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My Captive Lover

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Publisher:

Amira Press, LLC

Baltimore, MD

www.amirapress.com

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Chapter One

Everything she'd done had led to that moment. Everyone she'd cheated, the lies she told, and even the money she'd taken from the bank—it was all in preparation of meeting him. In the dark, down on the docks, and late so no one would see what she planned.

A rat ran across her path, making her jump backward and pause as she headed down the alley off Fifth and Main. The pungent odor of rotting meat and spoiled veggies assailed her nose. She picked up the pace again, wishing the click of her low heels would not echo so loud in the still air.

Up ahead, where the alley opened to the docks, a man stepped out of the shadows. He was tall, maybe an inch or two more than her father who was just over six feet. His shoulders were so wide he blocked out half the yacht moored behind him. Her heart beat faster with fear that maybe she shouldn't have gotten herself into this mess. When he stepped forward, holding out a small bag to her without a word, she knew it was too late to turn back.

"I-It's here?" she queried.

He nodded. "Aye, it's here. Everything you need. That will be—"

"I know. Here's your money, and thank you for your help." She handed him the thick envelope, then turned toward the boat.

The vessel bounced on the choppy waves. No lights shone within, and no movement indicated a man was on board ... bound.

She stepped onto the deck, feeling butterflies stir again in her stomach. The salt air stung her eyes, which were irritated further by the whipping of her hair across her face. Forcing herself to go below, she easily located the room where he lay, hands tied to the bedposts. For a moment, she stood watching him, taking in the rugged handsome face with the five-o'clock shadow. Although his eyes were covered, she remembered they were the color of wheat, sexier than any she'd ever seen.

She allowed her gaze to travel his length. If possible, his shoulders were broader than they were fourteen years ago. Even in the tattered jeans he wore, with the hole in one knee, the developed muscles were defined. At the bulge in his pants, she paused in her perusal. It was big, very big. She didn't think it was the inexperience of an eighteen-year-old, as she'd been then, had made her think so. He had even apologized for its size as he taught her how to please him with her hands, with her mouth, with her body. Remembering caused a desperate ache inside to experience it all again. And again.

"Will you just stand there forever staring at me? Or are you going to tell me what you want?" His voice startled her from her reverie. She'd thought he was asleep.

She straightened her shoulders. "I will stand here as long as I damn well please. Seems I should have had you muzzled."

He twisted his neck as if to catch her voice better. "You sound familiar. Who are you?"

Not deigning to answer, she moved into the room, and set the satchel she carried on the side table. Removing her gloves one at a time, she considered him again. Her plan had been to tantalize him, make him want what he couldn't have, but that would torment her as well. There had to be some middle ground. This weekend was not to be a pleasurable vacation for him, something he'd want to repeat again. No, this was about payback.

She bent over him and ran a hand along his chest. The muscles tensed under her fingertips. Desire engulfed her, and she drew back.

"Don't stop." He grinned. "That felt great. If you take this blindfold off and untie me, maybe we can have some real fun."

"What makes you think I am someone you'd like to play with? Maybe I am as ugly as they come. Maybe I have a hump in my back, a tick or some ordinary flaw that puts off a man like you."

"A man like me? Do you know me?"

"Would I abduct a stranger?"

He struggled against the holds. "I don't know. Maybe you're insane or you hate men. You want to punish us all, and one is just as good as another for your plans."

With deft fingers, she unbuttoned her dress and let it fall to the floor. Adjusting her lacy pink bra with matching thong panties, she made sure she was as appealing as possible. She climbed up on the bed and straddled him, grinding cruelly against his groin. His wince could have been of pain, but she didn't spend too much time thinking of it.

"Don't worry, darling. You are just the man I'm after. No other would have done."

She felt him move his hips against her, obviously growing hard. A small grunt escaped him before he said, "If this is supposed to be punishment, please continue. But so there are no regrets later because of a mistake, what is my name?"

"Satan."

He chuckled. "I'm sorry, you've got the wrong guy."

She shook her head, as if he could see her beyond the blindfold. "No, it's you. But to be specific, you are Savion Bellamont, devil incarnate."

The man, with eyes so alluring she desperately wanted to look into them despite her well-laid plans, fell silent. He seemed to be contemplating her words, or trying to remember her. That fact angered her more, that he had probably treated numbers of women the way he treated her. Finally, he spoke. "I guess you do know me, but whatever I've done to you is all in the past. I'm sorry if I hurt you."

"Not good enough." She emphasized her point by leaning forward and coming down hard on his sensitive areas.

He cried out. "Damn it, woman. Tell me what I've done, and I'll make it up to you." The bed rocked as he struggled against his bonds again. She checked to see that they were tight, and then lay flat against him so that her breasts pressed against his chest.

This time, she moved her hips up and down so that it soothed his pain. He grew harder, and she grew wetter, wanting so much more. She noted his grimace of pain had eased, and his lips had parted to allow soft pants. Lifting her hips, she reached down between them until her fingers slid beneath his clothes. Just as she remembered, he was big. Circling his thick cock with her fingers, she stroked up and down its length. Now her prisoner was moaning in earnest.

"You want more?" she whispered in his ear.

"Yes." His voice was barely audible.

Exploring farther, she slid her hands across the sac she had abused earlier. Now she soothed them, one finger massaging the tender flesh just beneath. She slid off his body and turned to get him out of his pants. His erection sprung as long and thick as she remembered. Hunger rocked her, and forgetting her plan, she tasted its glorious tip. Swirling her tongue around it and all the way down and up had her so hot, she wanted it inside her. But she held back.

"Don't stop, baby. Continue. Swallow all of me."

She smacked hard at his bare thigh, causing the skin to redden. "This isn't about you. It's about me, getting back what you stole."

"What did I steal?"

Hesitating and then deciding it was time to quit stalling, she told him. "My virginity, for one."

"I'm sorry, I can't very well give that back."

His snide remark made her want to strike out, to hurt him as he hurt her even now. She smacked his face hard. The sting of her palm was a small price to pay. "You're not sorry. How many girls have you seduced? How many lives have you ruined, you jackass?"

Savion jerked wildly on the bed. She fell backward, nearly toppling onto the floor, but she caught hold of his arm. His grunt of pain at her dragging against the bonds gave her added satisfaction.

When she had righted herself on top of him, she drew in a deep breath to calm herself. It was time to get down to business. She reached up, removed his blindfold, and waited for the beautiful eyes to adjust to the dim light in the room. All had been carefully calculated. While she was no longer a rough girl of eighteen, with gangly limbs and cat eyeglasses, she did feel that she would look best in soft light. What woman didn't? Savion would see how she had been a late bloomer, so that her breasts were now filled out. Her narrow hips that had made it appear she had no waistline was also a thing of the past. To complement her womanly figure, she'd gotten LASIK eye surgery and had her dark brown hair highlighted. Given the hungry looks of men she passed on the street, the total package was very nice. The skimpy undergarments were a bonus. Savion had once said he loved a woman in pink. She'd give him what he wanted. Sort of.

"Well?" she insisted.

He blinked. "Very hot. But you knew that already." She felt his shaft jump beneath her rear, and she wiggled to tease it. His grunt of pleasure satisfied her. "So what do you plan to do with me?"

"First things, first. Who am I?"

"Give me a break. I don't know, okay? Why don't you..." He stopped. Recognition lit his eyes, before he closed them with a look of regret crossing his face. It looked almost genuine. "Lydie. I'm so sorry, Lydie."

"Don't." She couldn't force out more than that at the moment.

"I was the only one that called you that, remember?"

How could she not? She loved him, would have given him everything. Correction, she did give him everything, all of herself. "I do not choose to remember that. You don't deserve to call me by an endearing nickname that was all a part of your plan. You didn't mean one word that you said, including the phrase, 'I love you, Lydie.'"

"I admit it was a mistake. And I'm sorry. I should never have used you like that." His voice held the regret she would not let herself believe. She had been smooth talked by this shark before to get her daddy's business. She would not be again.

"Let me explain to you how it will be, Mr. Bellamont. This time, I will seduce *you*. But instead of fucking you to win your heart, since you don't have one, I will make you want what you can't have. You will suffer the entire weekend. And at the end, I have a nice little surprise for you." She patted his cheek, then slid off of him to stand beside the bed, and dressed.

