

Unmasked

Paige Tyler

When Tabitha Buckley gets a chance to go to the hottest Halloween costume party in L.A., she can't turn it down, especially since the coworker she's been lusting after is going to be there. And since she knows he'll be dressed as the phantom of Venice, he should be easy to find. What Tabitha doesn't know is that this isn't the average costume party—it's a spanking party!

But there's more than one phantom of Venice at the party. Tabitha decides the best way to figure out which masked hunk is her coworker is to let each phantom spank her until she finds the man she's looking for. And when she does, she's determined the night is going to end exactly like she's always fantasized—with hot, sweaty sex!

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Chapter One

"Guess what I'm holding in my hand?"

Tabitha Buckley looked up from her computer to see her friend and coworker Karleigh Reid perched on the edge of her desk. Petite, with wavy, red hair, porcelain skin and a generous sprinkle of freckles, Karleigh looked as if she'd just stepped out of an Irish Spring commercial.

Tabitha leaned back in her chair and eyed the pair of ivory-colored cards in the other woman's hand. "Two tickets to see New Breed in concert."

"Something even better." Karleigh grinned. "Two invitations to *the* hottest costume party in Hollywood on Halloween night."

Tabitha lifted a brow. A Halloween party. Was her friend kidding? "And how exactly is that better than tickets to a sold-out show to see the most popular group to hit the charts since the Beatles?"

Considering she and Karleigh worked in the marketing department of Sultry Records, the label that represented New Breed, getting tickets to see whatever band they wanted, whenever they wanted, should be one of the perks, but unfortunately it wasn't.

The redhead's lips curved into a smile. "Because one Robert Lyon is going to the party."

That got Tabitha's attention. Robert Lyon worked in the artist and repertoire department at Sultry Records, acquiring new talent for the label. Everyone who was anyone wanted to be seen with him, including Tabitha. She'd had a thing for the tall, dark-haired hunk ever since she bumped into him in the hallway when she had first started working at Sultry two years ago. She had been so mesmerized by his good looks that all she'd been able to do was stammer and stutter. She knew Robert had noticed

her too, but since then she could never seem to get him alone long enough to let him know she was interested in him. Although they worked together, they didn't exactly move in the same circles. She just did the mundane task of marketing the talent; he got to hang out with them. This party could be her chance to finally get him to notice her.

Intrigued, she sat up straighter in her chair and tucked her long, blonde hair behind her ear. "How do you know Robert's going?"

"His secretary told me. According to her, he goes to these swanky invitation-only parties all the time." Karleigh's smile broadened. "From what she said, they're a little bit wild and a whole lot sexy."

Just like Robert, Tabitha thought. The man oozed sex appeal from every pore.

"So, you in?" Karleigh asked.

"If Robert's going to be there, I'm definitely in," Tabitha said. "Only one problem. If it's a costume party, how are we supposed to find him when we don't know what he's dressing up as?"

The other woman grinned. "I got that info from his secretary, too. She picked up his costume for him. He's going dressed as the phantom of Venice."

"Mmm, sounds sexy." Tabitha frowned. "Unfortunately, I don't have a clue what the phantom of Venice is. I don't suppose his secretary told you what the costume looks like, did she?"

"She said he'll have a cape, a mask and a hat."

"That's not much help. So does Zorro." Tabitha chewed on her lower lip. "Come on, let's see if we can look it up on the internet."

She had no idea if they could find it online, but Google had never let her down before. The search engine didn't let her down this time, either. A few seconds after typing in the phantom of Venice costume, dozens of images popped up on the screen. She clicked on one of them.

Robert's secretary had been right. The costume had a long, black, velvet cape, a black tricorn hat and a white Venetian mask that covered the upper half of the wearer's face, leaving only the mouth and curve of the jaw exposed. Tabitha wished the mask didn't conceal so much of the face, but she had no doubt she would know Robert anywhere, mask or no mask. She'd lusted after the man for two years, after all, and had spent that time dreaming about every inch of his body. She'd recognize him wrapped up as a mummy.

Beside her, Karleigh let out a low whistle. "Damn, look at the price of that costume. If that's what Robert's going to be wearing, you sure as heck can't show dressed up in a fifty-dollar kitty cat outfit and hope to get his attention. You're going to have to break out the plastic for this one, girl. Fortunately, I know just the place to go shopping."

She groaned. Great. Her credit cards were almost maxed out as it was. Then again, what was going into a little more debt if it meant getting her man?

Tabitha could barely concentrate on work the rest of the day. Normally she loved researching promotional opportunities and contacting retailers about new releases, but all she could think about was Robert and how hot he was going to look in the phantom of Venice costume. Of course, that naturally led to fantasies about tearing it off him and having mad, passionate sex. It was all she could do not to slide her hand between her legs and touch herself right there at her desk.

By the time Karleigh finally came by to meet her later that afternoon, she wasn't sure whether she wanted to run home to her apartment for a quickie with her vibrator or go shopping for a costume. In the end, she went with the shopping, mainly because she knew that once she had her outfit picked out, she'd be free to go home and spend some real quality time masturbating.

As she and Karleigh browsed through seemingly endless racks of high-priced, high-quality costumes an hour later, Tabitha had to admit it had been worth the wait. The costumes were all gorgeous. She didn't know how she was going to choose. She wanted

something sexy, yet tasteful. Something that said, "I'm available," while still saying, "But you're going to have to work hard to get me."

Tabitha took a can-can girl costume off the rack and held it up in front of her so Karleigh could see. "What do you think?"

The other women shook her head. "It's cute, but it hides way too much of your body."

Tabitha eyed the can-can costume thoughtfully as she considered her friend's comment. The redhead was right. The satin bustier top and ruffled skirt did hide too much. She put it back on the rack and browsed through some more, stopping when she came to a harem girl costume. With its sequin halter top and see-through pants, it didn't leave much to the imagination.

"What about this?" she asked, holding it up.

Karleigh said nothing for a moment, then shook her head. "Right idea, but I think you should go with something that has a skirt instead of pants." She took a costume off the rack and held it up. "Like this."

Tabitha cocked her head to the side as she regarded the costume. Reminiscent of a Greek goddess, it was a short, flirty toga dress with a thin, gold belt that crisscrossed around the waist, and a circlet of silk ivy to wear on her head. It was kind of sexy, even on the hanger. It would definitely show off her assets.

"Here," Karleigh said, thrusting it into her hand. "Go try it on."

The redhead headed for the fitting room, giving Tabitha no choice but to follow. As they walked through the shoe section, Karleigh grabbed a pair of high-heeled gladiator sandals and shoved them into Tabitha's other hand.

"These will go perfect with it," her friend said.

In the fitting room, Tabitha took off the skirt and blouse she'd worn to work and put on the toga dress, then fastened the belt around her slender midriff. Wanting to get the full effect before she looked in the mirror, she slipped her feet into the gold

gladiator sandals and wrapped the ties around her calves, then positioned the ivy circlet on her head.

Eager to see how the whole ensemble looked together, she turned around and blinked at her reflection in surprise. The sleeveless dress not only flattered her modest breasts, but since it barely came to mid-thigh, it also showed off her long, shapely legs. And she had to admit that while she'd been concerned the ivy circlet might look a little tacky, it completed the outfit. Damn, she looked really hot.

A knock sounded on the door. "How does it look?" Karleigh asked.

Instead of answering, Tabitha opened the door of the fitting room and struck her best Greek-goddess pose. "What do you think?"

The redhead grinned. "I think Robert's going to love it. There's no way he's going to be able to resist you."

Tabitha looked at her reflection again, her lips curving into a smile at the excitement she saw in her blue eyes. She certainly hoped Robert would love it.

