

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

Me and
Mr. Jones
Cerise
Deland

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

Me and Mr. Jones

Cerise DeLand

What woman wouldn't crave an annual erotic, exotic rendezvous? With a demanding lover who's proven he's as scintillating and devoted in bed as out?

Corin Campbell tears open the instructions for her yearly tryst with her insatiable Mr. Jones, eager to experience what heart-pounding excitements he's created for them this year in Paris. Corin knows the Chinese love balls, her leather outfit, the masseur, the caviar and the five exhibitionists are only the prelude to hours of intoxicating delight in Jones' arms. What can he teach her this year about the enduring charm of his loving and the delights only he can summon?

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Me and Mr. Jones

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ME AND MR. JONES

Cerise DeLand

Dedication

To the supremely talented artists at Ellora's Cave, who ensure that each piece of fiction is complemented by beautiful, sensuous art evocative of desire and love. Thank you.

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Ben Wa: Ben Wa Novelty Corporation

Chapter One

Corin stood in the stalled Immigration line at Charles DeGaulle Airport with an impatience that bubbled like champagne in her stomach. Sure, she had jet lag. Who wouldn't after six hours on a plane from New York? In a cramped seat in the back hugging the stewardesses's food stations, she'd barely slept. Couldn't eat. Plus, she was certain she looked like hell.

Bleary-eyed. Little makeup. Jeans. Black turtleneck. How much worse could she look as she entered the City of Light and Love for her annual rendezvous with her longtime lover?

Okay! Enough. She pressed a hand to her thumping heart. *Calm down. You know he has a stunning new erotic surprise in the works. He always does. Every year. For six years running.* Though this year their weekend was oddly early and she had no idea why.

She shifted from one foot to the other, telling herself to cast off her worries about the change in date. But as she did, she felt the weight of the first surprise Mr. Jones had sent her for this year's erotic weekend. And she grinned to herself.

Wear these, he had written in his blunt script on the thick vellum note delivered two days ago to her office by special courier. *Push them up inside your pussy before you leave for the plane. Seat them fully in your juicy cunt and imagine how I will dream of you dreaming of me as they roll inside you for hours of anticipation.*

"And they certainly do their job," she said to herself, giving a little shudder of delight as the Chinese love balls massaged the inside of her aroused channel. Her eyes drifted closed, a picture of the man she was soon to meet filling her mind. His ash-blond hair curling around his nape. His mouth, a hard slash of expression except when he took her in his arms. His body, toned and tan at forty, despite the way he worked too much and traveled too often. But when they met on these rendezvous, he was all hers.

For hours. Days, if he could steal them from his grueling schedule. And she had never had a lover like him. Not as devoted. Not as inventive. Never so totally hers. Her Mr. Jones.

"Passport!" the immigration clerk barked and motioned her forward.

Corin stepped to the counter and plunked down the document.

"Intention of your visit?" the clerk demanded in English deliciously tinged with her native French.

Seduction. "Tourist," she told the woman, though she had lived in Paris as a teenager for two years with her mother and knew the city very well.

"Length of stay?"

"Just the weekend." *It's all I can afford. There are so many responsibilities to go home to. Plus, it's a miracle I even caught the plane in that snowstorm!*

"Oui." The official stamped her passport and waved her onward.

Taking the hall at a brisk pace, Corin moaned at the friction of the Ben Wa balls as she hastened into the terminal. She shrugged out of her wool coat, loving the bright airy hall of the International Arrivals filled with every imaginable type of shop. You could buy chocolate from Vienna, diamonds from Amsterdam, leather from Tuscany or a designer dress, fitted on the spot by a Parisian-trained *modiste*. On the plane, Corin had considered buying a set of exquisite French lingerie for her encounter with Mr. Jones. But she needed no such goodies. She never wore bra or panties on these weekends.

"Why bother?" she said to herself and surreptitiously ran a hand over one of her hardening nipples. She shivered in delight.

"Get a coffee," she told herself as she spied a café. She'd have to wait for her luggage to come up on the carousel and French coffee, even at the airport, always made her taste buds swoon.

Mr. Jones knew that. He knew so many of her secrets. Secrets she had told no other man. And over the years, she'd had so very many. Men who admired her for her figure.

Big breasts and a small ass appealed to the savage in males of all ages. In art school, men—classmates and instructors—wanted her for her laughter and her sass. They thought perhaps her *outré* vision of the world might rub off on them. Later, in her first few jobs, men valued her initially for her *avant garde* approach to location research and set design. Then when she satisfied producers and brought in bigger bucks, those men thought they'd be able to up the ante by taking her to bed. But they were so practical. Missionaries of the mundane. Flat on her back, legs spread wide, fucked quickly and none too deeply, to say nothing of their general lack of imagination.

She beamed at the waiter and ordered her coffee. She would sit, enjoy the balls and let the glories of the caffeine perk her energies for the taxi ride to...wherever she was going. She dug inside her large purse and extracted the set of envelopes with her instructions. This year, Mr. Jones had sent six handwritten notes. The most he'd ever sent. Last year, he had sent five. Five notes for the fifth year. Six, this year. She pursed her lips in thought. What could they say? Something new, different. Unique was the only rule Jones declared for these rendezvous. She had brought her own interesting surprise for him this year in her luggage.

"Would you care for a croissant, *mademoiselle*? A pastry?" the young, dark-haired waiter drew her from her reverie. His dark chocolate Gallic eyes held hers for much too long and she reveled in his interest. *Still able to attract a man at thirty-five, Corin.* It's the glossy straight black hair, she told herself. *The breasts too,* she thought for a stunning moment, and let her arm brush her nipple as she said to him, "*Merci, no.* I have breakfast ordered for me when I arrive in the city." A different menu every time.

"Does he know what you like?" the waiter asked in such a low tone that she could not miss his racy innuendo.

She threw back her head to laugh. *How do Frenchmen know when a woman is ripe for being seduced?* Could this charming young man smell her pussy? Her cream on her jeans? His eyes strayed to her nipples so he must understand her state of absolute

readiness for a lover. "I assure you," she told this devilish creature who years ago she might have considered trying out for a brief bout of good sex, "he does."

"A fortunate man!" He inclined his head and backed away, charmingly retiring from his quest.

Drinking her *café au lait*, she drummed her fingers atop the stack of five envelopes.

The first one was gone. She had opened and discarded it in her office. Shocked that they were meeting two weeks earlier this year, she let that die in the euphoria of seeing that the envelope contained a round-trip plane ticket to Paris. This next note beneath her nails, marked *Number Two* in the left upper corner, said merely, *The Taxi*. She bit her lower lip. Took another sip of her drink. Probably instructions to a hotel. She shifted, her Chinese *accoutrement* making her close her eyes and press her arms to her breasts to push them forward. Her diamond-hard nipples rubbed against the counter's edge and she fastened her gaze on the young waiter, watching him lick his lower lip as she pleased herself against the cool marble. *Christ*. She'd better go get her suitcase before she came right here in front of him and had him servicing her out of dire and misplaced need!

She placed two Euros under her saucer and emptied her cup. Grabbing up her envelopes and stuffing them back in her large purse, she got to her feet and swayed in delicious abandon. Then, as much in service to the excitement of the balls as to the darling young Frenchman whom she really had no desire on earth to screw, she sailed past him and cooed, "*Merci, beau coup, Monsieur*. I will return for another cup when I am on my way home. *Au revoir*."

She would not flirt with him then, though. She knew it. She would be so sated—so exhausted—she would have no mind or heart for him. After days of fulfillment with Mr. Jones, she would not countenance any other man. She hadn't since she'd met him and fallen instantly and madly for him over six years ago. He was perfection out of bed and in it too. Sucking her nipples to painfully aching points. Licking her clit to swollen, pounding joy. Filling her pussy and fucking her sweetly senseless.

Eager now, nearly wild with animal heat, she ran for the baggage claim. Darting round a corner, she saw the blinking sign that her flight's luggage was arriving and traveling down the belts. Spotting her bag, she picked it up and headed for the exit where the taxis lined up outside.

Paris in mid-January was always gray. Through the glass wall, she could see that this morning was no exception. Yet the temperature on the marquee declared it was the equivalent of fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Definitely warmer than New York! Forgoing her coat, she stepped to the curb where only two others waited for a cab. Within seconds, she was bundled into the back of one as the driver asked for her destination.

