

ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO



Two Days,
Three *Nights*
DOMINIQUE ADAIR

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Dominique Adair

After ending a disastrous relationship, Victoria longs to take a cruise and indulge in her favorite pastimes, reading and margaritas. Instead, she receives an anonymous gift of lingerie with a handwritten note daring her to wear the garments to a company party. Intrigued by the command, she complies. When she meets her gift-giver in the flesh, Victoria knows she has found the perfect master.

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TWO DAYS, THREE NIGHTS

Dominique Adair

Chapter One

Victoria Brittain dreaded the next few hours. Tonight was Olive Street Designs' annual thank-you party for their clients. This week's work alone had heralded another major coup in signing their first million-dollar contract. Not that she wasn't happy the company was doing well because she was, but tonight she'd have traded her coveted corner office for a quiet weekend at home.

When she and her brothers had begun the advertising company just over two years ago, they'd never dreamed of making a success of their joint venture in such a short period of time. Having grown up with little money and second-hand clothing from the thrift shops down the street, they'd looked for a way to support the Brittain family and utilize the siblings' artistic creativity. But they'd never dreamed they'd hit the million-dollar mark in such a short time.

She closed her eyes and tipped back her head.

And as the head of OSD marketing, her recent bonus netted just over ten thousand dollars. A delicious thrill of anticipation ran through her as she contemplated a cruise in the dead of winter. She could just imagine sailing the warm, tropical seas and soaking up the sun while her home in New York City was blanketed by snow. The time away would be sheer bliss. No calling, faxing or paging. Her day wouldn't be interrupted with the myriad of problems that came with her high-powered profession. One whole week of naps, sunbathing and an endless supply of margaritas...

A knock on her office door interrupted her daydream and her executive assistant popped in. "This was just delivered." Kelley was carrying a white box tied with a lavish red bow.

Victoria sat up. "Who's it from?"

"No idea. Nothing is written on the outside other than our address, and it was delivered via private messenger." Kelley placed the box on the desk. "Maybe there's a card inside?"

"Could be." Victoria picked up an interoffice envelope. "Can you drop these off to legal for me?"

"Sure thing. Also, your evening wear is hanging on your bathroom door." Kelley glanced at the gold watch Victoria had given her for Christmas last year. "You have a half hour before you need to be downstairs."

Victoria nodded, her attention already focused on the box. It was roughly ten by ten and unwrapped save the large bow. A small printed label contained her name and OSD's address. As the office door closed behind her assistant, Victoria tugged on the bow and removed the lid. Nestled in a cloud of white tissue paper was a handwritten card.

Wear this tonight so that I may entertain myself with the thought of my gift against your skin.

She fingered the heavy ivory linen cardstock as she contemplated the masculine scrawl. The card itself gave no clues. It was high quality stationery and readily available in many shops here in New York. The handwriting was unfamiliar, but in this day and age of computers and faxes, when was the last time she'd seen a handwritten note?

She sighed and dropped the card on her desk. Pawing through the layers of tissue paper, a startled squeak caught in her throat when the box's treasure was revealed.

Of the sheerest black silk, the bodice of a camisole was adorned with tiny black seed pearls, jet beads and trimmed in soft lace. Victoria lifted the camisole by the delicate ribbon straps as she marveled over the exquisite beading. A matching thong lay nestled beneath in its bed of tissue. Small lace bows and a cluster of matching pearls and beads adorned the narrow front.

She bit her lip. Who would have sent her such an intimate and extravagant gift? Obviously an attendee of tonight's party. Many men—clients, she silently amended—had been invited for the festivities this evening. Which one of them would be forward enough to send her a gift of expensive lingerie?

She eyed the delicate beading. This set had cost several hundred dollars at least. She bit her lip again. Was she daring enough to wear this gift to the party?

Could she dare not to?

Her eyes narrowed as she stroked the silk between her fingers. Mentally running through a list of her co-workers, she couldn't think of anyone who'd dare to send such an intimate gift. Around the office she had the reputation of a dragon-lady, though she was acknowledged as being fair as well as tough. None of the men who worked at OSD had ever presumed to ask her out on a date let alone hint that they were interested in her sexually.

That left clients.

And dating a client would be a disaster. End of story. She kicked off her sensible black shoes before rising from her chair. Often, behind closed doors, she'd remove her shoes while she worked. She enjoyed the feel of the plush gray carpeting beneath her feet. Taking the box with her, she headed for her private bathroom.

It was small but functional, decorated in pale gray and mauve. She laid her gift on the gleaming marble vanity and reached into the postage stamp-sized shower to turn on the water. After adjusting the temperature, she stripped off her clothes and stepped into the hot spray.

As she lathered her favorite lavender soap, Victoria began preparing a mental list of clients attending the party this evening. Of the hundred or so people, two-thirds of the responders were men and the majority were bringing dates or their wives. Not that having a woman by their side would stop many from making passes at other women.

It certainly hadn't stopped her ex-fiancé.

Victoria scowled as she rinsed the soap off her skin. Thoughts of Brad were certainly not welcome this evening. He'd left her almost a year ago when he'd found a younger, thinner more masochistic girlfriend. Not that Victoria had anything against a little pain with her sex; a gentle spanking or light bondage was a welcome change to vanilla sex. Let's face it, sex could get boring when left with the same face over and over again.

She turned off the water and flung open the shower door. Brad had left her before they'd ventured too far into the bondage and discipline world. That was probably her greatest regret over the demise of the relationship; not that Brad leaving was a loss, as that had been a blessing in disguise. Rather she'd been left with the feeling that she was definitely missing out on something spectacular. She grabbed a towel from the heated towel rack. Maybe it was time to get back into the game and find another playmate? Someone with an interest in the same style of kink she'd long suspected she'd enjoy?

She frowned. How did one go about finding a patient Dominant willing to train a potential submissive but most definitely sexual adventuress like herself? The Internet? The newspaper? She turned and caught a glance of her pale body in the mirror and her breath left her in a noisy huff.

Preposterous.

She was a thirty-seven-year-old advertising executive, not some twenty-something girl that most of her male associates seemed to look for. Maybe the gift was just a present from a grateful client with a wicked sense of humor. She turned away from the mirror and began drying herself. Granted, the usual gift consisted of a bottle of fine wine or tickets to a show, not sexy lingerie.

The open box was lying on its marble altar. The overhead light cast shadows on the silk and made the pearls glow and beads flash. The garment seemed to be mocking her attempts to find a reasonable, rational explanation for its appearance.

She tossed the damp towel over the bar. Okay, supposing the gift was from a man who desired a physical relationship with her. Who could that be? She picked up her bottle of body lotion and poured a generous amount into her palm.

Michael Walls, owner of the Walls Appliance mega-stores was a possibility. He was on tonight's guest list and he was very single, very eligible and definitely good-looking. Then there was Harry Irons, the president of Irons Gaming Software. She smiled as she smoothed lotion up her thighs. Harry might be a genius with computers but he couldn't concentrate long enough to ensure that his socks matched when he got dressed. There was no way it could have been him.

What about....

Victoria stopped.

No.

William Hunter.

His name alone caused a rebellious little flutter in her midsection. She met with him every three to six months after he'd pulled his account from a rival firm when OSD had opened its doors. It was actually Brad's connection to Hunt that had landed the very profitable account squarely in her lap. Even after OSD had expanded and she'd hired staff, Hunt had insisted she take care of his account personally rather than handing it off to a subordinate. She'd never understood why as their meetings were always short, impersonal lunches or simple get togethers in her office. William Hunter had never done or said anything to indicate he was interested in her for anything beyond managing his marketing plan.

Of course, that hadn't stopped her from imagining him naked. William Hunter was a good-looking man. Tall with dark brown hair and bedroom eyes to die for. And she respected him both as a client and as a person. He had a quick mind, a generous spirit and the fact the man could fill out a pair of jeans like no one else was an extra-added bonus.

She bit her lip as she reached for the thong panties. Stepping into them, she shivered as the cool silk skimmed her legs before settling high on her hips. She'd never worn a thong before and she glanced in the mirror to see how it looked.

For her age, she was passable. She ate well, worked out three times a week and her breasts weren't sagging too much...yet. She ran her hand over the generous curve of her left breast. She'd always been big chested and wore minimizing bras to hide what her mother had considered to be a flaw. She didn't think it was a flaw to have large breasts. She brushed her thumb over the hardened tip and a breath of air escaped her. They were pretty nice as far as breasts went and very sensitive. On more than one occasion she'd brought herself to orgasm strictly by playing with her nipples.

Regardless of how nice they were, they were still thirty-seven-year-old breasts and Hunt had been seen around town with twenty-something cover models. Victoria reached for a strapless bra. She couldn't compete with cover models so that ruled out the handsome shipping owner entirely. For all she knew her admirer was the elderly Oscar Potts, owner of a chain of automobile detailers.

She grinned as she slid the camisole over her head. She certainly couldn't imagine Oscar sending any woman a gift of such an intimate nature. Come to think of it, she couldn't imagine any of her clients sending her lingerie. So maybe it wasn't a client?

Disappointed somehow, she reached for her makeup bag. To bad it couldn't be Hunt. An affair with him could be fun, not that she'd ever mix business with pleasure, of course. His account was too important to OSD and she'd never do anything to jeopardize their financially profitable relationship.

She sighed. Scruples were a pain sometimes.

She applied a light amount of makeup and twisted her hair into a simple chignon. Already she could hear her guests arriving and it was time to get this show on the road.

Her garment bag hung on the back of the door where Kelley had put it earlier. With a quick tug on the zipper, she pulled an exquisitely tailored tuxedo jacket and matching

floor-length skirt from the bag. Her sheer black thigh-high stockings were neatly folded inside one of the matching high-heeled pumps in the bottom of the bag.

Drawing the stockings up her legs, she reveled in the innate sensuality of the movement as the dangling beads on the front of the thong teased her silk-covered mound. She'd always been a sensual creature and now, thanks to her gift, she was almost painfully aware of her body. It had definitely been far too long since she'd had sex. She smoothed the stockings on her thighs, reveling in the tingling the movement awakened at the apex of her legs. This was an issue she'd have to address and soon. Maybe she'd meet a single, handsome man on the cruise? One who wouldn't be adverse to a little spanking and a lot of sex.

Stepping into the skirt, she pulled it up and zipped it at the waist. The back was slit so high that wearing a slip was impossible. She slid her feet into towering heels, smiling when they added another three inches to her five-foot-eight inch frame.

The jacket was deceptively simple with its double-breasted design. She buttoned the jacket and the deep V just barely hid the top of the camisole. Only when she bent over would the jacket part enough to allow a glimpse of silk and her ample cleavage. She gave herself a quick spritz of lavender water. Now she was ready to face the party.

A trill of naughtiness swept through her as she opened the bathroom door. Would her secret gift-giver make himself known this evening? She certainly hoped he did and could only pray he wasn't a client.

Chapter Two

Victoria sipped the excellent champagne, an interested smile pasted on her face. In all of her years in the corporate world, the parties never changed. People drank too much, ate too much and slipped off into corners and supply closets to grope people they wouldn't notice for the rest of the year.

She nodded as Ophelia Potts, Oscar's new wife, expounded on the joys of the tofu cookbook she'd received for her birthday. In reality, Victoria couldn't have cared less as she was preoccupied with uncovering the identity of her mystery gift-giver. Here it was, over two hours into the evening, and no one had so far come forward.

Michael Walls had arrived alone, but he'd paid her no more attention than usual. Other than the obligatory greeting he'd said no more. No sly smiles, no knowing looks. She mentally crossed him off her list.

Harry Irons had arrived with a brand new fiancée in tow, and with Oscar's startling arrival with Ophelia she could safely remove both of them. There were several unescorted males in the room and, while she knew their names, she'd never dealt with them personally. There was no reason to think any of them would send her the gift.

