's eyelids dipped, but the laugh lines on either side of his mouth deepened. "So if he wants to spank your ass until it's pink...?"

"I want him to be pleased with my dedication. I'll trust that I deserved it."

His thumb slid along her lip again. "If I want to fuck your mouth...?"

Her mouth went instantly dry unlike her pussy which gave its moist approval. "With Mr. Caldwell's permission..." she said huskily.

"Does your cooperation depend on his being here?"

She nodded. "I'm his secretary."

Morgan grinned then shot a glance up at Bruce and nodded. "That's all right with me. How about you, Bryce?"

"She'll do what I tell her," Bryce growled. "If I want her to open her mouth for you to fuck, she'll do it. Won't you, Miss Wood?"

Raelie's excitement was so intense she didn't know how she managed to suppress a squeal. However she suspected that Bryce wouldn't be pleased at her loss of control. "Yes sir," she managed to mumble through tight lips.

"Morgan, she can't open your pants for you," Bryce drawled.

"Oh, right." Morgan straightened and unbuttoned his slacks then slid down the zipper. He carefully untucked his cock from the flap of his boxers and pumped his fist once down his stiffened shaft.

Raelie sucked in a deep breath and couldn't help but stare. The man was huge. No wonder all the women in the building held no grudges once he'd moved on. They'd feel it was an once-in-a-lifetime privilege to take that cock deep inside their bodies.

Morgan gripped himself beneath the head and pointed the tip at her lips. He pushed against her closed mouth.

Remembering to breathe, she opened wide and wrapped her lips around her teeth, letting him slide inside while struggling to ignore the palm smoothing in circles on her ass. When Bryce's hand left her bottom, she groaned, her attention arrested. A sharp slap landed on one cheek, and she gasped around Morgan's dick.

Morgan hissed. "Bite me and I swear I'll be beating that pretty ass too. Got that?"

She nodded, bracing herself for the next blow. When it came, she was prepared. Bryce's broad hand left behind stinging heat with every slap that had her pussy drenched in seconds. Raelie breathed noisily through her nostrils.

Morgan let go of himself and gripped the sides of her head, supporting her as he stroked into her, using shallow thrusts at first, quick little flutters that forced her to suction hard to hold him inside her mouth. "That's it, baby," he ground out. "Suck it hard. Fuck, your mouth feels good."

She moaned with pleasure at his praise, using her tongue to tell him how much she appreciated it, adding a swirl over his broad cap, pointing the tip to slide it into the vertical slit, then curling it to flutter beneath the ridge defining the head.

Morgan's scent was musky and earthy. Male sweat, concrete dust, and just plain dirt clung to his skin, but she didn't care because he loved her mouth. He'd told her so.

"Damn, you're hot," he said, pulling her hair. "Fucking that sweet mouth is like fucking a pussy. Baby, let me come deeper."

He shoved past her tongue, tapping the back of her throat, and she thought that was as far as he intended to go, but a slap against her rump by Bryce and hard tug at her hair from Morgan, disabused her of that idea.

"Loosen your jaws," Morgan said, his voice sounding rough as gravel. "Breathe through your nose and let me into your throat. You can do it. And don't you dare choke on me."

At the gravelly texture of his voice, her pussy clenched. Behind her, fingers slowly rimmed her opening, and she took a deep fortifying breath.

"Open wide and let Morgan sink deeper," Bryce said, his voice taut and stern.

Raelie gave a whimper but widened her jaw, allowing Morgan to tunnel deeper. Her lips were stretched around him, her jaws aching, but the emotions scrolling over his face—deep arousal, approval, a hint of his usual swagger—made her stay the course.

Morgan's face reddened, sweat sprouted on his forehead, and his thrusts quickened. "Swallow it, swallow it all."

Scalding spurts filled her mouth—viscous, salty, tangy. Her jaws burned but she remained obedient, her lips sucking hard, her throat working as he stroked toward her throat, and she swallowed down his cum.

When he pulled free from her mouth, he knelt and kissed her, his tongue penetrating and sliding deep. He had to have tasted himself there. When he leaned back, he winked. "You did good, office girl. Now, think you can behave from now on?"

Raelie whimpered because Bryce was pinching her clit.

Morgan chuckled and rose, pushing his cock back into his pants and zipping up. "You got it handled from here?" he asked, his gaze rising behind her.

"I'll finish the punishment."

Morgan walked away, his steps muffled on the thick carpet. The door shut with a quiet click behind him.

Raelie tensed, wondering what Bryce would do next and whether a punishment fitting her naughty crime was his only intention.

Chapter Four

A searing flick of leather branded her bottom, answering that particular question. She gasped and instinctively twisted her hips to avoid the next lash.

"Isn't this what you wanted?" Bryce asked, snapping the leather against the other cheek. "What you planned all along?"

"I don't know," she whimpered. "I didn't really think you'd see those pictures."

"I'm not talking about the pictures. Morgan wasn't the only one to notice how slutty you've been acting. Are you a slut, Miss Wood?"

Shock rendered her speechless for a moment. Raelie groaned as another sharp flick fell, and she rolled her hot cheek on the wood. "Yes, yes...I'm a slut." Your slut, she wanted to add.

The belt landed on the desk beside her. Bryce leaned over her back, his clothed cock grinding between her legs. "What did you fantasize would happen?" he whispered in her ear. "You've teased me to distraction for days, playing with your buttons, letting me see glimpses of your underwear, watching me with those big blue eyes."

But his weight left her breathless, unable to answer. They remained like that for long, tense moments, his cock grinding against her, and Raelie waiting to see whether he'd regret letting things get this far.

He withdrew, and her skin felt the chill as an air-conditioned breeze struck her. "When you spread your pussy on the glass, what did you want to happen?" he asked softly. "The truth." His hands smoothed over her buttocks. Then one lifted. He struck her again.

Raelie sank deeper against the desk, moaning because the welts he raised stung enough to make her bottom quiver and her whole body vibrate with need. "I wanted you to catch me," she sobbed. "I wanted you to n-notice me."

A slap landed, this one harder and criss-crossing other welts, stinging exquisitely. A flush of euphoria swept over her, and she groaned, undulating helplessly on the desk. "Please," she gasped, "more."

But Bryce was back to rubbing her ass, bringing her down again. "Miss Wood, I don't think I've ever had a more disobedient secretary. Almost as though you want me to punish you. Do you want that?" he asked, his voice deceptively mild.

She knew he was only acting detached now. She'd felt the steely strength of his arousal when he'd pushed against her. Her breaths evened, and she turned her head to the side, resting, gathering strength for whatever he intended to do next. "I do. I do want it, sir. Punish me, please."

"Why should I give it you, Miss Wood?"

She rubbed her cheek on the cool wood. "I need punishment because I've been bad," she whispered, "...because I've teased you instead of being honest about what I need."

Another swat landed dangerously close to her labia, and she twisted—this time to

encourage him to aim the next stinging slap there.

His hand smoothed over stripes of hot flesh, massaging. "How did you think this would end...in your fantasies?"

Should she tell him? She opened her eyes. Or had she misread the source of his strength? "I want to be yours," she said, giving an ambiguous answer because she feared being wrong and making a fool out of herself.

A tongue traced the length of one fiery welt. "What do you think that means—belonging to me?" He licked closer to her sex, his fingers touching her intimately, following the thin flange of one lip, pausing to toggle a ring, then dipping inside her.

She arched off the desk, her arms tugging hard against the belt tethering her. "Whatever you want it to mean," she groaned. "I want to be possessed."

Teeth gently bit her clit. "And if I ask something that makes you uncomfortable?" Vibrating and close to blurting out that she wanted to be his, whatever it took, she said instead, "I'll put my trust in you...that you know best."

"Miss Wood, have you ever been possessed before?" His voice was silky, soft.

All her intuition said the answer was important despite the easy way he said it. Raelie quieted, holding her breath, wondering what he wanted to hear.

He spanked her pussy, and the sound was lush and wet. "The truth, Raelie," he rasped as his finger teased her entrance with shallow, unsatisfying thrusts.

"Once," she gasped, trying to push backward to take him deeper. "He...we...I wasn't obedient enough to satisfy him. But I can be better now, I think."

He leaned over her, blanketing her back, but only to reach past her and loosen her bonds. His strong hands curved around her shoulders, and he raised her from the desk, stepping back.

The skirt fell over her hips. On her feet now, she swayed as blood fled south, and she braced herself against his chest.

However, his arms didn't close around her; they remained straight at his sides. His expression was still neutral, his gaze intense.

She gave him a little frown because she'd revealed so much but still didn't know what he wanted. She moved away, biting her lip.

He crossed his arms. "Take off your clothes, Miss Wood, and leave them in a neat stack on my desk, in front of the monitor."

Relief nearly had her melting at his feet. Her clothes fell away, landing on the floor. She didn't even mind his narrowed stare that nudged her to pick them up and fold them. When she'd laid them on his desk, she turned back, a little embarrassed to be completely nude when he hadn't even removed his tie.

"What would you like me to do now?" she asked, interweaving her fingers and cupping them in front of her, eager for whatever came next.

"How do you feel, Miss Wood?"

She shrugged. "Truthfully, a little awkward." Then she pressed her lips together because he didn't respond for several long moments, and his gaze didn't dip. Was her body that unattractive?

To diminish her breasts, she hunched her shoulders then squeezed her thighs together, hoping to make them seem a little less round.

Bryce drew a quick sharp breath. "Miss Wood, I want you to return to the copier room. There's a little matter of a smudged glass I want you to clean. Also, your fingers spread your pretty little cunt then touched the buttons. I want you to clean the machine, top to bottom."

Raelie froze for second, then blurted, "But why did you have me take off my clothes?"

His mouth curved into a slight smile. "Because I'll enjoy watching you move."

"You're coming with me, then?" she asked, wondering if he wanted to get kinky in the copier room.

"You can't have forgotten the camera. I'll watch from my desk to make sure you do a good job."

Her jaw clamped tight. He'd known all along that she had set out to shock and tease him when she'd played with the machine. "And when I'm through, sir?" she asked, her voice softer, raspier than she would have liked because his small, tight smile deepened, and she knew her wants weren't his priority.

"When you're through, you can come back and dress. I won't be here. I'll expect you at your desk bright and early tomorrow."

He shrugged off his jacket and draped it over the back of his chair then unbuttoned his cuffs and turned them, folding them up to his elbows, revealing muscled forearms lightly covered in silky dark hair. He reached for his tie and loosened it, then stilled.

Her gaze lifted.

One dark brow arched.

Feeling ready to cry because she ached so badly, she stomped out of the office and down the hallway to the copier room.

Bryce sat in his chair and clicked on the function key that opened the security cams then used the arrow to find the view into the room.

Raelie stalked inside and headed straight to the supply closet where she pulled out a spray bottle and paper towels. A fierce frown scrunched her face into an adorable scowl

His gaze ate up the sight of her body. Medium height, lush curves and sleek legs. Everything about her appearance pleased him. Her femininity seemed exaggerated when compared to the well-toned stick girls he'd dated before. Everywhere he looked her soft skin and frame made his palms itch. Her skin was light tan with narrow strips of white where a miniscule bikini had shielded her feminine parts. If she lasted, he'd have her sunbathing nude beside his pool.

His cell phone vibrated on the desk, and he picked it up.

"You answered," Morgan drawled. "I'm disappointed in you. Did you let her leave already?"

Bryce snorted. "I made her go clean the copier. Naked."

Morgan chuckled. "'Bout damn time. Anything I can help you with?"

"Raelie's mine," he bit out then touched the button to cut the connection. Soon, he'd be ready to share her training with his friends, but for now he'd savor the journey

alone. His gaze honed as he watched her.

