

ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO

CYNA KADE

Stripped
by *Love*

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Cyna Kade

Daniella is running from an unhappy engagement. Her ex-fiancé has convinced her that sex should be sterile—a quick act not to be enjoyed. Her natural zest for life has been diminished by his constant denigration.

Logan is emotionally scarred by a hot-air-balloon accident that he believes led to his sister's death. He hasn't flown or used his special playroom since those events.

Chance throws them together. Logan is intrigued by Daniella. He sees flashes of joy and excitement that she quickly hides. He wants to set her free, and is confident his special brand of sex will release her—if she can learn to trust him.

Daniella quickly becomes addicted to Logan's attentions. He makes her feel special but something is missing. Logan is withholding a piece of himself. It's her turn to help him fly. The sex becomes intense as two emotionally damaged people find each other, heal their wounds and fill the gaps left by betrayal and loss.

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Balloon Fiesta: Albuquerque International Balloon Fiesta, Inc.

Chapter One

Movement on the other side of the parking lot grabbed Logan's attention. A woman walked behind a car with Oregon plates. If the out-of-state plates hadn't tipped him off, her awed expression would have. Albuquerque natives were used to hot-air balloons and while they didn't ignore them, they weren't overwhelmed by them either. This woman seemed oblivious to the world around her. She pulled off her camera's lens cap and grinned as she raised her camera and took a series of quick shots.

Logan's opinion of tourists didn't stop his body from kicking in its opinion about the woman. His cock hardened with a sudden thrust, leaping toward her, letting him know it had been far too long since the last time he'd had any woman much less the kind of woman he preferred—one who was spirited enough to play games with him.

She was striking. Her black hair was pinned up but the loose ends flowed down her back. He ached to wrap a hand in that hair and crush her lips—lips that pouted as if begging for a kiss—beneath his mouth. Her breasts arched high above a narrow waist and gently flared hips. He estimated she was short—about five-feet-five inches—but her legs seemed to belong to a much taller woman. He wanted those long legs wrapped around his waist, holding him tight. He wanted her to moan and beg for his cock. He wanted to slam into her and never leave.

He drew a deep breath and tried to shake off his lust. He didn't need an entanglement. In an effort to cool his raging body, he inventoried her faults. She wasn't a conventional beauty. Her mouth was a little too wide. Her nose was a little too short. She carried a couple of extra pounds but somehow—despite all the little flaws—her faults combined into the perfect package. He longed to lose himself in her sparkling dark chocolate eyes. She seemed like redemption. He wanted this woman.

The roar of burning propane called his attention to the balloonist. The Balloon Fiesta brought out all kinds of pilots. Most were good but there were always one or two inexperienced pilots who overestimated their capabilities. This guy was coming in too high and too fast to land safely in the field next door to the store. He was going to crash hard and the woman was standing right in his path.

Logan sprinted to the woman and, circling an arm around her waist, yanked her back. The position left her butt pressed against his cock. He forced himself to relax his grip when all he wanted was to keep her crushed close.

"You ruined my shot," she yelled as she pulled away from Logan.

Logan smiled. She was as spirited as he'd imagined. He fought the urge to hold her tight and crush her soft looking mouth under his hard lips. Instead he said, "I saved both you and your camera. Standing in the path of a balloon that's in trouble is a fool thing to do! Look!" He turned her toward the balloon. They both watched, following the balloon's descent.

Like seeing a car crash, Daniella couldn't tear her eyes away from the balloon rushing toward the ground. It swept through the parking lot, right where she'd been standing. Her stomach roiled and she quelled her anger. The stranger's quick actions had saved her from a nasty knock. Before she could apologize to the man he moved, following the path of the balloon.

The edge of the wicker basket hit the ground hard enough to crumple the bottom. It tipped, ejecting the balloonist while the colorful canopy crumpled into a tangled mess. From a glorious soaring flying machine to scrap in the blink of an eye. Stunned by the suddenness of the accident, Daniella froze for a moment before heading toward the crash.

The man who had pulled her out of the path of the balloon continued his decisive actions. He yelled at the clerk who'd come out of the store. "Reina, call an ambulance!" Running to the balloonist, he laid his fingers on the man's neck. "Still alive," he muttered.

Tearing off his flannel shirt, he wadded it up and held it against the balloonist's shoulder, which was oozing blood. The rescuer looked up. He waved a hand, motioning Daniella closer. "Hold this!" he said when Daniella got near. "I need to check the propane burner."

The man's attitude left no room for questions and now wasn't the time for an argument. She moved to follow his direction. The pilot stirred. "Don't move," Daniella murmured in a soft voice. She wasn't sure how much damage he'd suffered.

She looked up and watched her rescuer. She couldn't help noticing his quick, competent movements.

He went to the wicker basket and did something. He followed a few lines and then nodded. He seemed leashed and just barely contained—ready to explode at any moment as he quickly secured the balloon.

Daniella's breath caught. His brown hair was a little shaggy but not long. It highlighted his light brown, piercing eyes. A day-old beard framed the hard line of his lips. He had to top six feet and every line of his huge body radiated power. His biceps seemed nearly as big as her thighs and the T-shirt he wore did nothing to hide the muscles lining his shoulders and chest.

She'd felt his strength when he'd pulled her out of the path of the balloon, but to see it so blatantly displayed reminded Daniella that she was still young and capable of arousal. His tight jeans with a fairly large bulge did nothing to calm her racing heart. The man finished with the balloon and turned back toward Daniella.

Daniella quickly looked down, she didn't want to be caught staring. And she was staring, she realized with a flare of surprise. She'd thought she was done with men for a while and here she was nearly drooling over one. Her initial anger had faded with the knowledge that he had indeed saved her from a nasty accident. His quick competence was the sexiest thing she'd seen in over five years. Maybe she wasn't done with men.

The sound of sirens came closer. Within moments, trained medics had taken over from her. She slowly backed away from the scene of the crash. She wanted to meet her

rescuer but he was busy talking to the police. Shaking her head, she turned and headed for the convenience store. She could at least wash her hands there.

She entered the store and a middle-aged woman with gray hair and a large smile walked over to her. She startled Daniella by putting an arm around her shoulders. "Come on, dear, let's get you washed up." The clerk led her into the restroom at the back of the store. "I'm Reina," she said. "Here, dearie, hold your hands out."

The woman kept up a constant patter as she washed Daniella's hands. Then she led her into a storeroom and brought her a cup of coffee.

"Please," Daniella said, "I'm fine. You don't have to do this."

"Of course I don't, dearie, but humor me and let me baby you a little."

Daniella laughed. "It's been a long time since anyone babied me. Maybe I will let you. My name is Daniella – Dani."

"Pleased to meet you. Are you okay? You look a little shaken."

"Until today, I'd never even seen a hot air balloon much less have one almost crash on top of me."

"Hang around Albuquerque for a while and you'll see lots of balloons and more than a few crashes."

"I was following the balloons, trying to get a closer look. Guess I got closer than I expected. Why? Why are there so many balloons?"

"Aren't you here for the fiesta?"

"Fiesta? No I was just passing through. What fiesta?"

"Our Balloon Fiesta. It's an international event. We get pilots and people from all over. It's held every year on the first weekend in October. Albuquerque has almost perfect balloon flying weather. Tomorrow is the first official day of the fiesta. Over five hundred balloons will ascend."

"Really? I've never heard of it. It sounds fascinating though. Is there a place to watch?"

"Better than that, you can go to the fiesta grounds and walk around the balloons while they get ready for takeoff."

"You're kidding. Really? I'd love to see that."

"It's even better if you can get a ride."

"A ride? You mean they have rides for people?"

"After seeing that mess, you want a ride?" The husky masculine voice was gruff, almost as if he were angry.

Reina glanced over her shoulder at the man who entered the back room. "Logan, this is Daniella. Dani for short." Reina turned to Daniella. "Logan is my nephew."

Daniella looked up at the man who'd helped both her and the balloonist. They nodded at each other. Before she could thank him for pulling her out of the path of the balloon, Reina continued. "Logan, don't scare her. You know the balloons are fine with a good pilot."

"On any given day an accident can happen...no matter how experienced the pilot."

Daniella gave an internal sigh. He might look gorgeous and be really competent but he clearly was a grump. She turned her head back to Reina. "Could you recommend a place to stay? I think I'd like to see this fiesta of yours."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. All the motels have been filled for some time. We have over a half-million people visiting during this time of year." She paused and looked at Logan while raising an eyebrow and then she smiled. "Logan and I have space. Why don't you stay with us for a few days?"

Logan emitted an exclamation of disgust and left.

"He doesn't seem happy about your invitation."

"Don't mind my nephew, honey. He likes to put up a gruff barrier to the world. He's really a sweetheart. Are you on vacation? Would you like to stay?"

Daniella hesitated. She'd planned to be on the east coast by next week but there was no one waiting for her. No one cared where she was or if she took a few extra days.

Reina reminded Daniella of her grandmother. Daniella missed having family and this wonderful woman was opening her heart and her home. Daniella couldn't resist. "I have a few days and I'd love to stay if you're sure it won't be too much trouble."

"No trouble at all, dearie. I'll ride with you so you don't get lost. If you wait at your car, I'll just go tell Logan."

Daniella and Reina walked out into the parking lot. Daniella veered toward her car while Reina walked over to Logan. He was leaning against his truck with his arms crossed over his chest. Reina smiled. Logan was so handsome and so lonely. She didn't know if Daniella could help him but Reina was going to try to bring them together.

"Logan, Daniella has accepted my invitation."

"And did you tell her you're leaving tomorrow on a month long vacation?"

"No, I think I neglected to mention that. She's obviously been well brought up. If I told her I was leaving, she wouldn't come and you know she won't be able to find a decent motel. What is she going to do if she doesn't come with us?"

"What am I supposed to do with her after you leave?"

"Oh, I'm sure you'll think of something. You're a very intelligent man."

Logan snorted and shook his head.

"Please, Logan. I like this woman. You don't want her exploring Albuquerque alone do you?"

Logan frowned and narrowed his eyes. "You're dangerous."

Reina smiled and waved. "I'll ride with Daniella so she doesn't get lost. See you at home."

Logan watched Reina get in Daniella's car.

His aunt was his only family. She'd moved in with him after his sister died. She claimed she didn't like being alone but he knew she was concerned about him. He'd tried to get Reina to retire but she said she liked meeting people and working a few hours a day. It was very rare for her to ask for anything. Today was an exception. Her

car was in for servicing and she'd asked Logan to pick her up. Given the years she'd dedicated to raising Logan, he was glad to help her out. He hadn't expected her to ask for two favors in one day though.

His aunt was always matchmaking. Logan wasn't adverse to a roll in the hay with Daniella but he wasn't sure that maneuvering her to his house was a good move. It put her too close to his playroom—the room he hadn't used in the past year. Daniella didn't strike him as a woman who'd like a quick fling and he wasn't sure how she'd feel about his games. They tended to get a little rough and with a start, he realized he wanted to see Daniella's response to his playroom. It had been a long time since he'd been moved to even consider finding a playmate.

He shook his head as he watched them drive off. He couldn't deny he was intrigued by Daniella. He wanted to find out why she was traveling alone and how she'd ended up here, free to accept his aunt's invitation. He got in his truck and followed them out of the parking lot.

* * * * *

Reina kept up a constant prattle as she gave Daniella directions. Daniella barely heard most of it. She felt uncomfortable because Charles would have a fit if he knew she was accepting an invitation from people she didn't even know. Charles had always hated her impulsive side. But she didn't have to answer to Charles, she reminded herself. She was free to pursue any adventure that came her way. Reina was an interesting character. Her nephew Logan seemed a little taciturn but he was definitely built.

"And you mustn't mind Logan," Reina said.

Daniella yanked her awareness back to the present. "I'm sorry, what did you say?"

"Logan. You mustn't mind Logan's attitude."

"He doesn't seem very happy that you invited me to stay."

"Oh, he's always a little cranky around fiesta time...ever since his accident."

“Accident?”

“That’s Logan’s story to tell but he hasn’t flown since. I’m hoping you’ll change that.”

“Me?”

“Yes, wouldn’t you like a ride in a balloon?”

“I don’t know...it’s beginning to seem as if they’re dangerous.”

“Honey, they really aren’t dangerous if the pilot is competent. Yes, accidents happen, but a good pilot can minimize the damage and Logan will find a good pilot. I’d really like to ask Logan to get you a ride and to go with you. Will you help me get him back in the air?”

Daniella cast a quick glance at Reina. The woman was giving her a place to stay and a balloon ride did sound like fun. She shrugged and said, “Sure. What do you want me to do?”

“Just play along with me at dinner,” Reina said with a smile.

* * * * *

Logan followed Daniella’s car to his house. Her Oregon plates taunted him. Why was she driving alone? Didn’t she know how dangerous the open road could be for a single woman? Didn’t she have any sense of self-preservation? She accepted his aunt’s invitation without knowing anything about Reina or Logan.

Reina was a saint but he wasn’t. His cock was still hard for Daniella—Dani. He mulled the names. Daniella was for long, slow sex. Dani for rough, passionate, quick coupling. Was she like her names? He wanted to shove her away but knew he wouldn’t. How long had it been since he’d lusted after a woman? When Reina left them alone tomorrow, what was he going to do about it?

He loved driving women crazy until they screamed his name and begged him to give them an orgasm. He’d create a storm of need and in his own time, he’d put out the fire. Making a woman wait was part of the game. His youthful adventures had taught

him how to play a woman's body. He preferred to tie them up and take total control. He knew their secret needs and desires. He knew a little pain, just a hint of roughness and a touch of caring could break the strongest woman. He knew how to walk the edge of control while sending them out of their minds.

He'd been celibate for too long. Daniella was bringing back all his desires. What would Dani look like in the throes of passion? Would her eyes darken even more or lighten with lust? He should just walk away but he couldn't turn his back to the first woman to arouse him in a long time. He knew he'd have to play this out to the bitter end. He simply couldn't resist her allure. He'd find out if he'd lost his edge. Of course that would make him vulnerable to Reina's machinations but there were worse ways to live out the next few days.

Besides he couldn't let Daniella drive away—alone. She needed to be taught a lesson and he was just the man to do it. He wouldn't hurt her—just scare her enough to get her to agree that driving alone wasn't a good idea. His sister might still be alive if she hadn't been alone. He shook off the pain of her loss and watched Dani turn into his property.

Chapter Two

Daniella's eyes widened as she followed Reina's directions to a gated estate. A six-foot stucco fence hid the house from view. Reina fumbled in her purse and found the gate opener. Daniella drove through the gate. Mesquite and Palo Verde trees lined the side of the driveway. When Daniella could finally see the house she was relieved to note that it wasn't fancy or overly large. It was a simple split-level.

"Nice place," said Daniella.

"Oh yes. Logan sold his company and looked for a year before he bought here. He wanted land and this place has five acres. He made some alterations and had plans to build a bigger house but there really isn't much reason right now. I worry about him. He's financially secure but he's not happy. He doesn't date and doesn't seem to be interested in starting a family."

"You wouldn't be matchmaking, would you?"

Reina shrugged. "Is it working?"

"Your nephew is a hunk but I just had a five-year relationship tank. I'm not looking for a new relationship any time soon," Dani said, ignoring the heavy ache in her pelvis at the thought of Logan's competent hands playing with her breasts.

"I'm so sorry to hear that, dearie. Oh well, just help me get Logan back up in the air and have a good time doing it. See, it benefits both of us. Just park there," Reina said, waving to a graveled spot by the side of the house. "Logan can grab your suitcase when he comes."

Daniella pulled to a stop. "That's not necessary. I'm quite capable of handling it." Daniella popped the trunk and walked to the back of the car. She pulled out her suitcase and followed Reina. They entered the kitchen.

“Obviously this is the kitchen. Through here is the dining room. I’ll show you to your bedroom. You can see the rest of the house later.”

Daniella stopped in the dining room and just stared. The entire wall of the room was floor-to-ceiling glass. Daniella realized the house must be on a cliff because the Albuquerque valley spread out in front of her.

“Incredible view, isn’t it?”

“Stunning,” Daniella agreed as she turned to follow Reina.

Reina led Daniella into a simple bedroom. “The bathroom is through that door. Make yourself comfortable, dearie, and come back to the kitchen when you’re ready. You can help me make dinner if you don’t mind?”

“Of course I don’t mind. Just give me a few minutes.”

Twenty minutes later, Daniella headed back to the kitchen. She couldn’t resist a stop in the dining room to enjoy the view for a few moments. Clouds were building up near the far mountains. What would a summer storm look like from here? As she turned to continue to the kitchen, a sparkling pool off to the side of the house caught her attention. She could see a hot tub too. She wouldn’t mind trying that out later. She sighed, rolling her shoulders, and continuing to the kitchen.

Drifting waves of a complex mixture of scents filled the room. Daniella took a deep breath. It smelled like home but she didn’t recognize the food. “What are you cooking? It smells wonderful.”

“Ah, hello, dear. Just chicken enchiladas, nothing fancy. Why don’t you work on the salad,” Reina said, leading Daniella to the center counter that was loaded with vegetables. “Here, have a seat.”

Daniella smiled. Her grandmother used to direct everyone with the same affectionate demands that Reina used. After five minutes Daniella decided the kitchen must have been designed by a woman. She worked at the center counter and everything was in quick reach. While Reina worked at the stove and side areas. The kitchen easily

accommodated them both but it wasn't so gigantic that one would have to spend a lot of time walking. Daniella liked it. "Done with the salad," she said. "What next?"

"Set the table please. The plates and silverware are in the breakfront."

Daniella entered the dining room to find Logan standing at the windows.

He glanced over his shoulder.

"Reina wants me to set the table."

He nodded. "I'll help," he said, walking over to the breakfront. Pulling out plates, he handed them to Daniella.

As Daniella set the plates on the table, Logan moved behind her. She could smell his aftershave, a masculine woodsy scent that drove straight to her cunt. He reached around her to set down the glasses. She could feel the heat of his body like a blast furnace at her back. His lips nearly grazed her hair as he bent his head and smiled down at her. Daniella froze. She wanted to step back at the same time she wanted to move into his arms. His smile grew larger, then he winked and took a step away from her.

Daniella's hands trembled as they finished setting the table. She fought down the urge to throw herself at Logan. How had he aroused her so quickly? She normally needed lots of foreplay but even though Logan had only touched her once, when he moved her out of the path of the balloon, she was ready to jump into bed with him. What was wrong with her? She moved to look out the windows. "You have a beautiful view."

"I like it. Oregon license plates. You're a long way from home," Logan said.

"Oregon was never my home. It was just a place to stay for a while."

"So where is home?"

Daniella hesitated before saying, "Good question. I'm not sure yet."

"No home? Traveling alone? That's a dangerous thing to do. A woman traveling alone is just asking for problems."

She turned and starred at Logan. How could he say such a thing? "Sorry, I don't agree with your blame-the-victim mentality. Besides, what makes you think I have a choice?"

"There is always a choice. And accepting invitations from strangers is not safe either. Most serial killers seem like nice guys."

