

*Cover
Coming
Soon*

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Chapter One

"Ms. Miller? I need to see you in my office. Now." He tapped his finger against his watch.

The sound of Devon Thompson's deep and very sensual voice alone was enough to drive Shila into a moment of electrified heat. He was also more than capable of making her weak in her knees and only partially because she wanted to rip off his clothes and ride him like a wild stallion. He was not only her boss, but also perhaps the sexiest man on the planet. At least according to the one hundred or so women in his employ. "Yes, sir. Be right there, sir."

Nodding, Devon glanced around the perimeter of the open space and flashed his steel blue eyes. "Thank you."

The second he closed the door to his office at least thirty women exhaled deeply and moaned.

"Seems like you're late. Again." An older woman passed by, her tone admonishing.

Shila wanted to grab the woman around the neck, yank her down and pummel her face. Yes, she was late. Again. The alarm hadn't gone off. Okay, so that had happened on Monday as well. She needed to get her act together.

"Don't let the wicked witch bother you," the woman's voice purred as she flanked Shila's side.

"I was late, and Mr. Thompson isn't the kind of man who will tolerate bad behavior."

Eva shook her head. "Then get in here early, go getter. I have to say, he's the perfect man and I hate men right now."

Shila looked over at her friend, Eva and sighed. "Yeah, he is but I've sworn off men for at least a year. Maybe four. Too bad he's cold and aloof." Breaking up with a womanizing asshole had been the only good decision she'd made in months. Now, she was alone. All. Alone.

"From what I understand, he has his reasons. The ex was a real ball buster. Did you ever meet Katy?"

"No. What was she like?" Relationships weren't easy for anyone. Maybe she had something in common with her boss. As if that mattered.

Ava growled. "One. Uptight. Bitch. There's no other way to describe her. She only married him for the money. My guess is the fake blonde has a significant alimony package. However, from what I heard around the office, the divorce isn't final yet. She's bucking for more. Wants everything."

Shila wrinkled her nose. "I hate women like that. They want everything and give nothing in return."

"Yeah, well that's probably why he'd so standoffish. Doesn't want to give her any reason to hang him out to dry."

"He needs a real woman, one who caters to his every need and doesn't mind being reprimanded. He needs someone to understand the man inside and his dark needs, his intense hungers." Shila could hear the glitch in her friend's breath sounds. "I'm just guessing. Don't say it. As if I'm a relationship expert."

"Uh-huh. Right. And no, you're not," Eva winked. "Better scamper in or you'll be on his naughty list."

She'd had more than a few fantasies about him during her tenure, including longing for a taste of his harsh discipline. The man was organized, very particular and a tough taskmaster. Her left leg quivering, she envisioned being taken into his office, told in no uncertain terms that her bad behavior couldn't continue then pushed over his desk. She closed her eyes briefly as she imagined the feel of his hands as he lifted her skirt, exposing her crimson thong, then the anticipation of his solid, hard spanking.

Crack!

"Such a bad girl," Devon stated. "Your tardiness is becoming an issue."

"Yes, sir. I know. I'll be better. I promise."

"This will help enable you to do just that."

Pop! Slap!

Shila had to slap her hand over her mouth to keep from moaning. Would a hard spanking change her ways?

"I bet he's a tiger in bed. Woof! Don't you think?" Eva fanned her face.

"Either that or he's turning gay." No, her boss was hiding from the world. Her nipples were hard just thinking about the possibilities.

Eva slapped her on the arm. "You're terrible bursting my bubble that way. Better go see what he wants before you're in trouble." The last words were more of a taunt.

"Or get a hard spanking," Shila mumbled under her breath as she grabbed her notepad and smoothed down her skirt, sauntering past the group of women who would literally kill her to be in her place.

"I heard that." Eva laughed.

Shila wanted to give every one of them the finger, high up and wild style. After all, all six foot four of his hulking mass belonged to her and her alone. *In your dreams only, baby.* Oh yeah, there was that. A girl could dream. Couldn't she? Snuffing, she fluffed her hair as the entire gene pool of women gave her looks that held daggers and at least a firebomb or two in them. No matter. She could at least enjoy the eye candy while they watched. He was sophisticated and wealthy. She was just out of college and very broke. Match made in heaven.

Grousing to herself, she grabbed her pen and pad and headed for his office, avoiding the harsh looks from every woman who hated her for about a bazillion reasons. Maybe they all thought she was doing him in the after hours, in the elevator now and again and some cock sucking under his desk. Sadly, she didn't even think Devon knew she existed as an actual woman. Still, a girl could dream, fantasize until the wee hours of the morning, wet and hot. And my, oh my, she did every night complete with a spanking and purple Rabbit vibrator in tow.

Spanking... The word and the deed would never be actualized.

In the back of her mind she realized the most eligible bachelor in the city was never going to give her the time of day. He'd been married to some blonde bombshell, pageant queen for God's sake. The divorce papers barely signed, he was already on the prowl. He had to be. No man this damn

good looking would stay without a romantic partner for very long. But he wasn't hooking up with her. There was no way the owner of Thompson, Tyler and Poole, only the hottest advertising firm in all of Atlanta, was going to give a frumpy woman like herself a second look. The term Rubenesque was used. Ha. Whatever sounded sexy.

No matter. As she stood outside his door she unfastened a button on her shirt, brushed her hand through her hair and made certain her lipstick wasn't leaving creases at the corners of her mouth. When she heard snickers from behind her, she snapped her head and gave the nasty women a dazzling smile. She was a lady after all.

Knocking on the door, Shila could tell he was on the phone. He was always on his phone. She opened the door and walked right in and even his incredible reflection in the fortieth story window was enough to make her want to drop to her knees, crawl toward him and suck his cock. *Whew*. It was definitely getting hot in here.

"I understand and we're almost ready. As a matter of fact, we're having a party this Saturday for the entire crew. Yes, your invitation was sent last week. You should have already received it, John." His voice snarky, Devon turned to glare at her, his eyes imploring.

And she knew exactly what he was asking. Nodding, she wrote quickly on her pad and held up the note, so he could read her instructions.

"John, both you and the lovely Marjorie were invited. I understand her sister is in town so please feel free to bring her with you. No, we're catering the party here. Fabulous, John. I look forward to seeing you." After hanging up the phone he groaned then smiled, his eyes twinkling. "What in the world would I do without you? You seem to be able to read my mind."

"Fail miserably, sir," she said as she strutted forward. He needed her because she'd been placed solely in charge of the celebration and one that was certain to draw the media. They'd secured a high dollar client and her *oh-so-over-the-top* boss had invited several select guests to celebrate their good fortune. Cost wasn't an option.

"Damn good point. Remind me after this weekend is over to give you a huge raise."

"I will. Trust me."

Shaking his head, Devon walked from behind the desk and folded his arms, a dark chuckle pushing past his lips. "I so love the brassy side to you. I wish you'd show this more often. I can certainly use more spunk and intelligence around here. God knows, I'm surrounded by a sea of complacency."

"Be careful what you ask for because I tend to follow orders, sir. I'm very good at what I do. Very good. And when I'm bad, I need to be reminded, disciplined. Like when I'm late." While the words slipped out of her mouth before she'd even realized what she'd said, Shila couldn't help but grin inwardly. There was nothing more she'd like than to show him all of her - every square inch. She'd even purchased one too many sexy teddies with his naked body in mind.

Devon raised a single eyebrow.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck! Fanning her face with the notepad, she attempted to look nonchalant but could only envision herself on all fours, chained to iron bedposts while he drove his thick shaft deep into her pussy. Then after, he'd spank her ass until she couldn't sit down for a week. Tingling, Shila nibbled on her bottom lip nervously. If only her boss knew what she was thinking about him.

"Disciplined. An interesting thought," Devon said as he gave her a solid once over. "Maybe I should do that with all of my employees. Especially the ones who are tardy almost every day."

Was the comment directed toward her? Shit. He'd noticed. She had no idea what to say. Seeing the slight twinkle in his eyes, she wanted to ask him right then and there what he had in mind. *Don't do it. Don't you dare do it.* Huffing, she blew a strand of stray hair out of her face.

"Are you all right? You're looking a little flushed."

"Fine! Just fine." Said too quickly, she cringed seeing the odd way he was looking at her, as if he knew she had him wielding a flogger. Licking her lips, Shila managed to wipe the bead of perspiration before the damn thing trickled into her eyes, ruining her make up. "Would you like to go over the menu one last time and make certain I have everything listed that you'd like? I selected some incredible delicacies, I believe." Yes, all sensual creations meant to dazzle and wow.

Tilting his head, Devon looked all the way down the length of her body and back up.

A full minute, maybe two ticked by and Shila could hear her heart beating rapidly.

Devon nodded, his eyes narrowing. "Absolutely, but you must know not everything we hunger for is on a menu. Most of the best things in life are found in the places you least likely look for them and when you find exactly what you're looking for you refuse to be denied any longer. Don't you find that to be the case, Shila?"

Was he undressing her with his eyes? No, he was simply telling her how ridiculous her behavior was. What the hell? She was in a very naughty mood today. Perhaps because the last blind date had ended with her slamming the door in the jerkoff's face. "Why, yes, sir. I'm a girl who realizes some things wrapped in a pretty, little package are simply boring. Disposable. You have to find multi-layered flavors in order to truly be sated in life and in passion."