"Come on," Karleigh said. "Get changed and we'll find you a mask."

Tabitha frowned. "I wasn't going to wear one."

"You have to," her friend insisted. "It's a costume party. Everyone will have a mask on. Besides, you don't want Robert to recognize you right away. He's not going to hang out with a girl from the marketing department. You need to get him interested in you before you reveal your identity."

"Good point." Tabitha sighed. At Sultry Records, the marketing department was one step above the mail room and getting him to notice her had been almost impossible. "Okay, let me get changed and we'll go look for one."

When Tabitha came out of the fitting room a few minutes later, Karleigh was already browsing through the store's huge selection of masks.

"Here," the redhead said, holding out a delicate white mask that just covered the eyes. "Try this one."

Rather than put it on, Tabitha held it up to her face. Apparently, that was enough for Karleigh because her friend nodded in approval.

"Perfect," she said.

Tabitha looked in the mirror on the wall beside the shelf. Karleigh was right. The mask was perfect.

She was so caught up in her own costume that she didn't realize Karleigh hadn't picked one out until they were halfway to the register.

"Aren't you going to get a costume?" Tabitha asked.

"I already have one."

"You do?"

"I go to a lot of these kinds of parties," Karleigh said with a shrug.

That was news to Tabitha. She would have asked Karleigh what kind of costume she was going to wear, but the girl at the register was already ringing up her purchases. She cringed when she saw the final price, but knew it would all be worth it if she ended up with the man of her dreams.

* * * * *

Since Halloween was on a Saturday, Tabitha didn't have to work, which meant she could spend all day getting ready for the party that night. So, after sleeping in, she treated herself to a manicure and pedicure, then got her hair done. Not only was taking a spa day fun, it also kept her from going stir-crazy. She was so excited at the prospect of finally being with Robert that she could barely sit still. If Karleigh had given her the invitation, she probably would already have been at the place waiting for her handsome phantom of Venice to arrive. Karleigh had kept both invitations, though. And since the other woman knew where the party was being held, she was also doing the driving. Considering how keyed up Tabitha was, that was probably a good thing.

Tabitha was just putting on her earrings when Karleigh arrived. Expecting the redhead's costume to be as outrageous as her friend could sometimes be, Tabitha was surprised to see her dressed in a simple skirt and blouse.

"Where's your costume?" Tabitha asked as her friend walked in.

"I'm wearing it."

Tabitha frowned. "What are you supposed to be?"

Karleigh lifted her chin. "I'm a librarian. Though sometimes, I can pass for a teacher, too. It depends on what kind of mood I'm in."

Tabitha looked the other woman up and down, taking in the skirt and blouse again. With her red hair back in a neat bun, Karleigh did look a little like a librarian, she supposed. Maybe even a teacher. Tabitha didn't think either of them counted as a Halloween costume, though. Oh well, Karleigh was an adult. She could wear whatever she wanted, even if it was boring.

The party was in a mansion in the Hollywood Hills. Tabitha didn't frequent that part of town much and all she could do was stare in wonder at the place as Karleigh pulled up behind the other cars waiting to go through the immense wrought iron gate. When it was their turn, Tabitha was surprised to find two guards standing at the gate. Karleigh, however, didn't seem taken aback by the security, but simply showed them the gold filigree invitations.

"I've never been to a party that had security guards at the door," Tabitha remarked as they drove up the winding driveway. "I wonder if there will be any famous people here."

Karleigh pulled the car up in front of the house. "You can never tell who's going to show up at these parties."

Tabitha's brow furrowed. "How did you get an invitation anyway?"

Karleigh shrugged. "I know people."

Apparently so, Tabitha thought as a valet opened the door for her. Like the security guards at the gate, he wasn't dressed in costume, but he was cute and she couldn't resist giving him a sexy smile when his gaze lingered on her legs as she got out of the car.

She glanced at Karleigh as they made their way through the archways toward the front door. "Where's your mask?"

"I'm not wearing one. It doesn't go with my costume." She took out the pair of glasses she'd had tucked in her blouse and put them on. "These, however, go perfectly with it."

Tabitha had to admit the glasses did help transform Karleigh into the mild-mannered librarian she was supposed to be. Even so, she still thought Karleigh should have gone with a mask instead. As the redhead had reminded her, this was a costume party, after all. But as she looked around at the other guests making their way to the door as well, Tabitha noticed that half of them weren't wearing masks, either. They were all wearing expensive costumes, though, which made her glad she'd taken her friend's advice and hadn't come dressed as a fifty-dollar kitty cat.

In keeping with the holiday theme, the front of the mansion had been decorated for Halloween. Bales of hay had been artistically placed to the sides of each archway, and on top of each bale sat very impressively carved jack o' lanterns lit by glowing candles inside. On their own, they would have been festive, but combined with the flickering torches on the wall and the soft sound of howling wolves playing in the background, the whole thing gave the place a spooky feel that was perfect for the party.

Two women dressed as jesters were manning the concierge desk set up inside the big double doors and as Tabitha and Karleigh entered, they asked to see their invitations again. Whoever was putting on the party, they were serious about security. Though Tabitha wondered how the two slender women would keep someone from getting inside if the person didn't have an invite. Then she caught a glimpse of the two

huge, imposing men dressed as medieval executioners standing behind the women. Now they, on the other hand, would be very effective at keeping uninvited guests out.

The jester who had checked their invitations handed them back with a smile. "Welcome to the party. Be consensual. Be safe."

Tabitha lifted a brow. *Be consensual. Be safe.* What the heck was that all about? As they walked into the foyer, she turned to ask Karleigh if she knew what the woman had meant, but just then a hot guy dressed as a Roman gladiator walked by. He took in Karleigh's silk blouse and slim skirt with an approving look, then gave her a charming smile before disappearing into the crowd of people. Apparently, Karleigh's librarian costume was more of a hit than Tabitha had thought. She felt a little jealous. She hoped Robert didn't prefer librarians to Greek goddesses.

But then several other men walked by and gazed at her with obvious interest. That made her feel a lot better and as she looked around at all the people standing in the foyer sipping drinks, she realized most of them, men and women alike, had turned to give her an appreciative look. Good. If she was drawing that much attention in the foyer, then there was no way Robert would be able to resist her.

As she and Karleigh followed the other partygoers through the big foyer and into the main part of the house, Tabitha noticed the inside of the mansion had been decorated to fit the Halloween theme. In addition to the jack o' lanterns in the alcoves lining the foyer, black satin material had been draped all over the place to give it a dark, eerie feel. Meticulously applied cobwebs and twinkling orange lights hung from the room's high ceiling and rolling fog crept slowly across the floor. It must have cost a fortune to decorate the place.

"This mansion is huge," Tabitha said to her friend. "How the heck am I supposed to find Robert?"

"We'll just have to go from room to room and do a methodical search."

And hope he didn't have a harem of adoring women around him like he usually did, Tabitha thought as they walked into the first room they came to.

While it looked like a living room, it was bigger than any she'd ever been in. She could put her whole apartment in here. Although the room wasn't as crowded as the foyer had been, there were still quite a few people milling around and she and Karleigh had to weave their way through a coven of scantily dressed witches and a clan of goodlooking vampires to find an out-of-the-way spot to check out the rest of the room.

Tabitha was just trying to see around a man dressed as a cowboy when she heard what distinctly sounded like a smack, followed by a gasp. She glanced at Karleigh to see if she'd heard it, but her friend was busy looking for Robert. Or the hunky Roman gladiator. Tabitha wasn't sure which.