"But you're not a nice guy at all, so I guess I'm safe—unless you're saying your aunt is dangerous?"

"Now children. That is enough! Logan, Daniella's travel plans are not our concern. Please bring in the enchiladas," Reina said as she entered carrying the salad.

Logan's gaze held Daniella's eyes for a long moment before he turned and complied with his aunt's request.

Near the end of dinner he continued his tirade. "Traveling alone. You're either very brave or very foolish."

Daniella's shoulders tightened more. How could she find this guy so attractive when he was such a jerk? She opened her mouth to make a sharp retort when Reina interrupted.

"We're having a nice dinner." Reina looked from one to the other. "We don't need it ruined by pointless squabbling. Logan, Daniella is an adult and capable of making her own choices. Daniella, Logan is concerned about you even though it comes across as male interference. Now let's act like adults."

Daniella cringed at Reina's rebuke. She was a guest here. She should be civilized even if Logan wasn't. She really hadn't meant to start a fight but Logan's attitude reminded her of the way Charles used to tell her what to do and that was just unacceptable. She didn't need control and criticism from another male. Maybe she shouldn't have accepted this invitation. She looked down at her plate and though her appetite was gone, she took another bite.

"Logan, Daniella would like to see the balloons tomorrow and she'd like to see them from the air."

Logan stared at Reina.

Undeterred by his silence, she continued, "Logan you know many of the pilots. I'm sure you can get Daniella a ride, can't you, honey?" She stared at Logan, waiting for an answer.

"You know I hadn't planned on going. Besides it's a little late to try to find a ride for tomorrow."

"You used to love the fiesta. It is time you got over your reluctance. Call one of your friends. You're taking Daniella on a ride tomorrow."

Logan looked at Daniella. "After seeing the accident today, you really don't want a ride, do you? Didn't you see how hard he landed?"

Daniella felt the rising tension. Logan did not want to take her and even though she wanted to please Reina, she was having second thoughts, especially after his criticism of her travel plans. "Please..."

"No, honey. You saw an accident today now you need to see the other side of flying. Logan, I don't often ask anything of you. I am asking you for this favor."

"Three favors in one day, that's a record."

"Yes it is. Logan?"

Logan briefly closed his eyes. Then he stood and said, "I'll make some calls."

Daniella watched Logan walk away. Why did a good-looking man like him have such a prickly personality? And what was with all the questions about her travel? Maybe Reina was right. Maybe Logan was simply concerned. It had been a long time since anyone cared enough to be concerned. If she were honest with herself, she knew she resented his questions because no one knew or cared about her location. She was alone. She sighed, reached out and started gathering plates.

Reina placed a hand on her arm. "Let me handle the cleanup. Why don't you go for a swim?"

"Oh, but you've been so kind to me, let me help."

"Help by relaxing. Your shoulders look tense. If you don't want to swim at least go use the hot tub."

"If you're sure..."

"Very sure. Go!"

* * * * *

Daniella stood in the pool, watching the light of a full moon reflect off its surface. The perfectly heated water enveloped her in a warm effortless environment. She could see the mountains in the distance and the valley below. The house was incredible. Built into the side of a cliff with full windowed walls. It seemed like a sanctuary she hadn't realized she needed.

She'd put in only two hundred miles today. Her arms shouldn't be aching and her knee shouldn't be throbbing. But the two hundred today were on top of seventeen hundred miles and three fourteen-hour days. Of course she'd be a lot farther east if she hadn't decided to take the southern route.

An early winter storm had been predicted along the northern route so she'd gone all the way south to access I-10, the southern route across the country. The first two days she'd driven south. Yesterday afternoon she'd finally turned east.

Daniella flexed one wrist, then the other before rolling her shoulders and neck in a vain attempt to work out the kinks. She could just imagine what Charles would say about her present circumstances.

"Do not think of him. Do not think of him. Do not think of him." Daniella repeated the refrain out loud, knowing that talking to herself wasn't a sign of mental stability. Then again, she'd been talking to herself since she was two, she wasn't about to stop now. At least she'd graduated from talking to dolls and imaginary characters to talking to herself. That was progress even if she wasn't too sure she was stable. Who in their right mind would quit a good job, pack up everything and move across country in this

economy? It probably wasn't the best move she'd ever made. Although she knew for sure that moving in with Charles had been her worst move.

Five years of living together didn't compensate for his betrayal.

"Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" Daniella repeated the refrain until the worst of the pain passed. Maybe driving alone across the country hadn't been a good idea either. The vastness of the western states was disconcerting for someone who'd been raised on the east coast. Daniella was used to cities that blended one into another with only a sign to mark the change in government. Miles of isolation between cities seemed foreign. Then she remembered the nodding heads of sunflowers along the highway median outside Tucson and smiled. She'd made the right decision to leave and her impulsive stop in Albuquerque looked as if it would work out too.

She'd always wanted to visit Albuquerque because of its unusual name. When she'd seen the sign, the car seemed to turn north by itself. She'd planned on taking I-10 all the way to the east coast but she really didn't want to make the long drive through southern Texas. I-40 out of Albuquerque would work too. No one was waiting for her. She wasn't on a schedule. She had the time to indulge her curiosity.

Charles would have thrown a fit. Everything he did was planned and he often pointed out her impulsiveness as a weakness. She'd spent five years burying that part of her personality. No more. Life was too short not to grab it. The detour would only add a few hours to her trip. Even without the balloons the drive to Albuquerque had been interesting.

With a big smile she floated in the pool and remembered the darkness of her drive through Hatch, New Mexico—known for its chilies, according to the signs. Daniella shuddered. She'd never mastered any excitement about burning her mouth on hot food. She'd continued through the mist-covered streets before connecting with I-40.

She laughed at her fear of being lost. Given the size of the town there was no way to get lost. She stopped for breakfast at a place called Truth or Consequences. It claimed a population of six thousand but apparently all the people were hidden in the nooks and

crannies that surrounded the Rio Grande. She had seen only four people and three of them had been in the restaurant.

The sun had been just rising as she got back on the road and she remembered the strange wording on the signs she encountered. *Dust may exist*. Why not dust area or dust possible or blowing dust area. After all, dust does exist so saying it may exist is a redundant statement, not a good warning. She shrugged. The various customs of different localities still amazed her. One country, many people.

The drive had been peaceful until she neared the outskirts of Albuquerque where a stunning sight confronted her. Hot air balloons! Hundreds of them had floated in the blue Albuquerque sky. They looked like colorful dabs of paint thrown into the sky, just hovering and drifting. She had to get pictures—the view was too memorable to lose.

Daniella had pulled off the interstate and headed west. That's where most of the balloons were drifting. Within a short period of time, she was under the mass of them. She had pulled into a convenience store parking lot.

She smiled as she got out of the pool and reached for a towel. An impulsive decision or two and here she was in a gorgeous house with a nice woman and a stunning man, even if he was a trifle annoying. Well, she'd put up with him tomorrow and head back out on the road the next day. "Synchronicity. Serendipity."

"Do you always talk to yourself?"

Daniella yelped and jumped.

He grinned. "Sorry to startle you."

Daniella pretended to ignore Logan's interested stare as she finished wrapping the towel around her body. "Yes, I do always talk to myself. Deal with it," Daniella said. She wasn't going to let a complete stranger criticize her. Charles had been a master of criticism. She was tired of men who wanted to change her.

Logan's quirked an eyebrow. "I think it's charming."

Daniella felt a twinge of embarrassment. She shouldn't be so defensive. She'd assumed Logan was criticizing when he merely made a comment. Charles had really done a number on her.

Logan continued, "Can you function early in the morning?"

"I like early. Why?"

"We need to be out of the house by four-thirty tomorrow. I got you a ride."

"You got me a ride? Just me? Aren't you coming too?"

Logan tilted his head. "I'd love to come with you," he said. His eyes slid over her towel-clad form.

Daniella's cheeks flamed but before she could retort, Logan continued. "Yes, I'll be coming too. You sure you want to do this?"

"How dangerous is it really? Please tell me the truth."

"Anytime you're off the ground and in the air can be dangerous. Our pilot is good and I'll be an extra set of eyes for him so we should be relatively safe," Logan said as he moved into her personal space. So close his breath fanned her face.

Again Daniella wanted to back up at the same time she wanted to step closer. This man was dangerous to her peace of mind. Her cunt clenched and moisture gathered.

She'd never thought the rough, cowboy look with jeans, flannel, boots and a day-old growth of beard would arouse her. But she hadn't expected the sense of competence and purpose that accompanied the look. Was there anything sexier than a confident man? Unlike Charles, Logan wasn't arrogant about his skills and strengths. He was sure and grounded. Despite his intrusive questions and comments on her travel plans, Daniella wanted to feel his body. Her hands itched to reach up and stroke his face. Before she could follow through on the thought, Logan took hold of her shoulders and turned her around.

Daniella's protest died in her throat as his hand swept her wet hair over her shoulder, leaving her neck bare. "How long were you driving today?" Not waiting for an answer, his hands kneaded her shoulders, his thumbs pressed deep into her neck.

His fingers were a little rough but strong and warm. Daniella nearly passed out from the intense relief she felt. She couldn't stop the sigh that escaped with her words. "Oh that's wonderful."

"I can make it more wonderful," Logan replied. He used a little more pressure and was rewarded with a throaty moan. He smiled. He liked verbal women.

Chapter Three

Daniella's muscles relaxed. Her skin was silky and soft under his fingers. The scent of her, like lilacs and raspberries, nearly caused his knees to buckle. His hands ached to cup her breasts as he rammed his cock deep inside her pussy. Instead, he continued his slow caress for a few more moments before moving his hands from her neck to her shoulders.

He rotated them, feeling the tension evaporate and the joints begin to move freely under his grip. He bent his head and trailed a light kiss up her neck. Dani's shudder nearly drove him to his knees. Logan whispered in Daniella's ear, "Why don't we move to the hot tub and let the jets get out the rest of the kinks?"

Daniella hesitated. She'd like nothing more than to jump into the hot tub with Logan but she barely knew him and Reina could appear at any moment. "Do you think that's wise?"

"I think it would make my aunt very happy," Logan replied.

Daniella laughed. "I'm sure it would. You noticed her matchmaking?"

He grinned. "My aunt has never been known for her subtlety."

"I think it is time I turn in if we're getting such an early start." Daniella moved a step away from Logan. His hands fell to his side and he nodded even as his eyes narrowed.

"That's probably a good call. I'll knock on your door in the morning." Logan watched Daniella walk back into the house. He cursed himself for rushing her. He knew better but his aching cock had made him impatient. Thanks to his aunt, he'd have Daniella all to himself tomorrow. She wasn't averse to his attentions and after tomorrow, it would be even harder for her to resist.

Tomorrow he'd start a campaign she'd never see coming. He didn't think any man had really challenged her or encouraged her spirit to emerge. Had she ever lost herself in her own body? Did she know the intense sensations it was capable of? Tomorrow, he promised himself as he walked back into the house to talk to his aunt.

* * * * *

Logan knocked on Daniella's door at four the next morning. "Time to move," he yelled.

Daniella rolled over with barely a stifled groan. Her long days on the road were beginning to catch up with her. Shoving aside her discomfort, she took a quick shower before dressing and wrapping her hair up in a bun.

She met Logan in the kitchen. He handed her a muffin and a cup of coffee in a travel mug. "You can eat on the way." Logan opened the passenger door for Daniella. She eyed the step that was at a level with her knees. If her hands had been free, she knew she could scramble up but she wasn't sure she could get into his truck with the coffee and muffin in her hands.

Logan laughed and grabbed her around the waist, easily picking her up and helping her in the truck. "Reina has problems getting in too," he said. He slammed the door while Daniella was still trying to process what had just happened.

His casual intimacy had sent shockwaves through her system. She wanted to feel his strong hands again, preferably as they roamed all over her naked body. She wanted to lean into his strength. She laughed at herself as she realized she wanted to drool over this man. Could she have sex with a man she'd just met? *Charles would have a fit*, she thought. Luckily, Charles' opinion no longer mattered.

Logan got in and looked over at her. "Fasten your seatbelt."

Daniella sighed. The truck was so large that despite her sexual longings she felt like a child inside it. Logan's reminder of the seatbelt wasn't helping. She set the coffee in a cup holder and pulled the belt across her chest.

Logan started the truck and drove out the gate. The darkened streets were nearly deserted.

Daniella finished her muffin and woke up as the coffee kicked in. "Is it far?"

"No, just a few more minutes." He turned a corner and pulled to a stop at a police barricade. He powered down the window and handed the policeman a card. The cop nodded and handed the card back.

"Have a good flight, sir."

Logan made a right turn. "We're going to the pilot's parking area. We'll have to walk a little ways but it will give you a better view."

Logan pulled into a graveled lot. With her hands now free, Daniella had no problem hopping out of the truck. Logan grinned. "I would have helped you down if you had waited."

She looked up at him as he moved close and wished she had waited.

He smiled and took her hand as he said, "You're in for a treat. Come on."

Daniella's breath caught. They were on the edge of a cliff. Spread below she saw streetlights that barely lit a small roadway. People scurried about and she could feel the excitement building for the event.

The path down to the field was a little rough. When Daniella stumbled, Logan moved his hand from hers to her elbow, helping her over the uneven ground.

Concession stands and souvenir shops lined a long pathway along the edge of the field. Daniella's head swiveled, trying to take in everything before Logan led her out on to the dark field. She could see people working on their balloons. The bright canopies lay in various states. Some were flat. Some were twisted. Others were just being laid out on the ground.

"Logan! It is good to see you out here."

"Hey, Logan, are you going to fly?"

"Logan! Where's your balloon?"

Logan waved to all the men shouting out to him but he didn't stop.

"They all know you," Daniella said. "Don't you want to talk to them?"

"No."

Logan's clipped answer discouraged her from asking more. What had she walked into? It was obvious that many of the pilots on the field knew and respected Logan. Why didn't he want to stop and talk to any of them? She wished Reina had told her more. It was obvious Logan wasn't going to talk about it and that taking her on a ride was painful for him.

"We don't have to do this if you'd rather not."

Logan stopped and stared down at her. "You wanted a ride. Have you changed your mind?"

"No, but —"

He brushed her hair behind her ear and stroked her cheek. "I'm fine. Just wrestling with a few old demons. Seeing you enjoy all this will help. Let's have some fun."

Entranced by his infectious grin, she smiled back and nodded. He led her to the next balloon.

A man working on a basket's ropes looked up. "Logan!" He smiled and walked over to them. Shaking Logan's hand, he said, "I'm glad you called. It's been way too long since we've flown together."

"Daniella, this is Jack, our pilot. Jack, this is Daniella's first flight."

"Then you're in for a real treat, and since you're here early, I'm going to put you both to work. That way you'll get the full flight experience," Jack said with a wink at Daniella.

Logan and Daniella spent the next hour fastening lines and laying out the balloon envelope. Logan explained the process to Daniella. She'd never realized the complexity of hot-air balloons.

Suddenly she heard music and looked up to see three balloons hovering over the field. The rush of propane lit the balloons. They looked like bright stars on the darkened field.

"Those are the early balloons," Logan explained as he walked up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders. "Pilots on the ground watch them to determine wind speeds and directions at different altitudes."

Daniella leaned back into his hard chest before she realized what she was doing. Her face flamed and she forced herself to step away from him.

Dawn was just beginning to break when the pilot began filling the balloon. The hot flame from the propane burner was welcome warmth in the cold morning. Within thirty or forty minutes, the balloon was filled. Daniella's breath caught as she looked up at the size of the balloon. The propane flame shot up into the opening far above her head. The balloon she'd seen yesterday had been small in comparison.

Logan walked up behind her and once again with a casual gesture, circled her waist with a strong arm. "This balloon is the equivalent of a commercial bus. It's meant to take a lot of passengers."

"Will there be others with us?" asked Daniella as some other people came to stand next to the basket.

"Yes. Jack is taking a tour group. We were lucky he had two cancellations." Logan pointed to a woman with a clipboard. "That's Mary. Go sign the consent form while I start to load the group."

Daniella hesitated as she read the consent but then reminded herself that Logan knew what he was doing and the form was probably just a formality. Shrugging, she filled it out and handed it back to Mary before turning to watch Logan.

Logan stood next to a stepladder, helping people into the basket. Then he waved Daniella close. "You want to get in after me."

Daniella quirked an eyebrow.

He smiled. "I'm not being rude. By being last in, I can help you into the basket and you'll have a better view."

"Okay."

Logan climbed the steps and jumped into the basket. He turned and held out a hand for Daniella. She got to the top of the steps and realized the floor of the basket was four feet below her.

"Sit on the edge and swing your legs to the inside," Logan said, still holding her hand.

Daniella did as he suggested. Then he moved both his hands to her waist and lifted her. Daniella's breath hitched as her breasts pressed against his chest. Their eyes locked and he grinned as he slowly lowered her until her feet touched the floor. He held her for a moment too long, staring deeply into her eyes before releasing her.

Daniella took in a deep breath. All of his touches were so erotic that she longed to climb into Logan's arms and never leave. Taking a deep breath, she tried to clear her head. She watched another crewmember move the ladder away from the basket.

The hiss from above made her look up. The flame climbed deep into the balloon envelope. When she looked down again, the ground was ten feet below. "Oh." There was no sensation of going up. One minute they were on the ground, the next they weren't.

Logan crowded close against her back. He leaned down to whisper in her ear. "There's no wind because we're moving with the wind. Amazing isn't it? Like we're soaring without effort." The basket moved higher.

Daniella's breath caught—not only from the height but from the hard, warm chest pressing her close to the edge of the wicker basket. Daniella longed to sink into his strength. She hadn't had sex since she'd found out about Charles' betrayal and the feel of Logan's hardening cock pressing against her back taunted her.

The balloon circled. Now that the sun had risen a little Daniella could see the entire balloon fiesta field. Hundreds of balloons in various stages of inflation spread out before her.

“Oh how amazing! Really magnificent and so many...”

Logan’s arm tightened around her waist. “The launch area is equivalent to fifty-four football fields. Over five hundred balloons are taking off this morning.”

They watched as balloon after balloon rose into the morning sky. The mist on the Sandia Mountains gradually cleared. The bright morning sun highlighted the balloons and the sky glowed as if a careless hand had scattered it with jeweled trinkets. Balloons surrounded them even as more lifted off.

“Those are shape balloons,” Logan said pointing to a cow and a fish. They don’t fly as well as a regular balloon but people love them.”

“They’re adorable,” Daniella said. “I really like that one.” She pointed to a pig-shaped balloon that was still on the ground slowly filling with hot air. “I hope we get to see it in the air.”

“When pigs fly...” Logan murmured.

“Exactly.” Daniella laughed.

For an hour they circled the field watching the balloons ascend. Only the hiss of the propane burner reminded Daniella that their flight wasn’t effortless.

Jack kept up a running narration that had everyone smiling. He was a good tour guide and a good pilot. Jack’s eyes never stopped roaming as he kept an eye on the other balloons. When one came too close, Jack sent the balloon soaring upward. “The balloon fiesta brings out all the Sunday balloonists. They want to be a part of this but they fly only a few times a year...like teenage drivers...best to avoid them.”