Raising her hand, she said, "*Un moment, s'il vous plait.*" Then she dug inside her purse for envelope *Number Two* and tore it open. On the dove-gray vellum were her directions. "Boulevard Saint-Germaine," she told him, giving him the number of the establishment. He nodded and took off.

But she had no idea what hotel this was so she asked him.

"I do not think it is a hotel, *Mademoiselle.*"

"*Non?*" she asked, curious about her destination on the famous street on the Left Bank. "A lot of shops there, *oui?*"

"*Oui, Mademoiselle. Très chic.*"

Was Mr. Jones dressing her for some grand occasion? Some mysterious event? She settled back, cupped her breasts, thinking the driver could not see her as she slowly sent her fingers up inside her turtleneck and caressed her aching breasts. Her thighs pressed together and the Ben Wa balls gave her more reason to bite her lower lip and wish for Jones' hands and lips on her.

God, darling, how can I wait longer for you than I already have? I'm soaked and musky, even before I can claim this opportunity to pinch my nipples and wish you were here.

Three times during the forty-five-minute ride to the center of Paris she had to stop touching herself for fear of coming in the damn cab. And the rule between her and Mr.

Jones was that, no matter the temptation, neither of them must enjoy completion before they met and had fulfillment from each other.

"Mademoiselle, here you are." The taxi driver bent over to point up at the shop at the address she'd given him.

Jardin le Fleur. Garden of the Flower. Corin grinned at the image, wondering precisely what it might imply beyond the fragrance and feel of petals, leaves and thorns. Then she paid the man. As she got out to stand on the sidewalk, she admired the storefront. Before her was a jewelers' glass half window filled with exotic jewelry from around the world, beautiful perfume jars of all origins swathed in chiffons, satins and laces of whites, ecrus and pinks. Confused but intrigued, she opened the heavy door etched in translucent Lalique lilies and strode to the reception desk.

"*Bonjour, Mademoiselle,*" she greeted the young woman. She was, like so many in these boutiques, thin as a reed, discreetly but completely made up and attired in a tiny black dress. "*Je suis Corin —*"

"*Oui, Mademoiselle,*" the receptionist interrupted her politely in English. "We are expecting you. We use no names here, except when the appointment is made."

"Wonderful," Corin responded, praising Jones for his planning and dismissing the niggling doubt aroused by this year's change of their rendezvous date.

"If you will allow me to take your luggage, I'll keep it here and you can be so kind as to follow me up the stairs."

Corin turned to follow the woman. Beyond the foyer to the left rose a circular staircase in ebony and gold probably original to this grand Belle Epoch building of the late eighteen hundreds. As a set decorator and site researcher for producers of film and television, she prized dramatic buildings such as this one. It appealed to her artist's sense of history, accuracy and panache.

Corin took the stairs with relish. Given her sexual excitement in the cab, she ascended the staircase quickly, the ever-stimulating balls inside her throbbing core. At the landing, the young woman opened a large wooden door and motioned Corin inside.

There, in a sparkling room of white marble floors and lavish vermillion and gold French Regency furnishings, she followed the receptionist to a large reclining couch of ecru brocade.

"Please, *Mademoiselle*, do rest."

Ragged from the flight, horny to the point of cursing and needing a bath and a shampoo, Corin began to object.

But her hostess would hear nothing of it. "You will have all that you need, *Mademoiselle*. A bath. A shampoo. A massage and depilation. Manicure and pedicure, if you desire. But first you must feast your eyes on your gentleman's selections for you. And then you may make your choice of one."

Corin bristled deliciously with anticipation. "My choice?"

"*Oui, Mademoiselle*. I am instructed to tell you to read envelope Number Three and then to allow me to prepare you for your choice."

Envelope Number Three. Corin reached into her purse and found it, then ripped it open. "*Choose one of these three. The one that strikes you instinctively is the one you must have. Then permit them to pamper you. I am eager to view your selection, ma cherie.*"

She took to the couch, her pose bolstered by sumptuous pillows that made her feel drowsy and decadent. The assistant walked to the far corner and opened a broad set of double doors. But as they opened, Corin sat bolt upright.

As if she were in the front row of a designer's catwalk viewing a season's debut, she watched three women appear at the far end of the room. Then one lithe woman after another strode directly toward her, pirouetted three times each, to show Corin all aspects of what she was being offered.

Each model was stunning, raven-haired and sleekly muscled. Each one bore a striking resemblance to her own heart-shaped face, her cats' eyes, her full breasts, her slim hips and long legs. Each woman was also nearly naked.

She was to choose a woman?

Chapter Two

Corin panicked. Why had Jones decided she should choose a woman? He knew her preference was for men. Him. Only him. Was he giving her a message with this selection that he wished variety? Perhaps another woman to share their weekend?

She must have voiced some of her concern, because the receptionist responded to her question.

"No, no, *Mademoiselle*." The receptionist was red-faced and flustered. "You are to choose a design."

Ah. Corin sat back, relieved as hell that Mr. Jones was not suggesting that, after so many years of having him to herself, she would now share him. That she would never do. He was hers. Totally.

She tipped her head, focusing now on the choices arrayed before her.

Each model was indeed naked except for the black leather each wore in novel designs. She had to admit, the very sight of their unabashed naked beauty made her yearn for Jones to be there with her, to put his hands on her and pet her pussy until she came in his hands.

Focus!

Corin cleared her throat and smiled at each woman in turn.

The first wore a pair of straps across her breasts, bandolier style. Each strap was a mere inch in width and strategically covered her nipples. Anchored low on her hips, the straps were stitched to ribbons of leather that circled each of her trim thighs. Her pussy was totally bare, her mound pale with the hint of pink on the folds, teasing Corin to wish she might part the woman's lips and peek inside.

The next model wore her leather beneath her breasts. Her cup size was larger, her breasts certainly heavier. Her nipples, supported as they were by the leather around her ribcage, stood out. Yes, they pouted. Appealing to Corin's voyeuristic instincts, the young woman's nipples were red, as if she had bitten them before appearing on the runway.

Corin rubbed her thighs together. The fabric of her jeans became thoroughly drenched in her own creamy appreciation of the woman's attributes. Still, her eyes drifted down to the model's mound. Covered in a leather codpiece, her pussy resembled a plump apple. The codpiece, so reminiscent of Renaissance male pride of their cock, had Corin marveling at the tailoring to keep the codpiece on by one small strap around the waist descending between her buttocks, thong style.

The third model appeared in a garment that made her most intimidating. Her breasts were encased in a stiff pointed bra of leather. Her hips were covered, waist to the tops of her legs, in a tight pair of pants. But the crotch was cut out, her thick labia puffing over the edges of the tight leather like an engorged pale flower. And on her long lean legs, she wore thigh-high boots, the heels six inches tall and thin as a pencil. How she strutted in those stilettos, Corin would never know.

"Do any of these appeal to you, Mademoiselle?" the receptionist asked her.

"*Oui*, they all do." *But which to choose? Any why?* "May I have a few minutes to consider my choice?"

"But of course. Would you like to begin your bath while you think it over?"

"I would." She rose from her couch. "Has my breakfast been arranged as well?"

"It has. Would you like it now?"

"Coffee first. Or tea. Whatever has been ordered for me to drink. Then I will eat in my bath. If I may."

"You may, *Mademoiselle*. How and what you take is your pleasure. Do come with me."

She led the way to another room. Dimmed, with the sounds of water rippling in brook, the room held an atmosphere of a spa. Warm, comforting, the air invited nudity. Corin immediately shed her clothes, handing them to the young woman to be laundered. If she was surprised that Corin wore no lingerie beneath, she said nothing, but her eyes flowed over Corin's nude body with a twist of envy.

"In this room is the bath, perfumed with roses. Remain as long as you wish. The water will automatically remain at the chosen temperature."

"Chosen by —"

"Your gentleman, *Mademoiselle*."

Corin nodded. *He thinks of every detail.* "And where will I have my massage?"

"In the room beyond." The young woman gestured toward one doorway.

"A masseuse?" *A woman?*

"Or a masseur. Would you wish to choose among our staff?"

Corin's nipples beaded, and the young woman noticed in her peripheral vision, though she did not do more than nod. "Yes, I would. How many...choices do I have?"

"Three. All very experienced in the arts of relaxation."

