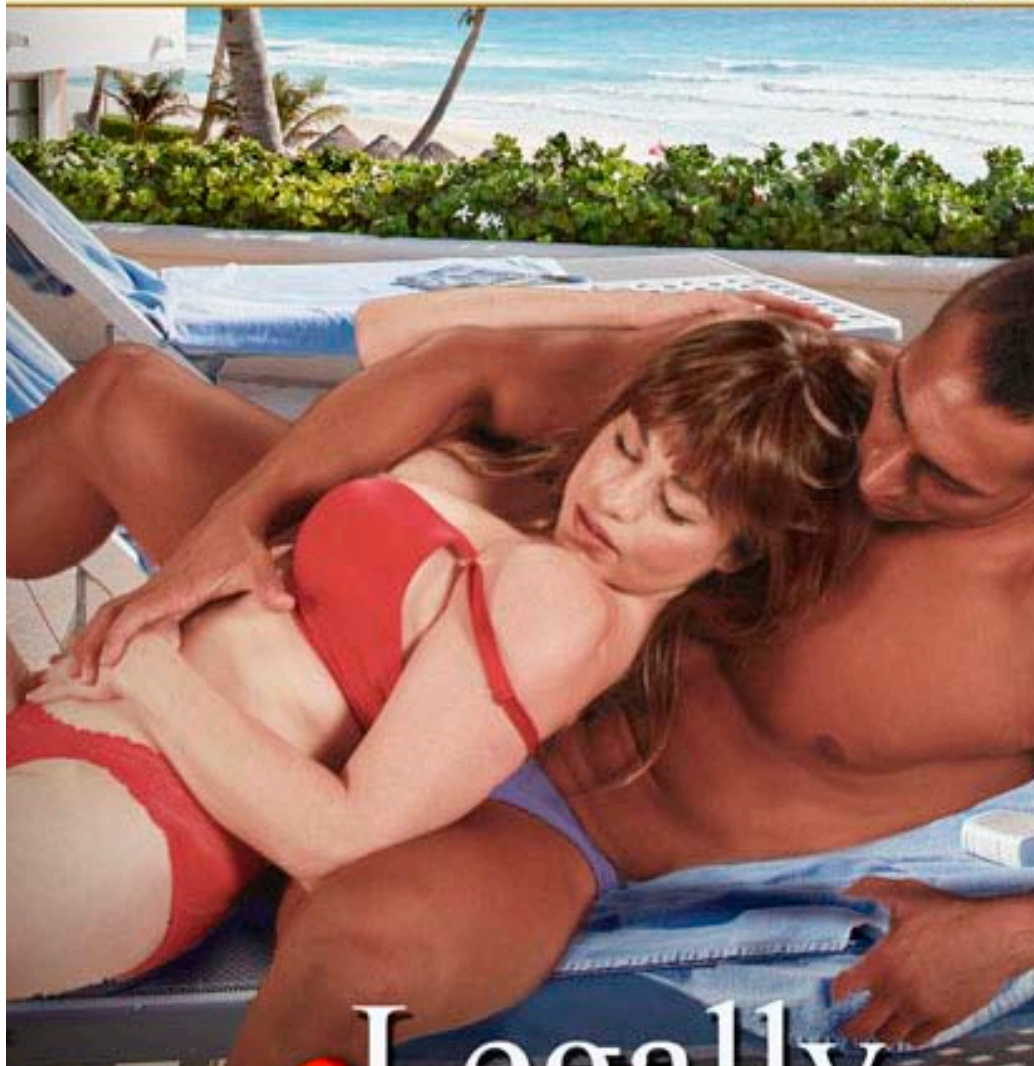


ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO



Legally
Binding

Tall, Dark and
DOMINANT

REESE GABRIEL

Legally Binding

Reese Gabriel

Book 3 in the Tall, Dark and Dominant series.

Kat Cartwell is a lawyer on vacation. She wants nothing more than to simply lie in the sun and catch up on her law journals, but the handsome and mysterious Julian Morrell has other plans when he introduces himself on the beach. A seasoned sexual dominant, he senses in the coy litigator a true submissive heart. After he manages to invite himself to her dinner table, sparks fly and their strong personalities collide.

Kat is intrigued despite her initial resistance. By the end of the night she's agreed to take a chance. He promises her a once-in-a-lifetime experience as his slave, but what happens in the morning when both of them want more? Kat makes a quick getaway but Julian is not about to give up on a chance for a more serious relationship.

All bets are off when he shows up at her firm, meeting with her bosses and putting her on a huge retainer. Now he has control of her again. The question is whether or not that will carry over into the bedroom.

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LEGALLY BINDING

Reese Gabriel

Chapter One

He was the proverbial TD and H— Tall, Dark and Hell No.

Sure, he was pure eye candy standing over her in his navy blue swim suit, six feet three, two hundred pounds of well-defined muscles, lean lines, a clean, solid chin and gorgeous blue eyes.

But men like him always came with a price tag nice girls like Katherine Cartwell— Kat to her friends— could never afford.

“You’re blocking the sun,” she informed him, peering over the edge of her leather-bound law volume, infinitely better suited for a mahogany bookshelf than a tropical beach.

The modern-day Greek god stepped aside, a wry smile on his face. “I’m surprised you notice the sun at all with your nose buried in that godforsaken tome.”

Kat frowned. He might have curly dark hair, luscious biceps and pectorals good enough to eat, but she’d be damned if he’d talk to her like that. “Where I put my nose is none of your concern. Good day, sir.”

His hands went to his hips. “Actually, there are other parts of you that hold a good deal more interest.”

Kat’s jaw dropped. She felt her cheeks turn pink and her chest too. She might as well have been naked in front of the man. Wearing this bikini had been a mistake, a *very* big mistake. “I beg your pardon,” she said, employing her best courtroom manner. “But you have no right to speak to me that way.”

“Such a world,” he lamented, his accent vaguely European and deeply sensual. “That a man has no right to tell a woman she is beautiful.”

Her pulse quickened. She looked for her towel to cover up. "I'm sure you mean well. But I really would appreciate it if you would move on."

"Actually I don't mean well at all."

"Excuse me?"

"I want to make love to you. I'm jealous as hell of that book and I want to toss it in the ocean and make you forget it ever existed."

Kat swallowed hard, clutching the towel.

"If you were my woman," he said, taking advantage of her stunned silence, "I wouldn't let you out on the beach like this for every man to see. Your body would be for my eyes only."

"I have a boyfriend," she blurted. "He's gone to the bathroom and he'll be back any moment."

"You're lying," he said.

She tried to keep his eyes off his crotch. She could imagine his cock, large and well formed as he was. "What if I am? I don't owe you anything, not so much as the time of day."

"That is true," he inclined his head. "I will leave if that is your wish."

"It is," she insisted, even as her body was screaming for him to stay and make good on his erotic promises.

"Very well," he said as though he had done not a thing wrong. Such a smooth, cocky bastard he was, so totally prepossessed. Why wasn't he flustered like she? Damn her female anatomy—nipples that hardened to tight buds, a nether crevice that eased heat and moisture at the very possibility of physical contact.

"I hope you enjoy the rest of your stay on the island, Miss... I'm sorry I didn't catch your name."

"It's Kat," she said softly. "Kat Cartwell."

Why was she revealing her identity to a perfect stranger? Was she out of her mind?

"It's been a pleasure." He bowed low, the gesture re-enforcing her old world impression of the man. "Kat Cartwell."

She felt a chill down her spine. The way he said her name—it was so full of anticipation, as if he wasn't finished with her yet, as if they'd meet again.

She wanted to know his name in turn, she wanted to hear it emanate from those dark, sensuous lips of his, deep and masculine and strong, but she didn't dare ask. She couldn't afford to know. She couldn't afford to be anymore invested than she already was.

"In case you are curious," he added parenthetically, as if reading her mind. "My name is Julian. Julian Morrell."

Kat wanted to say something back—something rude like how she wasn't in the least curious and how now that she knew she would be sure to forget it as quickly as possible, but nothing was coming out of her mouth. Just her own breath, which had disturbingly quickened since the man's arrival.

So much for her vaunted identity as a legal barracuda, a rising star at the firm, a silver-tongue barrister, the next Cochrane or F. Lee Bailey.

A few blinks later and Julian Morrell was gone. She watched his confident stride across the beach, tight ass cheeks and strong calf muscles. Incredible. He had been utterly rejected and he was acting as if he didn't care. No, scratch that. He had behaved as though it were not even in her power to reject him. Somehow he had retained the upper hand throughout. The terms, the discourse, all of it was controlled by him.

Had he even propositioned her at all? He had said what he *might* do with her, but had that been his immediate intent? What if she had let him stay? Would he have tried to push her immediately into bed?

If you were my woman, he'd said. That didn't sound like a fifty-fifty deal at all. That sounded like domination.

A deal breaker for sure.

Kat Cartwell did not submit to any man. Not in real life. Sure, she had her fantasies. Many women did. But when it came to actual sex, things had to be carefully defined and laid out, the boundaries drawn well in advance.

Kimmy, the firm's newest associate and her self-designated protégé and partner in crime, had dubbed Kat's intricate idea of coupling "sex with a pre-nup".

"You make it so much like work, it's no wonder you don't get any," the willowy blonde loved to tease her.

"There's more to life than bedding every available man," was Kat's standard reply.

"If there is," Kimmy was wont to say. "I'd love to see it—along with the Loch Ness Monster and Bigfoot."

She wondered what the nubile young woman would make of Julian Morrell. Kat pegged him at forty, though he had the kind of body and wrinkle-free looks that could help him pass for thirty something.

Kimmy would probably have him back up in her room by now. Then again, Mr. Morrell did not seem to be the type to succumb easily to a woman's seductive authority, no matter how beautiful she was.

Likely he would have made Kimmy wait in order to put her off balance. Later he would let her give it up, putting her through paces.

What sort of things would Morrell do to a woman in bed? He would drive a woman crazy but he would also know what he wanted in return and he would get it.

It might even go further than that.

What if he was dominant in bed? A woman would have to respond as he told her. And if she didn't...well he might just punish her. Perish the thought.

Kat stuck her nose back in the book, a condensed review of precedents with regard to product liability case law. She'd been meaning to brush up for some time and what better opportunity than on vacation where there was precious little else to fill her time?

Technically, she was supposed to be relaxing. Marvin Wannamaker and George Tallows, the senior partners had insisted she take this trip, not only as a reward for her winning a recent seven-figure settlement against a large chemical company but because she had not taken a single day off in the past three years, including Christmas and Thanksgiving.

"You're making us look bad," had said the white mustachioed, bull moose sounding George—the king of all work-a-holics.

It was the thin, tall, bespectacled Marvin who had personally handed her the set of tickets to Miracle Resort on Cartiva Island. "You're getting on that plane, Ilsa." He had done a terrible impression of Bogie.

George, a modern day Teddy Roosevelt complete with bear heads on his wall, had cut off all possible objections. "We expect you gone, Miss Cartwell. Should your face appear in this office before a week from next Monday I shall be forced to dire measures."

"But my caseload..." She had made a last ditch attempt to weasel out.

"You've nothing pending in court. As for the rest, there is a wonderful little invention we have around here, called the paralegal."

Paralegal was another word for slave in her business.

There was no getting out of it, then. Although not even the senior partners could keep her from smuggling a law book or two off her shelves. And some legal journals too.

So what if she enjoyed reading about the law in her spare time? Was that a crime?

What *was* offensive was accosting women on the beach. Treating them like...like mere pleasure objects. Try as she might, Kat could not concentrate on the page in front of her. *Dryer vs. Standard Chemical Company*, 1986.

She took peeks over the top of the gilded pages, looking to see what Morrell was doing. She half expected to see him working his way down the beach, going after every

woman he saw until one turned out to be weak enough or foolish enough to keep talking to him.

The idea of another woman engaging him really irritated her though. Really she shouldn't care less.

Surprisingly, he didn't stop at all. Four or five females were neglected in his barefoot march across the crisp, white sand, including a pair of luscious young coeds, one brunette and one blonde.

They had fine, young bodies, and supple, natural breasts, defying gravity.

Kat herself was no slouch at thirty-three, though she was kidding herself if she thought her best days weren't behind her. The young golden-haired girl who had represented Hawthorn High School as homecoming queen fifteen years ago was a creature long gone, buried in the shrouds of history.

Of interest to no one but an elite few, just like these silly old cases she was trying to review.

The two girls were looking at Morrell, practically drooling. Kat watched them do typical female attraction things as he passed—hair flips, back arches, thrusting out chests and pointing their toes.

The man couldn't care less.

Ha ha. Silly little cows.

Julian Morrell was a man's man. He liked his women, and while she didn't know exactly how he liked them, he thought *she* was beautiful.

Kat felt herself preening a little and that made her mad. What kind of game was Morrell playing with her? Her whole life Kat had struggled to be recognized as a person, for better or worse, capable, talented, and not just a pretty girl.

If she had to, she would die a spinster if only to maintain her hard fought asexual independence. Julian Morrell had no right to take that away from her. Reducing her to fluttering female helplessness, making her feel squirmy and moist between her thighs,

making her want him to do just as he'd said—taking this ridiculous law book and tossing it into the sea.

I want to make love to you, he'd said. *I'm jealous as hell of that book.*

Here it came again, that weird feeling that Morrell, if he ever did make love to her, would give no quarter.

After all, look what he had been prepared to say to her right off the bat, a perfect stranger. What words would come from his mouth if they were truly intimate?

As if that would ever happen!

Kat watched discretely as Julian found an abandoned piece of beach front. The sky was crystalline blue, with a shade of green, nearly as pale as the glassy waters. He proceeded to wade into the light foam, up to his ankles and then his knees.

There was something ritualistic about the way he moved, as if he were making some kind of sacrifice to the sea, his own bronzed and perfect body as the offering.

Sure enough, as soon as he was waist deep, he lifted his arms overhead, bending his head back, slowly, with perfect grace and composure.

What arrogance, she thought, and yet at the same time, what perfect nobility. There was something so utterly majestic about it. Clearly this was not for anyone else's consumption. Just as with her, he didn't give a damn how the world responded.

Suddenly she felt as if he was mocking her.

Trembling, she rose from the lounge chair. It was all so quick—her thought processes, the decision to go after him. She'd been this way all her life. Her father had called her Wild Kat because of her propensity for pouncing.

"It's not fair!" She would pronounce loud and long over the simplest of pre-school injustices.

Her mother was apt to dismiss her but Daddy saw the importance, the potential of her fearsome spirit. Never once did he fail to take her seriously. Together they would

reason things out to a solution. It was his influence, more than any other that had made her the lawyer she was today.

All of a sudden it became clear to her.

This injustice would stand no more than any other in her life.

She would give this Morrell a piece of her mind.

He would not intimidate her or have the last word.

Let him feel uncomfortable now as she took the battle to him.

Yes, she would go after him.

Much to his shock she would beat him too at his own game of verbal bravado.

Heart pounding she made her way down the beach, abandoning her chair, towel and book.

When she got within range Kat waded out after Julian, her hot skin stung by the sudden wash of cool water.

If he knew she was behind him he gave no indication.

"You!" she called out, not deigning to use his name.

Morrell turned in all his glory now, unperturbed, self contained, like a small, radiating engine of manhood packed inside the body of Michelangelo's statue. "Yes?" He inquired, his eyes honing.

The effect was more than a little disconcerting.

Everything went out the window, most of what she wanted to say and the reasoning behind it.

It was like her first time in front of a jury, or when she took the bar exam.

Oh god, now what?

