

I Know Who You Did Last Summer

Eve Vaughn

**All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2005 Eve Vaughn**

No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared by any electronic or mechanical means, including but not limited to printing, file sharing, and email, without prior written permission from Changeling Press LLC.

**ISBN (10) 1-59596-177-1
ISBN (13) 978-1-59596-177-8
Formats Available:
HTML, Adobe PDF,
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:
Changeling Press LLC
PO Box 1561
Shepherdstown, WV 25443-1561
www.ChangelingPress.com**

**Editor: *Carolyn Robinson*
Cover Artist: *Karen Fox***



This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Chapter One

I Know Who You Did Last Summer. If you want answers, meet me at the Steam Engine tonight at 8:00. I'll find you. Wear something sexy.

"I must be crazy," Patricia Guevara muttered to herself as the large, leather-clad bouncer stepped aside to let her into the club. When she'd read that note earlier in the day, her first inclination was to toss it in the garbage can like the others, but something held her back.

Her curiosity got the better of her. She needed to know who'd left the notes on her desk and what they wanted from her. Patricia had asked Maven who'd been in her office, but her secretary had no idea.

On her drive home she debated whether to go to the club or wing it and see what would happen next if she didn't. It wasn't until nearly seven o'clock that she decided to give in and go to the Steam Engine.

It dawned on her that somehow this person had indeed found out her secret. Why else would he or she want to meet her here of all places? The Steam Engine was a known fetish club in the city. There was only one other time she'd been here... last summer.

Now here she was in a tight black dress, make-up expertly done, and her five-inch stilettos giving her usually five foot two inch body extra height. She always felt more confident when she knew she looked good. She pulled her compact from her purse, looking into it briefly. A cap of shoulder length auburn hair set off her dark honey complexion, making her green eyes look more vivid than normal. Pleased with her appearance, she replaced the mirror. Patricia tried to convince herself that her made-up look wasn't for the benefit of the mystery writer.

She needed all the confidence she could get now.

The club was dark and smoky. If she remembered correctly there was a bar on the far end of the club. All she needed was to make it through the pressing crowd and find a seat, so she could scope out the scene for anyone she might know.

As she pushed her way through the throng of people, she noticed many of the leather and latex-clad club-goers. Some men and women walked around bare-chested, while some people were led around on leashes.

Patricia passed a room, and stopped when she heard loud moaning. It was the demonstration room. She turned to look inside and stood transfixed at the scene before her. A tall striking blonde was strapped against a wall. She wore a tight red leather half corset that bared her large berry-tipped breasts, adorned with nipple clamps connected by a silver chain. Black fishnet stockings and high heel platforms encased her legs and feet. She wore no panties. The blonde's wrists were tightly secured, but her legs were unrestrained.

A cute brunette rested on her knees next to the blonde, wearing only a spiked collar and a pair of lacy thong panties. A tall bald man wearing a pair of black leather pants, combat boots and spiked bracelets held a cat-o'-nine-tails whip in his hand.

Patricia couldn't hear what was going on but it looked as though he was instructing the brunette to do something. The obedient woman immediately stood up and began to massage the blonde's breast. The bound woman's face lit up with obvious pleasure.

Baldy leaned over and whispered something in the blonde's ear. She nodded. He let the tips of his whip caress her peaches and cream skin. The brunette began to place kisses over the flesh she'd just caressed.

Patricia could feel herself grow damp at the homoerotic scene she witnessed before her. Other women had never particularly turned her on, but she was comfortable enough in her sexuality to appreciate what was going on. The sensual movements of the Master and the brunette running their hands over the blonde's body made Patricia wonder what it would be like if she were bound, on display for all to see. Helpless to do anything except feel and enjoy the burning within.

She licked her suddenly dry lips. Her fists clenched and unclenched at her side, itching to relieve the ache between her thighs. She pressed her thighs tightly together. God, she was hot.

What she really needed was to get out of this club, go home and screw herself senseless with her dildo. The way she felt at this moment, she believed she could go all night.

Once again she resisted the urge to touch herself. Patricia did not consider herself an exhibitionist, but at the Steam Engine anything went. There were people fucking in the corners of the club, half naked people and people fulfilling just about any fetish known to man. If she felt like playing with herself in plain view of any passerby, no one would bat an eye. But still, she just couldn't bring herself to do it.

She needed to get out of there, and fast, or she might just do something she regretted. As she turned around, she slammed into a lean hard body. She looked up and gasped.

Patricia squeezed her eyes shut, not wanting to believe that Clint Donovan, dressed completely in black, was standing in front of her. She slowly opened her eyes, and sure enough there he was, a slight grin on his chiseled face.

Why did she have to be so attracted to him -- all six foot three delectable inches of him? Clint had to be one of the sexiest men she'd ever seen.

He was lean, but she bet underneath his clothes he was all sensual corded muscle. Clint had a pair of broad shoulders made for resting one's head on. His raven hair was free of the mousse and gel many men used to give themselves that preppy look. He had big hands with unmanicured fingernails. Clint was definitely not the metrosexual man of today. He was a man's man.

And what a man he was.

He couldn't be classified as handsome. Actually, his lips were a little too thin and his long nose had a hump at the top, as though it had been broken and didn't heal properly, and a scar that slashed at the corner of his mouth. These parts looked at individually made him quite unexceptional, but when put together, they worked.

Clint oozed sex appeal with each word he spoke and each step he took. Women in the office looked twice whenever he walked by. When he smiled, she knew he set many hearts fluttering. He made Patricia's heart pitter-patter a little as well.

"What... what are you... doing here?"

"You know why I'm here, babe."

She shook her head in vehement denial. "No. I don't."

"Oh yes you do. There's no need to pretend. You received my notes."

It had been Clint all along. What game was he playing? What did those cryptic messages mean?

"If you're trying to blackmail me, do your worst. I'm going home."

When she moved to go past him, Clint grabbed her arm and turned her back around to face him. His dark eyes glittered with a fierce emotion Patricia couldn't quite read. "I'm not trying to blackmail you. It's not my style."

"Then what do you want?"

A smile touched his sensuous lips. She had the sudden urge to trace them with the tip of her tongue. Patricia shook her head to erase the carnal thoughts from her mind. He was the enemy.

"Isn't it obvious what I want?"

She wrenched her arm out of his grip. "I'm not in the mood to play games with you. Just tell me what you want and let me go on my way."

"I want you."

Her breath caught in her throat. "Me?" She stared at him in astonishment, not believing she'd heard him correctly.

"Yes, you. I've wanted you for a long time now." He took her hand in his and brought the palm to his mouth. His tongue licked the sensitive inner skin of her hand. She shivered, and broke out in a sweat. Did someone turn up the heat in this club? "Mmm, you're delicious. Just like I knew you would be."

He kissed her wrist before letting it go. "Let's get a table and I'll get us some drinks. If by the time we finish our drinks you still want to leave, then I'll let you and

we'll both pretend this meeting never happened; but if you like what I have to say... well... we'll go from there."

It sounded like a reasonable enough request.

"One drink."

"That's all we need."

He gently grasped her elbow and led her to some stairs. On the next level there was a bar surrounded by tables. "Have a seat and I'll get us something to drink." Clint turned around and walked to the bar, not bothering to see if she'd do as he asked.

Arrogant son-of-a-bitch.

Why did he have to be so damn sexy? He carried himself with an air of confidence that made people step out of his way. Her eyes trailed to his ass. His black jeans were so tight she could make out every line and curve of his lower body. Clint wore a tight black T-shirt that molded to his lean sinewy figure.

Patricia turned around to find a table and wait for him to come back. As she took a seat, a tall rail thin redhead, wearing a bright pink latex cat suit and a pair of seven-inch platform heels, walked over to her. "Are you alone?" The redhead looked her up and down as though Patricia were a side of beef.

"No."

"Where's your Master... or Mistress?"

Not that it was any of this Amazon's business, but Patricia answered, thinking it was probably safer not to make a scene. "I don't have one."

"Hmm, I think you have the makings of a fine sub. Mistress Toni, and you are?" Toni held out long well manicured fingers.

Patricia reluctantly took the hand offered to her. When she tried to pull it back, however, Mistress Toni held on firmly. "Uh, you can let go now."

"I don't think so. Actually, I think you should come home with me tonight."

"And I think you should let go of my damn hand before I ram my foot up your ass." Patricia stood up, and immediately regretted it. She was eye level with the Amazon's breasts.

Mistress Toni smiled indulgently. "Oh yes. You'll do."

Just as Patricia's hand flew up, it was caught in Clint's palm. "Temper, temper." He chuckled before turning to the redhead. "Back off, Toni, she's with me. When will you learn that you can't take someone by force? It has to be their choice."

Mistress Toni let go of Patricia's hand and turned toward Clint. In her heels she stood a couple inches taller than Clint. She used her height advantage to look down on him. "Fuck off. I don't take orders from you anymore."

"No, you were never good at taking orders, were you. You made a terrible sub, but you're an even worse Domme."

"I'm twice the Domme you'll ever be." Mistress Toni flung her flame red hair back with an angry toss.

Patricia looked at the red-faced woman, and then turned back to Clint's cool expressionless face. What the hell was going on here? It was obvious the two of them once had a thing together. Why did she feel a little envious? Clint was free to do whatever with whomever he wanted.

"If you think so, how about letting the lady decide for herself?" Clint turned to look at her, one dark eyebrow raised.

Mistress Toni placed her hands on her hips as though Patricia wouldn't even think of refusing her. "Uh, I think I'd rather just have my drink right now."

Clint smiled. "I think that means you should buzz off, Toni."

The redhead glared, fire flashing from her cerulean eyes. "Drop dead, Clint." She turned and stalked off.

"What the hell was that all about?" Patricia wanted to know.

"Oh, that was nobody important. Let's have a seat."

He picked up two drinks at the empty table next to theirs and handed her a glass with a fruity looking red liquid as they took their seats. "What's this?"

"It's called The Red Death."

"I only like certain drinks. It was rude of you not to ask me what I wanted."

"Next time, I'll be sure to ask your preference, although I have a feeling you'll like this. How about trying it first before you push it away?"

As she brought the drink to her lips, something occurred to her. "How do I know you didn't put a roofie in this drink?"

Clint didn't look amused at her comment. "Is that what you think of me? Do you really think I would resort to doing something like that to you? Number one, there are people walking around this club making sure nothing like that happens around here, and number two, it would be rather dumb of me to pull a stunt like that with you, considering we work together."

He had a point, but still the circumstances were a little dubious on how she'd come to be here in the first place. He was her business rival after all. She secretly suspected that he resented her position as assistant vice president in the advertising agency they both worked for. According to her co-worker Denise, Clint had been very scathing about her promotion. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to accuse you of trying to drug me, but what am I supposed to think after your mysterious little note to get me here? I wouldn't have come otherwise, you know."

"Nowhere in my notes did I make any threats. Yes, it was a little cloak and dagger but I wanted to get your attention." He relaxed, leaning back in his chair. When she hesitated again, he smiled at her. "Shall I taste it for you first to prove it's harmless?"

"No, that's okay." She took a sip of the red concoction. It wasn't that bad. Patricia took a bigger gulp. "Hmm, this is pretty good." As she was about to drink some more, he reached over and stilled her hand.

"Easy. That stuff packs a mean punch. It hits you before you know it. It makes Long Island Iced Teas seem like Lipton iced tea."

"What's in it?"

"A little of this and that." He shrugged.

Patricia's eyes narrowed. "Was it your intention to get me drunk?"

"No, but I did want to loosen you up a bit."

She slammed her half full glass on the table, tired of him toying with her. She wanted answers now. "Okay, what's the deal? Why did you send me those notes? What do you know about last summer?"

"Do you remember that little club in Dupont Circle? Hmm... what was the name of that place?"

Patricia definitely knew he was toying with her now. She had a feeling he knew the exact club. Last year, her cousin Jennifer had convinced Patricia to visit a club with her called Bound. Had she known from the start what kind of place it was, she might have stayed away. The leather clad clubbers terrified and fascinated her at first but it was a demonstration on stage that enthralled her.

* * *

Laid out on a black bench face down was a petite raven-haired beauty, naked except for a pair of stilettos. Her four limbs were tied securely to the four posts of the bench. A slender man in a chain mail top and dove gray leather pants stood over her with a feather in one hand, and a riding crop in the other.

The Dom slid the feather down the sub's spine, making the woman gasp. The expression of pure unadulterated delight that crossed her face captivated Patricia. The Dom then took the riding crop and with the flick of his wrist brought it down on the pale flesh of the sub's rounded bottom.

Patricia gasped. What the hell was going on? "How can he get away with that?" she muttered more to herself than anyone else.

"Relax, hon. That's Master Scott and his sub Nancy. They're regulars here. Nancy has been bad, and she's being punished. She really gets off on the exhibitionist aspect of it. They usually do a demonstration every other week."

"You sound as though you come here quite a bit." Patricia's eyes darted to her cousin for a moment, before she turned back to the stage. Now Master Scott was soothing the sub's reddened behind with the palm of his hand. The raven-haired beauty lay quivering beneath his touch.