Thinking she must have imagined the sound, Tabitha scanned the room again, only to stop when she heard another smack, louder this time. Realizing it was coming from the center of the room, she edged around the cowboy and blinked in surprise. A petite woman in a French maid's costume was kneeling on a brocade-covered ottoman while a man dressed as a Southern gentleman spanked her bare ass with an oval wooden paddle.

What the heck?

Tabitha quickly looked around the room to see what other people thought about what was going on. She was shocked to see that while some of them were watching the spanking, most of the others were talking and laughing amongst themselves as if there was nothing out of the ordinary happening at all. As a blond-haired cop pulled a laughing fairy complete with gossamer wings and glitter over his lap to administer a playful hand spanking to her barely covered bottom, it finally dawned on Tabitha what was going on.

This wasn't the average Halloween party. This was a spanking party!

Chapter Two

Grabbing Karleigh's hand, she led her away from the crowd of people, not because she cared about being overheard, but because she wasn't sure if the other woman would be able to focus on what she was saying. She had to admit that it was hard to look away from the spanking herself.

"You could have told me this was a spanking party," she said to Karleigh.

"I didn't know."

Tabitha regarded her friend skeptically. Somehow, she found that hard to believe. "Uh-huh."

Karleigh grinned. "But now that we're here, it does look intriguing, doesn't it?"

Tabitha's gaze slid to the couple on the couch. The cop had just pushed up the fairy's silky dress to reveal a pair of tiny, fuchsia-colored panties and Tabitha watched with interest as he began to spank first one cheek, then the other.

She had gotten spanked by a few of the guys she'd gone out with, but she had never witnessed a spanking before. However, she decided there was something very sexy about playing the voyeur. She could tell the fairy was definitely getting turned on from the spanking by the way she wiggled and moaned. Tabitha didn't blame her. The cop certainly looked like he knew what he was doing.

Tabitha shifted her gaze to the maid getting spanked with the paddle. She watched in fascination as a rosy blush appeared on the woman's creamy white cheeks in the exact spots where the paddle came down. Although the smacks had to sting, the maid obediently kept her position. Tabitha wasn't so sure she could stay so still if she was in the woman's shoes.

Abruptly remembering her friend's question, Tabitha tore herself away from all the spanking going on around her and turned her attention back to Karleigh. "Actually, it does look kind of fun."

The redhead let out a sigh of obvious relief. "Good. For a minute there, I was afraid you'd want to leave."

"Without making a play for Robert? No way." As if on cue, she caught sight of a tall, well-built man in a phantom of Venice costume. Her lips curved into a smile. "I think I see him. He's in the foyer."

"I'm not sure about that. Because I think I see him in the next room."

Karleigh pointed behind Tabitha. Frowning, Tabitha turned to look over her shoulder. Sure enough, there was another tall, equally well-built man wearing the exact same phantom of Venice costume. Oh no. How the heck was she supposed to know which one was Robert?

Dismayed, she turned back to look at the first man again and was stunned to see two more phantoms in the foyer. She groaned inwardly. Crap, this was going to be harder than she'd thought.

"I guess the phantom of Venice must be the *in* costume this Halloween," Karleigh said dryly. "How are you going to figure out which one is Robert?"

Tabitha didn't answer right away. She had been practicing various come-on lines for half the day. The thought that she might not know who to use them on hadn't occurred to her. She couldn't very well go up to each of the men and ask if he was Robert Lyon, which meant she had to think of a more creative way to go about it.

As she stood there trying to come up with something, a dark-haired woman in a sexy pirate costume walked up to a handsome vampire sitting in a wingback chair in the corner of the room and gestured toward his lap.

"May I?" she asked.

He inclined his head. "Please do."

With a smile, the woman gracefully draped herself across his lap. Tabitha watched as he placed one hand on the woman's back, then slowly ran the other over the curve of her upturned ass. Evidently, the women at this party didn't need clever come-on lines to meet a guy. So maybe she didn't need one, either. But could she just walk up to any guy dressed as the phantom of Venice and ask him to spank her?

It wasn't as if she had never been spanked before. She'd had more than one boyfriend warm her bottom as foreplay and she had always enjoyed it. Of course, they hadn't done it in a room full of people. This was a spanking party, though, and everyone would be doing it. Besides, she was wearing a mask.

"I know that look," Karleigh said. "What are you thinking?"

Tabitha gave the other woman a smile. "That the best way to figure out which of the men is Robert is to let each of them spank me."

Her friend lifted a brow. "You think you'd be able to identify him just from that?"

Tabitha's smile broadened. "I know I can. I've fantasized about feeling his hands on my body forever."

Karleigh nodded as if that made sense. "So, which phantom are you going to start with?"

Tabitha pursed her lips thoughtfully as she looked around. The phantoms she had seen in the foyer earlier had already disappeared, but the one in the next room was still there. "I'll start with him, then systematically work my way through the mansion until I find Robert." She looked at Karleigh. "Do you want to come with me?"

"I think I'll mingle on my own." The redhead grinned. "Go ahead and conduct your search for Mr. Tall, Dark and Hunky. If I see any other phantoms around, I'll let you know."

Resisting the urge to make a beeline over to Phantom Number One, Tabitha forced herself to slowly walk across the room to where he was sitting. On the way, half a dozen men smiled and tried to strike up a conversation with her. She wasn't sure about the ones who were wearing masks since she couldn't see their faces, but the ones who

didn't have masks on were damn attractive. Any other time, she would have stopped to flirt, but tonight she was after one man and one man only, and she wasn't going to let herself get distracted no matter how many other gorgeous guys she ran into.

As she got closer to the phantom, she studied his face—at least what she could see of it—trying to figure out if he was Robert or not. She had thought she'd be able to recognize him whether she could see his face or not, but that wasn't the case at all. The man was the right build and his jaw had the right angle, but she couldn't say for a certainty if it was Robert. He was regarding at her with obvious interest, though.

Smoothing her dress, she took a deep breath, put on her best sultry look and walked over to stand in front of him.

"Excuse me," she said. "Is this lap taken?"

Tabitha had hoped he would respond with some sexy banter of his own since she would surely recognize Robert's voice, but he merely smiled and patted his thigh with his hand.

Pulse skipping a beat, she looked around to see if anyone was looking at them. Most of the people were busy doing their own thing, but some were clearly waiting to see if they were going to be treated to a show. Not wanting to disappoint them, Tabitha draped herself over the phantom's knee as gracefully as she could. She'd always gotten spanked in bed before, so the position was new to her, but as she placed her hands on the floor to steady herself, she had to admit it put her ass at the perfect angle to be spanked. The position was extremely submissive and very sexy.

Above her, the man placed one hand on the small of her back. She held her breath, expecting him to start spanking her right away, but to her surprise, he caressed her bottom through the thin silk of her dress. She let out a sigh. Mmm, that felt good. It also increased the potential of the phantom being the man she hoped he was underneath that mask. Something told her Robert would know just how to touch a woman's ass.

Tabitha was just starting to lose herself in his caresses when he suddenly lifted his hand to give her right cheek a smack. Although it didn't hurt, it startled her, and she let out a little gasp.

"Too hard?" he asked.

She lifted her head to look over her shoulder at him, surprised by the question. "No. You just caught me off guard. You don't have to stop."

It was only after she turned back around that Tabitha realized she hadn't even paid attention to his voice when he'd spoken. It had been deep and low, but had it sounded like Robert? She couldn't be sure.

She was trying to figure out how to get him to say something else when his hand came down on the opposite cheek. When she had told him he wasn't spanking her too hard, she thought he might spank her a little harder, but the second smack was the same as the first. Even though they weren't as firm as they could have been, she still felt a pleasant warmth spread over her ass as he went back and forth from one cheek to the other. He established a really nice rhythm that soon had her rocking from side to side on his lap in time with his spanks.