Raelie stood on the footstool and rubbed the copier glass with a towel. Her buttocks and breasts jiggled with each furious swirl. Still, her nipples were erect and lengthening, jutting out her tiny gold rings.

Bryce inhaled deeply and settled back in his chair. He had a choice here—follow his own desires or give Raelie what she really needed. He'd wanted a challenge, but would the sweet temptation she embodied prove too much to resist?

Raelie stepped off the stool and misted the control panel at the front of the machine. She wiped it quickly then bent and rubbed down the cabinet doors. Again, she pointed her pretty pink pussy right at the camera.

Bryce grinned, loving her show of rebellion. He hit the button to the intercom which broadcast to the entire suite of offices. "Miss Wood, go ahead and restock the machine then straighten the supply locker."

She stiffened, and her gaze swung to the camera in the corner. Her eyes narrowed into a deadly glare while her hand shot him the bird.

He waited, holding his breath.

Instead of tossing up her hands and flouncing away, she took a deep breath. Her frown eased and her gaze, this time reflecting a little uncertainty, rose again. She gave the camera a curt nod, and then yanked open the copier doors to pull out the paper tray.

Bryce relaxed. He was surprised, because he hadn't known he'd been so tense, waiting for her to decide. He watched for a few minutes longer as she diligently unstacked the cabinet to reorganize it.

One last lingering glance at her lovely body and he lifted his jacket from the chair and exited his office. Tonight, he turned toward the stairs rather than the elevator because he didn't trust himself to pass the copier room and not enter it.

Feeling stronger once the heady aroma of her arousal no longer filled his nostrils, he smiled as he jogged down the steps.

* * *

Tired and disgruntled, Raelie returned to dress inside Bryce's office. She'd been disappointed but unsurprised to find it empty. He'd made it clear he had self control, something she admired even if it was inconvenient as hell right this moment.

Her body burned. She'd stared at her ass in the mirror inside his bathroom and run her fingertips along the raised, red stripes. Pressing on the enflamed skin sent thrilling spikes of arousal through her. Her breasts were swollen. Her pussy wet and throbbing. A condition that wasn't helped by the fact that everywhere she looked, even the air she breathed, bore his mark.

She inhaled, dragging in the scent of his spicy cologne. Her glance idly swept the corners and found it free of cameras. She circled his desk to stand in front of the monitor and examined his computer. The monitor had a built-in camera. His CPU was still on. Could he see her now?

Deciding she didn't care if he could see or not, she bit her lip and bent toward the monitor. She pushed her clothing to the side and reached for her purse, which she'd set

on the edge of his desk. She dumped its contents and rifled through them.

When her hand closed around the small fingertip vibrator, she held it in front of the screen and gave the camera a smirk.

Letting her arousal consume her, she sat in his big leather chair and hit the handle under the seat for the hydraulic lift and raised the chair height. Then she pushed it back, just far enough so that she could lift her feet and plant them against the edge of his desk.

With her legs braced far apart, her sex was open to the camera. She slipped the vibrator onto her index finger and hit the switch.

Getting off was easy. Her bottom burned, her pussy had been a constant ache ever since the afternoon meeting when his men had surrounded the table and she'd sat swinging her foot and willing him to notice her.

Well, he had, at last. And if she was being naughty now, it was his own damn fault—and something he'd have to correct the next time they were together.

As her finger swirled atop her swollen clit, she let her eyelids droop. She hoped like hell he was watching and was every bit as aroused as she was. As the vibrations hummed against the hardened knot, she rolled her head against the back of his chair, moaning because her body was already convulsing hard, shudders jerking her belly and making her legs quiver.

She swirled and stroked, drawing out her orgasm as long as she could before she slumped against his chair. Then she slowly opened her eyes. She stared straight into the little eye of the camera at the top of his screen and smiled. "Sleep tight," she said and blew him a kiss.

Tomorrow couldn't come quickly enough.

Chapter Five

The next afternoon, Bryce sat back and contemplated the chair that he could no longer think of as entirely his own. Raelie had christened it with her arousal. He'd found the white streaks of her girl-cum at the edge of the dark leather when he'd pulled it from beneath the desk that morning. He'd also found the wispy panties she'd wadded in her hand to clean the copier glass. She'd left them in his center drawer.

Last night, he'd watched the mischievous grin she'd aimed at the camera when she slid open the drawer and turned her hand over to let them fall.

A gesture of defiance that pleased him at a primal level.

Something he hadn't been able to get out of his mind long after he'd switched off his PC and gone to bed. He'd tossed and turned all night, thinking about the wicked, gleeful smile that had entranced him almost as much as the pretty flush that crept across her face when she masturbated herself in this very chair. The unselfconscious way she'd opened her legs and rubbed her little clit to a lovely climax had completely blown him away.

He held the pink silk to his face and breathed. Her sea-fresh aroma permeated the silk—a scent that was now familiar. He'd breathed her in while he'd driven the short distance home the previous night, sliding his fingers beneath his nose and wishing like hell he'd wet his dick in her scent too.

His office door swung open without warning. Morgan strode inside followed by Billy Thibodaux, the plaza site foreman and another of his closest friends.

Morgan spied the scrap of silk in his hand and gave Bryce a sly grin.

Bryce shoved Raelie's panties back into the drawer and straightened, eyeing the two men with suspicion. Both his friends looked a little too alert and amused for the visit to be about progress at the work site. At the smirk curving along Morgan's mouth, he knew his partner had filled Billy in on what had occurred the previous night.

Billy closed the door and lifted his chin. ""Where's she at? You already scare your girl away?" he asked with his gravelly, Cajun inflection.

Grimacing, Bryce gave him an "eat shit" glare. "She just stepped out. What are you doing here?"

Billy's eyes glinted with dark amusement. "Morgan mentioned how fun it was watchin' you two dance. Thought I'd see it for myself."

Denial tightened his chest. "Did Morgan also mention that I'm not ready to share?" Bryce asked, forcing himself to keep his voice even because he wanted to growl like a bear.

Billy grunted. "Don't mean I can't hit her up on my own account. See whether she can be tempted away. Cajun cock's the best, ya know."

Flashing him a quick hard grin, Bryce said, "Wave it at some other girl. I'm keeping her too busy for any fooling around."

"Too bad for you." His friend gave another grunt then eased down in the chair in

front of the desk.

Morgan slouched on the sofa.

Fed up, Bryce arched an eyebrow in a silent challenge. "What do I have to do to get you two to do some work?"

Billy's narrowed gaze studied him. "When do you plan to bring her home?"

Unwilling to share too much of his plans, Bryce shrugged. "Maybe tonight."

The corners of Billy's mouth twitched. His black eyes sparkled with humor. "Want us to stay scarce?"

"I'd appreciate that," Bryce said, hoping they didn't plan an ambush. Since his house was a work in progress, they all had keys. "I'd like to ease her into our arrangement."

"Raelie doesn't seem the shy type," Morgan drawled. "Fact is, she liked sucking me off in front of you."

Bryce didn't bother trying to tell him that she'd only been acting on his command. That would only have been half true. Her arousal had been moist, noisy and pungent—and had dripped all over his hand. "I want her to understand what I expect. That means I need her to myself for a while."

Billy gave a deep sigh. "I'm the only one hasn't had a taste yet. That on purpose? You afraid I might steal your little fille away?"

"I'm not keeping her from you," Bryce grumbled, feeling protective of Raelie and surprised by it. "She's not here now because I sent her to James."

At the mention of the doctor who was another one of their inner circle, Billy grinned. "Makin' sure she's safe to play bareback? Now I really am impressed. Sounds like you plan to keep her."

Bryce's phone gave a muted chirp, and the EA's red light lit up. "She's back. You two beat it."

Billy gripped the arms of his chair and leaned back—his message clear. "Almost quittin' time," he murmured.

"I know what fucking time it is," Bryce growled.

His friend's mouth stretched wide. "I'm not movin' 'til I see her."

"You saw her yesterday at the meeting."

"Uh-uh. I didn't see how she is with you."

Knowing Billy wouldn't budge without a glimpse, Bryce glared but hit the button to buzz her. A moment later the door opened and Raelie walked in with a notepad in her hand, looking fresh and lovely in a pale blue suit. When her gaze hit Morgan, her steps slowed.

Morgan gave her a wink, which had her cheeks reddening. Her gaze shot to Billy then back to Bryce, a question lurking in her blue eyes.

"You know the plaza foreman," Bryce said, focusing on her expression, silently willing her to behave.

Raelie nodded warily. "Mr. Thibodaux was at the meeting yesterday."

"Billy wanted to meet you. Lock the door, Miss Wood."

Raelie's chest rose, pushing against the buttoned jacket that hugged her breasts. Her chin lifted too, but she turned and went back to the door, locking it and them, inside.

She strode slowly back to his desk.

Bryce opened his center drawer and removed the pink panties.

Alert now to the sexual tension building in the room, her posture changed, one hip thrusting slightly to the side, and an ankle turning to display the graceful length of her calf and draw the men's gazes up to her thigh. A feminine stance meant to challenge a man

Billy and Morgan eyed her like cougars crouching in the grass, ready to pounce. She'd managed to spike their testosterone without doing anything overtly sexy.

How she managed to look so instantly slutty in her buttoned-up suit left him shaking his head in wry amusement. Bryce lifted a brow. "Since you don't mind going without panties, I'd like the pair you're wearing now."

Raelie didn't bother to glance at the other two men again, and instead, kept her glance locked with his. She bent and lifted her skirt, baring her long legs to the tops of her thigh-high hose. Then she pulled the turquoise band hugging the side of one hip. She tugged it downward and dropped her skirt, wriggling a little to send the panties drifting down her legs. They landed on her pumps, and she stepped out of the shoes and panties.

Billy murmured something French beneath his breath and shifted in his seat. Morgan smirked.

Bryce ground his jaws. So far, she'd managed to keep her sex covered, but she'd been rebellious last night and needed a reminder that he would only let her push back so far. "Miss Wood, bend at the waist and pick them up."

Raelie swallowed hard. If she did as he asked, her short skirt would rise and give both his friends a sexy view of her attributes.

Would she chicken out?

Bryce waited a second, and then narrowed his eyes.

Raelie glared back but turned away from Bryce to face the other two men.

His heart pounded, knowing she'd answer the challenge and bend to his will.

She bent at the waist, letting her skirt ride up in the back to give only him a view of her naked ass. She snatched the panties from the carpet and straightened, her fingers curling tightly around her underwear.

Bryce grinned behind her.

Billy muttered under his breath again then chuckled as he heaved himself out of his chair. He gave Raelie a nod. "Appreciate the introduction, Miss Wood. Been interestin'."

Morgan sauntered out behind him, but not before he shook his head at Raelie. "Don't know what you see in him."

Bryce moved around the desk and slid his arms around her waist. He nuzzled her ear, enjoying the aroma of her citrusy shampoo and the warmth her skin. "Nicely done," he murmured.

His secretary gave a little snicker. "I aim to please."

His hand snuck down, and he opened his fingers to stretch them across her soft belly. He pushed against her, forcing her closer until her ass snuggled against his groin. His cock was thick and getting harder. He ground it between her buttocks.

"Should I lock the door again?" she whispered, canting her head to give him

access to her creamy throat.

"That would mean me letting go of you. Don't think I can, Miss Wood."

"Do I require punishment again?"

"Have you been bad?"

"On the contrary." Raelie turned inside his arms and lifted her face. Her blue eyes flashed with humor. "I've been the model secretary today. I think I've earned a reward."