"But why does she let him get away with it?"

"It's not something she's letting him get away with. It's something that she's allowing him to do to her because she trusts that he won't do anything to harm her."

"But isn't beating someone with a riding crop hurting them?"

"If done correctly, it's not as painful an experience as you think."

"I didn't know you were into this lifestyle." Patricia had looked at her usually quiet cousin with her unassuming looks.

"There's a lot you don't know about me. Now shut up and watch the show." Jennifer turned back to the stage.

Patricia watched the Dom insert the tip of the riding crop inside his sub's cunt. The woman cried out in obvious bliss, and Patricia began to wonder what it would be like to put herself into someone else's hands, trusting them enough to take control of her body and give her the utmost pleasure.

Patricia watched as the Dom removed the dew-drenched end of the riding crop and placed it against his sub's lips. The woman greedily ran her tongue over the whip before her Master slid it between her cherry red lips. She sucked on the riding crop as she would a cock.

She whimpered when her Master removed it from her mouth before leaning down and grabbing a fistful of her hair. His mouth covered his woman's lips, thrusting his tongue forward in an act of feral possession.

To Patricia's chagrin, she could feel her body growing hot. What was wrong with her? Why would she react this way to something that should have repulsed her?

Jennifer must have noticed the way she began to squirm. She turned to Patricia with a big grin on her face. "I knew you'd like this place."

"I do not!"

"Oh yes, you do. You can't take your eyes off them. I know you, cuz. If you didn't want to be here, you would've walked out the door already."

"I'm just sticking around because you drove."

"We can leave anytime you like." Jennifer smirked at her. It was as if she were daring her cousin to leave when they both knew Patricia wanted to stay.

Patricia glared at Jennifer before turning back to the stage. By the time the demonstration ended, Patricia's panties were so wet it felt as though she'd peed herself.

Even when she'd left the club, she couldn't get that scene out of her mind. It took her several weeks, but one day, she built up the courage to go back to Bound. That was when she'd met Master Scott. He wasn't much to look at with his long shaggy mane of blond hair and average height, build and looks, but he had the most amazing pair of gray eyes that could stop anyone dead in their tracks.

He'd been friendly and patient and was happy to explain to her what he enjoyed. Everything seemed fine at first.

They'd gone out for a few drinks and built a great rapport before taking the relationship further. One Friday afternoon, he'd called her at work.

"Tonight is the night. Come to my place at seven thirty sharp. I want you to wear a skirt no longer than mid thigh, a sleeveless T-shirt, four-inch heels and no underwear. If you don't wear exactly what I asked, there will be consequences." He hung up before she could respond.

Some of the items, like the heels and the shirt, Patricia had to run to the mall during lunch to purchase. For the rest of the day, all she could think of was what Master Scott would do to her. She was ready to put herself in his hands.

When seven thirty rolled around, she tapped on the front door of his house, her body trembling with anticipation.

He smiled at her when he opened the door. "You're on time. Good. Step inside."

She tentatively walked into his house, and wished she hadn't. Something wasn't right. The house reeked of weed. "I didn't know you smoked."

For a second Master Scott looked annoyed that she would even mention it. "Does it really matter? Pot is no big deal."

"I don't do drugs."

"Good for you. We're both adults here and it's not like I'm smoking crack or shooting smack."

"But --" She stopped herself. Perhaps she was being a stick in the mud.

Despite her reservations, she let him lead her to the bedroom.

“Take off your clothes,” he ordered when he closed the door behind him.

Just like that? No offering her a drink or trying to put her at ease. What happened to the considerate man she’d met in the club and had drinks with?

“Umm, I thought we were having dinner first.”

He pulled her against him roughly and brought his nose down to hers. “Who’s in charge here?”

Her jaw dropped. Perhaps this was a big mistake. “Look, I think maybe I should go. You don’t seem to be in the right frame of mind for this.”

His expression softened. “I apologize. I have a lot on my mind tonight.”

“Is it something you’d like to talk about?”

“There’s really nothing I can do about it right now, but I know something that will make me feel better.”

“What?”

“I want to see that delectable body of yours. Remember, this is something you wanted, too.” He kissed her neck and run his hands over her body. It had been so long since she’d been touched like that she gave in to Master Scott’s demand.

She slowly stripped for him as he silently watched, a gleam of lust in his eyes. Although she was turned on, she wasn’t as excited as she thought she’d be. The smell of weed in his house was overpowering and perhaps it was beginning to affect her brain just a little.

“I want you to lie on the bed, and put your hands above your head,” he ordered as she removed her last article of clothing.

Patricia paused before reluctantly complying. She’d come this far. There was no point in backing out now. Master Scott bent down and dug through his black bag of toys. He produced two pairs of handcuffs, which he used to secure each of her wrists to the posts of his bed.

He stood over her then, looking satisfied with what he saw. “Now I have you exactly where I want you.”

She licked her dry lips, thinking to herself that she had probably just made the biggest mistake in her life. "Stop!"

The Dom's forehead creased, showing his displeasure. "But we haven't even started."

"I made a mistake. This isn't what I want."

"Well, don't you think it's a little late for that? This is what you wanted and now you're going to get it."

"Uncuff me, you bastard."

"I'm in charge, not you, so don't you ever forget it." The menacing look he gave her sent a chill down her spine.

What the hell had she just gotten herself into? It crossed her mind that he could probably kill her right now and no one would hear her scream. "Let me up right now, you freak!"

He smirked. "You wanted this, so who's the freak? How does it feel to be cuffed to the bed naked, helpless to do anything? Does that turn you on?"

To be honest, submitting to someone, giving them the power she usually wielded at work had turned her on, but she didn't want it to be like this.

"You sick fuck. Let me go this instant. I want this to be over right now."

Master Scott bent down and dug through his bag of stuff. Patricia's eyes widened with fright when he produced a huge bullwhip. "I'll teach you who's in charge."

She closed her eyes tight bracing herself for the stinging of the whip, when her nightmare went from bad to worse. Someone started banging on the front door.

"Shit. Who the hell is that?" He looked peeved at being interrupted.

"This is the police. Come out with your hands up or we're coming in," someone with a megaphone called from outside.

What the hell had she just gotten into?

"Son of a bitch. I'm out of here." He fled to the window.

"Wait a minute, aren't you going to uncuff me first?"

"Not my problem." He shrugged, opening the window before climbing out.

That sorry motherfucker! She should have known better the minute she stepped into his house. To her complete and utter humiliation, the police stormed through the house. When they found her, naked and handcuffed to the bed, she wanted to die.

It took some explaining to them why she was there and by the time she finished telling her story, none of the officers were able to keep a straight face. They let her go, but not before she found out that Scott was a major drug dealer with his own marijuana hothouse in his back yard.

It was a learning experience, and she never stepped foot in Bound again. Patricia tried to put the episode from her mind, but she couldn't help but think of the 'what ifs.' What if Scott hadn't turned out to be such a douche bag? What if she'd met someone else instead of him? Would she be fully involved in the lifestyle to this day?

She didn't know, but the way Clint looked at her made her wonder.

Chapter Two

"You look deep in thought." Clint's voice brought her mind back to the present.

"I was just remembering the club," she said, feeling a little uneasy.

As though he read her mind he said, "You're probably wondering how I know about it."

"The thought did cross my mind. Look, Clint, I didn't come here to play games. Just tell me what you want so I can leave."

"Maybe when you hear what I have to say you won't want to leave." He took a sip from his glass.

"Well, are you going to tell me or do I have to guess?" She felt herself getting more annoyed by the minute.

"I used to visit Bound quite a bit. One night I noticed a beautiful woman with dark red hair and smooth golden skin. She looked a little vulnerable, like a lost little girl. She definitely didn't look as if she belonged there, but I could tell she wanted to belong. I could tell she was turned on by what was going on around her. I decided she was the one I wanted, so I bided my time -- watching and waiting for the right moment to approach her, but then I saw her with someone else. I cursed myself for taking so long. But now she's free and I'm not going to make the same mistake again."

She instinctively knew Clint spoke of her. He'd known about her all this time? "How... how come I never saw you at the club?"

"I had ways of making myself scarce."

"Why did you wait until now?"

"Isn't it obvious? The tension between us has been building to the point where if neither of us does something about it, we'll both explode. I could feel the way your

body trembled during the meeting today, and also see the way you look at me when you think no one is looking.”

“You’re a conceited bastard.”

“Will you deny it?” He raised a brow with a knowing gleam in his eyes. Damn him. How could he know all these things?

“You’ve been stalking me.”

“Never that.” When he chuckled, she felt like throwing her drink in his face, but stopped herself.

“Then how do you know all these things, and what’s up with the creepy note?”

“Did you really think it was creepy?”

“A little. I mean, what was I supposed to think? I thought I was being blackmailed.”

“I couldn’t think of any other way to get your attention. Besides, admit it -- if I had approached you at the office, what would you have told me?”

“I would probably have told you to go to hell.”

“Exactly, hence the secrecy. I want you to be my sub.” He couldn’t be more direct than that.

Patricia knew where this was going midway through the conversation, but actually hearing the words still shocked her. “And what makes you think I would agree to something like this? If you haven’t forgotten, I’m still your boss.”

“So what?”

“So, it wouldn’t work. Besides...”

“Besides what?”

“Well, I... I... maybe I’m not cut out for this lifestyle. I mean, I admit, it’s fascinating to watch, but I didn’t have a very good experience the first time.” She bit her lip to stop herself from revealing more. It was humiliating enough that he knew she used to frequent this type of club, but if he knew exactly what happened between her and Master Scott, he’d probably laugh at her.

“Are you ashamed because of what happened with your last Dom?”

She nodded her head, not trusting herself to speak.

“As I already said, I’d seen you with him and backed off. I figured you were a pain slut.”

“How dare you say that to me!”

“Relax. It wasn’t meant to be insulting.”

“Then what the hell was it meant as?”

“Master Scott is a known sadist. Most of his subs don’t last long because he goes too far even for them. He’s been banned from several clubs because of his... unique approach.”

“If you knew how sadistic he was, then why didn’t you warn me?”

“I didn’t really know you well enough to decide whether you would appreciate my interference or not.”

“I suppose you’d want me to call you Master.”

“I don’t need a title to know I’m in charge. Besides, I love the way my name rolls off those sexy lips of yours.”

She narrowed her eyes. “Just for giggles, let’s say I did agree to be your sub. How do I know you wouldn’t try to flog me to death?”

“It surprises me how very little you know about this lifestyle. First of all, did you and your first Dom have a contract?”

Contract? Patricia shook her head.

“Did you establish a safe word for him to stop when you wanted him to?”

“I didn’t realize I had that option. I thought all the power belonged to the Dom.”

“You know even less than I thought.” He shook his head, searching her face in obvious disbelief.

“Well, what’s there to know?”

Instead of answering, he held out his hand to her. “Dance with me.”

“I don’t feel like dancing.”

“Is it that you can’t dance?” The teasing tone of his deep voice gentled his words.

“I’m Puerto Rican, of course I can dance.”

“Okay, then show me what you got.”

Clint stood firm as though he knew she’d change her mind. The hypnotic intensity made her shiver. She couldn’t look away and before Patricia knew it, she placed her hand in his to be led to the dance floor.

She thought he would take her into his arms, but instead, Clint walked behind her before pulling her back against the hardness of his body. The club vibrated with the sound of loud industrial music. There was nothing sensual about it at all, but when Clint wrapped his arm around her waist, molding the front of his body against her curves, Patricia grew hot.

She could feel his stiff cock pressing against her bottom. His hand that had been on her waist lifted slightly until it was underneath her breasts. Patricia’s breath caught in her throat as Clint held her close as they moved their bodies not to the rhythm of the music -- but of their hearts.

It felt good to not think about the things at the office. Her job consumed most of her hours, and between her workload and ignoring the rumors about how she’d gained her position, Patricia was often drained when she stepped out of her office building. Somehow dancing with Clint felt right.

When he bent his head to nip her ear with his teeth, she thought she would lose it. “Please, you mustn’t,” she protested weakly.

“How can you deny what we both want? Don’t you think I’ve been watching you -- watching me? The hungry little looks you dart my way with those sea green eyes of yours when you think no one is looking. I’ve noticed. For over a year, I’ve dreamed about holding you like this, wanting to fulfill your every fantasy. I know what it’s like to want something, but feeling too scared to ask for it. Isn’t that how you felt?”

All she could do was nod her head in agreement. It seemed as though someone had just turned up the heat in the club. Clint’s hand inched up further. He cupped her breast in his large palm, giving it a little squeeze.

“I’m scared,” she whispered, wanting so desperately to give into her deepest fantasies, but scared of being burned again.

"You don't have to be frightened with me. I would never do anything you didn't want to. Did you know that as a sub, you call the shots, not the other way around?"

"How is that possible?"

"You tell me how far I can go, and you can tell me to stop anytime you want, although I will make damn sure you won't want to." He lifted her hair off her neck and kissed her exposed skin.

Patricia's body began to shake with reaction to the sensual exploration of his hand. Clint dropped her hair, then ran his fingers across her lips. "Open your mouth, baby."