Out of the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of movement and abruptly remembered she and the phantom had an audience. She glanced up to see if anyone was looking at them and saw that quite a few people were watching with rapt attention.

As a handsome vampire's gaze locked with hers, Tabitha expected to feel a little twinge of embarrassment. But instead, her pussy purred as much from the knowledge she was on display as it did from the spanking she was getting. Since when had she turned into such an exhibitionist? She could only imagine how much more aroused she'd get when the phantom pushed up her dress and spanked her nearly naked bottom. She stifled a moan at the thought. She couldn't believe she was thinking of letting a guy she might not even know expose her panty-covered ass to a room full of strangers. But she wasn't just thinking about it, she was yearning for it. This party was definitely bringing out her inner bad girl.

To her dismay, however, he didn't even try to head under her toga. In fact, after a few more light smacks, he pulled her off his lap and set her back on her feet.

Tabitha gazed down at Phantom Number One in disappointment. While the spanking had been fun and a great way to start her hunt, the guy was too tentative for her taste. Her ass wasn't even tingling that much. Robert, on the other hand, would never be that timid when it came to spanking a woman, she was certain of it. When he gave her a spanking, she would definitely know it. There was no way the man who'd just had her over his knee was her hunky coworker.

Never having been to a spanking party before, she wasn't sure what the etiquette was after getting one, so she gave Phantom Number One a pleasant smile and thanked him for warming her bottom. Even if he wasn't Robert, he was still very nice.

He smiled. "Anytime."

Oh yeah, that definitely wasn't Robert's voice.

Sighing, Tabitha turned to go back into the other room to find out if Karleigh had spotted any other phantoms, but was intercepted by the handsome vampire she had shared a look with while she'd been getting spanked.

He flashed her a grin, showing off his impressive fangs. "How about going over my knee next, beautiful?"

Tabitha hesitated. He was so damn good-looking that for a minute she was tempted to take him up on his offer. But she was worried if she did, she might miss out on finding Robert.

She smiled. "I was just about to look for my friend. Maybe later?"

He looked disappointed, but nodded. "Sure thing."

Giving him another smile, Tabitha went into the next room. She had intended to go directly to where she'd left Karleigh, but got distracted by the spanking going on in the center of the room. Two women dressed as schoolgirls were bent over the back of a couch getting their bare bottoms soundly spanked by a stern gray-haired man wielding

a wicked-looking wooden paddle. Considering how red the women's ass cheeks were, Tabitha suspected the man had been spanking them for a while, and although they each squealed and wiggled every time the paddle came down on their poor, defenseless bottoms, they obviously loved every minute of it. Even though it wasn't like the other spankings she'd seen, there was something very sexy about the whole thing that had her wondering what it would be like to trade places with the women.

Ignoring the tingling in her pussy, Tabitha tore her gaze away from the scene and looked around for Karleigh. Her friend was nowhere in sight. Thinking the redhead was probably out looking for another phantom, Tabitha reluctantly left the room and the spanking going on there and walked into the foyer.

Karleigh wasn't there, however, so Tabitha made her way across the foyer toward another room. She kept an eye out for other phantoms as she went, but didn't see any. Which wasn't surprising, she supposed. There wasn't any spanking action going on in the foyer, so after getting a cocktail from a costumed server, most people disappeared into the main part of the mansion. Deciding to do the same, she took a glass of champagne a passing waiter offered and walked into one of the other rooms.

Another huge living room, it was as crowded as the first one she'd been in. While there were men dressed as cops, robbers and even superheroes, there wasn't a phantom in sight, much to her dismay. There were some spankings going on, though. On the other side of the room, a woman dressed as a saloon girl was bent over the back of an overstuffed chair while a pretty, dark-haired witch took a hairbrush to her upturned bottom. Over by the fireplace, a sexy she-devil was holding onto the mantel while a man in a monk's robe spanked her ass with a leather strap. Both spankings were equally mesmerizing, not to mention sexy as hell, and Tabitha had a hard time figuring out which pair to focus her attention on. She finally gave up trying to concentrate on just one or the other and instead gazed back and forth between the two so she could watch both women get their bottoms reddened.

Tabitha was so transfixed by the scene that she almost didn't feel Karleigh's hand on her arm. The redhead's face was flushed and her carefully done-up bun didn't look quite so done up. Tabitha wondered what she'd been up to.

"So, did you get your spanking?" her friend asked.

"Yes, but the guy wasn't Robert."

Karleigh made a face. "Darn. Well, was the spanking fun, at least?"

Tabitha nodded. "He was a little tentative with his spanks, though, which was how I knew he wasn't Robert. You didn't happen to see any other phantoms around, did you?"

"There's one in the dining room. Two doors down on the right," Karleigh said. "He has an entourage, though, so you might have to wait in line."

Tabitha lifted a brow. "An entourage, huh? That definitely sounds as if it could be Robert."

"Yeah, it does, doesn't it?" Her friend smiled. "Good luck."

Setting her half-empty glass on a table, Tabitha left and made her way down the hall to the dining room. Like everything else in the mansion seemed to be, it was bigger than the average dining room. And more formal. Tabitha was too interested in the phantom sitting at the far end of the long table to pay any attention to the décor, though.

In addition to the bare-bottomed fairy draped over his knee, he was surrounded by at least a half dozen more women just as scantily clad. Oh yeah, this had to be Robert.

Rather than walk into the room right away, Tabitha stood in the doorway and watched him administer a spanking. From the way the woman wiggled and squealed each time his hand connected with her ass, it was obvious he knew what he was doing, and suddenly Tabitha couldn't wait to take her place.

While waiting to take her turn was pure torture, watching him spank the other woman was extremely arousing. Even though she'd witnessed several spankings already, the possibility that she was almost certainly watching Robert administer this one—not to mention the knowledge she would be feeling those big hands of his on her own ass soon—turned her on like crazy.

By the time he set the well-spanked fairy back on her feet a few minutes later, it was all Tabitha could do not to run in and throw herself over his lap. Somehow, she forced herself to stay where she was while he and the woman exchanged words. Though they were speaking too softly for her to overhear, the blush on the fairy's face as well as the laughter coming from the other women made Tabitha think he'd probably said something suggestive.

Finally, the fairy turned and walked over to where Tabitha still stood by the door. Although most of the woman's face was hidden by a colorful mask, Tabitha recognized the costume and realized she was the same fairy who had gotten spanked by the blond-haired cop in the other room. She certainly got around.

The fairy gave Tabitha a grin before she walked out of the room. "He's all yours."

Not yet, Tabitha thought. But after tonight, he would be.

Lips curving into a sexy smile, she made her way around the big, rectangular table to where the masked man sat talking to his adoring harem. All eyes including the phantom's turned to her as she approached. Since they were all wearing masks, Tabitha couldn't read their expressions completely, but she thought she detected interest in their eyes as they took in her slender form.

Her pulse quickened as she leveled her gaze at the man. "I'm looking for a spanking and a little fairy told me you're just the man to give it to me."

Tabitha knew she would never have been so bold if she wasn't wearing a mask and silently thanked Karleigh for talking her into getting one. She waited for the man to say something so she could hear his voice and determine if he really was Robert or not, but like the first phantom, this one merely patted his knee in invitation. Damn, what was it with these strong, silent types?

Keenly aware of the other women watching, she slowly draped herself over his lap. Her breath caught as she felt him place a firm hand on the small of her back to hold her in place. She expected him to gently caress her ass like the first phantom had done, but he surprised her by spanking her right away.