The sight of him in the foam, his body glistening, drops of water on his chest, his hair moving in the light breeze was nearly enough to make her faint. *Think, Kat, hold yourself together.*

"You were way out of line back there." She found her voice, reaching to a place deep within. "I'm not just some bimbo, you know."

"I never said you were," he pointed out with absolute technical accuracy.

"You talked about my looks." She sought to recover herself, feeling her resolve slip away.

"I said you were beautiful." He summarized their conversation with all the aplomb of a top notch courtroom closer. "I said what I wanted to do with you, as a man, completely taken with you as a woman. You indicated you did not wish to continue the conversation and I moved on. Where is the offense to your character?"

"You came on to me." She went for the throat. "You practically solicited me like I was a cheap whore."

One of Julian's eyebrows arched, critically. Kat felt obligated to retract. "Okay, maybe not like a whore, but what do you call all that talk about my being your woman?"

The truly disturbing part was that she could actually imagine herself as Morrell's woman, submitting to all his desires, lowering herself to any level in exchange for the dark pleasures promised in his eyes.

This was not good, not good at all.

"I don't call it anything," he said dismissively. "What are you doing here, anyway? Shouldn't your boyfriend be back by now?"

"Stop making fun of me, you know I don't have a boyfriend."

"You're getting upset," he observed.

"Actually, I am very calm. If I were upset, trust me, you'd know it."

"I can only imagine."

Kat wanted to slap him silly. But why give him the satisfaction? "Just you keep away from me," she said, by way of ending their relationship, such as it was.

"You're the one who followed me over here," he reminded.

Kat snorted. "You really are an arrogant prick. You think you're god's gift to women."

"I am what I am, Kat."

"Don't call me that."

"It's your name, isn't it?"

"You don't have the right to use it," she insisted, trying to hide the way it made her feel to have him use the more intimate version of her name. She was Kat to the people she knew well, Wild Kat to her father.

"You told me your name of your own free will," he reminded.

"No, I didn't. You tricked me."

Julian's features crinkled with amusement. His smile was subtle, complicated and way too smoldering for her liking. "Did I?"

Kat had had enough. "Go to hell," she swished her long, glossy blonde hair over her left shoulder.

"I have been." He winked. "They sent me back."

Kat ground her teeth. She wanted to say something worse, but he'd gotten the better of her way too much already. Without another word, she turned on her heel in the sand and began the trudge back to shore.

"Katherine."

She froze. Hearing her full name was even worse than her nick name.

"What?" she demanded.

"Have dinner with me," he said, somewhere between a request and a summons.

And what if it were a summons? What if he did the power to demand her presence...and more?

Kat frowned. "I already told you—"

"Told me what? That you have a non-existent boyfriend?"

He had her dead to rights.

"I didn't want to hurt your feelings," she said lamely.

"Lies always hurt. You should know that as a lawyer."

"Who said I'm a lawyer?"

"The book you were reading. Hardly on the best seller list, is it?"

"You're a very clever man, Mr. Morrell, I'll give you that," she offered, imbuing as much sarcasm as possible.

"Call me Julian."

"Fine, let me make it clear, *Julian*. I am not interested in dinner or anything else where you are concerned."

"May I ask why?"

"No you may not."

"Do you not find me attractive?"

Conceited bastard, fishing for a compliment, was he?

"No," she lied. "Not in the least."

"You don't want me in your bed?"

Kat took a step backward, her body shaking. How could a man get to her like this? She'd been dealing with male chicanery and come-ons since puberty and never once felt so completely reduced to a mush ball of femininity. "You're a pig," she said.

"It's a simple question, Katherine, yes or no."

"No, I would not want you within a hundred miles of my bed or my body."

"In that case the matter is settled," he declared.

"Damn straight it is." She regarded him, Mexican stand-off style.

To her consternation, he turned his back, once more facing the deep water.

"Is that it? That's all you're going to say?"

"What more is there?"

"An apology would be nice."

"A man should never apologize for speaking his mind, Katherine, so long as it is done respectfully."

"You wouldn't know respect if it hit you upside the head," she spat. "Good day, sir."

Noisily, pushing the water from out of her way, Kat retreated, depriving the ocean—and Julian Morrell—of her company.

She wanted so badly for him to follow her, to say something, anything, so she could have the satisfaction of telling him to go screw himself because it was too late and she was not going to give him a second chance no matter what.

To her disappointment, he stayed right where he was. Like some kind of water-logged hood ornament.

Frigging idiot.

Was she supposed to be impressed?

This guy was worse than Kyle, the office jock and ego-maniac who was always trying to pick up Kimmy. He was so into himself he didn't even realize when Kimmy made fun of him by flirting day in day out.

Slowly, trying to convince herself of her victory, Kat stepped onto dry land.

Kat had company waiting back at her lounge chair.

"You have nice cold drink, yes, mademoiselle," declared the beaming beach waiter as he presented his tray of brightly colored margaritas, the glasses sweating profusely in the hot sun. "Ice cold, you like? How many? Two, maybe?"

"Try zero," she snapped, bending over to retrieve her belongings.

At once she regretted her lack of manners.

"Mademoiselle need help?" he asked, observing her furious attempt to simultaneously stuff flip-flops, book, towel and sun block back into a cheap canvas bag procured earlier in the day from the straw market.

“Yes. Can you point me to an island without any men on it?”

He cocked his head, the sad attempt at humor not translating across cultural and language barriers. “No *gentlemen*, mademoiselle?” he lilted soberly in his Creole accent. “But *gentlemen* be everywhere.”

“Don’t I know it,” she muttered.

Giving up on the flip-flops, she flung the basket strap over her shoulder and headed for the hotel barefoot.

Talk about a total washout.

No suntan, no case law reading. No relaxation whatsoever. She might as well have stayed home where she could have her stress without the added aggravation of sand between her toes.

And to top it all off, her encounter with the egomaniacal Morrell had left her horny as hell. She was going to have to do something about that, maybe even rent one of those cheesy porno flicks off the hotel cable channels, something safe and light, something without too much passion.

Yes, she would find some anonymous empty headed pretty boy to masturbate over, anybody but Morrell with his mind games. What was that old song, “Gonna Wash That Man Right Out of My Hair”? Well, she was going to masturbate the man out of her head.

Once and for all.

Or so she hoped.

* * * * *

Kat...

Such a perfect name for a feisty beauty, lovely, sleek and imbued with a fierce streak of independence. And claws too. She’d shown that much already, coming back at him hard after his initial probe of her feminine defenses.

Julian had the advantage, of course. He was older, quite a bit more experienced and born to play the game. It was an ancient contest, male versus female, hunter and hunted and it had but one rule: survival of the fittest. Julian liked his opponents to be as well matched as possible. A merely beautiful woman was not enough.

Julian Morrell craved intelligence, preferably mingled with innocence. Seeing Kat, with her absurd law book, entirely oblivious to the effect her luscious body in the skimpy suit was having on male passersby had warmed his heart—and his blood to no end.

He had wanted her at first sight and sensing her latent submissive desires, he had promptly informed her of such. A more worldly, sexually dominant woman would have laughed at him or used the information against him. But Kat had actually blushed. How rare was that in a world of sharks and cynical demons!

He simply must enjoy her flesh before dawn.

Kat beneath him, sweet soft moans of acquiescence, surrendering to the pleasure of his sweet assault. Her lovely wrists, bound in silk, tied over her head, her legs, apart, her breasts assailed by his tongue and teeth, as his cock sank to molten depths claiming her as no man before or after would ever dare.

Yes, Kat Cartwell would submit. And afterward, for the rest of her life, she would remember Julian Morrell, lover of women and thief of hearts.

Was it cruel to consume his ladies in fire and then vanish on the winds? No more so than it was for the sun to rise and set, for life itself was a gift meant to be used and exploited before it could be taken away at death.

He had to laugh at himself at that one.

Could any man be vainer—to compare one's self to the sun, to think one's self a feast no woman should do without. But all joking aside Julian Morrell had ammunition with which to back his claims. He promised and delivered ecstasy.

And then he moved on. That was the pattern, his chosen way of life. Adrianna, his elder sister, who was far too like their departed mother for his own comfort, called him

a coward, a man afraid to commit to a single woman, to build a relationship, to form a family.

Sardonically, he was wont to offer as counter argument the much vaunted House of Morrell, itself, such as it was, with its history of madness and betrayal, ten generations old.

Morrell had standards, of course. At forty he was too old to play around with twenty-year-old girls, or even twenty-five-year-old ones. They looked good to the eye, but the inexperience, the lack of maturity tended to show itself in and out of bed, even in the course of a single night.

Kat wasn't much older than thirty, but she oozed a certain sensual wisdom more appropriate for an older woman. A moxy. She had, after all, sought him out after his initial foray, attempting to tell him off just as he had deserved to be, as a matter of fact.

Bravo for her.

Unfortunately what she did not realize was that she had played into his hands. He was laying a trail for her in bread crumbs.

He was playing cat and mouse, manipulating *her* into doing the chasing. Round One was over. He scored the victory to himself, though she had made it a contest.

Round Two would take place at dinner. According to the concierge, whose alliance Julian had secured with a few well-placed bills, Kat had gone from the beach directly to her room.

Unless he missed his guess, she would remain there for a nap, a bath or perhaps both. She would then go for dinner in the hotel restaurant downstairs. Alone. She would do this even though she was afraid of meeting him and regardless of whether she was actually hungry or not. She would do so as to prove to herself that he had not intimidated her in any way.

For the price of another small bribe, the concierge would call him, notifying Julian when Kat had left her room again. He would then make a timely interception and continue their banter.

In the meantime, he would continue his meditation in his own room, a sizable suite purchased with but a miniscule fraction of his part of the inheritance from the latest casualty of Morrell pride, his father Maurice, who had drank half the brandy in Europe and screwed half the whores before surrendering to an early grave.

Smiling somberly, he went out to the balcony making an offering of his spirit to the rushing wind, the beaming rays of sun, the wash of ocean current, one man's life, come and gone in the wink of an eye, living moment to moment, slaking his desires on the conquests of the day. A company bought and sold, a deal closed to good advantage...and a woman, one whose name was feline.

The Kat around whom his current thought and imagination revolved.

Nothing unusual for Julian Morrell. He was known for obsession. She would be no different than the rest.

A line of women before her, a line after.

It had to be that way, for his sanity and hers. Men like Morrell did not settle down and they did not fall in love. They were born to play with fire, to swallow swords and ride the backs of invisible mares, nostrils flaring, explosive as volcanoes.

Kat Cartwell...no different than the rest.

Or so he hoped.

Chapter Two

"So you read other things besides law books."

Kat froze, her face covered by the menu. It was him. She didn't need to see him to know. *Incredible*. She had been barely out of her room for five minutes and already he had managed to track her down. And she had been so careful, getting a table in the back of the hotel restaurant, using an express elevator down from the concierge floor.

"If I didn't know better," Kat declared, screwing up the courage to look him in the eye. "I'd say you've been following me."

"I don't need to." He smiled shamelessly. "I have spies. May I?"

He was gesturing with his hand toward the empty seat across from her, the cuff of his white linen shirt just peeking out of his black tuxedo sleeve.

"No, you may not," she uttered.

"I told you, I have eyes everywhere. I found out you were here for dinner so I came to join you."

"I'm not interested."

"A beautiful woman shouldn't dine alone. It's an offense against nature."

"I'm sure nature can survive the affront," she offered dryly, wishing she had been smart enough to stay in her room in her pajamas instead of coming down here in her best dress, the slinky red one with sequins, cut low in all the wrong places.

"You look different," he observed.

"It's probably the fact that I'm dressed in something other than a bikini."

It was Kimmy's fault for making her bring the dress in the first place. She would have been happy with formless sundresses.

"No," he shook his head. "It's something else, a glow in your cheeks, a light in your eyes."

Kat tensed. There was no way he could know what she had been up to this afternoon—could he?

She told herself she was being paranoid. His spies could not have known about her watching Lust's Castaways in her room. "I'm quite sure it's your imagination, Mr. Morrell, now if you'd kindly let me dine in peace."

"You've been giving yourself pleasure," he said.

Kat drew a ragged breath, heat pooling instantly in her breasts and between her legs. She felt caught, unmasked, stripped. "Mr. Morrell, that is quite enough, either you leave now, or I will ask to have you removed."

"I'm right, aren't I? And may I ask whom you imagined to be your lover?"

"Mr. Morrell." She spat the name through clenched teeth.

"Was it a lover from out of your past, perhaps, or was it a figure from the depths of your imagination?"

Eyes were peering, from nearby tables, surreptitious glances that would soon escalate to glares. "For god's sake, sit down, will you? You're making a scene."

It was absolutely the worst thing to say, as it played into his hands, but Kat was desperate and well past thinking straight when it came to this infuriating, sexually conceited man.

"If you insist." He assumed his place smoothly, a gesture of clear but understated victory.

"You think you can play with me." She pounced. "But I won't have it. You hold no interest for me, I am repulsed by you and I can't wait to never see you again."

Kat wasn't making sense now, even to herself. But she'd be damned if she'd go on the defensive.

His smile said it all.

"Shut up," she demanded though he hadn't uttered a word.

"You are formidable when cornered, do you know that?" he declared. "I do trust you will allow me to buy you dinner by the way."

"Over my dead body."

He chuckled, signaling for the waiter. "Prostrate I would love you, but hardly without that rabbit pulse of yours."

Great, now he was reading her diagnostics.

"What if I *was* masturbating?" She decided to meet him head on. "What of it?"

He arched a brow. "Are you asking if the thought of you stroking yourself uncontrollably arouses me? I think you know the answer."

Kat flushed. "Must you get the best of every exchange?"

"A bottle of your best Chateau Lemour," he told the waiter.

The waiter flicked his eyes to her and back to Julian.

"How is the filet mignon tonight?" Julian asked.

They discussed cuts of beef as if she weren't there.

Kat fumed after the man was gone. "How dare you embarrass me like that."

"But I was only being a gentleman. A lady is never expected to order for herself."

"You were being a jerk, which is what you seem to do best."

Julian said nothing until the wine arrived. For a few golden moments she dared to raise her hopes that he was going to lay off.

Fat chance.

"To tonight." He raised his glass, glistening red.

"What about tonight?" she asked with justifiable suspicion.

He leaned forward, for her ears only.

"You'll purr for me, Kat Cartwell."

Shock mixed with anger. "Any reason I shouldn't dump this glass in your face?"

He smiled enigmatic and exasperating as always. "I would appeal to your fine breeding, but in truth you will refrain because to do otherwise would displease me."

She took a large gulp and set it down, managing to avoid touching him in the process.

He took a sip of his, nonchalant.

"Do you even hear how you sound?" she demanded.

"What about it?"

"You talk like a crazy person. I don't have to please you. This isn't the age of slaves and I'm sure as hell not your nineteen-fifties wife."

"I've mentioned you in neither such role," he admitted, "though the thought intrigues me."

She blushed, cursing herself for giving him ideas. "I am sure it does. You have pervert written all over you. I bet you are here hiding out from the law."

His laugh made her toes curl. "I would break the law for you, though I wouldn't make a habit of it."

"So you're just interested in a one-night stand?"

"Is that so terrible?"

"If you even have to ask..."

"We would make love with abandon, play whatever parts we wished, knowing there would be no consequences, no relationship to slow us down."

"So you're hot." She tried to give him a dose of his own medicine. "That's not reason enough to have sex with someone."

"What other reason could there be? Or are you one of those types who believe only in intercourse for procreation?"

"I believe in lovemaking, Mr. Morrell, plain and simple. And I think you already know that about me."

He took another swallow of his wine. "I think you've fought very hard to be the good girl and act strong but inside of you is quite a different woman."

"Do tell." She rolled her eyes with requisite contempt. "I'm sure it's all about *submission* right?"