She'd seen Hunt from a distance but he'd acknowledged her presence with nothing more than a vague nod in her direction. She ignored the sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. A man with his money, looks and connections could have any woman to warm his bed. There was no reason to send Victoria anything when he had a bevy of beautiful young models to pick from.

Victoria jerked as she realized Mrs. Potts was tugging her arm. "I'm sorry, what did you say?"

The other woman gave her an odd look. "Are you okay? You looked like you were a million miles away."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Potts." She waved her hand to encompass the crowded atrium. "I'm afraid I'm getting quite a headache. Maybe I can slip up to my office and take something."

The older woman nodded and patted her arm. "You do that, dear. Take some aspirin and have a few quiet moments."

Victoria smiled and left her half-full champagne glass on a tray of used stemware. Sneaking off for a breather was a great idea. Nothing sounded better than kicking off her torturous heels and sitting for a few minutes. She made her way to the stairs, expertly dodging employees and clients alike who wished to detain her for a few words.

She reached the second floor balcony and looked over the railing at the milling throng. Nowhere did she see Hunt. Had he left already?

She ignored the sting of disappointment at the thought of not having a chance to speak with him. After all, he was a very important client for OSD and it was part of her job to welcome everyone and ensure his or her comfort. Regardless of the fact that Hunt was the only man to interest her since Brad had dumped her, he was off limits.

Period.

Her office door beckoned like a welcome oasis. With a sigh she stepped into the quiet room. Only a small Tiffany reading lamp in the far corner relieved the darkness. As she walked toward her desk, the tension left her body, especially her shoulders. She leaned against her desk to kick off one shoe.

"Don't do that."

A low, rough voice sounded from behind her. She froze when she recognized the voice as belonging to the man who'd haunted her thoughts for the past few hours. William Hunter.

"Put your shoe back on," he commanded.

She hooked her shoe with her toe and slid it back on. Secure on two feet again, she felt more in control. "Good evening, Hunt." Her voice wobbled and her throat felt dry. "What can I do for you?"

"And a good evening to you, Victoria." His voice was soft and low as he moved closer. "I think you know exactly what I want from you."

She shivered as he placed his hands on her shoulders. The heat of his palms seared her skin through the material of her jacket. She glanced at the darkened window to the left and all she could see was their silhouettes close together and his head bending down toward her.

"You wore it." His voice was husky.

She swallowed hard. "Yes." Her voice gave an odd little quiver that was very unlike her normal, businesslike tone. "I did."

His hands began a slow slide down her back. Her breath caught as he reached her waist. "I like knowing my gift rests against your skin, against your breasts." His voice dropped and his breath stirred the soft tendrils of hair that had escaped from her chignon. "Cupping your pussy."

She shuddered at the sound of raw lust in his voice. Her vagina clenched as liquid heat flooded it. It had been so long...so long...

His hands moved to the front of her jacket to loosen the buttons. Against her back, his heat and arousal were unmistakable. Her hips jerked and she had to restrain herself from grinding against that delicious hardness.

Her jacket gaped as his hands slid inside. Strong fingers moved against the silk of her camisole as her breath halted in her throat. Every inch of her body strained for his questing fingers, wanting his touch against her bare flesh. Her breath escaped in a whoosh as his thumb brushed her skin before his entire hand slipped under her camisole.

"Why did you send the lingerie?" She felt as if she would fly apart within seconds if something didn't take her mind off his hand inching ever higher. Already she was wet and ready and he'd barely touched her.

"The moment I laid eyes on you, I knew I had to have you." He reached her bra and released the front clasp with a practiced twist of his fingers. He removed the garment and allowed it to drop to the floor. He cupped her breast, palming her as if to judge her weight and size. He brushed his thumb over her aching peak and she purred.

He's a client.

He rolled her aroused nipple between his fingers and a whimper passed her lips. She pressed back. His erection was hard and throbbing against the crease of her buttocks. He had magic hands and she wanted so much more than the teasing touches he offered. She started to turn, but he stopped her by placing his hands on her shoulders.

"That isn't how this game will be played." He adjusted her toward the desk and away from him before he released her. "Face forward until I tell you it's all right to move."

Victoria started to object, but he gently hushed her as he skimmed the jacket off her shoulders and tossed it over her chair. She shivered as cool air chilled her overheated skin. She was intrigued. It had been a long time since anyone had presumed to tell her what to do and never had it been like this.

Strong fingers curled around each wrist as he guided her hands to the desk, forcing her to lean over the aged walnut. Her thighs pressed against the wood as his lips brushed her shoulder. He hooked her fingers over the edges, showing her how he wanted her to grip the desk. "Don't move, Victoria. Not until I allow it."

She was shocked by his command and even more surprised by the rush of arousal that followed. There was a telltale pulse beating between her legs and her sex felt warm and liquid. She hadn't been this aroused since Brad had tied her to his bed, given her a gentle spanking and then left her for over an hour to await his pleasure. But that was in

the privacy of his apartment and behind closed, locked doors, not in her office, for crying out loud.

What the devil is happening to me?

Her grip tightened. Anyone could walk into her office and see her half-naked and pressed against her desk. Her reputation as well as her career hung in the balance and that wasn't something to toy with. She had to stop this madness before it went any further.

But all objections flew from her mind as he kissed the very tip of her spine. Shivers raced across her skin as he worked his way down her back, pressing kisses here and nipping her skin there through the camisole. His hands continued a slow, sensual massage as he reached the waist of her skirt. "Remove your camisole, Victoria."

She bit her lip. "I..."

"Remove it now." He stood. "You may take your hands from the desk to do so."

With trembling hands, she took hold of the hem and pulled the garment over her head. Her nipples beaded as the cool, air-conditioned air kissed them.

"You should never wear a bra. You have magnificent breasts." His hands skimmed her sides to caress the tender underside of her breasts.

"They're too big so I have to wear one." She quivered as his fingers touched her nipples.

"Nonsense, they're perfection. I forbid you to wear a bra or panties any time you're with me," he said.

Her vagina flooded with moisture at his command and she almost wept at the sheer perfection of the moment. Here was a Master the likes of which Brad could never be. Here was the man who could master her, teach her about the dark eroticism she so craved while taking her to the heights of pleasure.

But he was a client.

She closed her eyes as he continued his sensual assault on her breasts, leaving no inch untouched. Under normal circumstances, she'd say Hunt wasn't her type. He was a bad boy who'd been disinherited from his wealthy family while in his late teens. More at home in blue jeans than any man ought to be, he was a self-educated man. After he'd inherited the small, almost-bankrupt shipping company from a distant relative, he'd managed to build a multi-million dollar company from next to nothing.

His hands were large and calloused, and his feet were big. She wiggled her hips against his erection. Everything about Hunt was larger than life. She shivered in anticipation.

"Unzip your skirt."

She hesitated, knowing she should stop, but every cell in her body urged her to continue on the sensual journey he'd begun.

"Now, Victoria."

Her logical mind wanted to rebel against his command, but her innate desire to serve her Master won the inner struggle. She grasped the waist of her skirt and slid down the zipper. She pushed the soft material over her hips and carefully stepped out before tossing it over the back of her chair. Clad only in the thong panties, thigh highs and her heels, she felt as if she were having an out-of-body experience. Did he intend for her to display herself or was he going to take her here on her desk?

His breathing was harsh in her ear as he skimmed his hand over her buttocks and gave them a friendly squeeze. Sliding his hand between her thighs, he cupped her mons. She whimpered and thrust against his big hand, helpless to stop herself.

"Remove your panties."

With trembling hands, she slid them down and stepped away. She picked them up and started to toss them onto the chair with her other clothes.

"Hand them to me."

She crumpled the silk in her hand and she could feel the crotch was damp with her arousal. She hesitated, her cheeks flushed. "I-"

"Now, Victoria." Hunt took the garment from her limp hand and held them in front of her eyes, fingering the damp spot. "You creamed your panties, didn't you?" He raised them to within an inch of her nose and she inhaled her rich and loamy scent "You're very aroused, aren't you, Victoria?"

She couldn't answer, too ashamed to admit to the evidence that was literally staring her in the face. He leaned over her shoulder and raised the panties to his nose. His teeth met with a click and his grip on her waist tightened. Against her buttocks, she felt his cock straining against his pants.

"Oh yes, quite aroused." She was pleased to note the strained tone of his voice. "This is turning you on, standing before me naked like this."

"No," she mumbled.

"Liar." He tossed the panties onto the chair and stepped away. Victoria felt chilled without his big body covering her. "I won't tolerate liars and you'll do well to learn that."

Her heart raced. "W-w-what are you going to do?"

"I think you need a lesson. I'll teach you to never lie to me again. Now put your hands back on the desk the way I showed you."

She hesitated.

"Do it or your punishment will be worse."

Victoria swallowed and placed her hands on the desk, gripping the edge like she was told. From her position with her hips tilted backwards, she was exposed, helpless to stop him from doing anything he wanted to do. A thrill of naughtiness ran through her.

"Close your eyes, Victoria."

"I c-c-can't see you as you're behind me-"

"Do it now or I'll blindfold you. Would you like that, Victoria? To be blindfolded?" She heard the sound of him unbuckling his belt. "Or maybe you need a little corporal punishment to see the error of your ways?"

"No!" She was ashamed to realize that a part of her was extremely excited by the idea. Heavens above, was this really happening to her? Any minute now, she was going to wake up and find out that she'd fallen asleep in her office chair and was going to be late to the party. Her cunt flexed as Hunt brushed her buttocks with his leather belt.

"You're lying to me again, Victoria."

"N-n-no...I-I..." She squeezed her eyes shut. Any minute now, he was going to strike her...

She heard the buckle hit the desk as his hands gripped her hips, pushing her forward slightly. "Spread your legs and show yourself to me."

Biting her lip, she spread her legs as tension built in her body. When was the last time she'd been aroused like this? With Brad? Before him? Never? She fought the urge to grind her pussy against the desk and bring herself the relief she needed.

"I can see how hot and wet you are for me. You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

She remained silent.

"I'd recommend that you answer me." The soft leather pressed into the crack of her buttocks. "You enjoy exposing yourself? I see the evidence here between your thighs."

"Yes," she mumbled.

"Master."

"Yes, M-M-Master."

"Very good, Victoria." He removed the belt. "You learn quickly, though I'm not sure what to do with you at this point. You lied to me and that demands swift correction. However, as you're somewhat new to this game and obviously poorly trained, I think I'll be lenient. This time." He cupped her buttocks and gave them a

squeeze. "Tonight, I have no desire to see your beautiful ass pinkened from the kiss of my belt, though I do think it would be a glorious sight to see."

She felt him slide a hand around her body and between her thighs. One thick finger parted her lips and entered her wet channel, eliciting a whimper. "I have other things in mind for you this evening." He removed his finger with a wet sound as her aroused flesh reluctantly released him. "Wait here. I'll be right back."

Alarmed, she straightened, forcing her wobbly knees to lock. "Where are you going?"

"It isn't your place to question me, woman. I'm the Master and I make all the rules. If I find that you've moved while I'm gone, I won't be lenient again." She heard the click of the bathroom door and soon the sound of running water.

Victoria opened her eyes. In a few seconds, she could grab her clothes and be back at the party before anyone even noticed she'd been gone. But a twinge between her thighs protested that thought. She was in need of a man to ease the ache. Of course, her right hand would do the trick. She wasn't sure, though, that she wanted Hunt to walk back into the room and catch her masturbating.

"Very good, Victoria. You learn quickly."

She started, mentally kicking herself for not hearing him return.

"You weren't thinking of leaving me, were you?"

"No."

"I think you're lying again." His breath was hot on her shoulder. "I think you were trying to figure out how long I'd be in the bathroom and if you could safely get away."

"Maybe--"

"Or you were thinking about what would happen if someone were to come into your office right now and see you spread across your desk like this." He slid his finger between her thighs and caressed her clitoris.