"I'm certain." Corin smiled and spun, ready to plunge her sexually aroused body into the huge bath. "I will see them now."

"As you wish."

As the woman turned for a set of doors, Corin had the impulse to submerge herself in her bath before they arrived. Mr. Jones loved her body and encouraged her to display it whenever she wished, but so far, he had allowed her to be naked only for him. Modesty with him on these rendezvous weekends was never necessary. Why should it be here in this sanctuary? Yet the doubt that this weekend experience was different and that he wanted her to be free to exhibit her body nagged at her. Why should she hide what one of these men would soon see and touch? She wouldn't. She followed the young woman into the other room, determined to have all that she wanted.

There, standing at ease, were three marvelous males. Attired in only in black leather briefs that hugged their cocks and balls, each man wore a pair of chaps of the same supple leather. Each was handsome, tan and ripped, with heavy thighs. One blond and buff. One the boy-next-door type with soft brown hair and come-kiss-me-baby face. The third was a dark hulking creature. Her sopping-wet pussy gushed even more in appreciation of his looks.

"The last," she whispered to her hostess. "I wish him."

Corin spun away, knowing as she turned, she left the three men with a view of her toned ass. If they had been told how she wore Chinese love balls or if they could smell her arousal or see how her cream now dripped down her thighs, she dared not stop to dwell on it. If she did, she would come. Come like a banshee. *And you must save yourself, Corin. Mr. Jones would not be pleased if you spent your juicy welcome on anyone but him.*

The bath was a delight. A torment!

While the massage? And the masseur? The raven-haired dangerous type whom she always had favored before she met Mr. Jones?

Ah, well. He was talented with his steely fingers. Kneading her tired muscles, he invaded her mind with his ability to soothe her. He was deft too. Beginning with her scalp, he rid her of her jet-induced fatigue. Took her cares away as he relieved her neck of stiff anxiety. He moved to her shoulders, where he whisked away the cramps from the past few weeks of prep for the new TV series and endless holiday parties. But beneath her breasts, he stroked her ribs and brushed, ever so barely, the undersides of her flesh. He pushed her nipples together, and when he asked her for permission to do more, he thumbed her areolas and made her cry out. Quickly, expertly, his hands slid to her knees to bend them to her chest. Her wet cunt open to the cool air and his view, she watched his eyes flare wide as he noted how the ribbon to her balls lined her slit. She saw him smile, his onyx eyes gazing into hers in appreciation for her delightful torture. She grinned back at him and opened her legs wider, inviting him to massage away the

tension in her inner thighs. She shivered as he grabbed a breath, taking in the fragrance of her musk and the sight of her plump pink pussy. At once, he rolled her over. Temptation could be denied only so long.

She whimpered as he caressed her calves and her feet. "Thank you, Monsieur." She dismissed him. "I will have my breakfast now."

The meal was a buffet of all the delicacies of Paris. A crisp baguette, newly churned butter and orange marmalade. Grilled anchovies, fresh from the sea, she was sure. Lemon slices to suck. Hot tea of chamomile to calm her raging need to meet her man soon and have him make love to her.

Within two more hours, she had taken a tiny nap upon a comfy chaise longue. She had enjoyed the services of another handsome male who gave her a warm wax depilation. He denuded her of all hair along her arms, under them and along her upper thighs and legs. But she had instructed him to leave her a trimmed little bush. A little heart shape appealed to her whimsy today, because it led the eye directly to her cream-covered seam. She could tell the young man appreciated his own skills by the gentle way he slathered his warm rose-scented moisturizer over her heavy labia. As he finished, he was high and very hard beneath his leather pants. And she could barely keep her mind off her needy pussy, as she had a shampoo and blow-dry of her straight waist-length hair, then a manicure and pedicure.

As she admired her pale pink nails and toes, Corin announced to her hostess which of the leather designs she would take with her. "I'm ready now. You may bring me my clothes."

But the young woman had a surprise for her.

"Now that you have chosen your leather, *Mademoiselle*, you must open the fourth envelope in your possession."

"Very well." She sat gazing at the words and grinned. Her pussy throbbed with ravenous delight at the instruction.

"Don the leather. Now, ma chérie."

Once more securely in a taxi, Corin pulled out the fifth note to learn her destination.

Her heart leapt in her throat at the name of the hotel. It was more than a century old, standing majestically over the Boulevard Raspail on the Left Bank and only a few blocks away. One of the most famous Art Deco hotels in Paris, this one bore all the elements of that period's severe architecture, interior design and furnishings, which she had complained to Jones she'd never seen in person. And she wanted to. Last autumn, she had passed up the opportunity to work in this hotel for a period film set in Occupied World War II Paris. The producer was very disappointed she would not leave New York to come work with him. He had hired another but soon thereafter fired him. Corin had been tied to her work on a television movie in lower Manhattan that was over time and over budget. She always committed to one production at a time. One passion at a time. Just like she was committed to one man. Always.

She inhaled the air of Paris, clearing her mind of the regret she had refused the famous producer and remained in New York. Another movie, another time, she and he had promised each other. But she was here now. Enjoying this famous hotel for a decadent interlude with Mr. Jones. *Our sixth rendezvous.*

Her taxi driver had her at the elaborate iron-worked front door of the establishment within ten minutes. She strolled inside, the black and white marble tile, the heavy blood-red draperies and the gilt on the cornices thrilling her senses. She walked to reception. Nearly noon now, the day was too young to permit her to claim her room.

But when she told the desk clerk she was here to join Mr. Jones, he nodded politely as if he understood the nature of her appearance here. He must, she assumed, because he did not ask for her passport or any other identification, as most hotels did for security. Mr. Jones, Corin concluded once more, had done a marvelous job of preparing the receptionist staff for her arrival.

"Mademoiselle, s'il vous plait, please follow this gentleman to your room."

Grateful and eager as a cat now, she walked to the elevators and rode up in the gilded little cage to the designated floor. *Would Mr. Jones be here? Would she have to wait much longer to see him? Have him kiss her? Caress her? Tell her how he'd missed her?*

"*Mademoiselle?*" the bellboy drew her attention as the doors swished open. Then he led her down the corridor. At the end, he unlocked the door, deposited her luggage in a large closet to one side of the expansive foyer and led her to the sitting room. In the middle of the floor, he stopped short. She stood to one side of him, her nipples beading, her pussy swimming in fresh cream, her heart pounding.

"Is there anything else I may do for you, *Monsieur?*" he asked the man seated in the far corner in a large red velvet chair.

"No, thank you, you may leave," said the rakish blond creature, yet his green gaze absorbed only her.

Long delicious moments passed as the bellboy left and the man in the chair took in her appearance from the tips of her black suede knee-high boots to the long black river of her hair, her pouting mouth and her eyes.

"You stun me," he told her in that bass voice that rubbed her nipples raw with need each time he spoke so soft and low.

"As do you. Your instructions have been irritating, darling."

One side of his mouth drifted up. "Is that all?"

"Never all."

"Tell me, then." He threaded his fingers together, twiddling his thumbs. Self-satisfied bastard.

"Demanding." She took a step forward. "Exciting. Inventive."

"You were surprised?"

"I was."

He nodded, his ash-blond hair catching rays of the afternoon sun, his crisp white dress shirt brilliant in the lush décor of whites, black and regal red. "I am gratified."

“Would you care to be more gratified?”

In assent, the other side of his mouth hitched up. Here was her Mr. Jones with the grin that he wore only for her. The full appreciation of life that destroyed the stern-faced businessman and brought forth her lover. *Corin's Lover*, he called himself on these rendezvous when he did not refer to himself as simply Jones.

She spun in a three-sixty to view their surroundings. The sitting room was sumptuous, even more so than the spa she'd left minutes before. The bedroom, she could see at one side, lay beyond. And the edge of a huge mattress beckoned. But she knew she could not, would not spoil their fun by running in and throwing herself on it. Mr. Jones had worked so long to create this year's rendezvous, she couldn't simply tear her clothes off and beg him to fuck her. She would be a good girl, go along for the anticipation of fulfillment.

She strolled forward, a slow seductive roll of her hips, her pussy gushing in more cream at the sight of him. Her nipples hard with need at the mere hope he might soon lick her and suck her there. When she drew near him, she nudged his knees apart with one of her own and stood between his legs. Here she could inhale his citrusy cologne, the one he wore now always, the one she had had privately blended for him two summers ago when she went to Grasse in the south of France on a site research trip for a film that had failed to green light. The fragrance of the lime and cedar on his skin had her swallowing hard in need. Yet she did not touch him. Not yet.