She didn't think to refuse him. Her lips parted, allowing him to slide his index finger into her mouth. "That's it. Suck me. Suck my finger like it's my cock," he whispered against her ear.

Her knees felt weak. If anyone would have told her she'd be here in the middle of a fetish club, letting Clint Donovan of all people take such liberties with her, she would have told them they were nuts. Maybe she was the one who was nuts, but at this moment, Patricia couldn't think of anything other than the hot flame of burning lust coursing through her very core.

Clint rubbed his cock against her bottom, which only made her suck harder on his finger. "Do you feel what you do to me? I've imagined this for so long. I always knew you were a passionate woman, but you hide it behind your ice princess act."

At the mention of the words ice princess, she stiffened. How could she forget that Clint was the one who was probably behind the rumors in the first place? She twisted her head away from his finger. "No. This isn't right. Let me go."

His grip tightened. "Do you think I can just let you walk away from me, when I know how much you want this too? You may be willing to cut your nose off to spite your face, but I'm not."

Clint let go of her only to turn her around to face him. The determined gleam in his eyes told her there would be no arguing.

"Why do you want me so badly, if you have such a low opinion of me?"

This time he looked confused. "What are you talking about?"

"I think you know. You started all those rumors around the office about me."

"I don't have time to listen to office gossip. What rumors are you talking about?"

He looked so sincere she almost believed him, but then she remembered how pissed he'd been when she was promoted over him. "Don't play dumb with me. Since I got the assistant vice president position over you, I know you've been more than happy to tell people how I slept my way up to the top."

"You're nuts if you think I would stoop to something so low."

"Are you denying that you weren't upset?"

"Of course I was upset. I work damned hard and I still believe I deserve that position, but it doesn't mean you don't either. I was never mad at you. Perhaps if you didn't pull your weight around the office, I would be angry with you, but I never was."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"I have no reason to lie."

Could she have been wrong all this time? Clint didn't seem like the type of person to lie just to cover his ass. "I think you have every reason to lie, but I know you're not," she conceded.

Clint looked away from her and she was unable to read the expression on his face. The taut muscles of his jaw clenched and unclenched and she could tell he was in deep thought.

But he turned to her then, an amused expression on his face. "Thank you. Look, let's forget about this, okay? Right now it's just you and me, and there's something I've been dying to do."

"What?"

"Let me taste you."

Before she could respond, he pulled her closer, lifting her up against him so that his cock fit against the junction of her thighs. Patricia's lips parted instinctively as he brought his head down to hers.

Instead of kissing her as she anticipated, Clint lowered his head just enough to trace her lips with his tongue as though he were memorizing every contour of her mouth. He lifted his head with a smile on his face. "Mmm, you're just as delicious as I thought you'd be, but I want to taste more."

Clint's mouth closed over hers, kissing her with a wild ferocity that took her breath away. Patricia literally felt like she was melting. Her nipples tightened and her panties grew damp with the sudden need to be ravished by this man.

She threw her arms around him, pressing against the hard wall of his chest. Clint ground his cock against her. He grabbed her ass, squeezing and kneading her cheeks until she was delirious with pleasure. His tongue thrust into her mouth, tasting and exploring her as though he couldn't get enough of the taste of her.

She found his flavor highly arousing. Patricia could taste the bitter sweetness of the alcohol, mixed with mint and something else she couldn't quite put her finger on, but she liked it.

She liked it a lot.

Her fingers threaded through the silky dark cap of his hair as she reveled in the wondrous sensation of his kiss. Patricia tore her mouth from his to catch her breath.

Clint looked pleased. "You have no idea how much I've dreamed of doing that. I want to be your lover, baby."

"You'll try to crush me," she whispered, wanting to give in, but feeling a twinge of fear.

"I would never try to crush the spirit I've come to admire greatly. Let me show you how good it can be between us. Say yes, baby."

"Yes." How could she say anything else when he looked at her that way?

"Shall we have a seat and discuss our terms?"

"Terms?"

"We can go over what we expect from the relationship and our conduct in and out of bed."

"You promise I could stop anytime I want?"

“My word is my bond. Don’t look so worried. I’ll make this very good for you. I promise.”

Chapter Three

Every single hair on her arm seemed to be standing at attention as she sat by the phone waiting for her Master's instruction.

Her Master.

Patricia shivered as she thought about it. After Clint sat down, they discussed their terms of agreement. "I absolutely won't tolerate any weird stuff," she said to him, once they started their negotiations.

He raised a thick dark brow with an amused expression on his face. "Define 'weird stuff'."

"I don't mind being tied up, but you're not allowed to piss or shit on me."

"I can understand why you'd feel that way. It's not really my thing either to tell the truth. Are there any other absolute no-no's?"

She hadn't meant to be so blunt, but she had to put it out there, or else she might end up with another Master Scott situation. "If you tie me up... please don't leave me by myself."

He picked up his glass. "I would never do that to you. My goal as your Dom would be to make sure you're comfortable at all times and that you're receiving the maximum amount of attention." Clint took a sip of his drink without taking his eyes off her.

"I don't want you to do anything that would draw blood."

"Agreed. Anything else?"

"Well... I... I don't want anyone in the office to know about what's going on between us. We really shouldn't be fraternizing in the first place."

"Don't you think I know that? But can you walk away from us after what happened on the dance floor? The sexual chemistry between us could have set the club on fire."

"I know," she said in agreement.

"Look, I know how important it is to you to retain your professionalism at work, and I will keep what goes on between us exactly that -- between you and me. Now, let me tell you what I want from you."

Uh-oh, here it comes. She sat back in her chair waiting for the anvil to fall. This is when he would tell her some crazy fantasy of his, and then she'd probably have to back out. "Shoot."

"I know it won't come right away, but I want your trust. And by trusting me, I mean you will listen to me. I would never do anything to you that you would find distasteful. My goal is to please you by giving you the utmost pleasure your mind and body will ever experience."

When put like that, she couldn't wait, but still, she had her reservations. "At work, I'm in charge."

"Of course." He smiled at her, revealing large white teeth. There was something about that smile that made her a little uneasy.

"Why are you grinning at me like that?"

"Because I'm sitting here with a beautiful woman."

"Flattery will get you nowhere, Clint," she bit out. Patricia raised her glass to cover her mouth, so that he wouldn't see the smile forming on her lips.

His smile widened. "That's a shame."

For the rest of the time at the club, they went over their fantasies and what she most wanted. Clint was attentive, and seemed genuinely interested in what she had to say. It was a whole different beginning than what had happened between her and Master Scott.

The next day, Clint came by her office on the pretext of having her sign some papers. The papers turned out to be their contract. He wanted her to read them over and sign so that he could sign.

Once the contract was signed between them, Clint didn't mention it again for the rest of the week. Patricia was truly disappointed at the end of every workday when he didn't come by her office. He was all business and it was driving her nuts.

By Friday afternoon, she was so frustrated she stormed down to his office and demanded to speak with him. "What the hell is going on? Why have you been ignoring me?" she asked without preamble as she stepped into his office.

"How have I been ignoring you? We just spent the last hour together going over the Johnson account."

"That's not what I mean and you know it, damn it. I thought we had an agreement."

"Relax, baby. Didn't I tell you it would happen when I said, and not before."

"But... I thought you wanted to do this." She could feel her face growing hot. She'd thought he wanted this too. Clint was the one who'd initiated this in the first place.

He stood up and walked around his desk to stand in front of her. His hand lightly caressed her cheek. Patricia tilted her head into the warmth of his hand. She missed his touch.

"I want you so much it hurts. I barely got through the meeting today from thinking of how much I want you. Feel what you do to me?" Clint gently grasped her hand and placed it over the front of his pants. He was hard as a rock. "You see? I want you too."

"Well then, why don't you do something about it?" Patricia could feel herself pouting.

"Because I want you to crave it."

"But how much longer do I have to wait?"

"Sunday."

She wrinkled her nose. "Sunday?"

"Yes, Sunday. I want you to stay at home all day long wearing nothing but a pair of black lace thongs, and black stilettos. I don't want you to touch yourself in any way sexual. Just sit by the phone, and wait for me to call."

"What am I supposed to do all day?"

"Wait for me. While you're waiting for me to call you with instructions, I want you to think of all the naughty things I'm going to do to you."

"But I'm not allowed to touch myself?" She could feel herself pouting. That was just plain mean.

"It's your punishment for storming into my office without knocking. Now go back to your office and be the boss lady." He physically turned her around and smacked her lightly on the ass. She could feel goose bumps form over her arms.

She turned around to protest, but his look stopped her cold. Patricia couldn't remember being more excited about anything in a long time. He didn't say anything to her for the rest of the day unless it was work related, but Clint always seemed to find an excuse to touch her, whether it was just the brush of his fingers as he handed her something, or if his knuckles lightly grazed her hair in the pretense of plucking a piece of dust.

When she'd gotten home that night, she had to pull out her vibrator to itch the ache within her pussy. Damn that man for making her feel this way.

So now here she was sitting by the phone like a lunatic with nothing but a black lace thong and stilettos like he'd ordered. Patricia nearly drove herself crazy with thoughts of what was to come.

The air conditioner blasted on this hot August day, making her nipples so hard and tight she could barely stand it. She wanted to touch herself so badly she ached.

It was nearly five o'clock and he still had not called. Just then, the phone rang. She twisted her head around so fast she got a crick in her neck. "Shit," she hissed, reaching for the phone.

"I await your instructions," she answered the phone exactly how he'd instructed.

"What the fuck? Patty, is that you?"

Holy crap. It was her brother. She didn't think she would ever live this down if she didn't come up with a good excuse and quick. "Oh uh, yes, it's me. I was uh... watching a James Bond flick and was really getting into it." A James Bond flick? How lame was that. She smacked her head at her stupidity.

"What? Are you okay, girl? Who answers their phone like that?"

Apparently someone who was too stupid to look at her caller ID. "Okay, I was just goofing off. What do you want?" Her brother Gene only ever called when he wanted something. He was probably low on funds.

"What do I want? I'm hurt, sis. Why do you think I would call you?"

"Because you want something. I'm not in the mood for your sucking up right now so how about telling me what you want?"

"Don't get your panties in a bunch."

How could she when they were up her crack and she couldn't dig them out? "Okay, I have to go. Since you won't tell me what you want, I'm hanging up." As she made a move to click the talk button off, he called out.

"No, wait. Umm, I really did call to talk to you, but I was wondering if I could borrow a few bucks."

She knew it. "How much is a couple bucks? And what happened to the good job you had working at the school?"

"As a janitor? I had to quit that job, it was cramping my style."

"It was a paying job."

"Hey, you can't expect me to clean up after people. I'm a p.i.m.p.," he spelled the word out as if she were slow.

He only thought he was a pimp. He was more like a l.o.s.e.r. "I'm so happy that you know how to spell a four letter word, so tell me how much you need or else I'll hang up."

"Nice talking to you too," he muttered under his breath.

She hung up. Her brother always thought someone owed him something. Patricia loved her parents to death, but she held them responsible for the way Gene had turned out. Since he was the only boy, he was coddled to the point where he never lifted a finger around the house. He never had to do any chores. That was left up to Patricia and her sisters.

There were times when his mother did his homework for him because he claimed he was too tired. Their parents always bailed Gene out whenever he was in trouble, and now he was thirty-three, still living at home in their parents' basement, working off and on. When he did have a job, instead of spending his money on his six children, he spent it on booze, and new clothes, and stereo equipment for his souped up car.

The phone rang again. This time she looked at the caller ID. It was Gene again. "What do you want?"

"I need to borrow some money."

"Why don't you ask Mom or Dad?"

"Because I just hit them up for a few hundred last week," he whined, sounding three instead of thirty-three.

"Whatever for?"

"Back child support. They were going to send me to jail if I didn't pay."

"Well, what do you need more money for then?"

"I spent the money."

Patricia rolled her eyes, not believing she was actually having this conversation. God save her from her idiot brother. "You are such a dumbass, do you know that?"

"The new Jordans came out last week. I needed some fresh kicks, and then I had to get a few outfits to match."

"And having fresh kicks is more important than supporting your kids? Why should I lend you a dime, knowing I just might never see it again?"

"You don't want me to go to jail, do you? And besides, Tamika is threatening to move the children out of the area so I can't see them if I don't pay child support."

"Maybe you should have thought of that before you went on your shopping spree."

"You know it would break *Mami's* heart if she can't see her grandkids. Think about her."

Patricia wished she could reach through the phone and slap the stupid out of him, but he was right. It would break their mother's heart if she couldn't see her grandchildren. As much as Patricia loathed giving her brother anything, she decided for their mother's sake and for her nieces and nephews, she would do it. She sighed. "How much do you need?"

"Twenty-two hundred dollars," he said as though he were asking for twenty dollars.

"You said a few hundred."

"That is a few hundred," Gene said petulantly.

"Did you actually spend that much money on new clothes?"

"Well, I needed to replace one of my rims too."

Un-fucking-believable. Could her brother be a bigger mess? "New rims?" Patricia could barely get the words out, she was so furious.