"The word is charged on your lips. It only confirms what I say. I think you're intrigued that a man would do with you and to you exactly what pleases him. That he would make no compromise for polite society. That he would call and you would come running. That he would command and you would kneel, that sexually you would be his plaything."

Kat fought the rush of images in her mind. Unfortunately Lust's Castaways had been of little help having dealt directly with the topic of domination in a relationship.

* * * * *

The hero Giorgio is a young sailor hired to take Gina out for a day on the high seas. Gina is an arrogant, bored young woman who would rather spend her time texting.

Giorgio arranges for them to be conveniently shipwrecked on a nearby island where he can teach her a lesson. First she will have to accept dependence knowing he is the only one who can appropriate food for them and locate sources of fresh water. He also takes command of the one tent that keeps away mosquitoes.

Giorgio will let the proud beauty inside but only on his own terms. For each privilege she surrenders an article of clothing. It doesn't take long to liberate her of her light shift and lime green bikini. Now that she is naked and fed for the moment she must learn obedience.

When she resists kneeling he punishes her with a hot spanking that leads to lovemaking right there on the wet sand. As the tide rushes in she gives her lover her body, acknowledging him as her Master.

Now the rush is on between the two of them to play out the games that are clearly on both their minds. Gina willingly crawls to and services Giorgio, experiencing outrageous pleasure in the process.

The journey between them might last forever if not for rescue. As is usually the case in life some well-meaning idiots spoil the fun for everyone.

Gina must take off her makeshift grass collar and return to high society while Giorgio faces life as a poor sailor.

* * * * *

Kat had been so into the story. Furiously playing with herself and identifying every step of the way with the heroine. In her dreams she'd been tied up and spanked a couple of times but nothing had ever felt so vivid. She had refused to attribute the effect to Morrell's influence but now she had to wonder.

Totally flush and out of control, she had come just before the final scene. One hand plunged between her legs, she had worked her clit. At the same she had kept two fingers deeply plunged inside her to simulate the motions of a dominant cock. She had bit down on the knuckles of her other hand to squelch the screaming. Her whole body had been aflame from her throbbing nipples to the tingling in her toes.

"I am not a pervert," Kat informed Julian, now determined to put the entire matter to bed.

Kat cringed inwardly over the unfortunate choice of words.

Bed and Julian were two things that must never ever go together.

"Of course not." He smiled, curling her toes with his subtle but distinctly predatory leer. "By the way, I wonder if you've had a chance to catch anything from the hotel's adult video channel."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

It was a stupid bluff and sure enough he saw straight through it.

"There is a film I highly recommend. Shall I tell you the plot?"

"That won't be necessary."

"There are these two individuals and they go out to sea," he drawled, as if he were settling in to tell the whole plot.

"Fine," she snapped realizing he would never change the subject otherwise. "I watched Lust's Castaways. Are you happy?"

He arched a brow. "I think the real question is whether *you* are happy you watched it? Would you have liked to be Gina, Kat? Would you have enjoyed her submission...her slavery?"

"I found it repulsive."

"And yet you masturbated by your own admission."

"That was over something else, not that it's any of your business."

Julian frowned. "I've offended you."

She stared open mouthed. "You're just now figuring that out? Wow what a rocket scientist."

He went silent though his eyes never left hers.

"What?" she demanded.

"I'm thinking of you blindfolded in my suite with your hands secured in silk."

Her nipples throbbed. Up to this point she hadn't really wanted to put two and two together. All that interest in her submission, the theme of the movie, the way he'd acted on the beach.

Julian Morrell was a sexual dominant.

Which meant that he was way more potent—and sexually explosive than she could have imagined.

Tall, Dark and Hell No.

Wasn't that always the way? You had to have one with the other.

"Why exactly would I trust you?" she asked, not that she had the least intention of entering his confidence—or his room.

Call it curiosity, that's all.

Or playing with fire.

"For one thing you would have a safe word. With it you could stop the game at any time."

A game. Such an odd way to think of BDSM.

"And if I didn't use the word?"

His eyes lit for a second. Just long enough to set her belly ablaze. "Then I will do as I wish to you, Katherine."

"And what exactly do you wish, Mr. Morrell?"

I can stop this, she told herself. I can walk away. There's no harm in talking, right?

His smile suggested otherwise. As though he already had her behind closed doors. Well he could think what he liked. He was wrong. Dead wrong.

"I wish to make your body sing. I want you to find places you didn't know were there."

Curses on the man for making it sound so hot.

"By tying and whipping me, right?" She'd meant to shame him but he never even flinched.

"If those are the things you need then they will be done to you. But there are other things."

"Things to turn a man on." She tried to put him off. "Like watching a woman begging and crawling."

"Gina seemed to like it just fine."

Kat was sure she had him now. "That was acting in a movie."

"All acting comes from a real place. You should know that as a lawyer. When you try to convince a jury and you aren't even sure yourself, is that lying, acting, projecting, what?"

"That is different."

"Tell me," said Julian, exercising once again his propensity for turning the tables.
"Were you spanked as a little girl?"

The words hit her like a cold slap. A cold, invisible slap to her hot and needy flesh.

"Of course not."

"Good. Then you have no negative preconceptions. It will come across exactly as I intend."

Kat couldn't breathe. She ought to run but something held her fast. The damn curiosity. And the stupid lust.

"You don't honestly think in a million years I would ever let you...touch me." She couldn't bring herself to say the actual word.

"I do," he replied. "The only question is the administration."

"Administration?"

Stop this Kat. Stop talking to the man. You're only egging him on.

"A spanking can be done across the knee or the woman can be bent over. Then there is the matter of her dress, she may be clothed as opposed to being fully or partially nude. Not to mention the rituals that can be conducted before and afterward."

"I've heard enough."

Gina and Giorgio had rituals. When she'd been spanked sufficiently she would fall to her knees and take his engorged cock in her mouth to show submission. Then just before he came he would put her down in the sand on her back or on all fours.

Punished, penetrated, she would take his seed.

Then more than likely she would cook him a meal.

Hah. Kat could cook a microwave meal and that was about it.

"You asked," he reminded.

"Well I shouldn't have."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm not interested."

"You just like to talk, is that it?"

"What I would like is to eat dinner...alone."

He narrowed his gaze, blue eyes devastating like laser beams. "Is that what you really want?"

Her body sure didn't want that. Every bit of her flesh ached to be taught, touched, taken in hand. The very words, spanking, discipline, sent chills up and down her spine. This was not normal.

"You're undecided."

Kat blinked. Damn it, she had taken too long to answer.

"I was only thinking of how to tell you off properly."

It was at this point the soup arrived. The smell was delicious and nourishing. Good lord, how long since she'd eaten? No wonder she was on edge. Soup first, Julian later.

"You're starving," he noted. He wasn't touching his soup.

Great, it was probably loaded with sleeping pills.

"Tell me something, Julian." It was the first time she'd said his name. The feeling was strange but not all together unpleasant. From the look in his eyes he seemed to like it too. "Why did you pick me out of all the women on the beach? And don't tell me I was the prettiest or some nonsense because we both know it isn't true."

"Maybe I wanted a challenge."

"But if I'm supposed to be a submissive why would I pose any challenge at all? Wouldn't that make me a pushover?"

"On the contrary," he declared. "Submissives are extremely strong willed. They set the boundaries."

"Too bad my boundaries exclude you entirely."

"And yet I am still here," Julian noted.

"Because I want you to be and because you amuse me."

He laughed dryly.

She failed to find it amusing. "Am I a joke to you?"

"On the contrary. You enthrall me, Katherine Cartwell."

His words made her heart skip a beat. "So maybe you are *my* slave."

His smile angled sharply. "Perhaps."

Kat had to admit the idea of controlling Julian was not nearly as interesting as being controlled.

"So if you did have me," she said impulsively. "What would you do with me right this instant?"

"I would have you remove your panties."

Kat nearly swooned. "Excuse me."

"If you were being nice and obedient up to then I would let you do it in the bathroom, otherwise you would manage it here at the table."

Her pussy thrummed as though she were already exposed and at his mercy. *All those eyes on her.* "You would have me naked under my dress?"

"What better reminder for a slave of her availability to the Master and how easy it would be to have her over this table for example or against the wall in the alley," he pointed out.

She tried to force the images from her mind, her mind and body belonging to Julian, whole evenings consisting of waiting for whatever outrageous game he wanted to play.

"You wouldn't dare."

"I generally disallow bras on my slaves as well," he added casually.

Kat's head swam as she imagined having a man like Julian tell her what to put on her body. "I had no idea."

"The Master benefits, naturally, because he gets to enjoy the best view of his property. Plus it makes a woman feel sexy, don't you think?"

"I couldn't say..."

"Really? You wouldn't enjoy that special secret, the way I would look you in the eye, you and I the only two people in the world who know what I can do, just by my words, commanding you?"

"You are talking about random sex."

"We would have signals. I could tell you without words to go and wait for me in the back hall of the restaurant by the toilets. Or maybe I would be letting you know you were in for a punishment when we got home."

"On my bare behind?" she whispered, feeling like a collaborator.

"Yes, that's it exactly."

Kat shuddered trying not to squirm. "I wouldn't like that."

"But it would turn you on as a slave. That is part of the secret. I would know what you need, and no one else would be able to give it to you."

"I need tenderness, affection, like any other woman."

"And sometimes it is quite tender. You have to trust totally, open up and submit yourself. You bow to another's will in hope of having your own will honored."

"You make it sound so...possible." It wasn't a very good word but it was the least charged one she could find at the moment.

What it sounded was dreamy, maddening and unnerving.

"It's more than possible," he said leaning back to let the waiter take his bowl. "It's inevitable – between the right two people at least."

Kat waited until the server had cleared her place. She smiled, thanking him and then turned her attention back to Julian. "So have you actually been in the kind of relationship you're describing or is it just your fantasy?"

Julian grinned. "Oh it's quite real."

Kat wasn't sure whether to be pleased or disappointed he'd had submissives in the past.

"But it doesn't last obviously," she said.

"I had one girlfriend who submitted to me for two months. She was a high-fashion model."

"What happened to her?"

"She cheated on me."

"You couldn't whip her into shape, eh?"

"I told you it's not like that. She opted out of the contract and that was that."

"You use contracts?" she exclaimed. "Good grief that's a lot of work to put into something fun like sex."

"It's a trade off. Do it right and you get a charge that lasts 24/7, sex poured into every moment, every action and word. It's perpetual foreplay, Katherine."

"But you don't want me for a girlfriend."

"Very astute," he acknowledged. "I swore off relationships. My desire is to own you for a night."

Her lips were so dry. Breathing was no longer an easy matter. The steaks came and she barely noticed.

"So you were serious with all that Don Juan talk?"

"I wish to tie you, seduce you and leave you exquisitely satisfied."

"But I don't know you. Do you take me for an idiot or some kind of—"

He spared her completing the sentence. "I take you for a woman of the world and nothing more. That's why I have references."

Her eyes widened. "You have what?"

"Women you can call who have been with me. They will tell you I'm not a monster. Though to be perfectly frank they are liable to warn you away from me."

"Because of the one-night stand deal or the domination?"

"You'd have to ask them. One thing I stand by. I never delude anyone. Every female knows up front what she's getting."

"I suppose it has its appeal," said Kat. "For some."

Not for her though. She was quite happy with her isolation. This was vacation, a chance to get away from entanglements, not start new ones.

He might act as though it was all cut and dried but sex was unpredictable. Lucky for her she avoided it like the plague.

"This is quite a bit of food for thought," she said.

"For what it's worth," he replied. "It's been a long time since I was attracted to a woman like I am to you."

It was worth a mint, not that she would tell him.

"I really do think I want to be alone, Julian."

"Of course."

He placed money on the table and rose to his feet with utter grace, no sign of retreat or defeat.

The suddenness caught her off guard as much or more than his arrival.

"Are you really going or is this another trick?"

He shook his head. "I have a suite upstairs. Otherwise, this is goodbye."

The next thing she knew he had her hand in his for a delicate but powerful kiss that sent hot chills from the tip of her toes all the way up her nerve endings.

It was as if his mouth were made to mold to her skin, his fingers designed to hold hers.

But that couldn't be. This was only a one-night stand at stake and a kinky one at that.

"I think you know my decision already," she said.

Now if only she knew it herself.

She watched him walk away so confident and supreme in his own world. What game was he playing now? Did he expect her to chase after him?

To beg him to take her, make love to her in his suite, no doubt equipped with all the tools of his trade, whips and chains and what not?

Yeah, right. Never in a million years. Kat was happy, self satisfied. She had found what she needed on this trip and in life.

So why do I feel alone all of a sudden?

Isolated.

Her brain might be telling her it was a good thing that Julian Morrell was walking away but her body had a different take. Her nerves were tingling, her pulse racing and — She had almost said her heart.

As in the part of her that was capable of getting hurt. She didn't really care about this guy did she? That made no sense. She barely knew him.

It was all the game playing he had been doing. The manipulation.

Yes. Julian was a player.

He strung women along and if they were weak enough he took them to bed. He was probably good at that. The sex part.

Her loins ached. It *had* been a long time.

Getting longer by the second, and try as she might, she couldn't get the question out of her mind, the longing to know what it would be like to feel his touch on her skin, to have his lips brush hers, so very strong and uncompromising.

And he was so bloody hot. That cock of his must be magnificent.

And that imagination of his. What must it take to really reach into a woman's soul and fulfill her dreams as well as his own?

Julian Morrell was the sort of man who wasn't afraid to tie a woman, to defy all convention and dominate her, making her feel utterly feminine and surrendered.

He would take command, like Giorgio had with Gina.

And he would make her love it. He would make it a drug.

See, that was the scary part. Addiction.

Kat did ache though and maybe it was too late. She tried to anesthetize herself with more wine, a quickly finished glass but there was no denying, no turning back.

She wanted to come with silk rope on her body. She wanted to be teased. Blindfolded. And what about a spanking?

Oh god, this was not good.

Curse Julian Morrell. Couldn't he have let her be with Dryer vs. Standard Chemicals. Or was it Jones vs. Lust Chemicals?

Yep. She was losing it. Officially going around the bend.

And Julian was going to hear about it. He owed her an explanation. A frigging apology.

I'm going up to his suite, she told herself. But not to be seduced. I am going to let him know how I feel so he will never, ever do this to another woman.

Consider it a public service.

Only one problem.

She didn't know his suite number.

Oh well. The man would never have listened to reason as it was.

Of course there was another way to look at things. Wasn't there always?

If she let him off scott free he would get the satisfaction of having won whatever game he had been playing.

Imagine the surprise if she called his obvious bluff.

He hadn't wanted her to show up because he hadn't told her what room he was in. But that was exactly why she intended to find out. At any price.

Chapter Three

Julian caught his reflection in the shine of the elevator wall as it made its way floor by floor up to his suite. There was no mistaking the self-questioning in his eye.

Why exactly had he given up so easily?

He had had Kat Cartwell on the ropes, nearly in his clutches and he'd let her go.

Was she not the most gorgeous, maddening creature he'd seen in ages? Or ever for that matter? And wasn't she clearly turned on by his dominance? Yes, yes and yes.

I have a suite upstairs, otherwise this is goodbye.

Wow, Julian, there's a great line. Better write that one down for posterity. Didn't even tell her which suite it was, did you genius?

One could make a stretch and call it playing hard to get, a nice bit of reverse psychology. But the truth was Julian didn't play games like that.

He went after what and who he wanted. And he did it whenever and wherever. Kat Cartwell ought to have been eating out of his hand right now.

She should have been begging him for that list of references so they could get on with things.

Instead something had changed. What should have been easy sport became...awkward. Was that the word?