“What would you like first?” she asked him, her voice failing her because her desire for him was so palpable. This was his weekend. His commands ordered the events. “Shall I open the last envelope?”

“That is for much later, *cherie*.”

“What, then?” She leaned over, drawing near to his wide slashing mouth and the temptation she always yearned to taste first and often. “Shall I kiss you?”

“Remove your street clothes,” he told her in a hush. How much longer must she wait to have him? Had he thought of her all night, all morning wearing the Chinese

balls, being bathed and pampered, stroked by the masseur and the other man who denuded her of hair? Was he mad to have her as she was him?

Her gaze dropped to the placket of his dark gray trousers. At the sight of his cock rigid beneath his zipper, she swallowed hard. Her nipples itched to be free of that damn turtleneck.

She moaned in objection and pushed away from him to stand where she could not touch him while she disrobed. Never had he made her wait so long to enjoy him. Assuming these rendezvous would continue for many more years and he kept prolonging their consummation longer and longer, she was certain she would die in ecstasy.

But that was tomorrow. This was today. She would make this good for him. For herself. She hooked her hands in the hem of her sweater and in one smooth stroke lifted it over her breasts and throat. She let it drop to the carpet. The cooler room air made her nipples bead in harder points. *If that is even possible.*

"Come close." He beckoned her with a wave of his fingers. His gaze focused on her naked breasts, constricted by the bands of leather. "I am intrigued you chose this design."

She shook back her hair, the strands tickling her spine as she laughed. "I imagine you had a terrific time previewing the entire collection."

"You conclude correctly," he said, sounding coolly objective as he examined how the leather thrust out her breasts at him.

Will you kiss them for me? Bite them? She swallowed hard. *Please.*

"Remove your jeans." His voice was a rasp.

She smiled and unhooked one button on her waistband, then let the material hang open. Her belly button showing, she put one hand on her hip and let him look his fill, smell her, need her.

His jaw grew taut. His green eyes narrowed. "Pull the zipper down."

Tooth by tooth, she painstakingly did as she was told.

"You smell like roses."

"It was a good choice," she whispered. "I like the fragrance."

"I know. I long to drink it from your skin."

She licked her lips.

"Remove your boots. The jeans. What bottoms did you choose, Corin? Let me see what I'm getting for the weekend."

His orders were so clipped, so urgent, she did not delay. In a few short moves, she stood close enough to feel his body heat. Near enough to note how he shifted in the chair. *Cock getting larger, darling?*

Oh. So. Good.

Suddenly, he put his palm to her leather-covered hips and drew her near. "The boots?" he asked, his voice ragged as he trailed his lips over the bare skin above her pubic bone.

Did he like how her swollen folds spilled out of the leather panties? Could he see how her juices coated her seam and ran down to her inner thighs? She pushed away. "In my suitcase."

"Put them on."

She strode to her luggage, bent over, back to him, her bare labia up in the air for him to view. She extracted the boots and as nimble as a dancer put one boot on, then the other. She whirled to face him and tossed her long hair over her shoulders, the better for him to admire her nipples, so painfully hard now.

His green eyes dimmed. His jaw flexed. His hands fisted. "Come here."

In two steps, she swayed forward and dug her nails in his shoulder. "God! Darling! I can't wait any longer!" she demanded of him.

He rose, brought her flush against him and cupped her chin. "I adore you."

"I know." She met his determined gaze with her own.

Then he took her hand and led her into the bedroom.

And there in the large room stood three men and two women. All nude. All beautifully appealing. Svelte, hard, fit. The men rivaled Jones in brawn and handsomeness. They were tall, enormous, most definitely body builders. With carved chests, sculpted biceps, trim waists and hips and below, black mesh G-strings around their balls and cocks. Inside the thin fabric, she could see how large their shafts were, as if they had pumped themselves up and banded their cocks to retain the bulk of their erections.

Corin swallowed in need. Then she examined the two women. One platinum, the other a redhead. One with pert breasts, the other with larger ones. Both with neatly trimmed pussy hair.

She balked. The memory rushed over her of how she had questioned the late timing of this year's rendezvous and her surprise at the appearance of the three female models at the spa.

He cupped her face, his verdant eyes examining her own. "What's the matter, darling?"

"I can't...don't want to—"

"Ah." He thumbed the arch of her cheek. "I'll allow no one else to have you."

She inhaled, relieved as hell.

"Come." Mr. Jones led her to a large chair, where he sat down, put her on his lap and said to the others, "Begin."

Chapter Three

Corin pressed her thighs together, the need to be filled by Jones' marvelous cock raging through her bloodstream. Her ass, flush against Jones' hips, tipped up and down. She squirmed, her moist pussy against his smooth wool trousers, ripe for him to satisfy her. But the five people before her began to move together as if they had choreographed their actions. She gulped, fascinated.

She felt her lover cup one breast and bend to flick her nipple with his tongue. "Sweetheart," she asked him, new to the idea of so many people together and naked, "why are they here? What are they doing?"

"They're for you to enjoy. Watch them."

She clamped one hand over his as he drew away. "Please touch me as we sit here. I'm dying to have you."

His green eyes smiled though he shook his head. Instead, he pinched her nipple and twisted it, then pulled away so fast it left her breathless. "After they are finished, I will fuck you."

Against all the rules of him being the aggressor on these weekends, she leaned toward him and kissed him tenderly. The touch of his lips had her crying out for more of him. Her pussy grinding down on his leg. Her rib cage in the tight leather straining as she took his mouth and gave him hers. His lips were hot wet steel. Just as they always were with her until he was inside her. He groaned, clutched her close around the waist and sent his tongue deep into her mouth. She grabbed his hair, the thick mass wending through her fingers. The feel of him, his curls, his tongue, his teeth, the essence she had longed for since seven years ago when she had first met him.

"There now," he consoled her as he pulled away. "I'll give you more in minutes. First, enjoy them."

Frowning at him, she nodded and settled back into his warm embrace. "They cannot make me want you more than I do."

But oh, she was wrong.

The women were the aggressors here, caressing the men with both their hands and their mouths. Corin felt her blood race, her head dizzy with the sight of the blonde nipping the skin of one man's marvelous biceps. The redhead sank to her knees between two of the men and caressed their mesh pouches, rolling their balls and cocks in her talented fingers and making the men grimace in delight.

"Tell them what you want them to do to the men, darling," Jones commanded.

She leaned forward, eager to see how deftly the redhead tongued one man's cock through the black mesh. Her pussy rubbed against Jones' thigh and she pushed herself up away from the temptation to seduce him.

He clamped his hands on her hips and pushed her down.

The force of it had her arching backward.

He buried his lips against her ear. "Tell them what you want, Corin."

"I want the women to remove the mesh. I want to see how large their cocks are!"

No sooner had she gotten the words out than both women snapped off the men's G-strings. And out spilled three glorious pairs of balls, as big as Corin's fist, and three engorged cocks, thick with the strain of their bound erections.

"God, they are beautiful. I want to suck them. *They* should, I mean."

The blonde smiled.

The redhead purred.

Both sank their ruby red lips over two men's cocks. The third man stroked himself, only to be serviced immediately by the blonde woman.

"Take the bands off," Corin moaned. "Oh, *please*."

They did at once and the three cocks sprang free, long, red, and beading with moisture at the blunt blue tips.

"They are delicious looking," she whispered, licking her lower lip and searching for Jones' hand. "I want to see them suck them."

"How?"

"Oh, slowly. Very slowly." She shivered in the power to be able to say that, then admired how both women kissed the tips of their men's cocks, laved them, tip to root, then sank over the length.

"Can they come?" Jones asked her, his voice hoarse.

"No, no. Not yet. I want to see...feel...know how long they can wait."

Jones chuckled. "Like you, *ma cherie*?"

"Like me," she conceded, then could bear her ordeal no longer. She led his hand to her freshly waxed and trimmed folds and the warm feel of his fingers on her flesh made her whimper. Turning, she found his sultry green eyes on her and pleaded, "Won't you please put your fingers inside me, darling? I need you. Feel," she instructed him as she spread the tips of his fingers over her pussy and close, ever so deliciously close, to the top of her seam. Her clit.