"You can't be serious, Lydie. Does your father know about this?" He struggled.

Fastening the last button on her dress, she stepped toward the door, then looked back. "You and I know my father is more interested in his business, than he is in me. I told you, Savion. This is about me and no one else. Before this weekend is over, I will get back some of what I lost. Like you said, I can't get my virginity back, but then all that you taught me and some I learned over the years will serve me well." She blew him a kiss and, with a wink, left the room.

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Chapter Two

Savion lay struggling against the holds at his wrists. He hated not being in control. From the day he learned to master a woman's body, he'd wielded that power to take what he wanted, when he wanted. But that coldheartedness had changed. He'd grown up and realized the world didn't revolve around him. Circumstances in his life had forced his eyes open to that fact. But try convincing Lydie of that.

An image of her luscious figure rose in his mind. His dick grew tight just thinking about it. Her breasts were almost spilling over the top of the flimsy bra she'd worn, and the thong—pure torment. He'd wanted her to tear them off and let him ram himself as hard as he could inside her. He wanted her. There was no hiding it when he grew harder or jumped every time she rubbed against him.

From her words, she had every intention of tormenting him with longing, never giving in. It was a shame too since she had been speaking the truth of him teaching her how to please a man. Fourteen years ago, her mouth had been the object of every man's wet dreams. She had incredible natural talent, though he'd never told her so. Instead, he'd used her to get what he wanted, partnership in her father's company. He was ashamed now, but back then, nothing stood in his way, not even a mousy eighteen-year-old virgin.

Back then, she'd been fond of wearing all the wrong clothes. More than once he'd cringed in distaste at her oversized dresses in colors that were not the least flattering. Not brown or black or grey. No, his little Lydie was fond of creams and shades of yellow. They made her almost alabasterlike skin appear as washed out as any could look. Yet, he'd told her what an inexperienced girl wanted to hear.

"You are so beautiful, Lydie." He caressed her cheek and traced the outline of her pink lips. "I find I can't keep my hands off you." Shame washed over him at the memory.

She'd trembled with the compliment, pleased, and he saw it in her eyes. She was falling in love. It made it easier to take her to his bed, to seal his destiny.

"I'm not sure I should, or we should, do this, Savion." She stood so small and afraid. He almost changed his mind. But he had to admit, seeing her breasts bared before him, her nipples puckered from his ministrations, he couldn't back out of it. He had tipped up her chin to kiss her trembling lips while encircling her with an arm around her waist. With practiced expertise, he had trailed kisses down to her chin, to her neck, to her exposed shoulder. When he used a thumb to pluck at her nipple, he felt all of her resistance melt away.

"I love you, Lydie. Give yourself to me." He continued to knead her breast before sliding his hand lower to squeeze the hot mound between her legs. Even through her panties, he felt her wetness. She wanted it as much as he did.

Savion pulled down the barrier from her hips and tossed them on the floor. Instead of pursuing the juices that would soon flow for him, he slid a hand around to her rear, squeezing the rounded flesh. He felt himself twitch with desire. How he loved putting himself inside a woman's rectum. The tight fit made his head spin with the erotic pleasure. He would enjoy teaching Lydia all about that. But not yet.

He fingered the pinched little hole, playing with it until she whimpered. "Savion, what are you doing?"

"Do you not like it, my love?"

"Y-Yes, oh yes. I like it."

He had chuckled at her choked response. She would get much more than that, but not until he taught her to please him. He slid both hands to her waist and pushed her back gently from him. "Lydie, do you want to please me?"

Her wide cinnamon eyes stared up at him eagerly. "Yes, I do. Tell me how."

"I'll show you." He tugged her toward the bed and sat her down. Standing before her, he began to undress slowly. Her innocent face showed all of her feelings. Lydie had been on fire watching him remove his shirt and pants. She had nearly chewed off her bottom lip in anticipation when he dropped his boxers. His arousal was more than obvious. Stiff and hard, his cock beckoned for her lips as it seemed to reach out to her. He could already feel those sweet lips wrap around his head, her tongue teasing the tender slit at the top. He had to fight not to shove himself into her waiting mouth.

He stepped closer so that the head of his shaft was less than an inch from her lips. "Kiss it, Lydie."

She obeyed with a feather touch that sent him flying. He dropped a hand on her shoulder, gasping and holding himself rigid. Before he could tell her what to do next, her own hunger took over. Suddenly, the bliss increased tenfold when her slick warm mouth closed over his shaft. Savion forgot everything as he pumped slowly in and out. He knotted his fists in her hair, insisting she take him deeper. He knew he wasn't hurting her, but he did struggle to take it slow.

"Easy, honey. Stay relaxed. Take it all. I know you can swallow me. Can't you?" The words barely left his mouth, before Lydie was taking him deeper. Tension built in his balls. He wanted to come right then. He wanted her to drink from him, to

love the taste of him. His plan to seduce her left his mind. Coming was everything. "Lydie, make me come."

Her sweet mouth teased him, sliding in and out, curling her tongue along his length from the bottom to the top. She pulled him inside again, so deep he could feel her throat. It was too much. He was going to explode before he was ready. Just who was in control, him or her? She was a natural, or maybe she loved his taste. He watched the ecstasy play across her face, as if she were having her favorite meal.

When he could hold back no more, he pumped his hot seed into her mouth, and his Lydie drank it all, even licking the sides of his cock for every drop. He had never felt so satisfied. But he wasn't finished teaching his little virgin, or maybe she wasn't finished training him.

"I'm back."

Savion was wrenched from his memories when Lydie returned to the room. Only now was he aware of a soft rumble and the slight rocking of the boat. "We've left port. Where do you intend to go, Lydie?"

She frowned. "I asked you not to call me that. You can call me Lydia."

He smiled, "Are you going to make me?"

Lydie didn't answer. She moved toward the table at the side of the bed and began opening a satchel he remembered her lying there earlier. Lifting his head to get a better look, he noted with shock that she was removing a whip and other items he couldn't yet identify. She must have seen the nervous look on his face for she chuckled. "Aw, are you afraid, Savion? Don't worry. I remember how you like it rough, and how much attention you like given to your little man here." She planted a kiss on the tip of his shaft, making it throb.

"You can't be serious, Lydie. You're not planning to whip my dick." He was aware that he was almost pleading with her and struggled to gain some composure.

"Don't be silly. No, this little puppy is for your backside." She flashed him another grin. "I've learned that I really like to dominate a man. I will show you what I've picked up over the years. But this—" she tugged at his dick hard enough to cause pain "—deserves to be punished also."

Savion had always dominated his women, commanding he be satisfied. Not that he didn't give as much as he got, but a woman always knew her place with him. He wasn't sure he liked this turn of events, especially if Lydie had no intention of allowing him to come, because right now, he craved her lips wrapped around him. More so when she removed the simple dress again. She'd changed from the innocent little girl bra and panties to black leather ones. The panties laced from the

low-cut band straight down to between her legs. The bra laced over her nipples to tie in a bow beneath her breasts. Flames of desire licked at his body. She looked every bit the part of the dominatrix, and he was ready, willing, and able to be dominated for the first time in his life.

Lydie burst out laughing. "You think this is going to be all enjoyment for you, don't you, Savion? I have news for you. You will ache for me, cry out for me to slide my wet box down over your erection until you spill inside me. You'll plead for me to lick you until you come in my mouth. But I won't let you have the satisfaction. You'll ache all weekend long to come, but I'll only bring you to the brink."

He fought against his hold. "Damn it, Lydie. That's enough. This has got to stop. You know you've broken the law by kidnapping me."

Her response was to laugh and to turn back to gather her supplies and laying them out on a table. He leaned up to try to make out what she was doing. Sexual toys. Some he wasn't sure of, some he could guess and didn't like the look of them.

"Don't be afraid, Savion," she cooed. "I promise it will be pleasurable. We haven't experimented previously with my dominating you, but I've always thought you would enjoy it. Well, not always." She gave him a dark look. "In the beginning, I trusted you implicitly. What you said was law. If you wanted me to lick your ass, I would have."