Blast it.

In a heartbeat it had all fallen apart. She had told him she wanted to be alone and he found it impossible to press any further. Not even a little bit when he'd known she would have cracked.

He wasn't having feelings for the woman was he? That would be crazy. Impossible.

He had just met her. Picked her out pretty much at random.

It *was* random wasn't it? He hated to think of fate, in fact he usually laughed at it, but there was something spooky about this turn of events, going up to his room alone feeling as if something else was in control.

He should have seduced her.

She was primed and ready, curious and sweet, funny too and more than a little clever, able to match him in a conversation.

Oh well, nothing to do now but take a nice cold shower and watch a pay per view, preferably something boring and unsexy.

You didn't want to hurt her, Julian. You didn't want to risk her feelings by pulling your usual routine.

The thought sobered him.

That would be a new precedent.

The elevator stopped at last chiming his destination. The top floor. He was more than a little relieved to get out of the tight confines of the metal box.

It was like this weird judgment cube. A not-so-fun house where his own reflection stared him down, distorted on every side, into...what exactly?

A nice guy?

Screw that.

"Evening, Mr. Morrell," said the concierge as he passed him in the hallway. "Will you be requiring anything else for the evening?"

Just my head examined.

"No, thank you, Rainaldo. You have a good night. I think I will turn in a bit early."

Rainaldo gave a crisp bow. "Very well sir and I do hope you are enjoying your stay."

"Couldn't be better."

Saying all that with a straight face, Julian made a safe retreat to the elegantly decorated door marked Presidential Suite.

It was supposed to be his own lover's castaway, his island of BDSM pleasure with Kat.

Instead it was a torture chamber of isolation. The sound of the lock behind him tore at his gut.

In disgust he stripped off his jacket and shirt. Really he was being dramatic.

Tomorrow was another day.

Bare-chested he went to the liquor cabinet. A quick scotch later and he was good to go.

He had the shower on and was ready to take off his pants when he heard the knock at the door. Must be Rainaldo wanting some precious piece of information for the morrow, his preference for juice or a newspaper.

The last thing he expected of course was to find her in his doorway.

"Katherine Cartwell of all people."

"I am not staying," she said.

"No?"

"I'm just here with a message. You won't like it. It's a dose of your own medicine."

"I see. In that case might I be allowed to wash it down with a bit of scotch?"

She frowned, looking at his empty glass. "I suppose. But you'll put a shirt on. I insist."

Julian did his best to contain his smile.

Damn if he hadn't won after all.

She had sex written all over her face.

Now if he could make it with her as far as the bed.

"Whatever you say, Katherine Cartwell," he crooned as he ushered her into his den of iniquity, at least for the night. "Your wish...is my command."

"I mean it," Kat said as she watched him close the door behind her. "I'm not staying."

The lock clicked automatically and her heart skipped a beat. She had seen Julian Morrell's chest before and his legs to boot so why did she feel the effect only now, his proximity, his sheer male power.

Because you have just walked into his lair, that's why.

Could she have made a dumber move?

As far as scoring legal or moral points or whatever, a strongly worded text or email would have been done the trick. Not this, showing up in person in his bedroom for all intents and purposes just minutes after receiving an invitation to seduction from the man.

"Would you care for wine or something stronger?"

"I wouldn't care for anything, except that you understand what it's like for a woman to have a man throw his weight around like you do, making her uncomfortable and ruining her entire vacation."

He handed her a glass of wine anyway. He had a scotch and water for himself.

"I told you I didn't want any and where's your shirt?"

"Katherine, I propose a toast."

Did this man have any limit to his gall?

"Don't you even dare toast us."

"To Gina and Giorgio then, finding each other and giving each other what they need."

She refused to touch her glass. "I'm not like Gina," she said, though he hadn't actually said she was. "I'm in control. I can be alone. I prefer it actually. And I would never allow a man to manipulate me."

Julian went silent, which made her more nervous than when he was talking.

"Now what?"

"I was just thinking."

She ached to know about what but she put her nose in the air instead and flipped her hair. "And I couldn't care less."

He retrieved her wine, plucking it from her fingers. "We don't need this, do we?"

"Obviously not, I already told you—"

His lips silenced her. The kiss was quick on her lips, barely there and gone, but it left her stunned and burning for more. She could do little but stand there and watch as he walked back to the bar and set down the glasses.

What a perfect time to have run out, screamed, yelled, objected, anything, but there she stood, utterly passive and transfixed.

She moaned softly as he returned, taking her into his arms as if she belonged there, as if there was no question at all.

The thoughts raced through her mind.

I shouldn't be here, shouldn't be doing this.

Not with a man like Julian Morrell.

We're not compatible.

I'm normal, he's...a freak.

But it felt so good. *He* felt so good.

His hand grazed her shoulder.

Damn. It was always the first touch that told a woman the most. What it would be like. What he had to offer.

Only Julian wasn't simply offering. He was taking command.

If she didn't stop him now...

"I shouldn't have come."

"On the contrary, it was the best thing you could have done."

His lips claimed her throat and she moaned a second time, neck arched.

Was it time to beg yet? But for what? To be allowed to go?

Something she had perfect freedom to do at any point on her own.

His grazing fingers touched her waist, her thigh.

"I would like to see you nude, Katherine Cartwell."

The explosions inside her were microscopic, little tingling sensations from her head down to her toes.

This was what she got for not staying in her room. Seduction by a stranger.

"No, Julian. It's not what I want."

"Your body appears to disagree," he said.

She drew a sharp breath as he offered proof, finding her swollen nipple through the material of her dress.

"Let's have this off, shall we?"

It was the sorriest excuse for a question as his hands moved behind her undoing the zipper. Next thing she knew she was lifting her arms for him. She did a quick, panicked assessment, trying to recall what she'd worn underneath.

Fortunately or unfortunately she'd worn something new and soft and quite stunning in her opinion.

It was a hobby of hers, collecting pretty under things. When she was in the mood she would wear them. But not for anyone else, just for her own satisfaction.

His low growl, one of pure desire and male need, made her ache all over again as he took a look at the bra and panties.

"Woman, you shouldn't be allowed in public like that."

"This is...private, just for me." she managed to breathe.

"Not anymore." He caressed her breasts boldly taking both in his hands, the swollen globes of flesh so perfectly and enticingly contained by the lace and silk, midnight black.

She tried not to move against him but it was impossible.

No man had ever taken her this way, so wanton, so bold and yet with a promise of tenderness too as if he would never betray her pleasure not for an ounce of her own.

“Your body sings for me, Katherine Cartwell.”

Oh god, he was moving lower, down her rib cage to her panty-clad waist.

“Please.” Her mouth was dry as a desert as she spoke but the same could not be said of the flesh between her thighs.

Embarrassed and humiliated and aroused beyond belief, she smelled her own heat, the liquid moisture, the sheer roiling need.

If he should touch her now...

There...

He cupped her buttocks cheeks instead.

“So tell me, Katherine, what excites you most? My ropes? The blindfold? Or have you imagined a little dose of this...”

She gasped as he pinched her behind.

The mild sting drove her forward, her pelvis against his, her pussy grinding against his cock.

He was hard. Very hard.

“Look at me.”

She was trying to do everything but.

“Would you like me to tie you, darling?”

“I-I don’t know.”

His smile was devilish but not without mercy. “Let’s find out, shall we?”

Julian reached behind her back. Kat offered no resistance as he undid her bra. He did so expertly without hesitation as though permission were not even a question.

It made her feel...complicated.

Like a whore, a slave...and a princess.

He tugged the straps forward, eyes never leaving hers.

She flushed. He wanted everything from her, her reactions, emotions, her every expression, he read them all, consumed them.

Fool, she thought. This is a master of women.

Like Giorgio.

He won't just take a quick orgasm. Won't even be content to make love. This will be... What exactly?

"I don't even know you."

What a foolish thing to say now of all times.

He laughed accordingly.

"What a darling creature, my little Kat."

She felt herself go weak all over. He pulled the bra straps forward, claiming his prize as the cups shed like petals to the floor.

One hand at her waist, he bent to take a single breast in his mouth.

Her toes curled and her back arched.

She writhed for him, wanting, needing.

"Let's get you to bed."

Julian scooped her up and she scarcely knew where she was.

This had not been the plan. Being carried in her panties to the mammoth bed of a stranger on her forced vacation. Where were the law books? Where was the cheesy cable movie?

He laid her down so gently she wanted to cry. How could a man who wished to tie and blindfold and maybe even spank her be so...polite?

No, polite was a very poor word for it. He was the most caring lover she had ever met. Or heard of for that matter. None of her girlfriends talked of men like this.

"Put your hands over your head for me," he said, the words so intimate she could not dream of disobeying, any more than she could deny her lungs the air they needed.

She laid them palms up. Her nipples were so hard they hurt. Each wanted attention, the feel of his lips to their rubbery surface. Would he lick or nibble? Or had he something more wicked in mind?

"Lift," he said and he went for her panties, sliding them down her cooperative thighs and legs.

Her last little bit of protection.

He pulled them down over her ankles, the delicate material, and then he did something that made her stomach tighten and her loins roil.

Very slowly and without shame he inhaled the scent, the moist garment at his nostrils, which flared.

Most men couldn't stand a woman's sex, she marveled. Not really. They wanted in, for sure, a quick dip for their cocks. But as far as really appreciating...

She hung on his next words, his next action.

"You're aroused for me. Good girl."

Kat bit her lip. This was wrong. She wasn't a girl but a woman.

This was dominant talk.

And she was not submissive.

So why did it make her need more? Why did it feel like an aphrodisiac?

He traced a line down her belly.

"You know what I need from you now?"

"No." She shook her head though she had a pretty good idea.

He bent to kiss her. Under the circumstances it felt like punishment.

Roiling her, making her needy and hungry. Only to deny her.

He whispered the command in her ear. His first true command.

She whimpered and made the mistake of looking in his eyes for mercy. What she saw was sheer will. Of a kind she had only ever dreamed of. By god, he *was* strong enough for the both of them.

Slowly, inexorably, her legs parted.

He moved to her ankles to tie them. One by one, he had the silk ropes already prepared.

Julian took his time, touching her ankle, grazing her instep as he worked. The rope felt luxurious, decadent, but the confinement was real. Very real. Now his fingers worked his way up her left leg as if testing his work, testing her.

She clenched her toes and arched her back. Her body pulled against the silk.

She was beyond naked and way past vulnerable. Julian stopped just shy of her pussy. He would not touch it, pulsing and needy as it was.

He was after her wrists. He wanted them separated like her legs. He had ropes for them as well.

In the next few moments, with swift and easy motions, he rendered her completely unable to move.

She would not rise from this bed, would not operate her own limbs without his permission.

"You are so fucking beautiful," Julian growled and she flushed head to toe, though he was likely referring to his work as much as he was to her.

Another test. His lips to her belly as he bent over for a kiss. She felt the spasms instantly explosions rippling up and down her spine.

"Oh...god," she cried sucking in her breath.

Julian knew exactly what to do, methodically, mercilessly, creating itches only he could scratch, making her feel the sex from the inside, as if she'd never been touched and never would be again not by another.

It was clear what he wanted. And she tried not to give it. But it was going to be so hard, impossible really.

The math was not in her favor.

The handwriting on the wall.

When he got to her nipples she was done. He used his teeth. His tongue.

"Please," she rasped, barely audible the sound of her voice alien to her own ears.
"Take me."

Julian responded with a kiss.

It was sheer torture and agony, not at all what she wanted, but she had no choice but to open her mouth to give space for his tongue.

She had never been so wet in her life. She was quite sure one touch to her pussy would put her into overdrive.

But he was not done with her extremities.

Breaking off the kiss, leaving her frustrated again, he nibbled freely at her earlobe.

And that's when he told her.

Devastating.

"Earn it."

But how? She was tied down unable to move an inch to pleasure him or herself.

"Julian, there's nothing..."

She wanted to cry.

"Use your instincts...like Gina."

The clue was enough. She had her imagination. Her power of speech.

He wanted more. He was a dominant man.

How could she have been so foolish?

"I'm yours," she rasped. It was a start.

His fingertips found the edge of her pussy. "Oh?" He was urging her on.

"I'm yours," she repeated. "Completely."

"Yes?"

"I'm...your slave."

There, she had said it, scandalizing, game changing.

"You are not permitted to come," he said. "Slave."

His finger moved deep and easily inside her, right to the second knuckle.

Was he shaming her or proving a point showing her hotness, her readiness? Both.

"Yes, Master."

Never had it felt so good...and so agonizing at the same time. Did he really expect her to hold out?

"Lie still," he chastised.

She tried to relax but he had found her clit, so tiny and swollen, the beacon of her entire body's pleasure.

Kat moaned.

"Did you really think to avoid this?" he mused. "Did you think you'd remain free?"

"Yes, no, I don't know." She thrashed her head.

"You looked too incredible out there on that beach today, Katherine Cartwell. I'm afraid you were mine the minute I laid eyes on you. There was no way I would let you walk away."

Licking her lips, she tried to urge him on, humbly, respectfully, wantonly as Gina might. "I wanted you to have me too. I was enthralled as much as I hated to admit it."

He laughed, sexy and deep and rich. "It showed, the harder you tried to deny it. Tell me, what is the real reason you have no boyfriend?"

It seemed irrelevant. Then again...

"I've never found the right one."

"One who will do this?"

This was stroking her clit while taking command of her left nipple, squeezing, pinching.

It had never dawned on her, never even entered her radar that pleasure and mild pain could be combined, let alone feel so good.

"Oh my god, I need to come."

"No."

No? Just like that?

"I don't think I'll be able to hold back," she warned.

He seemed unimpressed. "Then I will not be able to hold back from spanking your insolent little ass. You were told you needed to earn an orgasm, what part of that is unclear?"

"N-none, Master." Her teeth chattered. "I am sorry, please, forgive me."

He held her on the razor's edge before finally releasing her.

She collapsed exhausted onto the bed, still tied, still a hair's breadth from climax.

But she'd survived.

"I promised you a blindfold."

He made it sound like a marvelous gift he had nearly forgotten.

"It will keep a moment though."

Her eyes widened as he moved his glistening hand to her lips.

"Open."

She parted her lips, tasting her fluids on her tongue.

Before she could think better of it she had begun to lick, cleaning him, sweet and obedient, transfixed.

Like Gina.

He stroked her cheek and brushed some of the sweat-soaked hair from in front of her face.

“You are such a little darling.”

Her toes curled at the praise.

She wanted to be good for him. She needed to please him even more than she needed to come.

And that was scarier than the bondage.

It gave him power...over a lot more than her body.

Julian always traveled with a blindfold. The silk ropes were standard too. He would have included cuffs but they were a bit difficult to explain at airport security nowadays.

The silk was just right though, exactly what was needed for this night with Kat.

She had come back into his life and so he owed her the most sensual dream-like experience possible.

A pang of guilt – almost unprecedented – stabbed at his heart.

What would happen in the morning when all this was over? When it was time to move on?

A part of him wanted to set her free now. But she wouldn't understand. She needed this too much.

And so did he for that matter.

“Are you ready?” he whispered, breathing the words into her ear.

She nodded yes and her body screamed in agreement.

He told her to lift her head so he could move the blindfold into place, dark and soft, sliding across her cheeks.

The material was velvet and her soft whimpers gave good indication of what it felt like for her to be bound by the material, her primary sense of sight suddenly gone.

“Is that too tight?” he asked.

She shook her head again, this time for no.

Testing its effectiveness, he waved his hand across her face. She did not react.

"If only you could see yourself, Katherine."

Her breath was ragged and her every nerve ending seemed poised as though he might touch her anywhere or do anything.