She was panting in ecstasy as he slipped inside her. This way, with his fingers claiming her core, she knew once more she was irrevocably his. This way, with him stroking her, she often slept and awoke to his possession. This way she always knew with physical affirmation that he reveled in owning her. And she, in her turn, understood the power of her own claim on him.

Her head fell back to his shoulder.

"Shall I continue, Corin?"

"Do. Um. Oh, yes. Do."

"And they?" He flicked the edge of his nail over the head of her clit and she bucked and quivered. "What should they do, darling?"

She gulped loudly. "I want the women to stop."

The men groaned at Corin's words.

"I want to see the women's pussies. Open wide."

Jones lifted his chin at the women. "Do it."

The blonde rose from her knees and sauntered to one side of the room, nearest the blood-red draperies. In relief against the brocade, her pale skin shone perfectly as she spread her thighs and then thumbed open her pussy lips. Her cunt was red, glistening with moisture.

Corin sighed in appreciation.

Jones circled her clit in his own mesmerizing sign of approval. Then he nodded to the other woman.

Her skin was the fair color of a natural redhead and her bush was a fiery froth that made Corin smile at its erotic beauty. But the woman also decided to be a tease and played with her own little pink nipples until she raised one leg to the edge of the bed and showed them her inflamed pussy. Dipping one finger inside, she withdrew it to lick off her juices with succulent devotion.

"Lovely," Corin told them, then shot a glance at the three men.

Each one stood, his lips parted. Two looked at the women. One gazed at Corin, his eyes on her, his hunger stark on his handsome face.

"Do you like him, Corin?" Jones asked, two of his long fingers pinching her clit and making her rabid with need.

"Oh, *yes. I do.* I always did like dark men before I met you."

Jones chuckled, the vibrations reverberating through her own body. "*Why?*"

"I never knew a man could be dangerous if he resembled an angel."

He snorted. "With you, I am never that."

She grinned. *You are when you make love to me.* "No, you are my devil."

He rewarded her with a melting look that spoke of how he would soon take her like the creature she compared him to. "You make me one."

She turned and wound her fingers in his hair. "For only a little while. Then you show me how impossibly tender you really are."

"Still," he said between clenched teeth, his green gaze flowing over her face as he tipped his head at the dark-haired man. "Do you want him?"

"No. No other man," she confessed. This time the look on his face was the enchanted one he wore when he could wait no longer to take her. She rubbed her own nipples and took the chance he'd agree to end her sensual torture. "Are you done with these five?"

"Are *you*?"

She thought of that for a moment and an imp inside her had to ask, "Will they do anything I ask?"

"What would you like?"

"I want them to mate."

Jones' brows shot high. "In any special way?"

"All together."

He nodded toward the dark-haired man, who lowered his lashes in affirmation.

Corin settled back into Jones' embrace, his fingers sweetly masturbating her pussy, while his other hand massaged one hungry nipple.

One man left for the sitting room. The second pulled both women to him, kissing one on the throat, caressing the other's pussy. Corin's dark-haired favorite strode toward her, his erect cock before her, an invitation to stroke him.

Yet she wouldn't. She shook her head, feeling rather than seeing Jones grimace in satisfaction. Her reward from him was to feel the lunge of his fingers deep inside her as he manipulated the Chinese balls. She caught her breath.

The first man returned from the sitting room with an upholstered table and a condom already sheathing his hard shaft. Pushing up the table legs, he stabilized it by pressing firmly on the top. Then he took the blonde from the second man, lay down on

the edge of the table and lifted the blonde to straddle him. Guiding her hips, he impaled her on his cock. She bit her lips, moaned at the possession and shook back her long platinum curls. Still her ass hung over the side of the table just enough that from this vantage point, Corin could see the pouting wet creases of her labia.

Corin wiggled in anticipation. Ménage had never been a realm she and Jones had explored. To want another man in addition to Jones seemed unnecessary and, to be honest, folly. Jones was not a man to share anything. But to observe a threesome. Well, that had her moaning.

Jones again rewarded her, this time with a bite to her shoulder.

She shuddered in his embrace.

The table she noted now had curved edges where a person's thighs might hang down or another who was standing might fit his or her legs. The blonde had a slow smile spreading across her pretty features as the dark-haired man approached her, took a condom from a supply on the bureau and bent to her breasts.

He licked her, the tip of his dark red tongue outlining her areola. She moaned, one of her hands drifting to her pussy where she was joined to the second man. But the dark-haired one swung in back of her to spank her on the ass. Once, twice he hit her. Hard enough to make her pretty cheeks red. Hard enough to make her glance back at him, the look on her face a sexual invitation to fuck her hard.

Corin objected.

Jones soothed her with little circles of his fingers on her pussy. "He's getting her ready, sweetheart."

The woman bucked but shifted slightly to allow him to massage her tiny asshole. With his thumbs, the dark-haired man caressed her and coaxed her, coated her with her own juices and made her beg for his possession. He bent down and bit her once on each cheek, then massaged the hurt away. Plunging one finger inside her, then two, he pumped her, murmuring something in French.

Corin looked at Jones.

"He says he can feel Henri's cock inside her and she is going to love his cock in her ass."

Corin bit her lip and admired how the dark-haired lover drove inside her. Once, twice, three times and the blonde grunted her pleasure.

But on the fourth stroke, he withdrew.

The blonde cursed beneath her breath.

Corin understood her frustration. She fisted her hands and growled.

"Never fear, my love." Jones nuzzled her ear. "I will fuck you until you're totally satisfied."

She brushed her cheek against the bridge of his nose. "You'd better."

Now the dark-haired man held the blonde, her back to him, while the other man rose from the table. The other couple joined them while the blonde lay facedown on the table. Legs splayed to each side, ass hanging over, her lovely labia red with need, she whimpered. The second man stepped forward and in one swift move filled her cunt. She moaned in delight, then wet her lips and beckoned the first man. Massaging his cock with one hand, she urged him forward to take him deeply into her mouth. Arched up, her throat took all of his impressive length. And she was expert at pleasing a man this way, repeatedly, tirelessly sucking him and urging him on with tiny sounds of joy.

The redhead knew how to take his pleasure higher, striding toward him, now with a dildo strapped to her hips. Leaning down to kiss his ass and massage him, she smiled at the blonde, who let up in her pace, while the redhead pressed her fake cock inside the man's ass.

Corin needed no genie to tell her what her dark-haired man would do. Her tummy rippled with the expectation as she watched him stride behind the redhead and caress her ass. He bent to lap at her slick seam.

Corin murmured, "I want you to do that to me."

Jones kissed her shoulder. "Soon."

The dark-haired man heard her and his eyes focused only on Corin, as if he too wanted to taste her.

She squirmed at the compliment.

Jones pressed her back to him, his hands reaching down to her pussy to spread her labia for the dark-haired man to admire.

The man's eyes fell closed. His hand on the redhead's back, he prepped her for him with the sounds of her cream filling the air. He made her pause, then sank inside her with a long drive.

If he fucked her in her ass or if he took her in her core, Corin did not know. She didn't care.

She pulsed with the power of watching the five of them pleasure each other until each one cried out, fulfilled, panting, languid.

Delighted in how they had given themselves over to their pleasure, hers and Jones', Corin felt her own tremors die. But she hated that she had lost control and broken the rule not to come until Jones fucked her.

She moaned, turned to him as her pussy pounded around his fingers. "Oh, darling, you must let me have you now."

"There is nothing else you want from them?" he asked, his tone as ragged as her desperately ravenous body.

"Yes, yes. One thing," she heard herself declare, shocked at her own needs.

"Name it."

"I want them to watch while you eat me."

Chapter Four

His brows inching high in astonished pride at her idea, he nodded. "Here?"

"Here. Now. *Hurry.*"

He shot to his feet, her weight shifted by his powerful arms and spun so that she faced him. Six inches taller than she, he also had about fifty pounds on her. A formidable man in business and their bedroom, he had been lifting her for years as if she were a grain of sand. And he did so usually in a ruthless haste to fuck her.

He caught her under her knees now and had her squealing as he lifted her and put her on her back to the king-size bed. His big hands covering her ankles, he skimmed the boots, her bare thighs and then splayed her legs wide on the raw silk coverlet. His fingers reverent as they always were upon her, he defined her slit with the tip of one nail. Then blew on her hot lips to make her moan.