Her glare dropped to his dick, and she smirked. "Looks like just mentioning that makes you jump. Hmm, you want me to lick your ass, baby?"

She inched closer to him while slipping a small object about four inches long into her palm. He stiffened, nervousness washing over him. While he watched, she rolled the object down over his thigh, teasing the head of his hard-on with it. He squirmed and tried turning his head away. If she didn't know how much his knowing what she was going to do to him turned him on, maybe she would stop tormenting him with it. Maybe he would get through this experience with the least amount of humiliation.

Lydie tried lifting one of his legs, but he held it stiff against the bed. She was going to have to work harder than that.

"Stop fighting me, Savion." Her tongue dipped briefly into his ear. "Does that sound familiar? When you stuck yourself into my rear?" The words were a hiss.

"I recall you liked it." Damn, he had meant to ignore her. "You came harder than you had previously."

"Yes, it was so good, baby. I had to have it from every one of my lovers after you."

Oddly, this declaration annoyed him. He didn't want to hear about her other lovers. Lydie meant nothing to him, but still. Shit, he hated wanting her, craving a taste of that mouth again. Worse, he hated that he wanted her to use that butt plug on him, to give him an experience he'd never had. He fought down the desire and held himself rigid.

She stood straight again. "Fine. We'll pick this up later. I suppose you'll want your dinner." She said it grudgingly, and he felt an inkling of triumph. He'd won this round. Now he only had to get through the next two days.

Lydie went out of the room and returned not fifteen minutes later with a tray of food. Savion's stomach growled at the scent of steak. She sat the silver tray on the side of the bed and began meticulously cutting up his meat. He frowned at her presumption, but didn't complain. She was liable to deny him food, and he needed his strength to resist her, especially since she'd taken the liberty of opening her dress again, which she'd donned before leaving the room. That let him know there was someone else on the boat, possibly the captain.

When he had eaten most of the steak and baked potato with green beans on the plate, Lydie held a cup to his mouth and he drank down the last of his iced tea, wishing it was something stronger. It was a full minute before he realized what the bitterness at the bottom of the cup was. *Shit!*

Soon her face swam before his eyes. "You've drugged me!"

She blew him a kiss. "The better to flip you over, my dear."

He growled and tugged with all his might at the ropes on his wrists. It only caused him to chafe his skin. Before long all strength left his body, and the drug Lydie had slipped him took full effect. The last thing he saw was her look of triumph. He had to concede that it was she who had won the round, not him. It would be a long weekend indeed.

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Chapter Three

Lydie stood in the hall outside his room crying. She stuffed a fist against her mouth, trying not to cry out for her heartbreak. It wasn't likely that he could hear since she'd given him the sleeping powder, but just in case, she didn't want him to know how this whole thing had affected her.

She'd expected some residual emotion, but not this. Not love. But that's what it was. Impossibly, though he'd used her, took her innocence and then tossed her aside after he got what he wanted, she loved him. How could her heart be so foolish? He wasn't worth it. Maybe she should call this whole thing off now. She could have him returned to his home, let him sleep off the drug and hope he thought it had all been a dream.

With that thought, she opened the door to find him unconscious. He lay naked and vulnerable, a condition he'd never been in. He'd always held the upper hand, always knew just what to say, even when he had seduced her away from her boyfriend, whom she'd been expecting to give her the greatest gift that night he'd proposed. Savion, seven years her senior, had already been a professional. He knew what it took to entice a woman.

"Why so glum?" Savion had rarely paid her any attention at all before his seduction. He'd worked a couple years for her father at that time. So when he did notice the plain, only child of his employer, Lydie was deeply flattered.

She swung away from him to face the window inside her father's study. She'd come there looking for him, to get his advice. He had been good for logical advice, if nothing else. Instead, she'd encountered Savion. "I don't want to talk about it. I need to speak with Daddy. Did he say when he would be back?"

She felt, rather than heard, him move nearer. His voice was inches from her ear. "No, I expected him also. Needed to go over some figures, so when he said he had to grab some papers from his home study, I thought I'd meet him. But now I see this beautiful woman with tears in her eyes, and I want to know what I can do to take them away."

The words were false. She should have seen that, but she didn't. "My boyfriend. You remember Carl. He asked me to marry him. And I said I'd give him my answer tonight at dinner."

"And you're not sure you love him?"

"Oh, no. I'm sure I love him. I know I want to marry him, but ... well..." She felt the heat in her cheeks. How could she admit the truth to this man who must be so experienced in the ways of love? She'd always found Savion to be the hottest man

she'd ever laid eyes on, but that put him far out of her reach. So she'd simply enjoyed the view for two years now.

That was when he laid a hand on her arm, sending a shock of desire through her body. With that touch, her fears were justified. "Tell me, Lydie. You can trust me."

With such a small gesture, he made her feel special. The first time he'd called her Lydie. It did something to her insides. She trembled, suddenly aching to be held in his arms. "I'm not sure if we *should* get married. You see, when he touches me, I don't ... feel anything."

Shock registered in his features. "You've made love to him and not enjoyed it? What the hell's his problem?"

She squeaked in embarrassment and would have moved away, but he held her in place. She closed her eyes and blurted out the whole sordid truth, feeling embarrassment spread over her like a rash. "He has kissed me only. And tonight, if I was to say yes, I would give myself to him. We have not been intimate. I— There's no pleasure in kissing him. None at all. Is it that kissing is overrated? I wish I knew."

He grinned down at her, a light of triumph in the catlike eyes. It was gone an instant later, and she figured she had been wrong. "Dear Lydie. That's not true. Kissing is not overrated. If a man does it right, a woman can almost have an orgasm with his kiss alone. If he can't get you wet with that, maybe even a pluck at your sweet nipples, then there is a major problem."

"With me?" The hopelessness in her situation engulfed her.

He appeared to consider it. "Perhaps we better make sure so that you don't make a mistake you'll regret the rest of your life."

She had nodded, not really knowing how they were going to make sure. But she trusted that Savion wouldn't do anything to hurt his employer's daughter. He slipped his hands to her shoulders and massaged them gently. Slowly, the tension eased from her body.

"Close your eyes," he commanded. "Let yourself relax and trust me. I'm going to show you how a real man's kiss should be." She tensed. "No, relax, Lydie. Let me please you so you'll know for sure."

It had sounded logical, and appealing too. A sophisticated man wanted to teach her how it felt to be kissed the right way. How could she turn that down? This might be her only chance. She couldn't say no.

When his lips touched hers, it was like lightning struck every nerve in her body. And every one of them was sending delicious messages to her core. Savion had mentioned her getting wet with a kiss. She felt the moisture gather, thought it might even be dampening her panties. His hand moved around her waist, and he lifted her up to her toes and in against his hardening shaft. It pressed slightly between her legs. Lydie whimpered, and Savion took advantage of her parted lips to dart his tongue inside her mouth. As he teased the tip of her tongue, sending new shards of pleasure across her conscious, he leaned her back against the wall and raised her thighs so her legs encircled him. His hard-on pressed more firmly against her, and Lydie couldn't catch her breath when he began to rock back and forth between her legs.

"It's okay," he whispered against her mouth. "Don't be afraid."

Afraid? What was fear when she was so full of him? She couldn't even remember what they had been discussing. Lydie's body wanted him inside her, wanted to know what it was like to be fully possessed by this man, but then he pulled back as if he'd changed his mind. She thought she might cry.

"I'm sorry, Lydie." He looked ashamed. "I got caught up. Your mouth tasted so good. Look, I'll understand if you never speak to me again."

He turned away and strode quickly toward the door, but she ran after him, grabbing his arm. "No Savion. Please don't. It was my fault. I shouldn't have laid my problems on you. If I'm not mature enough to make this decision, then maybe I shouldn't get married."

Savion smiled down at her, stroking her cheek with one finger. "The real question is, how can you even consider marrying him when passion is so obviously missing. Think about it."

And with that expert demonstration, he had sealed her fate. Lydie's daylight hours had been spent wondering what it would be like to make love with Savion. And her nights spent fantasizing about it while pleasuring herself. It had been pure torment until he'd felt she was ready for the plucking.