She was a wise woman.

He owned her now and he would show her what that meant.

Julian touched her toe, grazed his finger over her calf and pressed into the indentation of her belly button.

With each motion she thrashed her head. Her fists clenched and unclenched.

Julian suckled her breasts.

It was almost time. Time to enjoy what his cock was screaming for. Waiting had been sheer hell but he was bound and determined.

This would be the best sex either of them had ever had. But first he had a little business to attend to.

Julian needed to put her under his power. And this meant forcing her to disobey. Leaving her no choice but to be a naughty girl. A girl in need of punishment.

"I want you to pretend," he rasped, seizing hold of her loins. "This is my cock. It controls you. It owns you."

"Oh god, Julian, Master."

He thrust his fingers deep in and out, using his thumb to manipulate her clitoris. There would be no way to avoid coming. And yet she had been forbidden.

It was amusing to watch her fight it off and then to pretend it wasn't happening.

"Are you climaxing, Katherine?"

"No," she swore, clearly uncertain where he was exactly. "I'm not."

With his free hand he took hold of her hair tugging it just hard enough to get her full attention.

He could feel it in her, the playful acceptance of his mock ruthlessness. Deliciously shamed and broken and now she let loose, her fluids drenching her hand, the aroma of surrender sordid in the air.

"I'm...sorry," she stammered. "Don't punish me, Master."

Julian left her hanging mid stroke.

She groaned, lifting her ass high off the bed.

Her look was one of pure torture mixed with unquenchable desire.

He was certain she would have given anything for a cock or a dildo, let alone the chance to finish by hand. Not this time.

"Yes, yes, please use me," she cried.

"I thought you'd never ask," he teased.

It took all the discipline in the world not to rip off his clothes. As it was he nearly tore off his pants. Tugging at the waist band of his boxers, he set his cock free. It was pulsing with need, filled to the maximum with blood.

Nothing hindering him now.

Nothing in his will or hers to prevent consummation.

This was the moment Julian treasured most, with the exception of orgasm, of course. The sheer anticipation, knowing how wet and tight and hot it would feel.

And how absolutely available. Talk about a head rush.

Julian was done with preliminaries. Carefully, but with unspeakable determination, he moved into place.

Between Kat's thighs.

He felt the rim of her sex lips on the tip of his cock. Restraining himself just for a second he let her adjust, accommodate.

Her fists were balled hard.

Julian lowered himself to the hilt inch by inch.

She took all of him with ease, her hungry pussy fitting him like glove.

Taking just a moment, he lay on top of her, his body barely touching hers, his chest pressing against her breasts, his lips nibbling at her neck.

Then he raised himself so his cock was almost outside her again but not quite. Here again he paused, letting her feel the emptiness and him too.

The need was so severe. He had never wanted—needed—a woman so much. He had to be back inside her, had to have her captive flesh for his own.

She groaned as he reclaimed his conquered territory, filling her once more.

Now he was ready. Lifting himself inch by inch to half way and then plunging deep again, his action immediately followed by a second time and a third.

She rocked underneath him, drawing him in as though she wasn't bound at all. And yet she was because he could and was having his way, setting the pace, licking and sucking her breasts, penetrating, fucking.

Yes, fucking.

It had come down to that. Two creatures, one bound, one free. And one common need between them.

She had what he wanted. Sex, beauty, curves. It wouldn't be long.

Kat bit into his neck. She thrust herself against him with all her power...and released just as he did, simultaneous explosions, his a rush of white, hot eruption, hers a display of fireworks.

She kept on coming as he pumped out every last drop, thick, white jets filling her.

And even afterward he kept on thrusting, little nibbling kisses and sweet sighs to slow the pace, to ease the inevitable let down.

Though exhausted he did not fall asleep. He was too excited, too into Kat and all her intriguing possibilities, her reactions, the way she felt beneath his touch.

Her body was its own aphrodisiac, stronger than any alcohol or medicine.

Needless to say she wasn't sleepy either. She was ready for more.

Though she did ask for the blindfold to come off.

He obliged, well aware he'd just broken a cardinal rule in letting a submissive call the shots.

"I want to please you," she announced. "Whenever you're ready that is."

He smiled. Refraction time was not going to be an issue.

"How about right now, darling?"

Her eyes lit, whether from having been called darling or over the prospect of applying her tongue and mouth to his rapidly re-swelling cock he wasn't sure.

Either way was okay with him.

So long as Katherine Cartwell remembered who was boss.

Chapter Four

Kat awoke to one of those *oh damn* moments.

As in oh damn what have I done?

And oh damn where am I?

And while we are at it, oh damn, where did my blasted underwear end up?

It was going to be a walk of shame with or without bra and panties, still, she would have liked to maintain at least a semblance of dignity.

Should she take a shower first? This was getting more and more ridiculous.

Thankfully Julian was gone when she had woken up nude in his bed.

Perhaps he was being tactful and giving her a chance to slink away gracefully.

Julian Morrell and tact, there were two words you wouldn't expect to find in the same sentence.

She decided against the shower. *Never know when he'll turn up again*, she thought and besides all that soapy water right now was not what she needed to calm herself down.

You would think she would be tired out after a night of scandalous lovemaking but she was more than ready for more.

It had been so amazing, the feelings he'd stirred, the passion he had awoken in her, the way he worked her body, the way he tied her down, restraining and setting her free at the same time.

Right after he'd taken off the blindfold she had ached to be untied. His body had looked so gorgeous, a light sheen of sweat covering his smooth-as-marble skin, which was itself layered over perfect muscles. Like a statue by some Greek master.

But Julian was a master in his own right and just because he'd allowed her to see again did not mean she was in charge.

Before she had been allowed to kiss or lick his cock she had been put through paces and taken to a place of submission she had only ever dreamed of.

Just for the occasion he had brought out a pair of nipple clamps.

The pressure going on had been intense, a pure rush to brain and body. There had been even more of an explosion in the removal, much to her surprise.

Like tugging wires straight to her pussy, electric shocks up and down her spine.

Again and again he had applied them.

Any pretense of control was ripped away.

"Katherine," he had said looking her dead in the eye. "Will you grant me the power?"

She had shivered under his gaze. "What power?"

"Over your sweet ass, Katherine. I would have your permission to discipline you as I wish."

She had closed his eyes to shut away the dreaded prospect but he'd snapped his fingers demanding her attention.

"Answer me."

"Yes," she had ultimately said, heart fluttering and voice trembling.

She had half expected to be turned over on the spot but he had refrained and the next thing she knew, still tied, she was receiving the lavish ministrations of his tongue.

Oral was not something she was used to receiving but Julian had been expert, at least to the extent she imagined such to be.

Lapping at her clit and using his tongue as a tiny probing cock he had managed to bring her off twice more before finally turning himself about so they could pleasure each other.

Arms and legs still bound, still helpless she had opened her mouth to take the gift of his velvety, throbbing cock.

She tasted the salty sweat, the tiny drop of cum at the tip. She could feel him respond, the pulsing veins, the way he swelled with every run of her tongue over the heavy vein running along the underside.

Kat had wanted to taste more but he hadn't want to climax that way.

What he did instead had blown her mind. She had never thought a man would want such a thing.

To come...between her breasts. Shooting his cum on her chest, coating her skin with warm, thick seed.

He had used his hands to gather her flesh, like two pillows cradling the sides of his huge erection. Confidently, almost arrogantly, he had slid his cock along her body, taking what he wished, completing, mastering the moment and her.

When he was ready he had leaned back, arching his neck. He had made no attempt to free her.

She had never felt so used...so utterly lusted after.

If every woman could have this choice, to be lovingly dominated, controlled in the bedroom, why would she ever go back, Kat wondered.

All the pleasure she could take and the certain knowledge that her man was being a man following the designs of his nature.

What greater ego pickup could there be?

Then again, all women probably didn't think like she and Gina.

Good lord, had she just lumped herself in the same category as a self-proclaimed sex slave from a cheesy hotel cable movie?

Just one more reason to get out of this room and out of this hotel too.

Should she leave him a note? Sure. And what exactly would she say? Sorry to run, thanks for treating me like your sex slave, do look me up if you're ever in Orlando.

Yeah, right. That would be grand. They could go out for a nice steak and maybe a movie.

With a nice spanking for dessert.

The thought repulsed her.

And it made her wet.

Talk about a hot mess.

She needed to go home. Back to work and her safe life.

This was why she never went anywhere. Stuff happened to her way more than it happened to anyone else.

The hallway was clear. She decided to make a run for it.

Aside from a middle-aged couple with snooty noses, the elevator was empty. She got off on her own floor.

Just a few minutes to pack and she would be on her way. Straight to the airport to find the next available flight.

* * * * *

Julian Morrell could not miss the irony as he returned to an empty room.

Katherine Cartwell had done him a favor. She had saved him the trouble of telling her to her face.

It was a time honored technique. Disappear at the break of dawn, give the woman a chance to awake on her own and feel the awkwardness.

Never had anyone waited for him.

Congratulations, Julian, you've won again.

So why didn't he feel like a winner?

The truth was he had awakened feeling awkward, the beautiful and trusting Kat beside him, her cheek resting on his chest, her breathing so soft and trusting.

She had allowed him to do everything to her, to put her through paces, to play all manner of BDSM games.

Beginning with the ropes.

He had never had a better 'victim'. Unfortunately now he felt like the victim. Deprived of the chance to see her wake up, to watch the sunlight hit her skin as she stirred. He had also missed the chance at morning sex, a last bit of pleasure, any position, any terms he chose.

Sometimes he would take a little extra from his women, giving in return of course.

But not with Kat. He couldn't have risked seeing her again.

Why exactly he wasn't sure.

What would he have said? What would he have done?

Julian clenched his fists as he saw the unmade bed, the casually tossed cover and sweat-stained sheets that told the story of their lovemaking, their ride of passion. Just like Gina and Giorgio. A silly analogy but telling nonetheless.

What had she looked like waking up? What had gone through her mind?

A flash of color caught his eye from under the bedspread. There, beside the bed on the floor, he found her panties.

His gut wrenched, his libido surged. He inhaled the scent and felt the soft fabric.

Big mistake. Now he wanted more.

With so many fish in the sea he wanted more of her. To the exclusion of any other.

Strange indeed.

This was why he hadn't pursued her in the first place. Kat Cartwell was the sort of woman who got under a man's skin. His at least.

The way she argued with everything, those peculiar charming little mannerism, the way she flipped her hair and pursed her lips. The way her eyes flashed when she was in denial.

The way her face looked in the throes of orgasm.

Blindfolded.

Or not.

There was so much more they could have done.

What did he want from her though? What could a man like him do with a second encounter? Did he intend to *date* her?

It was almost laughable.

He would find out though. He had sources and a certain amount of influence.

Fingering the underwear, he made a vow. "I won't touch another. Not until I see you again."

Whatever it took to get her out of his system.

Another irony.

The consummate Master going to find his dream slave...in search of his own freedom, one only she was capable of granting.

Chapter Five

Julian Morrell was ushered into the conference room by Marvin Wannamaker himself, one of the firm's two senior partners. George Tallows, the other half of Wannamaker and Tallows was on the way, though Julian was interested in another more junior attorney.

Katherine Cartwell.

Wannamaker had been a little surprised over the phone though he had done his best to hide it. Where had Julian heard of Katherine before? What sort of representation was he seeking exactly for his family business?

Julian, never one to disguise or conceal the truth, employed the time honored tradition of understatement.

"We met by chance during my recent vacation on Cartiva Island. We shared dinner. She had some most unusual ideas. My father and I feel like she is exactly the sort of lawyer we would like to have on retainer. Naturally when I learned the sort of firm she was with I became doubly determined," he had told Wannamaker.

The questions had stopped, especially when Julian had specified the amount of the intended retainer. It was quite simply an offer the man could not refuse. Not in economic times like these.

Tall and lanky, wearing a three-piece suit of wool blend, Wannamaker had greeted him with a hearty handshake.

Julian liked a man with a good handshake and he could usually tell quite a lot about a man's character in a short time. Wannamaker was a stand-up fellow and he genuinely cared about Kat.

In fact he saw himself as a father figure, at least judging by the sorts of questions he was asking Julian.

Interesting.

"If you will have a seat," said Wannamaker. "We can get you whatever you like to drink."

He asked for scotch neat. Wannamaker ambled over to the bar, fixing it himself.

The office itself was exquisite, appointed with mahogany furniture, red leather upholstered chairs, very old world, though the signs of high tech were all about, the wall screen, the individual monitors at the conference table.

A nice combination of old and new.

"I trust your flight from Paris was smooth," Wannamaker asked.

"Yes, thank you."

Wannamaker loved Paris, he'd already shared that. He also liked Casablanca and a whole slew of other old movies.

Julian did his research, what could he say?

He'd employed detectives and that was how he'd found Kat as well. Basically he knew everything at this point.

Except what was going through Katherine's mind and how she was going to react when she saw him again.

"Cheers." He toasted Wannamaker. "To a brilliant future."

"To good business," said Wannamaker in reply.

It was at this point he saw the young blonde out of the corner of his eye. She was just outside the door peering in.

One quick glance and she was off.

A spy for Kat?

He certainly wouldn't put it past her. The woman had been a younger version of Kat, blonde hair in a ponytail, shapely bottom, healthy physique.

Just his type.

But Morrell didn't have a type right now.

He had Kat. Or at least he was close to having her again.

The last two weeks had been hell on earth.

Thinking of her constantly, wanting her in his clutches, serving, obeying. The pleasure he would give her...

Just last night in a dream he'd bound her, standing with her arms over her head. Giving her time to think, he had put the riding crop in her mouth between her teeth.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

She had looked at him with wonder and terror and utter shock.

Had she not realized he would whip her as well as spank her? Did she not see their games would only grow in complexity?

Lightly he stroked her hair making her shiver. Then he went to her blouse, ripping it open.

She had cried out through clenched teeth.

She wore no bra.

One by one he took her nipples rolling them, pinching them.

Her eyes slid closed. She arched her back and tried to push away. But it only made her more vulnerable, tied as she was on tiptoes.

Slowly, inexorably, he gave her nipples what they needed. Pleasure mixed with a mild sting of pain.

She moaned.

He ordered her to open her eyes.

"Are you wet for me, slave girl?"

The implications were clear. It was an expectation and not a casual inquiry.

She closed her eyes again and earned a smack to her hindquarters.

This got her attention.

He yanked off her short skirt, leaving her with nothing but her panties.

"Next time you won't have protection." With that he rolled them down to the top of her thighs.

She whimpered in response. Oh, yes she was ready.

He touched her clit making her jump. The juices slid down her thighs.

"I own you," he said.

Her eyes flashed.

"Open."

He took the whip.

"I own you," he repeated.

"Yes," she replied. "Master."

"I have your permission," he reminded. "To discipline you."

Kat bit her lower lip. "Yes," she said again. "Master."

Julian let the whip trail down her body, tapping her breasts with the tip and pressing her belly button.

"When you've been disciplined you will be taken."

She regarded him with proper awe.

"You will submit to me, make no mistake about it."

Her cheeks were flush. She was beyond ready. His cock meanwhile was harder than anything he'd ever experienced either in dreams or reality.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Speaking of which, Julian was missing out on his reality.

He needed to stay focused now more than ever. There would be plenty of chances with Kat to live out the million dreams he had been enjoying.

Or should he say suffering.

Because any sex dream without access to a partner quickly becomes a nightmare.

* * * * *

"OMG he's gorgeous," Kimmy exclaimed as she burst into Kat's office. "I just saw him, he is so hot."

Kat said nothing and buried her head in the monitor on her desk. To the extent one could bury one's head in a monitor, that is.