"Well, it had a scratch in it. I can't drive around town if my ride isn't tight. What's it to you, Miss Moneybags? You're the one with the high powered job."

"I worked very hard to get where I am. Have you no pride?"

"You think you are so smart, but if you keep it up, you're going to be a bitter old woman with seven cats."

This time she slammed the phone down on him. Patricia knew she would end up lending him the money, but she wanted to make him sweat, and besides, she didn't think she could continue the conversation without getting dressed and going over to her parents' house to beat the shit out of him.

Why her parents continued to make excuses for him when he screwed up time and time again was beyond her.

When the phone rang again, she was so pissed she could actually hear her own blood boiling. "Listen, jackass, if you call me one more time today, I will personally give you the ass kicking you've had coming for a long time." There was a pause on the other end of the line. "Gene?"

"Who is Gene?" Clint's deep voice came through on the other end.

Oh crap. "I'm sorry. I'm ready to serve you."

"Well, it's a bit late for that, don't you think? Tell me, who is Gene?"

She could have just been imagining things, but he actually sounded a little jealous.

"My brother."

There was another pause before he spoke again. "What are you wearing right now?"

"I'm wearing a pair of black lace panties I purchased at Victoria's Secret, and a pair of black stilettos with five inch heels, just as you instructed, Clint."

"Very good. Did you think about what I'm going to do to you tonight?"

"Yes, Clint. I have thought of nothing else all day."

"Did you touch yourself?"

"You... you told me not to."

"Very good. You've pleased me. I will be over at exactly seven thirty. I'll bring take out. I will expect you to answer the door in exactly what you're wearing now. I want you to open the door wide."

"But..." She was going to ask what if someone saw her, but decided against it.

"Good girl," he said, seeming to recognize her restraint in questioning him. The dulcet tone of his voice made her want to touch herself. Patricia had to clench her fist tightly shut to stop herself from doing so. "I'll see you in a little bit." He hung up before she could say anything else.

Chapter Four

At quarter to seven, she was still freshening up, trying to make sure she smelled nice for Clint... her Master, when the doorbell rang. She frowned when she saw the clock. He was early. Patricia took a deep breath and walked over to the door.

I must be crazy for answering the door like this, she thought to herself.

Just as he had instructed her to, she opened the door wide, a big smile on her face. The smile rapidly fell, because standing on the other side of the door was her brother Gene.

"Oh my eyes!" he screamed.

Patricia slammed the door in his face and ran to her room to get a robe. She knew he would never let her live this down. How embarrassing was it answering the door practically butt naked with your brother on the other side?

She felt like a fool.

The doorbell rang again. What a pest.

Patricia stormed out of her bedroom and down the stairs to her front door. Gene's hands were over his eyes. "Is it safe to look? You nearly blinded me with the horror of your naked body. Does Mom know you answer the door like that?"

"Go to hell. I didn't ask you to come over. As a matter of fact, I thought you would get the hint to leave me alone."

"But I'm desperate. I thought I would come over to plead my case, but considering the gruesome picture I just witnessed, you owe me the money."

He had to be kidding. Yeah, it was pretty icky to have your brother of all people catch you in the buff, but she knew her body was nice and firm. She went to the gym three times a week and watched what she ate. Patricia eyed her brother's potbelly hanging out of his too small T-shirt.

Gene reminded her a little of Andy Garcia with a rounder face, but of course the movie star was much cuter. Still, she couldn't figure out for the life of her what all his women saw in him, because he had the maturity of a teenager. "You have two seconds to get off my damn property. Brother or not, you have got a lot of nerve to ask for that kind of money after you blew it on clothes and rims. It would serve you right if you went to jail, and if you do, I hope you get a big black gay cellmate, who likes good-for-nothing jerks like you! *Eres un desgraciado.*"

Gene's face lost all color. "You would actually want to see me go to jail. But we're family. We're supposed to help each other out."

"And what exactly have you done for me other than not pay me back from the last time you borrowed money from me?"

"I swear, this time I will pay you back. I need this money, sis. If I don't get it, they'll lock me up."

Her brother looked as if he would cry at any minute, and damn if she didn't feel sorry for him... again. "No, you big jerk, I don't want to see you in jail, but this has got to stop. What do you plan to do with your life? You're too old to act like this. Our parents aren't always going to be around to bail you out, and I'm damn sure not going to take their place. It's about time you grew up. Wait here while I go get my checkbook."

Gene seemed to perk up at the mention of the word checkbook. What a sucker she was. She went to her room, wrote out a check for him, and when she came back, Clint was standing in her living room, with a huge black bag slung over one shoulder and a big paper bag that smelled suspiciously like orange chicken.

Gene looked at her with an amused gleam in his eyes.

"Don't you say a word," she hissed at him before turning to Clint who looked like he didn't understand what was going on. "Clint, this is my brother, Gene. He's just leaving." Patricia handed Gene the check and proceeded to shove him toward the door.

"Hey, what's the rush? Is that Chinese food I smell? I wouldn't mind having some." Gene turned back around.

Clint did not look amused.

Just great. Her brother the mooch had a set of balls the size of melons. "You weren't invited to stay and if you aren't out of here in two seconds, I'm going to call the bank and stop that check."

"You wouldn't."

"Try me."

Gene turned to Clint. "Do you see how she treats her own brother? Good luck with my sister, man, because you're going to need it." He walked out the door as though he didn't have a care in the world. She had a feeling that that was the last time she would ever see that money. Just one of these days, he was going to get himself into more trouble than anyone else would be able to help him with.

When they were alone, she turned back to Clint. He looked so good her mouth began to water. Clint wore a pair of black jeans so indecently tight she could see the contours of his cock. The jeans contrasted nicely with his white button up shirt, which he wore with the top two buttons open, revealing dark hair.

Patricia found chest hair very sexy. Her eyes drifted down his pants again, and couldn't help but lick her lips as she thought of what his cock would be like plowing into her.

"Do you like what you see?" He grinned at her when she looked up.

She felt like a kid who'd got caught with her hand in the cookie jar. "Umm..."

"Remember when we started this we said we would be honest with one another."

"Yes, I like what I see very much, Clint."

"Good. It's really too bad that you didn't answer the door for me. You have no idea how I sat at home with my hand wrapped around my cock, thinking of how you looked walking around your house with just heels and a thong. I assume that's all you have underneath that robe. Take it off. I want to see you."

Patricia felt shy all of a sudden. Although she had been ready to open the door for him the way he'd instructed, disrobing in front of him seemed different for some reason.

Her fingers trembled under his watchful dark eyes as she undid the belt of her robe and shrugged it off until it formed a terry cloth puddle at her feet.

She heard him catch his breath. His eyes blazed with undeniable desire and it made Patricia stand straighter so that he could get a better look. Her nipples stiffened under his watchful gaze. Just knowing that he could not drag his eyes away from her body turned her on more than she imagined it would.

"You look beautiful. Those big coral nipples of yours are just begging to be sucked. My cock is hard as a rock just looking at you, baby. Come here." He dropped his bags and held out his arms to her.

She wasted no time moving into his embrace, ready for his kiss, but instead of him touching his mouth down on hers, he grazed the side of her neck with his teeth. "You taste so good, I could just eat you." He nibbled and sucked on the tender flesh of her throat so roughly, Patricia was sure she'd have hickeys.

Clint took his time dropping light kisses over her face and neck. Tiny waves of pleasure flowed through her veins and she was ready for him to take her right then and there. She needed him so badly; she could feel her thighs getting wet as the juices dripped from her throbbing pussy.

He dipped his hand between her legs and it felt like her knees would give out. "Spread your legs for me."

Patricia's feet stepped apart just enough for him to insert his fingers between her thighs. He didn't stick his hand in her panties as she wanted him to; instead he rubbed her pulsing cunt back and forth. The lacy material of her panties rubbing against her clit created a heady feeling that shot from her head to the tip of her toes.

"Your pussy is so wet and juicy right now. I wouldn't need any lube to slide right into your tight little channel."

Clint increased the pressure of his caress and this time, her knees really did give out as a huge jolt of pleasure surged through her body. She would have fallen flat on her face if Clint hadn't caught her around the waist and hauled her back up against him.

"You're very eager for it, aren't you, baby?" he whispered in her ear.

"Yes, Clint." Patricia couldn't remember being this turned on in a long time.

Even the feel of his warm breath against her ear turned her on. This man had obviously cast a spell on her. How else could she explain her reaction to him? "I think I should feed you before we go any further, because you're going to need all the strength you can get. Now get us some plates and eating utensils, and I'll set the stuff out on the table."

At first Patricia couldn't move as she tried to get her breathing back to normal. How he was able to sound so calm when she'd just felt the evidence of his need was beyond her.

When she made a move to walk away from him, he smacked her on her bottom. "I love your ass. It's nice and round. Just perfect for me to ride," he murmured wickedly.

She scurried to the kitchen not looking back or else she would lose it. Whatever it was he was doing to her, she liked it. By the time she walked back out to the dining room, he had the food laid out. Just as she thought, there was orange chicken, broccoli in garlic sauce and brown rice... her favorites.

"This smells delicious." She was about to take her seat when she caught the look in his eyes.

Patricia remembered that she wasn't supposed to make a move without his instruction. "May I sit, please, Clint?"

"Yes, please sit." He picked up the orange chicken and proceeded to serve her a large portion. Clint did the same with the rice and broccoli. "You do like this, don't you?"

"Yes, it's my favorite."

"I noticed. Whenever we order out, you get the same thing." The casual tone of his voice made it seem like no big deal, but to her, it was.

He'd actually noticed what she liked to eat. It was sort of touching. Clint always seemed so driven at work that she didn't think he noticed much, especially about her.

"You seem surprised."

"I am."

"Why?"

She shrugged. "I guess I didn't picture you as the type to notice things like this."

"There isn't a lot I don't notice about you, baby." He winked at her before forking a piece of broccoli into his mouth.

Her heart fluttered. This was just sex, she told herself.

She ate as much as she could before she put her fork down. Clint had long since finished eating and watched her. His possessive hands moved over her face to her breasts. Patricia looked away from him.

"Don't look away from me. I like looking at the expression in your eyes. You have very expressive eyes. Did you know that?"

She shook her head.

"You do. I can tell when you're in deep thought, when you're sad, when you're excited about a project we're working on... and when you're horny."

Her eyes widened in surprise.

Clint chuckled. "I told you that I noticed a lot about you. It looks like you've finished eating. Why don't you go to your bedroom and I'll be in there in a minute. I want you to lay down on the bed, flat on your back with your eyes shut."

So this was how it was to begin. Patricia stood up in acquiescence. "Yes, Clint."

Her body shook as she walked to the room. Fear and excitement fought within her to be the dominant emotion. Fear because of what could happen and excitement because of what could happen.

Oddly, Patricia felt that she could trust Clint. She didn't know exactly what it was, but she instinctively knew he wouldn't hurt her.

Patricia carefully lay down on the bed and closed her eyes. She placed her palms flat against the bed using every ounce of her might to not touch herself. Her body felt so hot she thought she'd explode and they hadn't even started anything yet.

When she heard Clint walk into the room, her body tensed up. She could barely keep still. Patricia heard the jingling of metal in a bag and she assumed he was carrying his bag of toys. The bag unzipped and the next thing she knew, he slipped a silky material over her head until it rested on her eyes. It was obviously a blindfold.

She heard Clint rummaging through his bag again, and this time, he gently grabbed her wrist, and wrapped what felt like a rope around it. "Tell me if this is too tight. This is a bungee cord. It should have just enough give for you to move your arms."

Patricia nodded as he secured her wrist to the bedpost. He must have noticed her shiver, because she felt his breath against her ear. "Relax, baby. Anytime you want to stop, all you have to do is say the word. Trust me."

Clint repeated the process with her other wrist. "Try to move your arms," he said when he finished tying her up.

The cords didn't feel tight at all. They actually felt like she could break free of them with no problem, but when she tried to, Patricia couldn't. "They're much stronger than they feel." Clint chuckled.

"Now, I'm going to pull up a chair next to the bed and I'm going to play with you a little bit."

Now the fun was really about to begin.

Chapter Five

She heard him digging into his bag of toys, her body tense with anticipation.

"You'll feel a slight pinch when I put these on." Clint clamped something tight and cold over her already aching nipple.

"Oww!"

"Are you okay? If they are too uncomfortable for you, just let me know." His calm voice worked to soothe her.

"I'm... I'm okay," she whispered. Her cry had been more from shock than pain.

He slowly rubbed his palm over the taut peak until she sighed with pleasure. Clint stopped. When he closed a clamp around her other nipple, Patricia was ready for him, arching her back to meet his hand.

It felt like her nipples were enclosed in cold steel, yet the sensation was not unpleasant. If anything, when his hands grabbed and squeezed her breasts they seemed more sensitive -- more responsive.

She bit her lip, trying very hard not to scream out. This was what she'd longed for. This was what she needed. Not knowing what he would do next only added to her pleasure.

Clint pulled away from her, and Patricia barely stopped herself from begging him to keep touching her tormented nipples. She waited impatiently as she heard him digging, rummaging through his bag again.