Bryce gave her a mock scowl while he held her loosely inside his embrace. "You played a clever trick, turning away from my friends. I meant it as punishment for dirtying my chair last night."

Her eyes widened and her lips parted. "You saw that?"

"Every stroke," he drawled.

"But, sir," she said, arching a blonde brow, "I was saving my pussy for you."

"Next time, follow my instructions to the letter." Bryce pulled her closer. "If you'd earned it, what sort of reward did you have in mind?"

"You've never kissed me," she whispered, her expression almost shy. "A girl takes kisses seriously."

Bryce blinked, and his glance dropped to her full lips. "I should remedy my oversight, but beware, a man tends to think of kisses as foreplay."

Her tongue swept the bottom lip in an arc, leaving it glistening. "Sir, sometimes kisses are more erotic than fucking."

Bryce's entire body hardened like a post. "You should never say that word to a man unless you're prepared for the consequences."

"Oh, I'm prepared." Her wet mouth curved. "Your friend James told me to tell you it's full steam ahead."

His hands lowered to cup her ass under the smooth fabric. His fingers dug in. "Did he now?"

"In those exact words," she said, moving so close her belly hugged his erection. "Said he hoped to see more of me. I left his office blushing because he's been places you haven't."

Bryce lowered his head and pressed a hard kiss against her mouth. When he broke the kiss, he hovered just above her, loving the way her ragged pants gusted against his face. He sucked her bottom lip between his teeth and bit it. "Did he kiss this mouth, Miss Wood?"

"No, sir."

His fingers crushed her closer, and he ground against her. "Did he put his dick inside you?"

She blinked and lifted her gaze.

With rosy color infusing her skin and her mouth already blurring, she'd never looked sexier. He centered his hard ridge between her legs.

She snuggled closer and wrinkled her nose. "Of course not. He told me he wouldn't cross that line without your permission. And I'm saving that for you. Only you."

Bryce swallowed hard. When his mouth met hers for the second time, he felt his chest tighten as all his senses came alive.

Her lips were silky, soft and suctioning against his. Her breath was minty sweet. Her lush breasts mashed against his chest, and he wished they were naked because he had yet to cup her fullness or feel her nipples scrape his tongue.

Bryce slid his fingers through her soft hair and tilted back her face to deepen the kiss.

She moaned and her tongue touched his, retreated, then pushed inside his mouth, sweeping deep. Her hands glided up and around his neck. Her fingernails scraped his scalp.

Bryce pulled back and rested his forehead against hers, dragging in deep breaths. Her eyelids fluttered open. They stared, their faces so close their features were blurred. Their breaths intermingled; their heartbeats matched rhythms.

Bryce lifted his head. "Do you have plans tonight?" he growled.

Trembling inside his arms, she dragged in a ragged breath but managed a smile. "My calendar's completely free, sir."

Bryce glided his mouth across her cheek and halted beside her ear. "Then tonight, Miss Wood, I'm going to fuck you."

Chapter Six

Dark, solemn eyes studied her expression.

Raelie clutched his shoulders, afraid her legs would melt away from under her. She cleared her throat. "Do we have to wait until tonight?"

His masculine snort and easy, sexy half-smile had her smiling softly in return.

"Guess you better lock that door after all."

Raelie walked to the door, her legs and belly trembling. Clothing rustled behind her. She locked the door then turned and leaned back against the wood. His tie and jacket were gone. His collar lay open at his tanned throat.

With a slow move, she opened the button of her own jacket and shrugged out of it.

"I want everything folded and laid on my desk."

He spoke in that level tone she knew meant business while he unbuttoned his shirt.

"You're making me crazy. Do you know that?" she said, pouting her lower lip. And it was the truth. She wanted to tear away her clothes and leave them scattered on the floor in her haste to be naked. She wished he was half as tormented as she was. Didn't he know she'd been wet and her clit distended and throbbing all day long?

"I'd like to take time to savor the sight of you, Miss Wood."

Well, she guessed that was all right. She lowered her lashes and trailed slowly to his desk. She folded the jacket then was just as meticulous removing the rest of her clothing.

By the time she'd finished, Bryce wasn't nearly as self-contained as he might have wished. His cock poked against the placket of his trousers, thick and insistent.

Her lips twitched, but when her glance raised, his small, crafty half-smile sent heat curling tightly around her womb. "What do you want from me, sir," she whispered.

His jaw tightened, and he closed the distance between them. He surprised her, bending to sweep her into his arms.

She clutched his shoulders, her gaze never leaving his face as he strode to the soft, leather sofa and sat with her stretched across his lap.

Raelie wished she was more patient, that she could wait for his command, but he'd pleased her so much by carrying her. Such a romantic gesture, and one that proved the strength in his virile body. Could he get any sexier? She leaned in to kiss his mouth, pressing softly against his lips, but his didn't respond.

She pulled back, disappointed, but bit back a complaint. She'd already proven herself unruly and disobedient. Long moments stretched, and she breathed deeply to still the quivers that trembled through her torso.

His eyes narrowed, his already sharpened glance shrinking to a slit. "I watched you take Morgan in your mouth."

The way he said it, his voice tight and rasping, had her squeezing her thighs together to suppress the urge to wriggle on his lap and grind down on the cock, thickening and prodding against her bottom.

Raelie didn't wait for another hint. She climbed off his lap and knelt between his

spread thighs without touching him. "With your permission...?"

Bryce leaned back, stretching his arms across the back of the sofa and let her pull away his belt then pluck at his trousers. With shaking fingers, she unbuttoned him and dragged down the zipper, laying open the sides. Her fingers traced the hard length of him through the silk of his boxers, and then she bent to lick the hard ridge through the fabric. "Someday, I want to blow you in your office, kneeling under your desk while you talk to the crew."

He placed a hand on top of her head and combed his fingers idly through her hair. "Can you be that quiet?"

"I don't know," she said, giving him a small grin and pulling down the waist of his boxers to bare the tip of his cock. "Isn't the real question...can you?"

He lifted his butt from the couch so she could slide his pants and underwear down. She stopped to remove his shoes and socks and stripped him raw from the waist down, leaving just his dress shirt.

Her hands sought his thighs, and she rubbed them, feeling the crispness of his hairs between her spread fingers and the thick muscle wrapping the long bones of his thighs against her palms. She stared at his cock, watching it expand and tap in time with his heartbeat against his abdomen, admiring the ruddy brown shaft with a deep flange surrounding a purple cap. Her mouth watered and her blood heated. However, because he expected her to fall upon it, instead she pulled the sides of his shirt apart to bare his belly and leaned forward to kiss him there, stroking him with her tongue as she acquainted herself with every swell and hollow of his muscled physique.

"Enough," he bit out, ringing his cock at the base and holding it out. "I want your mouth on this. I want you sucking me like you did Morgan. I don't want you to hold back a thing—not a moan or a shiver. I want it all."

Obedient for now, she sank over him, taking him deep into her mouth—hungrily, desperately sucking him—her tongue lashing the sides of his stalk, following the tracings of veins, lapping up his flavors. She tasted soap and salt. Drew air through her nostrils and smelled his unique spicy musk, loving it instantly. She gobbled at his cap and swirled her open mouth over it, rubbing the soft skin with her lips and drowning in sensation.

Her body was hot; her breasts hard. Every breath was labored, ragged, her excitement tightening her chest and making it hard to breathe.

Bryce pushed her off his cock and slid from the sofa, rising over her. He stretched atop her, covering her from shoulder to toe. His hands cupped the sides of her face as he bent toward her. "How embarrassing. I don't think I can wait."

"You don't have to," she whispered, undulating beneath him, "...please." Not knowing what she should be asking, because stimuli were bombarding her, too many to sort through. She was one big ache, every inch of her skin dying for his touch. Her core cramped and her belly curved to caress the hard length jutting against her.

His mouth suctioned her cheek, her jaw. His tongue licked her lips then stroked inside. When he pulled away, he leaned his forehead against hers. "I would please you, Raelie, give you whatever you want most—this time. Tell me what that is."

Raelie's hands smoothed beneath his shirt to glide up his back. Her knees rose to cup his hips. "Sorry," she said, shaking her head. "Can't think. I just ache, Mr. Caldwell."

He smiled. "You still call me that when you're naked and I'm nearly the same." She licked her lips and met his steady gaze. "We're in your office."

His smile widened. "And when I bring you home?"

"Will you, really?" she asked, hating the needy wonder in her voice.

"Soon, yes," he said, rubbing her bottom lip. "What will you call me?"

"Whatever you demand."

A gust of laughter shook his chest against hers, and she grinned, warming now that he was relenting. He'd fuck her now. The urgency knotting his belly told her so. Her breaths deepened, her eyelids fell.

With a push, he braced himself on his hands. "If I were stronger, I'd withhold this."

"To punish me, I know," she gasped, cradling his hips between her thighs. "Do it tomorrow."

"I have plans for you tomorrow," he said, his cock sliding over her mons.

"Will I like them?"

"We'll see." Braced on his hands, he nudged her until he found her entrance then groaned as he flexed his hips and drove inside her. "Jesus. Fuck."

She raised her legs to wrap around his waist. "Are you going to throw another test at me tomorrow?"

His strokes were slow, measured. He lifted his belly to look down to where their bodies joined. "I'm not going to say," he said, glancing up to catch her staring there too. "You have to learn to trust me—and to obey. When you began your seduction, did you know I would want that?"

"Yes," she said, sliding a hand between them to ring his cock and feel its girth slide through her fingers into her pussy. "You're so controlled. So commanding. I hoped you'd be the same with a woman."

His strokes began gently, tunneling past molten tissue, too slowly to suit her. She let go of his cock and dug her fingernails into his firm ass.

"You're pretty demanding yourself," he murmured.

"I'll let you spank me for it, tomorrow."

He continued driving deep, sweat breaking on his upper lip as he kept the motion of his hips at a steady, even pace. He pushed in and out of her, and her inner walls heated with the friction, melting. Fine ripples grew into hungry, clasping convulsions as he drove her closer and closer to the edge.

He came down on top of her, his supporting elbows keeping his chest from crushing her into the carpet. She liked how heavy he was everywhere else. No skinny boys for her.

His hips circled, grinding the base of his cock into her clit, and her eyes widened at the delicious scrape. The bud had swollen past its hood, making it vulnerable to every crisp rub. She drew air between her clenched teeth, making a hissing sound and tightening under him.

"Too much?"

"On the edge," she blurted. "There...almost."

"How are you feeling?"

"A little desperate...dying. Please, sir..."

He settled on top of her and inserted his hands beneath her ass, cupping her to raise her, changing the angle of his penetration.

"Ahhh," she said, her face falling to the side. His cock stroked over just the right spot inside her, provoking rippling spasms that rolled over his shaft. "Bryce, oh Bryce..."

"Come for me, sweetheart. Now." Then he plunged hard, his hips pistoning against her, pounding his cock inside her so fast she couldn't meet his thrusts. She lay there, head thrashing, eyes squeezed shut, and then she shattered.

She shouted, and her back arched, shoving her chest at him, her nipples scraping cotton. Her legs cinched tighter around him; her arms couldn't let him go. Hot waves of passion rolled over her, radiating from her womb and spilling outward, shuddering through her until the moment passed and the waves slowly receded.

When she opened her eyes, Bryce was leaning on an elbow, his steady gaze studying her again.

Raelie smiled. "Did I make funny faces?"

"You were beautiful."

She wrinkled her nose. "Even when I turned beet red?"

"My favorite color," he said with a quick smile. "Come home with me."

Her heart quickened. "Aren't you moving a little fast?"

"Why are you complaining?"