Logan’s arm had tightened when they ascended and he didn’t let go.

Daniella felt his tenseness and she thought to distract him by asking a question. “How do we stay here, just circling the field? Is there a steering mechanism?”

Logan's arm relaxed a little. He took a deep breath and then answered. "No. You can't steer a balloon but you can use the winds. Albuquerque is unusual in that the wind moves in two different directions depending upon height. It's called a box. At one altitude the balloon moves one way. At a different altitude, it moves back to where it started. Jack is using the effect to keep us around the field."

Daniella stopped fighting her intellect and rested her head against Logan's chest, just enjoying the splendor spread out before her and the rock-hard chest and arm cradling her. It had been over five years since she'd had sex with anyone but Charles. The tightness in her stomach and the ache in her vagina told her all too clearly that she wanted Logan and the hardness pressed into her back told her he wanted the same.

Could she just have sex without love? Could she just use him the way men used women? Could she romp with him and then climb back into her car to continue her trip with her heart still whole?

But wait, her heart wasn't whole now. Did she expect a quick roll with Logan to fix that situation? The man was dangerously attractive but it wasn't a good idea to give in to her hormones. She tried to move away from him a little but his grip tightened. "Relax. Just enjoy the show," he said.

She heard dogs barking below. Logan chuckled. "I believe the dogs think the balloons are big chew toys they want to play with."

Logan moved his arms to frame her against the edge of the basket. "Look down."

Daniella's breath caught. They were close to the ground. Some horses circled madly as the balloon's shadow moved over them. Obviously, horses didn't like the balloons anymore than the dogs. The propane hissed and they rose again. "Look," Logan said pointing.

"That's your house!"

"Yes, that's one of the reasons I bought there. The winds often carry the balloons in this direction. We'll come down soon. There are lots of good landing spots in this area."

Daniella sighed. She didn't want the trip to be over. What an incredible experience. The ground rose to meet them. They were skimming just above the rooftops. Dani grinned, unable to contain the sheer joy that filled her for the first time in months.

Logan's strong arms pulled Daniella even closer. "We're about to land. Bend your knees," he whispered. His hips cradled hers.

She felt the strength in his thighs and his cock against her back. She'd never been so out of control, so horny, so needy. How did he do it? How did he so easily create such a sense of intimacy? She shoved aside her lust to concentrate on his directions. Now wasn't the time for sex although she couldn't stop the fleeting thought. What would sex in the air be like? Dangerous she decided. Logan held her close as the basket lightly touched down, bounced once then came to a halt. He was a long time in letting her go. Apparently he liked the feel of her as much as she liked the feel of him. What were they going to do about it?

The chase truck—a huge pickup truck with room for eight passengers, with a winch on the back and a platform for the basket—pulled up next to the balloon and the crew moved to the basket. They brought two ladders.

Logan reached for one ladder and placed it in the basket. The crew set up the second ladder outside. Logan climbed out first. Then he helped Daniella out. She was surprised to find her legs a little shaky. Logan helped her stand. "You've been standing for two hours, it sneaks up on you."

"Oh, that was wonderful! What now?" Daniella looked around the sage-covered field.

"Let's help get packed up. Then the chase truck will take us back to the field."

Daniella knelt on the ground and helped roll the balloon to get rid of the air. *Like packing a tent*, she thought. She watched the crew struggle to load the basket and the empty shroud of the balloon. She and Logan were the last of the passengers to climb in the truck for the trip back to the field.

Once at the field, Logan watched Daniella. Her eyes twinkled and the grin never left her face. She'd obviously enjoyed the ride as much as he had. His love of flying slammed back. Sex and flying, what could be better? He'd been foolish to deny himself these pleasures. Dani brought back all of his needs. He couldn't wait to get her home.

Chapter Four

Dani and Logan stood around the van while the pilot readied for the after-flight ceremony. Credit for the ceremony went to the French who'd build the first balloons two-hundred years ago. Daniella listened quietly as the pilot recited the Balloonist Prayer.

*The winds have welcomed you with softness,
The sun has blessed you with its warm hands,
You have flown so high and so well that God has joined you in laughter,
And then set you gently back into the loving arms of Mother Earth.*

The old tradition of champagne after the flight followed the prayer. Daniella's nose wrinkled at the bubbles. She was already a little lightheaded and the alcohol simply added to the sensation.

Logan smiled as she received her First Flight certificate and a balloon pin to commemorate the event. She was so excited and so adorable. He desperately wanted to get her home but he knew he had to take it slow. He'd continue his campaign. She'd surrender soon enough and the anticipation merely built his arousal. He'd take her to places she'd never been. She was too vulnerable to resist him.

He shook off his need knowing there was more to see and said, "Let's do a quick tour of the booths before we leave."

"Yes please."

The crowds of the morning had cleared. There weren't many people now but the concession stands were still selling food and trinkets.

Three hours ago the field had been packed. Now she and Logan easily traversed the long concession road. Logan bought her brunch. They munched on burritos as they

walked. Balloon trinkets of every kind lined the small stands. Balloon pins, balloon lamps, balloon bookmarks, balloon magnets, balloons everywhere. At one of the commemorative pin stores, Logan explained the history of the fiesta.

Listening to his velvety baritone voice, Daniella realized she was happy for the first time since she'd found out about Charles' betrayal. She couldn't imagine Logan ever being deceitful or vindictive. He was too honest, too grounded. He wouldn't play the mind games Charles had so loved. Daniella leaned close to Logan as they finished their tour of the shops. As she hoped, he took her elbow and led her back up to the path, and even though her hands weren't full this time, he lifted her up into the truck.

The drive back to the house was nearly silent. Daniella was pleasantly tired and apparently Logan had no need to fill the silent space.

When they reached the house, Daniella said, "Oh that was wonderful! Thank you so much, Logan."

"My pleasure," he said.

Once inside, Logan went over to open the patio door. The day had warmed enough that the light breeze through the screen door was pleasant, not cold. He walked to the kitchen and Daniella trailed after him.

Poetry, that's what he was, just pure poetry. Graceful and controlled, like some kind of large cat. Did his grace carry into the bedroom? She wanted to deny his effect but she couldn't. She wanted this man. She wanted to feel his cock sunk deeply into her body, as deep as it would go and she wanted him to pound hard and not hold anything back. She wanted to feel his strength.

Reaching into a cabinet, he pulled out two glasses and filled them with water. "Drink," he said. "In this dry heat it's easy to get dehydrated."

Daniella took a long drink then sighed. She looked around. "Is your aunt working? I'd like to thank her before I go."

Logan finished his drink, looked up and raised an eyebrow. "Didn't she tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"She and a group of her friends left this morning for a month-long vacation."

"Oh," Daniella said, realizing that she was alone in the house with Logan. Her cunt clenched and she could feel moisture gathering. No one would interrupt them.

Logan put down the glass. He leaned back against the sink and crossed his arms over his broad chest. He half smiled and amusement lit his eyes but he didn't say a word.

"In that case, let me just get my suitcase and I'll get out of your life," Daniella said and turned to leave.

"There's no reason for you to rush off. Not yet," he said, moving to stand behind her when she paused at the door.

He circled an arm around her waist and bent his head. His tongue stroked her neck, sending shivers down her back.

Logan had been touching her all morning and all morning she'd craved more. She liked his touch. It made her feel special. She closed her eyes and leaned her head back against his chest.

"Daniella, I don't want you to leave. Stay a while," he whispered.

"I don't have the money to do that."

"It's not going to cost you anything to stay with me."

"I should continue..."

"Why?" Logan turned her and stroked her face with his fingertips. "I saw all the luggage and boxes in your car. You're not just on vacation. You're moving, aren't you? Do you have a job waiting? Does your family know your schedule?"

Daniella blinked moisture out of her eyes. She tried to take a step away from Logan but he held her still.

"Daniella, pretend you're talking to yourself. Why are you traveling alone?"

She hesitated. No one outside Oregon knew why she'd left. She was alone. Logan offered refuge. She swallowed hard and said, "I-I moved to Oregon with my fiancé Charles...five years ago. We...he put off marriage. He said we didn't know each other well enough. Then a couple of months ago I came home unexpectedly. He was in our bed—with another woman." Daniella took a deep breath and continued, "He said he'd made a mistake and I should forgive him. I tried but I just couldn't get the image out of my head. Then I found out it wasn't the first time he'd betrayed me. All my coworkers were quick to tell me just how many different women he'd been with."

Logan brushed Dani's cheek with his fingers in silent encouragement.

Daniella continued, "I quit my job and now I'm headed east, back where I grew up."

"And you have a job lined up? When do you have to be there?"

"No, I don't have a job waiting for me." She shook her head but kept her gaze lowered. "That's why I should go. I'm at loose ends. I need to settle my life."

"No," said Logan. "You need to recover. That kind of shock is traumatic. Rushing to the other side of the country won't help you escape. You need a sheltered environment to recover. Spend some time with me. I promise I'll keep you safe. My aunt would have my hide if I didn't." He chuckled.

"But —"

"Besides, you have to stay for the show tonight."

"What show?"

"The nighttime balloon show. The balloons are tethered. Pilots light the propane to make the envelopes glow. You really can't say you've been to the fiesta if you don't see it. Let's go for a swim, take a nap, grab a bite to eat and then go back to the grounds this evening."

Daniella had to admit, to herself if not to him, that she really didn't want to leave. The day had been magical already and he was promising more. Much more but she ignored that and said, "I'd love to see it."

All afternoon Logan fought the urge to capture Daniella in his arms and never let her go. She was still a little skittish, and although she'd clearly enjoyed his touch, he didn't think she was ready to surrender to him. Every so often he caught a hint of sadness in Daniella's eyes. Now he knew why. While he didn't like the fact he might be just a rebound fling, he couldn't deny her attraction. He wanted her sole attention on him. He wanted to fill her every thought. He didn't want to see any more sadness. And he certainly didn't want her traveling alone.

His sister Grace had thought she was safe and look what happened to her. Sure the car accident had been a fluke, one that could have happened even if Logan had been driving, but he couldn't stop the crushing guilt. Logan grimaced. It had been his fault that Grace was alone on the road. They'd planned the trip together then he'd had his accident.

Grace being every bit as independent as Daniella had decided to go without Logan. At the time, he'd been laid up with a broken leg and cracked ribs.

Clearly Daniella thought that being liberated meant she could do anything a man could do but things were different for a woman. He knew her enough to know that she wouldn't be grateful for his concern. He was certain she'd see it as interference in her life and if he was right, her last boyfriend had tried to control her actions.

It would explain the spitting anger she tried to hide at times. Logan liked rough sex but that never included denigrating his woman. He suspected that Daniella's boyfriend had no such qualms. If her boyfriend had tried to control her through threats and sarcastic comments it would explain a lot. Logan wouldn't make that mistake.

He wanted to see Dani sparkling with excitement. Her infectious grin and soft body at the fiesta had left him rock-hard. He couldn't—he wouldn't—deny himself the first

woman he'd desired in a long time. He thought he'd lost the urge to dominate and protect the woman in his life but all the old feelings were rushing back.

He wouldn't let Daniella endanger herself. He had to stop her. He would stop her. He'd keep her safe from her own decisions even if she hated him for it. At the same time he'd teach her what it meant to be feminine, giving and warm with a strong man.

To Daniella's regret, Logan hadn't touched her that afternoon. She'd gotten used to being close to him. She loved the heavy feel of his muscular body and his musky scent. She longed to be held in his arms again. She thought he'd make a move when they'd been swimming or later in the hot tub but he'd kept a barely respectable distance between them. He came close but not near enough. She had debated making a move on him but she just didn't feel comfortable initiating sex with a man she barely knew no matter how much her body argued with her.

Maybe he'd be closer again now that they were back at the balloon grounds. There was a big crowd. If they didn't hold hands they might lose each other. As she hoped, Logan grabbed her hand and led her to the cliff that led down to the field.

"Oh my," Daniella said. Below her were hundreds of balloons. In the dark evening, they looked like little stars as they fired the propane gas. They darkened and fired again, all on their own schedule. Some balloons were always lit while others were dark.

Daniella couldn't speak, the moment was magical and awesome and incredible. A testimony to the blending of man's creativity and nature's beauty. She lost track of time as they wandered the field. The sheer size of the balloons awed her. She was glad of Logan's strong hand grounding her so she didn't soar away in fantasy.

Logan kept her close as they walked the launch field. He exchanged greetings with many of the pilots but didn't stop to talk to them. After a couple of hours, Logan led her back up the cliff. "Now for the fireworks," he said.

"Fireworks? Wasn't the glow enough?"

"Not at this time of year." He opened the truck bed and lifted her up. She was startled to see a mattress already spread out. He lay down and pulled her with him. "Watch," he said.

The fireworks seemed to explode right over their position. Dani had seen fireworks before but never like this. They seemed close enough to touch. The mattress was soft and Logan's chest and arms were hard. The contrast in sensations caused Dani to feel dizzy. She fought the urge to turn her head and kiss Logan. Could she really be that forward?

By the time they returned to Logan's house, Daniella was pleasantly tired. She wanted nothing more than to crawl into bed with Logan and cuddle against his warmth but could she do that? Could she really just use him as a comfort blanket? She smiled at that image. Logan was too strong, too masculine to let himself be used that way.

"Thank you for the wonderful day. I'll finish packing and leave now."

"Leave? It's late. You don't want to start out on New Mexico roads this late. You're welcome to spend the night...besides what makes you think I want you out of my life?"

"Logan, I know your aunt was trying to get us together but I have other plans."

"To continue traveling alone," he said, moving next to her. "I don't think that's a good idea."

"Luckily it is not your choice."

"Isn't it?" He pulled her close. "Neither one of us wants a long-term relationship but I don't see anything wrong with enjoying each other's company for a few days, do you?"

Daniella struggled to pull her thoughts together. She shouldn't be doing this. Charles would tell her it was reckless. Before she could voice a protest, Logan's lips descended on hers.

His lips were warm but hard, just like every other part of him. They teased Dani's lips open. His tongue plunged deep and all thoughts of leaving fled.

Dani moaned when he pulled back. He smiled down at her, "I want you. I want to run my hands through your hair and kiss every inch of your body. I want to arouse you until you're screaming with mindless desire. I want to make love to you."

"Logan..." Daniella looked up into his almond-colored eyes. She wanted him, why fight? She wanted sex with this man. "Maybe I could stay one more night..."

Logan tilted her chin and gently brushed his lips against hers. "Open for me," he commanded, circling her waist with a strong arm and pulling her closer.

Daniella licked her lips. Why was she nervous? She'd just spent a glorious day with this man. He'd been nothing but courteous and polite. The edge of violence she felt just beneath the surface had never materialized. She wanted him and he obviously wanted her. His hard ridge pressed into her abdomen.

Charles' voice tried to tell her she was being a slut. She shoved aside the thought. What was wrong with being a slut once in a while? She wanted Logan. What else mattered?

Daniella opened her mouth and moved a hand to stroke Logan's cock. He was so hard and so large. She couldn't wait to have him inside her. "Yes, now," she moaned.

Logan laughed and pulled away a little. "There's no rush. We have all the time in the world." He grabbed the bottom of her T-shirt and slowly pulled it up.

Daniella fought to stay still. Luckily she'd worn one of her good bras but the lights were bright and Charles had always made fun of her large breasts. He'd thought they were crass. Cultured women were small, he used to tell her.

Logan bent before her and reached a careful finger to trace her bra. His breath whispered against her nipples. He buried his head in her cleavage as he reached around and opened the catch on her bra. His fingers traced her shoulders, sliding the bra straps down. He leaned back a little as he freed her breasts. She stood before him naked from the waist up.

He gently cupped her breasts with his hands, raising them for a slow lick on one nipple then the other. "You're beautiful," he whispered before capturing one nipple and sucking it into his mouth.

Daniella threw her head back as her hands found his shoulders. His sudden action left her knees weak. The mixture of his soft, hot mouth and strong suckling left her breathless. He worshiped her breasts, making her realize just how sterile Charles' attentions had been.

With another quick motion, Logan held her tight and picked her up.

Daniella gasped, stunned for a moment by his strength. Recovering, she kicked off her shoes and wrapped her legs around his waist. She was rewarded by the feel of his cock against her pelvis and he whispered, "Good girl."

Charles had insisted that she remain still and not move in any way. Apparently Logan didn't have the same issues.

Logan carried her to his bedroom. After gently laying her on a bed, he sucked one nipple and then the other. Holding her gaze, he unsnapped and unzipped her jeans. With a quick motion, he stood and pulled them off, leaving her spread naked before him.

The full moon lit the room. Feeling exposed, Daniella moved her hands to cover herself. Logan grabbed her wrists and said, "Don't. You're beautiful. I want to look at every inch." He flicked a switch on the headboard, exposing her even more. "Stay still," he whispered.

Daniella watched Logan undress. His eyes never left her body as he revealed each delectable inch. Logan slowly unbuttoned his shirt before tearing it off and dropping it to the floor. Daniella reveled in the sight of his naked chest. Brown curly hairs created a line down to his jeans. He pulled off his boots and then unfastened his belt. His jeans soon joined the pile of clothes at his feet.

She couldn't stop a gasp when she saw the size of his penis. Not only was he long, he was wide. Larger than any cock she'd ever had. Would it hurt to take him deep inside? She couldn't wait to find out.

As if reading her mind, he reassured her. "It will fit if you're aroused enough and I'm about to make you mindless with need."

Chapter Five

Daniella nodded. She wasn't sure but she knew it didn't matter. The empty aching in her pelvis was too demanding to stop now.

Logan lay down next to her. Dani started to turn toward him but he placed a hand on her abdomen, forcing her to stay on her back. Once she'd stilled, he moved his hand toward her breast. He lightly stroked around her areola, a teasing touch that caused her nipple to reach for the ceiling. She watched. It was as if her breast had a life of its own. Her nipple engorged more than she'd ever seen before, begging to be touched. He didn't touch it though. Instead, his hand moved to the other breast and did the same. Now both nipples pointed upward, proudly defying gravity. Daniella closed her eyes and moaned with need.

"Ask," Logan commanded.

Daniella, startled by his harsh tone, opened her eyes and looked at him questioningly.

"We both know you like to talk to yourself. Talk to yourself now. I want to hear what you're thinking. I don't like guessing how my actions are affecting you. You want me to touch your nipples, don't you?"

Daniella nodded.

Logan smiled. "Then tell me. Tell me you want to be touched."

Daniella swallowed, trying to get rid of the hard lump in her throat. Charles had insisted she be silent. The neighbors might hear, he used to tell her. She'd never realized what a thrill it could be to be given permission—no, to be commanded—to talk, to express her needs. "Please..."

"Please, what?" prompted Logan, whispering in her ear before nibbling on it.

"Oh, Logan, please touch me," Daniella managed to say.

"Where? How?" Logan continued his assault on her ear.

Daniella struggled to think past the shivery sensation threatening to overwhelm her. "Everywhere. My nipples," she gasped, "please touch my nipples. They ache for your touch!"