Patricia felt something light and soft glide over her stomach. It tickled a little. Clint didn't say a word as he rubbed the object on her heated flesh.

It was a feather.

She could feel her body tightening as he rubbed it over the tips of her breasts. He circled one nipple until it felt tight, and hard. She gasped in delight as he trailed it over

to her other breast. Clint slid the feather around the mound, lightly grazing her in a tickling motion.

The feather rubbed against her face and traced her lips. "Oh, yes," she moaned.

"That's it. Tell me how much you enjoy it. Moan for me, baby."

She felt Clint's hand parting her labia, and the next thing Patricia knew, the feather was tickling her clit. She bucked against the light touch of the feather. "Oh, Clint, that feels so good."

Clint twirled it around her little button before running it over her labia and then down to the crack of her ass. The sensual torture was far worse than any beating because it was driving her nuts, but she loved it, especially when she felt his thumb brush against her slit.

"You respond so beautifully. Just like I knew you would." Clint sounded pleased, and strangely it made her happy to know he was.

She felt his lips kiss her stomach. "Beautiful, just beautiful," he murmured. "But you're so hot. Maybe I need to cool you off."

The next thing she knew, the feather had been replaced with something extremely cold. "Yeoh!" The shock of the icy object nearly made her jump off the bed, but the restraints held her down. Patricia couldn't leave if she wanted to, although she wasn't sure that she did.

"I see you're fond of cherry Popsicles. You had a box full of them in your freezer."

She shivered from the icy trail he made against her skin. It was cold as hell, yet still erotic to the point where she didn't know if she was shivering from the cold or from desire.

Clint inserted the Popsicle inside of her hot cunt. "It's cold!" Patricia cried out at the shock of this freezing object inside of her. He pulled it out just enough until the tip rested at her entrance and then gently slid it in.

He repeated this in and out motion and she could feel her body twisting and turning. She felt hot and cold at the same time. The scent of cherry mingling with her

juices filled the air. When Clint took the icy treat out of her, she could hear slurping noises. "Mmm, this is delicious. This is even better than I thought it would be. You have to try this, baby."

Patricia gasped when he slid the Popsicle back inside of her. Her body tensed up, but only for a moment. He dipped it deep inside her channel, twisting and turning it.

She wondered if it was possible to get brain freeze from being screwed by an ice pop. The thought fled her mind when he fully removed it from inside of her. The next thing she felt was the Popsicle pressing against her lips. "Open your mouth, sweetheart."

Patricia did as she was told, too turned on not to. The sweet syrup flavor of the pop mixed with her sex was not unpleasant. It was different. "Wrap your lips around it like it's a cock... my cock."

She lifted her head slightly to take as much of the pop in her mouth as she could. He gently pushed it deeper into the cavern of her mouth, just enough that she wouldn't gag. Patricia sucked on the cherry pop, savoring it as it melted on her tongue and soothed her dry throat.

She'd seen people do things like this in movies, but she never thought she'd experience it for herself, or like it so much. Patricia could just imagine the erotic picture of her bound and blindfolded, sucking on an ice pop.

"That's it, baby. Lick every bit of it up. Don't waste a drop." The cool commanding tone of his voice was as much of a turn on as what he was doing to her.

She sucked and slurped on the Popsicle until she felt the wooden stick press against her tongue.

"You're greedy tonight, are you? I have something else for you to suck on."

Patricia heard the chair push back. Lying here in the dark had heightened her other senses and she could just about make out his every movement. She heard his pants unzip and knew what was coming. More than anything she wanted to taste the hardness of his cock in her mouth.

She felt the bed depress and knew he was right beside her when she felt the brush of his thigh against her face. "Open up."

When she did, the velvety tip of his hard dick slipped into her waiting mouth. Her lips closed around him eagerly as Clint slowly stuffed inch by delicious inch of his cock past her teeth, not stopping until he hit the back of her throat.

She was grateful that she didn't have much of a gag reflex because she wanted to swallow him whole. Patricia needed to feel this proof of his need for her.

"Oh, God, your mouth feels so good -- so warm. That's it, baby, take all of me." Clint groaned, sounding as though he could barely control himself.

The thought of him losing his rigid control was heady. Patricia tasted the salty sweetness of his desire forming at the peak of his cock. She loved it.

Her mouth slid back and forth over his hard rod, savoring the feeling of absolute bliss. Just knowing how much she pleased him was enough to make her pussy exquisitely wet. Patricia felt beads of sweat form on her forehead and she sucked him harder and faster, wanting to taste his release.

"You have no idea how good this feels -- your mouth so hot and wet around me like a very tight pussy. Speaking of your pussy, I can smell how hot you are for this -- how wet you are." Clint's voice filtered through the darkness, like a beacon. Just hearing it, Patricia knew she was safe.

Although she couldn't see him, Patricia could somehow tell Clint was holding back. She wanted him to burn for her like she did for him. Patricia increased the pressure of her mouth on him.

He pulled out abruptly with a resounding pop. "Damn, if you keep that up, I wouldn't last much longer." His breathing sounded ragged.

A sense of deliriousness swept through her.

"So you find this amusing, do you?" Patricia could hear the smile in his voice. She nodded. "Well, I have something else for you. Spread your legs for me, baby."

Her knees felt like jelly as she pulled her legs apart as far as she could. The bed dipped below her indicating that Clint was sitting directly in front of her. "It's so pretty,

and pink." His knuckles grazed her hungry cunt and she instinctively bucked her hips against his touch. She wanted to feel his fingers inside of her, twisting and stretching her vaginal walls until she couldn't take anymore. His teasing was torture in itself.

Clint parted her slick pussy lips and she thought he would do exactly that, but instead, she felt something soft gliding against her clit. "Oh!" she exclaimed in surprised and delight. Patricia didn't know what the heck it was at first, but as Clint continued to stroke it over her hot little nub, Patricia realized it was a brush of some sort. It could have been a small paintbrush for all she knew. With every tender caress she shivered and writhed against the gentle ministrations.

"That's it, baby, don't hold back."

It surprised Patricia how much he seemed to want to please her. Just knowing that he cared more for her pleasure than his own gave her a feeling of security she never thought she could feel with him.

Clint tugged on one of the pins clamping her nipples. Patricia gasped in pleasure-pain. Every single one of her senses was tingling with awareness at the erotic stimulation of her body.

The brush was soon replaced by something wet, and far more titillating -- his tongue. "Oh, Clint," she moaned.

"That's it, baby, tell me how much you want my tongue on your sweet little pussy." The heat of his breath was enough to send another rapturous wave of pleasure through her veins. His tongue flicked her clitoris, teasing and licking it until she thrust herself against his face.

Clint grabbed her hips before burying his face between her thighs. His lips latched onto her clit, sucking it like he couldn't get enough of her. He lightly nipped it with his teeth, making her gasp.

"Tell me how much you want this."

"I want this. I want this bad."

He smacked the side of her thigh. "Clint."

The sharp contact of his hand against the meaty portion of her body made her cry out more from surprise than pain. Clint's tongue stabbed forward, thrusting in and out of her pussy. "Tasty," he muttered against the sensitive skin of her inner labia.

Patricia wanted to touch him and hold Clint's head against her as he ate her. He slurped and sucked her pussy, driving her to a peak so intense she thought she'd explode. Clint slid two fingers inside her channel, mimicking the motions of a cock.

He finger fucked her and Patricia found herself lifting her hips up, meeting him thrust for thrust. It seemed as though Clint was trying to brand her and Patricia didn't mind a bit. She wanted to be his woman, a primitive urge making her yearn for it.

Patricia could feel her body seize up, just as she was about to climax, when he stopped. She could feel him pull away, but not get off the bed. She waited several seconds for him to do something. Nothing.

What the fuck?

What the hell was he doing just sitting there when she was on fire for him. It was cruel to get her so hot and then stop. Patricia felt as if she'd been doused with a bucket of water.

"Relax, baby. I'm still here. I would never leave you alone like this." His voice comforted her and she felt better.

Just as she was about to respond, he placed his finger over her lips. "Shh. Don't talk. I want to look at you like this for a minute. Do you know why I stopped?"

"No... no, Clint."

"Because you've been a very bad girl. You didn't answer the phone as I asked you to."

"I didn't --" Again the finger fell over her lips silencing what she had to say. It wasn't her fault that her dopey brother had screwed things up.

As though he'd just read her mind, he said, "That's why caller ID was invented, baby."

He placed the flat of his palm on her stomach, caressing her skin in a circular motion. "You have such beautiful, soft golden skin." Clint didn't speak above a whisper. Patricia had a sneaking suspicion he was up to something.

She was right. He removed his hand and the bed sprung up indicating that he was now standing. He grabbed her around the waist and turned her face down on the bed.

The ropes provided just enough give to accomplish this. Although her arms now crisscrossed, it wasn't uncomfortable. "On your knees."

Clint was going to spank her.

She slowly dragged herself to her knees as he commanded, and waited. Instead of feeling the sting of a whip, she felt his hand squeezing her ass. "Perfect. Everything about you is perfect."

Patricia's carnal thoughts got the better of her and she found herself wiggling her bottom, ready to take anything he could dish out. She never imagined how horny she would be at the thought of him spanking her. Strangely, it was an empowering thing.

Clint raised his hand and brought it back down on her unsuspecting rump. "Oh!" The stinging sensation on her ass only fueled her shameless need for more.

"Thank you, Clint. Please may I have another?" Was that her voice, thick and raspy with need?

Clint chuckled. "You learn fast, baby." He rubbed the spot he'd just hit and, without warning, brought his hand down on her ass in rapid succession like a machine gun.

It hurt! It felt good. She wanted more. "Yes, yes, yes. Please, Clint. I want more. Give me more."

He stopped, and the next thing she knew, Patricia felt his tongue graze the bottom of her ass. "Mmm."

She waited for more, her body shaking as she fought to stay on her knees. Patricia heard the crack of a whip connecting to her ass before she felt it. "Holy shit!" It should have hurt like a son of a bitch, and in a way it did, but the pleasure far

outweighed the pain. What kind of freak was she? Was she the super freaky kind of girl Rick James used to sing about?

Was she a ho, for getting off on this? If she was, then being a ho didn't seem like such a bad thing if she got to experience this.

The whip came down again, and again, until her behind felt like chopped meat, but she didn't say the safety word. She didn't dare. Patricia was too aroused to stop the sensual torment.

"I think that's enough."

Her ass was on fire. "Did you like that?"

"Yes, Clint. I love it."

"I'm pleased. You took your punishment well. Now you will get your reward."

Clint turned her body until Patricia was on her back. He removed her blindfold. The sudden infiltration of light shocked her eyes. Once her eyes adjusted, she noticed he was stark naked.

She was stunned by the lean and toned beauty of his body. There wasn't an ounce of fat anywhere to be found. His cock jutted forward, ready for action. It wasn't particularly large, but it was thick and well shaped.

Patricia much preferred girth over length. Once she'd been with a guy who'd been as long as a ruler, but thin as a pencil. She'd never been more grossed out in her life. It felt like an earthworm wiggling inside of her. Yuck.

She licked her suddenly dry lips.

Clint walked over to the head of the bed, leaned over and untied her restraints. "I want to feel your hands on me when I slide into you."

He then walked to the foot of the bed and climbed back on. Clint knelt in front of Patricia, grabbing her legs and positioning himself over her. "I want you to beg for it." The tip of his cock rested at her entrance and she didn't know how much more of this torture she could take.

"Please fuck me, Clint. Please."

He eased into her, taking his sweet time. Clint groaned, his eyes closed, but not before she spied the look of utter ecstasy in his eyes. "Goddamn, you're tight."

At first he moved inside of her with slow tender movements. It almost seemed as though he was holding back for her sake. There was so much more to this Master/sub relationship. She thought he would dominate her -- make her his sex slave, but it wasn't like that at all.

The gentle way he moved within her made it seem loving almost. Here she was with the man she'd once believed was Satan's spawn, treating her as though she were special.

Patricia wrapped her legs around his waist, savoring the delectable feeling of being stretched by his fat cock. "Yes, please. Give me more. Harder. Faster!" She moaned, tossing her head from side to side.

Clint groaned when he pushed deeper into her. She moved with him in a synchronized rhythm of passion and lust. "God, I don't know if I can hold out much longer," he muttered, sounding frustrated.

As sweet as it was that he was trying to last for her, she didn't understand why men always tried to prove themselves by trying to go as though they were running a marathon.

"Please don't hold back. Give me all you got."

Clint needed no further prodding. He rammed his cock inside of her with a force that took her breath away. Patricia cried out in pleasure at the rapturous sensation moving through her body.

She bucked her hips up against his, meeting his thrust for delicious thrust. It felt so damn good she wanted to cry. "Yes!"

"God damn, you're tight," he uttered between clenched teeth. Beads of sweat formed over his dark brow. She looked at him with passion-glazed eyes, her head spinning.

Clint pounded into her at a furious pace, until his body seemed to seize up, before shuddering against hers. Her own tumultuous climax felt like an explosion within.