"Interesting," Devon said as he tapped his lips. "Very well said. That almost sounds like one of my campaigns, or at least should be. You've certainly learned a great deal over the last several months. You do outstanding work, especially for your age."

"Thank you, sir. I do try to give my job everything I have," Shila said, innuendo dripping from the few words.

"Yes. That, I can tell. I'm very pleased with your performance lately. You are a woman of many talents." He walked closer. "But I must admit, I appreciate your thoughts regarding discipline. I'll have to mull the concept over."

What? Mull over discipline. She was going to faint. "Thank you, sir." *You have no idea how many talents I have.*

"Shila, you've earned the right to call me Devon."

"I was taught certain aspects about subordination and authority, sir. I understand the chain of command. I believe they're important when maintaining order." Shila studied his reaction and when he didn't flinch she wanted to scream in frustration. She was offering herself up on a silver platter not only sexually but also as a submissive. If only the man would open his eyes and see a woman who truly adored him for every aspect, every trait and even all his faults. And he sure as shit had some faults but he was also such a hard body with a cream puff middle and... Inhaling deeply, she forced herself to look away before she slipped her hand under her skirt, shoving her fingers deep inside her

aching cunt.

"Hmmm... I see. Let's hear the menu details and I want to confirm the guest list as well. We certainly can't leave anyone out."

Startled, she realized the fantasy seemed too real. She looked at her fingers, half expecting to see them glistening. She knew she was blushing and when she darted a look up at his face, she could swear Devon realized what she was thinking, what she'd been hungering for.

"Shila?" Devon growled.

"I'm sorry. Yes, sir."

Later, after she'd explained every detail ad nauseam, and by the end knew instinctively he had to be thinking about his golf game or perhaps washing clothes or even sitting in the dentist's chair. He certainly wasn't thinking about the festive menu given his glassy eyes. "Sir? Is there anything else you need? I think the party is all under control, but I'm certainly able and willing to go the extra mile if you so desire."

"Yes, you certainly seem to have a handle on everything. Just one more thing I do need. In truth, one that I require," Devon said quietly, his tone authoritative.

"Of course, sir," Shila breathed and resisted glancing at her watch. Require? Damn the man was hard-assed. Right now, she wanted a tall glass of wine and at minimum a soak in her tub to try and forget she'd been clenching her pussy muscles all afternoon. His musky scent was driving her bat-ass crazy.

"As you know I'm closing the office at noon on Friday because of the upcoming party and also in celebration of everyone working so hard to garner the new client with this incredible campaign."

"Yes, and I know everyone is thrilled." She planned on doing a little shopping then working on any last-minute details that might and would come up about the party. They always did. She continued to make a mental list of details. She had to, or she'd make an even bigger fool out of herself. Not gonna happen. *Control. Get control.*

"Well, I'd like to see if you can have the caterer prepare a lunch style selection and serve it for a very special luncheon for myself and a very important guest. This is to simply make certain the food is exactly what we both hope it will be. Can you arrange that for me?"

Were his eyes twinkling again? "Yes, sir. What time?" Great, now her time shopping was going to be cut short. Watching him cavorting with some hot chick wasn't going to be the highlight of her day.

"Noon on the nose. As in not a minute past. The employees will be leaving, and we can have time to enjoy and have a fabulous bottle of wine together," Devon said, his voice filling with a quiet husk.

Now, she wanted to rip out the eyeballs of whatever chick was getting to enjoy the very intimate affair. "Of course, sir. Would you like for me to call the person you're having lunch with and invite *her* for you?" Yep, her voice held an edge. No doubt about it.

Rising from his desk, he closed the distance and gazed down at her. "Why I certainly hope you'll consider joining me for lunch. We have many things to discuss, you and I. Besides, enjoying excellent

food and wine by myself would be a complete waste and such a shame. Don't you think?"

Her? What? He was inviting her to join him for a very intimate lunch, just the two of them together and all alone? No, he was going to explain all of her misgivings. She was certain. Swallowing hard, she didn't even bother to moan when she realized the nervous tic was literally jumping in the corner of her mouth. "Me? I mean, yes. Of course, sir. Anything you'd like, sir."

"Anything? Hhhmmmm... Excellent. Now, get out of here. I need to talk to your boss. The man is a damn slave driver." His eyes flashing mischief, he patted her arm then walked back behind his desk.

Now, she was in utter hell. Beautiful and very sexy hell but hell nonetheless. "Great." What in the world was she supposed to do? Time to go shopping. If she was being reprimanded, she was certainly going to look her best.

"Katy, we've talked about this. The divorce is final. Sign the damn papers. There will be no additional changes. I think I'm being extremely clear." Devon tamped back the rage. Of course, his ex was trying to get under his skin. She'd been threatening one thing or another since the beginning of the separation.

"I'm not ready to sign them. I want more," Katy stated.

He wanted to reach through the phone and wrap his hand around her throat. Stay calm. "I'll make certain my attorney contacts yours. This *will* be finished. I hope you hear me clearly." When she hesitated, he felt vindicated. He'd never raised his voice to her before.

"Just be careful, darling. All eyes are on that company of yours as well as your private life. I know who you're dating. She's nothing but a vulture," Katy cooed then laughed. "I always get what I want. Remember that."

The woman had been spying on him. "A vulture. Something you have first-hand knowledge of. Have a wonderful life and I do hope you find what you're looking for." He ended the call before she had a chance to retort. The ugliness between had started almost the moment they'd gotten married. The whys no longer mattered. In his mind, no man could handle her princess mentality, the constant need for attention. And for money. She had adored the money he made.

What in the hell was she trying to get at? Didn't he deserve a personal life? God knows, she'd thrown all the men she'd fucked in his face. No, their sex life had ended almost two years before. She was cold, uncaring and had no desire to fulfill any of his needs. Fuck. His life was unraveling. *Think of something else*. He controlled his breathing and thought about the morning meeting with Shila.

Devon stood at his office window, rubbing the tip of his finger back and forth across his mouth. He'd all but explained in detail what he wanted to do to the lovely Shila. He exhaled and realized his entire arm was shaking. Why? He hadn't planned on dating anyone for a hell of a long time. The three dates with the very nice girl he'd met on line had resulted in nothing but garnering a friend. He was so out of practice. Whatever warning Katy was trying to issue certainly wouldn't go very far given he'd broken up with the girl over a week before.

Yes, he wanted to share his life with someone. No, he was only interested in something casual, but a significant change from his past. Getting married had been a huge mistake, one orchestrated by his father. At least he had a second chance at finding happiness.

As if any form of happiness really existed for a man like him. He studied the evening sky and knew in his gut that Shila had another side. She was certainly prim and proper at the office. Some would even say ultra conservative to the point of being dowdy. But he considered her a delicate rose, ready to flower after being exposed to a perfect morning sun. Rolling his eyes, he forced himself away from the window. He was no poet and shouldn't bother trying.

But he was a man craving an intense change in his life and he had a feeling Shila could be the perfect remedy. He was taking one too many chances. That, any of his friends would tell him. Sexual harassment allegations he didn't need. Anger boiled within him and he needed a distraction from the office, his friends. Hell, from his entire life. He'd been living a lie for so long, he had no idea who the man was hiding under the ugly mask. Still, hurting Shila wasn't on the agenda. She'd have to make the ultimate decision. However, she clearly craved discipline, a firm hand. His thoughts drifted once again. Yes, she would thrive with a firm hand.

Guts. One thing his father had taught him was that in order to succeed, one had to have guts. Well, and a cunning nature. Yes, he had both. After glancing at the time, he grabbed his keys. Shila had mentioned discipline more than once, dropping the line as if longing to see his reaction. Hmm... The lunch was the perfect time to test the waters. If he was wrong, he could be ruined.

If not...

Devon stood in front of his closet. If only Katy had found his very private collection. Wouldn't the tabloids be abuzz with stories regarding his dirty and very kinky needs? Then again, maybe he should have started off their marriage with strict rules for her to follow. Maybe they would have survived.

Discipline. Punishment. Submission. The three words had been a part of his intense cravings since he'd been a boy. He'd learned aspects of discipline from his father, a man who ruled the household with an iron fist. Spankings for he and his sister were the only method of teaching right from wrong.

He suspected for his mother as well. He'd seen her flushed face on more than one occasion after coming from behind closed doors. His mother had been a well-spanked woman. Maybe he'd been going about his relationships all wrong.

He opened the double doors and studied the blank wall he'd prepared, hooks positioned in the exact place in order to display his most prized possessions. The oversized duffle bag had been secured in a small storage unit for as long as he could remember. The implements had been hand selected, purchased from various internet sites as well as what few conventions he'd allowed himself to attend.

As he tugged the bag into the light, he held his breath. Perhaps he was coming into his own. The sound of the zipper gave him a series of tingles, forcing his cock to ache. The various leather straps, tawses and quirts held the scent of newness, a wonderful aroma that scintillated every cell in his body.

The paddles were solid, thick pieces of exotic woods from several different countries. And the clamps. He pulled a silver chain into the light, admiring the clover style vices, stainless steel nipple and clit clamps that made his mouth water.