"Did I say I didn't like the suggestion?"

A dark brow arched. "You think that was a suggestion?"

Breath hitched in her throat, and her eyes widened. "Oh."

"But you're right." He let out a slow breath. "I should give you a chance to pack a few things."

Pleased he wanted her company, she fought hard not to reveal how happy she was. "Just how long are you asking me to stay?"

He grunted and a frown settled between his eyebrows.

Raelie grimaced, trying to make light of the moment to let him off the hook. "Had a minute to think about it, didn't you?" she teased. "And now you wished your dick hadn't been in a happy place when you opened your mouth."

His eyes narrowed. "I don't say things I don't mean. And I don't know why I ever thought you were an innocent little thing."

She pressed her lips together, not trying very hard to hide a smile. "Disappointed?"

"Relieved, actually. I won't have to worry so much about scaring the hell out of you."

Chapter Seven

Bryce lay on his side in the bed, a hand smoothing over Raelie's soft tummy. They'd only been inside his home for ten minutes, but he already had her naked and tied to the posts. He'd have had her there quicker, but his damn hands shook with excitement, making him clumsy.

She hadn't noticed or was too polite to mention it. Only he didn't think polite was something she really cared about. The woman liked being handled.

He'd set her in the middle of the bed, arranging her legs to his satisfaction, the height of her hips on the pillow just so. All the while, he'd given her only clinical caresses to move her but still her body flushed rose, her pale pink nipples tightening into sharp little points that lifted the rings piercing them until they stood up and made his mouth water to taste them.

Not yet, though. He needed to think about how he wanted to begin this experience with her. The quick fuck on the office floor had only been a desperate coupling to take the edge off both their arousals. This time, he needed to be deliberate. Set expectations.

Her blue gaze studied him from beneath the thick fringe of her pale lashes, but she didn't say a thing, hadn't moved since he'd placed her.

He'd have to take her to her place tonight to let her pack and feed her plants. Already, he knew he'd miss having her here, warming his sheets, her perfume and her heady, feminine musk imprinted on the bedcovers.

His hand smoothed down her belly and over her pale ruff. A forefinger rubbed the top of her folds and found the knot, his little treasure now. "You're not to touch yourself there anymore."

"What?"

"The vibrator in your purse. You'll leave it in my bathroom."

"Do you have a camera in the ladies restroom?" she said, her eyes widening.

The ladies...? He stared for a moment then felt his lips twitch. "No, but now I know what you do when you take a break. I glanced inside your purse, sweetheart."

Her cheeks flushed.

"That's not happening anymore. Your orgasms are mine. You don't touch yourself unless I command it."

Her breaths shortened. A sure sign she didn't mind his strictures. He tweaked a nipple then tugged it, just below the ring, pulling it hard then letting it go.

Her gaze remained on his face, her mouth opening to pull more air into her lungs as he tortured the tips of her breasts, plucking at the golden rings and squeezing the whole areola. Her back arched, pushing a rounded breast into his hand.

"I'll buy you chains to string between your breasts. When I fuck you, I'll bite on the chain and every thrust will pull at your nipples. Would you like that?"

Eyes wide, she nodded quickly.

He gave her a pointed look.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Caldwell, sir."

Her response was nearly a snarl, but he didn't mind the show of spirit. "You said you'd had a master before. Did he take you to any clubs?"

She nodded more slowly.

With the back of his hand, he stroked the velvety skin of her abdomen. "Did he have you do anything with him in public that made you uncomfortable?"

A furrow dug into her forehead. "I blew him a couple of times. And he tied me to a bench and fucked me with people watching us."

"Did you really mind?" Bryce asked casually, noting the way her body had tensed.

"I wanted to please him," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "But everything he made me do made my stomach cramp. I think, maybe, part of me felt what he asked was too much."

"Were you afraid to tell me that?" Her blue eyes were moist enough to reflect his image in their depths.

"I don't want you writing me off if you want those things. I'm willing to try, again."

Bryce cupped her cheeks and thumbed away a tear clinging her to lashes. "I told you before. I don't want you doing anything you don't like. And I'm not much into performing for strangers."

"But you're not shy about showing your dick or your girl to your friends," she grumbled. Her gaze skittered to the side.

Bryce snorted. "I have two close friends. Morgan and Billy, and a larger circle I play with sometimes, which includes James. You already like Morgan. You'll like Billy too, even if he is a dark bastard. I've known them both since high school. James, well, he was on good behavior when you met him. I may leave it a while before I let you see his kinky side." He tilted his head, frowning. "You're biting your lip again. You don't trust me."

"It's not that." She shook her head. "But what if I..." she took a deep breath and closed her eyes. "What if I like the sex...a lot? Will you think differently of me?"

When her eyelids fluttered open, he replied, "Different from what?"

Dismay sucked the color from her face.

He'd made her feel unsure, and he didn't like that. He sighed. "If I ask you to share yourself, I'll expect you to enjoy it. I wouldn't have you do it otherwise."

"But what pleasure does that give you?"

Bryce stroked her belly again. "Will I seem like an ass if I say that having a beautiful woman do anything I command makes me feel proud?"

A pale pink wash of color swept across her cheeks. "Not when submitting to your every wish makes me feel the same way."

"So we're okay? Do you need to ask me any more questions?"

She shook her head again. "I'd really like for you to get on with whatever you were going to do."

"Trying to rush me?"

Long eyelashes dipped low and then she wrinkled her nose. "It's not my place to

tell you to hurry the fuck up, sir."

A bark of laughter caught him by surprise. And the half-embarrassed smile on Raelie's face reinforced his original impression that Raelie hadn't learned all that much from her previous relationships. She'd been led around on a leash, but never really shown the beauty of submitting to a loving partner who only had her best interests in mind, and who allowed her personality to shine. She'd been left to weave her own fantasies and enact them. She teased him without expecting real retribution or reward. She really was an innocent.

Damn. Responsibility weighed on him. While he thought there was a real chance Raelie could be the one for him, if he was wrong and she grew to love him, he'd hurt her.

Pushing troubling thoughts aside, he molded Raelie's breast, plumping it and squeezing. He bent nearer and latched onto the nipple, pulling it into his mouth. The soft skin had the feel of suede. The ring toggled under his tongue and he bit into it and pulled. He groaned and suckled harder.

Her breath hitched, but the soft grunting moan she gave was a sound laced with pleasure. He came over her and settled between her widespread legs. Supported on his arms, he leaned and kissed her mouth, rubbing it in circles, then dragged his lips down her neck to the breast he'd ignored.

With just his mouth, he worked it, licking the sensitive underside, so pale and delicate the shadowed blue of the veins beneath her skin were visible. He licked at the nipple, lapping over and over it, enjoying the way the tip and the small ring scraped on his tongue. Then he sucked as much of her breast as he could into his mouth, offering her broad strokes while he pulled her rhythmically.

Her body writhed beneath him, mewling whimpers escaping as she twisted and pulled at her bonds.

Her excitement fed his hunger. He moved down her belly, nipping her skin and causing her stomach to jump. Her bellybutton was a lovely swirling tunnel that he sank inside before moving lower, at last arriving at her feminine mound.

He combed his fingers through the pale blonde hair cloaking her outer lips. "I'll shave you another time. But for now, I want to show off your pretty muff to my friends. Will you like spreading your legs for them so they can admire you and see your pussy rings?"

"Yes, sir, if it's something you want," she said through lips blurred and swollen from her habit of biting them.

He thrust two fingers inside her, enjoying the strength of the muscles clasping around the digits. His thumb toggled her clit while his fingers played inside her channel.

Raelie lifted her head, her mouth opening.

He cut short whatever comment she was going to make with a single glance, warning her not to speak. Then he pushed himself lower, resting on his elbows between her legs and thrust his fingers deeper. He rubbed his lips over her labia and wet them with his tongue. With a twist of his hand, his thumb rested on her tiny furled hole, leaving her slick reddened clit exposed. His tongue swirled on it. Her hips undulated and a deep groan tore from her as he pushed his thumb inside her ass.

He finger-fucked both holes now, showing her there wasn't a part of her body he

wouldn't touch, wouldn't taste in his pursuit of her total capitulation. His own body vibrated to the sounds of the moans he wrested from her and the slick heat he sank inside.

Moisture spilled from inside her, and he tucked three fingers into her pussy, stretching her, pumping them in and out.

"Not enough," she said, her body arching off the mattress. "Fuck me. Please, fuck me."

The sensation wasn't enough for him either. He pulled his fingers free, released her restraints and turned her roughly onto her belly.

She came immediately to her knees, pushing her ass backwards and widening her stance. With a flip of her hair, she glanced over her shoulder, her eyes gleaming with excitement.

Bryce smiled, cupped a hand and swatted her bottom. Watching her skin pinken over the pale ridges he'd left the day before.

Her eyelids dipped then rose again. Deeper color blossomed on the cheek turned his way.

He swatted her again then fisted himself and glanced down to watch as he placed his cock at her entrance and slowly pushed inside. The heat of her, so moist, so welcoming, beckoned him and he stroked forward, not stopping until he was balls-deep. He halted there, holding her hips to prevent her from pulsing on him, keeping himself lodged inside her while he breathed deeply, fighting for control because, with her, he seemed to have so little. "Don't move," he growled when she tried to wriggle.

Her inner muscles clamped hard around him, then released, clasped, released. He gave a snort of laughter and spanked her. "Not a muscle." "Fucker"

The single word was soft, but he'd held his breath a second and heard her. He pressed on her outer thighs, urging her to close them, locking him inside her, robbing her of the ability to move, to feel the brush of his balls or hair against her clit. Then he dropped spit into the crease between her buttocks and rubbed a finger in it, working it around and around her asshole.

Her inner muscles quivered around his shaft, an involuntary jerk he was sure. He didn't relent, rubbing and rubbing, then pressing against it until his finger poked inside. He thrust it deep and rolled his hand around and around, stretching her, forcing her to relax against the easy movement. Then he tucked another finger inside her.

Raelie's arms gave out and her chest dropped to the bed, just her ass held high, her pussy still stuffed with his cock, her soft cries muffled by the bedding as he began to thrust those fingers in and out.

He inserted a third, and she whimpered. "Good to know," he whispered. "We have a little work to do."

"Bastard," she bit out.

He wondered if she thought she was saying it soft enough he couldn't hear. Since she had the spirit left to defy him, to curse him, he decided she had the strength to take a little more.

With three fingers still stuffed inside her ass, he widened his legs, coming up until he was bent over her, his legs widespread. With his free hand on her hip to keep himself steady, he began to fuck in and out of her, slamming himself against her ass, his cock sliding sharply in long, deep thrusts, jamming deep before swiftly withdrawing and slamming inside again.

Her whimpers became full-bodied groans. Her shoulders bunched; her hands fisted in the bedding as he powered into her, the force of his body slams shaking her hard.

He let go of her hip, and reached down to wind his hand in her hair until he had his rope and he pulled her up, forcing her to brace herself on quivering arms as he held her immobile and took her.

The moment she crested, he knew it. Her back arched up then sank, and a loud keening wail ripped from her throat. He couldn't praise her, couldn't breathe. He let go of her hair, pulled his fingers from her ass and clutched her hips so hard he had no doubts he'd leave bruises as he crashed into her.

His orgasm slammed through him, the pressure in his balls exploding like a relief valve on a water heater, pumping scalding semen through his cock. He groaned as he slowed and gentled his thrusts, laying over her back and kissing her neck, her shoulder, nuzzling her ear as he continued to pulse because he hated like hell stopping. "Fucking fantastic," he breathed.

A weary laugh jerked her back against his belly. "Thank god, for every drop of your cum. It kept me from burning up."