He fell on top of her, breathing ragged. "That was wonderful," Clint whispered against her heated flesh.

Yes, it was. Patricia didn't know it could be like this. Her body had experienced things she never thought she'd find pleasurable, yet she'd begged him for more.

Damn, what had he done to her?

Chapter Six

Patricia felt like weeping afterwards. She'd never quite experienced anything like it. To her surprise, Clint pulled her into his arms and began to stroke her head and back in a comforting, tender motion.

She sighed as she melted within the circle of his warm embrace. He felt so good, smelled so good. "That was amazing." He murmured her exact thoughts.

"Yes, it was. I never thought... I never thought it could be like this. I thought it was all whips and chains."

"If you honestly felt that way, then why did you try it?"

"Curiosity. The need to be dominated in bed. I know this might sound funny, but at work, I hold the upper hand. I'm tired of people looking at me as though I'm some kind of bitch on wheels. I'm not saying I don't like what I do or that I can't handle it, just that sometimes... it's kind of comforting to know you have a place to go when the decisions don't totally rest on your shoulders."

"Completely understandable. I know that you're not what they say you are at work. I couldn't be with someone like that."

She looked up at him, unable to read the expression in his dark eyes. "Clint... if you never started the rumors about me at work, who did?"

He didn't respond for a moment and she thought that he wouldn't. "Clint?"

"Would it make any difference if you knew?"

She paused to think about it for a moment. Perhaps it was better to not know.

"I guess not. Clint?"

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"What made you decide to become a Dom?"

"I think I've always been fascinated about the lifestyle, but didn't really get into it until ten years back. A friend of mine showed me the ropes -- no pun intended. I guess I've been into it ever since."

"Did you decide you liked to do this because you liked to boss people around?"

Clint smiled at her, revealing his awesomely white teeth. Her heart began to beat ten times faster than normal. "You really have got a lot to learn, babycakes."

"Perhaps I do. Somehow... I knew it could be good between the two of us, but not that good. It was..."

"Earth shattering?"

"Yeah. Something like that."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it because I intend to do it to you a lot more."

She shivered as she thought about it. "Clint?"

"Yes?"

"Why me? I mean, you say that you've wanted me for a long time, but there's lots of other women in the office who I thought were more your style."

"Like who?"

"Denise maybe?"

"She's all surface. I want my women to have more substance."

It surprised her to hear him say it. Denise was one of the friendliest people she knew. "You say that as though you don't like her. What has she ever done to you?"

"She's never done anything to me, but I don't like what she's done to someone I care about." He didn't elaborate.

Who was this person he spoke of? Patricia felt a surge of jealousy so strong she nearly lost her ability to breathe. *Get a hold of yourself. This is just a fling, you have no right to be jealous of anyone in his life*, she tried to convince herself. No matter how much she tried to tell herself otherwise, she couldn't help but think what it would be like if this wasn't just a temporary arrangement and they were permanent lovers. The thought sent a shiver up her spine.

They were silent for a while. The only sound was the beating of their hearts. Patricia was content to stay like that, but Clint seemed to have other ideas. He sat up, gently pushing her off of him.

"Where are you going?" She lifted her head.

"I'm just going to run you a bath, and then I'm going to prepare you for tomorrow."

She raised a brow, as she impatiently pushed away a stray strand of auburn hair that fell into her eyes. "Prepare me for tomorrow?"

"Why of course. Tomorrow, as you work, I'll make sure that I'm the only person on your mind."

* * *

For probably the hundredth time that day, she cursed Clint and the delicious torture he put her body through. After running a bath for her the night before and washing her body in a way that left her gasping, he softly commanded her to lay her wet body on the cool sheet, and let him watch her. She wasn't allowed to touch herself as he sat in a chair across the bed, his dark eyes probing and seducing her.

She squirmed on her bed, squeezing her legs tightly together just to create a little friction. Her pussy had grown damp and he didn't lift a finger to touch her. Patricia had worked herself up so much that her body was on fire. Nearly an hour passed before he gave her permission to masturbate.

The combination of those dark eyes watching her and the untamed fire within drove her to a climax nearly as powerful as the one Clint had given her.

"I'll be here first thing tomorrow morning," were his words to her as he left that night.

Sure enough, he showed up with another bag of tricks. "I'm pleased to see you obeyed my orders." He'd smiled at her, taking in her nude body. Patricia blushed, feeling shy all of a sudden. Clint then led her to the bedroom where he pulled out some rope. "This early in the morning?" she'd asked, eyes widening.

"Relax, honey, I'll have this on you in no time."

He directed Patricia to lift her arms so that he could tie the rope around her to his satisfaction. Clint diligently tied the rope across her breasts, around her waist, and between her legs. By the time he'd finished, she could already feel the sensual stimulation of the corded ropes, rubbing against the most sensitive parts of her body.

Clint didn't touch her once the rope was secure. He simply directed her to get dressed and said that he'd see her in the office, before leaving.

Damn that man. Now she was sitting in her office, trying to type a report, unable to touch herself. Patricia was ready to scream. With every single movement and breath she took, Patricia became more aware of her bondage.

The phone rang. "Hello?" Patricia answered irritably.

"Hello, baby. How are you doing?" Clint's sexy voice infiltrated her ear and Patricia thought she'd cream herself right then and there.

"I think you know what you've done to me. This is absolute torture, and you won't let me touch myself. That's just plain mean."

He chuckled. Patricia could just imagine the deep laugh lines forming over his rugged features. Clint had such a great smile. "But you haven't touched yourself, have you?"

"No, you big bully." She poked out her lip in a pout.

"Very good. I'll be by your office in ten minutes to give you those papers you needed." He hung up before she could respond.

When he finally arrived in her office, Patricia pretended to be engrossed in her report when in actuality every single nerve ending in her body tingled, aware of Clint's nearness.

He closed the door behind him and still she didn't lift her head. The clicking of the door indicating that it was now locked got her attention, however. Patricia brought her head up. "Your papers." Clint held them out to her, but didn't attempt to carry them over to her desk.

She knew he wanted her to come and get them. Patricia sighed, way too turned on to protest. As she stood up, the rope slid across her already swollen pussy. Patricia's breath caught in her throat.

Clint smiled, seeming to know exactly what had just happened. "Come here." He wagged his finger at her.

Patricia took small steps toward him, savoring the heady sensation of being rubbed so erotically. By the time she made it over to where he stood, Patricia was a quivering mass of tension. Her nipples were so hard she felt they would poke holes through her silk blouse. She wasn't wearing a stitch underneath her skirt and top and she could feel her juices dampening her inner thighs.

Clint handed her the papers, which she took with nerveless fingers. Patricia was so charged up, they fell to the floor. "Oh. I'm sorry."

When she bent to pick them up, he grabbed her by the forearm. "Leave them."

Patricia reluctantly straightened up, repressing the neat freak within her.

"Turn around slowly, and walk back to your desk." Clint's voice was soft, but she was smart enough to realize it wasn't a request.

She did as he commanded and stopped when she couldn't go any further.

"Lean over and rest your hands on the desk. Yes, just like that. You've got a great ass, sweetheart. I've been wondering about what it would look like if I slid my cock inside that juicy cunt of yours from behind, my body slapping into that big ass of yours."

Usually, she would have taken exception to anyone telling her that she had a big behind, but Clint made it sound like the ultimate compliment. Besides, she should have been used to people making references to her bubble butt by now.

She looked over her shoulder just in time to see him walking toward her with slow deliberate steps. Damn, he was sexy. Patricia trembled helplessly when he stood mere inches behind her.

Patricia was a bundle of nerves as she tried to figure out what Clint would do next. She didn't have to guess for long, because he slowly lifted her skirt over her hips, revealing her bare ass. She could feel the cool air hit her bottom... and she liked it.

His palm rubbed the smooth expanse of her rear, making her shiver. "Spread your legs," came his soft command, which she immediately complied with.

Her juices flowed down the side of her leg. "You're so wet. It smells delicious." Clint inserted two fingers inside of her.

Patricia had to bite her lip to stop herself from crying out. Lord knows what would happen if Maven were to hear what was going on in this office. Patricia liked her secretary, but she was a bit of a gossip.

Clint twisted and probed his fingers inside of her and it took every ounce of Patricia's control to remain still. "Do you like this, baby?"

"Yes, Clint. I love it," she moaned softly.

"Tell me how much you love it." His fingers rammed into her over and over again, until she thought her knees would give out on her.

"I love it. I love it a lot."

"Say my name."

"Someone may hear us."

"Whisper it. I love hearing my name on those sexy lips of yours."

"Clint," Patricia whispered.

He withdrew his fingers. "Say it again."

Patricia whimpered at the sudden emptiness she felt. She needed to be stretched by those thick digits of his. "Clint!" she groaned softly.

"Again." He slipped a long finger back inside of her dripping, sopping wet pussy.

"Clint! Clint! Clint!" she bit out urgently.

"Tell me what you want me to do to you."

"I want you to fuck me. Please! I've been so good all day. I think I'll go crazy if I don't get a little relief."

“As if I could deny you anything, especially when I want you as badly as I do.” He slipped his finger out of her before reaching around her until his wet fingers rested on her slightly parted lips. The smell of her juices filled her nostrils. It was a tangy, primal smell.

“Taste it. Take my fingers between those beautiful lips of yours. Show me how much you want me.”

Patricia opened her mouth wider as Clint slipped his fingers further in. The flavor wasn't unpleasant. She sucked his fingers like a cock, growing more turned on with each passing second. When Clint reached around to tweak one already hardened nipple, it only served to fuel her animalistic need for him.

God, she wanted this man. Patricia didn't care that she was a top executive in this company and she was being bent over the desk and thoroughly pleased by a man she'd hated a mere week ago. If they could see her now, no one would call her an ice princess. They would be able to tell she was a very hot-blooded woman, with kinky desires that even she didn't think she had.

Patricia continued to suck and slurp every drop of juice from his fingers, and when Clint was finally satisfied, he removed them. “Uhh,” he groaned. “I'm as hard as a rock, and it's all your fault, woman.”

Patricia could hear the hasty unbuckling of pants and a zipper unzipping before she felt the powerful thrust of his cock. He slammed into her so roughly she fell across the desk onto her chest.

He pounded into her like a man possessed. “So tight and wet. I don't think I can get enough of this hot, sweet pussy. Do you have any idea how late I stayed up last night just thinking about it?” Clint sounded as if he were talking through gritted teeth.

Good. At least he'd suffered as much as she had, although she'd barely gotten any sleep. He was probably able to touch himself although she could not.

She pushed her hips back against his dick, forcing him to go deeper still. They both gasped simultaneously. He was so deep inside of her she could feel it in her stomach.

Just then someone began to knock on the door. "Patricia, I brought some papers by that need your signature." Holy shit, it was Denise. Why the hell did this have to happen now? When she made a move to get back up, Clint pushed her back down.

"Oh, no you don't. I've been waiting for this all day."

"But she's going to guess what we're doing if I don't let her in now."

Clint continued to ram into her. "Tell her you'll be a minute."

"I can't do that."

"Yes. You. Can," he said with each thrust.

She felt like a total slut, but Patricia didn't want to stop either. "Just... a minute," she called out to Denise, hoping to God she didn't sound like she was getting fucked.

"Are you okay, hon? You sound a little winded."

If she only knew. "Uh... I'm okay, I just have to arrrrrrrh!" Clint had slammed into her so hard, she'd screamed out.

"What's going on in there? You're starting to worry me. Are you okay?" Denise sounded concerned.

"See what you did, you big jerk." Patricia snapped her head around to glare at Clint, who seemed to be enjoying her discomfort.

"I... would you believe, I'm trying to work off that slice of pizza I had for lunch." Calisthenics. That sounded lame even to her ears.

"You're exercising in there?" Denise's voice came through the big oak door sounding confused.

"Yeah. Oh yeah! Oh yeaaaaaaaaah!" A huge wave of pleasure rolled through her body, taking her to another body-shaking climax. Oh shit. Denise had just heard her orgasm. Now how was she going to explain that? "I just looove exercising." *Yikes, what a dummy she must think I am.*

"Well, do you mind stopping so I can get these papers signed. I have a meeting in about twenty minutes."

"Okay, okayyyyyy." Clint grabbed her hips and she could feel his spasm against her indicating his own climax.

Clint took his time pulling out of her. He leaned over and kissed her on the nape of her neck. "Very good. I'm very pleased."

"Now what the hell is she going to say to this?"

"Not a thing. Go out to her. I'll be in here waiting for you."

"I must look a mess." She smoothed her clothes back down and smoothed her hair back into place.

"You look beautiful as always."

"No thanks to you."

"Uhh, Patricia, come on. Are you having sex in there or something?" Denise called out.

Patricia could hear the humorous undertones in her co-worker's voice. Son-of-a-bitch. "I'll be out in a second." She turned to Clint. "This is all your fault."

Patricia opened the door, stepped out and closed it firmly behind her. "You don't want to see the inside of my office right now. It's an absolute mess."