After selecting what he considered to be the perfect group, he wrapped his hand around his favorite leather flogger and walked to the mirror. In the reflection, he could envision Shila's face, her

expression of respect as well as excitement. She was absolutely the one.

Crack!

Chapter Two

Shila made it home just before dark, bottle of wine in hand and a sexy new dress nestled snugly in a bag. Nervous as a kitty-cat, she could barely get her clothes off fast enough and into a slinky little dress meant for relaxation. Lunch with the boss all alone? Who knew? As she turned on music and opened the wine, she grabbed a glass from her cabinet and eased her hand over the plastic hanger, admiring the vivid color.

Sighing, she poured a hefty amount of wine and sauntered toward her computer to check her emails and Facebook. Even after several gulps she couldn't calm her nerves. Leaning back in the hardback chair, she realized she wasn't going to get any rest without some form of relief. Grinning, she eyed the internet browser and for some reason darted a glance to her left and right, like someone was going to be watching her. As if they'd figure out she was a deviant in disguise. Well, she was indeed just a little bit and proud of the fact.

Shila chuckled and eased one hand inside her dress, flicking her finger back and forth across her nipple. Living alone allowed her to indulge in certain proclivities. After taking another gulp of wine, she found her favorite sex site and flipped through the new selection of amateur movies posted. Somehow, she couldn't help but marvel at the way so many men and women didn't have a problem filming and posting their sexual escapades. Damn if she wasn't grateful as hell.

While she enjoyed everything from watching ménage to interracial, what she really loved were the spanking and BDSM movies. Especially the decadent ones created by male Doms who enjoyed showing off their very controlled subs. Lifting her eyebrow, one in particular caught her eye and she hit play. After a few seconds of watching the way he chained the voluptuous redhead to the 'X' cross and began flogging her naked ass, she couldn't take it any longer. She hit pause and jerked up from the chair, almost racing into her bedroom.

Jerking open her 'special' dresser drawer, she filtered through her collection of vibrators, butt plugs, floggers and even the unused pair of handcuffs, groaning the entire time. Nestled in the corner were her nipple clamps. Shila pulled them into the light, opening and closing the tight metal clasps. Shivering, she nodded and then grabbed her trusty purple Rabbit, turning the switch on to make certain the batteries were powerful enough.

"Perfect," she mumbled. She had to have the speed full blast to really enjoy the intense jolts coursing through her body. A kick in her step, she sashayed back into the living room and placed the sexy toys down on her desk, made certain the blinds were closed and yanked off her dress. Her thong next, she stood naked in front of the computer and rubbed her hands up and down her chest, cupping and squeezing her breasts, pinching and twisting both nipples until they were hard points. "Mmm..." If only Devon were here. If only his husky voice was telling her she needed a hard whipping. If only he directed her to remove his belt.

Shila shivered. She needed a hard spanking like crazy. Thoughts drifted to being taken by the hand, led to his office, a few words of disappointment said. Then after he'd ask her to unfasten his belt. She could almost hear the way the leather slipped through his belt loops, smell the rich substance as he took the belt from her hand. She pressed her hand over her mouth, envisioning the way he

pushed her over the desk, telling her to grab the edge. "Whew." Sadly, he wasn't here, and she doubted he'd ever dole out any method of real punishment, not like she so desperately needed.

However, his words had been interesting. Could he consider the concept? What was she thinking? Not going to happen in her lifetime. He was no doubt vanilla through and through.

Undaunted, she grabbed the nipple clamps and very carefully placed first one then the other tight vice around her sensitive buds. When she let go she had to bite back a scream. "Fuck!" Instantly, a wash of pain swept through her body, directly into her pussy. The chain between them dangled, bouncing against her upper stomach and she resisted tugging just yet. Lordy, it had been awhile since she'd worn the tight clamps. "My God. Shit." Her legs trembled as she blinked furiously, trying to get used to the pain.

She sat down slowly and hit play and for a few seconds watched the scene on the screen unfold. Even the sounds of the woman screaming in pain were enticing. She envisioned herself being tied down, whipped then fucked hard by her Master. There was no other man she wanted to share this side of her need with other than Devon.

Placing both feet on the edge of her desk, she opened her legs wide and grabbed the vibrator, flipping the switch on high. For a few minutes she studied the whirling toy, imagining what all her stodgy co-workers would think if they could see her now. She pulled on the chain and groaned as pain jutted up her legs.

As she watched the woman being flogged before being led to an odd-looking bench, she swirled the tip of the toy around her clit. Instantly her legs began to shake. Easing forward into the chair, she narrowed her eyes as her pussy quivered, clenching with need. When she slipped the tip of the dildo into her cunt she tipped her head back and moaned. "Fuck."

Dear God, she was hot and wet and in need and... Panting, she moaned almost as loudly as the woman did on the screen. Shila twirled her hand as she thrust the delicious toy in and out. Masturbation certainly had benefits. Her muscles instantly gripped around the whirling invasion, pulling the stick deeper into her pussy. Licking her lips, she tugged the chain again, relishing in the near anguish as she pushed the toy in further. She closed her eyes and could envision his face, dear, very sexy Devon. Would he eat her raw, licking her while he tugged on the steel chain? She had a feeling he enjoyed serious bouts of pain with his pleasure. So, did she.

"Your punishment is going to be very harsh tonight," Devon said as he stood over her, his thick well-worn belt doubled over.

"I'm sorry, sir," she whispered then lowered her eyes.

"Lean over the couch. Let's make certain you understand my rules."

Crack!

Oh God! Yes! Writhing and wiggling, Shila moaned as she thrust the toy in and out, amazed at the way the hard nubs rubbed against her inner tissue, driving her wild. "Fuck, yes." Harder and faster she drove the toy as the woman was taken almost brutally in the ass, the man driving his thick cock with enough force the vixen was shoved hard into the bench like contraption. My God, she longed to be the woman.

"Yes, oh..." Her voice barely audible, she twisted and turned the toy as she continued thrusting and for several seconds she couldn't focus. In and out she plunged the delicious dildo, imagining Devon's

cock buried balls to the walls in her tight pussy. Pursing her now dry lips, she tingled all over and realized she wasn't going to be able to hold the orgasm back much longer.

Shila would give anything to kneel in front of him, take his thick cock into her mouth. She'd please him in any way, bending over and taking his dick deep into her ass. Yes, anything. Sweat trickled down from her neck to the swell of her breasts and she couldn't help but moan. Holding the chain with one hand, she pulled until her nipples were on fire and still she craved more pain, more control.

She drove in harder as faster, twisting the vibrator as the sound of the whirling toy filtered in the air around her. As the man's grunts and roars screamed across the internet lines as he exploded deep into the girl's ass, Shila came so violently she kicked over her wine. "Fuck!"

This had to stop. She was setting herself up for a huge disappointment. No man like Devon could ever want her.

Shila stood in front of the mirror in her office bathroom and wanted nothing more than to race to the toilet and hurl. All morning long she'd fretted over only some of the damn party, even going so far as to be fairly rude to the florist. Hell, the little man deserved her wrath after calling her a conniving bitch. She was simply not going to take his guff any longer. The order had been in for three weeks. Okay, so she'd changed everything at the last minute given certain allergies of some of the guests she had to contend with, but that didn't give him the right to act like an ass.

On top of everything, she'd been late. Only five minutes this time but she was certain everyone was taking notes, would eventually race to the boss, giving him status updates. What was wrong with her? Was she bucking to get fired?

"Sweet Jesus." Dropping her head, she closed her eyes. As she shifted back and forth on her feet, her bruised nipples scraped hard against the lacy confines of her bra and she had to bite back a moan. Dear God, she'd been wild the night before. The damn porn movies had kept her going for two hours. The thought gave her such a naughty girl grin.

Hearing laughter from several women entering the oversized bathroom, she tried to gather herself together and managed to snag her hose on the corner of the paper towel dispenser. Instantly a huge run in her pantyhose raced down her leg and she seemed to be watching in slow motion, growing more and more pissed off. Growling, she wanted to throw a tantrum. Of course, she'd selected this morning in particular not to have an extra package with her.

Dragging the ruined mess off her legs, Shila dug her nails in the woven mesh, ripping the entire leg to shreds. *Take that.* Snarling, she pitched them into the trash and knowing she was only wearing a sexy scarlet thong gave her a boost of confidence. She gazed down at her legs and the way her feet looked in the stilettos. At least her calves were shapely, her feet... Okay so her feet were huge, but still looked sexy in the shoes she'd gotten on deep discount. This would do. Her head held high, she walked out of the bathroom toward her desk, and wished she had a bottle of liquor nestled inside her bottom drawer.

The last of the morning couldn't have gone by any more slowly. How many times had she looked at her watch? Oh yeah. Too freaking many. At least it was also 'D' day or whatever the term was. When she noticed the caterer had arrived with the lunch, she casually ushered the sweet woman, who was owner of the well-established firm, into his empty office. "Right here will do, Marsha. Thank you so much for dropping everything by. I really appreciate you doing this on last minute notice."

"Not a problem. Right now, this event is very important for both of us." She darted a knowing look in Shila's direction. "I took the liberty of adding some strawberries and whipped cream. I hope you don't mind."

There was something almost adorable about the older woman's smile. They'd gotten to be friends very quickly over the month of planning the party. Somehow Marsha had learned way too much about her. "This isn't a date, dear friend."