He jerked out his cock. "I'm sorry. Was the friction too much?"

She eased down to the bed and rolled to her back, easing her legs around him and inviting him to lie on top of her. When he covered her from shoulder to toe, his cock squashed against her belly but with the weight of his upper torso on his elbows, he smoothed back the hair sticking to her cheeks.

She grinned sleepily. "How come you're not tired? Thought all guys were whambam then just wanted to roll over and die."

"Looks like you're the one without an ounce of stamina."

She nuzzled his palm. "And I wasn't doing the work. Doesn't seem fair, does it?" "That's okay. I want you rested for tomorrow."

Her eyelids had been drifting down, but now they opened wide. "You're not gonna give me even a little hint, are you?"

The disgruntled pout she gave him had him grinning. He bent and kissed her hard, then rolled to his feet. He slapped her thigh. "Out of bed. I have to get you home before you decide to nest."

Raelie pulled a pillow over her head and moaned.

He slapped her again, and she opened her thighs, a lewd retort.

His next slap landed on her pussy, a sharp snap that warmed his palm.

A soft cry sounded. Her legs rose and melted open, thighs falling to either side.

He shook his head. There wasn't anything hotter than a woman who surrendered her modesty because a man tempted her to give it up.

Bryce grabbed her hand and pulled her to a sitting position. The pillow slid away, and her wild hair stuck up in a tangled mess. She'd never looked cuter. "Five minutes," he said, forcing every bit of humor and warmth from his expression because he wanted to be sure she understood he was serious.

Her expression turned solemn, her eyes a bit dreamy, but she nodded. "Yes, sir."

Chapter Eight

Raelie returned from James's office, again—more clean bills of health clutched inside her hand. She crossed to her desk. That morning, she'd had to call for two additional appointments.

Bryce's implication was impossible to miss. He planned to share her with Morgan and Billy, and she wasn't sure how she felt about that.

Excited, certainly—all right, horribly, achingly aroused.

But also a little uncertain about where this would leave her with Bryce. Was she to be their plaything for an indeterminate period of time before being discarded? Her last boyfriend had lost interest after he'd had her perform in public. However, he hadn't loved her; he'd only been using her.

Was she convinced Bryce's intentions were any different? Sure, he'd driven her home last night, and then stayed, telling her he didn't think he wanted to face a lonely bed when he could hold her close all night.

The night had been perfect. Romantic. And scary as hell. She wanted so badly for Bryce to be the one, but she didn't want to make another mistake. It all came down to trust. Did she trust him enough to give him full control? To offer her heart?

She could share herself with his friends, if that was something he wanted. No doubt, she would enjoy the hell out of it too, but she wanted him to be there for her afterward. She needed to belong to him.

She'd just placed her purse in the drawer of her desk when the light on her telephone blinked then buzzed. She raised the handset, "Yes sir?"

"You have their results?"

"I do. Do you want me to bring them to you?"

"Leave them in your center drawer. I want you to take the invoice I left on your desk to my house. Deliver it personally to Mr. Markham and Mr. Thibodaux, they're working there today. They're waiting for you now. You're to do whatever they ask."

Her hand fisted around the handset, and she bit into her lower lip.

"Go, now, Raelie."

She melted at the warmth in his voice. Her eyelids drifted shut and she laid the telephone back in its cradle. Then she placed the printout from the doctor's office in the drawer, picked up the invoice, and gathered her purse again to leave.

The drive to his house took only five minutes. She was tempted to make another turn around the block to steel her nerves, but Morgan stood at the entrance of the courtyard, waiting.

Heart pumping, she pulled into the driveway, set her emergency brake, and stared. He lifted one eyebrow, arching it high in an unspoken challenge.

Raelie took a deep breath and let herself out of the car then strode slowly toward him. She held out the invoice. "It's for the last of the appliances he wants installed in the kitchen. I was to deliver this directly to you."

He shook his head. "To me and Mr. Thibodaux." Raelie cleared her throat. "Is he around?" "He's inside."

She glanced around the exterior of the house. Men worked on scaffolding on the nearly finished façade. She knew more were inside, working on installing a home entertainment system and light fixtures. The house was almost complete.

Morgan turned on his heel and opened the door, standing to the side as she entered. "Go all the way back to the master bedroom."

She jerked at the word and a flourish of heat seeped into her sex. A shiver worked its way from the base of her skull straight down her spine, but she kept her feet moving, taking the lead down the spacious corridor to the room in the back. Inside, she noted the curtains were closed. The sounds of machinery would be enough to muffle any nasty noises, if what she thought was going to happen really did go down.

However, the bedroom appeared empty until the bathroom door opened, and Billy Thibodaux stepped out, bared to the waist, his black hair wet and droplets of water clinging to his broad shoulders and hair-darkened chest, indicating he'd washed up just before she arrived.

His gaze started at her hair and moved slowly down her body. Her skin burned everywhere it landed. He didn't say a word, but stepped forward, reached for her purse and set it on the dresser. Then he knelt and held out a hand, palm up.

Without being told, she placed her foot in his hand, and he slipped off her pump then did the same with the other. His black-eyed glance swept up, pinning her in place and then his hands glided up her legs and right under her skirt—all the way up until he reached the waistband of the pantyhose she'd worn today.

Raelie swallowed, nervous and excited all at once, liking the roughness of his callused hands even though they spelled a quick death for her nylons. He stripped them down, taking her undies with them, and pushed them off her feet.

Again, his hands disappeared beneath her skirt, smoothing up her thighs and over her naked ass. While his fingers kneaded her bottom, causing her to sway on her feet, another set of fingers pulled the waist band of her skirt.

Morgan had moved behind her and was making quick work of the rest of her clothes. Inside a minute, they had her stripped naked, standing between them and shivering from head to toe.

Billy stood, gliding up her belly, his furred chest rubbing against her nervous tummy and breasts. When he stepped back to strip, she let out the breath she'd held in a loud whoosh, which made the corners of his mouth crimp.

Naked, he planted hands on his hips and let her look, his dark gaze never leaving her face. She drank in the sight of his muscular body, thicker than either Morgan's or Bryce's and with arms like a prize-fighter's. Black fur cloaked his chest, not too thick and silky looking. Fur arrowed down toward his cock, which was fully erect and pointing right at her. Everything was in proportion with his thick build, including another lovely, masculine cock.

Moisture filled her mouth, and she was tempted to drop to her knees and take him, but she remembered there was a game to play. They would make all the decisions. Her

duty was to obey.

Billy fisted his cock and gave her narrowed glance. "You sure you want this?" "Your cock?" she blurted stupidly.

The corner of his mouth twitched. "Will you let us fuck you? Both of us?"

Raelie lifted her chin. "Mr. Caldwell sent me. Said I was to do whatever you asked."

Billy reached behind her head and removed the clasp that restrained her hair. He combed thick fingers through the strands he'd freed.

The simple motion soothed her ravaged nerves. Still, she resisted swaying toward him. Her back stiffened.

"How come you don't look ready for this?"

Raelie covered her breasts with her hands. "I'm thinking..." she whispered.

A throat cleared behind her and she jumped, her shocked gaze swinging toward the intruder. Bryce stood in the doorway.

Relief washed over her and her throat drew tight.

Bryce crooked his finger and she walked into his arms. He kissed her hair. "These boys giving you any trouble?"

She shook her head then pressed her face against his chest.

"Tell me what's wrong."

"I was feeling a little overwhelmed," she whispered. "It's really going to happen?"

"I did warn you I had some kinks." His words were spoken low and against her ear. "Are you strong enough to live with them?"

Raelie tilted back her head, her gaze searching his expression. "With your kinks or with your friends?"

His lips twitched. "Tell me what really bothers you about this. I know it's not being naked and it's not about having sex with them. You thrive on a challenge."

She shook her head, afraid to tell him the truth. She'd sound needy, like a weird stalker chick in the making.

He lifted her chin with his thumb until she was forced to meet his gaze. "Tell me, Raelie."

She licked her lips then closed her eyes, hoping it would be less embarrassing if she didn't have to see his dismay. "I'm afraid you'll be done with me after this. After the luster of the chase is gone."

When he didn't respond, her heart lodged in the back of her throat. She'd screwed up. After several moments passed, she opened her eyes and looked up.

His expression was hard, his eyebrows drawn into a fierce scowl. "That's what you think of me? That I'm using you? That you're just the entertainment?"

"Aren't I?"

With a pointed glare that ignited her anger and, surprisingly, helped her rediscover her backbone, he stepped back. His glance went beyond her to the men behind her. "She's yours. Forget I'm here."

He strode to the far wall and leaned against it, arms crossed tightly over his chest. Raelie didn't know what to think. She'd disappointed him—that much she knew.

She straightened her shoulders and faced the other two men.

Billy's gaze raked her again. "I want you to face away from us and bend over. You cheated yesterday. Didn't you know there would be consequences?"

Feeling suddenly vulnerable again, which she knew was his intent, she took a deep breath.

"Now, Miss Wood. Are you afraid?"

She read the steely confidence in his gaze and the set of his jaw. She pivoted on her heel, faced the wall then slowly bent over, knowing her ass and her sex were exposed to them both.

"Lower," Billy murmured. "Grab your ankles."

Shivering beneath his even tone, spoken in a gruff Cajun accent, she stretched down and clutched her ankles.

"Told you she had a pretty cunt," Morgan murmured.

"Spread your legs wider," Billy said quietly.

She shuffled her feet apart, her face heating from the embarrassment and from the blood rushing to her head.

"Let go of your ankles and reach behind you. Spread your ass cheeks for us." She sucked in another gasp. Jesus, did they want to humiliate her? It was working. "Better do it, Raelie," Morgan said. "Billy won't go as easy on your ass as me or

Bryce."

Which apparently meant absolutely nothing to her pussy. She felt herself swell and moisture begin to trickle. Cool air-conditioned air brushed her open, wet sex and added to the arousal that standing with her feminine parts open and exposed to three men she didn't really know all that well incited.

Bryce wanted her to do this—and she wanted him. She'd have to trust that he wouldn't let them shame her. Embarrassment was to be expected, even needed, to keep her meek.

She let go of her ankles and reached back to clutch both globes of her ass and pull them apart.

Between her legs, she watched Billy draw closer. A fingertip traced a welt on her bottom. "What did you feel when Bryce gave you this?"

Did she dare speak what she'd truly felt? "Cherished," she whispered. "Really?"

She didn't respond, feeling foolish for saying it out loud and wishing she could take it back. She'd wanted to reach out to Bryce, but would he let it slide if it wasn't something he wanted to hear? But thinking was hard with the blood rushing toward her head and her heartbeat pounding in her ears.

Moist, cool gel smoothed over her anus. Then something prodded her hole and pushed inside. Not flesh. An object. Her body stiffened and she forced her muscles to relax. She wanted to ask them what the hell it was, but kept silent, needing to please Bryce more than she needed to satisfy her curiosity. She'd save her little rebellions for him because she didn't want anyone but "Mr. Caldwell" punishing her.

The object slid deep, narrow in circumference at first, then widening. A butt plug. She'd had one thrust inside her before—by her previous master—and he'd made her keep

it there while he led her nude around the club. She'd been embarrassed and suffered strangers' hands caressing the end of the plug.

She bit her lips and wished those thoughts gone, because that was then, and now was very different. Still, she couldn't help the little sniffle that escaped.

Hands clamped around her shoulders and pulled her upright. Morgan moved in front of her, his gaze studying her expression. "Was that painful? Did he hurt you?"

She shook her head, dropping her gaze.