"Ahhh." Her hips followed his teasing movement.

"You were thinking about how they'd be shocked to see the proper Victoria Brittain sans clothing and arrayed in such a provocative fashion. Or maybe they'd touch you to see how hot you felt. And if you were lucky, they'd fill you with their cock and take you from behind." He removed his hand. "You need to come, don't you, Victoria?"

Her body shook with unrealized release. "Yes," she whispered.

"Yes, Master."

"Yes, Master," she parroted.

"Close your eyes and keep them closed this time."

She heard the soft hiss of a zipper being undone, then the sound of foil tearing. A condom?

"Now, Victoria." His voice was a liquid caress and she felt the tip of his cock press against the entrance of her sex. "What do you want me to do?"

"Enter me," she whispered.

"Master," he prompted.

"Enter me, Master."

She started as he grabbed her hips and thrust into her from behind. He was massive, and he pressed into her again and again until she'd taken him to the hilt. She reveled in the sensation of being filled, really filled this time. She clenched down, her inner muscles urging him to move.

"Now, what do you want?" He stood completely still inside of her. "Do your nipples hurt?" He slid his hands around her back to palm her breasts. "Do you want me to touch them?"

"Yes, Master."

He rubbed her erect nipples, sensitizing them, teasing until she squirmed under his touch. She moaned as he stopped and spanked her hard across the bottom. "I didn't say you could move, Victoria."

Victoria swallowed as tears stung her eyes. Here she was, over her desk and being penetrated by the biggest cock she'd ever felt and he wouldn't let her move. It was sheer torture. She ought to tell him where to get off. She could go downstairs to the party and pick almost any man, married or no, and they'd gladly fuck her until she could take no more.

"Much better." He dropped a kiss to her shoulder. "You're an apt student and you're learning your lessons well this evening. I shall have to reward you."

He trailed his hand down her abdomen and cupped her mons. He parted her labia and zeroed in on her clitoris. He began to rub the small nubbin and she struggled to not move, choosing to bite her lip instead. Behind her, he began to thrust.

She bit down harder, swallowing the cries that threatened to spill forth as he continued his sensual assault. She flexed against him, savoring the delicious sensation of his big cock pushing in and out of her wet channel as his finger stroked and teased. She tried to keep her body still, but as Hunt's thrusts grew more frantic, she couldn't help but push back to meet him.

The sound of her buttocks slapping his groin sounded loud in the still of the office. The familiar sensation of orgasm began in her calves, then slid up her legs, an intense sensation which increased in strength as it reached her groin before exploding with such force that it bent her double. She collapsed face first onto the desk as she felt Hunt's cock twitch as he moaned his pleasure and collapsed over her.

For a few moments they remained still, the upper halves of their bodies leaning heavily on the desk. Then he stood and withdrew himself. She heard him pulling his clothes back in place and she forced herself to rise.

"Get dressed," he ordered.

Silent, her mind spun with the ramifications of what had just taken place. Slowly she pulled her clothes on. Dressed again, she turned to face him.

Hunt stood near the window dressed in his tuxedo. His expression was remote, but his eyes were dark with satisfaction as he looked at her. Inside, she shivered.

"Do you have plans this weekend?" he asked.

She shook her head. Other than catching up on some reading, she hadn't made any plans at all.

"I'll send a car for you in the morning." He withdrew a business card from his jacket and laid it on the desk. "You'll need toiletries and business attire for your return to work on Monday."

"But--"

"That's all you'll need."

For a second she wanted to refuse, but Victoria had the vague feeling that would be a big mistake. Hunt held the keys to a world she wanted to explore. Brad had given her a taste of decadence while Hunt was offering her a full sensual banquet. Now she needed to muster the courage to reach out and take it. Silent, she nodded.

"Until tomorrow, then." Hunt exited her office, closing the door behind him.

Victoria sank into one of the desk chairs and closed her eyes. The man was powerful, and sex with him had been earth shattering. She licked her lips. Had she just agreed to spend the weekend with him? She moaned. Hunt was a client. What in the devil's name did she think she was doing by jeopardizing their professional relationship?

She opened her eyes and picked up his business card. It was white with blue lettering, his name, office address and contact numbers. In handwritten bold script was his cell phone number. Did she go with him or decline his offer? There was still time to turn him down. Her cunt gave a twinge at the thought of never indulging in the sensual excess he offered.

When was the last time she'd done something rash just for herself? Especially something as deliciously wicked as this? Hunt held the keys to the world she'd longed to discover; would she regret it later if she declined his offer because she was scared?

She dropped the card on the desk. No, she would go and, for the first time in her life, Victoria dared to damn the consequences of her actions.

Chapter Three

Hunt released a sigh of relief as the limo cleared the tree-lined drive and came into view. Victoria had arrived. Even though she'd agreed to join him last night, he wasn't sure she'd follow through with it. Ever since he'd left her, he'd kept his cell phone close at hand just in case she caved and told him she'd changed her mind.

It took all his willpower to keep from pressing his nose against the window as the dark blue car stopped near the front door. He'd been planning this weekend in his mind for over a year. Ever since he'd met the beautiful advertising exec, he'd known he had to have her. Finding out from Brad, her miserable ex-fiancé, that Victoria had been into "kink", as he called it, had been an added bonus. Not that Hunt considered bondage and discipline to be kink. To him, it was a way of life.

The black-suited driver exited the car and moved around to open her door. One slim, stocking-clad leg emerged, followed by the woman who'd haunted his dreams.

She'd dressed conservatively for the hour-long drive. A full black skirt fell to mid-shin and a short-sleeved gray sweater and black leather boots completed her outfit. Why a woman this beautiful chose to dress so plainly was beyond him. This wasn't the outfit a woman wore to meet her lover. This was what she'd wear to meet with her tax attorney. Her soft brown hair was pulled back into a tidy twist and a pair of sunglasses concealed her expressive eyes. His groin tightened at the thought of looking into those bewitching eyes of hers as he brought her to completion.

Victoria smiled in appreciation as she accepted a small bag from the driver. Her toiletries and a single outfit of work clothes no doubt. He was pleased to see that she'd followed his directions and left her clothing behind. As the driver shut the door, she glanced about her. He wondered what she thought of his massive Tudor home with its

immaculate manicured lawn. She ran a nervous hand over her smooth coil of hair before the driver ushered her to the front door and out of his sight.

Hunt stepped away from the window. The next twelve hours would be eye opening for the lovely Victoria. He had no doubt that Brad was a bumbling Dom and Victoria's slight education had probably left her unfulfilled at best. Hunt was about to reintroduce her to a world she was born to inhabit.

He picked up a purple latex tickler from his desk. The smooth handle was approximately four inches long and dangling from one end were several hundred thin latex strands. He shook the tickler against his palm and the feeling was subtle and soothing. Raising it, he cracked the toy against his bare arm, enjoying the rush of pleasure/pain that shot through his nervous system.

He'd seen a tickler wielded by a Master bring a properly trained sexual slave to orgasm in minutes. He'd also seen an inept Master scar a sub with a cane. In his world, there was an equal balance of danger as well as pleasure to be enjoyed.

He ran his fingers through the soft latex strands. There were many other toys he could use, but the tickler was one of his personal favorites and he could hardly wait to experience Victoria's reaction. He dropped it into an open desk drawer, anticipation running high in his system as he hastened to greet his guest.

* * * * *

Victoria stood in the middle of the sumptuously appointed bedroom, her hands clenching and unclenching by her side. Her heart thudded in her chest as she stared out the French doors overlooking the back gardens.

What am I doing here?

The brilliant sunshine was blinding and she stared at the deep green grass without even seeing it. Even as she'd dressed this morning, she'd battled with her decision to venture to Hunt's home. She wasn't the type to indulge in a careless fling and that's exactly what this was, a fling, and with a client no less. Her life had always been about

order—order and making the right choices. Her mother had died when Victoria was only eleven years old and her father had been consumed with making a living for her and her brothers.

Even at a young age, her brothers had turned to her for emotional stability and support. Even though she wasn't the eldest, she'd become the responsible one. The one who'd made sure dinner was on the table, laundry was done and the bills were paid on time. It had all been left to her. Even in high school, when the other kids were behaving badly in the backseats of their parent's cars, she'd been home tutoring her youngest brother in algebra. She'd never been allowed to be irresponsible. Maybe that's why she was here today. After last night's heady exchange of power, she hungered for more.

Much more.

"Victoria, welcome to my home."

Hunt came into the bedroom and for a second her breath caught in her throat. Whereas the room was all lightness, Hunt was the exact opposite. Dressed in black jeans and a matching T-shirt, he was the complete absence of color. His dark hair was combed back from his handsome face and his smile was wide and welcoming.

"Thank you. You have a very beautiful home."

He took her hands in his and pressed a chaste kiss to her cheek. His scent, a mixture of cinnamon and warm male skin, caused her toes to curl in her leather boots.

"Did you have a pleasant trip?" He released her hands.

"Very."

"Excellent. Let's sit down to some lunch and we can talk." He walked to the closet and opened the door. "Your clothing is in here. Pick one and I'll meet you at the base of the steps. We're dining on the back terrace."

"Sounds lovely."

"I'm very glad you're here, Victoria." His dark gaze seemed to penetrate her clothing and caress her skin.

Her throat dry, she gave him a weak smile. "Thanks..." Her voice cracked and she cleared her throat. "Thanks for inviting me."

"You're welcome." He exited, then turned to look at her through the open door, his hand on the knob. "Victoria, don't keep me waiting." The door shut with a quiet snick and she sprang into action.

In the large closet hung a line of summer shifts. She selected one in the palest of blue. Stripping out of her clothes, she donned the shift, dismayed to see that not only was it at least eight inches shorter than anything she was accustomed to wearing, the back was low-cut and she would be unable to wear her bra. Of course, Hunt had told her not to wear any lingerie around him but she'd feel naked and vulnerable without them. Reluctantly she removed the lace and underwire garment and tossed it on the bed.

Opting to leave her panties in place, for now at least, she eyed herself in the mirror. The color was flattering and the hem skimmed her thigh-high stockings so they could at least stay and she wouldn't feel quite so bare. But it was just so...flimsy. It was rare when she went out in public with most of her shoulders and back bare. She twisted around, making sure everything was in its place and all essentials were covered. After selecting a pair of sandals, she was ready to go for lunch.

The hall was empty as she slipped from her room and she passed several closed doors before she reached the stairs. Hunt stood at the bottom of the steps, his gaze fixed on his watch and a slight frown marring his face. Her palms felt moist as she hastened down the steps, trying not to stumble, when his head came up and his gaze moved over her scanty attire.

"I thought I was going to have to fetch you." He said, his tone deceptively lazy.

"No." Her voice was breathless. "Just ironing out a slight zipper issue."

He smiled and took her hand and she hoped he didn't notice her trembling. Tucking her fingers into the crook of his arm, he led her through the house and outside

to the back terrace. A massive oak tree shaded one end and beneath it was a table set for two. A young woman was setting covered plates on the table.

"Thank you, Nan. It looks good." Hunt said.

She beamed at the compliment. "Is there anything else I can get for you, sir?"

"Not right now, thank you."

The woman gave Victoria a shy smile as she left.

He drew a chair out and ushered her into it. After seating her, he dropped a soft kiss on the exposed skin of her shoulder. "You look lovely in this dress, Victoria."

She shivered, detecting the heated dark tones of desire in his voice. "Thank you, it's beautiful, though it doesn't cover much." She tugged the hem into place.

"Which is exactly why I enjoy the view so much." Hunt gave her a careless smile as he whisked the dome away from her plate.

She blushed and dropped her gaze to the organic salad with raspberry vinaigrette dressing. Picking up her fork, she focused her attention on her food, trying to ignore the handsome man sitting a few feet away. After she'd devoured half her salad, he broke their silence.