"Darling girl, you can't miss any opportunity. Take it from a woman who has gone through six husbands."

"I didn't know that. I'm so sorry."

"Don't be, dearie. They all died with a smile on their faces, if you know what I mean. Somehow, I honestly suspect my boyfriend might just do the same, even though he's much younger than I am. I think we have everything for you and I hope you enjoy."

Her mouth dropping open, Shila shook her head. If Marsha could find true happiness several times, why couldn't she just once? "Thank you very much." Closing the door behind her, she turned and scanned the food and the table. Somehow stuffy just wasn't going to do right now. Nope, this called for something spectacular. Yes, it did. Now, she was grateful she'd brought a few snazzy things of her own to make the luncheon something she hoped Devon wouldn't forget. Giggling, she brushed the tip of her finger back and forth across her lips. Yes. She knew exactly how to make the entire scene much more festive.

A scattered red tablecloth, two tall crystal wine glasses, a candle strategically placed in the middle of the table and now it was time for the food. Everything had an air of pure seduction, passion oozing. "Mmm..." Some of the items were considered aphrodisiacs, weren't they? Now she groaned. Who did she think she was kidding? Devon wasn't going to sweep her off her feet any time soon, if ever. Still, she could give him something to think about at least.

Placing the food out on the table, she was amazed at the spread. From caviar to beignets and smoked salmon to chocolate cream, there was something for every appetite. Shuddering, she knew the only things she wanted but she had to remind herself this was all about business. However, she could look sexy, couldn't she?

Jerking off her rather ugly and shapeless jacket, she smoothed down her body hugging and slenderizing flaming red dress. Of course, her thong panties had been carefully selected to match her lace bra and the snazzy outfit that had cost her a pretty penny. The treat was an unusual purchase for her, but she was damn glad she was taking the chance. With seconds to spare before his arrival, she surveyed the room and smiled. "Nice going, girl."

She finished up with the last of the preparations precisely at noon and just before she opened the bottle of wine she flipped on Devon's CD player, selecting a jazz station. The soothing and yet vibrant selection was perfect for the rather sinful mood. "Excellent." Everything in place, she poured two glasses of cabernet and then walked toward the window to wait for his arrival as patiently as she could. Shivering to her toes, she knew from the wafting of her pussy juice, already moistening her tiny panties, she was going to have a tough time today not stripping in front of him. Wiping the beads of perspiration from the back of her neck, she exhaled slowly. Time to be a good girl. And so, she waited.

And waited.

And waited some more.

Finally stealing a look at her watch, she groaned. Devon was twenty minutes late and that certainly wasn't like him. Maybe something happened. Stalking back toward the table, she grabbed a sip then a gulp of wine before heading for the office door, very quietly opening and peering darting her head out. "Whew." The entire place had cleared out. Maybe a walk to make sure he wasn't in the conference room on some damning phone call was in order. She moved down the hallway, checking office after office. No Devon. The place was empty as could be. Empty. Had he used her, lied to her? Anger raced through every pore in her body.

"Damn it! Shit! Fuck!" After walking the entire office she cussed up a blue streak and then realized he had to have been called away. At least she'd have a nice lunch. *All by herself*. Wasn't this just her usual blasted luck?

Her head down, Shila walked back toward his office and noticed the door was closed. Had she closed the door? Shit, the damn cleaning staff must have gotten a head start on their weekend as well. The closer she came the more she realized the music had also changed. Great and the staff had discovered a feast and now they were partying. "What the fuck is going on?"

Wrapping her hand around the handle of the door, she flung it open with enough force the door slammed against the doorstop, the hard thud reverberating. Her eyes opening wide, she slapped her hand over her mouth. Devon sat at the head of the table, wearing a skin-tight ebony tee shirt hugging his carved chest like a glove. She wasn't certain she'd ever seen him out of a suit and tie so this was a rare treat. "Mr. Thompson, sir." There was something almost ominous about the solemn look on his face, as if he'd been expecting someone else.

"Sir Devon will do. Come in, Shila and please close and lock the door."

Stunned from the way he was looking at her, she shivered all over from the sound of his husky voice alone. His eyes were so penetrating she could barely react. But she did, closing and locking the door as ordered.

"Good girl. Now come stand by me. I need to see you. I can also tell we need to discuss your lack of patience. Don't we?"

Her eyes opened wide, she could only nod as she closed the door behind her. Holy cow he'd heard her hateful exclamations. "Yes, sir."

"Why don't we start with your outburst. Do you think that's acceptable behavior?"

The man was serious. There was only one thing she could do.

Obey.

Devon beckoned for her and he was in awe of the beautiful woman standing in front of him. The dress accentuated every curve, her long legs and gorgeous long hair. And she had no idea how beautiful she truly was. He'd contemplated calling off lunch but was determined to live life on the edge. First things first. Laying down the ground rules. "I asked you to come here. Do I need to explain the hierarchy of authority?"

"No, sir. I'm very adept at sizing up the parameters," Shila said under her breath as she walked

closer.

"Yes, you're very intelligent and quite willful I see. Time to do something about that." He studied the way she was processing the change, his dominant mannerisms.

"Yes, sir."

"You mentioned discipline the other day. I agree with you. I believe it's time to create a clear set of rules and various methods of punishment if those regulations aren't followed to the letter. Would you agree?"

Shila blinked several times. "Are you serious?"

"Very much so. Let's take you for example. You are an excellent employee and very organized. But..." he allowed the words to linger.

"I can't seem to tell time."

"Correct. I've had several other employees complain about your tardiness. You realize that taking my time answering those kinds of questions cuts into productivity." Devon could just see her lower lip quivering.

"Yes, sir. I apologize. I've never been good with time." Shila swallowed hard.

"I see. Well, that's something we need to discuss."

She wrinkled her nose before nodding.

"I'm sorry?"

"Yes, sir. You're right as always, sir."

"Excellent. I've been thinking about this for quite some time. Your thoughts on what we can do?" He held his breath, his heart racing. This was the moment when he'd know.

She locked eyes with his and clenched her fists, taking another step closer. "I agree with you. Bad behaviors can no longer be tolerated."

"I'm glad we can see eye to eye. Before we enjoy our lunch, we do need to have a discussion about your tardiness. What can I do to help?"

"Help?" The word was almost inaudible.

"Yes, I'm here to help you in every manner possible in order for you to succeed. That means the company will as well." Devon sat up in the seat, folding his hands together. "What is the incentive you need?"

"Discipline," Shila blurted out the word.

"You're certain?"

"Absolutely, sir. I thrive on intense discipline."

He studied her expression before answering. "All right then. I agree with your choice. I think a good

over the knee spanking will help. Don't you?"

Her eyes opening wide, she dragged the tip of her tongue across her lips before nodding, her hands clenching and unclenching.

"Shila. I need you to ask for what you need." His throat was tight, every muscle tense.

She hesitated, a long and strangled breath an exaggerated sound. "I need a hard spanking, please, sir. I'm tardy almost every day, which is unacceptable."

Devon smiled and leaned back, patting his lap. "Then a hard spanking it is. Come."

Shuffling her feet, she advanced and seemed much more like a little girl than an employee. Her body remained rigid when he guided her over his lap.

"Now, keep in position, palms on the floor, or we will need to start again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Devon pushed up his sleeves and realized, he was biding his time. This was unexpected but absolutely everything he craved. "Good. We'll start with thirty."

Crack! Pop!

"Oh!" The word was more of a yelp and she jerked up.

He rubbed the small of her back then tugged her dress up and over her waist. The sight of her thong, the single string pressed between her ass cheeks was powerful, hardening his dick. "We're going to start again."

"I'm sorry, sir."

Smack! Crack!

"That's better," he whispered when she didn't move. "Count them off for me."

"Yes, sir."

Smack! Crack!

"Three and four, sir."

Whap! Pop!

"Five and six, sir!" Her body wiggled, a moan escaping from her throat.

"You're doing very well."

Crack! Pop!

"Seven and eight, sir."

As the spanking continued he fell into a zone, a moment of pure ecstasy, his dick pressing hard against his pants. She'd awakened the man inside, the hungry Dom longing to find the perfect submissive.

Whap! Crack!

"Twenty-four and twenty-five, sir." She was shaking, whimpering.

"Five more and we're finished for now."

Smack! Crack!

The moment he issued the last spank, he shuddered. Seeing her reddened ass, the way her body was trembling was a complete turn on. "Excellent. I think you'll remember not to be tardy from now on."

"Yes, sir. I mean no, sir. I mean..."

He eased her to her feet and tugged on her dress. "Go ahead and freshen up. Then we'll continue with our lunch."

"Yes, thank you, sir." Shila brushed both hands through her hair and took a step back, her eyes darting back and forth. Turning sharply, she headed for the door, stopping briefly.

He could see the firm grip on the door handle and wanted to reach out, to pull her into his arms, but not yet. He wanted her to have time to reflect. "Is there something else?"

She tipped her head, her eyes glistening. "Thank you, sir. You know me better than anyone."

Devon rubbed his hands and sagged in the chair. What in the hell was he doing? As he lowered his head, he realized this was exactly everything he'd ever wanted.

Everything.