She gasped as his hand smacked against first one cheek, then the other in rapid succession. He had a much firmer hand than the other phantom and the spanks stung even through her dress. She could only imagine what they would feel like if he pushed it up and spanked her panty-clad ass.

The thought of Robert seeing her in the pair of barely-there panties she had on underneath her dress made her moan. Would he think her ass was sexy? Would he think it was spankable? Would he...?

All coherent thought fled as he abruptly stopped spanking her to flip up her dress. She shivered as a breeze brushed across the parts of her ass cheeks left bare.

She waited breathlessly for him to caress her ass, or at the very least comment on how much he liked it, but instead he simply resumed spanking her again. Not that she was complaining. She had wanted a spanking and he definitely knew how to spank a girl, but she would have liked a little extra something to go along with it.

He went back and forth from one cheek to the other until she was squirming around on his lap. With only her panties for protection, the smacks stung even more than they had over her dress and she had to bite her lip to stifle a squeal. She had no doubt the part of her ass left exposed by her underwear must be turning a bright rosy red color and she suddenly wanted to run and look in a mirror. It was then that she remembered the other women in the room. From where they were standing, they had a perfect view of her ass and could see just how red it was getting. Knowing they were watching him warm her bottom made the spanking even more of a turn-on.

She only wished the man giving it to her would pull down her panties so she could feel his hand on her bare ass. Maybe just let his fingers trace up and down the folds of her wet pussy a few times. But to her chagrin, after one more well-aimed and extra-hard smack to each ass cheek, he pulled her to her feet so fast that her head spun. What the heck? She wasn't done getting spanked yet.

Apparently he was done spanking her, though.

He gazed up at her, his eyes almost mocking behind the mask he wore. "So, was that the kind of spanking you were looking for?" He smirked. "Don't bother to answer. I already know it was."

The women in his harem laughed, as if they found his words amusing. Tabitha gritted her teeth. Thank God his voice was too full of false bravado for him to be Robert. She'd hate to think the man she had a thing for could be such an egotistical asshole.

She lifted her chin to glare down at him. "Actually, I've had better."

It was obvious from the way his mouth tightened that she had insulted him. Too damn bad. He needed to be taken down a peg. Turning on her heel, she walked out of the room without a backward glance.

In the hallway, Tabitha leaned back against the wall, a sigh escaping her lips. She'd been so sure Phantom Number Two had been Robert that learning he was instead just an arrogant jerk was a huge letdown.

She looked around at the costumed people moving through the hallway and in and out of various rooms, a little jealous at how much fun they all seemed to be having. Then again, she'd be having that much fun too if she wasn't running around looking for each and every phantom of Venice, hoping one of them would be Robert. For all she knew, he might not even be at the party. There were a lot of other hot guys here, some of whom had already shown interest in her. Maybe she should just forget about Robert and have a good time. After all, it wasn't every day she got to go to a spanking party.

With that thought in mind, she pushed away from the wall and headed for the sweeping staircase that led to the second floor, telling herself she was going to let the next guy who asked put her over his knee.

Chapter Three

The mansion's upstairs was just as beautiful and spacious as the downstairs and Tabitha wondered which room to start in first. Now that she was no longer hung up on looking for Robert, she didn't feel that same sense of urgency that—dare she say it?—had bordered on desperation before. So she smiled at every guy who looked her way, chatted with a few of them and lingered any time she wanted to watch a spanking.

Unlike the rooms she'd been in on the first floor, the ones upstairs were mostly bedrooms, although there were two rather huge libraries as well. Tabitha couldn't help but smile when she saw them. She'd have to remember to mention that to Karleigh. What better place for a librarian to get spanked? Or to spank someone else, Tabitha thought, stopping to watch a woman wearing a skirt and blouse similar to Karleigh's spank a curly-haired blonde witch's bare bottom with a wooden ruler. Though not as wicked as some of the paddles Tabitha had seen used tonight, the ruler still looked as if it would sting. The witch, however, must have enjoyed it because every time the librarian brought the ruler down on her ass, the blonde let out a husky sound of pleasure.

Tabitha would have stayed to watch more, but witnessing the sexy spanking made her want one of her own. Eager to see if she could find a tall, gorgeous hunk to do the honors, she wandered down the hall to the next room.

The door there wasn't open all the way like in the library, but only slightly ajar. Thinking whoever was inside might want privacy, Tabitha was about to continue down the hall, only to stop when she heard a soft moan. Curious, she stepped closer to the door and peeked inside.

Tabitha had expected to get a glimpse of a spanking similar to the ones going on in the other rooms, but what she saw made her blink in surprise. A naked woman was bound wrists and ankles to a set of restraints on a curvy submission play cushion that had been placed at the foot of the bed. Kneeling like she was, her derriere was up in the air and in perfect position for the spanking being administered by the tall, bare-chested man behind her. As Tabitha watched, he brought his arm back and slapped her ass with the leather strap he held.

The resounding smack it made as it kissed her skin was drowned out by her cry of pleasure.

"Harder!" she demanded.

The man complied, bringing the strap down on her ass again, harder this time. That got another squeal out of the woman.

"More!" she begged.

The woman's partner did as she asked, smacking her ass with the leather strap until her skin was a deep rose color. Tabitha didn't know if it was simply because the woman was bound or because she was completely naked, but this spanking was more erotic than any she had seen so far and her pussy tingled with her arousal. Tabitha had no doubt that if she checked, she would find her pussy was soaking wet. She could have stood there and watched this particular spanking all night.

Which was why she had to bite her lip to keep from protesting when the man tossed the strap on the bed a few minutes later.

Tabitha turned to leave when she saw the man unbuckle his belt and unzip his pants. A moment later, he pushed them down to reveal his hard cock. Producing a condom, he opened the packet and rolled it onto his shaft. Tabitha's eyes went wide. They were going to have sex right there. She hadn't known it was that kind of party.

Mesmerized, Tabitha watched as he climbed onto the cushion behind the woman and slowly entered her. Other than seeing herself and whatever boyfriend she had at the time make love in front of the mirror in her bedroom, Tabitha had never actually watched anyone have sex before, but as the couple undulated and moaned, she decided it was even more of a turn-on than the spanking. She was hotter than she'd ever been.

Unable to help herself, she slid her hand underneath her panties and glided it along her pussy lips. Oh yeah, she was definitely wet. Capturing a little of the moisture on her fingertip, she ran it up and over her excited clit. She started to make small circles on the nub and was just getting into a good rhythm when movement at the far end of the hall caught her attention.

She reluctantly slid her hand out of her panties and turned her head to see a man standing just outside the French doors there. Although he was half hidden in the shadows, the tricorn hat and cape of his costume were unmistakable. He was one of the elusive phantoms she had been looking for.

Even though she'd decided she wasn't going to waste another minute looking for Robert, she found herself walking toward the man as if drawn to him. He was tall with broad shoulders and dark hair, just like Robert. Though she didn't remember her coworker being quite so tall or well built. Then again, he didn't often wear a cape and a tricorn hat to Sultry Records, so it was hard to tell. The costume could make him look bigger than he really was.

His sensuous lips curved into a smile. "I was wondering when you'd get around to me."

Her breath hitched. Was this Robert? More importantly, did he know who she was? She gazed into his eyes, looking for a hint of recognition, but it was impossible to see his expression with a mask on.

"Get around to you?" she asked.

He shrugged. "I couldn't help but notice that you seem to have a thing for the phantom of Venice."

Her face colored at that. Had he been watching her? "There is something rather sexy about being spanked by a tall, dark, mysterious man in a cape and mask."