"Did you spend the last twelve hours trying to decide how to gracefully decline my invitation?"

Her fork hit the plate with a loud clang. Carefully setting it aside, she looked at him. "What makes you think that?"

He chuckled. "I know you, Victoria. You probably spent most of the night worrying over your decision like a dog with a bone."

Stung, she shot back, "I'm not sure that I like that analogy."

Hunt sat back as a young man in dark trousers and a pristine white shirt appeared to take their salad plates away. "I'm well aware that what happened last night was probably a first. It is common for a first-timer to be nervous and more than a little

apprehensive about indulging themselves as we did. To give up all of your power, your very breath, to someone else is a heady yet frightening experience.”

Mortified, Victoria darted a look at the young man’s impassive face. He gave no hint that he listened as he served their lunch. Without a word, he placed their plates on the table and gave them a sketchy bow before leaving.

“Did you have to say that in *front* of him?” she hissed.

Unperturbed, Hunt picked up his fork. “I pay my employees well to complete their tasks efficiently. Kent is paid to do his job, not speculate upon what I do in the privacy of my own bedroom.” He gestured to her plate. “Eat before it gets cold.”

She picked up the fork and took a bite of the poached salmon. The more she chewed, the more the morsel seemed to expand. Just as she feared she’d choke, she forced herself to swallow.

“Why me?” She set down her fork. “Why did you choose me?”

His brow rose. “Because you’re the perfect submissive.” He gestured for her to eat again. “Or at least you will be once I’ve properly trained you.”

“B-but what if I don’t want to be a s-s-submissive?” She picked at the fish, using it as an excuse to avoid his knowing gaze.

“Look. I know you’ve had a taste of your own power before now. You’re also a textbook example of the perfect sub. You work in a position of power and you’ve had to be responsible all your life. You practically raised your brothers even though you’re younger than all but one and you did so from a very young age. No one has ever shown the desire to take care of you.” He leaned forward, his eyes glowing with excitement. “Don’t you want to be able to hand that responsibility to someone else? To have someone make the decisions for you for a change? You’d be a living vessel of pleasure, given and received. Your every need would be met and you’d want for nothing.”

She bit her lip. The picture he painted was attractive. It would be lovely, for a while anyway, to not have to make all the decisions. To only have to concentrate on

pleasuring herself and her lover. And to let someone else shoulder the burdens of her hectic life for a while, even if only for a few hours.

Her gaze met his darker one. "What would I have to do?"

"Whatever I tell you."

Alarmed, she dropped the fork. "And what if I don't want to do whatever you say?"

"We'll have a safe word. A word you can use to tell me you're not enjoying what we're doing. Whenever you feel uncomfortable, just say the word and we'll back off. How does that sound?"

Victoria nodded slowly as Kent approached with dessert. She glanced down; surprised to see her plate was almost empty.

"What do you want your safe word to be?" Hunt asked.

Her gaze caught on the dessert, a small dish of pale fruity sherbet. "Orange."

Kent set a bowl in front of each of them and backed away as silently as he'd arrived.

"Are you ready to begin your lessons, Victoria?"

She swallowed audibly, her gaze clashing with his. She wasn't sure what she wanted. She knew she wanted this man to fuck her again. She knew that last night had been an experience like none other in her life and he was offering her the heady chance to experience more. To teach her to know her own body, her own limitations. To explore the dark side of her sexuality, the part of her that Brad had barely begun to touch.

Almost against her will, she nodded and she didn't miss the spark of triumph in his eyes.

"Good. Now get up."

Her heart in her throat, she hesitated. What was he going to ask her to do?

"Victoria," his tone was chiding. "Remember, you have to obey me. You can use your safe word only if you're feeling threatened or uncomfortable. So either use it or get on your feet. Now."

Silent, she rose and pushed her chair under the table.

"Now, come to me."

On shaky knees, she approached him. As she neared, he pushed away from the small table.

"Remove your panties and hand them to me."

Her eyes widened and again she hesitated.

"Victoria, don't make me tell you again. If you do, I'll have to punish you." His voice was matter of fact. "I told you last night, no undergarments when you're with me. I want you completely accessible."

She swallowed hard and, with shaking hands, skimmed her panties down her legs. The soft breeze tickled her bare skin before her skirt fell back into place. She handed the garment to him. Her cunt clenched as he raised it to his nose and inhaled.

"If I could bottle this scent..."

She blushed.

"Now, spread your legs and sit in my lap."

This time she didn't hesitate. She lowered herself onto his thighs and his jeans were faintly rough against her bare buttocks. His big hands came to rest on her lower thighs before they slid beneath her skirt.

"While you're here in my home, you're forbidden to wear undergarments of any kind. You'll eat when you're hungry, and you'll sleep beside me in my bed." He skimmed his fingers over her hip. "You're here for my pleasure and my pleasure alone, unless I request otherwise." His knuckles brushed the generous underside of her left breast. "In giving me pleasure, you'll receive pleasure. Is this understood?"

Victoria gasped as he tweaked her erect nipple and she nodded.

"Yes, Master," he prompted.

"Y-y-yes, Master."

"You have a beautiful body, one that's made for giving and receiving pleasure. We're going to explore your sexuality like you never have before." He slipped his hand from under her dress and released her. "Now, get on your knees and suck me off."

She started to object before she caught the gleam of anticipation in his eyes. He wanted her to object. He was waiting for the opportunity to correct her behavior. She ducked her head and slid from his lap to kneel on the sun-warmed stones of the terrace. His impressive erection strained against the placket of his jeans. Shoving any misgivings aside, she undid the button and lowered the zip to reveal strained black silk boxers.

"Lower the bodice of your dress. I want to see your breasts as you take me into your mouth."

Eyes down, she slid the straps of her dress from her shoulders, allowing the top to slide to her waist. The soft breeze caressed her sensitive flesh and she shivered as she reached for his cock. She opened the silk placket and his hardened flesh sprang free.

There was no doubt about it. Hunt was a big, big man.

With the sun warm on her exposed skin, she took the broad head of his cock into her mouth. He tasted of the sea and warm potent male as she dragged her tongue over the tip, relishing his unique flavor. How long had it been since she'd had a man in her mouth? Brad had never been big on oral sex, either giving or receiving, and she'd missed this particularly intimacy. Hunt's hips gave an involuntary twitch as she rubbed her thumb along the sensitive underside of his delicious cock.

"You have the most beautiful breasts I've ever seen." His voice was strained. "You have no idea what the sight of you, between my knees and my cock buried in your talented lips, does to me."

Oh, but she did.

The rush of feminine power surged through her body. He might command her to do as he wished, but even as his sub she could bring him to his knees. She had him in her mouth, right where she wanted him.

Not missing a stroke, she reached for a bottle of olive oil on the table. As she poured a small amount into her palm, their gazes met and his was dark with heated approval. His breath caught as she wrapped her hand around him and moved in long, bold strokes as she worked his hardened flesh with her hand and mouth.

“Victoria, my god.”

His fingers tangled in her hair, loosening the soft twist at the back of her head as she closed her eyes, concentrating her entire being on fucking him with her mouth. He tried to control her movements, but she resisted, wanting to keep him at her mercy. Against her body, she could feel the tension in his thighs. He was close now, very close.

She swirled her tongue around his sensitive head, tasting the ambrosia of pre-cum and rich olive oil. She increased her movements; her hand stroked his thick root as she took him deep into her throat. His hips arched and his thighs jerked as he climaxed into her mouth with an anguished groan.

Victoria let his cock slip from her lips and rested her cheek against his thigh. His breathing was rough as if he'd just run a marathon.

“You have the mouth of a virtuoso,” he said.

She grinned. “And you have a cock well-worthy of my talents.”

“Flatterer.” He ruffled her hair gently. “Now, get up. We're not through yet.”

A quiver of excitement snaked through her belly as she rose to her feet. Feeling like a slattern with her breasts bared to the warm sun and his even hotter gaze, she fought the urge to cover herself.

“Perfect.” He tweaked one erect nipple with his thumb and forefinger. He took care to reassemble his clothing before he cleared his end of the table. “Sit here.” He patted the tabletop.

Nervous yet excited, Victoria sat on the table, her knees primly held together. Hunt gave her a small smile as he pulled his chair closer and he sat, parting her thighs with his chest. Her vagina clenched as he reached for the dessert bowl of half-melted sherbet.

He urged her to scoot to the edge of the table, her heels balanced on the armrests of his chair, and then his calloused fingers opened her. The sherbet was cool against her heated skin as he painted her pussy with the sweet liquid. At the first touch of his tongue, Victoria let loose a scream that would have embarrassed her under normal circumstances. Now, the only thing that mattered was each swipe of his magical tongue.

She tilted her head back, her hips settling into a complementary rhythm as his tongue teased and aroused. His fingers drove hard and deep into her dripping cunt until she cried out, her hips jerking wildly with each thrust. With a brush of his thumb, she came against his mouth, her screams thrown up to the sunlit sky.

Dizzy with completion, Victoria realized she was truly his captive now.

Chapter Four

"But what if I don't want to be tied up?"

Hunt heard the note of unease in her voice. Training Victoria to be his submissive would be hard work, but once she overcame her knee-jerk conservative reactions, she would come to enjoy it, nay, crave it, as much as he did.

"I know you're a little apprehensive." He tucked her hand into the crook of his arm as they walked along the shadowy path of the garden. They'd just eaten a leisurely dinner and now he was preparing to take her into his bed. "A little fear will add spice to your excitement, I promise you. I'll never do anything that would cause too much pain and you can call a halt to our activities at any time. Just remember your safety word when you feel the need."

She bit her lip and didn't say anything. He wanted to chuckle at the mix of confusion and yearning he saw on her face. "Have you ever had anal sex?"

She shook her head. "No, never."

"Why not?"

"It looks painful."

Hunt turned a corner and began steering her back toward the house. "If it's done improperly and without careful preparation, it can be very painful. We've known each other for several years now and we both trust each other. You hold the financial future of my company in your hands and I hold a great deal of income for OSD in mine. You know I'd never hurt you, right?"

She nodded.

"Okay then." He opened the door and ushered her inside. "We'll go slowly, one step at a time. We're in no hurry at all."

Upstairs in his bedroom, he directed her to strip off her dress. He was pleased to see that she'd obeyed his command and hadn't worn any undergarments. Her skin was kissed by the sunshine from their afternoon romp and she fairly glowed with good health. Her palm was cool as he took her hand in his and led her to the foot of the bed. Earlier he'd suspended a thick chain from the ceiling that ended with a round ring at just the right height for her to grip with both hands. He showed her how to wrap her fingers around the dangling ring.

"Relax your back."

He skimmed his palms down her body until she calmed beneath his touch and was close to purring. He knew her nudity was giving her cause for consternation, especially since he was still fully clothed. When would women realize that the naked form was beautiful and not something to be hidden beneath layers?

"When we come here, unless I instruct you otherwise, you're to assume this position." He moved around her to sit on the small bench at the foot of the bed. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good." He rose and shed his shirt, strolling across the room to pour himself a brandy. He was all too aware of the beautiful woman who watched him with liquid brown eyes. He set his glass on the bedside table and removed the rest of his clothes. When he was naked, he climbed onto the bed.

She was a glorious sight. Her expression was a mixture of arousal and unease. The light from a single lamp near the bed illuminated her luscious curves. Her ample breasts were pale, her nipples big and broad and the soft color of peaches. He'd always been a breast man and he could hardly wait to fuck them. At that provocative thought, his cock hardened. Oh, how good all that warm flesh would feel wrapped around his member.

Her waist was slim and her hips flared out nicely. Just the right proportion for a man to hang onto. Between her legs was a neat thatch of dark curls; soft and pretty like

the rest of her. Her long legs were sturdy and nicely curved, her feet slimly arched and her toenails were polished pale pink. All in all, Victoria Brittain was one lovely woman.