Chapter Three

Shila managed to find her way into the bathroom. The garish light highlighted the worry lines on her face, but also something else. An intense shimmer. She was glowing, basking from being spanked like a bad girl.

Pressing the back of her hand across her mouth, she turned and staggered then burst into laughter. The man had a way about him. Commanding yet gentle. She was forced to grip the counter then lifted her dress, admiring his work. The spanking by no means was harsh, but just enough she continued to tingle all over.

And she wanted more. Much more.

The realization setting in, she exhaled and studied her reflection. She looked happy. How was that possible? Was this the beginning of something more amazing or just a true moment of discipline? Would he do such a thing to an employee? There was only one way of finding out.

She yanked a paper towel and wiped away the beads of perspiration then ran her hands down the front of her dress. "Lookin' hot, girl." She giggled hearing the way the words echoed.

After garnering her courage, she walked down the hall, her head held high. What would the other employees think about the fact she'd been taken in hand by the boss? Oh, they'd have a few things to offer the man. There was no doubt. She rolled her eyes and stood in front of the door for a solid

minute before turning the handle.

The moment she walked inside, she could sense a change in the man, a different and more powerful aura. Where was he?

"Close the door," he commanded.

She obeyed and took a tentative step forward. "Sir?"

"Come here."

As she moved forward she realized her legs were shaking. Out of the corner of her eye she could see a few new additions to the decorations on the table. Stopping short, the sight of the flogger and handcuffs shocked the hell out of her. "Whoa."

"I said, come here. I don't want to have to ask you again."

There was something so authoritative about his voice she trembled, her breath barely a scattered series of pants. The closer she came the more she admired the man and the wetter she became. She hadn't really paid any attention to him before. Lordy, wearing what she could easily tell was skin tight jeans and cowboy boots, the outfit was so out of the norm that she pressed the back of her hand across her mouth to keep from moaning. Closing the distance, she stood within six inches of him and couldn't help but notice the thick bulge in his crotch. *Wow*. He was turned on. Giddy, she attempted to control her shakes.

"Much better. You did very well with your punishment," he stated, his eyes remaining unblinking.

"Thank you, sir." She forced herself to stop fidgeting. The silence was killing her. What did he have on his mind?

"That being said. I think you want more. I wanted to talk to you about your needs."

"My needs?"

"Yes." Reaching out, Devon brushed the tips of his fingers down her arm. "Answer me something honestly. I'll know if you don't, Shila. Trust me."

Nodding, she realized even the tone of his voice had changed. All she could think of was dark and dangerous, drawing her into his web. She was as turned on as she'd ever been.

"Do you crave a man in control, dominating you not only in bed but in your life?"

While the question caught her off guard, she found herself nodding immediately. "Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Hmm... I've just always known that's what I crave, and most men can't handle my needs, my desires. Most men can't handle me period." Her frankness surprised the hell out of her. She'd never allowed the secret out, not to her family or best friends. Everyone saw her as a controlling woman, one who craved taking charge. She was anything but.

"I'm not most men." Slowly rising to his feet, he took both of her hands into his, pressing a series of kisses across her knuckles. "Surely you have to know that by now. I am one who has certain requirements, however. My needs are invasive and overwhelming for most women."

"Yes, sir. God, yes, sir, but I'm not most women," she countered and could tell he was intrigued. Her lower lip trembling, she wasn't certain what to make of what was happening but damn, she was hot all over. Wet. Yes, she was wet and horny and...

"Excellent. Then we understand each other. In case you haven't figured this out, I'm very interested in getting to know you, all of you. The discipline is one aspect and yes, I do believe you need a very firm hand at all times, but I can see so much more in your eyes, an intense and dark desire. That's the woman I want to get to know very well."

"You do, sir?"

Leaning over, he growled. "Yesss." Capturing her lips, he cupped both sides of her face, holding her still as his tongue explored the dark recesses of her mouth. Tilting her head back, their tongues entwined, and he eased a hand down her back, his fingers caressing her tender flesh.

There wasn't a part of her body that wasn't tingling from his touch. Her heart racing, she moaned into the kiss and tentatively eased her hand to his waist, her nails instantly clawing the tight material of his shirt. She could detect his needs, a letting go of the man inside. His wife had no idea what she'd lost. She was drifting in the rapture, her heart racing, her pulse skyrocketing. The moment of passion was unlike anything she'd ever experienced.

Seconds later he broke the kiss and nipped her lower lip, pulling the tender flesh into his mouth and sucking as he brushed his hand up and down her back, finally cupping and squeezing her ass.

Blinking furiously, Shila could barely breathe or even think straight. What was this man doing to her? Everything she'd ever desired. For the first time in her life she wanted to be completely uninhibited. She could do this. She wanted every aspect, to become the woman who'd been hiding behind a feathered mask.

Devon held her tightly, every move commanding. "You are very sensual, beautiful. Do you know that?"

"I... Not really, sir."

"You've been with such fools."

An incredible realization hit her, and a moment of peace enveloped her. Allowing herself to let go, she whimpered softly as he continued his sensuous actions, stroking her as if he owned her. When he pulled back completely she almost reached out and jerked him back. She could tell by the commanding look on his face that he had something nefarious on his mind.

"Now, I have a proposition for you and this is entirely your choice. Would you like to hear what I have in mind?" His eyes glistening with lust, he took a step backward then grabbed a glass of wine, taking a sip, his eyes never leaving her.

"Yes, sir. I'd like that." *Whew.* She was swaying back and forth. Everything about the day was so unexpected. With every move, she could feel the slight pain in her ass.

"Drink your wine and listen to what I'm offering." Handing her a glass he inhaled deeply then growled, the husky sound filling the dense space.

Every part of her body shaking from head to toe, she tried to concentrate on him as she took a sip of wine, but for the life of her she was undressing him with her eyes, imaging him flogging her. She

was tingling all over, her pussy clenching. Could he tell? Darting her eyes toward the method of discipline, she took another gulp to keep from whining.

"I'm a Dom. I'm not certain you realized that. One of the reasons my wife and I broke up was that she certainly wasn't the kind of woman who could handle the lifestyle. She was very vanilla. She was..." He chuckled.

"You need more," she whispered.

"Very much so. Recently, I've come to terms with the fact I can't hide any longer. I crave the darker side of sex and refuse to push away my requirements. I need a woman who understands what I want, what I crave. I hunger for a woman who can completely submit to me. I sense you're that woman, but I need to know the truth from you. If you aren't then we simply have a wonderful lunch together and remain good friends. If you say yes, then we explore something a bit kinky together with the understanding this is just the beginning of our journey."

Shila blinked several times, trying to comprehend what he was offering. This was too good to be true.

"So, what will it be, dear Shila? Sharing a dirty little lunch today perhaps?"

Suddenly his offer clicked in, sizzling every cell in her body. Holy shit! Devon Thompson a Dom? She knew she'd died and gone to heaven. She also realized what he was asking. Could she? Was she ready? After years of exploring on the internet only as well as hungering, thinking and needing, she knew the answer. "Yes, sir. I have a lot to learn but I'd love for you to teach me."

Inhaling deeply, he nodded as he narrowed his eyes, his hunger growing. "Very well. I will teach you the joys of becoming a submissive. Today is all about sheer pleasure. I simply need to taste you. Fair enough?"

"Oh God, yes."

Devon raised his glass and toasted. "To something intense as well as passionate and maybe more."

As she sipped, then gulped almost the entire glass in an attempt to control her nerves, she shuddered deep inside before easing her glass down to the table. "May I please you, sir?"

"Mmm... Yes, I think I might enjoy that before lunch." Swigging back the rest of his wine, he set the glass down with a hard thud and slid the stem across the table. He eased down into the chair and spread his legs wide, beckoning her with a single finger. "Come, sweet Shila."

She certainly didn't need him to say anything else. Her desire to obey and to be owned flowed through every pore in her body. Very slowly she dropped to her knees, seeking his basic approval. When he smiled she felt vindicated. Crawling toward him, she had to remind herself this was really happening. Sliding her hands up the inside of his legs, she licked her lips in sweet anticipation of having his cock in her mouth.

"Do you enjoy sucking cock?"

"Yes, sir. Almost more than anything." Even the tone of his voice was enough to make her come without him even touching her. Shila rubbed the inside of his thighs then stroked all the way up the length of his groin, every move calculated as she stole a look at his face.

"Then suck me before I ravage that sexy body of yours."

Purring, she kept her eyes locked onto his as she unfastened and unzipped his pants. She couldn't help but think about all the other women in the office who would crucify her if they knew what was happening behind closed doors. The second she eased his dick out of its tight confines she gasped, her mouth watering. Her fantasies were coming true.

"I love that kind of reaction from a woman and I admit I haven't gotten anything so sensuous in so damn long."

"You've been with idiots. Sir." The words giving him a chuckle, she wrapped one hand around the base of his throbbing shaft, bringing the tip to her mouth. He was thick and hard, long and almost perfect. Darting her tongue out, she swirled the tip around his cockhead several times as she inhaled his musky aroma.

"I think you're right."

The man was letting go, allowing her into his world, and for a minute she simply wanted to sit and admire. No, her hunger was too great. Taking the tip of his dick into her mouth, she immediately sucked hard as she slid her other hand under his shaft, cupping and squeezing his balls.