He let out a soft chuckle. The deep, husky sound felt like a caress on her skin and she shivered. Was that Robert's voice? She wasn't sure. It definitely sounded as sexy as she remembered from the few times they'd talked.

"So do you want me to give you a spanking?" he asked softly.

Heat pooled between her thighs at the thought of him putting her over his knee. She gave him a flirtatious smile. "That is why I'm here."

He grinned. "I was hoping you'd say that."

Tabitha's pulse raced as he took her hand and led her outside to the ornate stone bench on the terrace. Even though she'd gotten two spankings already that night, the possibility that this time she was actually going to have her bottom warmed by the man she'd been dreaming of, fantasizing about and lusting after forever made her pussy tingle with anticipation. God, if she got any hotter, she was going to orgasm just from thinking about it.

Sitting down on the bench, he slowly guided her over his knee, then placed a hand on her back like the other two phantoms who had spanked her. When he lightly cupped her ass through her short dress with his other hand and gave it a squeeze, Tabitha knew this spanking wasn't going to be like the ones the others had given her.

She held her breath, waiting for that first spank, but instead he gently caressed her ass. She let out a little sigh. Now *this* was the kind of spanking she'd been looking for. The kind she had hoped the other two phantoms would give her. She always liked it when guys paid attention to her bottom before the spanking started.

She was so lost in the massage he was giving her that she didn't realize he had stopped until she felt a firm smack on her right cheek. While it wasn't a hard spank, it still left a pleasant tingle, and she let out a little gasp. The sound had barely escaped her lips before he brought his hand down on her other cheek, a little harder this time. Warmth rushed over her skin and she eagerly lifted her ass up for the next spank. He didn't disappoint her, but went back and forth from one cheek to the other with a steady rhythm that made her breathless.

Then, as abruptly as he had started spanking her, he stopped to rub her bottom again. It was then that Tabitha realized her dress had ridden up to give him a tantalizing glimpse of her lace-trimmed panties. He ran his hand over the curve of her

ass, then down the backs of her legs before moving back up again. She caught her breath as she felt him slide his hand underneath her dress and push it up, exposing even more of her derriere.

"God, you have a gorgeous ass," he breathed. "It's just perfect for spanking."

She'd been told by other men she had a nice ass, but never that it was perfect for spanking, and the compliment warmed her all the way to the tips of her toes. She opened her mouth to thank him, but all that came out was a little squeal as he began spanking her again.

He delivered a flurry of firm smacks to her cheeks that made her ass feel hot all over and she squirmed around on his lap. The spanks really stung. The firm hand on her back kept her from moving around too much though, a reminder that she was under his control. That turned her on almost as much as the spanking itself and by the time he stopped to rub her bottom again, her pussy was soaking wet. She was only a few touches away from orgasm.

Tabitha let out a husky moan as he gave her ass a firm squeeze.

"Does that feel good?" he asked.

"Mmm." She nibbled on her lower lip for a moment. "Though it would feel even better if you pulled down my panties."

"Is that so?"

She nodded.

He chuckled softly, but didn't reply. A moment later, she felt him slip his fingers in the waistband of her panties and slowly slide them down her legs until they were all the way off. She looked over her shoulder and saw him slip them in his pocket. Oooh, that was so hot.

"I'll give these back to you later," he said.

Rather than caress her bottom like she thought he would, though, he brought his hand down on her bare ass with a resounding smack. The spank stung even more without her panties for protection and she immediately felt heat spread over her skin along with a sting that was more pleasurable than she would have imagined possible. Unable to help herself, she ground her throbbing clit against his muscular thigh while he spanked her. The rhythmic motion sent little tremors of ecstasy through her body and she moaned at how good it felt. She thought she might be able to come from the combined actions of rubbing against his leg and getting spanked, but to her dismay, he stopped smacking her ass just as she felt herself getting close to orgasm.

She was about to protest when he bent forward and pressed a kiss to her ass. His mouth was surprisingly cool on her red-hot skin and she shivered as the stubble on his jaw scraped against her tender skin. She'd never had a man kiss her there before and as he nibbled his way over her curvy bottom, she couldn't believe how erotic it was.

Tabitha lifted her head to look at him over her shoulder. "Touch me," she begged. "Please."

She didn't care that they were outside on the terrace where anyone could see them. If she didn't feel his fingers on her clit soon, she was going to go crazy.

Mouth curving into a sexy smile, he slipped his hand between her legs and ran his finger along her pussy. As he found her clit and began to make slow, lazy circles on it, she rotated her hips in time with his movements, grinding against his hand the same way she'd ground against his thigh moments before. While that had felt good, what he was doing now felt even more amazing, so much so that she was already on the verge of coming. She almost certainly would have, but he suddenly stopped playing with her clit. She opened her mouth to complain only to let out a moan when she felt him slide his finger deep inside her pussy.

He moved his finger in and out, slowly fucking her with it. She moaned again, louder this time. Damn, he was good at that.

But then, just when she thought he might make her come like that, he slid his finger out and went back to playing with her clit. As he moved his finger round and round the sensitive nub, she decided her pussy would just have to wait a little while longer.

"Oh yeah," she breathed, undulating her hips. "Just like that. Don't stop."

"I won't stop. Not until I make you come," he promised.

Tabitha could only moan. She closed her eyes, losing herself in his touch. His fingers were absolutely magical. It was as if he knew exactly what to do to get her off. And considering how aroused she already was from the spanking he'd given her, it didn't take much.

Her orgasm started underneath his finger, then slowly found its way to every part of her body, sending ripple after ripple of pleasure through her until she was letting out one long, satisfied moan.

As her orgasm subsided, all Tabitha could do was lie there over his lap. She couldn't remember ever having such a strong orgasm from a guy just touching her clit.

He let her stay where she was for a moment, then took her hand and gently pulled her to her feet. He stood up and gazed down at her for a long time, not saying anything. In the darkness on the terrace, his expression was inscrutable behind the mask he wore, but something told her he wanted her as much as she wanted him. She opened her mouth to speak, but he bent his head and kissed her before she could get the words out.

His mouth was firm and yet gentle at the same time, his tongue slow dancing with hers in the most delicious way possible. With a groan, he slid his hand in her long hair and tilted her head back to take complete and total possession of her mouth.

She sighed and melted against him, running her hands up his chest to settle on his broad shoulders. The muscles there flexed and bunched beneath her fingers, evidence of how well built he was. She'd always been a sucker for a guy with a great body and from what she could tell, he was seriously ripped underneath his costume. That made her pause. She'd never had a chance to grope Robert, but was he this buff underneath those suits he wore? She didn't know and right then she really didn't care, as long as he kept kissing her.

Breathing ragged, he dragged his mouth away from hers. "God, I want you."

Her pulse skipped at the words. The thought of having sex with him turned her on like crazy. "I want you too."

He covered her mouth with his again, tugging her lower lip into his mouth and sucking on it. "Let's go see if we can find an empty bedroom."

Even though she'd seen the other couple having sex in one of the rooms, Tabitha hadn't considered the possibility she and her masked phantom would be doing the same. But she had to admit she wasn't sure she could wait as long as it would take them to get to one of their homes.

She smiled. "I like the way you think."

Grinning, he took her hand and led her inside the mansion. Unfortunately, it wasn't as easy to find an empty bedroom as she'd hoped. Apparently a lot of people had the same idea because quite a few of the rooms already had their doors closed and locked. She was beginning to think they might have to look on another floor when they finally came to an unoccupied room. She and her masked lover quickly darted inside.

Closing the door, he urged her back against the wall and captured her lips in a kiss. His mouth was hot and demanding on hers, almost urgent, and she murmured her approval as she wrapped her arms around his neck. She could feel his hard cock straining against the material of his pants as he pressed up against her.