As she stood looking down at his sleeping body, anger rose in her chest, and she fueled it, remembering how he'd strategically planned every action, every word. He deserved this weekend's activities. She would make him pay, and not just with a whip across his ass. No, that was just the start. A grin of anticipation spread across her face. This was going to be delicious fun.

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Chapter Four

Lydie watched Savion come out of his drugged slumber with a start. For a minute, he looked like he didn't know where he was. He tried to turn and sit up, but found his wrists and feet bound to the bedposts. He was facedown, naked. She almost laughed out loud when the memory of his predicament came flooding back to him.

He twisted his head to look toward her where she stood near the door. She was relieved she had just wiped the last of the evidence that she'd been crying from her face. He must not know when she was feeling weak in her resolve.

"What are you planning, Lydie?"

She grinned, knowing she had the upper hand. "Oh, nothing." She strolled toward him, tapping the butt plug in against the palm of one hand. Lydie saw his eyes light on the action and chuckled. There was no doubt in her mind that she could bring Savion to the brink of his salty eruption with this tiny little device. Her previous lover had enjoyed hours of Lydie teasing his anus. And Lydie had enjoyed dominating the man so completely that he begged for more of it.

While she stood at the side of the bed, squeezing out a dab of lubricant onto the butt plug, Savion tugged at his restraints, a nervous twitch seeming to have started in his right eye. "Lydie, think about what you're doing here. I've always controlled my women. You know that. I'm not the weak and wimpy type to get off on my partner sticking objects in my ass. That little plug will not do it for me. And that's your plan, isn't it? To bring me to the brink of coming?"

He was rambling. He knew it, and so did she. Lydie had noted the moisture at his temple, the thumping pulse in his neck. If she could flip him over right then, she didn't doubt for a second that his rod was still stiff, maybe stiffer. His asshole was probably already aching for her to slide the toy into him. Savion had always been a man to try anything sexually, and he had been all too happy to teach Lydia what he knew. But he had also held onto the strings of control. Those tables had turned.

Lydie bent over him, stroking the tip of the plug over his pale ass cheeks. "Don't worry, baby, it will feel good. Well, since you've never had it back there, initially it might hurt a little, but then you'll be so ready to spill your load. I should know," she grinned, "you filled me with it in my ass at least three times a week. Remember?"

"And you liked it, damn it!" He grumbled, angry that she had called him on his bluff. "You loved every thrusting minute of it."

She paused, hating that he had used the word "thrust." It conjured pictures of Savion's tight body grinding into her ass, his hands on her hips while riding her for all he was worth. And she *had* loved it, wanted nothing more than to be bent

beneath him, allowing her lover to fill her day after day. Weakened by the image he drew in her mind, she collapsed down against his rear. Her tongue, with a mind of its own, darted out to taste the salt on his skin. When she nipped him, a shudder went through his body.

As much as Savion craved what she would do to him, she ached for it too. Moisture gathered between her thighs at just the suggestion of plugging his anus with her tool. Lydie forgot all but her desire to please herself by pleasing Savion. Her head was close to his ass, and she could see the puckered opening clearly when she parted him slightly.

She slathered the extra lubricant onto his hole and teased it with the head of the plug. Her breathing grew shallow as did his.

"Lydie, I need to tell you something," he panted. "Something important."

"Nothing is as important as entering you right now, Savion."

"Please, honey."

"Don't call me honey," she snapped. But it made her stop and sit up. She hated how he slung around endearments, as if he was completely unaware of what it would do to her or to any vulnerable woman who was in desperate need to be loved and cherished.

Savion went on as if she hadn't protested. "After we broke up, I came to the realization that what we had was special, that you were in my system to stay and I would always regret losing you."

She frowned at the back of his head, it being turned away from her. "Broke up? Losing me? You have got to be kidding me, Savion. We didn't break up. You used me, and you dumped me like yesterday's garbage. You didn't regret it one bit and you still don't."

He tried to shake his head no but failed. "No, I did regret it. But I didn't allow myself to examine the feeling. I know what I was back then and in some way what I am now, a man with an insatiable appetite for sex. But the truth is you were a match for me in that. No woman then or now has come close. Still, I know you won't believe me, Lydie, but I did grow up over the years after I broke it off with you. I came to realize that it wasn't all about me, that I could not continue to treat women as I had been. I did change ... have changed."

"Wow, I feel so special. And I'm supposed to believe this why?" Lydie leaned back and placed a hand on her hip, the plug hanging loose in the other. All his chitchat was causing him to cool, her too. She considered muzzling him. But she wanted to

hear him speak. She had denied him the right to call her Lydie but craved to hear the word trip from his lips all the same.

He sighed at her continual disbelief that his character had improved. *Men like him didn't change without force*, she thought. Yet, clearly he thought telling her she had been the more special dupe would change her opinion of him. "You don't have to believe that I am not the man I was fourteen years ago."

"Good because I don't. Men like you don't change. And you've admitted yourself that it's all about the sex for you."

"I did not say that," he snapped. His lips compressed and his brows lowered over those cat-like eyes. "What can I say to help you believe who I am today? Would it help if I admit to you that two years ago, I was nearly engaged to a woman and I broke it off because I knew we wouldn't work out, that the love wasn't there?"

Lydie straightened from between his legs and hoisted herself up onto his ass. She unclipped the back of her bra, allowing it to slide down her arms until she was able to toss it onto the floor. When she lay against Savion's back, flattening her breasts against him, she felt his sharp intake of breath. She smiled, breathing in his male scent. If only she could do all of this without having any feelings for him at all. Maybe if she tried hard enough, thought long on his cruelty, she could squash the love she harbored in her heart for this man. If she was smart, she would cut her losses and run.

"No, it wouldn't help. It just tells me that there is another woman out there that you tried to destroy."

"I don't mean that *I* didn't love *her*, but that *she* didn't love *me*." He jerked on his holds. "I cared about her. But finding her in the arms of another man let me know it would never work. And yes, I know you'll say I got what I deserve. Just that I think my drive was too much for her. We didn't mesh well in the bedroom."

Lydie stiffened, annoyed that it came down to sex again with this man. He never thought about his heart or the woman whose heart he was breaking. Maybe he didn't have a heart, and the knowledge strengthened her resolve. He had an ego, was able to be humiliated. Even if it lasted for only the weekend and he was back to his old ways by next week, at least he would remember what he endured here. She would see to that.

Trailing a path down his back with her moist tongue, Lydie was satisfied to feel Savion's tremors beneath her. She had found her way back to his rear, and excitement stirred inside her. No matter what he said, Savion wanted her to use the plug.

"So, you have an extremely high sex drive, huh? How fortunate." She teased his anus with the plug.

Savion fought against the desire she created in him. He tried tightening his muscles, but Lydie teased until he relaxed. She would win, she thought with determination. If it took all weekend long.

His breaths came in heavy pants, and his fingers clawed at the bedposts. Lydie heard him swallow several times before he answered. "I crave a woman—any woman. To have her body from morning to night. Unfortunately, no woman I've met can withstand that amount of sex, that wild. Lydie, don't do this. *Please.*"

Lydie crawled off of the bed and dropped the plug on the nightstand. She buttoned her dress and slipped into her shoes. None of this was going as planned. She felt sorry for him. Against her better judgment, damn it, she felt sorry for him. The man was still gifted with a honeyed tongue. He could convince a woman of anything he chose, even have her blaming herself for his cruelty.

Without another word, Lydie exited the room. She strolled along the short hall and climbed the stairs to the deck. Nodding to the captain, a man she knew to be discreet, she headed toward the back of the yacht. All her fucking plans were going astray. For months, no years, she had planned for this moment. It was to be perfect. She worked night and day in her father's London office, building a reputation for herself as more than just her father's daughter. And when her father recognized her strength and abilities—the only thing he recognized—he eventually signed over that small but growing holding to her.

Initially, she had planned to flaunt her success in Savion's face, but almost immediately, he had left her father's company and disappeared. A few years later, he was working in some menial position in a small firm. She had begun to watch his professional activity closely. Then came the day when she was in a position to perform a hostile takeover of the company Savion worked for. At the end of this weekend, Lydie had planned to inform her ex-lover that she, in effect, was his new boss. And her first order of business was to fire him.