"God, yes. I've craved your touch." Shifting forward in the seat, Devon gazed down at her, his eyes already glassy. "I can't wait to taste your sweet pussy."

His scintillating words fueling her actions, Shila took his shaft down an inch at a time, her fingers never leaving his balls. Up and down she went slowly, savoring the flavor as her tongue slid back and forth across his skin. There was nothing like the way a man throbbed in her mouth and the sounds of his subtle moans as she continued sucking.

Grunting, he brushed his fingers in her hair and simply held her head in place as he arched his back. "That's it. Suck me. Take my dick into your hot mouth."

Relaxing her throat, she took him down further until her lips were against his balls. She relaxed her throat, amazed she'd been able to take all of him. Her body was tingling all over and the way the thick muscle pulsed into her mouth drove her to the point she needed to taste his cream.

"God, yes!"

Drawing his cock all the way out, she licked down the sensitive underside until she was able to bury her face against his testicles. Taking first one ball then the other into her mouth, she sucked with just enough pressure his body shifted and then jerked forward.

"Fuck! You're damn good at this," he growled, his voice barely audible.

She sucked on his balls for several seconds until her hunger to have him in her mouth drove her to the point of madness. Licking back up, she wrapped her mouth around the tip and sucked as she squeezed his balls with one hand and pumped the base of his shaft with the other. As she continued her actions for several minutes, she could tell he was getting close to the point of coming.

Groaning, Devon tossed his head back and forth as he placed both hands on her shoulders. When he spoke, his voice was filled with a husk of pure lust. "There is nothing more that I want than to come in your mouth, but not today. I have to come inside your sweet pussy. Tomorrow I claim your tight ass."

Holy fuck the man was serious. As she eased back and gazed into his eyes, she brushed the tips of her fingers across her mouth and nose. The rich scent of him, tangy from an exotic cologne, was intoxicating. She could tell by the intense look on his face he was going to devour her. "Yes, sir."

He helped her to her feet and in a swift move yanked her dress off her body, pitching the unwanted material to the floor. "God, you're beautiful. Perfect."

For the first time in years she felt beautiful.

"Take off your bra and panties and sit on the edge of the table." His command straightforward, he eased back and grabbed the bottle of wine, filling both glasses.

Shila obeyed without question. When she was naked she had to fight not to cover her breasts and freshly shorn pussy. She'd never considered herself gorgeous, her voluptuous body not what the majority of men wanted, but there was something about the way he was looking at her that told her his thoughts. He was studying her curves, her rounded hips, his hunger creating an intense look of lust. Pushing the food to the side, she sat down on the edge of the table and spread her legs.

"I love that you're shaved. You need to be bald for me every time. If you aren't, you'll be punished. Do you understand?" He took a sip of wine and handed her a glass, his fingers lingering over hers.

"Yes, sir." Her hand shaking, she tentatively took a sip and handed him back the glass.

He nodded and lowered his head, brushing his lips across hers before placing their glasses down. Very slowly he walked around the side of the table and grabbed the pair of handcuffs. "Hold out your hands."

Opening her eyes wide, she realized no man had ever handcuffed her. There was a single moment of hesitation rushing through her mind. Could she trust him? What if he kept her cuffed, as his slave and nothing else? Why would she care? This man was her dream after all. Lowering her head out of respect she held out her hands in an offering, and they both knew the gesture had more to do than just this moment.

"Very good." Snapping the cuffs in place, he brushed his thumb across the seam of her mouth in a sensuous fashion. "You're such a gorgeous woman and one who needs strict discipline."

His words were chilling but so true. "Yes, sir."

Devon sniffed as he pushed her lips apart, slipping his thumb inside her mouth. "You're going to learn. Training will take time, but I know you'll do very well."

She sucked on his finger, savoring the delicious flavor, and could only blink her acknowledgment. He was looking inside her very soul, gathering information as he stroked her, cupping and kneading her breast. No man had been this way, unyielding in his needs and wants.

Removing his finger, he dragged the tip down the length of her neck before patting her leg. "I'm going to feast on your sweet pussy. Then I'm going to fuck you."

Nodding, she allowed him to push her down on the table and ease her legs up and out toward her chest. She'd never felt so damn exposed in her life. Shuddering, she panted and closed her eyes.

"Raise your arms over your head."

Obedying instantly, she allowed a single whimper to escape from her lips. When she felt his hands brush down from her neck to her chest and then cup and squeeze her breasts, she moaned. The second he pinched both nipples she whined in anguish. "Oh...yes..."

"I see you enjoy the pleasures of pain. Good. I'll teach you many things during our time together." He continued exploring her body, caressing her stomach then moving his hands down to her hips, stroking her flesh. Every touch was gentle yet practiced.

She heard the rattle of metal squeaking and stole a look as he dragged the chair closer and sat down, every action commanding in nature. Arching her back, she opened her legs as wide as they would go and then sighed as the tension eased from her body.

"I love how you offer yourself to me." Exhaling, he allowed his long hair to sweep across her stomach before lowering his head and darting a single lick around her clit. He repeated the move and blew hot air across her cunt. "So damn sweet. Just like I knew you would be. I'm going to eat you raw, but I don't want you to come unless I allow it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good girl." Dragging his tongue around her clit in a series of lazy circles he grunted, the sound carnal. Devon took two fingers, swirling the tips of both around her clit, before moving both up and down the length of her pussy.

Every action was enough to drive her into a heightened level of wetness and intense heat, the kind she'd never experienced before. "Oh." Issuing a single moan, she tossed her head back and forth, loving the way he made her feel.

"Yes. Perfect." Thrusting his tongue into her pussy, he lapped her cream as his fingers continued stroking and caressing. Now, using a combination of his fingers and tongue, he slid them both in and out, every move becoming more and more aggressive.

Writhing under his hold, Shila was amazed the way her body was reacting to him so quickly. She panted and struggled with the tight cuffs, loving every aspect of the cool metal digging into her wrists.

He continued his assault, plunging in and out of her, his grunts becoming feral, possessive. When he pulled back he allowed a long breath to cascade across her stomach. "You taste so damn hot."

"Oh God!" There was no doubt she was close to coming and longed to have him lick up every drop of her cream. Clenching her pussy muscles, she tried to stave back the climax, longing to obey.

Devon seemed to since she was close. His breath sounds ragged, he pushed his tongue all the way inside then wrapped his arms around her legs. Licking up and down the length several times, he eased away from her shaking body and growled before wiping his mouth. "Now, I'm going to fuck you." Placing both hands on her hips, in one move he pulled her down from the table and onto his cock, impaling her with the entire length of his shaft.

"Shit!" Her eyes opening wide, the force of his actions ripped the breath from her lungs.

Giving her a heated look, he tugged her shackled arms around his neck before crushing her mouth and sliding his hands down her sides to her waist and hips. Using a practiced rhythm, he began lifting his body from the chair, forcing her to ride his cock.

Her pulse racing, Shila fell into the kiss as she used the power of her leg muscles to follow his lead, moving up and down on his throbbing shaft. As her pussy muscles clamped around the thick invasion, she savored the way he was holding her, fucking her and never wanted the moment of sheer bliss to stop.

The sounds of their wild fucking floated above the soft strains of music and he held her tightly, refusing to let go of the kiss. His tongue pushed to the back of her mouth, exploring her essence and together they moved as one.

As she rode him, imagining long nights of passion, she literally melted, hoping for so much more. When he pulled them both to their feet she gasped, fearful he was going to let her go unfulfilled and in desperate need.

Instead, he nipped her chin before licking around to her earlobe, suckling the tender lower lobe. "I'm going to spank you again, the bad little girl that you are. That's just the beginning, a moment to help you understand certain behaviors won't be tolerated. Do you understand?"

My God, there was something so damn powerful about the way he said the words. She was a bad girl indeed. Her voice barely audible, she shifted and then groaned. "Yes, Master Devon. I do. Please spank me."

Chuckling, he licked across the seam of her mouth as he turned her slowly, pushing her over the edge of the table. Patting her ass, he raked his nails up the length of her spine as he inched around the table. "Be a good girl and take your punishment without flinching or I'll be forced to spread and tie your legs. Do you understand?"

"Yes... Yes, sir." Not that she would mind but Shila knew this was nothing more than a test of wills and her ability to obey him. She stretched out her arms and waited, closing her eyes. The feel of the leather ends of the flogger trickling down her back sent shivers deep into her cunt. A mixture of anticipation and utter excitement raced through her and she clenched her ass muscles as she endured several seconds of him teasing her.

Crack! Pop!

"Oh!" The first two strikes against her ass sent a moment of sheer anguish up and down her spine.

Whoosh! Crack! Slap!

Issuing another series of hard whips, he grunted and blew his hot breath across her back. He leaned over and eased the flat of his hand across her ass, his fingers massaging her lower back. "Very good. You're going to be delicious to train."

The next strike hit her upper thighs, the next her hipbones and an explosion of pain shifted into raw ecstasy. "Ooh..."

"You're doing very well."

Crack! Pop! Pop!

Pain and pleasure washed over her as he continued spanking her and in the next few minutes she fell into such a heightened state of rapture she could barely think straight. But dear God, she wanted more.

Leaning over, Devon licked all the way down her spine before tossing his head back and moaning.

Crack! Crack! Pop!