Denise looked her up and down, with an assessing gleam in her blue eyes. Denise Benton was the epitome of 'drop dead gorgeous' with her tall willowy figure, porcelain skin, large green eyes that slanted slightly upwards, and a mass of curly raven hair that fell down her back. Denise always looked like a million bucks and she made Patricia feel absolutely dowdy standing next to her.

Patricia counted Denise as one of her allies in the office. There were so few women in their company who weren't in entry-level positions that she found herself drawn to this woman. It was Denise who kept her informed on all the latest office gossip. "Are you okay? I hate to say it, but you're not looking too hot right now."

You wouldn't look so hot either, sweetie, if you had the fucking I just experienced. "Oh well, you know how that exercise is."

"Uh... yes, except I prefer to do it in a gym. Anyway, are you going to let me into your office so we can get these papers signed?"

"Umm, I don't think that will be a good idea. I knocked a few things over in there. It's a big mess."

Denise looked skeptical, but short of pushing past Patricia, there was nothing she could do about it.

Patricia walked over to her secretary Maven's desk and signed the papers. After some small talk, Denise seemed satisfied and went on her way. When the coast was clear, Patricia stormed back into her room. She was going to give Clint a piece of her mind, but when she walked back into her office, she found him sitting on her couch with a cheesy grin on his face. It was hard to stay mad at him, especially when he looked so damn sexy.

"You drive me nuts, do you know that?"

He wiggled his eyebrows at her Harpo Marx style. "So what are you going to do about it?" Clint challenged.

Patricia locked the door behind her.

Chapter Seven

"I love this place, Clint. What made you think to bring me here?" she asked when they walked into the exotically decorated Moroccan restaurant. Patricia had been dying to try this place for weeks. She loved trying new places to eat and had heard great things about the food and atmosphere of this place.

"I remember you mentioning how you wanted to try it, when I overheard your conversation to Denise," Clint answered as though it wasn't a big deal. It was a big deal to her. He'd surprised her after work by asking her if she wanted to try a new restaurant with him. Clint had been so humble in his request, she found herself accepting. Now she was glad she'd come.

"I must have said that weeks ago. I'm surprised you remember."

He shrugged. "This isn't just a sex thing, Patricia. I enjoy your company."

She was on the verge of responding when they were led to their table by their host. He showed them to a table inches from the ground surrounded by silken pillows. Clint helped her down to the floor. Soft Middle Eastern style music drifted from the stereo system of the restaurant. "This place is great. Thanks for inviting me." She smiled at him once he sat down across from her.

"The pleasure is mine. There's nothing better than enjoying a nice meal with a beautiful woman as company."

Patricia could feel herself blushing. Clint had told her on several occasions how attractive he'd found her, but it had always been tinged with some sexual undertone. Now his compliment seemed so sweet her heart fluttered. "Thank you."

It surprised her that Clint didn't try to assert any authority over her, as they started to talk. Once their orders had been taken, they fell into a comfortable

conversation. She told him about her family, relaxing at the genuine interest he showed. Occasionally he would smile, as she'd tell him something her crazy family had done.

Patricia leaned across the table. "So, Clint. It occurs to me that there's a lot I don't know about you. I've pretty much told you about me, but you haven't really told me a lot about your family."

A shadow fell across his face and for a moment she didn't think he'd answer her. "Ask away. I'm an open book, although I warn you, there's not really a lot to tell."

"An interesting character like you? Surely you jest."

He shrugged. "Well, I don't really want to bore you, but ask away."

"Do you have any siblings?"

"I have a younger sister. She's a physical therapist, although she's going back to school to get her doctorate. She's very smart and has a good head on her shoulders. The kid is going places." Patricia could hear the pride in Clint's voice; it was touching to hear how much he cared for his sister.

"Do you see her often?"

"She lives in New York, so we try to see each other every chance we get."

"How about your parents? Do they live in the area?"

His lips twisted at that question and Patricia had a feeling that she'd hit a sore subject. Maybe they weren't still alive. "I'm sorry I asked."

"No. It's okay. I know what you're thinking and they're both very much alive. As to where they are, I have no idea. My dad has been in and out of jail since I was baby and my mother... well, I'm sure she's doing okay. She's probably living with one of her boyfriends. She was never short of male companionship."

"That's sad."

"I suppose it is. We didn't really have much of a childhood. I took care of my sister mostly, while my mom worked at a truck stop diner. We never saw her much after the monthly checks from the state arrived."

"Oh. I'm sorry."

A faint smile touched his lips. "Don't be. If anything, it made me grow up faster and I realized I didn't want my life to end up like theirs. I worked very hard to put my sister and me through school to make sure we wouldn't be like them."

"I think that's very admirable. Growing up in such a tight knit family myself, I guess I take things for granted a lot."

"Don't feel bad because you were brought up in a loving family. I think we all shape our own destinies no matter what situation we may have come from and I refuse to wallow in self-pity. Now, tell me more about your family. They seem very nice. I like it when you talk about them." Clint smiled at her.

Patricia could now understand why Clint was so driven in the office. His arrogance made sense. She wanted to feel sorry for what he must have been through as a child, but knew he wouldn't appreciate it.

Seeing Clint with his guard down was a new experience and she liked it a lot. Between his charm and sexual expertise, Patricia knew it wouldn't be hard to fall for him.

* * *

The rest of the week was filled with sexual torture Patricia could barely stand. Clint stimulated all her senses and drove her crazy. One day, he made her wear a vibrator to work, which he controlled by remote. It happened to be on the day of an important board meeting, so right in the middle of a huge presentation to the big bosses, Clint set it off. She could have killed him if she wasn't so damn turned on.

On another occasion while they were brainstorming on a project with the rest of their team, Clint's hand slid up her skirt and he played with her panties. Not knowing what he would do next was such a turn on her body was ready for him with just a look from those mysterious black eyes of his.

At night, Clint made her body sing with an unbelievable pleasure so strong she felt like crying. One night while making love, she did cry.

"What's wrong, sweetheart?" he'd asked, concern clouding his eyes.

"It was... beautiful."

"It does my heart good to hear you say that. It gives me hope."

"Hope?"

"Yes. Hope. Do you know how long I've wanted to break through that barrier you build to keep everyone out?"

"What are you trying to say?"

"Haven't you guessed? I fell for you a long time ago."

This had certainly surprised her. Sex was one thing, but he was actually admitting he had feelings for her? "Clint, what are you trying to say?"

"Exactly that. I want to be with you, but not just sexually. I want to be the man you wake up to every morning and the one you want to come home to at night. I don't know if this is love or not because I've never been in love before, but I know that when you're not around I feel like I'm missing a piece of me."

Her heart began to dance at the beautiful words he spoke. No one had ever expressed their feelings so eloquently to her before. "Do you mean it?"

"Yes, Patricia, I mean it."

She didn't miss the significance of him saying her name for the first time. "Oh, Clint... I..."

"Don't say anything yet. Just think about it. I don't want you to feel obligated to say something just to spare my feelings." And after that, he made slow sweet love to her.

Now here she sat wondering if she did indeed have feelings for him too. The possibility was there. Now that she no longer saw him as a rival for her job, she began to see a different side of Clint that she didn't know was there. He was so tender, when she expected him to be tough. She knew he was in charge in their sex life, but he always saw to her needs and made sure she was comfortable.

People around the office seemed to think highly of him too. He was smart, good looking, and she'd seen flashes of his sense of humor throughout the week. Clint had even shared pieces of his life with her. The way he talked about his sister, it was obvious that he loved her a lot and family was very important to her.

She could see herself in a long-term relationship with him, and Patricia liked what she saw. When someone knocked on her door, she hoped it would be Clint. It was Maven. "Umm, do you have a minute?"

"Oh, sure, have a seat."

Maven closed the door behind her, a dour expression on her face. Uh oh. Something was up. "How can I help you?" Patricia asked when her secretary sat down.

"I just thought you should know before you hear it elsewhere, but people in the office are talking."

"About what?"

"About you and Clint."

Patricia groaned. Had someone picked up on what they'd been doing? Despite their shenanigans, they'd actually been very discreet. She braced herself. "What about me and Clint."

"They're saying that the only reason you got the promotion over him is because you're sleeping with the big boss."

Patricia laughed, feeling relieved. She'd heard that rumor before. It was nothing new under the sun. "It's nothing I haven't already heard. I just ignore them. You and I both know what an old boy's network this is."

"Yeah, but this time, the rumors are different. Now they're saying that you've been letting Clint do all the work, and you've been taking credit for it."

"What? That's a lie. Clint's a hard worker no doubt, but I bust my ass, day in and day out."

"I know this and you know this, but everyone else... well, the rumors are running rampant now. The thing is, I heard it from someone that they come directly from the horse's mouth."

"You're not say --"

"That Clint is the source? That's exactly what I'm saying."

"No," Patricia said in no more than a whisper.

"I didn't want to believe it either, but I heard it from someone who I don't think would lie."

"Who?"

"I'd rather not say."

"Maven, you came in here with that shit and now you won't even tell me where you heard it from?"

"Well... does it really matter who started it? The fact remains that it's out there and I just thought you should know."

Well, shit.

"Thanks," Patricia replied, feeling numb. How could he do this to her? Why would he do this to her when she thought... Thought what? That they had something special, that he actually cared for her? What a fool. She should have known better than to trust that weasel, especially when she knew he was after her job the entire time.

Well, she wouldn't let him get away with it. Patricia would fix him. She knew he would come to her office sometime in the late afternoon, but she wasn't going to wait around. She intended to see him now.

For too long Patricia had ignored the rumors about her in the office, but now she wouldn't take this lying down. She stalked out of her office and down the hall, full of righteous indignation, and just as Patricia rounded the corner she heard two voices. One she recognized as Clint's; the other was the unmistakable voice of that asshole Larry.

"So is it true or what? I always knew that woman was a fraud. If I were you, I'd take that high and mighty bitch and put her in her proper place."

"And where exactly would that be?"

"In bed. You know how them Puerto Rican women are in bed. They're spicy like their food. So go ahead. You can tell me."

"Yes, the rumors are true. Is that what you wanted to hear?" Clint's voice was loud and clear.

Patricia felt as though she'd been hit in the stomach. Hard. Unable to stick around to hear any more, she ran off. Her numb legs carried her to the bathroom.

Making sure she was the only one inside, she began to cry. Patricia couldn't remember crying like this since she was a little girl. Had she not heard Clint say it with her very own ears, she might not have believed that he'd started the rumors, but it came straight from his mouth.

Patricia cried until she made herself sick. She ran to the toilet and puked her lunch.

"Are you okay?" It was Maven.

Patricia wiped her mouth with a piece of tissue, threw it into the toilet bowl and flushed. It took her a moment to regain her composure before getting up and leaving the stall.

Maven stood on the other side holding a glass of water. "Thank you." Patricia took the glass and took a sip. God, her throat burned. "How did you know I would be in here?"

"I just had a hunch. Feel a little better?" Maven looked up at Patricia, sympathy glittering in her light blue eyes.

"A little."

"You should take the day off."

"I would if I didn't have a butt load of stuff to get done." Patricia shrugged with a nonchalance she didn't feel.

"You work too hard."

"Gee, I'm glad someone noticed."

"Everyone notices. It's just that you can be a bit intimidating at times and men don't like to be made to feel uncomfortable."

"Well, screw them. I'm not here to coddle them, I'm here to do a job."

"I know and you do a fine one. I'm just pointing out my observations."

"You're probably right. I doubt things will ever change around here. I just thought..." She trailed off feeling frustrated. She didn't know how much she could tell Maven. Clint had just made it doubly impossible for her to trust anyone in this office.

"You thought you had something special with Clint?" Maven lifted a blonde brow.

"How did you know?"

"I have eyes, you know. Besides, he's been in your office a lot lately. Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me. Actually, I'm kind of jealous. He's a hunk."

"More like a rat."

"You know, the more that I think about it... maybe there's some kind of misunderstanding."

"Don't try to defend him, please. I heard him say it with my own ears."

Maven looked surprised. "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Oh. Well, have you talked to him about it?"

"No, of course not, but I'm sure he'll come around to my office and when he does, I'm going to punch him right in the kisser."

* * *

Her back faced the door when she heard it open. Patricia never took her eyes from the scenery she stared at through the window. Without turning around to see who it was, she knew it was Clint. She could practically feel his essence as he moved toward her.

Just when he stood mere inches from her, she turned on him. "Don't you dare touch me!"

Clint took a step back, surprise clouding his eyes. "What's the matter?"

"Don't you dare play dumb with me, you... you... *pendejo!*"

He looked as if he'd been slapped and she almost wished she had. "I'm not very fluent in Spanish, but I know that's not a good word. Why are you upset?"

"As if you don't know."

"I don't. If I did, I wouldn't ask."

"Fine, if you want me to spell it out, I will. You've been going around the office telling people lies about me!"

"Don't tell me you've been listening to that bullshit! There's nothing I would say behind your back that I couldn't say to your face." His face turned bright red, and he looked angry.

"Was it bullshit when I heard you telling Larry how true everything was."

"So now you're going to condemn me without a hearing?"

"Are you denying what I heard?"