"He's all right if you're into that type," she mumbled at last.

Kimmy arched a brow. "What type is that? Greek gods dropped out of the sky?"

Kat rolled her eyes. The truth was she hadn't slept a wink since she found out he was coming two days ago. "Maybe you should go for him if you like him so much."

"I wish. Seriously, Kat, you are like so cool. Tell me how you met this guy again?"

"I told you twice, isn't that enough?"

"But you left out the good parts."

"How do you know?"

"Because you had sex, it's written all over your face."

"Maybe it was bad sex."

"With him? Not possible."

Wasn't that the truth? Sex with Julian Morrell had been the most amazing experience of her life. For days afterward she had been able to imagine his touch so vividly, the way he had played her, controlled her while setting her free.

Just as he'd said he would do. The ropes, the blindfold, the dominant talk, it was all part of the picture.

Nightly she fantasized.

Coming home had proven to be no escape at all.

Sometimes it was so real she would wake up soaked in sweat, the sheets twisted about her body.

And then she would masturbate imagining him. Always him.

Last night he had appeared to her in a pair of leather pants. He'd been barefoot and shirtless. Upon his command she had gone to him, standing in the center of her bedroom.

Closing her eyes now, she fought the images.

Too late.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Morrell towered over her, his powerful chest muscles slowly rising and falling. It was an indication of his calmness and command of the situation.

Her heartbeat by contrast was beating like a rabbit's. She felt flustered, trapped and out of her mind with sexual desire.

The tiny nightgown did little to conceal her charms. Her full breasts, nipples peaked and tenting the soft silk material.

Her legs, long and lean, her thighs grazed by the hem of the garment.

He could see her sex, the way it darkened the white lingerie.

"Look at me," he commanded.

She did so, tearing her eyes from the floor.

If he should look into her soul now she would be lost.

"Tell me what you want, Katherine."

What did she want? She didn't even know. Or did she?

"Yes," he told her cryptically. "You may."

She fell to her knees.

He placed his hand on top of her head. "Hands behind your back."

Kat did so, the position only accelerating her need not to mention pushing her breasts outward and on display.

Julian was undoing his pants.

Yes.

She licked her lips.

“Do a good job, and I’ll have a treat for you,” he promised.

Kat moaned as he exposed his cock, so thick and hard. She kissed the tip, reverently, worshipfully. Then she rubbed her face along it, feeling the heat, the pulsing desire.

Finally she took the drop of pre-cum from the tip of his shaft. It was his gift to her, a precursor of what she would soon earn.

Her lips parted and she received. The long, sliding shaft finding its place in her subservient mouth.

She was his and he was using her. She would earn a reward if she did well.

His little slave girl.

He grunted in pure male satisfaction as he pushed deeper, finding his place...and hers.

She took him straight to the back of her throat. She didn’t gag. She wanted this, she needed it.

He was throbbing in her mouth. She used her teeth, just dragging the enamel against the protruding veins.

It had the desired effect.

Seizing her face in his hands he began to fuck her mouth. In and out, merciless and powerful.

And then he came.

And came and came.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A heavy knock at the open door jarred her back to reality. Tallows was standing there with his bowtie and three-piece suit, his blustering belly pushed out to take on the world as usual.

"They are ready for you in the conference room, Miss Cartwell."

That was Tallows, ever formal, almost Dickensian in his demeanor.

"Mr. Tallows, sir, if the new client needs a backup attorney," Kimmy said, never missing a chance to get in on the action. "I could make time."

"That won't be necessary, but thank you for the offer," he declared with a kindly shake of the head.

Kimmy shrugged.

Kat didn't begrudge her asking. Kimmy would never try to take Julian if Kat was interested in him. Mostly she was curious.

And young, very young.

Bracing herself, Kat walked down the corridor.

Never had it felt this way. As if she were heading to execution. Dead woman walking.

Her feelings had slain her long ago, though. This was her punishment for running out on Julian and never saying goodbye. Maybe if she just said sorry he would have moved along.

Or maybe he wasn't interested in anymore sex. Maybe it *was* just business.

She had just about convinced herself and then she saw him.

He was standing at the end of the conference table, eyes only for her.

He was wearing a suit, custom tailored and silk from the looks of it. Her knees went weak. There was no way she would endure a minute in the man's presence let alone the length of an entire meeting.

Her only hope was safety in numbers. Please let him not want me alone.

Not Yet.

Julian moved like a cat, striding out from behind the table.

As if he owned the place.

As if he owned her.

Tallows stuck out a beefy hand. "George Tallows, pleased to meet you."

"Julian Morrell, and the feeling is mutual."

He was watching Kat. Was he enjoying her squirming?

"I believe you two are acquainted?" said Wannamaker.

"You could say that," Julian replied.

You could say a lot, she thought. Hopefully he would keep it all to himself.

"We have a lot to show you," Tallows enthused. "I think you will be quite pleased with our services."

"I already am. Forgive me, gentlemen, but I am a bit tired after my flight. I wonder if Miss Cartwell might accompany me back to my hotel? We can talk on the way."

"Of course," said Tallows and Wannamaker in stereo before she could manage to object. "She'd be delighted to."

"After you." Julian ushered her forward.

She was distinctly aware of his position behind her.

Well within swatting distance, not to mention the advantages of watching her skirt-clad bottom.

Of all days to wear something clingy. And she had her black bra and panties on too. Not that he would ever see them.

Arrogant, presumptuous jerk that he was. She decided to let him have it in the elevator. And by *it* she did not mean her ass or any other piece of her.

The elevator slid shut and Julian's cock responded accordingly.

Kat was his now. On his time. His agenda. And he even had the blessings of her bosses.

"I've missed you," he said.

Her glaring gaze suggested anything but mutuality.

"What the hell do you think you are doing? What kind of stunt is this, rolling up into my life like this?"

"It's just what it seems, Kat. I need a good lawyer."

"You need a good punch in the nose, is what you need."

"And you need to be kissed – hard."

She stepped back but not fast enough. Gathering her in by her slender waist, he attacked with his lips, firmly planting his mouth on hers. She gave a moan of protest, briefly struggling, but in a matter of seconds she was yielding.

He could feel her body's familiar response.

"There's my good girl."

"I am not your anything. Let me go."

She tried to push at his chest until he grabbed hold of her ass cheeks.

Kat gasped as he gripped hard. "You gave me your word."

"I didn't," she protested.

"You said I could spank you," he reminded. "I have power over your body."

"That was for one night! You can't possibly hold me to that after two weeks in a whole different country no less."

"Technically our rendezvous never ended. You didn't say goodbye."

"And you didn't bother to stay around until I woke up," she countered.

Still holding her tight, he laid it on the line. "That's what I do the morning after. I disappear so the woman can make a graceful exit."

"There you have it. By your own admission we were done."

His cock was hard against her. He could feel the raw throbbing from within. The aching need.

"Have lunch with me."

"You said you were tired."

"Not anymore."

"You're a pig. I was right in the first place."

"Tell me you haven't thought about me, about the games we played." He kissed her neck, nibbling to keep her honest.

"I-I haven't."

"You're lying." He smacked her bottom hard.

She squealed and he took her mouth again.

This time he worked his tongue inside her mouth running it along the sides of her teeth, fencing with her tongue.

"Don't."

"All I'm asking is lunch."

"It always starts that way with you, something simple and easy."

"I could order you to," he murmured in her ear. "Technically I have bought your time for the foreseeable future."

"That doesn't make me a prostitute."

"You're right, prostitutes get paid."

Kat stepped on his foot with her heel.

He hadn't seen it coming. "Damn it," he growled.

"Serves you right, that was rude."

"But it got your attention."

The elevator dinged. They had reached the ground floor just in time.

He took hold of her hand as she tried to leave.

"Wait, I'm sorry." His voice in her ear was a hot whisper. "Let me make it up to you. Shall I tell what I dreamed about you last night?"

The images were there in his mind, picking up again from where they had left off in the conference room of Wannamaker and Tallows.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Kat was still chained with hands over her head, her bare toes on the cool stone floor. They were in a dungeon, a slave keep from the days of old.

He'd been taunting her with the whip. Now the moment had arrived. When her submission would begin.

She shook her head thrashing.

He tapped the whip against her hip. "Open for me, my love."

"Please," she begged.

He slapped the leather against her flesh just hard enough to get her attention.

"Are you defying me?"

"No, Master, I swear."

He cut her slack as she did her best, spacing her toes as best she could.

"Some slaves can orgasm from the whip on their pussies. Did you know that?"

The look on her face said it all, horror mixed with dark desire.

Would he try it out on her?

Not just yet.

He pressed the leather, finding the ridge of her sex lips. He ordered her to move against it.

She pretended to hate it, but as her breasts heaved and her face clouded with pleasure, he knew she was close to coming.

"You're quite a sweet little slut," he said.

She regarded him, scandalized.

"It's all right," he said. "You're free of pretense. You can be horny all you like. You're my little one, my pet, and I would have you no other way."

"Master." She whimpered. "May I come?"

"No, girl."

She threw back her head in sexual agony. He did not ease up, continuing to work on her dripping sex.

He had something else in mind for her breasts. Very lightly he slapped them one after the other. Just hard enough to bring the heat of sensation. And the recognition of her true status.

"I am going to whip you," he said.

"Yes," she sighed. "I am your slave. Whip me."

He took his finger, rubbed it over her lips.

She took it eagerly into her mouth, sucking it with all the abandon a man could desire. Just like it was his cock.

"You'll be fun to train," he said. "And very easy."

"I am easy...for you." She spoke the words with his finger still in her mouth. The words came out hot and garbled.

Julian unzipped his cock and began to stroke. It was going to be hell waiting. But first things first.

She needed his discipline. She needed the torment mixed with her ecstasy.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Julian broke away once again from the dream, the one he'd promised to tell her.

It was getting like this more and more, the real world blending into his fantasies with every girl reminding him of her.

Nearly every day his brother accused him of being on drugs because he seemed so out of touch.

"Go and get laid," he'd said. "That's your problem. You're not getting enough."

But he couldn't, not without imagining Kat's face, Kat's body in place of the woman he was with. And that would have been no fair to anyone.

If only he could make her understand. The trouble was he didn't really get it himself.

He knew what was happening. But not why.

The only answer he knew, which he was pursuing with a vengeance, was domination.

And he was winning. As always. Now to keep the stakes under control.

Chapter Six

Kat's heart had nearly stopped as Julian asked her the question.

I don't care, her brain wanted to scream. But her libido was craving it blow by blow.

"Whatever it was," she said pointedly. "That is where it will stay."

"Maybe, maybe not, suppose we find out over lunch?"

"How many times do I have to say no? Or shall I step on your foot again?"

He looked unfazed, as if he was going to get his way.

Eventually. Once he had worn her down. Won her over.

She loved that about him. And hated it too.

"How about Chinese?" he said.

Persistent, cocky bastard.

"If I go it will be the last time we ever see each other, got it?"

He said nothing.

"I mean it."

"I'm sure you do." He was walking her down the corridor, his hand still clenching hers.

It felt good much as she didn't want to admit it.

"What's that supposed to mean?" she demanded.

He laughed, the deep rich tone of his voice curling her toes. There was no mistaking. Julian Morrell was just getting warmed up. How was he managing to get to her again?

The touch of his hand, enveloping, gently possessive but hard and firm, the feel of his body next to hers, making her want to hurry to bed with him and run away at the same time.

Unbidden, her mind slipped backward into fantasy, last night's dream picking up where it had left off.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Julian with his shaft in her mouth, a perfect fit, his flesh hard as steel as he came, pumping his seed to the back of her throat. As he continued his climax, she swallowed every drop until it was all gone.

Kat didn't want it to end. She wanted to stay connected like this forever, serving him lovingly on her knees, him above her, drawing his pleasure.

Sensing her need, he praised her as he withdrew. Calling her his good girl he stroked her hair and made her feel wanted and owned in the best possible sense of the word.

Then he told to sit back on her heels so she could watch him as he stroked himself bringing his cock back to life. She was fascinated and mesmerized and hungry. Between her legs she burned with need and when he gave the next command her body screamed out its cooperation.

"Lie down for me, spread your legs."

Yes. Here and now. No more delay. And then, just like that, he was on her, in her, filling her.

His cock was larger than she'd ever known in him or any man, and from the very first moment of his penetration she was lost to it, gone to the sensations of being conquered, possessed and taken.

Miraculously, he began to come again though it felt like only seconds had passed. Or was it a hundred years?

He bent his head, seized hold of her breast. Suckling and lapping with his tongue. And then he took her other breast, grasping it with his hand, cupping and holding her flesh making her feel so very close and needed.

Don't let it end, she thought. Don't let it end.

His hand, his squeezing, delicious hand.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

"Katherine. Kat, are you in there?"

She snapped back to reality. Julian was holding her hand trying to get her to cross the street.

"Yes. Where else would I be?"

She flushed red from embarrassment.

He gave her a peculiar look.

"Anything you'd like to tell me Kat?"

"No I'm fine. Are we going to lunch or not?"

He arched a brow. "I thought that's what we were doing and then you just checked out on me."

"I have a lot on my mind."

"I'm sure you do."

"I blame you," she said though she offered no explanation as they continued side by side just managing to cross the street before the light turned back to red.

He said nothing more until they reached their destination a block down from her office.

"Did you have this scoped out or do you take all your women here?" she said as he held the door for her.

It was the Chinese place. The one he'd mentioned earlier. She knew it well but only from take out.

"I have no other women," he said cryptically. "Not anymore."

It was the sort of remark any woman would put high stock in. Naturally she pretended not to have heard it.

He had a table waiting in the back.

"So you did plan this," she accused.

"A good businessman prepares for every eventuality."

"And if I'd said no?"

He pulled out her chair for her. She pretended not to care.

"Life goes on."

"You're a very hard man to figure out," she said as he took his place across from her.

"Oh I think you get me just fine," he said. "When you want to that is."

This was more than she could bear. "You think I'm playing games. You think I wanted this to happen. I'm not the one who just showed up out of the blue today."

"Right. You're the one who ran off without so much as a handshake or note goodbye."

Kat offered no reply. She was above it. Wasn't she?

"Mr. Morrell." It was the owner, Mr. Wong. "Such an honor to have you back."

Julian replied in what was obviously a perfect version of Mandarin Chinese.

Seriously?

The two carried on like that for a full minute, occasionally looking in her direction.

Rude.

"Forgive us," said Mr. Wong. "Mr. Morrell was telling me a little while ago that he would be entertaining a woman of unsurpassed beauty. I can see he has in fact understated the matter."

Kat frowned. Why did he manage to put himself back in her good graces every time she was ready to write him off?

"I will see to it you have the best," Mr. Wong assured them.

She tried not to be impressed. "Known him long have you?"

"We just met this morning," he said. "I stopped here on my way to see you."

"Well you've certainly gotten in his good graces fast enough."

"We have common interests. Naturally I made an effort to learn them when I found out you liked the food here."

Her brow furrowed. "What do you mean?"

"I had you investigated. How else do you think I figured out where you worked?"

"I tried to block it out I guess. But you've been stalking me, haven't you?"

He gave a wry smile. "I showed extraordinary interest. I pursued you. But I mean you no harm. You should know that by now."

"Any man who ties up girls is dangerous."

"Even willing ones?"

"You caught me at a weak moment," she defied.

"You were weak for a whole night actually. And you must have been pretty weak the next morning when you took off rather than run the risk of facing me again."

"I am not scared of you, Julian Morrell." Her back was up now. If he wanted a dose of wildcat he was going to get it.

"You know you're adorable when you are angry," he said, angering her even more.

"I'm out of here," she said. "And I don't care if I lose my job. I never want to see your face again."