“Oh... oh oh...” Hearing the sound of him dropping the flogger, she clamped her fists shut and waited as patiently as a good girl could do. The second she felt his hard dick rubbing back and forth against her bruised ass, she moaned.

“Now, I get to have more of you, show you who you will belong to.” Pushing his cock back into her wetness, he began driving in and out of her in long plunges, the force thumping her hard into the edge of the table.

Shila tried to meet every thrust with one of her own, her heart racing and her mind reeling with so many possibilities. His cock filled her to the point every part of her pussy muscles constricted tightly. This was heaven.

“So damn tight. I love your sweet pussy,” Devon said as he continued plunging in and out, the sound of his balls slapping against her legs mixing with the music. “Come with me.”

“Yes, sir.” She smiled and squeezed her cunt muscles around his dick, and as she heard a catch in his voice, she knew he was going to explode deep inside of her. Tipping her head back, the moment she felt the rush of his hot cum spewing inside, she exhaled slowly. A climax roared up from the tips of her toes and as she closed her eyes, she tipped her head back. “Yes!”

“Shila!” His roar was nearly a scream as he gripped her hips and continued thrusting.

Grinning, she couldn't help but wish every woman in the office was working right outside the door.

Chapter Four

Devon had never been happier in his life. He'd seen Shila on several occasions and while the moment at the office had been delicious, he'd never considered another round of intimacy in the workplace. He was cautious and refused to allow anyone or anything to get in the way of his happiness.

As he eased off the interstate, he couldn't help but smile. Everything was coming together in his life; the business and he'd even spoken to his father on a few occasions. They would never be drinking buddies, but at least they weren't arguing any longer.

As he exited his Mercedes, he glanced up and down the street. There was no reason to be concerned, not really, but he wanted to protect what they shared, especially from Katy. She'd called him on two separate occasions, no doubt looking for a better deal. Well, the woman wasn't getting one.

Hearing his phone ringing, he winced. He'd been working long hours, the times spent with Shila on the fly, and tonight he deemed special. He was even planning on staying the night. As he yanked the phone from his pocket, he hissed before answering. The timing couldn't be any worse. “What do you want, Katy? We've been over this about a thousand times.”

“What do I want? Everything you have.” Katy's laughter pulsed through the phone.

"I'm sick of this. Do *not* call me ever again. Ever."

"I think you're going to want to hear what I have to say."

Hanging back, he leaned against the car and fought to keep his anger in check. "What. Is. It?"

"I know about the woman you're dating from the office. I understand you're not only sexually involved but disciplining her?" She remained quiet. "Tsk tsk."

"What?" Where in the hell had she gotten the information?

"So, it's true. I can always tell when you've been a bad boy."

Swallowing hard, Devon was shocked that he was shaking. "You have no right to interfere with my private life. None. We are no longer married. You don't have a hold on me."

"That's where you're wrong. I guess you didn't read your copy of the divorce papers very well. Did you?"

"What are you talking about?" He tried to figure out what she was getting at. There was nothing odd in the... His eyes flew open. The bitch had added a morality clause. While they could date, they couldn't be involved with anyone that might compromise the business. After all, the woman owned ten percent. Why in the hell hadn't he remembered this? This could be construed as harassment.

"Don't act so surprised, snookums. I was waiting for you to fall off the wagon. You couldn't keep your hands off the hired help. I figured that was coming." Katy was giddy.

"I never had an affair when we were married. Never. You, on the other hand..." Devon allowed the words to die off. There was no sense in dragging them both through the mud. "What do you want?"

"You have two choices. Break it off with the little hussy or pay me dearly. I will delight in ruining her as I take everything that matters to you. Everything. I'll give you forty-eight hours to finalize your decision. If you don't call me, I'll know your choice and my attorney will be happy to drop off the new paperwork. I think you'll know what to do."

This time, she ended the call and he had difficulty breathing. This couldn't be happening. What the hell had he done?

He waited a full five minutes before shoving aside the bullshit. Right now, he was going to enjoy the evening with a woman he cared about deeply. He adored Shila and wanted to share... Shit. He was falling in love. What in the hell was he going to do?

He'd talk to his attorney in the morning and find out if there was any recourse. Then he'd have to spend some time thinking. Whatever decision he made could change the rest of his life.

He grabbed his travel bag and headed into the building, his thoughts drifting to what method of discipline for the evening. Shila was a handful, young and brilliant but certainly a woman who thrived from a strong man. And from regular spankings.

Groaning, he waited for the elevator, tapping his fingers against the ugly paneling. He was such an idiot. *Let it go. Don't let her win.* His heart continued to pound against his chest and he was sweating, beads running down the back of his neck. He breathed out and counted to ten, feeling stronger. Shila deserved his full attention and he was going to give it to her. One hard spanking was

needed.

Yes, he had no doubt her neighbors knew that she was spanked on a regular basis, especially given their faces as he'd run into them in the hallway or elevator. However, they also seemed intrigued, as if longing to ask him questions. What could he say? That every woman deserved a spanking now and then?

Why, yes, they did. As he walked into the small space, he shifted the bag from one hand to the other and checked his watch. Traffic had been a bitch and he was running late given the blasphemous phone call. Hissing, he moved from foot to foot, growing impatient as the doors seemed to take forever to close. This had become very important for both of them, a checking and realigning of power. He wanted even more from their relationship, but he also enjoying taking his time getting to know her.

He'd texted her with regard to preparations and she never failed him. Shila was eager and longed to please, yet she remained her own woman, making certain she gave him her opinions on anything and everything. A grin crossed his face as the elevator binged, indicating her floor.

When he stepped off, he was glad to see the hallway was empty. Right now, he didn't need any additional confrontations. For various reasons, he hesitated before knocking. The light tap on the door was all he needed.

"Sir, you're late." Shila smiled and took a step back. "You know I had to remind you."

"Seems you're in a mischievous mood tonight. We will need to deal with that." He wrapped his arm around her, tugging her against the heat of his body. He wanted to share his concerns, but he'd purposely kept everything from her. She didn't need to worry about his bullshit.

"What's wrong?" she asked, pushing away and closing the door. Her eyes were full of concern.

"Nothing's wrong. Long day."

"And you're lying." She folded her arms and moved to within an inch of him.

Lifting a single eyebrow, he kept his tone authoritative. "You're calling your sir a liar?"

"Well, I..." Laughing, she shook her head and took his bag, holding it with both hands. "Everything is prepared exactly as you asked."

"Good girl." Tugging off his coat, he tossed it across the couch before gripping both shoulders. "You look beautiful as usual."

"And you're avoiding the subject. Would my sir like a drink?"

"Dear God, I'd love one."

Shila carried the bag with her into the kitchen, placing it on the floor next to the hardback chair that had been positioned in the middle of the room. She handed him a glass and took a step back.

"You're not having one?"

"After my spanking. Besides, I wanted to enjoy the view."

Devon breathed out, some of the tension easing. She always knew how to make every day more

enjoyable. After sipping the drink, he eyed the chair. "Spanking first. You're right. Remove your dress then turn around. I need to see all of you."

Shila slid the slender straps from her arms, allowing gravity to take the dress to the floor. When she stood in only a lace thong, she lowered her head in reverence then turned around, holding her arms out to the side, her feet wide apart.

He inched closer until he could rub the tip of his index finger down one arm and up the other. Even the feel of her skin was exhilarating, creating a flash of need so strong, he was left breathless. He slid his hand around her waist, cupping her breast and squeezing. "Mine. All mine."

"Yes, sir. I belong to you," she whispered and tilted back her head.

Pinching the nipple between his fingers, he savored the way she moaned. "Pleasure and pain. You require both."

"Oh, yes, sir."

After taking another sip, he eased the glass down onto the counter and decided to change his spanking method. He slipped his hand between her legs, fingering her wetness. Her panties were soaked. She was ready for him, her desire wafting between them. God, he loved her feminine scent. "Remove your panties."

"Mmm..." She slid her fingers under the thin elastic and tugged, swiveling her hips until her panties were on the floor. Kicking out of them, she trembled as he rubbed his fingers across her ass. "I love the way you touch me, sir."

"So soft. Amazing." He wiggled a single finger between her ass, finding her dark hole. "I think tonight I will fuck you in the ass."

"I'd love that, sir." Shila moaned as she arched her back.

"Lean over the table, grab the edge." The moment he said the words, she breathed out. He was so alive, his muscles tense but full of electricity.

Leaning over the table, she lifted her arms, grabbing onto the other side. The move pulled her feet off the floor. She placed her face on the table and remained still.

He crouched down and unzipped the bag, finding the paddle of choice. His heart continued to race, lightheaded as he rose to his feet and pulled her legs apart. Just the way she was so open, ready for the punishment was intoxicating, driving him into his very dark place. He rubbed the paddle all the way down her right leg then tapped on her ass. "Twenty with the paddle. Then we'll see."

"Yes, sir."

Crack! Pop!

"Oh!" Her head bobbed up as she panted and bit back the sound.

"Easy. Remain in position." His heart swelled as he saw the first marks, the redness. How was he going to get through this shit with Katy? Rubbing his brow, he shifted and took a deep breath.

Slap!

She jerked up but remained in position, her mouth open wide.

Smack! Pop!