It had seemed like the perfect plan, one she nursed on her hatred of the man who took her innocence and left her heartbroken. It came as a shock now that she still loved him. All the years telling herself how much she loathed the very sound of his name was a lie. What she truly longed to do was to go back downstairs and lay on his chest, begging him to love her in return. *Fool!*

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Chapter Five

Lydie slumped into the cushioned seat at the back the boat and stared out at the churning water. She remembered every detail of the last time she was with Savion, in his bed and in his life. He had discarded her as soon as his new position was solidified.

"Savion! I just heard. Congratulations!" Lydie had run to his office to congratulate him, her heart in her eyes. All she could think of was running into his arms, to feel his strength and the beat of his heart against her ear. She'd even been too blind, or maybe unwilling, to address the fact that his secretary was clearly into him and that Savion didn't look like he discouraged her many come-ons.

The secretary had flashed an annoyed glance at Lydie as she sashayed out, with a muttered, "Just a matter of time now," as she passed. Lydie put it down to jealousy because she, a plain girl with a boyish figure, had one of the hottest men on the planet. Damn, she was an idiot then.

Her lover grinned and opened his arms. She'd leapt across the space separating them, and Savion had lifted her onto his desk in front of his chair. While she wanted to cuddle and kiss him, he held her back, but he did part her thighs to see up her skirt. He ran a hand along her inner thigh, giving her chills. "And what will you give me, Lydie, in celebration of my new position as partner in your father's company?"

"You have it all," she grinned. "I have nothing else to give."

Savion had said, "I should stop here, but once more can't really hurt."

Lydie wondered what he meant since they hadn't made love in the office before and certainly not that day. He had been secluded in meetings for the last three days. She'd missed him, hated that she'd only had glimpses of him as he passed from one conference room to another. So her mind wasn't exactly alert to the signs. She just wanted Savion to remove her panties and give her what they'd both been missing for days. And he wasn't above doing just that.

"Lie back," Savion commanded. He had always been dominant, and she'd never complained, even got off on it. She brushed aside papers and a tape dispenser before resting against the chilly blotter. Savion shoved her skirt higher and then hooked fingers under her panties before sliding them off. She watched him lift the wisp of white cotton against his nose to inhale her scent.

The moment she'd slid onto his desk, she'd become wet, and he knew it. Savion was under no false pretenses about his power over her body. Just one finger tip teasing her swollen button, and Lydie was his little slave.

When her expert lover pushed his thumb between her moist folds while simultaneously stroking her rectum, Lydie nearly came up off the desk. She arched her back crying out her intense pleasure. "Savion, ah, that's so good. But we can't do it here. Someone will catch us."

He laughed. "Always afraid. Poor little Lydie. You should learn to live dangerously, my hot, little flower." He tugged her to the edge of the desk and began unbuttoning his pants. "But you're right this time. We'd better do this fast."

She liked it slow and easy, when Savion took his time exploring her body, when his tongue tasted every inch of her tender skin. He knew how to make her shudder, to make her plead for more. But she liked it hard and fast, too. Savion usually gave her both. The man was an expert in the art of lovemaking.

His cock bounced free of his boxers, and Lydie licked her lips. Savion laughed. "Oh no, greedy little girl. You're not getting a taste of this today." He flipped her to her stomach gently so that she bent over the desk on her tiptoes. "This treat is for that tight ass of yours."

Savion dipped his fingers again in her wet box, this time to spread her juices to her rectum for easier entry. Lydie rested her cheek against her hands, a slow smile spreading across her face. When the head of his rod touched her, she jumped then pushed back against it, wanting to be filled immediately.

"Easy, baby." Savion chuckled.

Slowly, his dick filled her, inch by incredible inch. Lydie pushed back despite Savion's warning to take it slow. She wanted to be crammed to overflowing, to be stretched right now. With a fiery hunger that threatened to consume them both, Savion grabbed on to her hips and began gliding in and out of Lydie while she groaned her encouragement. "Harder, Savion."

"As soon as your muscles ease open more, Lydie. You're so wonderfully tight." She twisted her head back to watch him. How she loved to see him close his eyes while he fucked her, a look of pure pleasure etched on his features. His head would fall back and she knew he was at home, right where a man like Savion was meant to be.

For a fleeting moment, she had known she would never tame him, never be enough. Even then, she had always felt she wasn't bold enough, wild enough, maybe not grown up enough for Savion. He needed a woman who was all about the sex like he was. Lydie, at the time, wanted to love him and be loved by him.

Closing her eyes, allowing the salty breeze to stir tendrils of her hair, Lydie remembered that last time when Savion came inside her, the last time he emptied his balls of their delicious seed for her and only her.

She knew when he was ready to come. She had reached down between her legs to stroke his heavy sac. How she had loved stroking the tender skin, knowing any light touch there would set him off. The way he always began to chant her name, leaned down over her back, and squeezed her thighs repeatedly was always a dead giveaway. Lydie stretched higher, arched deeper to accommodate his rough thrusts inside her. Her rectum burned but felt so good that her own climax began.

"Damn it, Lydie," Savion cried out as if she needed to be blamed for making him come, as if that were a bad thing. She came with him, struggling to muffle her screams of pleasure as Savion cupped her breasts and pushed hard inside her. They lay over the desk panting while his come shot warm into her ass. Only then did Savion found her lips, and they kissed, tongues tangling as they greedily sucked at one another's mouths.

Finally, the passion had eased with Savion still inside her. Swallowing, he had then gasped in her ear, "We need to talk."

That, she thought now as she stood to go back down to the man she had tied to the bed, was what fueled her anger. Savion, all about himself, had fucked her hard one last time and then told her it would never work out between them. "Silly me for thinking he loved me as much as I loved him," she muttered as she descended the stairs. "Oh, he'll pay and pay dearly."

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Chapter Six

Fourteen years ago, he hadn't care about anyone's feelings but his own. He hadn't wanted Lydie hurt, but he wanted his plans for his life a lot more than what she would deal with. Of course there had been guilt. He wouldn't have been human, if there hadn't. Seeing her tears, hearing her sweet pleading for him not to break it off had gotten to him on some level.

And he had sorely missed her and her body. All that time, he had found it strange that no matter how much his secretary had thrown herself at his head, he had not desired her. Lydie, as gawky as she was then, had satisfied him, a man who had switched women like he changed clothes. He had told himself he was faithful to her only because he didn't want to screw up the deal. The problem was that while he was with Lydie, no other woman *had* appealed to him. And none other since her had been enough. Even after fourteen years, he wasn't willing to analyze that phenomenon. Instead, he planted his dick in as many easy women as possible, trying to forget.

He heard her long before she reached the door, and every muscle in his body tensed in anticipation. His earlier words had put her off for a time, but she was stubborn. His ex-lover would not change her mind or stop her from following through with her plans. She was more beautiful than he had ever imagined she would develop to be, with a tiny waist and long, sexy legs that he yearned to have wrapped around him while he enjoyed her tight pussy. Or maybe it wasn't so tight now that she had had several lovers. He frowned at that thought as she walked through the door.

She laughed. "What are you frowning about, Savion? Don't worry, darling, I'm all ready to take you."

He grunted. "I'm not some virgin to be *taken*, Lydie. Untie me now and I'll gladly give us both pleasure, for the rest of the weekend if that's what you like."

"You're so generous. How shall I resist you?" She rolled her eyes, which irritated him. But when she climbed up behind him, readying the plug again, he tensed further. Nothing could be more humiliating if she used that damn thing on his ass and he cried out with pleasure. She would certainly have the upper hand. He could not let that happen.

As Savion wracked his mind for some snide remark that would make her stop as she did before, Lydie reapplied the KY jelly to his rectum. Although the cream was cold, his cock twitched in anticipation. He had never thought of having any object back there, but the thought of Lydie doing it turned him on more than he liked.

"Ready?" she whispered in his ear.

"No!"

Ignoring his protest, she plunged the sex toy inside him, causing a sharp pain to vibrate through his ass. In the next second, bliss washed over him. She teased it in and out while Savion fought not to pump his hips in rhythm. He felt his rod tighten and his balls lift. Too quickly, he was ready to come.