"Where should the others stand, hmm?" Jones asked as he thumbed her thick folds open. "They have to see how lovely your pussy is."

"Yes," she purred at his touch. The thrilling knowledge of five pairs of eyes circling her and admiring her molten, wet cunt made her tremble. "I want to hear what they think of me." *Who said that?* She giggled, giddy with need.

Jones chuckled and spread her labia impossibly wider.

Then in one stroke that shocked her, he reached inside her and took the Chinese balls away.

"Ahhh, god!" she screamed at his forceful touch. She came again, her walls throbbing with an ecstasy denied for hours and hours. Still, without his cock inside her, the electric sensation was not wild enough, long enough.

He watched her, his green gaze shards of glass, as he nestled his big body down on the bed and said, "You gratify me with the extent of your needs."

"You made me this way!" She grabbed a handful of his shirt and twisted it to bring him closer.

He gave her that lopsided grin as he toyed with the edges of her folds. "I know. Frightening to have such power."

She punched his shoulder. "Eat me!"

His tongue drifted across his lower lip. His mouth had fascinated her since that first night they met. He'd been at an ice-cream shop with a banker friend of hers in Soho. As he ate his cone, she had been mesmerized by his languid moves. The way he scooped the luscious confection with the tip of his strong tongue was a torment. She'd been forward and asked him what special flavor he liked. His response then was to pin her to her spot with the power of his eyes and words. "Cherries and cream. A dust of chocolate and coconut. Would you like a taste?" he'd wondered in that crisp British accent that should not have surprised her. Then, strangers though they were, she had taken a bite of his cone. He'd wanted a bite of her and, later, she'd let him. Every part of her yearned for him after that first moment. And he had devoted himself to her with a ferocity that thrilled her every minute they were together. Thrilled her to shivering delight, like now as he admired the swollen, creamy sight of her pussy.

"You are beautiful, everywhere, my love," he whispered as he fingered her folds and drove her to keen. "Here is the loveliest."

He dipped low, his tongue titillating the flesh just beneath her clit. His hot touch seared her, making her dig her fists into the mattress.

She cried out at his talent and his dedication.

"Am I still the flavor you like best?" she asked, panting as he spread her labia out and licked her from the top of her lips to bottom.

"Cherries," he said with a smile on his face, his eyes on his hot work of stroking her clit. "Cream and coconut. Of course. No one," he told her as he sucked one swollen lip into his mouth and bent to the other, "ever tasted as good as you."

He consumed her then. Delicately, harshly, ravenously, he licked and nipped every inch of her pussy. He pulled on the few curls she had left and lifted her flesh so that he could suck her hard little nub inside him.

She beat his shoulders, tearing at his expensive white shirt. "Take this off."

"No. You need me first." He growled and pushed her plump lips together, her greedy little clit a morsel for him to nibble with his damn talented tongue.

She whimpered. "You're killing me."

"Loving you," he corrected her, as he drove a hand beneath her hips and raised her up. "What do you think?" he asked the dark-haired man whom she could see through the veil of her desire behind Jones' shoulder.

"She is gorgeous. I would like to eat her too."

"Can he?" Corin asked, half fearing Jones would give her away to a man who would care nothing for her but to fuck her.

"No, Corin," Jones confirmed, but to the man said, "she has been mine for seven years. And every time I eat her, she breaks apart for me as she did the first time. Come, darling, show him. Make him envy me."

"So easy to do," she declared.

He bent, once and once more. "Let yourself come for me now, Corin."

She felt his lips, his tongue, his teeth claim her with a rabid passion. She unraveled, surrendering completely to his command. Her orgasm rocked her, her stomach rippling, her pussy pulsing in creamy waves. Grinding her teeth, she rode the torrent that cascaded over her.

Jones' fingers deep inside her, she knew he could feel every move, every muscle contract. His eyes closed in the ecstasy of what he felt as she writhed beneath his hands.

"Make them go away," she whispered, her hands on his cheeks drawing her near, inhaling the essence of her pussy on his mouth. "No one should see how you care for me."

"They would be blinded by it."

Tears sprang to her eyes at his endearment. Could she love this man any more than she did? "Please, now, we have so little time together. Make them leave."

He lifted his head, looked at the dark-haired man and thanked him. "You may go."

"If you ever wish me to return, *Monsieur*," the man told Jones, his voice rasping with sexual hunger as he stared at her nipples, "I would be honored to serve you and your lovely *mamselle*."

Jones nodded, but his demeanor dismissed the man with an air that said he would never be needed.

Corin stared at Jones, his features softening now as their audience picked up their items and left, closing the door to the suite behind them with a soft click.

Now he was hers. Now she could do the small, intimate things she wished to do on these rendezvous. The tiny endearments that there was no time for otherwise. She circled her arms around his shoulders and hugged him to her, rubbing her breasts against his massive chest. "I want to feel all of you."

"On your nipples?"

"Oh, yes."

"And in this tight wet cunt?"

"Yes."

He pushed himself up to his feet and began to unbutton his shirt. "You've come three times already."

She ran her tongue over the edge of her teeth. "Can I promise you will do the same?"

"Do." He pulled his shirttail from his trousers.

She crooked a finger at him. "Your cufflinks." She did away with them and dropped them to the carpet. She ran her foot along his ankle. "Your shoes and socks? Take them off."

He bent and did as he was told.

When he straightened, she licked her lips at the sight of his naked chest. He waxed the tanned expanse. A vanity, he said, but one she liked. The way his taut skin stretched over his heavy muscles gave her chills up her spine. His beauty was a testament to his Scots ancestors who commanded the Highlands. In their bed, in her arms, he was the epitome of every marauder, every superhero, every lover she had craved and never imagined could belong to her alone.

She pushed herself up, her hands going to his waistband, the button, the zipper. In three moves, she pushed the wool down from his hips and grinned. "Darling, you have come dressed for the occasion yourself!"

"You like it?"

"Your naked cock?" She slid her palm along the thick red length of his rigid shaft. "Your balls?" She cupped his heavy sac and gently rolled him. "Or your new cock ring? Hmm." She lowered her mouth to his hipbone and gave him a lavish kiss there. "I love them all."

"Show me."

With a reverence for the marvelous attribute that pointed up at her, she rolled her thumb over his moist slit. Rewarded for her efforts with new drops of pre-cum, she cupped his cock and brushed her cheek along its length. "How soft you are," she breathed.

He dug his fingers into her scalp and snorted.

She smiled against his warm length, then let her tongue caress its underside. "How hot."

"You cannot imagine," he ground out.

She shook back her hair and smiled up at him. "I want to know."

He put a finger in her mouth and rolled back her lower lip. "Learn."

"My pleasure," she told him and slowly, gently took him deeply into her mouth. He was long. He was hard. And her mouth must always take him inside carefully. Yet she swallowed all of him, her hold on his balls and his root a precarious thing. This new addition of the cock ring made her pussy wet again. Her cunt was throbbing at the feel of the metal along her teeth. The excitement of knowing he had been hard for her and in as much need to come as she for hours made her suck him with long lavish strokes.

"*Christ*, no more, no more." He withdrew and she moaned at his loss.

Her hands skimming his taut ass, she pleaded with him, "Come satisfy us both now."

Stepping out of his trousers, he lifted her under her arms and set her back on the bed. The sleek comfort of his warm skin had her opening and writhing beneath him, bringing him nearer.

His mouth on hers, he whispered lovely nonsense as he nestled between her thighs, found the entrance to her pussy with his cock and plunged inside. The delight stilled them both in a moment of ecstasy. Then he moved, his shaft filling her with the completion she had craved since she met him years ago. Up on his knees, he lifted her thighs, wrapping her legs and the boots around his hips. Plunging down inside her, he bared his teeth and grunted with each thrust.

She jammed her hips against his, wanting more, needing everything he had to give. She had waited so long, so impatiently, and now she couldn't hold back. She panted, clutched his hips closer. "More, more," she shouted over and over, a torrent of cries mixed with his.

They exploded together. He bucked against her, groaning as he emptied himself inside her. She milked him, her walls pulling every drop from him. He kissed her nipples, her throat. Her eyes.

"Why does it always seem so new?" he asked her, hugging her to him and rolling her to her side to face him.

She squeezed his cock with her cunt, loath to let him leave her greedy little pussy. "You make it new."