“Come to me.”

She released her grip on the ring and walked closer. Her hips and breasts swayed with each step. The bed dipped as she climbed onto it.

“Take me in your mouth.”

Her dark eyes flashed as she climbed between his splayed thighs. She sat back on her heels and studied his burgeoning erection as if she were contemplating the lunch menu at her favorite restaurant.

“Do it now or I’ll spank you...”

Her gaze on his cock, she leaned forward and sucked him into her mouth. He grit his teeth as her talented tongue swirled along the head, immediately zeroing in on the sensitive underside. She laved his cock with her tongue, leaving no part of him untouched. One hand curled around the base of his shaft while her other hand cradled his balls. He moaned as she gently cupped his sac, undulating her hand around his cock. If she kept this up, the game would be over all too soon.

“Turn around. I want your pussy where I can reach it.”

He smothered a chuckle at how quickly she obeyed. Without interrupting her assault on his body, she turned so she straddled his chest. He could see that she was wet, very wet, already.

Good, that was what he wanted.

His fingers parted her labia and she twitched beneath his touch and arched her back, pushing her cunt toward his face. He found her clit and sucked on it, enjoying the taste that was uniquely hers. His tongue seduced while his hands caressed her lush backside. His tongue licked her clit slowly as her hips thrust against his face, burying him in damp womanly flesh. He grabbed her hips, holding her in place as he brought

her to completion with his tongue. She released him from her mouth and screamed, her body shaking in reaction.

As her body sank across him, he reached beneath his pillow and removed a small leather case he'd placed there earlier. Inside the case was an anal plug, the smallest he could find, and a generous tube of lubricant. Her breathing was ragged as he parted her cheeks and inserted the tube. She stiffened as the cool gel flooded her anus.

"It's just lubricant, Victoria." He spread the gel with his finger, making sure her anus was well greased. "It's very important to use a generous amount if I don't want to hurt you." He entered her with one finger and she stiffened, her head coming up from his thighs. "Now, relax." He squirted more lubricant into her anus before testing her again, this time judging her to be ready.

With one hand he stroked her back while he picked up the small, dark purple plug with the other. Spreading her cheeks, he pressed the plug against her tiny, round ring of muscle until it gave way and the plug was inserted. He smiled when she gave an experimental wriggle.

Hunt shifted her to his side, then cleaned his hands on a towel. He moved on the bed until they were face to face. "How does it feel?"

She wiggled again, concentrating on the sensation. "Full."

He smiled. "You'll get used to it, even look forward to it. After a period of time, we'll use bigger plugs until your body can accept my cock into your lovely ass." He slid his hand between her legs. "You're so wet for me. Have you always been this responsive?"

She shook her head. "Not always."

He felt a surge of triumph. He'd bet she'd never been this responsive to Brad. That was why they'd been such a bad pairing. Brad wasn't the Dom for her, but he was.

He rolled onto his back and pulled her on top of him. Spreading her legs, he eased into her damp channel, filling her, stretching her. He watched her face as the twin

sensations of a full cunt and anus swamped her. He surged into her as her expression turned to one of total enchantment.

“How does it feel?”

She wiggled and he swallowed a groan. “Odd, but I like it.”

Hunt chuckled and he reached around and gave the plug a gentle twist. She moaned; her eyes slid half closed. He adjusted his thrust and set the pace, driving in and out of her, his cock straining for completion. She was panting, her head thrashing about, her hair tangling on her shoulders as he fucked her.

A warning rush moved down his spine, signaling his impending climax. It was now or never. Reaching around her, he gave the plug another twist and she screamed. Her release moved through her like a tidal wave as it tipped him over the edge.

Her vagina was still contracting around him as she sank to his chest, her nipples pressed into him. He closed his eyes and felt her heart thundering against him.

She was... perfect.

The sun was already high in the sky as Victoria finished dressing. When was the last time she'd gotten out of bed after sunrise? She shook her head. She couldn't remember the last time she'd lazed in bed so long. When she'd awoken, Hunt was already up and gone, his side of the bed cool to her touch. She'd felt curiously abandoned until she'd seen the note in the bathroom telling her to get dressed and join him outside for a breakfast picnic.

Her hand hovered over the small selection of panties she'd tucked into her make-up case. Should she put on a pair? Surely he didn't expect her to picnic without panties. She cringed at the thought of sitting on the ground without some barrier of protection between her pussy and the grass. Her mind made up, she selected a pink pair and slid them on. It wasn't like she couldn't take them off again. Besides, what was he going to do? Spank her?

Maybe, just maybe...

After checking that her hair was neatly contained in a loose ponytail, she headed for the kitchen. The scent of baking bread and lemon cleaner hung in the air. Hunt lived in a very efficient household; that was for sure. Other than Nan the cook, there was Kent and a maid she'd yet to see. It must be nice to be one of the filthy rich.

As she entered the kitchen, she saw Hunt tuck a bottle of wine into a basket. He was chatting with Nan as she stirred a large pot on the stove. What was it about this man that had aroused her from the first moment she'd met him? It wasn't just his good looks, though that helped. Maybe it was the combination of his bad boy image and the aura of power he wore so carelessly. She'd seen him in action during marketing meetings. He was a man who knew what he wanted and wasn't afraid to reach out and grab it. And, for now, he wanted her. A shiver of awareness moved through her body.

As if sensing her presence, he turned. "There you are." He shot her a warm glance.

She gave him a shy smile then spoke to Nan. "Good morning."

"Morning, Miss Victoria. I trust you slept well?"

Victoria shot her a look but found only a smile, no hint of knowledge about anything that transpired behind closed doors. "I slept very well. Thank you for asking."

"Come." Hunt held out his hand. "I'm getting hungry and I'm sure you are as well."

"What are we having?" She took his hand, enjoying the sense of warmth and belonging that surrounded her at his touch. She fell into step beside him as he picked up the basket and they walked out the back door.

"You'll see." He gave her an enigmatic smile.

He led her down a garden path. Soon they left the manicured acres behind. The sun was warm overhead as they walked, talking about their lives and their respective companies. Swapping tales about their jobs, friends and common interests. Several times she laughed out loud as he shared some of his more interesting exploits abroad.

They rounded a small group of trees and he led her to a grassy area beneath a large towering tree. "This is the spot."

"Lovely." She took the blanket he offered and spread it across the soft grass, bending to straighten a corner.

"Victoria."

She straightened, startled by his suddenly cool tone. "Yes?"

"Are you wearing panties?" He set down the basket.

She gave a jerky nod. "I didn't know if I'd have to sit on the ground..."

"You've disappointed me." He crossed his muscular arms across his chest and she felt a trickle of unease race down her back. "You disobeyed my order and you didn't trust me enough to take care of you." He shook his head. "We discussed the rules and you've deliberately broken them." He stepped closer and took her hand, his fingers curling around her wrist. "You know what'll happen now, don't you?"

She swallowed hard and shook her head.

"Your actions are going to force me to punish you." He kissed the tender skin of her inner wrist. "Now, remove your panties and give them to me." He released her.

With trembling hands—from excitement or fear, she didn't want to guess—she took off the offending garment and handed it to him. Without even looking, he tucked it into his pants pocket. He then turned and walked a few feet away to where a thick, fallen trunk formed a small bench.

"Come to me."

On wobbly knees, she approached.

"You're scared, aren't you?" He shook his head. "You needn't be afraid. This won't be terribly painful as I'm going to use my hand rather than a belt. Your inability to obey your Master forced us to this place. Do you understand what I'm telling you?"

She nodded, unable to speak.

Hunt patted his lap. "Lay over my knees, face down. Don't worry, I won't drop you."

She lowered her body across his until her hands and feet were in the soft grass and her abdomen lay across his lap. Against her side, she could feel his arousal. He was enjoying this!

"Relax." He flipped up her skirt, exposing her backside to the bright sun. "When this is over, we can enjoy our meal."

His big hands stroked her skin, squeezing, caressing the globes of her buttocks. Though most of her body was still covered, she felt horribly exposed, the soft breeze was cool and the sun warm as he rubbed and stroked. She squirmed as the first trickles of arousal snaked through her cunt. He nibbled on one buttock; his lips warm as his teeth gently worried her flesh. He continued rubbing and stroking as he spread her legs, the warm air caressing her inner flesh.

Maybe this won't be so bad after all-

Then, without warning, he hit her.

She tensed. It had been a soft pat, no more than a parent would give a reluctant child. First on one cheek, then the other. With his second hand, he continued stroking even as the blows increased in number and strength. She struggled to get free as her buttocks warmed.

"Now, Victoria. Don't make me seriously punish you for resisting," he said. "Your ass is going to be a lovely shade of pink." He smacked her again and she stifled a groan. "If only I had a camera."

She squealed in protest and tried to rise, but he pushed her back down. "Relax, this will soon be over." The spansks and petting continued and tears stung her eyes. Would he never finish with her?

Slowly, the blows faded and she became aware of heat on her backside. Hunt rearranged her skirt before helping her to her feet.

"There now, all done." He pulled her into his arms and she leaned into him, burying her face in his shirt. "When we get back to the house, I have some arnica lotion that will soothe the sting."

He released her and returned to the blanket, leaving her confused and aroused at the same time. She watched as he sat and pulled items from the basket as if nothing had happened.

"Come," he said. "Eat. Nan prepared a wonderful feast."

Silent, she approached, then hesitated, unsure that she wanted to sit on her stinging behind.

He gave her an understanding look. "Just lay on your side. You'll be more comfortable and you can still eat." He waited until she stretched out, then handed her a small bunch of grapes. "Are you angry?"

She twirled the grapes, then set them on her plate. "No. I knew I was disobeying you when I put them on."

He picked up a slice of apple. "Then why did you do it?"

"I think a part of me wanted to see what you'd do." She looked away. "Now I'm confused."

"About?"

She shrugged, embarrassed to say that she was wet with arousal. What kind of person got off on being hit?

As if he could read her thoughts, he answered her. "Victoria, the skin is the largest organ of the body and also one of the most sensitive. What you're feeling right now is common for the early stages of your training. Your body enjoyed the stimulus while your mind tried to reject it." He picked a grape from her bunch and held it out to her. "You need to learn to quiet your mind and let your body dictate your actions."

She leaned forward and took the grape from his fingers with her mouth as she contemplated his words. It was hard to just throw away a lifetime of perceptions so

quickly. She was also shocked to realize how aroused she was—her cunt was soaking wet and in desperate need of a firm touch to bring her off.

“Victoria, remove your dress.”

She darted a glance at his face. His expression was cool and his eyes heated. Remembering the feel of his cock against her belly as he’d spanked her, she moved to her knees and shed the garment.

Hunt moved behind her and cupped her breasts, squeezing just enough to wring a whimper from her. Her hips moved restlessly as if they had a mind of their own. She needed release so badly. Would he allow her to have it?

“Spread your legs for me, Victoria.”

Not needing another command, she spread her legs, almost sobbing as his hand slid over her slick flesh.

“See what I told you? Beautiful.” His thick fingertips zeroed in on her erect clit. “You’re so hot for me. You, my dear, are a true submissive in every sense of the word.”

His words were all but drowned by her frantic cries as his fingers moved expertly over her aroused flesh. Her hips jerked with each movement as he brought her to an orgasm so strong she would have fallen face first if his arm hadn’t been around her waist.

She was dimly aware of being lowered to the blanket, the material soft against her aroused skin. Then he stretched out beside her, his body spooning hers. Exhausted mentally and physically, she allowed her mind to shut down and she slipped into a light sleep.

Chapter Five

Nude with the exception of a blue silk thong, Victoria stood at attention in her practiced position at the foot of his bed. Her arms were stretched overhead and her hands clasped the metal ring. Behind her, she could hear Hunt shuffling items in a drawer.