"See that wasn't so hard, was it?" Logan said as he caught a nipple between his fingers, pinching it a little before he leaned over to lick it.

Daniella arched as her pelvis contracted with a stab of desire.

Logan moved on top of her.

"I love your weight on top of me. Press harder," she said trying to squirm closer to him but his weight held her still.

His cock rubbed against her thighs as he gathered her breasts in his hands. Alternating from one to the other, he licked her nipples. She moaned, "Please..."

He raised his head. "Please what, Dani?"

She gasped, trying to regain her breath.

He waited.

"Please, I need you inside me. Fuck me, Logan! Please now," she finally demanded.

Logan smiled. "Not yet," he said and he lowered his head back to her nipples. He pressed her breasts together allowing his talented tongue to lick both nipples. He stopped only long enough so his fingers could pinch the base of her nipples. He wasn't gentle and Dani nearly came from the sharp intensity of his actions.

Her hands threaded through his hair. She held his head to her breasts. "Suck harder. Please suck harder. Logan, I feel so empty. Please fuck me. Please. Please."

Logan ignored her plea for his cock while he laved her breasts. His relentless attention soon had her nipples hurting. They simply weren't used to such incessant stimulation. Still he didn't stop. He ignored her moans, her demands and her pleas.

Just as Daniella was sure she'd go insane, something inside snapped and the pain changed. She caught her breath as it morphed into a pleasurable intensity beyond anything she'd ever experienced.

Logan looked up and smiled. "Look at me."

She heard his voice as if from a great distance. She blinked her eyes and struggled to understand the voice.

"Dani," the voice whispered. "Dani, come back to me."

Daniella shuddered as she realized Logan called to her. Her body ached with unsatisfied need. She closed her eyes and drew in a deep breath, then opened her eyes and met his smile.

"You're driving me crazy," she said.

"Isn't it wonderful?" he countered.

She stared at him, feeling his weight on her body, wondering how to reply, wondering if he'd ever satisfy her. "I can't take much more," she warned.

"Oh, I think you'll be very surprised by just how much you can take," he whispered. Lowering his head, he gently kissed her. "We're just starting."

Daniella felt a sliver of unease but before she could process it, Logan turned his attention back to her nipples. Using various pressures and touches, he kept her off-balance. Again and again, he brought her close to a climax, always denying her the final release. She'd never realized she could come so close to an orgasm from breast play alone. Yet every time she faded into the sensations he effortlessly created, as pain and pleasure merged, he called her back. Tears escaped her eyes and she mindlessly begged him to satisfy her, to ease the ache he'd created. He ignored her and continued his ministrations. Every muscle in Daniella's body clenched and released as she tried to desperately to find some satisfaction.

"Are you ready?" whispered Logan.

"Oh yes, I've been ready..." she moaned.

He moved a little so his hand could cup her mound. She nearly sobbed with relief as she felt the pressure of his hand. She tried to move into it, to stimulate herself but he laughed and moved his hand. "Yes, I guess you are ready," he agreed as he used his knees to spread her legs wide.

Daniella stilled as the head of his cock touched her entrance. When had he put on a condom? She'd barely had the thought when he pushed a little and all thought fled. Her labia stretched to take him. She felt the air against her clitoris and knew that even one touch would send her over the edge of the cliff he'd led her to. She whimpered, wanting that touch but he held her tight as he slowly pushed forward. He rocked back and forth, accustoming her to his size. Her muscles clenched as she tried to hold him but he was stronger and he took his time, never rushing, never satisfying her and never giving her enough.

Logan continued creating a storm of heat to combat the cool night. Sweat glistened on their bodies. He pushed forward again. This time though, he didn't stop, he didn't hesitate. She was lost in the feeling of Logan filling her.

"Yes. That's it. Oh, Logan, you feel so good..."

His hips pushed forward and his cock opened her cunt wide. He went so deep that she felt him in her throat. Daniella groaned, reveling in the feeling of fullness he'd created.

"Almost there, darling. You haven't taken all of me but you will."

Daniella felt a thrill of unease at his promise but it quickly faded as Logan rocked back and forth a little, each time going a millimeter deeper, each time expanding her channel a little more, fighting for room. She moved to meet his strokes, no longer able to tell pain from pleasure.

"More. Harder. Fuck me, Logan!"

Logan reached down and grabbed Daniella's buttocks, forcing her pelvis up so he could fully sink himself within her warmth. He ground his pelvis against her clitoris. Dani screamed as every muscle in her body tensed and then exploded. She clenched

and released around Logan's cock even as his throbbing, hot stream of semen filled the condom.

* * * * *

Daniella woke with a contented feeling. She groaned as she tried to move. Satisfaction calmed her even as she inventoried her aches. She'd never had such intense orgasms. She replayed her night with Logan. The fact the rough, cowboy type could be so demanding and so satisfying had taken her by surprise. She had been thoroughly pleased. The minor ache in her vagina just made her want more. Where was Logan? She could smell an incredible scent coming from the kitchen. Her stomach growled. She rolled out of bed.

"Fuck you, Charles. Our relationship wasn't my problem. It was yours," she said, walking to the bathroom. Daniella showered. She sighed as she picked out her best underwear. She didn't want to leave but she pinned up her hair and dressed in a conservative skirt and blouse—her travel clothes. She'd found the nicer she looked, the better people treated her. She stepped into three-inch heels. She drove barefoot so the heels were just for show. Then she went to find Logan.

She desperately wanted sex with him again but it was time to leave. Her resolve was tested when she walked into the kitchen. Logan sat on a stool at the counter with his legs spread. The bulge of his cock unmistakable. Daniella wanted that cock. Even after last night she still wanted him. Instead of telling him of her need, she said, "Thank you for the amazing day yesterday."

Logan tilted his head. "That sounds like goodbye."

"I said I'd start out early today."

"Even after last night?"

"Logan, you said it. Neither one of us wants a long-term relationship."

"But I thought you'd stay for a few days. Let's play."

"I don't think that's a good idea."

"Why?"

"Because I'll disappoint you."

"What are you talking about? Yesterday was amazing. Talk to me, Dani. Why do you think you'll disappoint me?"

She stared at Logan. Best to get it over with quickly. She took a deep breath and said, "Yesterday was amazing but it won't last. Charles told me how bad I am at sex. He said it was an effort to make love to me. That my large breasts were too crass. I talk too much. I move too much. In short, I am just not refined enough to be a good lover."

Logan silently cursed Charles. Logan knew the type, the men who enjoyed denigrating women because they were too insecure and miserable to have a real relationship. He wanted to rip up the jerk. Instead, he laughed before saying, "I love your breasts. They're perfect for me. I told you to talk. I love the fact you move and I love it even more when you're trying to move and I use my strength to hold you still. Last night was perfect. You need to stay so I can erase the memory of your ex-fiancé. You don't have a job waiting so call your family and tell them you're taking a break from driving."

Dani's eyes glistened.

"Daniella?"

She sniffed once and said, "There isn't anyone to call. I'm alone in the world. I don't have a family. That's why I accepted Reina's offer. She reminded me of my grandmother."

"Oh, honey. Then stay for a while. Let's explore what we've started," Logan said. "Stop running and enjoy yourself for a few days...look," he said, pointing toward the window in the dining room.

Daniella turned. Balloons filled the sky. She couldn't stop herself from smiling. She looked over her shoulder at Logan. "Why? Why does that sight make me feel so happy?"

Logan shrugged. "New Mexico is known as the 'Land of Enchantment'. The balloons are part of the magic. Stay and watch them for the next week."

"I wish I could." Daniella sighed and turned back to Logan.

He didn't answer. Instead he simply held out his arms and waited for her.

She knew what those arms would feel like and she wanted to feel them again. The wasted years with Charles had taught her to take what she wanted.

Daniella slowly took one step, then another. When she got close enough, he lightly circled her wrist with his hand and inexorably pulled her closer until she stood between his spread legs. He circled his arm around her waist and pulled her down so she sat on one of his legs. His other hand caressed her face and gently turned her head. His lips were firm but warm, his tongue wet, his teeth hard. He nibbled and licked and trailed his tongue around her lips until he pushed open the seam and entered her. By the time he deepened the kiss and took possession of Daniella's mouth, she was lost again.

She moaned when he raised his head.

"You taste like honey, warm and syrupy and sweet. Does your pussy taste the same? I didn't get a chance to find out last night. And why are you wearing so many clothes?"

"I'm dressed for the road," Daniella whispered.

As if he heard the reluctance in her voice, Logan said, "Don't go. Not just yet. Let's play first. Take your clothes off." He set her back on her feet and waited.

Daniella debated fighting his command but she wanted to know if last night was just a fluke or if he could do it again. She'd never been so out of control, so loved, so needy and so desperate. He was an incredible lover. She wanted more.

Logan remained silent, just waiting until she sighed and started undressing. She let her skirt fall to the floor.

When she stood in her bra, a lacey black concoction with matching thong, Logan fought the urge to rip them off her. But he sat motionlessly, even when she met his gaze as if pleading for mercy.

She sighed and continued. She made a move to take off her heels.

"Leave them," Logan said.

She reached behind her back and unfastened the hooks. She slid her bra off her arms then quickly removed her thong. She took out her hair tie and shook out her hair. She huddled to cover her vulnerability.

"Stand straight. Spread your legs," Logan ordered.

Taking a deep breath that raised her breasts, she did as he demanded. At least her hair covered a lot. She held her butt tight and pelvis tilted to compensate for the height of the heels.

Logan made no move to touch her but his eyes examined every part of her. Perfect. Her waist nipped in and he already knew he could nearly circle it with his hands. Her mound jutted out from a concave pelvis. He was amazed that her breasts were natural and uplifted. He knew women who'd paid a fortune to have breasts like hers. Naked, she couldn't hide her arousal. A thin film of moisture glistened on her cunt lips and her nipples peaked through her hair and jutted out. She was magnificent.

"Turn around," he ordered.

"Logan..."

"We're just playing. Don't be afraid. Turn around."

Daniella searched his face before complying. She faced the doorway. She focused on the balloons in the distance and tried to ignore the fact she was standing naked before a man she barely knew. What was she doing? Two weeks ago she would have been horrified by her behavior. Now she couldn't wait for Logan's touch. His strength and confidence made her knees weak and her stomach flutter. Her arousal surprised and pleased her. She hadn't been this excited in years and it was a sensation she'd

forgotten—the anticipation of good sex. What was taking him so long? She didn't think she could stand waiting much longer.

Logan sagged, weighted down by his throbbing cock. He took a moment before he stood and moved behind her. He was glad she couldn't see his weakness. He examined the curve of her spine. "Use your hands to lift your hair up. Then keep your hands behind your head."

The position gave him a clear view. Yes he'd been right. The curve of her neck was delicate and alluring. It called for a collar. He'd never collared a woman but Dani made him reconsider that decision. His eyes followed her spine down her back. Her buttocks were full, a perfect heart shape just begging for his touch. Either a slow stroke or a quick spank would satisfy his needs and he briefly wondered which would work best for Daniella. He couldn't wait to get started but he knew he couldn't move too fast. He had to bring her along slowly so she wouldn't panic. His mind raced as he controlled his breathing, bringing his raging lust back under control. What first? Where should he start?

Logan stepped close behind Daniella. Even held up, her hair looked like a black waterfall as it tumbled over her hands and down her back. He stroked its smooth texture, letting it slip through his fingers. Logan smiled as he reached out and wound the loose end around his hand. Gripped like this, he could force her to do anything. He wanted her on her knees sucking his cock while he controlled her head. He'd have her like that but not just yet. He released the silky mass, letting it wash down her back again.

Logan placed a soft kiss on the side of Dani's neck and felt her shiver. He placed his hands on her waist and pulled her back against his chest. One arm went across her stomach, under her breasts. The other hand descended to massage her belly. He felt her muscles tighten against his hand. Her pulse raced and he could almost feel her blood moving to fill her pelvis even as his cock filled and hardened.

"Touch my clit, Logan. Please touch me."

His hands captured her breasts and his fingers toyed with her nipples. Daniella's hands slipped down to his forearms and her head fell back against his chest. He moved one hand down to her thigh. Slipping a finger inside, he felt her moisture and smiled. She was so hot, so fast. He'd barely touched her and she dripped for him.

"Fuck me," she whispered leaning back into his chest.

"Why are you always in such a hurry?" he asked as he used his tongue to circle her ear before tracing a line down her neck. "I can see I need to teach you patience."

Chapter Six

Daniella fought to steady herself, her breath coming in soft little pants.

"Do you trust me?"

"I've had sex with you. What do you think?"

"I think I want an explicit answer. Do you trust me?"

Daniella took a deep breath and slowly released it. Did she trust him? Did she trust any man especially after Charles' betrayal? So many levels of trust. What did he mean by the word? Did it matter? She couldn't remember ever being so aroused and he really hadn't done much. If she said no, she had a feeling they'd be done and she wasn't ready to leave despite her brave declaration that it was time to go. "Yes I trust you," she said in a soft voice.

"Do you like sexual games?"

That question was easier to answer. "Depends on the type of game."

"Tell me what you like and what you don't."

"I like honesty."

"Me too but I was more interested in knowing specifics. Have you ever been tied up?"

"No, Logan. My experiences have been fairly normal and boring."

"I like games," said Logan stepping close behind her again. He circled her wrists with his hands, anchoring her arms to her sides. "What are you feeling right now?"

"Nervous, scared, excited, horny..." Daniella trailed off as she rested her head back against his chest. How was he doing this? She was weak and ready to come—she wanted to come. His musky scent intoxicated her. The warmth from his chest

enveloped her and seemed to shelter her. She swallowed past the lump in her throat. "Logan..."

"I want to tie you up, Dani. May I tie you up?"

A few other men had asked her that same question. She'd always said no. Something about the thought of being tied made her feel helpless and weak. The very idea was enough to cause her anger to flare but now, with Logan it excited her, making her feel feminine and seductive. She never wanted to tell him no. She couldn't tell him no. She did trust him. His strength could and would hold her while she soared on the sensations he effortlessly created. "Yes," she sighed.

Logan smiled. He'd felt Daniella's hesitation and heard the surrender in her voice. She was his as long as he brought her along slowly. She was still a challenge but not as much of a challenge as she'd been yesterday. His cock hardened even more. He took a moment to collect himself. He'd forgotten how much he enjoyed his games. He turned Daniella and gave her a quick, hard kiss as a reward for her bravery. He desperately wanted to lead her downstairs to his soundproof basement playroom but she wasn't ready for that. Instead, he picked her up and carried her back to his bedroom.

Logan put Daniella's feet on the floor and held her while she regained her balance. Was there anything more erotic than being fully dressed while the woman in his life was naked? Well naked except for the high heels. He gathered her hair again, enjoying its soft feel. Would he ever tire of playing with her hair? He didn't think so.

He pushed it behind her shoulders, leaving her breasts exposed to his gaze. He trailed a finger down her throat and around a nipple. Both nipples responded by growing more. Daniella's little rushed gasps and moans let Logan know his actions met with her approval. He stepped back, leaving her standing. Her eyes half closed, lips parted, she swayed toward him. He smiled, knowing exactly what he'd do next.

Daniella wondered how much longer she could remain standing. Logan's decisive actions and his absolute command thrilled and weakened her in ways she hadn't thought possible. Two days ago she would have said she'd never stand naked in front

of a man she barely knew, much less have sex with him and tell him he could tie her up. She'd always believed she knew about sex. Logan was rapidly teaching her she was a novice.

Charles certainly hadn't worried about her arousal. Indeed, he'd acted as if she shouldn't have sexual feelings and she'd been stupid enough to believe him. She was just starting to realize just how controlling and nasty Charles had been. Logan might be controlling but she knew he wasn't selfish and he wasn't cruel. She took a deep breath and opened her eyes wide. What would he do next?

"Step back a little," he said.

Daniella did and felt the bedpost against her back. Its carved wood was cold and hard. She started to move forward a little but Logan stepped in front of her and placed a hand against her chest stopping her motion.

"Stay there. I'll be right back."

She watched Logan walk over to his dresser. He pulled open a drawer and removed something black and silky looking. Her breath hitched as she realized he'd been serious about tying her up. Could she handle it? She'd already said yes but she knew if she protested he'd stop. Did she really want him to stop? He'd already taken her places she'd only dreamed of visiting. Her breathing became rapid and shallow as she imagined what he was going to do. The rigidity of the bedpost helped her remain standing.

Logan looked back at Daniella and raised an eyebrow. She met his intent gaze and her lips parted a little more as she licked them. Her cunt clenched in a tight wave of excitement. Logan moved toward her until he stood a hand span away.

"Raise your arms," he said. "Straight up, over your head."

Daniella swallowed hard and obeyed. She nearly stumbled as a rush of sensation left her weak. She'd never realized that standing naked in front of a man was much easier than standing naked with her arms raised. She was even more vulnerable in this position. "Logan..."

"You've trusted me this far. Don't panic now," he said as he circled her wrists with the black cloth and then pulled them together. He tied them and Danielle thought she'd faint. He placed both hands on her waist and lifted her a little. She looked up. The black cloth was attached to a loop high up on the bedpost. Just high enough so her heels were barely on the floor. Logan's hands traced their way down the sides of her body until he reached her feet. He slipped off the heels. "You won't need these anymore," he said. Losing the heels meant Daniella was standing on tiptoes.

He stepped back and looked at her. Daniella could feel the blood rushing from her arms. They already ached and she'd been in this position only a few moments. She couldn't stand with her feet flat. She couldn't relieve the pressure. She started to panic. Her arousal slipped. Just as she considered a protest, Logan reached up.

"I'll take care of you. Never doubt that," he said. He did something to lower her hands and she could suddenly stand. She leaned her forehead against his chest.

"Better?"

She nodded, breathing his scent deep into her lungs.

He cupped her chin and raised her head before he threaded his fingers through her hair and bent down to kiss her. He took the kiss deeper. Daniella was startled by her sudden weakness. His tongue rimmed her lips and then he nibbled on the lower one. She moaned, unable to hide her response, startled by the fact she liked what he was doing. She had no defenses against him. He extended his tongue and worked it into her mouth. He leisurely explored her, all the while holding her tight. His forceful demands left her feeling faint. She couldn't move. When he finally raised his head, she opened her eyes to meet his questioning gaze.

"You're beautiful, Daniella. Do you like what I'm doing? What are you feeling?"

"I feel safe, protected, cherished and needy. How can I feel those things when I'm tied and helpless?"

"You know I'll take care of you. I might push you further than you thought you could go but I will take care of you."

"Then take care of me. I'm horny," she said. She wanted more. She wanted him to take her, to teach her how to please him.

"Patience, darling," he said as his lips descended and he took her mouth in a deep, hard kiss. His hands moved to her breasts and he lifted them up so her nipples grazed his shirt while his pelvis pressed her against the bedpost. Daniella's senses swam, buffeted by the new sensations coursing through her body. She was weak and vulnerable but she also felt cherished and loved. It was such a relief to surrender all control. She couldn't wait to find out what new treats Logan had planned.