A finger crooked under her chin and lifted her face. "Then what's wrong, Raelie?" Morgan asked softly.

She had to tell him. No more than she could Bryce, she couldn't deny Morgan anything, even her thoughts. And she didn't want to. "My old boyfriend made me use one in a club. I didn't much like it. Having strangers watch me and...touch it."

Morgan wrapped his arms around her and pulled her against his naked chest.

When had he undressed? She closed her eyes and accepted his comfort, nestling her belly against his erection.

"Does this feel the same way to you?" He pressed a kiss against her temple. "Do you think we'd have so little care for your modesty? It's just us, Raelie. We won't hurt you. Our only goal is your pleasure."

"But I don't know Billy."

Morgan sighed. "We're like brothers, the three of us. We share a business, a long friendship. Sometimes women. Until you know Billy better, you have to trust Bryce and me. Or at least trust Bryce. You will know us, inside and out. And you won't have a secret we won't discover."

Something about the way he said it sounded like a vow, like it was meant for something lasting. Her arms crept around his back, and she snuggled her face deeper against his chest. "I'm okay now. Really." She kissed the corner of his neck. "Please, sir."

A snort stirred the hair at her temple. "You say that all meek-like, but I'm not fooled," he growled. "I'm the guy you wouldn't give an inch."

She felt a smile begin to stretch her mouth. Trust Morgan to know how to put her at ease. Mr. Glib was a lot sweeter than he wanted anyone to know.

Morgan stepped back and she let him go, but not without trailing her hands down his sides. She couldn't help herself. She knew his body and already loved it. The bold thrust of his cock had her hands curling because she wanted to wrap both around the thick, sturdy shaft.

A vibration hummed to life—from the dildo clutched tightly between her cheeks. She jerked her head toward Billy, who watched her with a steady, narrowed stare.

Bryce trusted him, she reminded herself, not daring to glance in Bryce's direction for reassurance. She'd show her trust. He'd said Billy was dark. She wished he'd warned her he was a little scary too.

She gritted her teeth to stop the groan threatening to spill out. "There are men working right outside the window. Is everyone going to know what we're doing?"

Morgan waggled his eyebrows. "Give us a minute and I bet you won't give a damn if they do."

She clamped hard around the dildo, trying to suppress the curl of arousal, winding tightly inside her belly. "I mean it. This is play. But I have a job I don't want to give up if everyone thinks I'm a whore."

Morgan's expression turned as stern and remote as any Bryce had ever given her. "The guys think we're going over an estimate, trying to scrub it. They know we'll be at it a while, and we need to be left alone while we work out the details."

"But you probably shouldn't make too much noise," Billy drawled, dangling a ball gag from his fingers.

Oh hell. Her eyes widened. Lush heat thrilled through her. Her nipples, already dimpled from the cool air, spiked harder, the tips elongating as her breaths shortened.

Behind her, Morgan smoothed a hand down an arm then caught both wrists, pulled them together and bound them behind her back.

Billy raised the ball gag and waited for her to take it, not moving a muscle.

Raelie wet her lips, shot a glance at Bryce still leaning against the wall, but his expression was neutral. She swallowed one last time then she opened her mouth obediently to accept the gag. Before Morgan finished pulling the straps taut behind her head, her jaws felt the pinch. She was defenseless now and exultant over that fact. Her whole body quivered with anticipation.

"We had planned for you to blow us," Billy said, moving closer until she was sandwiched between two nude men, their skin heating against hers.

"I wanted to see you on your knees again," Morgan murmured into her ear, "giving us both a hard suck and tug, but you like fellatio a little too much. You were in your comfort zone when I fucked that sweet mouth."

"Bryce said we could take you however we wanted," Billy said.

The deep graveled texture of his voice enough to make her pussy clench hard. He sounded dangerous, intense.

"We can do what we want so long as we don't scare you—not too much anyway."

Morgan's hand cupped a breast. He tugged the nipple, pulling it hard toward the floor, and then let it pop back. "Bryce made sure we were all tested and he looked over the results. Said to tell you that you can trust us. We're safe. Understand?"

Safe. Not the word she would have chosen at that exact moment. Not with her hands bound and a ball crammed in her mouth to muffle her cries.

Billy's mouth lifted in a knowing smirk, and he pushed his face closer. His eyes were so dark she couldn't see the pupils, but she did see herself reflected.

He scraped his whiskered cheek against hers. "Miss Wood, we're gonna fuck you until your legs quiver like Jell-O. It's okay if you shout, because no one's gonna hear around that gag. It's okay if you cry, because Morgan here will know how to comfort you. But, baby, I'm here to push you. To make you quiver and question your own strength."

Chapter Nine

Raelie inhaled sharply.

Billy pulled back his head, humor sparkling briefly in his eyes, before his face formed into harsh lines again. Without another word, he grasped her waist and lifted her. His cock glided down her belly over her mons, then tucked between her legs.

A hand, Morgan's, opened her folds and placed Billy's cock at her entrance. Then those big arms of Billy's flexed, and he drove her down his cock. Filled to the brim with a thick, trunk-like cock, she vibrated against him. Squirming, she tried to lift her legs to hug his waist, but Morgan slapped her buttocks.

She jerked against Billy. Their faces were so close, she wished he'd kiss her, show her some softness. Her chest rested against a rock wall, her vagina was crammed full with unrelenting hardness.

Behind her, Morgan's hands cupped her butt and squeezed then pressed the flat of his palm against the base of the dildo and pushed it deeper at the same time the vibrations increased in strength.

Her body shivered, and her pussy gripped Billy's cock like a vise. Her breaths came in short, noisy gusts through her nose. She groaned loudly around the gag as tension curled and tightened inside her.

"Don't you dare come."

Billy's tone was so deadly even, she thought he must have a will of iron. His cock was like a steel rod inside her, so he had to be aroused. However, his arms held her effortlessly; his belly remained rigid against hers. Not a single shiver racked his body—not like the palsied quivers working all along the length of her channel.

Then Morgan pulled the vibrator out of her ass and tossed it away. Latex snapped. His body came up snugly against her back, and his hands parted her, this time to allow his cock to seek her back entrance.

Billy leaned slightly back, bringing her with him, letting her legs swing slightly forward, just enough to expose her asshole for Morgan. His cock pushed against her, the blunt crown sliding in lubricant, but still so broad she felt as though a post was shoving up inside her. Her muscles burned and stretched.

She closed her eyes tightly and placed her cheek against Billy's, seeking comfort he hadn't offered. Billy surprised her by nuzzling her ear, and then he bit the lobe, distracting her as Morgan pushed past her tight ring.

Raelie groaned.

"Fuck," Morgan breathed. "Goddamn tight up there."

She'd have laughed if she could have. Her ass burned, but she was so full of cock she was nearly delirious.

Two sets of hands, one at her waist, the other at her hips, clutched her tightly as the men began to move against her. Billy withdrew as Morgan shoved deeper, each of his strokes causing her fingers to graze his belly. Then Billy stroked in while Morgan

retreated. The tandem motions, although rhythmic, weren't soothing in the least.

They built a fire inside her, stoked her head with sensory-rich details that confused and overwhelmed her. If her hands had been free, she would have wrapped them around Billy and to hell with his stricture not to fold her legs around him, because she would have crawled all over him to ease the emotions slamming through her with each hard, measured thrust.

They demolished her composure and left the walls she'd constructed to protect her pride in crumbling ruins.

Moisture tracked down her face, and she didn't know she was crying until Billy muttered something, and both their bodies stilled.

Morgan freed her hands, and despite the pain she felt as she moved the numbed limbs, she thrust them around Billy's neck and leaned her face against his chest, holding him tight, squeezing with all her strength, until he hugged her back.

"It's okay, baby girl," he whispered. "Shhhh...."

"Want us to stop?" Morgan said next to her ear.

Raelie sniffed. Had they forgotten about the goddamn ball-gag? She raised her face and slapped Billy's cheek with the ball.

His head reared back, and his eyes narrowed on her expression.

She wished she'd thought to school her features into an appropriately submissive mask, because she knew the instant he realized that she wasn't crying because they'd pushed her too far. She was crying from frustrated anger.

A one-sided smile crept across his face. "Baby's got her grit back, Morgan. Let's show her we aren't the kind to let a disobedient woman off the hook. Not over a few crocodile tears."

Raelie screamed against her gag and swung her legs, nailing his knees and calves with the edge of her heels.

Billy grimaced then thinned his lips. "Got her?"

Morgan wrapped an arm around her middle. Billy pulled out of her, leaving her still impaled with Morgan's cock up her ass.

Morgan bent his legs and her feet touched the ground. Billy cupped her breasts and her glance rose to give him another furious glare, but he pinched her nipples, squeezing them painfully hard between his fingers and his thumbs. He used the pressure to pull her down until she bent at the waist, her face level with his cock.

"Put your hands on my hips, Miss Wood," Billy said.

Because he still pinched her nipples, she didn't have any choice. She clutched the notches of his hips and glanced up.

He released her nipples and she gave a muffled moan as blood flooded the tips, engorging them. Billy fisted his cock, running his hand up and down his length in front of her face.

She could smell his male musk, the scent of the soap he'd used, her own arousal still coating his shaft. When his hands cupped her cheeks and a thumb pulled down her jaw, she thought about fighting him for the sake of her damaged pride. Instead, she quietly let him remove the ball gag from her mouth then just as obediently, just as submissively, accepted the cock he pressed against her lips.

She opened wide, swallowing him down, rushing forward to consume him hungrily.

His hands curved around her cheeks and closed over her ears until the only sounds she heard were those inside her head—her throbbing pulse, her moaning grunts as Morgan resumed shafting her ass and Billy thrust deep into her throat.

She fought the urge to gag and loosened her jaw to take him deep, enjoying the softness of the cap beneath her tongue, the rigid heat her mouth glided along. She suctioned hard, trying to pull his cum from his balls, but Billy never betrayed any lapse of control.

Not like Morgan, whose fingers bit into her hips and whose cock hammered her ass in short jabs that quickly lost rhythm the closer he drew to orgasm. When he came, she felt the scalding spurts, the slowing of his hips as shudders racked him. Finally, he slowed and pulled free.

A cloth cleansed her from behind. Billy pulled his cock from her mouth. When she straightened, her legs shaking beneath her, he reached behind her and grabbed her ass, picked her up from the floor and carried her to the bed. He sat her on the edge then cradled her back as he urged her to lie down.

"I want you to lift your legs, Miss Wood. Lift 'em high and spread 'em wide. I want to see your pussy, see your girl-cum glazing those pretty lips."

Raelie shook her head, sure she couldn't manage it because she was still shaking so hard.

"If you don't do what I say, I won't let you come."

She gave a hoarse sob then scowled at him. "You're a bastard."

Billy grunted, but didn't crack a smile. "I've heard that a time or two. Doesn't mean I don't still expect you to lift those legs and spread 'em for me."

Raelie shot a glance at Bryce, who still stood stock-still, then at Morgan, but he shrugged, indicating she was on her own. All she wanted was to come. She'd earned it, dammit. However, Billy's implacable expression said he was serious. Her anger gave way to resignation. They'd take every bit of her pride. What would be left? She hoped like hell the reward was worth it in the end.

Setting her expression into a cold mask, she pulled up her legs, tucking them into her chest with her arms wrapped protectively around her knees.

Billy's hand cupped her sex, thick fingers poked inside her and swirled. "Sure you don't wanna be fucked, Miss Wood? I'll only ask one more time then I'll leave. But think hard because Bryce isn't gonna be happy with your lack of obedience."