After their late breakfast, they'd returned to the bedroom and he'd rubbed an almond-scented cream into her reddened buttocks and thighs. Surprisingly enough, the discomfort had faded almost immediately to a soft, warm glow.

She heard a drawer slide shut and the approach of heavy footsteps. Her shoulders were beginning to ache from remaining in such an awkward position.

Hunt gave her a gentle pat on her hip. "Perfect." He reached for her hands and lowered them. "Are you sore?"

She rotated her shoulders. "Just a little stiff."

"Don't worry, that'll soon fade as you grow more accustomed to the position." He produced a pair of leather handcuffs attached by a short chain and two spring clips. "Will you wear these for me?"

Her sex moistened at the sight of the cuffs and the scent of new leather. Suddenly shy, she nodded and held out her wrists, wanting to feel the caress of leather against her skin.

"And your safe word is?"

"Orange."

"Good." He opened a cuff and encircled one wrist. It fastened with a leather strap that slid through a metal loop. The inside was lined with padded silk and felt cool against her skin. She shivered as he attached the second one. "Cold?"

"Just a little."

He gave her a mysterious smile. "Don't worry, you'll be warm soon."

Taking the chain that held the cuffs together, he led her out of the room and down the hall. The carpet was thick beneath her bare feet as he led her to a door at the far end. He retrieved a key from the pocket of his jeans.

"Victoria, you must never reveal to anyone what you see in this room." He brushed a finger over her lower lip and she shivered. "Everything within is designed to heighten pleasure, not to cause pain." He smiled. "Well, not much anyway. Do you understand?"

She nodded, her throat tight. Part of her wanted to run as far and as fast as she could while another part, the larger part, wanted desperately to see what awaited them.

"That's my girl."

He opened the door and entered, pulling her behind him. The scent of musk, incense and leather teased her nose. Hunt flicked on a wall switch and muted lighting flooded the room. She could barely contain the gasp that forced its way into her throat.

The room was large with red walls and black carpeting. The windows were covered in thick, light-restricting drapes, giving the room a cocoon-like feel. Displayed along the walls were a variety of devices obviously meant for human restraint. A selection of whips, paddles, blindfolds and other devices she'd never seen before were suspended from a rack to the left. A padded massage table with leather restraints stood along the far wall. On the other side was something that looked like a padded sawhorse and next to it was a wrought iron cage large enough for an adult to stand inside.

In the center of the room, a sling was hung from the ceiling, its leather seat thankfully unoccupied. There were several brocade couches scattered about the various apparatuses in the room. No doubt for observers to watch in comfort. She'd never seen anything like this in her life.

Hunt shut the door and locked it. "Come, I have a new toy I wish to try out."

She was mute as he led her past a whipping post and an X frame. She'd never been bound to anything other than a bed and she was starting to feel a little nervous. He led her to a low, padded Y-shaped bench and he motioned for her to sit in the notch of the Y. She flinched as cool leather touched her sensitive backside.

Hunt dropped to his knees and skimmed his hands down her leg. Reaching her ankle, he raised her foot, nuzzling the arch.

"You're so beautiful, Victoria." He placed her leg on one of the branches of the Y and began buckling a leather restraint to her ankle. "More beautiful, more responsive than I'd even dreamed."

She shivered as he picked up her other leg and gave it the same treatment, binding her to the bench with her thighs splayed wide. Her cunt clenched as she felt the gentle brush of his fingertips over her mound. Her hips arched and he smiled in satisfaction.

"So responsive to me." He kissed the tender area just below her belly button, then urged her to lie back. Moving to her side, he reached underneath and pulled out two retractable pieces at shoulder height. He unhooked the spring clips on her wrists and attached them to the arm pieces. She was well and truly bound.

"Comfortable?" he asked.

She flexed her shoulders. "Yes, Master."

"Good, we shall begin." Hunt moved to a small table nearby. "From the first time I saw you, I imagined you here in this room with me." He selected an item from the table and returned to her side. "Lying here helpless, waiting for my pleasure and, in turn, your own."

He pulled a long black feather from behind his back. Running the feather up her arm, he swirled it over her breast until her nipple hardened. Then he drew it across every inch of her body, her skin tingling with every delicate swipe of the feather. Soon she was straining toward it.

"I want to talk about your fantasies, Victoria." He put the feather aside and picked up an artist's paintbrush. She almost swooned as the soft hairs traced her areola, narrowly missing the aroused tip. "What are your fantasies?"

"You fucking me," she gasped as the wicked tip dipped into her belly button.

He gave a pleased chuckle. "That will happen soon enough." He traced a circular hypnotic path up and down the inside of her thighs until she strained against her restraints. Was he trying to drive her mad?

"Tell me more of your fantasies."

Her mind whirling as sensations climbed, she was breathless as she spoke. "Two men at once."

"Ah, now we're getting somewhere. Any preferences for the other man? Big? Little?"

That devious little brush moved the damp strap of her thong aside and dipped into her wetness. "Huge cock, that's all I care about." She thrust against the brush, then groaned as it moved away, leaving her empty and aching.

"I'll have to see what I can do about that." Hunt painted her nipples with her cream, taking his time to ensure the job was thorough and she was nearly sobbing as he judged them to be complete.

"Do you know what my fantasy is?"

She blinked as the brush quit teasing and she looked over to see him choose a bottle from the table. "No," she swallowed hard. "What is it?"

"I want to fuck your breasts." He dribbled almond-scented oil into his hands and began massaging it into her breasts. "And I want you to watch me as I do it."

He slung his leg over her body and it was then she realized why the bench was so low. It was the perfect height for him to stand over her without straining his back or legs. He finished massaging the oil into her skin before he reached for the zipper on his pants. His oily hands wrapped around his cock as it sprang free. His eyes slid closed

and his breathing deepened as he cupped his balls and moved his hands until his skin was slick with oil. He released his erection, guiding it to rest between her shiny breasts. Victoria licked her lips at the sight of his impressive erection so close and yet so far.

Pushing her breasts together, he created a slick tunnel. Rocking back and forth, he slowly began fucking her breasts as his thumbs teased her nipples and his eyes slid shut. A dreamy smile curved his mouth, as his motions grew languid, slow at times, then almost stilling. He was moving just enough to keep the sensation going but not enough to end it.

He was a beautiful man, she thought as she watched his face. Yes, he was physically beautiful, but she'd always known that. There was so much more to him, more than she'd ever dreamed. Her heart swelled as a warning buzzer sounded in her brain. Though she was treading in dangerous territory and her heart was at stake, she could have watched him for hours and hours.

All too soon his hips moved faster, his expression growing tense as the slap of his balls against her stomach increased. With a cry, he came, his cum splashing her chin and throat in warm spurts. His hips jerked several more times until he stilled. His eyes were still closed and his face and throat gleamed with sweat. Swaying slightly, his breathing was harsh as his body shook with aftershocks. Then, after a few moments, he opened his eyes and looked down at her.

"That was fantastic."

She forced a grin even as her vagina gave an unhappy twinge. "I'm glad you enjoyed it."

He tucked his cock into his pants before rubbing his cream into her breasts in slow, teasing strokes. "I'm glad you enjoyed it as well. However, I would imagine you're in need of further assistance."

She squirmed as he climbed off her. "You could put it that way."

He shrugged. "All you have to do is ask."

"Please, Master, get me off." It was all she could do to avoid begging. Her body ached with unfulfilled need and, while she needed a thick cock fucking her into oblivion, right now she'd take whatever he offered.

"How can I refuse when you ask so nicely?"

He moved between her thighs and, at the first brush of his tongue, she came with a wild screech. Her body, aroused for so long, was greedy and she took everything he gave. Again and again, he took her, his mouth against her flesh, his fingers buried deep within her. With each orgasm, her hips spanked the leather-padded bench with enthusiasm.

After several orgasms, each more powerful than the last, she collapsed, her body replete. "No more," she gasped. "No more, I can't take it."

She heard him chuckle. "As you wish my pet." Her body hummed with satisfaction and she couldn't bring herself to move as Hunt released her from her bonds. He scooped her up from the bench and carried her to a brocade couch where they stretched across the soft fabric.

With the scent of their lovemaking embedded in their skin, Victoria closed her eyes and enjoyed the feel of his arms around her. She'd found the perfect Master.

Now, if she could only bear to walk away in the morning.

Chapter Six

Hunt had never meant to fall in love with her. What had started out as a pleasant attraction had turned into more, so much more. Indulge in a delicious obsession, yes. Fall in love, no.

Oh, the attraction had been there from day one. Victoria was a beautiful, intelligent woman and any man would be a fool, including himself, to not snatch her up. There was no question in his mind that he wanted her to stay. But the decision was hers. Would she want to continue their relationship after tonight?

Hunt chose a white T-shirt and pulled it on, disturbed at the thought of her not being with him. Even in as short a period of time as what they'd had, he'd grown used to curling beside her. He enjoyed the way her perfume hung in the air after she'd left the room, the sound of her laughter and her beaming smile. Her sexy little blushes turned him on and the sounds she made when she came were enough to send him over the edge every time.

He also knew her well enough to know that, in her eyes, the reality of their situation was difficult. They did have a working relationship and there was a great deal of money, mostly his, involved. But he didn't care about that. As his lover, she'd be even more careful with his account than she was now. But, knowing her as he did, he also knew she'd see their relationship as a conflict of interest. But he'd talk to her about that later.

He slipped a belt around his waist and secured it. Now he had a guest who was soon to arrive and one woman's dream to make a reality.

* * * * *

A low fire crackled in the fireplace and Victoria was enjoying the warmth of the blaze along with a small glass of Grand Marnier. She'd chosen a pale pink shift to wear on their last evening together, knowing the soft color would enhance her pale coloring. Even though she'd only been wearing the scanty dresses a few days, already they seemed like a second skin to her. She didn't think she could ever go back to her figure-concealing clothing once she left Hunt's home in the morning.

Her heart gave an odd little pang at the thought of leaving. Did she really want to leave? Hunt had shown her so much, but there was more to be learned and he was the right man to teach her. But what did he want? So far he'd made no mention of continuing their relationship. Maybe, in his mind, this had only been meant as a weekend fling.

The doorbell sounded and she glanced outside to see a sleek black Lexus in the drive. Was Hunt expecting a visitor? He hadn't mentioned anything to her. She just hoped they didn't stay too long as this was her last night with him and she didn't want to waste it. She rose from her seat by the fire as she heard voices in the entry.

"Victoria, I'd like you to meet someone." Hunt entered with another man right behind him. "This is my brother, David." He came to her side and slid his arm around her waist, anchoring her against him. "David, this is Victoria."

Her jaw dropped. He was Hunt's exact double.

"You're a twin," she said.

David laughed. "Surely my brother told you?"

"No, he didn't." She looked from one to the other.

"Surprise." Hunt kissed her temple and she caught a whiff of his clean masculine scent. Her toes curled as he released her. "Come, brother, let's break bread. It's been a while since we've seen each other."

She fell into step just behind them as they walked to the dining room. Both men were mouth-wateringly gorgeous. Both were over six feet with the same dark brown hair and blue eyes. But their similarity ended there. David's hair was longer and he had

the broad build of a weightlifter, while Hunt had the wiry build of a runner. And from this angle, she definitely had the best side of both men right in front of her. Their butts were high and taut, simply perfect.

The scent of roasted meat caused her stomach to growl loudly and she pressed her hand to her belly.

“What have you been doing, brother? Keeping this woman so busy you don’t feed her?” David’s eyes held a mischievous light as he slid his arm around her, his big hand landing on her hip. “Come, little one, let David assist you. Hunt won’t tell you this, but I’m the good, kind brother.” He pulled out a chair and ushered her into it.

“Is that so?” She grinned as he picked up the napkin and flicked it open, spreading it across her lap.