He lifted his head to kiss his way along the curve of her jaw and down her neck. "I wanted you since the moment I first saw you downstairs."

So, he had been watching her. She buried her fingers in his hair, arching her neck as he pressed his lips to the hollow behind her ear. "You have a thing for Greek goddesses then, huh?"

He chuckled and lifted his head to gaze down at her. "Only when they're as beautiful as you are."

She blushed at the compliment and would have thanked him, but he kissed her again. By the time he lifted his head, she completely forgot what she'd been going to say. Damn, the man knew how to kiss.

Taking her hands in his, he backed across the room to the king-size bed that was in the middle of it. Stopping beside it, he took off his hat and threw it on the floor, then did the same with the cape he wore before reaching out to give the gold belt at her waist a little tug. The bow she had tied in it came undone easily at his touch and as the belt unraveled, she reached up to slowly push the dress off her shoulders. She hadn't worn a bra, and as she let the gown slide over her breasts and down her hip to reveal her naked body, his eyes glinted with desire behind the mask he wore.

His eyes caressed her from head to toe, his gaze lingering on her every inch of bare skin, and Tabitha had to squeeze her thighs together to ease the throbbing in her pussy.

"God, you're gorgeous," he breathed.

Thanking him for the compliment, she sat back on the bed and gave him a sultry smile. "Your turn."

Mouth twitching, he reached up to unbutton his shirt. She nibbled on her lower lip as she waited impatiently for the reveal. When he finally shrugged it off his shoulders and she got a look at his smooth, muscular chest and washboard stomach, she could only stare at the sight. She'd gone out with guys who had nice bodies before, but his was absolutely perfect.

When his hands went to his belt, she found herself holding her breath in anticipation. Was he as well built down there as he was everywhere else? He pushed down his pants, revealing long, well-muscled legs and a pair of black boxer briefs with a very sizeable bulge. She was impatient to see if he was as well endowed as he looked and was glad when he pushed down his underwear. As his thick, hard cock sprang free, all she could do was stare. He was even more perfect than she'd imagined.

Tabitha was so focused on his shaft that she almost didn't see him reach for his mask. She sat up straighter.

"Leave that on," she said softly.

He hesitated, his hand on the white mask covering the top part of his face, but after a moment, he smiled. "You really are into this whole costume thing, aren't you?"

Actually, she wasn't sure why she'd asked him to keep his mask on. Maybe because she wasn't ready to take off her own quite yet. Seeing him standing there wearing nothing but a mask was sexy as hell, though.

Unable to resist touching him any longer, she reached out and wrapped her hand around his thick erection. He really did have a beautiful cock, she thought as she bent to run her tongue over the glistening bead of precum on the head. He tasted sweet and slightly musky and she moaned in appreciation. Wanting more, she closed her lips over him and slowly moved her mouth up and down.

He let out a groan and slid his hand in her hair, gently guiding her motions. As she licked him, she cupped his balls in her other hand, tenderly caressing them. She took him a little deeper each time she bobbed her head until he was touching the back of her throat. Then she took him even deeper.

Above her, he groaned, louder this time. She liked when a man let her know he enjoyed what she was doing.

It was incredibly tempting to keep licking him until she made him come that way, but right now she had someplace else she wanted that big, hard cock of his. So she was greedy, who could blame her? Swirling her tongue around the head of his erection one more time, she let him slip out of her mouth, then lifted her head to look at him.

He gazed down at her, eyes smoldering behind his mask. Without a word, he swooped down and captured her mouth in an intoxicating kiss. Tongue tangling with hers, he urged her back on the bed. Murmuring something unintelligible, he kissed his way along the curve of her jaw and down her neck to her breasts. Gently cupping one of them in his hand, he bent to slowly swirl his tongue around the nipple on the other before drawing the stiff peak into his mouth and sucking on it.

Tabitha moaned and slid her hand in his hair, guiding his movements much as he had done to her earlier. He took his time making love to her breasts, feasting on one nipple then the other until she was practically dizzy with pleasure. Only then did he lift his head and cover her mouth with his again.

"I need to be inside you," he growled.

She opened her mouth to teasingly ask him what he was waiting for, but he got off the bed to reach for his pants. Confused, she pushed herself up on her elbows to see what he was doing. It dawned on her when she saw the foil packet he held in his hand. She'd almost forgotten about a condom. That just showed how much she wanted this guy. Thank goodness he was more in control than she was.

Relaxing back on the pillows, she watched impatiently as he rolled the condom onto his hard cock. Her breathing quickened. He was going to feel so good inside her.

Giving her a wolfish grin, he climbed on the bed and settled himself between her thighs. Bracing a hand on either side of her head, he bent to kiss her. As his mouth moved over hers, he rubbed the head of his erection up and down the folds of her slit. While pleasurable, it was also complete torture, and she tore her mouth away from his with a frustrated moan.

"Stop teasing me already," she demanded.

He paused, the head of his shaft poised at the opening of her pussy. Then, gazing down into her eyes, he slowly eased himself inside her.

Tabitha gasped as his cock filled her. She'd been wrong before when she said he would feel good inside her. He didn't simply feel good – he felt perfect.

Looping her arms around his neck, she pulled him down for another kiss as she wrapped her legs around him to pull his shaft in even deeper. They stayed like that for a long moment, his cock deep in her pussy, his strong, hard body pressing hers into the mattress. When he finally began moving inside her, she automatically lifted her hips to meet his. He groaned against her mouth, matching his rhythm to hers as she undulated beneath him. Every time he thrust, he seemed to find that secret place inside her, that place no other man had ever been able to find, and she moaned in pleasure.

Just when she thought she might actually go insane from ecstasy, he rolled onto his back so that she was on top.

"Ride me," he commanded in a husky voice.

Tabitha did as he ordered, placing her hands on his chest and slowly moving up and down on his cock. The rocking motion sent his shaft gliding deep into her pussy each time she moved and she moaned appreciatively. In this position, she was able to constantly rub her clit against him, which she knew would make her orgasm really fast.

She was just falling into a satisfying rhythm when she felt his hand smack against her ass. Startled, she let out a gasp, her eyes going wide. Then her lips curved into a smile. Sex and a spanking. Could it get any better?

"Do that again," she said.

Eyes glinted behind his mask, he brought his hand down on her opposite cheek. Heat spread across her skin, accompanied by a delightful tingle, and she let out a little squeal. He went back and forth like that, alternating from one side to the other as she rode him. Each time his hand smacked against her ass, she clenched her pussy tightly around him. Getting spanked was arousing all on its own, but getting fucked at the same time was enough to send her into a different dimension, and she cried out as she felt herself starting to come.

With a growl, her masked lover grabbed her burning ass cheeks in both hands and pumped into her fiercely.

"Harder," she demanded. "Fuck me harder!"

He obeyed, gripping her ass and thrusting into her so hard and so fast that Tabitha thought she might actually pass out from the pleasure. Beneath her, he groaned hoarsely as he found his own release, and knowing they were climaxing together made her own orgasm even more intense.

As the tremors rippling through her body subsided, all Tabitha could do was gaze down at the man who had just brought her so much ecstasy.

Now that they had made love, it was time to show Robert who she really was. Considering the incredible sex they'd just had, he was bound to want to see her again and again. She slowly removed her mask and waited breathlessly to see the expression on his face when he recognized her.

Unmasked

He didn't show any sign of recognition at all, though. Instead, he reached up and took off the white mask that had been concealing his identity. She found herself gazing down at the most attractive man she had ever seen—only she'd never seen him before in her life. He wasn't Robert.

Chapter Four

"Expecting someone else?"