His dark, devil's eyes were heartlessly cold. Bryce wanted her to trust him, and she supposed she did, even though he brought out every bratty, rebellious urge she tried to keep hidden deep inside.

Raelie bit her lip and scowled again, but let go of her knees and slowly spread them, gradually straightening her legs and letting their weight pull her fully open.

His hungry gaze fell between her legs where his fingers still played.

Morgan stepped beside him and stared as well. Morgan touched the rings on either side of her folds. "You have them done or did your old boyfriend do that?"

"My old boyfriend sent me to a friend of his to have it done."

"Did he like to play with them?"

The conversation eased her frustration and she nodded slowly. "He'd tie them together with a ribbon when he was punishing me."

"To keep you from putting anything inside?"

She nodded, becoming more at ease with her thighs splayed. Their expressions weren't feral, and their comments weren't embarrassingly lewd.

"I'll wanna hang weights from them sometime," Billy said, lifting his gaze to hers. "Will you let me?"

Surprised he'd bothered asking, Raelie cleared her throat. "If Mr. Caldwell permits it."

Billy smiled for the first time, showing a flash of white teeth. "What the fuck did Bryce do to win that kind of lovalty?"

Raelie's smile was slow and sheepish. "He didn't fire me for taking pictures of my pussy."

"So it's just for blackmail?"

She grinned back and lifted her eyebrows. "I'll never tell."

Morgan and Billy burst out in low, dirty chuckles. Billy thrust three fingers inside her and rubbed her clit with his thumb.

Her head tilted back, her knees bent, but she opened wider, trying to push her cunt against his hand to take him deeper. "Please, Billy..."

His fingers pulled free and a slap landed on her open sex, followed by another and another.

The sting caused her labia to swell and moisture to spill. "Please, make me come"

Billy backed away and bent over her sex. The brush of his tongue when it touched her felt like heaven against her overheated and abused flesh. The point slipped between her folds and thrust inside her, fluttering. Then he lapped higher, swirling the flat over her distended and exposed clit.

"Yes!" she shouted, lifting her shoulders off the desk and digging her fingers into Billy's scalp.

"Don't you come," Morgan said, leaning over her and pinching a nipple hard.

Raelie's whole body trembled now, something she couldn't hide. "Tell me what you want...what I have to do. Just please, please, let me come."

Billy bit down on her clit.

Raelie panted through pursed lips to keep from tumbling over the edge, her whole body trembling hard. When he straightened, she sagged against the bed, watching him, ready to do whatever he asked because she needed to come.

Billy lifted her legs and brought them closer together, then hooked his arms under her knees and pulled her hips to the edge of the high bed. "Put me inside you, baby girl."

Eager to comply, she curled her shoulders up and reached for his cock, cradling it lovingly between both hands. Then she placed it at her entrance and let him funnel through her grasp as he pushed inside her body. She fell back. "I don't know..." she muttered.

"What's that, sweetheart?" Morgan said, leaning over her and playing with her

nipples while Billy slowly rocked forward and back, sliding into her body and out.

"I don't know if I can stop," she said, sobbing then biting her lower lip.

Morgan gave her a crooked smile and plucked a sore nipple. "Then don't."

Billy pulled out then slammed forward, following the hard crash with sharp strokes that slapped his belly and crotch against her pussy and ass, making lewdly succulent sounds.

Sounds that forced her over the edge. She clung there, her fingers digging into Morgan's shoulder as her eyes squeezed tightly and she gritted her teeth. A long, low whine squeezed from her throat, and then she exploded, her body spasming, her vagina convulsing in strong ripples that milked Billy's cock.

He shouted, never slowing the blistering pounding he gave her pussy.

When her orgasm had waned to tiny lingering pulses, only then did he slow his thrusts. He bent over her, his hands on either side of her shoulders, his sweaty face above hers when she opened her eyes. His smile was slow and warm, and Raelie felt his approval wrap itself firmly around her heart.

Which confused the hell out of her, since it was Bryce she wanted to belong to.

Bryce cleared his throat—as much to signal the men it was time to get out as to ease away a little of his own tension. Watching them pleasure Raelie had left him with a raging hard-on that he couldn't surrender to. Not yet.

Billy withdrew from Raelie's body, and with Morgan trailing his steps, left the room.

Raelie lowered her legs, letting them dangle over the edge of the bed. She raised an arm to cover her eyes.

"Remembering who you belong to?" he said dryly.

Her throat worked around a swallow, and then she dragged her arm down. Her gaze when it met his was haunted. "I never forgot," she said, but a guilty flush betrayed her.

"I need you to get up."

Her mouth opened, but she pushed up to sit at the edge of the bed then stood on shaky legs to face him.

He wanted to hold open his arms and offer her comfort, but Raelie needed to learn one last lesson. She'd obeyed him, trusted that he'd see to her pleasure, but she didn't trust that he'd take care of her heart.

Not that he'd known until the moment she'd glanced to him for reassurance before stiffening her shoulders and submitting to Billy. Raelie had courage, something he prized in a woman. Fact was, there wasn't anything about her that had disappointed him. The ache in his chest that had lodged itself there provided proof that he cared deeply.

Before he'd sent her to the house, he'd made up his mind that she would be his. This test had been about Raelie learning that she belonged in his life, that she could share in every aspect and abandon any hang-ups she might still have without fear she'd be alone at the end.

He held out his hand and she came closer and slipped her small hand inside his. "How do you feel?"

Her smile was weak, but her stare was direct. "A little used."

Bryce tugged her closer, smoothing his hands over her silky skin, and she nestled against his chest.

"You have on too many clothes," she grumbled.

"I thought you'd need a little rest, first," he said, rubbing his cheek against her hair.

"Don't you want me?"

"What you really mean is, how can I not fuck you after watching you with Morgan and Billy, right?"

Her hand sneaked between his legs and fondled his swollen cock. "I want to please you."

"You have," he said, reluctantly pushing away her hand. "You did everything I asked. You trusted me at least enough to give yourself over to Billy and Morgan."

"I feel a 'but' coming."

"I want you to trust me in all things. I want you to trust that I won't hurt you."

Her arms slipped around his waist and she leaned against him. "I'm learning. I swear, every minute I'm with you, everything becomes clearer."

Bryce lifted her chin. Her blue eyes shimmered with moisture. His chest tightened. "I'm falling in love with you, Raelie. I didn't think it would happen this fast, but my heart is already yours."

Raelie's mouth fell open. "I thought I was the only one. But I'm not sure where this is going."

"Where would you like it to go?"

"I guess I want to know more about your...perversions first."

Bryce grinned. "One thing at a time. I don't want to send you screaming."

Her head fell back, and a smile stretched her mouth. "But you do want to keep me unbalanced. You like testing me."

"It's part of our game. I push, you push back, I conquer."

"I really, really like the conquering part," she said, her voice becoming sultry.

"I never would have guessed." With a laugh, he reached down and slapped her bottom. "Now, stop being a tease and get a bath. Then I'll feed you. You're going to need your strength."

She wrinkled her nose and let him push her away, a hand going to her ass to rub away the slight pain. "I think I'll need another name to call you when we're here."

"Master will do just fine."

* * *

The next day, Raelie's life changed forever.

Although a Saturday, Rance Cafferty had asked for a meeting that morning since he was in town to finalize the contracts with the client. Bryce asked her to come in to take notes and provide secretarial support, should they need it. She hadn't really minded.

That morning, she'd been brought awake in delicious increments with Bryce's erect cock nudging her bottom. Without a lot of grumbling, she'd rolled to her back and

he'd made love to her, clasping her hands above her head toward the end when she'd grown impatient with his pace and tried to "cheat" by massaging his balls as he stroked into her.

Today was the last day she'd sit in the outer office. Kathryn returned from her honeymoon on Monday. And even though Bryce had been attentive, she still had stirrings of unease that everything could come to a screeching halt at any moment.

That was, until he'd slid an envelope across her desk before leaving for drinks with Cafferty.

Inside was a set of keys. Her face must have blushed a bright rose, because he laughed and bent to give her a quick kiss on the cheek.

Cafferty's eyebrows rose, but he didn't say a thing as the two men left.

She'd dashed home, packed a small suitcase with necessities, watered her ivy and asked the neighbor lady to pick up her mail. Perhaps she was taking things for granted, but her confidence was growing by the minute.

She used her shiny new key to enter Bryce's house. In the foyer, she glanced around, curious about her surroundings because both times she'd been here, she'd been rushed to Bryce's bedroom, and she hadn't been able to see anything.

This time, she walked slowly through the house, admiring the wood floors, the soft warms hues of the colors of the walls and upholstered furniture and imagining herself being here, maybe someday living here for good one day. The foyer opened into a large living room, shaped like a wheel, with doors at the end of the spokes, all of them closed except for the one open entrance that led into a kitchen.

Bryce looked up from where he stood in front of a stove, half of it a grill with four large sizzling steaks, a stainless steel hood drawing away the smoke, but not the mouthwatering aroma of the roasting meat.

She walked shyly forward, not knowing what he expected her to do.

His gaze flickered over her. "You're wearing too many clothes."

"No, 'hello, honey, how was your day'?" she quipped.

"You're wasting time."

Again, her misgivings resurfaced, making her feel sick to her stomach and striking a match to her anger. However, she didn't give voice to her thoughts, reminding herself that maybe he didn't know how he was making her feel. Maybe this was as fresh and new to him as it was to her. She certainly didn't know the rules.

Without any further hesitation, she drew off her clothing, one item at a time, her gaze never leaving his.

His back straightened when she shoved her skirt down her legs to reveal the fact she was completely nude beneath it.

She raised an eyebrow. "Pantyhose and panties seemed...unnecessary."

His gaze narrowed in an all-too-familiar challenge.

Raelie felt heat blossom on her cheeks. Anger rolled over her, replacing the happy, easy feeling she'd enjoyed until moments ago. "What is it you want from me, Bryce?"

He arched an eyebrow.

"Right now, you're not 'Sir', you're just an asshole."

He put down the fork he'd used to turn the steaks and walked around the cooking island to stand in front of her. "You want to know what I want from you?" His hand shot out and grabbed her wrist, and he twisted it, spinning her around until her back was against his clothed chest. He dropped her wrist and clutched her against him, a hand on a breast, the other sliding over her pussy. His face nuzzled against her cheek. "I want everything, Raelie. Every ounce of anger, every lustful sigh." His middle finger pressed against her clit. "Every orgasm, sweetheart."

"Why are you angry with me?"

"Did I say I was?"

"You weren't smiling and you looked at me like I'd done something wrong. I thought you weren't happy with me, that maybe you had second thoughts about what happened between me and your friends."

"I wasn't happy because I realized I didn't explain one very important rule." He bit her earlobe. "You don't cross the threshold of our house wearing even a scrap of clothing."

Raelie's jaw dropped. That's what he was pouting about? "What if you have guests?"

"Doesn't matter. You enter our house, you come in ready to please me."

Her breath caught. He'd said it twice—"our house". It couldn't have been an accident. Liquid seeped between her folds, and he rolled the tip of his finger in it, then brought it to his mouth and sucked it off. "I assume you don't have any problems with that rule."

"Are you gonna punish me even though I didn't know?"

"Wouldn't you be disappointed if I didn't?"

Raelie smiled and dipped her head to try to hide it. "You said our house. Did you mean yours and mine?"

"Um, walk into the living room."

His arms unwrapped from her waist, and she retraced her steps, Bryce shadowing her steps. Inside the large living room, two doors on opposite spokes had opened. She turned back to him, a question in her eyes then heard footsteps scuffle.

When she looked again, Billy stood in a doorway, unbuttoning his shirt. In another, Morgan leaned against the doorframe, wearing a smirk.