"Have lunch first, I will be on my best behavior. I promise."

She regarded him with perfectly justifiable suspicion. "And that will be the end of it?"

"If that's what you want."

"Not if, Julian, it is what I want."

"It's settled then."

He was giving in too easy. "I mean it. No loopholes."

"You're the lawyer. You would know more about that than I."

"Good," she said. But was it good?

She barely paid attention as Julian ordered for them. She liked the lull of his voice, so masculine and confident. And the way he handled the waiter, assertive but not domineering.

His hands looked so delicious on the table. They were hands made to spank and touch a woman's body, the fingers born to explore, manipulate and stimulate. Certainly those hands knew the contours and heat of her body.

"Are you all right?" he asked after the waiter was gone.

"Yes, I'm fine."

I'd be better if you took me from my chair and pushed me down over the table, she thought, lifting the bottom of my skirt to bare my panty-clad ass.

Unable to see him above and behind her, she would have to guess. Was he going to punish her or fuck her? And what if he wanted to use the narrower hole?

She felt the spasms in her body at the very thought of anal intercourse. It had been a fantasy of hers, dark in the recesses of her mind. She had dared to tell it to no one.

Gina had submitted this way. She had been filled with Giorgio's glorious cock and made to take his pounding blows as he worked himself to the fullness of manly pleasure. The very first time Giorgio had pulled out so he could come all over Gina's backside.

She had whimpered from the feeling, the intense and magical subjugation.

"You don't look fine."

"Well you don't know my looks very well then," she dismissed.

He refused to let go. "Are you getting sex regularly?"

Her eyes widened. "I am not talking about my sex life with you."

"So the answer is no."

"I have a lover," she blurted just to spite him. "He's amazing if you must know."

Julian betrayed no reaction.

What had she expected, jealousy? As if she cared how he felt about this or any other topic.

"Do you submit to him?" he wanted to know.

A trickier question, one not so easily disposed of. Which answer would more quickly leave him in the dust?

"Yes, we have a little fun."

"Such as?"

Damn him and his cross-examiner routine.

"We use handcuffs," she said. "And one time he...spanked me."

Oh great, she had to go and say that.

"You were spanked? How was it?"

"Fine," she said thinking maybe this wasn't going to be so bad. "It was pretty normal, you know."

He smiled, his gaze utterly unnerving and stripping her naked. She itched to kneel and end this pretense.

"You're lying," he said at last.

"Wh-what?"

"If you were spanked I would know it."

"How?" she challenged.

"You'd be different. It's like that with submissives. Once they've tasted the whip or even the crack of a man's hand it stays with them."

"Oh I'd be crawling to you I'm sure."

She'd intended it as a joke.

"Not to me, to the one who punished you."

"That's preposterous."

"Hardly. That is why I had intended to be the first. I would have spoiled you for any other dominants."

Her toes curled. She had put the kibosh on that by telling him it was over.

Something occurred to her. "What if you'd spanked me from the get go?"

"Would you still have run off on me?" he guessed her question. "BDSM isn't like an evil spell or some kind of hypnotism. You would have had every right and ability to leave, but you would have had to fight a little harder to do so."

I was already fighting, she wanted to tell him. But that wouldn't do. She was barely coming to terms with the idea herself and the last thing she needed was him knowing too.

"As for Gina," he added with a wry grin and a wink. "She was stuck on that island so she didn't have much choice did she?"

They were both laughing.

Which was probably the worst thing that could have happened...at least when you were trying to end a relationship before it could even get started.

Laughing with Kat was the most fun he'd had in ages. He'd almost forgotten a woman could be fun to spend time with. Maybe if he relaxed a little and got to know someone better...

"I'm enjoying this," he said as the spring rolls and wonton soup arrived.

"You sound surprised."

"I'm used to business and to sex," he said frankly. "But just talking is...different."

"I know. It is for me too," she said. "Though in my case it's all business."

"Really?" he arched a brow. "But your boyfriend?"

She bit her lower lip. Jackpot.

"I mean he's a lawyer too," she said hastily. "And we talk work a lot."

"Yes. I'm sure."

"He exists, I swear."

Julian took a deep breath. They were such a long way from trust. But BDSM had ways of bridging the gap.

"You're lying to me," he said. "And your punishment...is your panties."

"Excuse me?"

"You will take them off. Use the restroom if you like."

"Like hell."

"Do it here then."

"You're nuts."

"No more than you are." He lowered his voice. "You want to play this game and you need it. Now go, little girl, or would you rather take care of it here at the table?"

She was breathing just a little more quickly. Her eyes had moistened, pupils dilated. The risk was battling in her mind with the reward, the scandal and the thrill. She wanted it, she just needed permission.

To play. To have fun.

It's okay, darling Kat. Let go. He said the words first to himself and then aloud.

She sighed and visibly relaxed. Her eyes said the rest.

Is it truly safe to let go and trust you?

He telegraphed the answer.

Play with me, Kat, play to your heart's content, nothing will harm you.

He watched her lick her lips. As if hypnotized.

"Am I dreaming?" she wondered aloud.

"Pinch yourself if you like."

"I shouldn't even be here," she said. "Much less pinching any parts of my anatomy."

"It's for work, remember?"

"This kind of work gets people fired."

"Then you'll come and work for me. Besides, Wannamaker and Tallows won't touch you. Not with what I am paying them."

"It's still a crazy thing to do."

"Tell me it doesn't turn you on. The idea of having me take over here and now...for the rest of the afternoon?"

He could see the reaction behind her eyes. Time to strike.

"Now which is it?" he asked, reminding her of the options for removing her panties. "*Slave.*"

She responded as if stung, subtly, but to her core.

"The bathroom," she whispered.

"Speak up."

"I will use the bathroom," she repeated.

"Do not keep me waiting," he said.

"No, Master."

"Oh and one more thing, no masturbation and don't try to fool me. I will know."

She flushed red. "Yes, Sir."

He watched her walk away, the sauciness of her curves, the unconscious womanliness, just a notch more intense than when they'd arrived.

Katherine Cartwell was a natural all right and he was about to take the game to a whole new level.

Reaching for his wallet, he pulled out a hundred dollar bill to cover their barely touched food.

Mr. Wang would understand. Any man would understand.

As for Kat, she would be in a whole different zone when she got out of that bathroom.

Which left it up to him to do the planning.

And the waiting.

Five minutes maybe ten, with every second weighing on his imagination. What was she doing? How was she handling it?

So many questions. And so little time until his flight tonight to California.

Unless he changed it. Yes, indeed, that was possible. Maybe even probable.

So long as things stayed on his terms. He was Master not just in their play time but in his own life.

At least it had felt that way before he saw Kat again.

The way she gripped his heart, the way he felt when he was with her and then again when he wasn't. The way he hung on her words and gestures. The way her feelings, her happiness mattered.

That was new. And disconcerting.

A part of him wanted to run right now. Which was exactly what she had done. Was she feeling the same things?

He was afraid to ask. Ignorance was bliss. The status quo. Freedom. Blessed independence and no drama.

Yes, he ought to leave but he wasn't going to leave, not even if a fire were lit beneath him. For chains held him fast, invisible, confusing and very different from the kind he was used to as a dominant.

* * * * *

Kat was sure everyone could read her mind, what she was contemplating doing, the wicked game she was playing.

And why was she playing it exactly?

Had Julian Morrell become that much of a drug so quickly after just two encounters?

There was no one in the ladies' room. Thank goodness. Finding the nearest stall, she locked herself in.

So far so good.

He wanted her panties off. The reality cut through her mind and left those very panties in a state of wet excitement.

Bracing herself against the wall she took the pressure off her rubbery legs. She had barely been able to walk here from the table. Why hadn't she run out of the restaurant instead?

Because at some level she liked this, that's why. Thrilled to it even.

Unbidden, her hand went to her thigh. She lifted the hem of her skirt, slowly sliding it upward until she felt the cool air against her panty-covered crotch.

He wanted her pussy nude. Dripping down her thighs. So vulnerable.

Her breasts ached to be touched and squeezed. How she wished he was in here with her pushing her backward and having his way with her.

Why did he have to leave her a choice? She did not want to be an accomplice.

Her fingers had started to stray, the pink tips of her nails making their way across to the pink center. Underneath her sex lips thrummed as her female opening longed to be penetrated, stuck and thrust with powerful male energies.

Julian was waiting. For his little slave girl. To bring him her underwear. Like the slut she was.

The idea, the words thrilled her. So far from the straight-laced woman she had to be all day.

He had ordered her not to play with her pussy. And he'd claimed to be able to notice the difference.

Kat gritted her teeth. She pushed her pelvis outward trying to gain friction from the silk.

No good. It had to come off anyway.

Surely he wouldn't notice if...

Someone was coming in.

A pair of girls, younger, maybe in their early twenties from the sound of them. They were talking about their dates.

"I know he'll want it before he even drops me off," the first one said.

"Mine too," said the second. "I'm pretty sure they will both try something in the movies."

"They are hot though," the first reasoned.

"Hell to the yeah," enthused the second. "Maybe I will just suck mine off."

"Do it in the movies," the first teased.

They enjoyed a good giggle together.

"Seriously," said the first. "I think mine is kinky."

"Why?"

"He keeps dropping hints about handcuffs. And that story about finding a girl tied up in his freshman dorm bed. You know he must have been the one who tied her up."

"Oh you know he was."

"So...tell me would you ever, you know, play kinky games?"

"I'd let Brian handcuff me, would you let Jared?"

"If we did it together, sure."

Kat looked down and realized what she'd been doing.

As the young women were talking she had slid her fingers deeper and deeper underneath her panties so that her finger tips now threatened to touch her pussy itself and her clit too.

"Is that a dare?" challenged the first.

"Maybe," said the second. "But this definitely is."

Kat heard them kissing. Each other. More giggling followed.

"Oh god I have to fix my lipstick now."

"Me too."

A minute later they were gone. They must have come in just to talk.

Kat heaved a sigh of relief. Just in the nick of time.

She slid the panties down to her ankles and stepped from them. What was she supposed to do with them now? He hadn't given instructions.

Should she leave them in the bathroom? Or try and take them back to the table?

She scooted the skirt down smoothing it over her backside. She opted to take them with her. Folded very small so no one would see what it was.

Trembling, trying to keep her face free of any expression, she walked out of the bathroom.

Her heart did a back flip as she saw the table. He was gone.

"Over here," he whispered.

He came up from behind, pulling her back into the darkened corner of the restaurant, right behind the huge saltwater aquarium.

"Is this it?"

Julian took her hand in his.

She released her grip allowing him to take the panties.

"Good girl." He kissed her forehead.

She glanced downward a second too long. She realized her mistake. Nothing she could do now though.

"You disobeyed me," he said evenly.

"Yes, Master." What was the point in denying?

"You'll be punished."

"I know, Sir." She was scared. Then again she couldn't wait.

"I have a car out front," he said. "Let's go for a little ride."

Her stomach knotted.

Finally.

Chapter Seven

Julian held the door for her, allowing her ample time to settle into the roomy interior of the sleek, black limousine.

It came equipped with everything: bar, television, stereo...and an array of paddles and riding crops.

Taking the seat across from her, Julian pushed the intercom signaling for the chauffeur to take them out into traffic.

He had no destination. He just wanted time. Time with Kat.

"You may spread your legs," he told her. "And lift your skirt to your waist."

The lack of preamble and the bluntness of the request seemed to catch her off guard but she offered no argument as she lifted her bottom and pulled the garment high on her thighs.

"Tell me about it," he said.

"Sir?"

"What it was like when you touched yourself, what made you do it?"

She swallowed hard. "There were these two girls. They came in talking about their boyfriends."

"They were talking about sex?"

"Yes."

"And?"

"I-I was aroused. The one girl wanted to give her date fellatio in a movie theater."

He smiled. "That appeals to you I gather."

"It's...submissive," she confessed. "Pleasuring a man like that in public."

"Done right it would be quite submissive, yes," he agreed. "But there is more. It wasn't just talk was it?"

"I heard them," she muttered. "They...they kissed each other."

"The two girls kissed?"

She nodded.

"And that appeals to you also."

She shrugged. "I am not into girls but if a man made me do it, you know making me like it? I think I would be into it."

"Put your hand on yourself," he said now quite casually.

She opened her mouth to object but a stern look was all it took. Kat found her pussy.

"Masturbate for me."

She was groaning in seconds flat.

"You're a hot little thing, aren't you? I suppose you'll even like when I put you over my lap."

"Must you?" she groaned.

"We both know the answer to that. There will never be peace between us until we find our proper places."

"But this is...a game," she reminded.

He watched her thrash her head, in the throes of near orgasm.

"It doesn't look like a game from where I sit."

"Sir, Master," she whined. "I need to come."

"No. You need to come over here and sit next to me." He snapped his fingers deliberately signaling his power and her lack of it. "Now."

Kat obeyed with obvious reluctance.

"Take this off first," he said, commanding her to remove the skirt and blouse and bra.

She shed her clothes in record time, no doubt hoping for some relief as a reward.

Better not hold your breath, he thought.

Julian reached over and toyed with her body. As she tried to shy away he took hold of her nipple. A single punishing twist made her docile.

"Thighs open," he said.

Forlorn, wary, she opened her legs. It was one thing to do out of range, but here he could reach her and do anything he liked.

His finger found her clitoris straightaway.

"This is going to feel like torture," he warned. "Even the pleasure—especially the pleasure."

She shuddered as he worked her, massaging the swollen nub.

"You will try to come while I'm spanking you but I won't let you," he predicted. "That is what will make this especially interesting."

Interesting was hardly the word Kat had in mind. Naked in the back of a near stranger's limo, worked up and way past horny, prepared to subject herself to corporal punishment and god knows what else.

Should she beg for mercy now or let the game play itself out? Maybe asking for mercy was the game.

"Yes, Master," she said rather disappointed at her own lack of articulation.

It was at this point he ordered her to crawl up on the seat. The moment she'd been waiting for, dreading all these hours. Before that she'd only imagined it, in her secret night fantasies. Julian the sexual dominant punishing her the way a submissive needed.

But I'm not submissive.

All evidence to the contrary. Wasn't that a joke?

She tried to move gingerly but there was no graceful way. The first thing she felt was the leather seat on her bare knees. Then her shins and the palms of her hands until finally she was on all fours next to him.

Her hair hung down, her breasts burned, her pussy, as always clamored for attention.

He stroked her hair, sending her into orbit. She breathed his scent, pine and musk, so strong and masculine.

"You must crawl across my lap," he said. "You must assume the position by yourself."

Was there some significance, a kind of self-offering? Kat wondered.

His crotch was tented. So she was not the only one aroused.

Good.

Bridging his lap, she placed her palms on the outside of his opposite thigh. She planned on avoiding the contact as long as possible. Slowly she lowered herself down onto her elbows.

Her nipples were the first part of her to graze the material of his pants. They were so damn swollen and needy. Kat tried to control her breathing. Her ass needed to go down, all the way down.

He could make her do it with one swat delivered to her butt cheeks but he was waiting for her. He wanted her to submit to this fully of her own will.

Catching her breath and holding it, she gave it her best shot. Down she went until she felt her belly against his hard thigh and then her crotch.

She shut her eyes, feeling the flash of shame mingled with an intimate heat. This was something so private between them.

Despite the chauffer up front, they were the only two people in the world. Like Gina and Giorgio. Lust's Castaways.

"Much better," he said, resting his splayed hand in the middle of her cheeks. "Now I know what I'm working with."

But what was she working with? When would he let her in on his little program, whatever it was.?

Soon enough.

Abruptly she felt his hand lift and she braced herself. This was it. Sure enough the spanking was set to begin.