After a few strokes, Lydie leaned against him so that he felt her firm breasts against his back. He nearly cried out when she reached beneath him to check the status of his cock and balls. She jerked his cock, pinching the head until he nearly sobbed into his pillow.

"Lydie..."

"You want to come, baby?" she whispered in his ear.

Savion chewed his tongue to keep from begging her to let him. And just when he was ready to empty himself onto the bed, she pulled back. *No, please no!* His body convulsed while he watched her move to the table at the side of the bed. She laid the tool with which had tormented his anus, and then she picked up the whip. He froze.

"L—"

A sharp snap across his ass cheeks sent him into a wild frenzy to get free. The bed rocked and crashed against the wall beneath his angry attacks. Blinded by his anger at her treatment, he didn't see her wounding up again until the flesh on his butt stung with another hit. Shockingly, he was on the edge of coming again. *What the fuck?*

Lydie seemed to have an uncanny sense as to when he was nearing climax. She stopped and threw down the whip. He gasped for breath, trying to regain his control. Never had his body been on fire like this. So desperate was he to come, he could have fallen to his knees to plead with her for it. And she knew. The look of triumph in her eyes told him she did. But there was something else there too. Something he couldn't identify. When he narrowed his eyes and concentrated on her face, Lydie stood and stomped out of the room. Whatever her problem was, he knew she would be back to start the torture all over again.

* * * *

It was over. After bringing Savion to the brink of a climax every few hours, and then sobbing in her room because she wanted him just as bad, Lydie had finally conceded that this plan was ill-conceived and stupid. So, she had instructed the captain to turn the yacht and head back home. She could contact the man she'd paid to kidnap Savion in the first place, and he would return him home while she flew

back to London. No real harm done. No one had to know he had been her sexual slave. At that thought she grinned. At least she would have the memory of Savion nearly coming while she basically fucked him in the ass. Priceless.

After relaxing for a couple hours on the deck, she slowly became aware that the boat was rocking, the day had grown dark and the rumble of a boat could be heard in the distance. Unalarmed, she started toward the deck where the captain steered. "Mr. Tan, is everything okay? What's happening?"

The older man spared her a glance before focusing again on the choppy waters. "I'm sorry, miss. A storm is coming on us fast. I'm doing my best to get around it, but I'm afraid we're in for some rough sailing for a while. Also, for some reason, another boat seems to be trying to overtake us."

Lydie followed his line of sight to see he was right. Another vessel was closing fast. Automatically, she squinted and shielded her eyes though there was no sunlight to impede her view. From the look of it, several men stood unmoving on the deck of the other boat.

"Miss, go below now," the captain ordered. Her eyes widened at his clipped command and she turned to reprimand him. The sudden pallor of his skin made her look again at the other boat. The men were carrying automatic weapons. Lydie turned and darted back toward the stairs, taking them two at a time.

She ran along the short hall and burst into the room where Savion still lay tethered to the bed. Just as she reached his side, she felt the engines cut and heard the men issuing loud commands.

Savion frowned, "What's happening now, Lydie? Tell me you aren't planning something worse for me. The last few hours were just plain cruelty."

At first, she said nothing and darted back across the room to shut and lock the door. With trembling hands, she began to undo one of the ropes binding Savion. A series of shots rang out. Lydie jerked and landed cross Savion's chest.

"What the hell?" He growled.

With one of his wrists untied, Savion tore himself loose and started on his other arm while Lydie sat on the side of the bed staring at the door. "Savion, there are men out there with guns. They overtook the boat. I don't know what they want, but there's also a storm coming. This isn't what I planned. Everything has gone wrong." Fear crept over her at the thought of those men shooting the captain and of what might happen next, all because of her.

Savion had freed himself. He flipped over to the edge of the bed and took Lydie in an iron grip. "Where are my clothes?"

She blinked. He shook her hard and she focused on his face. He was free and she wasn't thousands of miles away, somewhere safe until his wrath cooled. "I—"

"Answer me, Lydie. Where did you put my things? Did you bring the bag I had with me when you had me brought here?" He shook her again. "We don't have much time."

Pointing toward the closet, she opened her mouth to speak but nothing came out. On the stairs, she heard footsteps coming down. Savion cursed and dragged her with him to the closet. He yanked open the doors, and she silently watched while he rummage around. On some level, she was aware of him bent to the bag on closet floor, his rear still bare. Flashes of what she had done to him earlier went through her mind, exciting her at a time like this.

When Savion retrieved a gun from the bag, she gasped. "Get inside," he demanded, not bothering to dress though he had tossed his clothes out on the floor. She shook her head, and he manhandled her yet again to shove her into the closet.

Lydie snapped out of her fear. "Stop tossing me around like I'm a piece of clothing. I'm not hiding in here."

Savion's beautiful eyes darkened in anger. He shoved her deeper in the closet, a hand lightly at her throat. "You will stay here until I handle these men, and you will keep your mouth shut. After that, I will deal with you for what you've done to me."

The doors shut in her face, plunging Lydie into enough darkness and isolation for her mind to torment her with thoughts of how far Savion planned to go in his payback.

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Chapter Seven

The yacht rocked on the now calmer waves, and Savion sighed in disgust at his failure. Sure he had taken down two of the gunmen, but two others had managed to get away. Yet, not before they destroyed the yacht's engine and cut off all outside communications. He and Lydie were stranded in the middle of nowhere with no ability to call for help.

While he leaned against the rail wondering what they would do, Lydie came up the stairs, her face grim. His gaze dropped to her blouse, a few buttons missing from their earlier struggle with one of the bandits. She was gutsy, he had to give her that. And hardheaded. She hadn't stayed below like he commanded, but insisted on saving his ass when one of the men surprised him from behind. Now, his attention was taken with the swell of her breast in partial view. How was he going to extract his revenge at her treatment of him after this?

"How's the captain?" he called.

"Stable," she sighed. "The shot was not as bad as I thought. He knew enough to tell me how to dress his wound." She frowned and pressed a hand to her stomach. "I still feel dizzy thinking about that whole situation, but at least the captain is resting. I gave him something to help him sleep."

She fell silent standing a few feet away from him. Savion took in her perfect beauty, thick long hair with highlights, pouty pink lips, full breasts. *Damn, she is hot.* As he lusted over her, imagining her naked, she looked up.

"Well you have your chance now. Are you going to torture me like I did to you?" He saw the stubborn expression in her eyes and laughed.

He turned his back to look out over the water wondering when another vessel would happen by, and how they would ever contact it. Worse, would the bandits return to finish them off? He prayed not, finding himself terrified of someone hurting Lydie. He shook the thought away. "I don't know about you but after that ordeal, I'm bushed. Muscles ache, hungry. Any food on this tub?"

Her eyes widened but she nodded. And later while they sat together at dinner, his ears perked up to catch any approaching vessels, he decided to find out what she had been up to in the last fourteen years.

"So how long have you been planning to kidnap me, Lydie? And what have you been up to?" He almost laughed at her face reddening but decided against antagonizing her. Savion had been thinking on it, and he was fully convinced that Lydie had been tormenting herself as she brought him to the brink of climax. She wanted him as much as he wanted her. He would test his theory later.

She huffed. "I've been managing my father's firm in London. Very successfully, I might add."

"Of course. And?"

"And contrary to what you think, I have not spent my life waiting to get you back. In fact, I don't regret any of this, except for the captain getting hurt. I've exorcised my demons. Now, I'm ready to go home." She glanced toward the windows worriedly. "I only hope we do get home."

Savion popped the last bit of chicken into his mouth and chewed before answering. "Don't worry, we will get help. I located the flair gun, and as soon as we see someone nearby, I'll fire it."

"And if no one comes near?"

"They will."

She was silent for a while, but he saw the look in her eyes. She wanted to question him. He waited until she was ready to speak. "What about you? You left a cushy position at my father's company. You took over management of a blip of a company. Why would you do that? And just where did you learn to handle men like you did those bandits?"

He laughed. "So you've been keeping tabs on me have you? Maybe you should have dug deeper, looked more into what I've been up to. There's more to me than sex, you know."

Lydie rolled her eyes. "Doubtful. So you don't intend to tell me?"

Savion stood and came around the table to take her hand. "Maybe later. Right now, beautiful woman, it's time to pay the piper."