Daniella's legs trembled as Logan bent and trailed a hand from her ankle to her thigh. His touch left a fiery path of sensation in its wake. She wanted to squirm and shout from the intense excitement. She bit her lip. She wanted him to stop. She wanted him buried deep inside. She wanted to touch him.

He moved his hands back to her chest. He gently caressed the undersides of her breasts, causing her nipples to harden into nearly painful nubs that he ignored. His fingers massaged around her areola, never giving her the touch she craved. She bit back a moan.

He left her breasts and reached down to stroke her pubic hair before he gently parted her labial lips. "So soft. So wet. So ready for me. Aren't you?"

"Logan...please...take me..."

"Patience. That's your lesson for today," he whispered into her ear.

Daniella wanted to scream with frustration. He still hadn't undressed and here she was begging him for sex. How could she be so weak? How could she want him so much? How could she have let herself be placed in this position? She had given him all control and now she was paying for her decision. It would never happen again, she promised herself.

One finger worked its way into her cunt. She gasped when another finger pushed into her anus. His thumb pressed against her clit. She sagged, unable to stand against his onslaught. He wasn't rough, just insistent. She clenched her thigh muscles around

his hand. She needed more. He inserted a leg between hers so she couldn't rub against his hand. He ignored her moan as he set a rhythm too slow for her to explode but fast enough to cause her to sigh. "Please..."

His hand slowed. "Don't stop." She pleaded. All her pride was gone. He flicked his thumb back and forth until the intensity was nearly painful. Her head fell back against the post, her body sagged until she was sitting on his hand with her arms stretched high above her head. He bent and licked a nipple, then tugged on it with his teeth. Her cunt clenched on his finger even as her anus tried to expel the invader in her back channel. Logan forced his hand tight against her clit and she exploded.

Logan used his free arm to hold her around her waist. "Oh, darling, you just don't know the meaning of the word patience, do you?"

Boneless, Daniella didn't reply. Instead she sagged against him as he freed her wrists. He maneuvered her so he could lay her on the bed.

Eyes closed, Daniella tried to process what she'd just experienced. But it had all been too overwhelming. How did he send her over the edge so fast and so hard?

Logan stepped back and stripped off his clothes. He found a condom and quickly rolled it over his cock. The action didn't interfere with his arousal. His erection jutted toward Daniella. Hard and insistent, he knew he couldn't hold off much longer. He didn't think he'd ever experienced such demanding lust.

He kept losing himself in her body. He couldn't maintain control when he was lost and given the games he liked to play, that wasn't a good thing.

Was Daniella that special? Or was his need so demanding because he hadn't had sex since Grace's death? Her car accident following so close after his balloon accident had left him devastated and lifeless. He simply hadn't wanted to pursue any woman. He'd stopped living. He'd stopped flying. He'd stopped having sex. He'd stopped all activities that made life fun. Reina was right. It was time for him to fly again.

Daniella made him fly. Logan didn't know why and right now, he didn't care. He crawled into bed next to her and gathered her close. Her soft warmth did nothing to

lessen his need. *Patience*, he schooled himself. That's what he kept telling her, yet somehow he didn't seem to have much either. He wanted her now. He simply couldn't wait any longer. He'd continue her lessons in patience later. Right now, he couldn't hold himself back.

Logan rolled Daniella on her back and moved over her. Her eyes flew open as she felt his weight. She smiled up at him and raised her head to nip at his lips. He smiled and caught her wrists in a hand. He pulled her arms up over her head. With a knee on either side of her body, he rested on her belly. She squirmed. He kept most of his weight off her but used enough to hold her captive. He leaned down so his chest nearly touched her breasts.

Daniella's breathing was ragged. His scent enveloped her. His heavy muscles loomed over her. He really wasn't doing much but the anticipation of what he could do in this position was nearly unbearable. He smiled as if he knew the storm his actions or inactions created within her.

She swallowed hard and asked, "How can I be needy again?"

"You're not the only one needy," he said. He let go of her wrists and shifted a little. His cock now lay on her chest, between her breasts. She bent her head and licked the tip but when she went to reach for it Logan grabbed her wrists again. "Keep your arms over your head. Don't touch me."

"Logan..."

He quirked an eyebrow. "Don't you trust me?"

"Yes I trust you but I want to touch you."

"Not yet. Keep your arms up...or would you rather I tied them?"

Daniella shook her head.

"Then just keep them up." Logan placed both hands on the sides of her breasts. He pushed them together and created a sheath for his cock. He rocked back and forth.

Dani gasped. The sensation of him fucking her breasts and rubbing against her chest shot stabs of desire straight to her cunt. She ached to hold him and the effort of keeping her arms still simply seemed to add to her arousal. Her eyelids fell and she floated.

Logan rocked back and forth a few more times but he was too close to coming to continue for long. Dani's breasts were so soft and such a contrast to her hard sternum beneath his erection that if he continued this way he'd quickly climax. Someday he wanted to spurt all over her face but not today. He shifted lower. He used a knee to open her legs.

She helped by wrapping a leg around his waist and pressing his cock against her opening. Daniella tilted her pelvis, trying to get him inside.

With one quick thrust Logan buried himself deep inside Daniella. Wet and welcoming, she surrounded him with her moist heat. He nearly exploded but he stopped himself. He slid his hands under her butt and lifted her pelvis. He ground against her clitoris and listened to her moan.

He could feel her abdominal muscles straining to hold him tight. He denied her need. Moving in and out, he set a slow pace, one that drove him crazy but guaranteed he could last just a little longer. He bent his head and took a nipple into his mouth. He gently rolled it in time with his thrusts.

"Harder, Logan. Please harder, harder. Suck me deeper. Fuck me."

Logan wanted to deny her but he was nearing the end of his control. Sucking hard, he gave into her demands. A couple of rough, quick thrusts sent her over the edge. For a moment he watched the look of ecstasy on her face and enjoyed the feel of her clenching orgasm before he held her tight and took his own satisfaction.

* * * * *

Logan stepped back from the bed. Dani's hair spread over the pillow. He smiled. He loved the fact it was so long. He drew back the sheet and traced her lithe limbs with

his fingertips. She sighed in her sleep and Logan wondered if she was dreaming of him. He snorted at the thought and realized he wasn't ready for her to leave. He frowned for a moment and then made a decision. She might rage at him but he had to explore the possibility that they were perfectly suited. He untied the silk from the bed post.

He walked to the head of the bed and used silk ties to bind Daniella's wrists to the headboard. He yearned to drag her down to his playroom but he didn't have her consent and he wasn't sure she was ready for him to make such a demand. Soon though. He smiled. Soon he'd have her. His heart skipped at the thought.

Chapter Seven

The afternoon sun woke Daniella. She went to move and realized her wrists were bound to the headboard. "Logan!"

He walked into the bedroom and smiled at her. "I like seeing you tied to my bed. I like knowing you can't go anywhere unless I agree. You are so beautiful, spread out before me just waiting for my touch. How does it make you feel?"

"Anxious. Untie me!"

Logan didn't answer. Instead, he sat at the foot of the bed and trailed his fingers along one of Daniella's legs until he reached her ankle and imprisoned it in his hand. His other hand trailed along her instep. "Ticklish?"

"A little...Logan?"

He smiled and moved both hands to cup her foot. Moving his thumbs in tight circles, he pressed hard.

Daniella moaned. She'd had foot massages—by professionals in a salon—not when she was naked and not by a man who'd just made love to her. She hadn't realized just how erotic it could be. She forgot her concern about waking tied to the bed as she lost herself in the storm Logan was creating. He planted a soft kiss on her big toe before moving to her other foot. So caught up in sensation, Daniella nearly missed Logan's words.

"Anxious is good, isn't it? Right now you're alive—wondering what I'm going to do next. Don't you want to know how far we can go?"

His husky voice and gentle touch caused Daniella's cunt to clench. How could she be horny again? She'd had more sex in the last two days than she'd had in the last month with Charles. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, trying to regain her equilibrium.

Logan continued speaking. "Besides, what makes you think I'm going to let you leave? Who would look for you? My aunt's left on vacation. I put your car in the garage. You've already told me no one is watching for you. So tell me, who is going to look for you?" He paused. An eyebrow quirked in question. Daniella remained silent. "That's right. I'm the only one looking out for your safety. You're at my mercy."

Daniella's breath hitched, her body thrilled by his touch at the same time her mind finally started deciphering his words. Had she made a terrible mistake? No. He'd helped that balloonist. He'd been generous and kind yesterday. No, she couldn't be that wrong. He wasn't dangerous, she told herself as she worked to calm her racing heart.

"That tiny bit of uncertainty sent your heart pounding, didn't it? That's why you shouldn't travel alone. It's too easy to get into trouble."

Lust turned to anger. She was tired of Logan's barbed comments. "What? Should I hide in my apartment? Waiting for the right man to come along so I can travel? I refuse to be held prisoner by fear. This is the twenty-first century. This is America. I can travel by myself! You're such a pig! Let me go. I want to leave right now. Thank you for the sex but this ends now."

"Sometimes fear is a good thing. Are you sure you want to leave?" he whispered. "Many women have rape fantasies. Wouldn't you like to explore yours?"

Daniella pulled against the ropes holding her wrists. "*Fantasy* being the operative word," Daniella retorted even as her face flamed. She knew rape was an ugly violent crime but that hadn't stopped her from dreaming of a man powerful enough to take what he wanted. Of course he wouldn't really hurt her. He would drive her crazy with need, and wasn't that exactly what Logan had been doing?

"So you're too cowardly to share it with me? I didn't figure you for a coward."

Daniella stilled and forced her face to remain impassive. No matter how harsh his words, she didn't believe he would really rape her.

As if reading her mind, he stood and said, "You're right, I wouldn't do that to you, although I'd really like to keep you captive while we explore your sexuality, but I think

you're a coward." Logan reached for the ties at her wrists and gave her a soft kiss as he freed her arms. Then he stood and walked out of the bedroom.

Daniella lay on the bed. Too stunned to move. She'd thought he was going to quench her need. Instead he'd called her a coward and just left her. She slowly brought her arms down and rolled to her side. As her anger faded, her desire came back with a roar. It seemed as if a living fire racing through her veins. How did he do that? How did he stroke her lust with the lightest of touches? She wanted to masturbate but it wasn't a simple release she craved. She wanted to scream with anger and frustration. Instead she climbed out of his bed.

Daniella scrubbed herself in the shower. Her fingers played at her opening but all she really wanted was his cock sunk deep inside. She leaned her head against the wall. Was he really done with her? He'd had his release and now he didn't care? An alpha male with no regard for her feelings?

"No that's a lie," she said, raising her head. "He cared, really cared. So why am I so upset?"

"A good question. Does it have an answer?" Logan asked as he stepped into the shower with Daniella.

She stood naked before him. "I need sex."

"I'm sure you do. But what makes you think you can use me that way?"

Daniella's mouth fell open. She never thought a man would say no to sex. Had she just been using him?

Logan smiled. "Gotcha," he said before pulling her close for a quick hard kiss. He turned her around and used her breasts as a handhold to pull her back against his chest and his very hard cock. Massaging her breasts, he bent his head and whispered in her ear. "So far I've asked before doing anything that might upset you. I've asked you to undress. I've asked if we could have sex. I've asked if I could tie you up. You should know that I'm not used to asking. I'm used to taking what I want. I like being in control. I like watching my woman squirm and beg for release. I won't hurt you much. I'm not

into pain for pain's sake. A little pain though will push you to pleasure you've never dreamt of and I'll push you to tell me what you like and what you don't. I'll push you to tell me all your fantasies. I'll push you to the point where I'll just look at you and you'll explode for me. Think about what I've just said because when you come out to the living room again, I want you willing to surrender. If you can't do that for me, we will never have sex again." Logan nipped her ear and gave her a swat on the butt before he left.

Daniella sagged to the floor. What had just happened? Her breasts tingled from his ministrations and her vagina ached with emptiness. She barely suppressed a scream of frustration. Her fingers sought her clit, quickly bringing herself to an orgasm that only seemed to emphasize her emptiness. Hot water still streamed down her superheated body. She leaned her head back against the cool tile.

Could she give him what he wanted? Could she give up all control? Could she surrender her will to him? She'd done that with Charles and he'd betrayed her trust. Somehow she knew Logan wasn't the same as Charles. Logan was clean and honest. There was no deceit in him and he certainly knew how to play her body. She struggled to stand on weakened knees. She turned off the shower and grabbed a towel. She dried herself and pondered the dilemma Logan presented. What should she do?

Daniella towel the excess moisture from her hair and stared into the mirror. She didn't have the figure of a model and she'd always been a little self conscious about her few extra pounds. Charles hadn't helped with his constant nagging about losing a few of them. Logan didn't seem to care though. On the contrary, his every touch and look made her feel sensual. She liked — no, she loved the way Logan made her feel. She knew Logan thought she was beautiful and that certainty made her want to flaunt her body rather than keeping it hidden.

Daniella dropped the towel and walked into the living room naked, her long, damp hair streamed down her back. Logan stood looking out the window at the Sandia Valley below. She took a moment to appreciate his rugged masculinity. His broad shoulders

and narrow hips only hinted at the power she'd already felt. She wanted this man on any terms. His games were a little frightening but she trusted him to keep her safe. She wasn't ready to leave. She wanted to know where his games could lead.

"Logan, what do you really want from me?"

Logan swallowed his drink before turning and setting the glass on the table. His eyes narrowed and he smiled as he said, "I want you chained in my playroom and seeing your state of undress, I think you're ready."

"Chained?" Daniella swallowed hard. Maybe this hadn't been such a good idea.

Logan's eyes blazed with life and his lips tilted into a half smile. "I like dominating women in the bedroom. Outside the bedroom you're an equal but not when we're playing. I haven't played a scene in years..." He shook his head as if to clear it. "You're bringing me back to life and reminding me of things I haven't thought of in a long time. Not many women can handle my needs but I think you can. You liked being tied up. You liked being out of control. You liked my domination. Not only did you like it, you thrived on it. I think we're well suited to each other."

Daniella stared out over the valley. One lone balloon floated free above the city. Daniella wished she were in that balloon, unfettered, soaring above all mundane concerns.

Logan walked toward her and held out a hand. "Come with me. I want to show you something."

Daniella hesitated for a moment before realizing that Logan offered her the freedom she'd just longed for. She was the one making decisions. Charles' opinion no longer mattered. If she didn't accept what Logan offered, she'd always have regrets. She stepped toward him and placed her hand in his. Besides, she smiled, Logan was right. She enjoyed his domination.

Logan led her into the kitchen. He opened a door she'd thought was a pantry. It wasn't. Stairs led down to a basement unlike any she'd ever seen. Three doors led off from the bottom of the stairs. In front of one closed door, Logan palmed a wall plate

and the door swung open. The room was dark for only an instant before Logan flicked a switch. He pulled Daniella forward so she could see the room. Logan moved close behind her and held her tight against his chest while she took in the room.

Luckily he didn't let her go. Her vision tunneled as she scanned the room. One wall held something that looked like a target. A large wicker circle with a red X through the center. Each end of the X had restraints—restraints to hold a woman helpless. One half had two little platforms—for her feet, to help hold a woman's weight? Probably, and there was a restraint at waist level too. The platform looked as if it could swivel, swinging a woman upside down or sideways. Daniella's breath hitched as she imagined herself bound to the platform. Helpless and naked, Logan could do anything to her while she was on that platform. Dani wanted to try it but she forced her gaze to the rest of the room.

As if the wheel wasn't enough, there were other pieces of wicker furniture. Some she recognized, some she didn't. "What are all these things?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

Logan reached past her and pointed to a table contraption as he said, "That's a whipping bench—"

Daniella shook her head. "You're not going to whip me. That's a little too painful for my tastes."

"You've been whipped before?"

"No..."

"Then don't judge. Just let your imagination soar." He kissed the side of her neck and continued, "The bench is good for other things. Notice the straps for your legs and waist."

The straps were wicker, a couple of inches wide, attached to split legs.

"I'll bind you to the bench. Your legs will be spread. Your arms will hang down the front legs. I've got cuffs for you. Once you're bound, your cunt will be wide open to me. Imagine what I can do with you in that position."

Daniella's vision swam. Logan tightened his arm, helping her stay on her feet.

Pointing to the ceiling, Logan said, "That's a suspension chair."

A wicker chair hung from the ceiling. Two prongs stood up from a very narrow chair seat and Daniella had no trouble figuring out what they were for. Her vagina clenched as she thought of them buried deep and she realized that all her weight would be on them. There was no other real support and the prongs were not small. They'd fill both her channels while the clamps on the chains that held the chair made it clear that her arms would be restrained.

He pointed to the circular platform on the wall. "St. Andrew's Cross, also called a saltire cross. I made it out of the bottom of a balloon basket. When I bind you to it, you'll be totally helpless. Have you ever had your cunt eaten while you're hanging upside down? The blood rushes to your head while at the same time your arousal demands blood in the pelvis. The sensation is intense."

Daniella shuddered and she wasn't sure if it was in excitement or fear.

"I'm sure you can figure out the rest of my toys," he said, waving a hand toward another wall.

Whips, canes and clamps lined the wall. Daniella was lightheaded. The room was a torture chamber. Daniella stilled. She wanted to deny the arousal the sight of Logan's toys created. Longings she never realized she'd had and lust beyond anything she'd ever felt. Did she really want the pain these toys promised?

Logan's hands moved to her shoulders, steadying her before he moved off to one side and left her standing alone. His eyes never left her face as he watched her take in his playroom.

She swayed. She couldn't hide her response. Her eyes had darkened as they did when she came. Her mouth opened a little and he could smell her arousal. She might be inexperienced but the thought of trying out his toys was enticing to her.

He folded his arms over his chest and waited. Long minutes later, Daniella took a deep breath and shook her head, slowly coming out of the trance the room's

possibilities had sent her to. She looked at Logan, meeting his steady gaze with one of her own. "There's a lot of wicker..."

Logan smiled. "I love the material. It's strong, yet light. I have a workshop in my garage. I made most of my toys. It gives me great pleasure to make my own furniture for this chamber. I'm working on a very special piece at the moment but I won't spoil the surprise by telling you about it. So what do you think of my playroom? This is who I am. This is the kind of sex I like. I am a Dominant. Are you a submissive?"

Thinking of Charles, Daniella said, "I'll never let a man control me again."

Logan laughed before shaking his head and saying, "Dani, I've been controlling and influencing you since we met. Do you really think I would have taken you on a ride or to night glow just to please my aunt? Can you really say my control was so bad?"

Daniella's eyes widened as Logan's words sunk in. Logan respected her choices and decisions. He was nothing like Charles. She needed to exorcise Charles from her mind. Logan represented new experiences. Experiences she wanted if she were honest with herself. Stalling, she asked, "What about your aunt? What does she think about this room?"

"She saw it once. I was embarrassed but she merely made a few comments." He smiled.

"What comments?"

"She said anything two consenting adults do was none of her business. She told me that as an adult, I should pursue what makes me happy and she asked when I was going to start using the room again." He paused before continuing. "She knew about this room. She knew about my sexual tastes. She was leaving and didn't mention it to you, doesn't that tell you something?"