Devon rubbed both ass cheeks, his cock swelling to the point of near anguish. He wanted her right now.

Crack! Pop!

“Oh... sir.”

Smack! Pop! Crack!

He continued, every strike handled with precision, but his vision became cloudy, his mind foggy and he was forced to take a gulp of his drink. “I care about you so much. I want you to know that.”

Shila twisted her head, her eyes remaining open. “I know that. I adore you and everything we share.”

“I know.”

Slap! Pop!

With every hard slap, every strike against her almost perfect skin, he fell deeper into a moment of desire, but not just for her body, for everything they shared.

Crack! Pop!

He dropped the paddle and fumbled to unbuckle his belt. The moment was cathartic, a shared intimacy that few people could understand. When the leather strap was free, he held the belt under his nose, inhaling the scent of the leather. This was her favorite method of punishment. “Ten with the belt.”

“Yes, sir.”

Folding over the end, he hesitated then took his position. For some reason, this was important to do, as if they both needed the release.

Smack! Crack!

“Oh, God!” Shila pushed up from the table then immediately regained her position, her breathing ragged.

He fell into a trance like state and the moment he realized how much he loved her, he knew what he had to do.

Smack! Crack!

She moaned, her legs shifting.

Pop! Crack!

When he was finished, he dropped the belt and gathered her into his arms, cupping and kneading her breasts. She was so special, so amazing and damn if he'd allow anything to happen to her. After

taking a step back, he unfastened his pants, yanking them off and sat down on the chair. "Come here."

She swiveled, her long hair flowing back and forth, and gave him a carnal smile. "Can I ride you, sir?"

"Oh, hell yes."

Straddling his legs, she hovered over his lap, leaning over and pressing her lips against his. "My sir." The words were a whisper.

"Never forget." Grabbing both of her hips, he yanked her down, impaling her pussy, filling her cunt. He shuddered as she wiggled, draping her arms over his shoulders. "You feel so damn good. Perfect. Ride me."

She undulated her body, shifting forward and backward as he dug his fingers into her skin. "I love the way you fill me."

He crushed her mouth, shoving his tongue past her lips. The taste of her was like no other and he entwined their tongues, the kiss becoming a passionate roar.

The chair squeaked as she used her strong thigh muscles to maintain control, riding him as the kiss continued. When she eased back, she gripped the chair and arched her back, shifting the angle.

Hissing, he held her as they continued, and moved her up until just the tip of his cock was inside. When he slammed her down, the sound of her bruised ass hitting his legs made him growl, the sound guttural. He repeated the move again. And again. He wanted nothing more than to explode inside of her. Instead, he needed all of her. Every inch. Rising from the chair, he tugged her arms and legs around him then eased her ass onto the table, pushing her back. "I want to eat you raw."

She lifted her arms, her smile one of carnal need and as he pulled the chair to the edge and sat down, she closed her eyes.

Lowering his head, he pressed his lips to her clit, sucking on the tender tissue. She was so wet, so hot and moaned the instant he began to suck. He held her legs, pushing them out wide and open for him as he licked, dragging his tongue up and down.

"Oh... I..." She moaned as she wiggled.

"Pinch your tits for me. Twist them." His command was dark, full of intense hunger.

She slid her hands down to her chest, cupping her breasts before taking both nipples between her fingers. Panting, she plucked then twisted, her face full of angst as pain coursed through her.

Devon slipped two then three fingers inside her pussy, pulsing in and out as he licked up and down the length of her cunt. He wanted nothing more than to suck up every drop. Her cries of agony fueled the beast inside and he continued licking, three fingers becoming four until he knew she couldn't hold back much longer.

"I... oh, I..." She wiggled, her legs shaking as she tossed her head back and forth.

He nipped her clit, pulling the tender flesh into his mouth as he continued pumping, the force pushing her hard against the table. He was grunting as he continued to lick, and suck then wiped his

mouth across her skin. "Come for me. Come!"

When he placed his mouth on her pussy lips, his tongue darting inside, she jerked up, her eyes flying open. "Yes!"

The moment she came, shooting hot cum into his mouth, he pressed his entire face into her cunt. This was damn close to nirvana. When she stopped shaking he pushed back the chair, struggling to rise to his feet. He yanked her off the table and turned her over, bending her at the waist and shoving his dick into her pussy, pumping several times. Within seconds his shaft was slick from her wetness.

Her arms flailed, the whimpers becoming ragged growls as he positioned the tip of his cock at her asshole. The moment he pushed his cockhead just inside, she pushed up and dropped her head.

"All mine." Devon drove the entire length of his cock into her asshole and tossed his head back, roaring. This was the only place he ever wanted to be.

"Yes!"

He pumped hard and fast, his groin slapping against her ass, the sound floating to the ceiling. No longer able to focus, he clenched his eyes shut and continued thrusting, every move harder than the one before until they were almost savage. Brutal. But this, he had to have. His chest heaving, he dug his nails into her hips as his balls filled with cum. There was no way he could hold back any longer.

As his cock filled and he exploded, he could hear Katy's ugly words, her warning and one she would make good on. Sadly, he had no choice.

He had to protect the woman he loved. He was never going to see Shila this way again.

Shila stood in the bathroom, fiddling with the latest gift from Devon. The last few weeks had been horrible, the kind that had changed her forever. And today? She wasn't certain if the man was insane or just relishing in the decisions he'd made. Difficult ones.

She heard the sound of the bathroom door opening and wanted to run away. When she saw Eva's face, she blew out a sigh of relief.

"Who did you expect, sunshine?" Eva laughed as she moved to the sink. "You look terrified. Don't worry, the nasty bitch is gone. Katy thought she won a tiny victory, but she has another thing coming." The tone was laced with evil.

"What do you mean?" She hadn't confided in her friend. What was she supposed to tell her? That her relationship with Devon had almost cost him everything he'd worked so hard to achieve? That he'd been forced to give Katy a new settlement package? Details she didn't know, but the gist, he'd been forced to tell her. Yeah, Eva could never understand.

Eva leaned closer. "Girl, I know just about everything. Just so you know, that bitch Maggie from accounting was the leak."

"What leak?" Shila turned to face her.

"Did you ever wonder how Katy knew about the dirty lunch you had with our glorious boss? Maggie

was paid very well by the old hag to spy on Devon. Sadly, the two of you had no idea that she remained at the office that day. The catered lunch? Caviar and handcuffs? She made certain various people know about the sordid event, one I think is delicious.”

Grimacing, she dropped her head. No wonder the employees treated her so badly. “I should have guessed something was up.”

“Well, not to worry. From what I hear, the new settlement that Katy finagled won’t stand up given her conniving act.”

“Are you serious?” Her heart fluttered from the news.

“Yep. You are one lucky girl. Your man was going to give up almost fifty percent of what he owned because of his love for you.”

Tears sprung to her eyes. “He never told me. I just...”

“Men are like that, honey. Just be thankful and enjoy your time together.” Eva winked and headed for the door. “By the way, nice collar, little Miss Submissive.”

Shila held back her laughter until her friend left. Then she yelped for joy before sucking in the sound and smoothing down her dress. Today was very special. When she walked out, she headed straight for his office.

The moment she opened the door, Devon grinned. “I’ve missed you, bad girl.”

She closed the door and exhaled.

“What’s wrong?”

“I heard what you did. I wish you would have told me, so I could have supported you.”

Narrowing his eyes, he moved from around his desk. “I’ve done a lot of things. What are you referring to?” He chuckled as he rubbed her arms.

“Katy. That you were going to give up so much. For me.”

He seemed taken aback then exhaled. “There was no choice. I adore you. I want us to be together. Truth is, you are my life.” He pressed his lips against hers and wrapped his arms around her.

The heat of his body was scintillating, and she fell into the kiss, so happy that she’d taken a chance.

Devon exhaled as he eased back. “You look beautiful, my delicious sub. No fidgeting,” he whispered into Shila’s ear as he glanced around his office. “Almost time to greet the staff.”

“Are you certain about this?”

“Without a shadow of a doubt.”

Pressing the chain around her neck, the gift was a mere reminder of what might come as they continued to explore their relationship. After two months, the choker like collar was the first indication of how far they’d come in their relationship. Tonight, was the first time they were going out in public in a manner the employees could see them. The festive party somehow seemed the right time. “Thank you, Sir Devon.”

"Such a special and yet, very willful sub. I love that about you." Kissing the top of her head, he took her hand into his and she pulled her into the heat of his chest. "You're pensive tonight. What are you thinking about?"

Grinning, she thought about the lunch and remembered his words. Giving him a naughty grin, she eased her hand over his crotch, stroking his thick bulge. "I was just thinking that we had a dirty little lunch that turned into something else entirely and I want more. I think I love caviar and cuffs, don't you?"

"My, my what I've turned you into." Shaking his head, he laughed and closed his office door. "I think it's time for your maintenance spanking. Don't you? The staff can wait."

"Yes, sir. I thought you'd never ask." As he turned her over his desk, yanking up her slinky dress and exposing her ass, she smiled. Hearing him unfastening his belt she shuddered and gripped the edge of his desk.

"Twenty now. When we get home it's something else entirely," Devon growled as he rubbed the leather strap across her ass.

"Yes sir!" This was the best night of her life.

Crack!

The End