“Ah yes. My brother there, he got all the business acumen, but I received all the charm.” David took the seat to her left while Hunt took the seat on her right. “Needless to say, he has all the money and I have all the fun.”

Charmed, she laughed. “I’ll bet you do, David.”

“Don’t let his good ol’ boy act fool you, darling. David is an acclaimed artist when he isn’t charming ladies out of their panties.” Hunt picked up a bottle of wine and filled their glasses.

Victoria’s skin heated at the reminder of her panty-less state. It would seem that both brothers had inherited that particular talent. She accepted the glass Hunt offered, enjoying the zing that ran down her arm as their fingers brushed.

As they ate dinner, conversation slowly turned to business and she was fascinated to hear that David knew almost as much about the shipping business as his brother. His comments revealed a sharp intelligence, which belied his earlier comment about his brother having all the brains. Both men were good looking, intelligent and excellent conversationalists. She took a sip of her wine. There were definitely much worse ways to spend the evening.

After dinner David topped their wineglasses before they ventured back into the living room. Outside a soft rain was falling. With the fire burning, the wine in her system left Victoria feeling very comfortable. She curled on the couch next to Hunt, leaning into him as he laid his hand on her thigh. She set her glass down and leaned her head against his shoulder. He and David were talking about the latest football game, something she knew very little about.

Hunt stroked her thigh through the soft material of her dress, the movement soothing and sensual. Their voices faded to a pleasant buzz as she concentrated on the man beside her, his touch, his scent.

"I think we're putting your woman to sleep." Her eyes flew open to meet David's amused gaze. He grinned at his brother. "We're losing our touch. We used to get a woman into bed before we let her fall asleep."

Victoria grinned at his teasing. "Oh, you did, did you? Together? Now there's a thought. And how many women did you naughty boys manage to get into bed?"

"More than you'd think." Hunt's fingers slipped beneath her skirt, then slid upward, baring her thigh.

A jolt of awareness ran through her and her cunt clenched at the thought of these two handsome creatures taking her. She didn't miss David's interested gaze on her bared leg as Hunt moved her skirt higher.

She shifted her hips slightly, allowing him better access to her bare thigh. "And how did you get these women into your bed?"

Hunt's gaze clashed with hers and a rush of excitement pooled in her lower abdomen. "Charm, my dear." He slid his hand to the inside of her thigh.

She fought the urge to resist him and, for a split second, she tensed her thighs, not allowing him any higher than her inner knee. His glance turned inquiring and, in the depths of his gaze, she saw reassurance and something she wasn't sure she wanted to put a name to.

He dipped his head toward her. "This is *your* fantasy," he whispered.

Yes, it was and she wanted it, badly.

She relaxed her legs and his hand continued, teasing her to open for him. A wicked spiral of lust moved through her body as his hand brushed the top of her thigh. Her breasts tightened and her nipples ached and she wanted to rub herself against him like a cat. She glanced at David to find his heavy-lidded gaze glued to the path of his twin's hand. She wanted to be sandwiched naked between these two brutes and allow them to have their wicked way with her. She wanted all of it, and she wanted it now.

Her pulse took off as Hunt leaned close and kissed her. It was a soft kiss, measuring, tasting before changing, turning darker. His tongue slipped into her mouth, gliding over hers, teasing and tempting as their tongues began a sensual duel. She moaned when he pulled away from her.

"Well, little brother," Hunt said. "Maybe you'd like to sample some of this?"

Through narrowed eyes, Victoria watched David rise, the front of his jeans tented nicely. If he were as big as his brother...oh my, was she in for an experience.

Hunt pulled her into his lap as David approached. Her knees slid outside of Hunt's and he opened his legs, forcing hers open as well. David's dark gaze dropped to her exposed pubis and he licked his lips.

"She's hot for us, brother." He pulled off his shirt and tossed it to the side. Her eyes widened as she saw pierced nipples. How exotic!

"Yes, my Victoria is a firecracker." Hunt kissed her shoulder as David sank to his knees between her splayed thighs. "Be careful you don't get burned."

David's big hands landed on her waist as his mouth descended over hers, taking her softly at first, then with increasing heat. Behind her, Hunt was unbuttoning her dress, kissing every inch of skin he exposed as he worked his way down. Her top gapped and she raised her hands to prevent the material from sliding.

David broke the scorching kiss. "No, I want to see you." He removed her hands, allowing her bodice to slide, baring her breasts to his gaze. "Beautiful, very beautiful."

From behind, Hunt slid his hands around to cup her breasts, as if to offer them to his brother. She leaned back against his chest and felt wonderfully wanton as David's mouth latched onto an erect nipple. She moaned and squirmed against Hunt as his twin's talented mouth laved and suckled her erect flesh. She started to raise her hands to touch David only to realize that her arms were held captive by her dress and Hunt's arms. The feeling of restraint sent a rush of liquid heat through her cunt. Pinned between these two handsome creatures, she was a vessel to be filled only at their command. She ground her hips against Hunt's lap.

"Victoria," Hunt suckled her earlobe, wrenching a cry from her. "Do you want us to fuck you?"

His low, roughly worded question sent a gush of liquid heat directly to her core. Their hands moved over her body, touching her everywhere but where she really needed to be stroked. She tipped her head back and closed her eyes.

Warm lips nibbled at her throat.

Hunt.

While another pair of lips teased the inside of her knee. *David.* The men touched and stroked her until she was consumed with need. She knew instinctively that neither would touch her cunt until she told them what she wanted.

"Yes," she gasped. "I want you to fuck me, both of you." She opened her eyes in time to see David send Hunt a triumphant look, but she didn't care. All she wanted was a cock between her thighs. Something to drive away the ache that was slowly making her mad.

David stood and pulled her to her feet where she swayed dizzily. He pulled her into his arms and the press of his nipple rings against her chest was erotic as his mouth took hers. He was quite the kisser, almost as good as Hunt. Her arms still trapped, she leaned into him, giving as good as she got. Their tongues tangled as she felt Hunt press into her from behind. She moaned into David's mouth as she felt the heat of his brother's bare body against her back. She pushed against him as she felt the heat of his

hard cock against her buttocks while David pressed his jeans-covered cock rhythmically into her mound.

She was turned around and Hunt took possession, her sensitized breasts rubbing his chest as their mouths mated. She leaned closer as his big hands moved, stroking every inch of exposed skin except where she really wanted him to touch her.

She heard the clang of a belt hitting the hearth just a second before a naked David snuggled from behind her, his big cock pressing into her. He rubbed against her, cradling his rod in the cleft of her buttocks. His hands cupped her breasts, squeezing then pinching her nipples.

Oh yes, this was what she wanted...

Hunt's hand moved between her thighs and she sobbed his name as he touched her erect clit. If she hadn't been pinned between them, she'd have melted into a boneless puddle of lust on the floor. His hand was joined by his twin's as he teased her damp opening. Her knees wobbled dangerously as David slid first one finger inside, then a second one followed.

"She's ready for us." His words were hot in her ear.

"Yes. Come, Victoria. Let us fuck you now," Hunt said.

He picked her up and carried her to a straight-backed wooden chair. It had a tall back and it was plain of any ornamentation save a notch cut into the front center of the seat. She'd noticed the chair before, thinking it somewhat out of place in the living room, but maybe it had been an antique. Hunt sat down and brought her with him, impaling her on his massive cock.

She let out a scream as he filled her. She tipped her head back, her breasts pressed into his chest. Hungry, their mouths ate at each other as his cock slowly moved in and out of her hungry cunt. Their tongues danced as their lower bodies mated. He grabbed her inner thighs and stretched her wide as he broke the kiss. His head dipped down to watch the slide of his cock into her cunt as he fucked her.

Behind her, she felt David press into her back. Something warm rushed down her spine and the scent of almond oil teased her senses. He rubbed the oil into her skin with strong deft movements and she turned to liquid butter in his capable hands. His fingers slipped into the crack of her ass to massage her rear entry.

She tensed immediately.

"She's not ready for that, brother," Hunt advised.

"Have you been plugging her?"

"Only with the smallest one."

David nodded and lightly bit her shoulder. "I'll just use a finger then."

Victoria knew she should be mortified. This talk of plugging someone was new and decidedly wicked, but she couldn't bring herself to object. This was her fantasy come true and then some.

Warm liquid slid down her crack and she pressed forward as David gently massaged it into her rear. The sensation was odd, though not unpleasant. She closed her eyes and willed her body to relax. As Hunt continued with slow thrusts, David entered her from the rear with one thick digit. That was all it took to push her over the edge. Her body tightened around both men as she screamed her pleasure, the rippling waves sending shudders through her body and she dimly thought they would never cease.

Limp, she felt both men pull away and she was aware that Hunt was still hard as a rock. Big hands turned her around until she sat on Hunt's lap facing David. Looking down, she then realized what the notch in the chair was for. One man could take a woman from behind while the other fucked her cunt. Ingenious...

Hunt's cock filled her from behind as David moved forward. He ran his fingers over her breasts before taking a nipple into his mouth. He suckled one, then the other as she squirmed beneath Hunt's slow, inexorably driving cock.

David released her mouth then pressed his cock against her mound. Mimicking his brother's movements, Victoria lost her breath as the twin pressures of the men

threatened to send her over the edge. Four pairs of hands squeezed her breasts and stroked her back and stomach. Her entire body had turned into a ravenous sexual organ that knew no beginning or end. She existed simply to be filled and completed.

Behind her, she felt Hunt stiffen, his grip tightening on her waist as his hot seed spurted into her hungry vagina. It was enough to send her over the edge as well. As her shudders subsided, she rested against Hunt, her eyes half-closed. She stirred only when the men lifted her, removing Hunt's magnificent spent cock from her body. Hunt spread his legs and she felt the hard edge of the chair beneath her buttocks.

She forced open her eyes as David spread her thighs wide, bringing her knees up to her shoulders, pinning them there with his arms as his big hands held onto the edges of the broad seat. As he entered her, she arched her back, digging her shoulders into Hunt as David's hips set a mesmerizing pace.

Hunt's hands stroked and played with her nipples as he urged his brother on.

"Come on, David, fuck that cunt."

"I want to see her come for you."

"Yeah...just like that... she likes that..."

Victoria screamed her pleasure, once, then again as David continued his sensual assault on her body. She'd lost complete sense of self as they took her again and again, tossing her body over the edge of ecstasy.

David came hard, his hips hammering hers as he groaned. His movements slowed and he came to rest against her, his head on her shoulder. Victoria leaned her head back against Hunt and closed her eyes. Against her back she could feel his heartbeat and against her left breast, David's.

* * * * *

"Mmm." Victoria stirred when Hunt climbed into their bed after seeing his twin off.
"I like your brother."

He chuckled. "I'll bet you do." He pulled down the sheets, baring her to his gaze. He ran his hand down her stomach, enjoying the way she moved beneath his touch. "Are you sore?"

"No." Her dark gaze met his through narrow eyes. "What did you have in mind?"

His hand came to rest on her mons. "Can you take me again?"

"Do you even have to ask?" She opened to him. "Come inside."

He entered her slowly, her flesh damp and slick. She smelled of sex and pool water. After their interlude in the living room, they'd all climbed in the heated pool to swim and play in the soft rain. Later they'd come upstairs and curled together in his bed. After David had drifted off to sleep, he and Victoria had snuck away for a quickie in the playroom before returning in time for David to wake up and take his leave.

"Mmm," she arched her hips. "After all our activity, I'm surprised you want me again."

"How could I not want you?" He didn't tell her it was the scorching kiss his brother had given her before he'd left. In the past, he and his brother had shared many women, but never one like Victoria. For the first time in his life, he'd been jealous of his brother as he watched him kiss Victoria good-bye. He didn't want her going to sleep with David's taste on her mouth or with David having given her the final orgasm of the night.

"Because you're tired? Because you've had me three times already?" She wrapped her legs around his waist. "That feels heavenly."