"I knew she was matchmaking but I didn't realize..." Daniella trailed off.

"Dani, I won't force you to try any of my toys. You need to say yes."

"Are you going to make me call you Master?"

Logan laughed. “No. I’m not that kind of dominant. I tried the BDSM clubs when I was younger but I met too many men like your Charles. I don’t believe in denigrating women. I want a partnership where we enjoy to each other’s nature. My passion is to have a woman at my mercy. I want to play your body like a fine instrument. Occasionally I’ll cause you pain—like a spice amongst the pleasure—never pain just for pain’s sake. Most of these devices,” he said, waving a hand around the room, “are simple restraints. You’ll be safe Dani. It’s my responsibility to keep you safe.”

Dani’s knees weakened. He stood tall and strong, confident in his demand. She knew she could walk out of the room—out of his house—and he wouldn’t stop her. But she wanted nothing more than to surrender to Logan’s control. Was she being foolish?

“What would you do first?”

Logan cocked an eyebrow. “Do you have a preference? Is there one piece of furniture that calls to you? One that you want to try first?”

Daniella swallowed hard. She wanted to be hung on the cross. Helpless, upside down, totally at Logan’s mercy but she couldn’t force the words out. How could she ask for that kind of domination?

Chapter Eight

"There's something I've been meaning to tell you," Daniella said, trying to take the conversation in a safer direction.

"Tell me."

Daniella swallowed hard. "You really don't need to use a condom if you're clean. I'm on birth control and Charles always used a condom. He said sex was too messy."

"Of course he did," Logan said in a derogatory tone. "Sex should be messy. But that's good for us. You can't get pregnant, you're disease free and I know I'm safe. Does this discussion mean you've decided to explore your needs?" Logan said, holding out his hand.

Daniella eyed Logan's hand. Could she do this? Did she want to do this? If she were smart, she'd walk away but the Logan's brand of sex had caught her off guard. She'd never realized how much she liked having a strong man—a man she trusted—take control. He'd made the sex erotic beyond anything she'd ever imagined, and given this playroom, it was obvious he had a lot more to teach her. Could she really walk away? After all, no one was waiting for her. She knew if she didn't take Logan's invitation she'd always wonder what they could have had. She did trust Logan. She realized with a start that she trusted him far more than she'd ever trusted Charles. She took another long look around the room while Logan stood patiently holding his hand out to her.

She took a deep breath, exhaling it slowly before walking over to Logan. "Yes," she said as she placed her hand in his.

He smiled and led her over to the table. "Let's start with the whipping bench," he said. "Since you think you won't like it, I'm going to demonstrate that you will love it." Logan looked at Dani.

"Logan—"

He laid a finger across her lips. "No whipping this time but this is my playroom. My rules. Don't protest when I tell you to do something."

Daniella stared into eyes that had grown commanding. She swallowed hard and nodded.

His eyes softened a touch and he simply pointed.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "Shouldn't I have a safeword?"

"You won't need one. I don't go that far. But if it makes you feel safer let's use the word balloon. If you say balloon, I'll immediately stop. Okay?"

Daniella nodded and moved to the bench.

"Kneel and wait for me," Logan said, moving off to a cupboard.

Daniella cast him a quick glance. Her stomach fluttered. The wicker was hard on her knees and the slats for kneeling were spread at an uncomfortable distance. She tried to control her breathing while she waited. She couldn't see Logan from this position. What was she getting herself into?

Logan placed a hand on her back. "Lean forward and lie down," he said.

His stern voice sent chills through Daniella as she complied. The bench angled so her head was lower than her butt but the position was not uncomfortable.

Logan lifted her pelvis and moved her until her the edge of the platform hit her hips. He dropped a quick kiss on her butt and said, "Stunning. Don't move."

He trailed a hand along her left thigh. When he reached her knee he repositioned it a little. Then he drew the wicker strap across her calf. The wicker made the strap stiff. It didn't cut off her circulation because it didn't tighten the way a leather restraint would but it was snug enough to hold her still. He worked his way down her leg, moving it a little before strapping her ankle into place. He repeated his actions on the right side.

Daniella flexed her legs. The straps were warm but there was no give. Her lower body was locked into place. Logan had been right. The bench left her cunt exposed and for a moment, she flashed back to being on gynecological tables. Even though she was

on her stomach instead of her back, she was wide open. She was vulnerable and exposed as her cunt lips gaped open. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. This was not going to be a cold, clinical examination. In some ways that thought was comforting and in other ways, it was extremely disturbing.

Logan used the flat of his hands to massage Daniella's buttocks. Her muscles tighten under his light touch. His cock hardened at the sight of her perfection. In this position, her butt thrust into the air, framing her open cunt. Moisture gathered around her pussy. She might be a little uncertain but she was not unaffected. He smiled. He dropped a light slap on her butt and was rewarded with the sight of a pink area. *I'm going to enjoy this*, he thought as he moved to position her torso.

He slid his hands under her shoulders and pulled forward a little more on the bench. Then he reached under her torso and cupped her breasts. Whispering in her ear, he said, "Next time I'll put clamps on you but for now let's just spread them to the sides. I love the fact you are large enough to do this. I'll be able to pinch and lick your nipples as I wish." He planted a soft kiss on her forehead before he massaged her breasts out to the side, leaving her chest flat against the table. A hand at her back held her motionless while he pulled a strap across her waist.

Before Daniella could adjust to her new position, he grabbed her right wrist, fastened a cuff on it and pulled down. She hadn't realized the legs of the bench had fasteners. Her arm was now locked to the bench. Logan quickly did the same to her left arm. She tried to squirm and could barely move. Her head angled down and she rested a cheek against the wicker. She wasn't going anywhere until he released her. Her breath quickened.

Logan gathered Daniella's hair. Much as he loved it, he didn't want her hair blocking his view. He pulled it so it hung down one side of the table. Then he stepped back to admire his woman. Dani lay still. Bound to the table there was no escape for her with her long limbs spread out and restrained. Her head angled down and rested

against the bench, leaving her butt in the air and her nether regions open for his inspection.

His cock was rock-hard. He longed to fuck her but he resisted the urge. He couldn't lose control, not when this was Dani's introduction to his world. He wanted her to appreciate it and love it as much as he did. He stepped between the split legs of the bench.

Logan gave her butt a quick kiss. "Doing okay?"

Daniella nodded, not trusting her voice. Her throat was tight with anticipation. Helpless before him, she wished she could just scream at him to fuck her. She was certain she could come just from imagining what Logan was going to do next.

Logan quickly stripped off his clothes. He wanted to feel bare skin. Once naked, he leaned forward and covered Daniella. His chest to her back. His cock searched for her opening but he quenched the need. His fingers found Dani's nipples. He started softly twirling them and listened to her breath quicken. She was so responsive. He couldn't ever remember another of his women capable of coming with just nipple play. She tried to squirm beneath him and he smiled. She wasn't going anywhere and he was going to be very careful. She wouldn't come until he decided it was time. His fingers tightened on her nipples, pinching them to the point of pain.

Daniella moaned and raised her head, the only part of her body she could really move. She was desperate for more stimulation. Logan's cock laid in the crack of her pussy and she needed him inside. His fingers tightened more and Daniella gasped at the edge of pain, and just as she might have come, Logan stood.

"No," she screamed, "don't leave me like this!"

"Ah, Daniella, I told you're not in control. I am. Let me demonstrate." Logan slapped one butt check then the other. He stepped back a foot and watched the effect. Her cheeks turned pink then shaded to red as she clenched and unclenched them. He knew the slap was hard enough to be slightly painful but instead of drying up, her

pussy dripped. Daniella might not know about pain but he did, and his guess had been correct. She'd thrive under his care.

He walked to the head of the bench. His cock jutted toward Daniella's head. She tried to lick it but he grabbed her head and knelt so their eyes were level. "Daniella, have you ever had anal sex?"

Her eyes widened as she apparently realized that not only was her cunt exposed in this position but her anus too. She shook her head. Logan kissed her forehead and said, "Trust me." He moved out of her sight and she heard him rummaging in one of the cupboards lining the room.

When he came back, he once again went between her split legs. A cold gel dripped on her rectum. She bit her lip to keep from screaming a protest. Much as she might not like the idea of some of the things Logan proposed, the reality of them was addictive. The cold quickly warmed to a syrupy feeling. There was something hard against her back entrance. Her butt clenched as if to deny entry.

Logan soothed a hand over her back. "It will be much more pleasurable if you don't tighten up. Relax," he commanded, "and talk to me. I want to know what you're feeling even if I'm not going to give in to your pleas."

"Logan, there's so many sensations..." Daniella took a deep breath and then another as she made a conscious effort to relax.

"That's better. Don't worry, I've picked a very small anal plug," he said.

The hardness moved forward. She stretched and fought to stay relaxed. She stretched a little more. "Logan, it hurts and it feels good. How can it be both at the same time..." She trailed off as a wave of tingling moved through her belly. As she adjusted, the tingling caused Dani's cunt to clench on emptiness. She moaned when Logan pulled the butt plug out.

"Guess anal sex isn't as repugnant as you thought," Logan said. "This small toy is too arousing. You're supposed to be on the edge of pain and pleasure, not climaxing. Let's try a bigger plug."

Daniella swallowed hard and waited.

The next plug spread her wider. It hurt more but it was still a good hurt.

When Dani clenched again, Logan slapped her butt hard and said, "Not yet!" Without waiting for an answer, Logan pushed the butt plug all the way. Daniella fought to stay focused and alert when she just wanted to sink into these new incredible sensations.

"Let's not ignore your pussy," said Logan.

He pushed something small into her vagina. Too small. She clenched around it but it wasn't the size she craved. The vibration took her by surprise.

"Like it?" Logan asked.

Daniella could barely breathe. Neither the vibration nor the size was enough. "More," she gasped.

Logan laughed before his hand descended on her rear. The pain this time was real but it mingled with the vibrations echoing through her pelvis and the fullness in her rectum.

Daniella closed her eyes and tried to parse the sensations rampaging through her body. Logan's hand descended again and the sharp, stinging slap woke all her nerve endings. He turned the vibrator on high in time with another slap. The vibrator was on low for the next one. Dani desperately clenched her cunt and pelvic muscles trying to follow Logan's rhythm, trying to anticipate his next move.

Logan stepped back and stopped the vibrator.

"Don't stop!"

Logan rubbed her sore butt.

Dani squirmed.

"I'm in control, Dani. Stop anticipating what I'm going to do. Set yourself free, baby, don't try to anticipate," Logan said.

Dani swallowed hard and nodded. She took a few deep breaths, desperately trying to still her nerves. She either trusted Logan or she didn't. Logan massaged her shoulders until she relaxed. He dropped a light kiss on her shoulder and then he turned the vibrator on high.

Dani lost track of time as she floated along with Logan's rhythm. Mixing the vibrator speed from high to low and back again. Pinching her nipples. Circling the butt plug. Slapping then kissing her butt. She let the sensations wash through her and was incapable of any conscious thought.

Suddenly the egg stopped, replaced by Logan's cock. "Yes," she screamed as he rammed home. Her tender butt squashed beneath his hard pelvis and the butt plug seemed to go deeper. Daniella filled with sensation. "Harder, harder, harder," she moaned as Logan pumped in and out. When he reached over and pinched her nipples, she exploded beneath him in wave after wave of clenching release.

Daniella slowly blinked her eyes open to find herself still bound to the bench with Logan draped across her back. She sighed. What an incredible experience. She'd never dreamed she could stay so long in an aroused state and how shattering her orgasms could be when they finally came.

"You liked my whipping bench, didn't you?" Logan whispered.

"It was incredible."

"That was only a small taste. Would you like more?"

"Can I survive more?"

Logan chuckled. "Oh yes, much more but not right now. You need a little while to recover. I have something else in mind." He moved off her and unfastened the straps.

Daniella didn't move. She was boneless and floating on remembered sensations. Logan's quick, hard slap on her butt galvanized her. She rolled off the bench and only Logan's quick actions prevented her from a nasty tumble to the floor.

He gathered her close. "Don't wimp out on me now. I have another surprise."

Daniella's legs were shaky but she managed to stand. "What?"

"Patience. I keep telling you to learn patience. Maybe St. Andrew's Cross will teach you patience but not right now." He grabbed her hand and led her out of the playroom.

Logan led Daniella to the hot tub. With a start Daniella realized the sun had set and the lights of the city spread out before them. "How long were we downstairs?"

"Forget time. It doesn't matter here. All that matters is us and what we do and how we feel," Logan replied as he helped her up the steps into the tub.

She gasped as she dipped a toe into water. "It's cold!" She started to get out but Logan placed a hand on her shoulder and said, "It's just cool, not cold. Let the water do its work. It will stop the swelling from your spanking. Sit down," he commanded.

Daniella grimaced and complied. "Aren't you coming in?"

Logan chuckled. "I don't have any swelling to worry about. You only have to stay in for fifteen minutes or so."

Daniella shivered but Logan was right. The cool water felt good on her butt. She'd been so aroused she hadn't realized that Logan's spanking could cause any damage. Luckily, he believed in taking care of her body and she loved letting him do it.

After Daniella's treatment, Logan helped her out and rubbed her dry.

One arm circled her waist, pulling her back tight against his chest. "Are you ready for more?" he whispered in her ear. His thighs rubbed against her still-tender butt while his cock throbbed and pressed tightly against her back. A hand grazed her nipple. He ignored her moan and turned her. Barely grazing her lips with his, he moved lower and nibbled on her chin, now held firmly in his hand. Daniella felt like an entrée and she knew the feeling should have horrified her but instead she wanted to be devoured. Moisture gathered at her cleft.

He moved back to her lips. His tongue insisted that she open for him. She resisted for an instant, just long enough for the hand on her chin to shift and force her jaw down. He invaded her mouth and the pressure of his fingers kept her mouth open. His

ruthless passion inflamed her. A moan bubbled up from her throat as her thighs clenched and she pressed her lower body against his hardness.

He chuckled—a deep rumble in his chest that caused Dani to vibrate. Her nipples tightened in response. Dizzy with need, she thought about fighting but was far too needy to protest in any way.

Logan pushed his fingers into her cunt. “Hot and wet. Just the way I like you,” he murmured into her mouth.

Her breath hitched and her knees weakened. Logan pulled her even closer and as his lips continued their magic while his fingers dove in and out. What she’d gotten herself into? He was like a drug. She couldn’t say no. She did want more and she wanted it now.

Logan’s tongue continued exploring her mouth while his fingers filled her pussy. Stretched and expanded, Daniella surrendered to the sensation of being protected and cherished and when Logan slid a finger over her clit, her world exploded. All the pressure he’d slowly built rushed out in one blast. The clenching release left her breathless.

Logan picked up Daniella and carried her to the bedroom. Laying her on top of the covers he said, “Rest for a while.” He placed a soft kiss on her forehead and left the room. Daniella was exhausted. She’d never realized how physically draining orgasms could be but then she’d never had orgasms like this. Her eyes closed as she told herself she’d nap for just a few moments.

Chapter Nine

The next day after breakfast Logan asked Daniella if she was ready to try another toy in the playroom.

“Which one?”

“Ah, Dani, that choice is mine and I haven’t decided yet. Are you game?”

Daniella’s rational side said it was time to leave – Logan’s games could go too far. But she looked at Logan’s outstretched hand and knew she couldn’t resist one more session. He’d blown apart her view of sex as nice and safe. She knew she’d never be content with vanilla sex again. What else could he do? She had to find out. She placed her hand in his and let him pull her up.

He led her back down to the playroom. Once in the room he left her standing by the door. “Stay there,” he said.

Daniella watched Logan walk around the room. He caressed the table she’d been on yesterday before he moved on. He eyed the cross on the wall then walked away. He fingered some chains on a pulley system. He smiled and released the chains.

Daniella’s eyes widened as she followed the chains and realized they led to the suspension chair. The chair slowly lowered to the center of the room. Dani clenched her thigh muscles at the thought of sitting on that chair.

Logan moved to stand behind the device. “Strip,” he said.

Daniella didn’t hesitate but her movements were slow. She took her time unfastening the buttons of her shirt. She let it drop to the floor and stood in her bra. She reached up and pulled out her hair fastener, letting the black river shimmer down her back. She could see the bulge in Logan’s pants and she smiled.

“Enjoy yourself, little vixen. My turn will come,” Logan said.

She laughed and continued her strip tease. She unzipped her pants and kicked off her shoes. She wiggled out of the pants but left her panties on for a long moment before stripping them off too. They were sopping wet. How did he do it? How did he raise her to this level of arousal with barely any physical stimulation? She shook her head. Then she deliberately took a deep breath and reached back to unfasten her bra. Her breasts thrust out, nipples peaked. She'd never realized how much fun it could be to tantalize a man.

Logan smiled and crooked his index finger to motion her closer. Dani hesitated for a second. Had she gone too far? Then she shrugged and walked across the cold concrete floor. She stood facing Logan.

Now that she could see the chair, she hesitated. The wicker was narrow enough to fit between her legs. All her weight would be on the wicker protuberances. A chain at the front wound under the wicker seat then came up at the back. The chains led to the ceiling and over to the pulley system Logan had used to lower the chair. "I'll fall off the sides of this thing."

"Not with your arms bound up there," Logan said pointing to hooks set within the chains. Logan took a packet from his pocket and rolled condoms on both humps. Then he spread jelly on the smaller one. "I don't think you'll need lubrication for your vagina, will you?" He held the chair and said, "Have a seat."

Dani looked down at the seat. Logan had lowered it to the level of her thighs. She'd seen the protuberances yesterday. She knew they were large but somehow seeing them this close made her realize just how large they were. Even with the lubrication she didn't think she could force them inside. She looked askance at Logan but he just pointed down.

"You can seat yourself or I'll seat you. Those are your only choices."

Daniella briefly debated making Logan force her to the chair but his eyes were hard and she'd already found out that when they got like that it meant he'd show her no mercy. Better that she control her descent. She stepped over the seat so the wicker was

between her legs. She started to sit. Logan remained silent as she wiggled a little to position herself correctly and she slowly sank down. She knew she could work the vaginal protuberance in but the anal one was just too big and even the jelly didn't help it slide smoothly. She stood up and shook her head, glancing over her shoulder she said, "It's too big."

"Try again," Logan encouraged her. "I know you can do it."

Dani sighed and re-positioned her butt. She squatted with both protuberances at the right location. She pushed down a little, raised up then pushed down a little more. The tips were in the right spot. Her mouth dropped open as the rear one widened her back channel. She breathed deep, willing herself to relax and pushed a little more. She continued to go up and down trying to expand enough to sit flat. She just couldn't seem to force herself to take the entire anal plug. It was simply too wide.

"Let's change your position a little," Logan said. He pulled up one arm, wrapped the wrist restraint tight and affixed it high up on the rope. Before Dani could protest he did the same with the other.

Her upraised arms threw her off balance. She thought Logan was offering his support when he threaded an arm around her waist. Instead he placed a hand under the seat and brought it sharply up.