She glanced up at him with fear in her eyes, but Savion was sure he also saw lust. He would torment her yes, but he knew better than to stop her climax somewhere before total satisfaction. No, what he intended was to hold his little Lydie's desires in his complete control until she begged him to take her again and again. She would understand who was the master here, if it took all night long.

* * * *

Savion stood over Lydie as she lay naked on the bed he'd occupied earlier. He knew she would resist his touch every step of the way, and the knowledge excited him more. Bringing his former lover to a screaming orgasm filled his imagination.

He placed a knee between her legs, satisfied to see her jump, her breasts bouncing and her eyes widening. His cock grew hard just watching her. "Don't be afraid. I'm not going to hurt you, Lydie."

Defiance lit the cinnamon pools of her eyes. "I'm not afraid of you. But this isn't the time for having sex, Savion, and you know it. We need to be up on deck looking for help. The captain—"

"Is fine. Nothing more than a flesh wound," he interrupted. "Come on, you can't tell me you don't want this." As he spoke, he trailed a finger down over her nipple. The tiny bud tightened at his touch, and he grinned. "Your body's telling me you want it bad."

She slapped his hand away. "Okay, you've had your fun. I admit you scared me, snatching off my clothes like that." She laughed and waved her hands in the air, but he still saw her nervousness. "Tables turned, I'm your captive now. Let's just get out of here."

"Captive. Hmm, yes. How could I forget?"

Before Lydie could register what he intended, he grasped first one wrist and tied it on one of the cords that still hung from the bed posts. She fought him like a cat, but he finally got the other pinned. Now, her sweet body was his for the taking. And if he didn't miss his guess, she was already wet for him. He parted her creamy thighs to find his assumption correct. Her juices were already flowing.

He clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth. "Lydie, what's this? A gift for me? So kind of you since I haven't had dessert." Savion could have thrown back his head and laughed at how she struggled and raged against him.

"Let me go, you jerk! You've had your fun. Please."

"No, that's where you're wrong. I haven't had my fun yet. But I will. And I'm going to work on you until that pleading changes to begging me not to stop." He eyed the toys on the table. "Even if it takes all night."

He lifted the now-clean plug she'd used on him earlier and alternated between examining it and eying her rear. Her cheeks pinked with her knowledge of what he was planning. Lifting one of her thighs, he stroked the inner skin, teasing as he slid closer to her moist center. Her pussy pulsed with his nearness, and Savion glanced up to see her reaction.

Lydie wriggled, trying to get out of his hold. Her lips were pinched together, and he could swear she was swallowing a moan.

"Stop, don't you dare stick that thing in me," she commanded.

The plug glided into her rectum easily after he'd applied the lubricant. Had he thought Lydie couldn't come up any higher off the bed as she whined her pleasure, he found he was wrong when he stuck the fingers of his other hand into the warm juices flowing from her channel. His mouth began to water for a taste. Lowering himself between her legs, Savion heard the slightest protest but paid it no mind. He plunged his tongue between her folds and lapped at her juices.

His cock twitched in his pants as he ate and stroked the plug in and out of her. If he kept this up, he'd come in his clothes, but he couldn't stop. How he had missed her flavor, had not even been aware that he had to this extent. She was still his Lydie, his perfect sexual match.

"Savion, stop! Please!" She fought him. He heard the tears in her voice. "I thought you were only going to tease me. If you don't stop now, I'm going to come."

"Come for me, Lydie," he demanded before clamping onto her little clit. The nub was so taut, he couldn't help sucking hard. Lydie screamed and writhed. He hesitated, not wanting her to hurt her wrists.

Tears wet her face, and he pulled back. An ache started in his chest as he watched her. When he moved to her side, his hand brushing the bottoms of her breasts, she was shaking and crying in earnest. He felt like crap. "I'm sorry, Lydie. I'll stop." He reached up to untie her wrists and massaged the reddened skin before planting a light kiss on each.

"You should go up to the deck and watch for help," he told her as he rolled onto his back, hating that his dick was still hard.

For a while, neither of them moved. Savion lay with his eyes closed, listening to her breathe. With his sigh, he felt more guilty for upsetting her. *Damn*. And he thought she was enjoying his touch. That's what he got for being so arrogant. He thought he had moved past that attitude, had grown deeper. As much as he'd teased her earlier, saying it was all about sex, that just wasn't who he was anymore. He had matured, had become more concerned with the feelings of others. And that had started after he ended it with Lydie. After his life had taken a different turn.

"Why did you take such a dip in pay and position?" she asked again.

He sighed. At least she was still interested in him. "Penance."

"Yeah, right. Why don't I believe you?"

"Because you're determined to think the worse of me for the rest of our lives." Her lovely peaks were calling his name. "Lydie, you need to get dressed and go upstairs."

"What if I don't want to?" she teased, all tears dried now.

He told himself to get up and leave himself, but his body didn't obey. "If you don't leave now, I'm going to do what I started to do, make you come for me. Unless you want me to do it, you'd better leave now. Final warning."

She didn't move.

Savion sat up, eyed her for a moment, and then bent down to kiss her sweet pussy. She quivered but didn't fight him. "Are you sure?"

She nodded.

He slipped his pants off in a hurry and yanked his shirt over his head. When he was at her side again, Savion wrapped a hand about Lydie's waist and slid her closer to him. Desire set him on fire, and he wanted so badly to be buried inside her. When he leaned down to capture one of her taut nipples between his lips, Lydie gasped and arched herself toward him. He suckled for long moments and then rolled her away, so that her back was to him.

"You know how I like it, baby, don't you?" he whispered in her ear. "I got your ass all ready for me. Do you want it?"

Her answer was to push back against his cock, nearly sending him over the edge. He positioned her and then drove in a little at a time into her tight hole. Savion bucked, almost losing himself. He stroked in and out, loving the velvety feel of her body, the grip she held. Wrapping an arm about her waist, he tucked his face into her peach-scented hair and dreamed of never leaving this perfect woman.

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Chapter Eight

Lydie bucked against Savion as he entered her. She couldn't believe how long she had waited to feel him inside her again. All those years of comparing every lover to him. Not one had made her explode the second he entered. And not even after a while, until she used her own fingers to stroke and pinch her clit. With Savion, the experience was different. She came almost immediately and felt her body quivering to begin a new round.

She had cried earlier, desperate for him not to see how consumed she was with him, with his touch. If he only looked in her eyes, he would see how much she loved him. Relief and regret had fought for dominance in her when he stopped.

Gripping the bed as her lover pounded deep and hard in her ass, Lydie screamed her pleasure. "Yes, Savion. Please!" She didn't mean to beg, but damn this man was so good. And judging from his grunts behind her as he nuzzled against her hair, she knew he, too, was affected. *Don't say anything*, she cautioned herself.

But she couldn't help it. Just as she climaxed, with Savion's arm across her chest, his fingers pinching at her stiff peak, she cried out, "Oh, Savion, I love you so much."

He didn't respond, nor did he allow her to come down off her sensual high, slipping fingers inside her pussy to massage her until she came again. And then again. Only after another hour or two when he had bent her willing body over every piece of furniture in the room and hiked her legs up to milk her of every drop of her come did they rested.

Tormented by her memory of blurting out how she felt, Lydie found the energy to dress and go above deck. The night air cooled her overheated body, and she was glad that it would help dry the tears that coursed down her face. She had planned it all perfectly. Scrounged up every cent she could afford to buy off several people in this mad scheme. The captain had not come cheaply, nor had the man she paid to kidnap Savion. Buying out the company Savion worked for had taken forever. And that had only been after she was able to track him down. The man had dropped off the radar for a few years. How she had suffered not knowing where he was or what he was doing. Would there ever come a day when she could move on, love someone new?

"Hey."

She jumped when she heard his voice and turned away so that he wouldn't see her face. Unperturbed, Savion took the seat beside her and stretched his legs out so that his feet rested on the rail.

"Do you know what I did after I left your father's company?" he began. She didn't bother answering. "I started doing some investigative work. Guy made me an offer that I couldn't refuse, as they say."

She frowned, wondering what he was leading to. Had the man blackmail him into something unlawful? Rather than question Savion, which would entail her facing him, she kept silent.