With a *whoosh* the fire descended, a hot, bittersweet burn across her naked bottom.

She cried out.

"You must keep your voice down," he warned. "Or I will be forced to gag you."

Kat dared not ask him what he intended to use, her own panties most likely.

Julian took a moment to rub the heat in, making her groan. Then the hand was gone again. And then it was back with a second smack harder than the first.

She knew she should have been prepared but she yelled out anyway, this time burying her face in the leather seat.

Julian paused from his spanking now to attend to her sex.

She clenched her fists as he found her dripping pussy, lightly stroking. So this was the torture he had spoken about. She squirmed. She tried to get up. A swift blow to her bottom kept her down.

Helpless to the sensations he was delivering. Always at the edge of her pleasure zone, never quite enough to allow ultimate satisfaction.

Julian pinched her ass.

"Will you disobey me again?"

"No, never!"

He chuckled. "Oh, I do hope you will, darling."

She was in no mood to appreciate the joke.

"That's easy for you to say, *Master*."

Julian lifted her now, showing his massive strength as he set her temporarily on her knees beside him.

What was he up to?

She watched as he unzipped his trousers.

Oh, yes.

His cock. She had been waiting to see that, dreaming, silently suffering for so long. It was as big as she remembered, just as thick and long and beautiful.

Julian seemed as anxious as she was or more so.

"Let's dispense with the formalities shall we?"

His hands at her waist, he lifted her again, this time pivoting her in a sitting position onto his lap.

Oh god, he was impaling her. Placing her directly over the point of his hot shaft and letting her wet and ready pussy receive it.

She gripped him with her vaginal muscles and she descended, taking in every inch of him to the hilt.

He reached out for her, taking hold of her breasts, and for a moment she thought he might come on the spot.

But he was a man of discipline. He would take his time. Take care of her first.

"I want you to climax," he said. "Go wild."

She needed no further permission. Lifting herself, she found the angle and the satisfaction she needed.

Her eyes slid shut as he began to massage her twin globes, paying special attention to the nipples.

She fell forward, grinding her body lewdly.

"Almost," she cried out. "It's almost—" And then she lost the power of speech.

The combined heat of her freshly punished buttocks and what his cock was doing to the insides of her pussy was too much. She cried out silently mindful of his warning.

His parameters, his world.

Her orgasm.

The waves overcame her and they kept coming, washing over some alien shore far away like the characters in the movie that meant so much to them.

One climax pouring into a second and then a third, all that pent-up energy she had been much too terrified to release alone.

She had needed him. And she had needed this.

Julian did not climax. He wanted something else.

Kat on her back on the limo seat, the smell of leather, the smooth feel of the car moving, knowing all those people were outside on the road, on the other side of the metal doors, unable to hear or see, but very much there.

The pressure of the material made her moan as he pushed down on her buttocks but soon enough he was inside her again, his still fully clothed body claiming more, always more. When he reared up she wanted to cry, seeing how beautiful he was, like a lion claiming its prey, like a sovereign beast marking its territory.

She could feel the hot jets of semen fill her as he came and she treasured every drop. She did not want this to end. She did not want him to end. She needed, wanted more.

But the reality of Julian Morrell was quite a different thing than fantasy brokered by occasional steamy encounters.

For a long time neither dared to speak as he lay upon her breast, her turn to stroke his hair and whisper words in his ear.

Private things no one else should hear.

Julian heard Kat's confession. How she had enjoyed what they'd done. All the little details so perfectly delivered with her soft voice, her lush body underneath his, the car's expensive engine purring.

Yes, everything was perfect as far as Julian was concerned. He was back with Kat, he had enjoyed sex with her again, he had enjoyed her squirming buttocks cheeks under his hand and he had a million more ideas of what to do with her and to her.

Right now he could order the driver to take him to his hotel and he could begin a fresh game with Kat. He certainly had all the toys and he was more than willing to do so.

She would come happily. She clearly was into the games like he was and they had the chemistry. Nothing held them back. Nothing held them apart.

But Julian had put a binding on her that didn't belong. A tie and a parameter that was not a part of BDSM.

No point looking back on it. He'd done what he had to do. It had been the only way to see her again.

If you loved something you had to find it first, right? You had to stake a claim. But after that you had to follow the old adage and let it go to see if it wanted you too.

"Kat, I shouldn't have tricked you like I did. I am sorry I showed up this way today. It put you in a very unfair position."

She put her fingers over his lips, her eyes moist and filled with such emotion he couldn't help but feel his heart swell.

"It's all right," she whispered. "I have an idea."

Chapter Eight

Kat had had all afternoon to prepare herself as well as a few hours into the evening.

She had worn all black, her own idea, from the spindly heels with the thick black strap around her ankle to the panties and bra, pure lace and silk, knockouts according to Kimmy who had been there to help her.

The dress was something she had bought for last year's Christmas party but had been too afraid to actually wear.

She should have been afraid now too except this was Julian and somehow he made it all right. Just thinking of the steady gaze of his eyes, the way his hands enveloped hers, steadying.

And the kinkier side too that drew her in like a moth.

I have an idea, she had told him. She should probably be having her head examined for following through on it. All the more so after Kimmy had heard it and been so enthusiastic.

"I'll be right over," she had said, never mind that it was still working hours. "Ooh, girlfriend, I can't believe you are getting so gutsy."

Julian had loved the idea first and had been the one to offer a car to take her when she was ready.

The plan was to meet up again at seven. With one final kiss pregnant with all sorts of possibilities he had dropped her off.

"Until seven, darling."

Darling. The word on his lips had kept her floating.

All the way through her bath, as she had touched herself, imagining and dreaming what might go on.

Tonight...they would be different people. A fresh start but also a movement into something new.

A possible relationship.

The word scared her far more than a spanking. Everything scared her at the moment, exhilarated her too.

It was all sexual now from the choice of lipstick to the perfume that sprayed her body in tiny droplets.

Oh, yes, she was ready. She would die if she didn't go through with it. She could only hope he was as excited and prepared.

The ball was, after all, in his court.

* * * * *

Julian Morrell scanned the bar looking over the patrons. An elderly couple at a corner table, a couple of young men clearly looking for action. Business types up to no good, hoping to procure their action for a few hundred dollars.

Older women laughing.

And the blonde. She was by herself.

Julian's heart skipped a beat.

She was the most gorgeous creature he had ever laid eyes on. Her hair was upswept, tresses of gold that matched her green eyes and subtly red lips. The physique was curvaceous but not distracting. The dress was elegant, suggestive but classy. The shoes suggested a wildness and they gave him ideas.

Did she have a kinky side? Better still, was she ready for another drink?

He made his way to the bar, not too close but not too far from where she was sitting.

"I'll have a scotch," he said. "And another for the lady."

She gave him a glance. "Thank you," was all she said.

Hard to get. Good.

"A toast?" he suggested when the bartender had brought their drinks.

"To what?" She had already turned toward him, an excellent sign.

"To the most beautiful woman in this or any bar tonight."

She arched a brow as she raised her glass. "You seem mighty sure."

"Of what?" he said. "My assertion or myself."

"Both."

"Is there another way to be?" He extended a hand. "My name is Giorgio."

She smiled cryptically. "I'm Gina."

"I feel I've missed out on a joke," he said.

"There's this movie, that's all."

He nodded. "Lust's Castaways."

"You've seen it?" Her voice took on a different timber, hope mixed with wariness perhaps.

"You could say that."

This time there was no mistaking her mirth. "Oh I think you've more than seen it."

His turn to laugh. "Well I didn't write it or star in it if that's what you mean."

She took a sip of her wine. "Have you lived it though?"

"You mean kept beautiful women as my slaves?"

"Uh huh."

"Slavery is illegal."

"Not if it's consensual. Two people can practice what they like behind closed doors," she pointed out.

"And what about you?" he asked. "What do you consent to behind closed doors?"

Her eyes held back nothing. "I've been whipped, used in all sorts of ways."

He laughed dryly.

"What's so funny?"

"You've never been whipped. I would know if you had."

"Would you now?"

"It would show. You've been spanked, that is about all."

"A man did spank me," she agreed. "A real jerk actually."

"Oh?"

"He forced me into it. He made it so I had to do it or risk losing my job. Can you believe that?"

"Sounds kinky."

Her eyes went wide. "You *are* a pervert."

He held up his empty glass. "Ready for another round?"

"I haven't finished this one."

"Then you'd better hurry up. Bartender, two more please?"

"You are kind of pushy, Giorgio," she observed.

"I thought you liked that, Gina?"

"I said I was whipped, that's different."

"But you lied about the whipping. The question is why. Are you trying to impress me or egg me on?"

"You mean would I let you whip me?"

"Something like that." Julian narrowed his gaze. "Let me see your wrist."

She thought for a moment before extending her hand.

Her wrist fit easily in his grasp. His eyes never left hers as he gradually increased pressure enough for her to feel real confinement but not pain.

"You've been bound," he said.

She shuddered.

He released her. "See how easy it is to know when you're telling the truth?"

"Maybe you have spies," she suggested.

Julian shrugged. "Would that bother you?"

"Depends if I could trust the man deep down."

"I don't know if you can trust me but I am honest. I want you, Gina. Now."

"I've never been fucked in an elevator," she said thoughtfully.

"Is that a request?"

"Would you if I asked?"

"What I would do is none of your concern."

She laughed. "Well I would think it would be."

"All I would want would be consent. Then I'd give you a safety word. *Lust* would do nicely. Say that word and we walk away, no harm no foul."

"And if I don't say the word?"

Julian covered her hand where it rested on the bar. "I think you know exactly what will happen...*Gina*."

* * * * *

A half hour after meeting the "stranger" in the bar, Kat Cartwell stood in the middle of his suite blindfolded, hands above her head.

Her would-be lover Giorgio had just removed her dress and now he was giving her time to think as she stood in her black bra and panties.

Though it was Julian she was with, everything felt brand new and unpredictable.

Just what she'd hoped for when she had asked him for a new start. A beginning on her own terms where she could meet him as a sexual equal. Even if the roles they were taking on were anything but equal.

"You hold your position well," he whispered in her ear.

Her breathing quickened as she felt him directly behind her.

A quick crack of his palm to her silk-clad ass make her squeal.

"That was a compliment. You may say thank you."

"Thank you, Sir."

"This was what you were waiting for, wasn't it?"

The touch on her arm was faint but there was no mistaking the tight braid, the smooth firmness.

It was a riding crop.

"You've had *so* much experience."

The whip tapped her thigh. He was mocking her. Best to beg mercy ahead of time.

"I lied, Sir, I've never been whipped."

"You think?" He chuckled. "Well we're about to change that aren't we, young lady?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And we also need to do something about this habit of yours of picking up strange men. This is your second time. Three strikes and you're out."

"Does it count if it's the same man?"

She heard a whistling sound in the air. Then the crack of fire.

"What do you think?"

Kat whimpered, absorbing the effect of the crop on her ass for the first time.

"You'll be reimbursed for these."

She heard a fresh sound. The tearing of the silk.

He was ripping off her panties.

"Can't have any obstacles, can we, Gina?"

"No, Sir."

He tapped her bare ass.

"Bend over. Touch your ankles."

Kat whimpered. She still had the shoes on, the ones with the thick ankle straps that looked as if they were perfect for BDSM.

Even with the heels he towered over her.

Kat's hair, long ago loosened from the fancy hairstyle, fell forward, cascading over her feet as she assumed the desired position.

The blood rushed to her head.

His hand steadied her back.

"Such a sweet little slut," he said as the crop slammed down hard.

Kat saw stars.

He massaged the place where he'd struck.

"So much experience," he taunted once again.

She muttered a slave's apology even as he commanded her to keep count. One, two, three, each blow raising the stakes, one wall of pain collapsing into another.

But the pain wasn't pure, wasn't real pain at all, just the suggestion of more, the feeling of deprivation and burning loss as he managed to caress her pussy in between, making her ache with need for more.

Any kind of contact at all, so long as she was not alone.

"You would like something else," he said.

She clenched her pussy muscles and with it the tighter ones of her anus.

Foolishly, downstairs, as Gina the barfly, she had told him of her deeper fantasy.

"I was only kidding," she lamented.

"You picked the wrong person to joke with." He pushed a finger deep in her pussy, owning it. "Tell me."

She knew what he wanted to hear and she could not deny him. "Fuck my ass. I need to be fucked in my ass."

"Have you had it before?" he confirmed.

"No," she told the truth this time. "Never."

He slapped her bottom with his hand. "Down on all fours."

She did so, feeling the carpet on her palms and her knees.

He loomed like a god now as he unzipped his trousers.

"Earn it," he said, removing his already hardened shaft.

Kat raised to her knees and immediately devoured his cock, barely taking the time to kiss the tip and run her tongue up and down the length of the massive steel wrapped in velvet. He touched the top of her head, urging her to take more of him. She did so eagerly and half out of her mind with the wild animal nature of it all, the sexy subservience.

At last he tapped her shoulder. "Enough. Crawl onto the bed. Face the wall on all fours."

She released his cock. A line of saliva trailed from the tip. It was a reluctant surrendering. For all her excitement about anal sex, she had wanted this too, greedy little creature that she was.

Blame it on Gina and Lust's Castaways.

She could feel his gaze searing the skin on her ass as she moved. So intently aware of the way her bottom shook and the invitation she was giving him.

Was he following her? She couldn't tell.

At last, after what felt like a thousand years crossing the floor, she reached her destination, the massive bed looming in front of her.

She crawled up onto it. Taking her position.

He made her wait again, her mind filling with anticipation.

Was he undressing? Or was he preparing some new props?

At last he came to her. He kissed her back, bending over her.

She felt his nude chest. She tensed and relaxed at the same time.

He rubbed her bottom. She felt something cold. It was a lubricant. He inserted his finger, wet and moist and slick with the gel into her.

Julian was widening the pathway.

At last he climbed onto the bed behind her.

"You'll enjoy this," he said.

She gripped the bedspread. She was not at all sure what she'd gotten herself into. But she did trust him.

He pushed his cock against the entrance to her anal sphincter. In an effort to relax her further he touched her pussy as well. Soon pleasure melded with the pressure and he was inside her, one inch, maybe too.

He went in a little farther then pulled out again, almost to the tip. He grabbed hold of her waist and began to rock, thrusting in and out.

Kat moaned arching her neck.

His lips found her earlobe, he nibbled and suckled. One hand reached for her breast.

She felt the blood throbbing, the pleasure surging.

"Come," she screamed. "Come inside Gina, your slave girl."

He needed no invitation for his pent-up release. With a growl more worthy of a jungle beast he let go of all inhibition pushing and pumping until his cock was a fury of expelled cum, white hot streams of it filling her body.

At last, exhausted, he collapsed on top of her.

They fell asleep like this.

He woke her up hours later in the middle of the night.

Sleepy, dreamy and delightfully sated, she felt him pick her up in his arms and carry her to the Jacuzzi.

Settling in together they cleaned each other off and began to make their plans for a third crazy date. It would be tough to top the first two they realized but they figured on having a lifetime together to work on it.

The End

About the Author

Reese Gabriel is a born romantic with a taste for the edgier side of love. Having traveled the world and sampled many of the finer things, Reese now enjoys the greater simplicities—barefoot walks by the ocean, kisses under moonlight and whispers of passion in the darkness with that one special person.

Preferring to remain behind the scenes, cherished by a precious few, Reese hopes to awaken in the lives of many the possibilities of true love through stories of far off places and enchanted lives.

For the sake of love and hope and imagination, these stories are told. May they be enjoyed as much in the reading as in the writing.

Reese welcomes comments from readers. You can find Reese's website and email address on the [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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