Dani screamed as the anal protuberance rammed deep inside. Her opening stretched wide. She was filled, sore and tender all at the same time. When she tried to expel the object, a hundred tiny fingers seemed to massage her rectum. With her cunt and anus filled, any little movement caused her attention to shift between the two. She struggled to find a balance between the two.

Before she could recover, Logan had moved away. He used the pulley system to hoist her off the floor until she was at the level of his chest. Her legs were off the floor and her full weight sat on the chair. She fought to calm her racing heart but her breath came in gasps.

Logan moved in front of her and framed her face with his hands. He kissed her forehead, then her lips. "You can do this," he said. He stayed with her, murmuring encouraging words until Dani recovered from the shock of what he'd done. As she recovered, she flexed and relaxed her muscles, feeling filled on a deep level. She wasn't sure when the pain and shock changed to pleasure but Logan saw it and said, "Good girl!" She barely noticed when he walked off.

Her legs dangled on either side of the seat. Like being on a swing only the seat was long rather than wide. With her arms bound, Dani dangled helplessly.

Logan returned, holding strips of cloth. "I want to bind your breasts," he said.

Dani barely had time to register his statement before he started winding the cloth around her torso. He pulled it tight across her ribs until she could barely take a breath. "Logan..."

"Sorry," he said placing a finger across her lips. "I'm not going to leave you enough air to talk this time. Just sink into the sensations."

Sweat beaded her forehead as her breathing grew shallow. Her breasts felt strange. He'd left her nipples free but the rest of her breasts were completely covered in white strips of cloth and were nearly flat against her chest.

"Oh, you are beautiful," Logan murmured as he bent his head to lick her nipples. He pinched and pulled, coaxing them larger and bigger.

Dani realized the bindings meant that her nipples would stay large until Logan released her. She briefly thought she should be nervous, but when Logan continued Dani thought she'd pass out with pleasure.

"I can't wait to see how you handle nipple clamps but not right now. I have other plans," Logan said. Bending his head, he sucked Dani's nipples until the pleasure turned mildly painful.

She moaned, faint with need. Bound, she could barely squirm against the wicker that filled her but there was nothing to rub her clit against. The seat was flat and the protuberances she sat on caused her clit to be exposed but untouched. She clenched her

thigh muscles in a vain attempt to create some friction. "Logan, please. Touch me. My clit needs attention...please..."

Logan ignored her plea. His massage continued and her abdomen felt swollen and inflamed. She ached. The pain from her breasts changed to a dull throb, echoing her need throughout her entire body. He gave one last tug on her nipples then moved back to her pelvis.

He stood to the side and placed a fingertip on her clit. She squirmed, trying to increase the pressure but he didn't let her succeed.

"Please," she whispered, "please make the ache go away."

He smiled. "Not yet."

Dani moaned at him. "Satisfy me! Please, Logan..."

He bent to lick her clitoris. Placing both hands on her pelvis, he stilled her squirms and tormented her. Unable to move her lower body, her upper body thrashed and each movement sent a wave of need through her nipples reminding her of his power. Every time she was close to an orgasm he stopped until she came off the peak, then he started again.

Her clitoris throbbed. He'd taken her past the point where her clit was too sensitive to touch and she forgot everything but her aching desire. Her head fell back. She tensed and moaned, desperate to come. Desperate to quell the biting need filling her. Still unable to find satisfaction.

She pleaded and begged. She screamed for release. Finally he grabbed her clitoris between his teeth and flicked with his tongue. A series of contractions seized her and wave after wave of pleasure washed through Dani.

She faded for a moment, her vision tunneling to Logan's face. When she could finally think, he smiled down at her and said, "That's one." He restarted his torture. Working on her nipples until they were on fire then moving to her clit. Back and forth Logan brought her near to the peak again and again. Impaled and helpless before his onslaught, Daniella found a space in her mind where she could float on the sensations

Logan was generating. She couldn't fight him. She had to ride the storm he generated so effortlessly.

Daniella lost track of time. Her only touchstone was the fact that every time he finally let her come, he counted. By the time she had her third orgasm, she no longer connected Logan's movements to the sensations he caused. Rather, the sensations seemed to explode within her without any outside help. By the time she'd reached number five, she screamed for him to stop.

"You'll take what I give you," he replied as he started again.

Her senses were drugged by Logan's command of her body and, trembling from exhaustion, she doubted her ability to handle any more but she didn't use the safe word.

At the start of her sixth orgasm, he pinched her nipples until her entire body tried to explode out of the chair.

This time when she roused, she was in his bedroom. She felt his gentle ministrations to her breasts. When he saw she was back, he smiled and reached over. A basin of warm water sat near her head. Where had that come from? He gently sponged her face and her body. She closed her eyes, lost in the sensation of gentleness after such intensity.

* * * * *

Dani woke in a darkened room with Logan stretched beside her. Was it the same night or had she slept a whole day or more? She'd lost track of time in the sensations Logan created. She sighed. She ached. It wasn't unpleasant, more like the aches she got after a hard day's exercise. Logan's warmth against her back and the heaviness of his arm across her torso left her feeling content. What was happening to her? Logan had taken ruthless control and she loved it. She loved his power and authority. She loved being helpless, knowing he'd take care of her. She shook her head in silent argument with herself. This was wrong. Wasn't it?

Logan's finger moved and circled her nipple.

Dani squirmed. Logan didn't hurt her but she didn't trust the sensations his movement caused. Warmth coursed through her body and when he pinched her nipple in a hard quick movement, she nearly screamed as her pelvis clenched.

He moved his hand to her other breast and proved that it was just as sensitive. Dani closed her eyes and shivered even as her pelvis clenched, aching with emptiness. "Let me touch you! Let me torment you the way you've teased me!"

Logan rolled her on to her back and he moved over her. His legs heavy on hers, holding her still. His smile widened and the eyes that now met hers burned with heat. "Ah, Dani, you don't really want to be equal, do you? I'm in control, not you."

She held her breath as he reached toward a nipple, circling it but not touching. Her breath came back in a rush as he teased. "More," she moaned. "Please, touch me harder."

He bent forward and captured a nipple between his teeth, flicking his tongue over the tip until she squirmed with need. Raising his eyes, he released her breast.

A plea rushed out in a breathless whisper, "Please...please. Don't stop."

Logan's hands grasped her head as he moved in for a kiss. A teasing brush of his lips, just beyond her reach. He held her still as he gradually deepened the kiss, finally, taking ruthless possession of her lips. He controlled her mouth with ease. Letting her know he was in charge and she was helpless before his power. He decided when their tongues would touch. He decided when to stop.

Massaging, circling her nipples, not touching until she gasped for breath. A sheen of sweat beaded on her forehead.

He bent his head and flicked a tongue over one nipple then the other. Daniella couldn't stop her moan and he chuckled. Then he trailed kisses down her belly toward the vee of her legs. He paused a moment, raising his head he stared at her. Dani tried to control her ragged breathing but it was as if her body now belonged to him. He held her

eyes and slid one finger down toward her heat. He stopped before entering her, his finger resting on her clitoris, his eyes never leaving her.

She squirmed, unable to hold still under the light, teasing pressure. Her vagina felt empty, aching to be filled.

“Ask me,” he commanded her.

Helplessly, she shook her head.

“Then beg me,” he said, his voice hard, he lowered his head and tormented her clitoris with his tongue. Never allowing more than a fingertip to enter her channel. His teeth pulled at her clitoris until she thought she’d explode. Then he stopped.

Dani groaned, mindless and unable to focus on anything but the ache in her core “Please, please, please...” The plea rushed out in a breathless whisper.

“Now will you surrender to me?”

“Oh yes,” she sighed. Filled with lust and contentment, bits and pieces of memories had come back. She’d never met anyone like him before. She couldn’t—she wouldn’t deny her need for him.

He held her head and her gaze. She tried to squirm.

“No. Don’t move or I’ll get too excited,” he said as he spread her legs apart, never releasing her head.

His cock throbbed against her belly before moving lower. Resting against her entrance.

“Open for me,” he said, and she did. He moved the tip of his cock past her labia. Circling it and widening her cunt without going deeper.

She was like a musical instrument in the hands of a master musician. She wanted to beg. She wanted to plead. But, he stilled all her words with a light kiss and continued his torment.

“Now,” he whispered as he split her open. The sudden action stunned her so she lay unresisting and inviting. Needier than she’d ever thought possible. She felt his

presence in every fiber of her body. She felt his pleasure in her responses and she felt his lust, firmly under his control. For a brief second she wondered what he would be like if he lost his valued control.

He made her wait a long heartbeat for his touch. And when it finally came, it came with the violence of a hurricane, blowing mind and body to shards of lust unfiltered by thoughts of safety or restraint. "More...", she pleaded.

Then he rubbed hard against her pelvis and Dani screamed, unable to do more than ride the contractions rippling through her entire body as the first orgasm blended into another and another.

When the storm passed, Daniella opened her eyes to meet his stare. His smile widened. He stood and she forced her attention back to her surroundings. Light streamed into the bedroom. She'd slept the night away. Her stomach growled.

Logan laughed. "Take a shower, I'll make breakfast."

Daniella opted for simple clothes. A plain shirt, cotton pants and sandals were all she wore into the kitchen.

Logan pointed to a stool at the counter. "Sit there."

As she started to sit, she realized the wooden stool would press against her sore butt. "I think I'll stand," she said.

"No," said Logan in a quiet voice. "I think you'll sit."

Daniella looked at him. His eyes had gone hard. She didn't like the look he gave her but she decided it wasn't worth an argument. She'd agreed to his actions. Now she was paying for her decision. She lowered herself gingerly. The pain wasn't bad, more like an ache, a reminder of what he'd done to her. A reminder that she'd surrendered her control to this man.

"Good," said Logan, putting a plate of food in front of her. They ate silently. After they finished, Logan stood, stepped back and ordered, "Strip."

"Logan, you said outside the bedroom we'd be equals."

“But, darling, you don’t want to be my equal, do you? Be honest with yourself. You love what I do. You love it when I take control. Don’t you?” Not waiting for an answer, he continued, “Strip or leave.”

Daniella hesitated. Leaving was a good idea. She should just stand up and walk out. That would show him that he couldn’t order her around. She wanted to do it but she felt the moisture gathering in her cunt and knew she and Logan hadn’t played out their relationship.

Chapter Ten

She stood, a little shaky, and moved to comply with his orders. He simply stood and waited.

She struggled to unbutton her blouse and unzip her pants. Her coordination seemed to have fled with her sanity.

When she stood naked before him, he circled his hand indicating he wanted her to turn. As she did so, he said, "Slowly, not so fast. Stand straight. Be proud. You're beautiful."

She turned again and waited as he inspected her. She felt his gaze as if he'd actually touched her and she shuddered when his eyes lingered on her breasts. He reached for her nipples and twirled them, sending an instant arc to her pelvis.

"I want to see you on the cross."

Dani closed her eyes, remembering the wicker wheel attached to the wall. "I'm not ready for that."

"Trust me. I'll keep you safe and I know you're ready."

She hesitated. Logan had already taken her to places beyond her imagination. She discovered she loved his control. It was so different than the control Charles tried to exercise. Logan set her free. He didn't try to cage her emotions. She couldn't, she wouldn't walk out now. She tilted her chin and said, "I trust you. Let's do it."

Logan smiled and pulled her into a tight hug before leading her downstairs.

"Rattan, used to make wicker, is an interesting material," Logan said as he led her to the large circle on the far wall. "It has a long history of being used as furniture or canes for whipping." He cast a considering glance at Daniella. "You're not ready to feel a cane just yet. Maybe someday..."

Her heart started racing. She'd heard stories of canings in the Far East and agreed with Logan's assessment that she wasn't ready for that. Her butt still remembered his hands.

"Despite its more nefarious uses, wicker is warm. Ideal for naked skin as you've already discovered. The weaving on it will press against your back, providing more sensation than a flat surface. Are you ready?"

Daniella didn't trust herself to speak, she simply nodded, her breath short and her vision dimmed a little. What was she doing?

"Good! Close your eyes and wait here."

She heard machinery moving. What was he doing?

"Keep your eyes closed." Logan circled an arm around her and lifted her off her feet. He walked a few steps and laid her down.

She gasped as she realized she was lying on wicker. How he was going to get her on the wheel? Apparently it swung out and down to become a table.

Logan chuckled. "I told you it was my invention. Once you're attached to the circle, you won't be on the ground. What better way to get you on it than to have it lie flat? Be still now," he said as she started to squirm. He placed a hand on her belly, stopping her motion. "Spread your arms and legs."

Daniella fought to still her breathing, breathing that had become rapid and panicked. She trusted Logan. She knew he'd keep her safe and she couldn't resist the lure of the sensations he promised. When had she become so addicted to him? Her mind screamed at her that this might not be a good idea but she ignored it as she followed his orders and stretched out her extremities, leaving herself exposed and vulnerable.

Logan circled her ankles with his hands and pulled her down so her feet were flat against the platforms.

"These help you stand so not all your weight is held by the restraints." He fastened wide leather straps around her lower legs.

Daniella felt like a turkey wishbone. Her legs were spread so far apart that it was almost unbearable. Just at the edge of pain. Her pussy gaped open and a trickle of moisture ran down from her cunt. Her breathing quickened. "Logan..."

"Stay calm," Logan said, "we've barely started and you're already wound tight." He spent a moment massaging her belly as she made a conscious effort to relax. Logan slid his hands under her buttocks and moved her a little then he pulled a strap across her abdomen. The strap was wide. It ran from her pelvis to her ribs.

She groaned when Logan pulled the strap tight. "Too tight," she gasped.

"It needs to be tight to hold you. Don't worry, you'll get used to it."

The strap was tight enough to restrict her breathing. Daniella took a few rapid, shallow breaths because she couldn't take a deep breath. He'd already taught her that when he controlled her breathing he also controlled her pleasure.

She moved an arm to touch the waist binding but Logan grabbed her wrist and brought her arm back over her head.

He wrapped her fingers around the peg that jutted from the wicker. "You'll want to hold on to this when you're upside down." The arm strap was wide enough to cover most of her lower arm. Logan moved to the other side and bound her left arm the same way.

In this position her hair hung almost to the floor. Logan wanted to leave it free but he knew it might get caught in the machinery if he did that. He threaded his fingers through Dani's hair, wrapping it around his wrist before grabbing a leather thong and fixing it tight against her head.

Then he stepped back, cocked his head and looked over his work. Nodding he said, "That's enough for now, you won't be on the wheel too long since it is your first time. Next time, I'll use the neck, thigh and upper arm straps. When they're on, you can stay

on the wheel much longer. Time to lift you up,” he said. Logan walked to a control panel and pressed a button.

The wicker shuddered before it started rising up. The motion was slow but relentless. Soon she was hung flat against the wall. It took every ounce of her courage not to scream at Logan to release her. She’d known she’d feel helpless on the wheel but nothing in her past prepared her for the reality of her vulnerability.

Logan closed the control panel and walked over to stand in front of her. Even with her feet off the ground, he was still taller. He smiled and bent his head to lick a nipple. Then he moved both hands to her breasts. A wave of longing shot from her nipple to her pelvis, tracking warmth in its wake. Daniella gasped as he continued twirling her nipples in his nimble fingers. “That’s it, close your eyes, turn them inward and lose yourself in the sensations,” he whispered.

She had no choice but to do as he ordered as excitement slammed through her. A winding tension ran through her body as he continued his ministrations. His touch was good, even as it caused an aching, heavy emptiness in her pelvis. She tried to squirm, unable to remain quiet, but the bindings held her still, not allowing her any of the freedom of movement she ached for. She moaned. Only her voice was free.

He stepped back and looked at her nipples. “That’s good,” he said, “but they need jewelry.” Logan reached in his pocket and pulled out two strands of silver and black. “Have you ever used nipple clamps?”

Daniella shook her head.

“Then you’re in for a real treat,” Logan said.

Daniella’s eyes widened. The clamps looked like vices. Each one consisted of two long bars, with a screw in the middle. How would such an innocent looking device work? She didn’t have a long wait to find out.

He pulled a nipple taut and continued until the nipple was between the two bars. He turned the screw, tightening the bars until the skin behind her nipple was nearly flattened. The nub peaked out and Dani realized the clamp would decrease blood flow

to her nipple. Despite the fact the sensation was uncomfortable and slightly painful, it went straight to her cunt. Logan added a weight to the bottom of the clamp. It pulled her breast down.

"Of course the weight will shift as I turn you upside down. I think you'll find the sensation very interesting." Logan placed the second clamp and added the weight. He grabbed her head and forced her to look at him. "Sink into the experience. Your nipples will numb in a few minutes."

Dani focused on his eyes, her breathing rapid and shallow. She realized he was right. The pain was lessening, leaving arousal in its wake. As if he knew her thoughts, he smiled and stepped back. "Talk to me, Dani. What are you feeling?"

"Exposed...helpless...needy..."

"Do you like what you're feeling?"

Dani's eyes met Logan's gaze. She licked her lips and breathed out, "Oh yes..."

Logan smiled. He reached up and clicked something. The wheel started to turn. Her breasts shifted as he continued rotating her through the circle. The weights pulled and her breasts felt as if they'd tear out. The intensity and pleasure of the pull surprised her.

The platform continued its motion until she hung upside down. Logan stroked a finger along her cunt lips. Then he used a finger to enter her chamber. Even with the straps binding her, she writhed, trying to increase the pressure and find satisfaction.

He used his fingers to spread her wide. His tongue stroked into her vulnerable opening and Dani stopped moving. Incredible sensations flooded her nervous system and she forgot everything, even how to breathe.

Then cold metal entered her vagina. "Logan!"

"It's a speculum. I want you to stay wide open," he said as the bars spread her cunt.

Dani clenched her buttocks but she couldn't shift the device.

"One more little addition." Logan licked her clit before he pulled on it, stroking it.

Dani could feel it grow larger. She wasn't prepared for the sharp pinch as Logan attached a clamp to hold her clit in place. The pain drove deep into her abdomen. "No! It's too much!"

Logan ignored her entreaties as he flipped her upright. The clamps on her nipples seemed to increase in pressure with the change of position. Dizzy from the sudden change and the cessation of Logan's attentions, Dani continued her moans.

Logan pushed her breasts together and rubbed the clamps. Dani's head sagged. Pain and pleasure mingled into an unknowable stream of sensation. He pressed forward against her breasts. "Don't panic now," he murmured before releasing one clamp and then the other.

Blood rushed back into her nipples and she nearly orgasmed when the pain spiked in the tips of her breasts. Mindless with need, begging and screaming, Dani felt bruised and vulnerable. She felt helpless, she felt good. Her emotions flashed and changed so fast, she'd barely recognized them before one was gone, replaced by another. "Logan, please..."

"Not yet," he replied. "Soon but not just yet." His hands massaged her breasts and she realized the clamps had left her nipples bruised and sensitive. Before she could process the new sensation, Logan stepped back and spun her upside down. Her breasts bounced with the change in gravity. Once again, her cunt was spread before him.

The speculum still held her wide and the clamp on her clit had numbed it. Dani had just started adjusting to the sensations when Logan started working a butt plug into her rectum. It was bigger than any he'd tried before. Dizzy from her position and his actions, Dani gasped for air. She struggled to sink into the pain as her anus expanded and she longed for the release of the tension he'd created.