He pushed back the hair from her eyes and caressed her cheek with his thumb. "You have your own ways to keep me enthralled, my darling."

"I have to match you." She snuggled into his chest.

"You compliment me too much."

"Never enough. After all, what man could ever equal you?"

His emerald eyes grew as hard as glass. "You'll never learn."

"I have no need."

He caught her nape and held her while he thoroughly kissed her. "My biggest job is to keep you happy."

"And you do. Have. For all these years."

He examined her features then as if he searched for new meanings to her words. "You'll not leave me." His declaration was half question, half demand.

"How could I?" she told him, her heart in her words and she hoped on her face too. He seemed so forlorn all of a sudden. *Why? How could he doubt her?* "I love you."

He shot up, stood and caught her hand. "Come prove it to me again."

Chapter Five

Such an invitation she'd never refuse.

But now, his statement held an insecurity that was new. Mysterious. Frightening. She'd prove his importance to her. As she readily did all the time. *Didn't she?*

The spacious bathroom was a glorious relic of fixtures from the 1920s. Gold trim on white marble floors and walls, the bath sported a claw-footed tub, the fittings veneered in gold. He led her to it and stepped inside.

"Come in. It's warm. Hot, in fact. I filled it, anticipating your arrival."

She hung back, admiring his tall, tanned frame against the contrast of the pristine walls. Knowing now was the time for her own surprise, she stepped backward, a finger in the air. "A moment. I'll be right back!"

She ran for her luggage and unzipped one of the pockets. There in their velvet case were the nipple clamps she had purchased online in the States.

Shivering in anticipation, she wondered how best to give them to him. At once, she had a unique idea. Snapping her fingers, she took both from their case and rubbed one, then the other along her pussy lips. Slick with her juices, she rolled them in her hands and made her way back in to the bathroom. He waited, massive arms folded, as he stood against the wall, his cock high.

"Hurry," he said, gruff with need. "I'm melting here."

"Good," she teased him with a saucy look, then stepped into the tub. She pushed him to the wall and slid upward, her fingers splayed on his chest, her lips seeking his as she found both his nipples and snapped the tiny clamps over each one.

He barked.

"For you," she whispered. "Because two should play."

He chuckled, hauling her against him, the clamps biting into her skin. "What are you today, my girl? The imp? The empress? The schoolgirl?"

He knew that when she kissed him in his guise as Mr. Jones she played out so many roles in her flamboyant nature. Whatever her mood, he was always game to play. "French mistress sounds good today."

He caught her beneath her arms and raised her up to him. One of her legs went around one of his powerful thighs. Once more, he was ready to take her with his cock.

She stroked his length and at her caress, his shaft grew in her hand. "I want you again."

He pressed his hand to her ass, found her tiny hole and played with her flesh. "Want me here?"

"If you like," she ventured to say, even though she had always denied him this. But today held some new element, some mystery that she had not yet discovered. Perhaps a new sexual adventure would assure him he could tell her his secret. "Yes."

He sank down in the tub and led her down to lie against him. "Let me prepare you."

Settling into his arms, she frowned. How he knew how to prepare a woman for intercourse this way bothered her. Of course, he'd been a very experienced lover when she met him. He'd had so many women from the age of eighteen. At the time they met, he even had a live-in mistress. Corin had declared that if he wanted her in his bed, he could have no one else but her. To her delight, he'd immediately agreed. To her knowledge, he had never been sorry. *Could he be now?*

His arms led her backward as the warm water lapped around them, sloshing to the floor. At once, his fingers pinched her nipples, hard and fast. Then drifted to her pussy where he sank inside her and found her clit. "Jesus, you are so wet. I've never known a woman who can come over and over like you do."

"You never will know another either," she warned as she put the soles of her feet to the edge of the tub and let herself enjoy his masturbation. "This is wonderful but it does nothing for my ass."

"Are ye taunting me?" a hint of his brogue coming out.

She squeezed his fingers inside her. "No, honey. Just driving you on. I need to come again."

"Insatiable," he said, chuckling as he lifted her up and pushed her to her hands and knees. "Let me see the goods, lass."

She shifted, her ass facing him.

"I love your pretty buttocks," he crooned as he ran his open palms over the wealth of her cheeks. "Your pussy looks good from this angle too, my girl. Full and ripe. Dripping still with your cream and mine." He drove two fingers inside her this way and made her moan, her eyes closing to sustain the shivering delight. Then he touched her asshole with one fingertip and invaded her with a thumb to make her buck. "But I want this today."

He massaged her ass with two sets of tender fingers. "Christ, you are so lovely." He bit her on the round of one cheek, then plunged a finger inside her cunt. "How do you feel inside your pussy and your ass?" he asked as he massaged her in both orifices. "Oh, sweet girl, you are good."

To her shock, she loved the fullness. The friction. The unbearable electric feel of his possession of her this way, his fingers massaging her, using the water to caress her. Then he paused and she could hear his hands rippling the water as he reached for something. She looked over her shoulder to see him opening a small plastic tube. Smiling, knowing he always prepared so well for their trysts and for the unique adventures he showed her, she closed her eyes. Then she gave herself over to his tender invasions of her ass. The lubrication he used soothed her, while his fingers stretched her soft tissues, sending hot sensations up her spine. The tremors shook her, her tongue darting out to graze her lower lip. "Fuck me now. This way. Do it!"

The water splashed around them in waves as he rose on his knees, held her hips, then slowly drove inside her ass.

She bit her lower lip, lifted her head and cried out.

“Breathe me in, Corin. That’s it. Slow, easy.”

She felt her knees giving way. She gripped the edge of the tub with one hand as he began a tiny rhythm to fuck her ass.

The shock was fast, electric, almost too bright. He pounded into her with a sure care he had no need to take when he took her cunt. But she knew she’d want him again this way. And soon.

He caught her up and brought her back to lie against him again. “Thank you.” He kissed her neck and her shoulder. “How am I so fortunate that you let me have you any way I wish?”

Languid, she nestled her hips against his cock. “Because I love you.” Then she turned, got up on her knees to straddle him and settle her pussy over him. She smiled, but he didn’t. A good time now to discover the issue that bothered him. “And you love me.”

His green eyes narrowed, dimmed and shifted to her long dark hair. As he often did in bed or out, he took up a long wealth of it and brought it to his face. Inhaling the fragrance of it, he brushed the ends over his lips, down his throat and over the clamps on his nipples.

She held her breath. He did love her! “Don’t you?”

His eyes locked on hers, the despair in them bleak and haunting. “I do.”

She kissed his lips once sweetly and fast, then she removed the clamps and threw them to the floor.

He growled, in pain or relief she could not say.

She bent, her tongue laving his distended points, soothing him, enticing him to surrender his secret.

"Corin." He murmured her name and let his head fall back to the tub as he drew her near and massaged her head. "Corin. Making love to you is new each time."

She toyed with his nipple, circling it, rubbing cascading water from his pectorals so that she could kiss him wherever she pleased. "Tell me what bothers you."

He inhaled, a sigh of acceptance. "Our life is changing."

That rocked her backward.

The water sloshed this way and that.

She grabbed for the walls of the tub and some stability. "How?"

"I've been given an offer to head the Paris office."

"But...you've been in charge of private banking in the New York office for so long. Are they not happy with—"

"They are. Very happy. My production these past six years is so good that I am to be given a promotion."

Her lower lip trembled. She wouldn't cry. This was so exciting for him. A great new opportunity. But it meant so many things to her. So many changes. She had been so pampered by him, her life unchanging year after year while he traveled constantly to make their love an enduring bond.

He caught both her cheeks. "We both knew that our arrangement would not last. That sooner or later, we would have to change. One of us. Or both."

"How soon?"

"Two months."

She flinched. "How long have you known?"

"A week."

"Is that why we've done our annual weekend early this year?"

"Yes."

She tried to smile. At least the timing was not indicative of more than expediency. "You've accepted their proposal?"

"Darling. You knew they wanted me to consider a change last winter and I refused."

She nodded, feeling the reassurance of his arms wind around her, but knowing he had not answered her question. Well, then, for all they were to each other, best to address these issues slowly, calmly. "The time wasn't good."

"I agree." He combed her hair with his fingers. "Is it better now, do you think?"