He looked at her with stony silence, his jaw clenching and unclenching.

"So you have nothing to say for yourself?"

"No. If you honestly believe I would stoop so low as to do that to you after what we shared then I don't think explanations will do any good. You know, I thought... well, it doesn't matter what I thought anymore, does it? You're so goddamn paranoid that you won't let anyone in, will you?"

At a loss for words, Patricia's mouth fell open. How was he able to turn this back around on her as though she were the one in the wrong? She'd heard him confirm the rumors herself.

"You no longer have to worry about me ever again. As of now, I quit."

* * *

"Why the long face, Patty Cakes? You've been moping around since you got here. Tito came for dinner especially to see you."

"Mother, you know I don't care for short men."

"That's your problem, you're so darn picky."

"Me picky? I don't think so, I just have standards."

"Did you ever think your standards were too high? It's not like you're very tall yourself."

"Tito is short even for me. Do you want your grandkids to look like Oompa Loompas?" Patricia glared at her mother.

"Tito also owns his own business. So your kids would be a little short, what's wrong with that?"

"Mom, are you so desperate to see me with someone that you don't care who it's with?"

Rocio looked offended. "That's not true. I only want you to be happy."

"I would be happy if you let things be. Look, I know you mean well, but the more you push men my way, the more I'm going to resist. Besides..."

"Besides what?"

"I..." What exactly could she say to her mother?

Patricia felt like crying, but exactly how much could she confide in her mother about the situation? Since Clint's abrupt departure, the rumors at work only got worse instead of dying away. As much as she loved the challenges her job provided, it was becoming increasingly difficult to brush off the comments people made about her. The only people who were civil to Patricia were Maven and Denise. And it was all Clint's fault!

He was the cause of her problems, yet why did her body still crave his touch? Why did she wake up in the middle of the night, drenched in a cold sweat as she longed to feel him beside her?

It had been a month and she was miserable. "I would rather not say."

"You know you can tell me anything."

Patricia found herself leaning against her mother's shoulders. "Oh *Mami*, I'm so confused."

"*Dime*." At the comforting way her mother stroked her hair, Patricia felt the floodgates opening. Before she knew it, she was telling her mother everything... except for the bondage and spankings part.

Rocio listened silently, stroking her daughter's hair as Patricia spoke.

"So there you have it. I trusted him, and he ended up making a fool of me."

Her mother was silent for a moment, looking to be in deep contemplation before she spoke. "Are you positive about what you heard?" It was the same question Maven had asked her.

"Absolutely."

"And you don't think there was any possible misunderstanding?"

"I heard him admit it. What could I have possibly misunderstood about it?"

"Did he actually say he was the one who started the rumors?"

"Well... no. His exact words were, 'Yes, the rumors are true. Is that what you wanted to hear?'"

"Hmm, it doesn't sound like much of a confession to me. Did you at least ask him to explain himself?"

Now it was Patricia's turn to pause. She hadn't, but did it matter? Should it have? "No."

"Oh, Patty Cakes. I think you should have at least given the poor guy a chance. I mean, it sounds to me as though you really like him, and I've never known you to give up so easily."

"What are you saying?"

"You've always fought for what you wanted which is how you got to where you are now, but you didn't fight for Clint. Sounds to me as though he did the right thing by walking away." Her mother stood up then. "Well, I'm going to go get dessert ready. Think about what I said, will you?"

Chapter Eight

Patricia felt lower than low. After dinner at her parents', she went home and tried to get to sleep. She tossed and turned all night long thinking about what her mother had said.

Was it possible that she'd been a little too hard on Clint? If so, why hadn't he defended himself? It was nearly five in the morning when she did finally get to sleep and when her alarm went off, she felt awful.

Patricia took her time getting to the office, downing two cups of sugarless coffee from 7-Eleven. She was an hour late by the time she got to work, but at least there was no one watching the clock. Her head was pounding like crazy and she wanted to shut herself in a dark closet and not come out for the rest of the day.

Things just weren't the same without Clint around. With him gone, she was picking up his workload and her own. She just didn't trust anyone else on her team to get it done to her satisfaction; besides, most of them blamed her for Clint's departure anyway. She could tell by the way they looked at her. She pretended that she didn't notice. Besides, maybe it was her fault.

With all the extra work, Patricia practically lived at the office. It took a lot of begging from her mother to have dinner at her parents' place the night before. It was nearly five o'clock by the time she left her desk. Where the hell was Denise with the papers she needed?

Patricia figured it would probably be fastest to go to Denise's cubicle and get the papers herself rather than waiting. As Patricia made it to Denise's cube, she paused. Her co-worker was on the phone.

"Oh, yeah, Old Man Jansen was very frisky last night. His wife was out of town, so he took me out." Denise paused. "Oh yeah, girl, I ordered the most expensive thing

on the menu of course, although I have to admit for such fine dining, the lobster was a little mushy. They had good caviar though." Another pause. "Oh yeah, of course that's what he wanted. The poor man only lasted a few seconds. He didn't even mess up my do." Denise giggled.

What the fuck? Denise was sleeping with the president of the company? What happened to her surfer boyfriend? Patricia knew she shouldn't eavesdrop, but she couldn't help herself.

"Oh, well, the gifts are nice, but I'm looking for the big prize. I want a promotion to vice president and if I have to suck a little dick to do it, I'm going to make sure the dick is attached to the right person."

Eww, what a whore, Patricia thought to herself. She would never have thought Denise was like that.

"Oh stop, Caroline. You act as though I'm the only woman who's done this to get ahead. Some of us need a little extra... help." Denise cackled like the Wicked Witch of the West.

Patricia remained glued to the spot, unable to believe what she heard. There was a brief pause indicating that Denise was listening to what Caroline or whoever she was had to say.

"Oh don't give me that high and mighty speech, Caro. I get it lorded over me enough here. There's this bitch that works here who thinks she's such a hot shot. She made AVP and if she can, so can I. She makes me sick walking around as though her stuff doesn't stink. I told everyone she was sleeping with the boss. I bet that took her down a peg, and the latest thing I started about her --"

Patricia knew the bitch Denise referred to was herself. Unable to stay quiet any longer, she walked over to Denise's cube, feeling as though an actual knife had been rammed in her back.

Denise's jaw dropped when she saw Patricia standing next to her. "Go ahead and finish your conversation. I'd love to hear what it was you started about me."

“Uhh, Caroline, I have to go. Talk to you later.” Denise quickly hung up. “Look, I can explain --”

“There’s nothing for you to explain. You’ve tried to undermine everything I’ve worked hard to achieve since I’ve been at this company. It’s women like you who give others a bad name. And I accused someone else of what you did. How could you just sit there like butter wouldn’t melt in your mouth?”

Denise looked like she was going to cry, then her eyes narrowed into a mutinous glare. “So what? You think you’re so hot because you made AVP. I’ve busted my ass for this company for over ten years and you’ve been here in half that time and got promoted over me.”

“Because I was busy working, not spending time on my back.”

Denise folded her arms over her chest, a smug expression on her face. She didn’t look so beautiful at that moment. “Go ahead and tell everyone I’m sleeping with Jansen, and I’ll start a smear campaign against you like you’ve never seen. We’ll see who they believe then.”

Patricia could only shake her head, actually feeling sorry for the other woman. Perhaps sleeping with the boss would get Denise the promotion she desired, but when all was said and done, who’d give her back her self-respect?

“I wouldn’t think to tell anyone what I heard. You see, that’s the difference between you and me. Despite what you think of me, I have something called integrity, and people like you will never understand. You can spread your legs for as many people as you’d like to get where you want to go, and maybe you will get people to believe what you want them to, but at the end of the day, I’ll still be able to look myself in the mirror. Can you say the same?” Patricia walked away from the stony-faced Denise then.

The next thought that crossed her mind was Clint. She had to see him and fast.

* * *

She found Clint's house easily, having been there the one time he'd cooked dinner for her. To her dismay, he was walking out of his house with a tall stunning brunette, with hair as dark as a raven's wing.

Patricia's heart dropped. Had he moved on so quickly? She was about to turn her car around, but something stopped her. Her mother's voice filtered through her mind. *You're not a quitter.*

No, dammit, she wasn't.

She remained at a safe distance as she watched Clint and his lady friend get into his car. He looked just as good as she remembered, tall, dark, lean and devastatingly sexy.

Patricia followed his car until he stopped at a familiar restaurant. This was their place! He'd taken her here one night and fed her strawberries and cream. The bastard.

Calm down, girl.

She waited until they went into the restaurant before she parked and followed them. Thus began a miserable meal for her. She asked the hostess to seat her as close to the couple as possible without them seeing her.

Patricia stuffed her face with breadsticks as she watched with envy as Clint talked to the stunning woman as though she were the only one in the room. He once talked to her like that. Unable to take it any more, she pulled out a pen from her purse and scrawled a message on her napkin: I Know Who You Did Last Month.

She carefully folded the napkin and handed it to her server to give to Clint. Patricia waited impatiently as her server handed the napkin to Clint. A puzzled expression marred his chiseled features. When he opened the napkin and read what was on it, his head shot up as he searched the restaurant.

His eyes found hers, and she could feel her heart flutter erratically.

He said something to his companion, before stalking over to her table. "What's this all about?" he asked, waving the napkin at her.

She felt like running away, but knew she had to play it cool. "Who's your dinner companion? Don't tell me I've been replaced so soon." Patricia picked up her glass of

water, and took a sip as though she didn't have a care in the world. She was shaking on the inside and hoped he didn't notice the trembling of her hand.

"That's my sister, Ebony... not that it's any of your business. What are you doing here?"

Patricia breathed an inward sigh of relief. She should have guessed. Their coloring was so similar. "I followed you."

He looked baffled by her cool attitude. "Did you think you could throw nasty accusations at my head, and then walk back into my life as if everything is okay?"

"No. I expected to apologize for being a bonehead and then I'd seduce you and everything would be okay."

He raised a brow. "Look, I don't have time for your games, Patricia."

She wasn't going to give up so easily. If there was the slightest possibility that he still cared for her then she needed to find out. "Clint, I really am sorry. I found out it was Denise who started all those rumors."

"But my word wasn't enough. What happened to trusting me?"

"I was so scared. Then I heard you tell Larry you started the rumors."

"No, you only thought that's what you heard. If you'd stuck around you would have heard me tell him what a vile person I found him and that he was obviously jealous of someone as smart, talented and beautiful as you. I also told him his breath could peel paint."

Patricia's breath caught in her throat. He'd really said that? "I don't know what to say."

"I don't know if there's anything you can say. I can't be with someone who won't trust me."

"Oh, stop being so rigid, Clint. Give the woman a chance." His sister came up behind them.

"Stay out of this, Ebony," Clint growled.

Ebony turned eyes as dark as her brother's on Patricia. "He's such a grouch, isn't he? You wouldn't be Patricia by any chance, would you?"

"Yes."

"Good. Thank God you're here. He's been talking about you all week. Please put the man out of his misery. I'll tell you what, why don't I drive your car home, and Patricia can drop you off when you work things out." Ebony flashed her brother a brilliant smile.

"If you leave this restaurant, I'll wring your little neck," Clint threatened.

"You're all talk, big brother." Ebony then turned to Patricia. "Take care of him, will you?"

Ebony walked away, with a graceful sway of her hips.

"Brat," Clint mumbled under his breath.

"Is it true?" She wished she could read the stormy expression in his eyes.

"What?"

"Do you still care for me?"

"What does it matter when the first little bump in the road that comes along, you'll leave me?"

Patricia stood up to face him. She placed her hand on his face, hoping he could see what was inside her heart. "Clint, I am truly sorry for the way I acted. I should have talked things through with you before I went berserk, but now I know you're a man of integrity and I will do anything you want if you'd forgive me. I... I love you."

"Do you really?"

"Yes. I've never said it to anyone before, but when I'm not with you I wish I were, and even when I am with you, I can't get close enough. If that's not love, I don't know what is."

For a moment, it looked like he wouldn't say anything at all. Then he began to grin. "I guess I'm going to have to forgive you, Ms. Guevara, because I do believe I love you too. I have from the moment I saw you, but you were too busy being my rival."

"Oh Clint, what can I do to make it up to you?" Tears moistened her eyes. Patricia had never felt like this before and she was scared, but it was the good kind of scared.

“Well, I think a kiss would do nicely. Of course, you know I owe you a spanking, don’t you?”

She shivered at the wicked image that flitted through her mind. “I think I can handle that.”

In the bedroom, Clint would always be in charge, but in their hearts, they were equals.

He lowered his head to hers.

“Hey, get a room!” a restaurant patron called out.

The End

Eve Vaughn

Eve Vaughn has enjoyed creating characters and making up stories from an early age. As a child she was always getting into mischief, so when she lost her television privileges (which was often), writing was her outlet. Eve likes to read, bake, make crafts, travel and spend time with her family. She lives in the Philadelphia area with her husband. She loves hearing from her fans, so feel free to contact her at EveVaughn@yahoo.com or join her yahoo group by sending an email to evevaughnsbooks-subscribe@yahogroups.com.