He settled into a slow thrust, his mouth teasing hers as they took their time climbing the slope. When they crested, their cries mingled and their bodies strained.

Hunt rolled to his side, careful to stay embedded in her flesh. In the morning, he'd talk to her about continuing their relationship, but for now he just wanted to enjoy the feel of her sleeping in his arms.

Tomorrow would come soon enough.

Chapter Seven

Victoria's shoulders sagged as she glanced at the Caller ID box attached to the phone. Recognizing the number of an old friend, she walked away, thankful when her voice mail picked up and the apartment fell silent.

She'd left Hunt's house over thirty-six hours ago and he'd made no attempt to contact her. No calls. No emails.

Nothing.

Life was back to normal. She'd returned to work, attended her meetings, dealt with the usual raft of issues that cropped up in the busy office. She'd had lunch in her office in order to catch up. She'd nailed a contract worth tens of thousands of dollars that she'd been working on for the past few weeks. She should have been ecstatic.

Never had normal looked so dull.

She picked up her glass of wine and strolled to the window. Below her, the verdant green of Central Park was hidden by nightfall. Lights glittered in the buildings bordering the park and the sky was clear, flecked with the few stars that could penetrate the light pollution of the city. At Hunt's home, the stars would be magnificent.

She shook her head.

Regardless of how the sky looked there, she was here where she belonged. She walked to the couch and plopped down, stretching her legs in front of her, heels on the coffee table.

Besides, Hunt had never said that he actually wanted a relationship with her. He'd wanted to master her and she'd wanted him... No, asked him to show her more of his world.

"Now, Victoria." His voice was a liquid caress and she felt the tip of his cock press against the entrance of her sex. "What do you want me to do?"

"Enter me," she whispered.

"Master," he prompted.

"Enter me, Master."

She shivered at the thought of his broad, warm hands on her body. Her breasts ached. All too quickly she'd become accustomed to frequent, satisfying sex and her body mourned its loss. Oh well, she still had her collection of vibrators.

It isn't the sex you miss. It's him.

Her gusty sigh sounded abnormally loud. Damn, she hated it when her subconscious talked back. She did miss him, and it wasn't just the sex. His astute mind and quick wit had attracted her long before she'd gotten her first taste of his delicious body. He'd mastered her within minutes of touching her and he'd shown her more care and attention than all of her haphazard relationships combined.

She was in love with him.

Victoria sank further into the leather cushions. Okay, so she was in love with him. Big deal. That and fifty cents wouldn't get her a cup of coffee. Hunt had made no mention of his feelings or lack thereof toward her. Of course, she hadn't asked either.

Too afraid of being rejected?

Possibly.

Probably.

Most definitely.

Brad's rejection had hurt; there was no doubt about that. They'd been in a relationship for almost two years when he'd walked away without even a backward glance. He'd said he loved her, but he'd walked away in the end. At least when she and Hunt parted, he hadn't been a hypocrite.

Of course, the question now was, what did she do?

She knew when she'd gotten into this that she'd have to see him again. He was a client and there was no getting around that reality. His account was sizable, though it was no longer imperative to OSD's future. But she still didn't want to lose it. Maybe he'd agree to her shifting the account to Molly's plate. She was a pleasant accommodating woman who was very popular with the male clients –

And very beautiful...

A spurt of jealousy lanced her heart.

No, Molly wouldn't do at all.

Mentally she ran through the list of her employees only to come up empty. They were all excellent at what they did or she'd never have hired them. But none of them were suitable for handling Hunt's account.

Quit lying to yourself. You don't want to give up the account at all. You'd miss your only opportunity to see him, smell him, touch him, even if it's only to shake his hand.

Damn the voice of reason. She tossed her wine back and slapped the glass down. A relationship between her and Hunt was impossible, period. Get over it and move on, Victoria.

She reached for the remote and turned on the television, hoping to drown the voices of her heart that dared contradict her mind.

"Hey, William."

Hunt tucked the small box into his pocket and tamped his irritation as he turned to greet Victoria's youngest brother.

"Jimmy, good to see you again." The young man bore an uncanny resemblance to his sister. They had the same brown hair and eyes, though Victoria's was more golden than her brother's. Even the shape of their faces was similar.

"Are you here for a meeting with Vic?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact, I am." *Not that she knows it...*

"I'll walk you up. I need to drop off some papers to Molly." The men fell into step as they headed for the elevators. "Have you met Molly yet?"

"No, I can't say that I have."

"She is *hot*. I mean, really hot. I've been wanting to ask her out for the longest time."

Hunt stifled a grin. He could remember being only twenty-five and the biggest challenge of his life was asking out the right girl. He patted his pocket, feeling the lump of the box against his thigh. Come to think of it, he could relate right now.

"So are you going to ask her out?"

"Yep. Her favorite band is coming to town and I have tickets. How can she resist?"

Indeed.

The doors opened with a soft whoosh and they stepped out onto the administrative level. Jimmy led him toward Victoria's office. Her assistant looked up with a bright smile on her face that was quickly replaced with a look of confusion. She reached for her date book.

"Hey, Kelley. Mr. Hunter has an appointment with Victoria and I'll just walk him in," Jimmy said cheerfully.

"But... wait..." Kelley spluttered.

Jimmy ignored her, opened Victoria's door and just walked in. "Molly, fancy seeing you here."

"Jimmy, what do you-"

Her voice trailed off as Hunt entered. He inhaled the scent of her perfume as his gaze drank him in. She sat at her desk, her hair confined in a neat twist and her suit jacket carelessly tossed over the back of her chair. Her startled expression quickly smoothed into a cool, professional façade. Next to her sat a perky blonde with a pair of glasses perched on her nose.

"Mr. Hunter, what an unexpected surprise." She rose from her seat and started toward him.

"Ms. Brittain." Hunt took her hand and thwarted her attempt to shake by kissing her knuckles. The scent of lavender hand cream sent a shiver of arousal through his system. "You look beautiful this morning."

A soft flush colored her cheeks and she pulled her hand away. "Molly, if you could please excuse us. I need to meet with Mr. Hunter for a few minutes."

"Sure, Ms. Brittain." The perky blonde popped to her feet and gathered her planner and cup of coffee. "I'll be at my desk. Just call when you're ready to continue."

Hunt didn't miss her speculative glance as she left with an adoring Jimmy hot on her heels. He'd bet next week's receipts that no one in their office had ever seen the dragon-lady blush before.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Hunter?" Victoria sat at her desk and began pushing papers around. If he didn't know better, he'd think she was nervous.

"So tell me, Victoria. Are you wearing panties?" He sat on the edge of her desk, deliberately crowding her.

She leaned back in her chair, whether to put some space between them or to enable her to meet his gaze, he wasn't sure. "I don't see how that's any of your business now."

"You and I have unfinished business. No, we *are* unfinished business." He crossed his arms over his chest. "You left before we could discuss our future."

"We have a business relationship-"

"Bullshit."

She ignored him. "And we have to carry forward with it. If you wish, I can have your account transferred-"

"How can you sit there as if nothing happened between us?" He grabbed her arm and hauled her out of her chair. Startled, she was thrown off balance and had to lean into him to remain upright. Her palm scorched his chest. "I had my face in your pussy, you had my cock in your mouth and you came apart in my arms so many times that I lost count. Don't sit there and tell me you feel nothing for me."

"I never said that," she snapped.

"Well, then, what's the problem?"

"I-I-I"

He saw the yearning in her eyes. "And don't lie to me."

"I want you," she whispered.

A rush of primal satisfaction ran through him. He knew she wanted him; she just had to admit out loud. She would never be able to accept a relationship with him unless she came to him of her own free will. Of course he was going to do everything in his power to give her a guiding hand.

"You have me." He reached for the pins in her hair and began pulling them out, allowing the silky mass to tumble about her shoulders. "Now what?"

"We have a working relationship--"

"You're fired." He nipped her throat and inhaled the scent of warm woman, his woman.

"You can't just fire me..." she spluttered.

"Fine, you're rehired." He unbuttoned the top buttons of her shirt and nuzzled her lace-covered breasts. "If you try to use our professional relationship as an excuse to keep from being involved with me, I'll fire you again."

"Ahhh."

She gasped as he plucked at her nipple. His gaze zeroed in on her face as her eyes went smoky with desire. He removed her shirt and bra, then tossed both on the floor. "I have a gift for you."

She blinked and raised her head. "You do?"

He removed the box from his pocket and opened it to reveal a gold chain with a loop on each end. He handed her the box, then teased her nipples with his fingers until they were rosy and erect. Taking one loop, he slid it over her nipple, tightening until it

was secure. Repeating the procedure, he attached the other end until the gold chain hung suspended from her nipples.

"You have the most beautiful breasts I've ever seen. And now that you're wearing my gold, I'm telling the world that you're mine."

Victoria laughed and the chain jiggled. "Most women receive a ring."

"You'd wear a clit ring for me? Honey." He gave her a noisy kiss. "I didn't know you cared that much."

"Ugh, no piercings unless you're going to get a matching cock ornament." She tangled her fingers in his hair.

Inwardly he cringed. "Okay, scratch that idea." He grabbed her waist and swung her around until she was seated on the desk. Pressing her thighs apart, he snuggled his arousal against her mound. "Shall we christen your desk?"

"We've already done that."

"Mmm, but you weren't actually on the desk that time." He slid his hands up her thighs, skimming her firm flesh. "The panties have to go."

Her eyes gleamed with amusement and lust as she shimmied her hips and he slid them off. "While I do have an appreciation for ivory silk, I don't think they'll be needed now." He wadded them and shoved them into his pocket.

"And we won't be needing this anymore." Her nimble fingers attacked his buttons.

"If you insist." He chuckled, his breath caught in mid-gasp she tweaked his nipple. He unbuttoned his pants and allowed his cock to spring free. "Are you ready for this?" He rocked his hips, pressing his rigid member against the notch of her thighs.

"More than ever."

His breath caught as her slim fingers encircled him. In her gentle grasp, she guided his head to her dewy entrance. They stood close, their bodies bathed in combined heat as he entered her. His breathing became labored and he fought for control as her tight passage closed around him, drawing him in. He remained still, fighting for control.

"Hunt," she whispered. "I need you now."

He pushed in a fraction more, the feel of her tight cunt threatened to steal his breath away. Flexing his hips, he began moving within her. Slowly at first, then, at her exuberant urging, with a deeper thrust. Dimly he was aware of items hitting the floor from the top of her desk, but he couldn't care less. As long as no one tried to take this luscious woman from his arms and from around his cock, he didn't care if the building was in danger of coming down.

Capturing a nipple between his teeth, he leisurely sucked her tight flesh, eliciting a shriek from Victoria. As long as she wore her chain, her nipples would be overly sensitive to even the slightest touch. He groaned as her nails scored his skin as she came, sending him over the edge after her.

Later they collapsed in a tangled heap on the couch, their breathing ragged.

"Are you ready to leave work for the day?" He nuzzled her temple. "I think I'd like to take you home and dress you in a latex outfit I bought with you in mind."

"Latex?" she grinned. "Why not leather?"

"Latex and a bottle of oil can be a lot of fun."

"Sounds enticing." Victoria gave a throaty laugh as she dragged her nails across his chest. "Of course, I have a much more important question that we need to address. When do I get to tie you up?"

A rush of lust ran through Hunt and his cock gave a mighty twitch. He glanced at his Rolex. "How fast can we get out of here?"

About the Author

Dominique Adair is the pen name of award-winning novelist J.C. Wilder. Adair/Wilder (she chooses her name according to her mood—if she's feeling sassy and brazen, it's Adair; if she's feeling dark and dangerous, it's Wilder) lives just outside Columbus, OH, where she skulks around town plotting her next book and contemplating where to hide the bodies (from her books of course—everyone knows you can't really hide a body as they always pop up at the worst times).

The author 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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