"Our home," Bryce said. "Yours too. That answer all your questions?"

Raelie gave him a baleful stare. "Seriously? You all live here? And you want me naked when I step inside the door?"

Bryce lifted his chin toward the other guys who had moved deeper into the room, striding toward her.

Billy reached her first and stood so close if she'd breathed deeply the tips of her breasts would have been buried in his chest hair. "We've been looking for just the right... secretary."

Morgan tucked a finger under her chin to turn her face to him. "Bryce owns you, baby. But when he's not here to guide you, you're ours. Got a problem with that?"

Raelie swallowed hard, knowing her eyes were so wide they were swallowing her face, but she couldn't help the excitement that hummed through her body. She glanced

back at Bryce.

He lifted a brow. "It's up to you, sweetheart. Will you be ours?"

Raelie's heart nearly burst. Every secret dream she'd ever had, every longing she'd never had the courage to say out loud had been answered. She backed away from the three men whose set expressions reflected their shared tension. She had captured them all, and they didn't have a clue. And since she was a very smart girl, she knew she'd never let them know it.

With a smile wreathing her mouth, she knelt on the floor, never looking up as she placed her clasped hands in the small of her back.

About the Author

Until recently, award-winning erotica and romance author Delilah Devlin lived in South Texas at the intersection of two dry creeks, surrounded by sexy cowboys in Wranglers. These days, she's missing the wide-open skies and starry nights but loving her dark forest in Central Arkansas, with its eccentric characters and isolation—the better to feed her hungry muse! For Delilah, the greatest sin is driving between the lines, because it's comfortable and safe. Her personal journey has taken her through one war and many countries, cultures, jobs, and relationships to bring her to the place where she is now—writing sexy adventures that hold more than a kernel of autobiography and often share a common thread of self-discovery and transformation.

To learn more about Delilah Devlin, please visit <u>www.delilahdevlin.com</u>. Send an email to <u>delilah@delilahdevlin.com</u> or join her Yahoo! group to enter in the fun with other readers as well as Delilah: <u>DelilahsDiary@yahoogroups.com</u>

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Coming Soon from National Bestselling Author Sasha White Mavericks of Space

An excerpt from ABDUCTION, the first story in the Mavericks of Space collection

Max Cooper was hearing voices. The fact they woke him from a deep sleep—the only half-decent sleep he'd had in almost a year—didn't matter. What mattered was that he heard them. Because eleven months ago, his eardrums had been shattered in a diving accident, and he hadn't heard a thing since.

Despite the deep sleep and the disorientation he felt when he sat up in bed, he became instantly aware of two other things.

One, he was naked.

Two, he had no idea where he was.

Adrenaline pumped through his system as he scanned his surroundings. The room was like something out of a Star Trek episode. All smooth shiny surfaces and curved walls-simple, large, and luxurious.

Where the hell was he? There was no denying that wherever he was, this place was a far cry from his spartan bachelor pad.

He cocked his head to the side. And where the hell did the voices go? They'd been loud enough to wake him, yet he didn't see anyone, or hear anything anymore.

Pulling in a deep breath, Max purposely calmed his heart rate and took stock of things.

He remembered sitting in the Ghost Zone sucking on some scotch and trying not to think too much when a super-sexy brunette sat down next to him. Her full lips had moved as she'd said something, but he'd just stared at her lips until she stopped. She hadn't spoken again, but she hadn't left either.

She'd sat next to him, staring [watching] as he drank for a time before reaching under the table and running a hand up his thigh. All the way up to his dick, which had jumped eagerly and rapidly filled his jeans to the point of pain, as she tested his size. And when she'd tilted her head and slid from the booth with an openly seductive look, he'd followed without hesitation.

What a fucking idiot he was.

Filled with lust, and mellowed by scotch, he'd followed her into the alley behind The Ghost Zone, where she'd pinned him to the wall with surprising strength. Her tiny body pressed full length against his, her lips on his and her tongue in his mouth were the last thing he remembered. Swiping his tongue across his lips, he swore he could still taste her flavor, so dark and erotic that his cock twitched just thinking about it.

Give your head a shake, man! Now is not the time to think about a little lost pussy.

He surveyed the spacious room.

One corner of the room housed a sleek lounger next to a window, out of which Max saw only inky blackness. He swung both legs over the edge of the bed, intent on looking outside and searching the room for a weapon—and maybe some clothes too. As

soon as he stood up the wall on the opposite side of the room slid open, revealing a doorway. He stilled, poised and ready for whatever was coming.

A shirtless man strolled in. "Hey, Max. I was wondering when you'd wake up," he said before taking a big bite of the apple in his hand.

The shock of hearing the actual words made Max's heart stutter. His throat tightened and he tasted tears when he swallowed convulsively. He'd heard the words, clear as a bell, and—the surfer dud had called him by name!

Reining in his emotions, he glared at the guy. "Where am I, and who the hell are you?"

Max's voice was rusty from disuse, but talking, and hearing himself again felt so damn good. He hadn't lost his ability to speak in the accident, but when he'd gone deaf, he hadn't wanted to talk, for a number of reasons. He hadn't had much to say to anyone, and when he did have something to say, he couldn't hear himself, which made him feel like an idiot. So he'd write things on a notepad instead of trying to talk.

The guy's eyebrows had shot up, and he swallowed quickly. "I'm Jason. You don't know where you are? Didn't you go through the tests like the rest of us?"

Max narrowed his gaze. He didn't think this man posed a threat, but a tingle of unease went through him at the mention of any sort of testing. He hated tests; he never did well on tests.

Uncaring of his nudity, he met Jason's curious gaze head on. "What testing?"

"The stamina and sensitivity tests?" When Max didn't answer, Jason's eyebrows rose. "The girls? You didn't meet the girls yet?"

Hands planted on his hips, Max shook his head once. What was the guy talking about?

"The aliens?" Jason started to chuckle. "You haven't met any of the aliens yet?" Aliens?

He stared at the younger man and tried to come to grips with what he was hearing. Max shook his head and started to brush past the loser.

"No wait!" Jason reached for Max's arm.

Max didn't wait for the hand to land on his arm. He sidestepped, grabbed Jason's wrist, and stepped behind him. In the blink of an eye, he had one of Jason's arm twisted up between his shoulder blades, while he was pinching off the guys air with the other. "I want straight answers and I want them now! Do you understand?"

"If you want straight answers, please ask me."

The dulcet tones of a female voice filled Max's ears. He spun around, keeping Jason between him and the woman that was suddenly behind him.

She was gorgeous. It was his first thought when he'd seen her in The Ghost Zone, and it was his first thought once again. Only now, she didn't appear as small and delicate as he remembered. Actually, she looked lethal, her leanly muscled body covered by scraps of leather and metal held together with belts containing full weapon sheaths. Her brown hair appeared darker, her green eyes brighter, and her fair skin almost glowed silver. She looked less human than he remembered, and yet, even more beautiful.

Ignoring the lust stirring in his groin, Max smirked at her. "Well hello again, stranger."

"Hello, Max. My name is Tyla, although most around here refer to me as Captain Natori." Her lips tilted slightly, her voice soft and pleasant, contradicting the readiness of her stance. "Please let Jason go. No harm will come to you while you're in my care."

"In your care?" He stiffened. "Exactly who and what are you, and why should I believe anything you say?"

"You haven't been hurt yet. In fact, you've been healed, haven't you?" There was a moment of silence as she studied him before warning softly, "I only ask once, Max."

No way in hell was he going to release his prisoner, his shield, before he got some answers. He wasn't the most trusting guy in the best of circumstances. Being kidnapped hadn't exactly made him more inclined to trust, no matter that they hadn't harmed him... yet. The fact that he wasn't deaf anymore only meant they had done something to him without his knowledge or permission, and that was all that mattered right now.

A grimace marred Tyla's pretty face before she spoke firmly. "Ghost, please transfer Jason to the Leisure Room."

Without a whisper of sound, Max's hostage vanished, and he gripped empty air. His heart stalled, then pounded like a hyperactive jackhammer. Sweat popped out on his brow, and he fought to stay calm. The guy had just disappeared into thin air!

"You are on my ship, Max, and Ghost is on a course to my home planet of Triton. Don't worry, though, you're not alone. Besides you and Jason, there are seven other human males and four Durians. You, however, are the only one who has not gone through testing, as you are not to go on the open market. You're to be mine..." a smile spread on her lips, "and I do my own testing."

Max struggled to hear her over the roaring in his ears. Home planet? Testing? HERS!

As she talked, Tyla walked to a panel of buttons on the wall and pressed one. The wall shifted and a rack of clothing emerged. She selected a pair of pants similar to those Jason had been wearing earlier and held them out.

Unsure, but unwilling to appear anything but confident, Max took her offering. "I'm yours?" A spaceship named Ghost? Humans, Durians, and home planets? His brain was starting to hurt.

Without taking his gaze from hers, he stepped into the pants and pulled them up. They were like sweatpants, sort of. Dark green in color with a drawstring waist, they reminded him of the martial arts Gei he wore when he trained. Which was good. He'd be able to move in them, fight in them when the time came.

"Yes, mine." She met his gaze, and waited.

Despite his anger and distrust, he felt his cock stir at the thought of being hers. Alien or not, she was hot. "Let me get this straight. You're an alien from another planet, and you came on to me in the bar last night in order to abduct me?" He paused and waited for her nod of confirmation. "And you have a dozen other men of various... species also on board this spaceship of yours, and you're taking us to your home planet where they'll be put 'on the market,' but me—" he jabbed a thumb in his chest "—I'm to become yours?"

"Yes!" Tyla beamed, relaxing her stance.

He stared, unable to form any more words when he realized the woman was

serious. This wasn't a dream, and it wasn't a joke. The shiny room, the inky blackness outside, the kid that had disappeared from right in front of him...it was all real. The super-sexy woman in front of him has sought him out, and...and, kidnapped him!

There was a roaring in his head and all the anger that had built up in him since he'd lost his hearing rushed to the surface, and exploded outward. "Screw that!" he ranted as he strode toward her. He stopped only when he was right in her face. "I'm nobody's slave! I'm a man, a human being. You can't own a human being. Slavery was abolished during the Civil War."

"On Earth, yes it was."

He opened his mouth to speak.

She put up a hand to silence him. "But not on all planets. As it is, Triton does not hold with slavery either. We do, however, have transplants. Males, like yourself, that we...invite to join us and live among us."

"Oh? So this is an invitation?" He waved a hand, indicating the room. "I can say 'no' and you'll let me go home?"

Tyla's cheeks glowed brighter and her eyes answered him.

"Yeah," he snarled. "That's what I thought."

He turned his back on her and took two steps toward the doorway before he realized he had nowhere to go. He could leave the room, but he couldn't get off the ship. What was the point in leaving the room when he had the captain right there to answer any and all of his questions?

Scrubbing his hands over his face, he spun toward her. Time to get serious. Knowledge was the key to survival, in all situations, which meant Max needed information. Dropping his hands to his thighs, he eyed the woman standing patiently in front of him.

There was no denying she wasn't human. She looked sort of human, except for the glowing skin and piercing gaze that seemed to see right though him. She stood about five feet tall with a small, tight, hard body. The body of an athlete barely covered by the skimpiest armor he'd ever seen.

She had two eyes, two arms, two legs, two breasts. Two very nice, small but firm and perky breasts...

Max gave himself a mental head slap. Pay attention! She's an alien! She's glowing! She kidnapped you, damnit!

This was no dream; his imagination wasn't that good.

"Okay," he sighed, pushing his dread aside he focused on moving forward. "Tell me about the 'tests'."