Tabitha blushed, realizing he must have seen her surprise. "N-no. Of course not."

His mouth curved into a smile. "Good. I just wanted to make sure you weren't disappointed now that you know what I look like underneath my mask."

She blinked. Disappointed? He had to be kidding. With a chiseled jaw, sensuous mouth and impossibly gold eyes, he was absolutely gorgeous. No woman would be disappointed to discover she'd just made love with a guy as hot as he was. Even if she had gone to bed with him thinking he was someone else.

In all honesty, she had to admit he was a big step up from Robert. Even though she had always thought Robert was handsome, this guy was even more attractive. And while she'd thought Robert would be great in bed, none of her fantasies had even come close to the reality of the man she had just made love with.

The funny thing was, sometime during the spanking, a part of her had known there was no way he could be Robert. The man she worked with was too self-absorbed to ever give a woman a proper spanking, a spanking that would be more about her pleasure and less about his.

Realizing he was still waiting for an answer, she leaned forward to kiss him. "Definitely not."

He reached up to gently brush her hair back from her face. "Now that I've taken off my mask, maybe I should tell you my name. It's Quinn. Quinn Malloy."

Damn, even his name was sexy. "Tabitha Buckley."

"Well, Ms. Tabitha Buckley, what do you say we skip out on the rest of the party and go back to my place?"

She smiled. "I'd love to. But I came with a friend, so I'll need to find her and let her know I'm leaving."

Giving Quinn another kiss, Tabitha reluctantly climbed off him. She would have preferred to cuddle up with him instead, but that would be easier to do at his place. After they went for round two, of course.

As she and Quinn finished getting dressed and replacing their masks, it occurred to Tabitha that he hadn't given back her panties. That was okay. She rather liked the idea of being naked underneath her toga dress, as well as the thought of him keeping her panties in his pocket.

They decided to look for Karleigh downstairs since that was where Tabitha had last seen the redhead. At the bottom of the stairs, however, she and Quinn ran into Phantom Number Two. Even with a mask, she recognized his arrogant face. If that didn't clue her in, the harem of women around him certainly would have.

She started to sidestep around him, but he stepped in front of her, blocking her path.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?" he demanded in that snide voice of his. "You didn't think I was going to let you walk away after what you said to me, did you?"

Her brows drew together. "I was just being honest. I have had better spankings. In fact, just a little while ago, I had the best one I've ever had."

His eyes narrowed behind his mask while below it, his mouth curled into a sneer. "You little bitch. Come here so I can spank that sass right out of you."

He reached for her, clearly intending to make good on his threat, but Quinn intercepted him, stepping protectively in front of her.

"Hey buddy, this is a consensual party, remember?" he told the man. "Back the fuck off."

The phantom stared at Quinn as if stunned. Then, muttering something under his breath, he balled his hand into a fist and took a swing at Quinn. Tabitha opened her mouth to warn him, but Quinn moved faster than she would have thought possible, blocking the other man's punch and delivering one of his own, connecting solidly with the phantom's jaw. The blow not only sent the jerk sprawling to the floor, but knocked off his mask, too.

Tabitha's eyes went wide as she recognized Robert. The irony of the situation wasn't lost on her. She'd lusted after Robert for two years, spending all that time making him out to be the perfect guy, only to discover not only wasn't he perfect but that he was a total jackass, too. The realization didn't hurt nearly as much as it would have since she had actually met a guy who really was perfect.

She was so focused on the two men that she didn't even remember the other people in the foyer until the crowd hastily began backing up to give Quinn and Robert room as if they expected the fight to continue. Tabitha opened her mouth to tell Quinn that Robert wasn't worth it and that they should leave when two medieval executioners pushed their way through the crowd. She didn't know if they were the same men she'd seen at the front door earlier or not, she just hoped she was right about them being security.

"What's going on here?" one of the executioners asked.

Robert got to his feet, one hand nursing his bruised jaw as he glared at Quinn. "Bastard punched me."

"After you tried to spank a woman without her consent," Quinn said.

The second executioner turned his hooded gaze on Robert. "Is that true?"

Robert opened his mouth, most likely to deny it, but all that came out was a sputter of unintelligible words.

The executioner stiffened. "What part of consensual don't you get, asshole?" He grabbed Robert's arm and dragged him sputtering and protesting toward the door. "Let's go. It's time you left."

There was a murmur of conversation among the guests in the foyer as the bouncers escorted Robert from the mansion, but Tabitha barely heard them. All she could do was stare at Quinn, unable to believe he'd defended her like he had. She didn't think there were any classy guys like that left in LA.

He put his arm around her and pulled her close. "Don't worry about him. Word gets around the scene about assholes like him. He won't be getting invites to any more parties after tonight."

Tabitha hoped so. Unfortunately, she would still have to see Robert at Sultry Records. Now that she knew what a jerk he really was, though, she wouldn't be having any more delusions about him. She was glad they worked in different departments.

"I see you found who you were looking for."

At the sound of Karleigh's voice, Tabitha turned in Quinn's arms to see the redhead standing behind her, the Roman gladiator at her side as well as several other costumed hunks.

Tabitha smiled. "I did. Obviously, so did you."

Karleigh gave the men around her a sidelong glance, her lips curving into a smile. "They found me, actually." She looked at Tabitha. "I guess you won't need a ride home later."

Tabitha shook her head. "I was just about to look for you so I could tell you that we were leaving when I got interrupted."

"Yeah, we saw," Karleigh said.

"The whole thing?"

Karleigh nodded. "The whole thing."

Which meant Karleigh knew the phantom with her wasn't Robert, Tabitha thought. At least she wouldn't have to worry about the redhead slipping up and saying something she shouldn't. Like how Tabitha had come to the Halloween party expressly looking for Robert. She needn't have worried, though. Karleigh and her entourage were

as eager to be alone as she and Quinn were. After giving Tabitha a hug and making her promise to tell her everything at work the following week, Karleigh and the men started up the steps.

"Okay," Karleigh said over her shoulder. "Who's next?"

"Me," the men all said in unison.

The redhead laughed. "Don't worry. There's plenty of me to go around."

Tabitha could only smile. She'd always known Karleigh was a little on the wild side; she hadn't known just how wild. The redhead's bottom was going to be quite tender by the end of the night. As Karleigh and her followers disappeared from sight, however, Tabitha suddenly remembered the other librarian she'd seen earlier. The woman had been administering a spanking, not getting one, and Tabitha wondered whether her friend would be the one on the receiving end or whether the men would be the ones getting their backsides reddened. Tabitha would have to remember to ask.

"So, that was your friend, huh?"

Tabitha stopped trying to puzzle out who would be spanking whom and turned her attention back to Quinn.

"That's her. I'll introduce you sometime when we're not in costume," she said, then grinned. "But don't get any ideas about spanking her. My bottom is the only one you're going to be putting your hands on for a long time to come."

He pulled her close for a kiss. "I'm definitely okay with that."

About the Author

Paige Tyler is a full-time, multi-published, award-winning writer of erotic romance. She and her research assistant (otherwise known as her husband!) live on the beautiful Florida coast with their easygoing dog and their lazy, I-refuse-to-get-off-the-couch-for-anything-but-food cat. When not working on her latest book, Paige enjoys reading, jogging, doing Pilates, going to the beach, watching Pro football and vacationing with her husband at Disney. She loves writing about strong, sexy alpha males and the feisty, independent women who fall for them. From verbal foreplay to sexual heat, her wickedly hot stories of romance, adventure, passion and true love will bring a blush to your cheeks and leave you breathlessly panting for more!

Paige welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her <u>author bio page</u> at <u>www.ellorascave.com</u>.

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