Instead of satisfying her though, he stepped back. He cocked his head and stood staring at her. "You're beautiful," he whispered. "I wish I could leave you there forever."

Dani chilled at his tone. He was serious. Just as she thought he might follow through on his wish, he stepped closer. He slowly removed the speculum and took the clamp off her clit. He left the butt plug as he plunged fingers into her cunt. He spread her lips wide and gently bit her clitoris.

His soft actions sent her spinning. "Please...please...please..." she moaned the refrain.

He continued licking and sucking on her clit while he pulled out the butt plug.

Logan was thrilled and excited by the fact Dani thrived on his games but he knew she was reaching the end of her endurance. Time to reward her.

"Fly, Dani! Fly! Let the wicker be your wings," Logan said before bending his head to her gaping pussy. Two fingers entered her anus. Two fingers in her cunt. His thumb rubbed her clit for a moment before he kissed it and sucked it into his mouth in a quick, hard motion. Dani's orgasm started and both channels clenched around his fingers. He continued sucking her clit after the initial wave of her orgasm passed. He counted three more before he decided she'd had enough for one day. He planted a light kiss on her clitoris before removing his fingers from her depth.

He slowly swung the wheel so Daniella was standing.

She looks drugged, he thought. Her eyes were half closed and it was obvious to him that she'd reached the end of her endurance for now. He smiled and moved to the controls to lower the platform. She was boneless in his arms and didn't stir as he carried her upstairs and laid her on the bed.

His cock throbbed with need but he could wait. The waiting made everything better. There was so much more they could explore. He had a couple more surprises for Dani but they could wait. They had all the time in the world. She wasn't leaving any time soon and that was all he cared about right now.

* * * * *

Daniella came out of the bathroom. The sun was out but she wasn't sure what day it was. She'd lost track of time. How long had she been in a sexual stupor? Such incredible sensations. She shook her head. Her butt still remembered the spanking. Her nipples were sore, as was her clit. But each ache just seemed to add to her need. She wanted more. How could she want more? She had no answer but she was still unsatisfied. She needed Logan's thick cock rammed deep inside. As if in answer to her unspoken plea, Logan came into the bedroom.

"On your knees. Now!"

Dani's heart leapt. He looked stern and forbidding. She'd learned to obey his commands when the smile was missing from his eyes. Besides, she wanted to learn what he had to teach. She slowly sank to the carpet. Logan moved in front of her so the zip on his jeans was within touching distance.

"Tell me! Tell me you want me as much as I want you! Tell me I can do anything to you!"

Daniella looked up the long line of his hard body. Who was this stranger? His intensity frightened her.

"Are you defying me?"

She shook her head.

He placed his hands on both sides of her head. "Say something."

Dani thought about standing and stepping away from him but she wasn't ready to leave. This was just part of the game, another way to make her feel. Could she play it? How could she not? "I want you," she said, forcing the words past the lump in her throat.

Logan smiled and stripped off his jeans. He stood in front of her. His cock hung heavily and Dani reached out to touch it. He slapped her hand away. "Use your mouth. Just your mouth."

She tilted her head to lick the tip. Logan placed his hands back on the sides of her head. "Open for me."

When she complied, he pushed his cock into her mouth. Threading his hands through her hair, he held her head still. He thrust deep into her throat, pulled back and thrust again. One more time, then he erupted and held her head while she struggled to swallow all of him. When he finally released her, she bowed her head to the carpet, shaken by his rough actions and frightening intensity, frustrated by the fact he hadn't satisfied her needs. Indeed, for the first time since she'd been with him, he hadn't worried about her satisfaction.

She slowly raised her head and watched him dress. "That wasn't good. You fucked me without consideration and you scared me," Dani whispered.

"Did I? Were you really frightened?" Logan reached down and shoved a finger into her pussy. "Then why are you wet?"

Daniella realized her cunt was clenching his finger. What was she doing? Logan was showing her a side of herself that she'd never imagined she could enjoy. Was time for her to leave before she lost sense of independence?

Before she could follow that thought, Logan laughed and picked her up. Throwing her on the bed, he grabbed her wrists in one hand, forcing her arms over her head. He held her still while he licked her nipples and forced a leg between hers. His cock hardened again but he made no move to enter her. Instead he thrust his fingers into her pussy, his thumb finding her clitoris. He spread his fingers inside her and pressed against her clit, all the while sucking on her nipples. The intensity and suddenness of his attack had her gasping and moaning. The climax roared through her and she forgot her doubts.

* * * * *

Daniella stood in the garage looking at her non-operating car. What had he done to it? Why wouldn't it start? If she hadn't been trying to leave she would have called a service station, but how would that work if Logan came back?

She'd woken to a revelation as all her misgivings rushed back. Aching and bruised, she'd realized it was time to leave. She loved Logan's control but how far could she go? Their relationship was too dangerous to pursue. She was frightened by the fact she lost her will when he was around. She'd agreed to everything he'd suggested with no thought of her own safety. Time to leave.

Chapter Eleven

Finding the house empty only reinforced Daniella's need to leave. It was the first time she'd woken without Logan being near. It was an opportunity she couldn't pass up. She'd found her car parked in the detached garage but now it wouldn't start. "Damn!" Daniella said looking around for some other way to escape.

She'd already found Logan's wicker workshop. He hadn't been kidding when he'd said he made many of the toys in the basement. A bunch of twenty-foot rattan strips lined one wall and a blowtorch stood in the corner. Logan's current project seemed to be a cage of some kind. For an instant, she imagined herself imprisoned in it. She wouldn't be able to move much. Her tummy clenched and she almost went back to the house. Shaking her head, she'd continued her exploration and found her car. Unfortunately, it wasn't working and she didn't know why.

She spotted a colorful array in the corner of the garage and frowned. She walked over and lifted it a little. A hot air balloon? Why wasn't it packed? What was that doing here? She pulled a little and realized the balloon had been shredded into long, useless ribbons. The bottom had been cut out of the wicker basket too. That's what he'd used to make the cross.

Daniella shuddered. Why had he so thoroughly destroyed it? She shrugged. It wasn't her problem. She had a more pressing needs. She looked back to her car and started when she saw Logan standing inside the garage, leaning back against the door with his arms folded across his chest.

"I came home with a surprise. I didn't expect to find an empty house and you trying to leave. Weren't you even going to say goodbye? Good thing I disabled your car."

"Fix it," Daniella said.

“Are you sure that’s what you really want?”

“Logan, it’s time for me to leave,” Daniella said.

“Tell me again in five minutes that you still want to leave,” Logan said. “Besides what makes you think I’ll let you go?” Logan moved forward, stopping just before he touched her. His musky scent enveloped Danielle and she longed to surrender to his strength. He stood just millimeters away. A deep breath caused her breasts to brush against his chest. She stared at his broad chest so close but made no move to step forward or look up into his eyes. She wanted to run. She wanted to take that last step.

She forced herself to take a half step back and then another. She hadn’t expected him to follow. Two more steps and she felt the door against her back.

“Daniella, you’re not going anywhere. You know you want me every bit as much as I want you. We have something special.”

Daniella moved to dart around him but he was too fast. He grabbed her wrists and raised them over her head forcing her back to the door. His rock-hard cock pressed against her belly as he forced her to still and accept his kiss.

Firm lips descended, crushing her soft lips into a soul-searing kiss. Moisture gathered at her cunt. She tightened her muscles, fighting the heat spreading deep in her belly. She tried to squirm but that motion only forced his cock closer. He was like a rock, she couldn’t move him. She couldn’t move herself. She moaned deep in her chest as his kiss stole her air and her breasts flattened under his strength.

By the time Logan finally ended the kiss, Daniella’s knees were weak and only the tight line of his body pressing her against the door kept her upright. Her lips were bruised and her mouth empty. She moaned again. She wanted him back. She wanted to feel him naked against her.

“We belong together,” he whispered in her ear before using his tongue to stroke a long line down her neck.

Daniella arched her head, feeling his touch shimmer down her spine. She wanted more of his touch. She almost begged. Instead she said, “Let me go!”

"But you don't really want to go, do you?" Logan used his grip on her wrists to pull her away from the door and into his arms. Hooking a leg around one of hers, he forced her to the floor and laid his full weight on top of her.

Daniella struggled to breath.

Logan rose up a little. "You're at my mercy. I can do anything to you. You can't stop me and you love that feeling."

Daniella's heart raced as she looked into Logan's hard eyes.

Logan smiled and lowered his head for another deep kiss. He raised his head and said, "I want you." Another kiss. "And you are mine until I choose to let you go."

"No! I'm saying no! If you continue it will be rape. Is that what you really want?"

"Will it be?" Logan pulled Daniella's wrists together and held them in one hand. His other hand moved her shirt aside and caressed a breast. He massaged it, carefully circling her nipple until Daniella moaned. Her legs moved restlessly. Logan lowered his pelvis holding her in place while he continued his torture. Daniella said, "Stop...stop...more."

Logan captured her nipple between two fingers. "I can't get enough of your breasts. They're a glorious size and so responsive. I love the way your nipples grow for me." Pinching a nipple, he flattened it then released it and went to work on the other one.

Tormented by need she screamed at him. "Damn you! Take me!"

Logan stopped touching her and rose up a little. "But you told me it would be rape."

Daniella struggled to regain her balance. Logan waited. Her wrists were still imprisoned in one hand. Although he'd risen up a little, Daniella knew he wouldn't have a problem pinning her back in place. His eyes seemed to pierce to her soul while he waited, just watching her try to regain her composure.

"You can't fight me. You want me too much. But even if you didn't want me, you aren't strong enough to stop me. Do you see now how dangerous it is to travel alone?"

“Why? Why are you so adamant about my traveling alone?”

Logan’s eyes flattened a moment before he released her wrists and rolled off her. He lay on his back with his eyes closed.

Daniella was angry that he’d aroused her and left her wanting more but she was more alarmed by his defeatist posture. She longed to force him to talk to her but she waited.

“I thought what we were doing was mutually agreeable, but if you insist, I’ll fix your car. You’re free to go.”

Whatever Daniella had expected, it wasn’t Logan’s surrender. He was too strong—too dominant just to give up like this.

Logan continued, “But first let me tell you a story. Let me tell you about my sister.” He paused.

Daniella’s breath hitched. She had a feeling she wasn’t going to like this story. She sat up a little and looked at Logan. His eyes were closed and a deep furrow ran between them. She could almost feel his pain.

“We were supposed to go on a cross-country trip for her twenty-first birthday. Instead, my balloon crashed two days before our departure date. She wouldn’t postpone the trip or wait for me. She was willful and independent. She went alone because I was in the hospital. A drunk driver ran her off the road. I’ve seen the accident scene. I know if I’d been with her, we both would have died. The area was just too dangerous.” He shrugged.

“Oh, Logan...”

He rose up enough to place a finger on her lips. “You’re teaching me to fly again Dani. You’ve brought me back to life. I need you. I need to keep you safe. I can’t lose another woman I love.”

Love? Daniella’s heart raced. Was this love? Charles had made such a mess of their relationship that Dani didn’t trust her emotions. She wanted Logan. She needed him.

Did she love him? Was it fair to stay if she didn't? "I am so sorry, Logan. It must have been terrible for you. But keeping me here against my will isn't the answer."

"Is it really against your will? I don't think so."

"Logan..."

"Stay with me Dani. You're the first woman who has claimed my attention since my sister's death. I need you."

"I'm not sure I can survive with you."

"I'll make sure you survive and you're a lot tougher than you think." He quirked an eyebrow. "Let me prove it to you." Logan's eyes flew open and with startling speed he had Daniella on her back again.

Logan's hands framed her face. "If you want your freedom more than you want my love then I'll fix your car but I'd much prefer that you stay. We have something special."

"I can't. I'll lose myself and I won't do that again."

"I'm not like your boyfriend."

"No you certainly aren't. He was a gentleman."

"A gentleman who taught you that liking sex is wrong? A gentleman who taught you to be ashamed of your body? A gentleman who undermined all your independence? At least my methods are honest. Don't leave, Daniella. Not yet. We're not done yet."

Daniella's eyes widened at Logan's cold tone. It seemed as if Logan hated Charles more than she did. What had she gotten herself into? How could he flip between cold and hot so fast? "Logan the sex has been good —"

"Good? Just good?" He cocked an eyebrow not waiting for her answer. He cupped her face with strong hard fingers. "Not just good, sweetheart. Arresting, powerful, phenomenal maybe, but just good? I don't think so." His head descended and he captured her lips, forcing her mouth open his tongue delved deep.

Daniella moaned as her knees went weak. How did he do this to her? One minute she was clearheaded and determined. The next she wanted nothing more than to sink into his possessive hardness.

Logan broke the kiss. "That's it, sweetheart. You can deny me all you want but those are just words. They don't mean anything. Your body's response to me is all I care about and your body doesn't lie. You want me every bit as much as I want you. You want me in control. You want to submit to my every whim. Deny it all you like. I know the truth."

Daniella tried to move free. Logan stopped her by the simple expedient of picking her up. "If you fight now, I'll drop you. We don't want that do we? Maybe it is time for both of us to stop running. You're trying to escape a bad relationship by fleeing to the east coast despite the fact there is nothing and no one waiting for you there. I'm trying to atone for my sister's death. I know it was fate, circumstance, a tragic accident. I need to accept that fact and move on...at least that's what my aunt is always telling me. When I'm with you, I think of the magic we're making and forget everything else.

"At first I was using you. You make me feel alive again and I didn't realize how much I craved that feeling until it came back. It's like you brought color back into my world. Dani, I love you. I don't want you to leave. If this is too fast for you, I understand but please give us a chance. Don't leave now. If you do, we'll never know what we could have had."

"It's too soon for me."

"I believe it's too soon for love but you can't deny our attraction. You respond to my every touch. You scream my name when you're in the throes of an orgasm. Don't give up on us because we had the misfortune to meet so soon after your break up."

"It's just sex, it doesn't mean anything."

"You're wrong and you know it. I'll prove it to you. This time is plain vanilla. No pain, no domination, just pleasure—pure and simple pleasure. An expression of my

love for you,” Logan said dropping a kiss on her forehead. He carried her into his workshop.

Dani frowned. Vanilla sex? With all these toys around? What game was he playing now?

She hadn’t noticed the mattress in the corner. Apparently Logan had slept out here. Logan placed her down gently while keeping her imprisoned in his arms. His lips descended. He gently coaxed her lips open in response to his soft kiss. His tongue danced with hers while his hand worked its way into her pants. His palm curved over her clitoris as his fingers pushed into her vagina. He circled his palm in a slow, deliberate and relentless motion.

Dani tried to squirm. She wanted him to increase the pressure or the speed but he ignored her attempts at movement. His lips trailed down the side of her neck and she shivered as her senses were assaulted by Logan’s gentle touch.

“You have too many clothes,” Logan said as he unfastened the zip on her jeans. Pulling them off, he quickly disposed of the rest of her clothes as well as his own. His naked body spooned hers. His hard cock pressed against her back as he reached around and played with her clit.

“Oh, Logan, no games, just take me,” she demanded.

“Do you still want your car fixed?”

“Not now! Just take me!”

“My pleasure,” he replied as he raised one of her legs and entered her from behind. His quick sure stroke was followed by another.

Dani rocked her pelvis against his fingers as his cock drove deep inside her.

They moved slowly, just enjoying the sensation of flesh against flesh. No pain, no stress just gentle loving that brought both of them to the brink. Logan wrapped an arm around Dani’s waist and plunged deep one more time. Dani’s cunt clenched as Logan spurted and they both soared as if flying on wicker wings

The orgasms left them sleepy. They cuddled in each other's arms for a long time before moving back to the house.

* * * * *

Two days later, Logan woke up to find himself tied to the headboard. Dani sat on the edge of the bed watching him. "What's going on?"

"My turn," Dani said. "I let Charles issues become mine. You've set me free. Let me do the same for you. I looked up both accidents on your computer. Your balloon accident and your sister's car accident. You weren't to blame for either one and there is no way you could have prevented them. You need to learn you don't always have to be the strong one. I love you, Logan, but I have to know I have power too. It's time for you to surrender to me."

Logan grunted as he tried to pull his hands free.

"No you don't," Dani smiled. "I've ached to touch you and you've denied me."

"I've denied you because I won't last if you touch me. I'll explode in record time and that wouldn't be much fun for you now would it?"

"Then I'll just have to be careful to make sure you don't come, won't I?" Dani moved to Logan's cock and took it in her mouth. Her fingers moved to play with his nipples as she gradually took his length and breadth deep into her throat. Her cunt clenched as his cock hit the spot at the back of her throat that seemed to have a direct connection to her pelvis.

Logan groaned. "I'm not going to last long if you continue like this..."

She moved up and down his cock one more time before abandoning it to trail her lips up his abdomen to his nipples. She licked once then bit down gently. She could feel his cock wave in need as he discovered just how sensitive nipples could be. She laved attention on his other nipple then rubbed her breasts against his chest as her lips moved to his. The kiss she gave him was soft and teasing. He tried to raise his head to deepen the kiss but she laughed and moved away.

"Tell me how you feel," she said as she sat on his belly.

"You know you'll pay for this," he growled.

"Yes, but not right now." Dani sat back and played with her nipples. "You want to touch me don't you?"

Logan glared.

Dani laughed and went down on his cock again. She stretched out the foreplay. Moving from Logan's cock to his nipples and back again. She licked nearly every inch of his exposed body until her cunt was aching and she couldn't hold back any longer. She moved over Logan's cock slowly sinking down. His eyes glazed with pleasure and Dani started to understand his fixation with domination. It was a powerful thing to watch another human succumb to sexual need and know that you'd caused it. She smiled. They were going to have a very interesting life.

She'd thought Logan would break free by now but he was playing along, pretending to be firmly tied. She sank down all the way. Logan's pelvis pressed against her clit and she rubbed against him. Not going up and down rather going around and around. Pumping fast and deep was not the only path to an orgasm and her way took a little longer. Not too much longer though because she was as needy as Logan at this point. She moved faster and faster building tension until Logan shot deep within her and she followed.

* * * * *

Two weeks later, Dani and Logan were floating in the pool. His arms surrounded her. She lay on his chest, drowsing in the safety of his strong arms.

They started as a loud voice shouted, "Welcome me home!" Reina came out on the patio and laughed. "Ah, just as I'd hoped. You two have healed each other."

Logan and Daniella exchanged a look then smiled at Reina. "This time your maneuvering had a really good outcome. Dani and I have decided to get married. We were just waiting for you to plan the wedding."

About the Author

Cyna Kade started reading science fiction and fantasy when she was ten. By age fifteen, she added romance to her reading list. Erotica followed much later. Cyna believes the best books mix genres, and she's followed that belief in her life. She's lived in the north, east, south and west. She's been married and liberated and deeply loves her children. She's worked as an x-ray tech, computer programmer, systems analyst, university instructor and has earned a multidisciplinary Ph.D. Hobbies are equally varied, including stained glass and tai chi.

Cyna welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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