Was it? Her mind was awirl with how her life must change to keep him. Ah, yes, but to keep more than that. To keep her view of the world, so changed by his *élan*. His positive outlook. For a lonely only child, she had believed for so many years that she would never find any man who could amuse her or enrapture her for longer than a month or two. She had believed herself so self-sufficient before she met him. So whole. But her sense of order had never included a *joie de vive* that infused her every day she was with him.

She cupped his jaw and kissed him. "Yes. The time is much better now. I am best with you. Shall you take me to dinner and we can talk about the details?"

He caught her close and hugged her to bits. "You're quite serious?"

Laughing, she rolled her eyes at him and gave him her imitation of his British accent. "Quite, milord."

"Would you like to see an apartment?"

"You've picked one out?"

"One I prefer to three others I've seen." He looked like a small boy, eager to share a secret. "After all, I have been here since Tuesday, darling."

"True. Well, does it have a view?"

"Of Montmartre? What else would I buy for you?"

She caught her breath. "You *are* serious."

"Never more so."

She ran a hand through her hair, overwhelmed. "Does it cost a small fortune?"

"For an office for you, a nursery for the twins and a room for the *au pair*, *oui, Madame*, the place sells for the price of the Queen's jewels."

"Or your family inheritance." She clasped her hands together. "You'd better show me."

"Very well. The sooner we go, the faster you can tell me if it's suitable – and if you agree to the change in our lives."

* * * * *

The apartment Ian had chosen sat on the top floor of a sturdy old stone building in Montparnasse. With a view to the east of the tip of the Eiffel Tower and view north of Sacre Coeur, the spacious flat could hold their little family.

"We can remodel the kitchen if you like," Ian told her as she stood before the picture window looking out from the living room. "I'd hate to inhibit you in your cooking."

"The stove is an antique and the refrigerator sounds like it's made of tin! I am so used to our big kitchen in New York."

He came to stand behind her and hug her to him. "Does this mean you are agreeing to come with me, Mrs. Campbell?"

"I am." She spun in his embrace. "I couldn't stand my days without you. What is a job, anyway, if you've got no one to come home and complain to at night, hmm?"

His green eyes danced. "That's the way I've felt whenever I was somewhere at some dinner or gathering without you. Especially since the birth of Jamie and Karen. I want to see them more. Also, I miss you more each time I go away."

She traced a fingertip over the outline of his lips. "You've been so good about traveling between New York and London and Paris. I'm glad it's over for you."

His brows shot high. "So you have no second thoughts on how this move would affect your own career?"

She tipped her head. "I'd be lying if I said it won't be a challenge for me. To be in a new city, a different country and try to work from here. I'll have to brush up on French. And how to be a partner 24/7. But I'll figure that out. You did. My turn now to do the giving. But I have a feeling," she winked at him, "a transition won't be too much of a hardship on me."

"You always did love Paris."

"I want to see more of it with you!"

He cupped her cheek and kissed her. "Then let's go to dinner. I'll show you more."

He took her to a small café along the Right Bank, famous for its outrageous chef, its haute cuisine and its clientele of French movie stars and producers.

Seated at a quiet little table in a far corner, she was surprised when Ian did not sit but excused himself to talk with the maître d'.

"What is your secret now?" she asked him when he returned.

"Ah." He widened his eyes at her. "Look in your purse and open Envelope Number Five."

As the waiter came and opened a bottle of champagne, Corin tore open the note to read, "Ask to be directed to Table Fourteen."

"What is this?" she grinned at Ian.

"Directions from Mr. Jones. Do it."

"You're looking very pleased with yourself."

"Mmm. Perhaps. Tell me if I should be *after* you go to Table Fourteen."

She took a sip of her champagne and put down her napkin, then rose. "That's a very nice champagne, darling, so I assume you expect me back to help you finish it."

He inclined his head. "You'd better hurry, Corin. I want you back soon. Mr. Jones is not the kind to wait too long. Besides, you have one more envelope to open when you return."

"I do, don't I?" She brushed her hands down her trousers and leaned over to kiss his lips. "I love you, Mr. Campbell."

Striding toward the maître d's station, she smiled at the man and asked for directions. He nodded, expecting her request, and then led her around a corner toward a table where a gentleman dined alone.

"Maurice! My goodness!" she greeted the producer who last year had offered her the opportunity to design his sets for the movie to be filmed here in Paris. "How are you?" She spoke to him in English and her rusty French.

He was kind, gracious and asked her to sit with him. "Please, Corin, here, next to me."

"I can stay only a moment, but my husband sent me over to you."

"Of course. I know." The short, sturdy little producer gave her a hearty smile.

"I suppose you do. When did you meet him?"

"He is my new banker."

"Really? Ian Campbell is your banker. How intriguing."

"A new business relationship." His gray eyes twinkled.

"I see." She felt as light as air, and not at all due to the one sip of champagne. "And he has spoken with you about your current projects, I imagine?"

"Oh, definitely. A banker must know what his clients are doing. Don't you agree?"

"I do, Maurice. I most definitely do!"

"The one project I must begin is the story of Rose Valland."

Corin felt her heart burst with glee. "The one you wanted to do last fall."

"*Oui*. About how she saved works of art from the Nazis when Paris was occupied during the war. It is a film worthy of the best talents to produce it, Corin. You have a fine reputation for historical set design. I was a fool to try to find another. He did not compare. Not even his drawings. Corin, please, consider." Maurice reached across and

took her hand. "Ian tells me the two of you may be moving to Paris. Might I hope that you may now consent to work with me on this?"

"When did he ask you this, Maurice?"

"Last week, after our own business was concluded. Actually, I was the one to ask him if he thought I might have a chance with you. He said he would arrange for us to talk about it."

"So he did." Her gaze went around the charming little café and her love for her husband filled the air with promise.

"He did. What do you say? Will you think about it?"

She squeezed his hand. "Maurice, we must meet again to discuss the possibilities. I have so much to do if Ian and I are moving."

The little man looked crestfallen. "You mean you are not moving? Have not decided on it?"

"No, no. I have decided. My husband has made concessions in his career to have his base in New York these past few years. Now, I think I am ready to move." *Change my life. My career. And for the better.* "Do you have a card? A local phone number? I will call you and we can meet for a better discussion."

"Of course." He fished a card from his inside coat pocket. "Call me soon."

"I will," she promised and kissed him on both cheeks. "*Au 'voir.*"

Card in hand, Corin made her way back to her husband. His jaw was tight, his verdant eyes as dark as a forest. She slid into her seat and put Maurice's card on the table. "You are full of surprises, Mr. Jones."

"Did you like this one?"

"I did." She reached over to kiss his lips. "I am astonished. Grateful."

"I was stunned at the coincidence of meeting him and being able to make him a client of the bank."

"Serendipity."

"A good omen, don't you think?" He looked as hopeful as a young boy.

"I do. For us. For our future."

Ian picked up his champagne glass to offer a toast. "To Mr. and Mrs. Jones-Campbell."

"And their children."

He gave her his broad grin. "For many more years to come."

They took a drink and smiled at each other.

"I have one more envelope I haven't opened yet."

"Now is a very good time," he suggested.

She dug in her purse for it and something inside jingled. "What could it be, hmmm?" She ripped it open and the note read, "*Happy Anniversary, Corin. Our Sixth.*"

"And inside?" she asked as she widened the lip of the envelope and chuckled as she took out her present. Holding them in her palm, she wiggled her brows at her husband and asked, "Diamonds?"

He shrugged, attempting humility. "Small ones, I'm afraid."

"Six in each one," she said, readily counting. "Shall I wear these tonight?"

He beamed. "My thought precisely."

"I see." She rolled them between her fingers. "We have also gotten to that point in our marriage, where we now think alike."

He glanced at the nipple clamps in her palm and nodded. "Anticipating the other's moves."

"Not all," she giggled. "Never all. Keep me guessing, will you, darling?"

"Mr. Jones certainly will."

"Mr. Campbell never does a bad job either," she told him as she reached across the table and gave him a thoroughly delicious anniversary kiss.

About the Author

An award-winning author of more than two dozen romances and mysteries, Cerise DeLand creates heroes readers crave. Cerise has met many men in her worldwide travels and created the best of the best from all the wonderful places she's lived and visited. Today, she lives – and writes – in wild west Texas, where a never-ending stream of cowboys, vaqueros, para-military types and diplomats stroll into town and fuel her imagination for red hot affairs.

Cerise 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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