"With my understanding of how business works and the training he so generously provided me—" she heard the bitterness in his voice "—I was in a perfect position to infiltrate certain businesses to gather information."

Lydie's eyes widened, and she gasped. Not meaning to, she swung around to face him. Too late, she realized he saw the tears on her face. She swiped them away. "Are you telling me you have been stealing from companies all this time, that the company you're currently working for is another target?"

He grinned. "You mean the one you recently acquired?" Lydie was shocked again that he knew, but she didn't give him the satisfaction of a response. He reached out to stroke her face and wipe a last tear from her cheek. A tremor went through her at his touch. She hated loving him.

"My 'people' informed me of your interest in me and told me you bought the company. I had planned to meet with you, insist you get out before it was taken down, but I did not anticipate you having me kidnapped. Neither did they."

"My interest in you." She stood and turned to go downstairs, feeling tears start again.

"Lydie. Baby." He moved up behind her and pulled her back against him. Desire flamed to life in her belly. She resisted it, though she felt the response of his erection. Savion nuzzled her neck as he always did. "Lydie, I feel..."

She stiffened at the sound of a speed boat nearby. Savion shoved her gently toward the stairs. "Get below and hide."

"No." She wasn't being forced into the closet again. Savion might not accept her help, but he was getting it whether he liked it or not. Before he could argue, someone called out from the other boat.

"Lydia?"

"Daddy!"

Moments later, the deck filled with men Lydie recognized as working for her father, at his New York warehouse. Each of them held guns and searched the ship

as if they were trained, just like Savion. She frowned. Just what the hell was going on?

Before she could get answers or even ask her lover what more he knew, Lydie found herself whisked onto a boat that sped toward the mainland. Her father refused to speak until she had rested and promised to explain everything. He would make arrangements for Savion and the captain. But the next morning, her father, Savion, and the captain were gone. Lydie was left with an escort and a ticket back to London, one she apparently was not allowed to change.

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Chapter Nine

All that she thought she knew about her life, about her father was a lie. Or maybe this was a confirmation of what she believed from the start—that he loved business more than he loved her, if he cared at all. His holdings were basically stolen by any means he felt was necessary. And apparently, Savion was into it with him. How much more of a fool could she have been back then?

"Are you sure about this?" she asked her informant. But the evidence was in the folder she'd been supplied with. Photos, reports, testimony of not only her father's activities but also her lover's. Savion had been instrumental in bringing down all of her father's competitors, sometimes working from the inside.

"Yes, Ms. Simpson. Your father is a very powerful and ruthless businessman. Using the men in his employ, he has been able to get executive level employees of various companies to hire the men he wants them to. Once inside, the men systematically bring the company to a position of surrender to your father. None of the owners know what's coming until it's too late."

Lydie turned away from the man to glance out her office window. "And Savion Bellamont?" she quiered.

"His top man."

She sank down in her chair as a weight descended over her head and shoulders and sapped the life from her. "That will be all. Thank you." She waited until she heard the click of the door before she slumped back in her chair and closed her eyes. Savion had said a man made him an offer he couldn't refuse. He meant her father, yet how could he not refuse? What could her father hold over his head to keep him obedient all these years?

Lydie glanced down at the papers in her hands again. Her father had clearly broken the law countless times, even had men killed. So why had he never been convicted? Glancing around her office, she knew at least what she had to do. She would resign her position immediately and put up the company for sale that she'd taken over. A broker could handle everything, while she went away for a while to rethink her life. One thing was for sure, she never wanted to see her father or Savion again.

That night in her flat, Lydie packed the clothes she intended to take with her and made last minute arrangements for her housekeeper to take her bird with her when she left the next day. With no family other than her father, and no close friends because of work consuming her twenty-four-seven, Lydie had all loose ends tied within a matter of hours.

Just before she rode to the airport tomorrow morning, she would be turning her findings over to the authorities. He might be her father, but he was a criminal that needed to be brought to justice. His cruelty would be stopped. She had thought long and hard about Savion's name being mentioned with her father's and found she just couldn't do it. She couldn't turn the man she loved in to the authorities, so she had burned the sheets with his name and the photos that suggested his activities.

When that was done, she slipped into bed with her mind settled. "Welcome to the rest of your life," she muttered, depressed.

She'd barely closed her eyes when a hand covered her mouth. Lydie screamed and struggled against the body now pinning her down.

"Shh, hush, baby." Her eyes widened in the darkness, but she couldn't see Savion. "You know I'm not going to hurt you." He slid to the side of her and ran a hand down over her stomach to squeeze gently between her legs. Lydie moaned.

With a sigh, Savion sat up taking her with him. When he clicked her bedside lamp on, she blinked against the sudden light.

"You're not going to scream?" he asked.

She shook her head, and he removed his hand. "What are you doing here? I thought you were long gone," she accused, trying to ignore the pain in her chest at his abandonment.

He stood and moved to the dresser where the folder with her evidence lay. Flipping through it with interest, he spoke. "I had to obey orders. Simple as that. But when I was able to make arrangements, I came here to get you. Now, get dressed."

Lydie frowned, tossing back the covers and marching over to take the folder from him. "I'm not getting dressed. I have a flight in the morning, and that folder is none of your business."

Instead of giving her the file, Savion wrapped an arm about her waist and yanked her against him. "That's where you're wrong, my love. It is my business. And once I have destroyed it, you and I will be on a flight to my home where you will live from now on as my wife."

She struggled against him. "The hell I will. You're a criminal. As you can see, I know all about what you've been up to all these years. And I want no part of such things. My father is going to jail, and if you don't break it off, so are you." She paused, remembering again his words on the boat. "You said he has something over you. What is it?"

For a long time, Savion stared down at her until she wondered if he intended to answer her questions. Then his brows crinkled low over his eyes and determination came into his expression. "We don't have time for extensive conversation. And I have no intention of sharing with you just what your father holds against me. Yes, I'm the criminal you believe me to be. Everything you found in that folder about my activities—information that seems to be missing—is true. But now I'm giving you a choice, Lydie. Come with me. Be my wife. Or stay here and never see me again."

She stared at him, confused. "You can't be serious. Your wife? You're out of your fucking mind, Savion. You've robbed people blind, stole their companies. For all I know, you've killed some. I'm supposed to turn my head from all of that just so I can be with you?"

He spun on his heel, taking the folder with him to her living room. She followed close behind. There he set it on fire and tossed it into the fireplace. Lydie would have reached in to grab it out, but what was the use? Savion would only stop her.

"What have you done, Lydie?" he demanded. "Did you forget the money you embezzled to buy that company? Just so you could snatch it out from under me to get your revenge?"

She gasped. "I—"

He nodded. "Yeah, we knew. You're a chip off the old block, beautiful. And despite how I hate your father, I love you. I want you with me always. I had to practically sell my soul to get that ass to agree to let me have you, and now here I am. Do you want me or not?"

Lydie studied the man she had been dreaming of for fourteen years. All this time, she thought he had seduced her and left her because he didn't love her. Yet it was her father. The man she had emulated when she was determined to get back at Savion. She had thought she was somehow better, but just as Savion said, she was just like him. Ruthless when it came to what she wanted.

Visions of their time together sprung up in her mind—on the boat and even years ago when they made love virtually every day. If she let him leave, she would never have that again. And really was her life worth living without it?

"You say you love me?" she asked hesitantly.

"I'm here, aren't I?"

She cocked a brow at him.

He nodded. "I love you with all my heart."

With her decision made, Lydie flew across the room and into his arms. She pressed her mouth to his, greedy for a taste of his lips. Savion met her seeking tongue with the tip of his and they kissed, forgetting the world around them until they were both out of breath. Lydie drew back first.

"So what are you going to do to get free of my father?" she demanded.

Savion laughed. "Like father, like daughter. Come. We'll discuss it after we're married, and I've exhausted my body making love to you."

"Agreed!"

THE END

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About the Author

Brenda Steele loves all things out of the ordinary. She writes to gratify the cravings of her own sexual drive, and then for her dear readers. Hopefully, the two won't be far apart and all who read her work will come away satisfied. Look for her coming soon work entitled, "My Vampire Lover."

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