



VOLUME

# ONE INCOGNITO

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**MADISON LAYLE**

**ANNA LEIGH KEATON**

SEDUCING OLIVIA - OWNING RACHEL

COBBLESTONE  PRESS



# INCOGNITO

VOLUME ONE

INCOGNITO:

Volume One

by

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&

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**Incognito: Volume 1**

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## **DEDICATION**

To our husbands for being our inspiration, but most importantly for putting up with our long nights at the computers.

## **AUTHOR'S NOTE**

Our stories contain varying levels of bondage and other D/s activities. As with all of our stories, the characters and events are fictitious, but the BDSM community is a very real subculture of our society. As writers, we try to depict the lifestyle in a responsible way that offers the best entertainment value to our readers. Our stories are not instructional guides, however. Whether you practice BDSM in a relationship is up to you, but please remember: Safe, Sane, and Consensual.

## CHAPTER ONE

*"Muchas gracias,"* Olivia Chandler said to the doorman as she entered the deluxe hotel on the elegant *Paseo de la Castellana*. After a brief talk with the clerk, she arranged to have her suitcases stored until she called for them later, then headed for the elevator.

Keith Randall was in for a surprise, and she didn't want to waste time with a bellman carrying her luggage. The thrill of seeing her fiancé intensified as the elevator ascended, and she watched the numbers increase over the door.

By the time the doors slid open, she was almost giddy with excitement. She made a quick check of her appearance in a large gilded mirror, which hung in the hallway, before making her way to his suite. Sleeping on the plane had helped, as did the change of clothes she'd taken time to don after she landed. Her three-carat, solitaire engagement diamond winked at her as she slipped a stray strand of black hair behind her left ear.

Keith was in Madrid on a business trip and scheduled to return stateside tomorrow. She'd called him from the transatlantic flight to make sure his plans hadn't changed. He shouldn't have any trouble postponing his flight to allow them a spontaneous pre-wedding honeymoon in Spain.

Her heart raced as she held her breath and knocked. When there was no immediate response, she frowned and knocked again.

A grumbled, "Hold on," restored her grin. Then the door swung wide, and her heart leapt into her throat.

Keith stood with a white hotel towel draped around his trim middle, his blond hair adorably mussed. He was dry, although the sound of running water told her she'd intercepted him heading for the shower.

*God, I'm one lucky girl.* She let her gaze climb over his muscular form to settle on his blue eyes, which went from half closed to wide open in an instant.

"Olivia..." he said on a whispered breath.

"Surprise!" She laughed, draped her arms around his neck, reveling in the feel of

his solid plains against her curves, and then gave him a hard kiss.

His fingers curled around her upper arms.

"Whoever it is, darling, get rid of 'em." The woman's voice coming from the bathroom struck Olivia like a bucket of ice water. "Mmm, hurry. The water's just right."

She pushed away from Keith as shock, pain, and anger warred within her. She latched onto the cold chill that ran up her spine and let it harden her heart. Keeping her face blank, she folded her arms and raised an eyebrow. "While the cat's away, is that it...*darling?*"

Keith took her lead and met her gaze with a poker face. "What are you doing here, Olivia?"

"I should think that's obvious. I decided to start our honeymoon early, but I see you had the same idea. Only you started without me." She slipped under his arm that held the door open. "Who is she?"

"Goddammit." He released the door and grabbed her arm.

She stopped, her gaze slashing to him. "Let. Me. Go." Her voice was flat, void of all emotion, and deadly serious.

"That's your fucking problem, Olivia. You want to control everything. Everyone." But he released her arm. "Leave her alone. She didn't know about you."

"Since I didn't know about her, either, we should get along fine."

He raked his fingers through his hair, a move she'd previously found appealing. Now, it just pissed her off.

"They said you were an icy bitch," he snapped, "but I never realized how much until now." Looking like a trapped rat, he struck with a ferocious venom that left her spirit in tatters, but she'd be damned if she lost that infamous control in front of him.

As her heart bled, she laughed without an ounce of humor. "You have no idea." Hearing the shower cut off, she pinned him with a hard glare.

"Darling? Where'd you go?" The shower curtain scraped along the rod as the woman pulled it back.

Olivia spun for the bathroom, making him curse again. "Darling will be right there," she said as she slipped off her engagement ring and, with little more than a glance at the woman who yelped when she appeared in the doorway, she tossed her diamond ring in the toilet bowl and flushed.

"What the...? Fuck, Olivia, I'm still paying for that!"

Olivia dodged him as he lunged for the toilet to try and stop the ring from vanishing. She wished the whirlpool would suck him in with it.

"Who...?" The woman held the curtain across her body like a shield. "What...?"

"You can have him. Our wedding's off." With that declaration, Olivia let the last trace of her pride carry her out of the hotel room.

She kept the tears in check until she reached the anonymity of the Madrid sidewalks.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dylan Montgomery stepped from his limousine and ordered the driver to circle the block. He wanted—needed—to stretch his legs with a walk in the park after spending hours seated at conference tables, haggling with corporate executives and lawyers.

His proposed plan to expand the family business overseas, with a foothold on both coasts of the United States, was coming together. At least the first phase had been successful. It would still be months, if not a year or more, before he saw his dream become a reality.

He removed his tie and tucked it in a pants pocket, then loosened the top two buttons of his shirt. As he strolled along the paved paths, he inhaled the sweet scent of flowers and freshly mowed grass. The greenery of the city park helped him relax despite the constant hum of heavy traffic in the background.

He'd have to call his brother to let him know how things went, but... He glanced at the Rolex Cellini on his wrist and calculated the time adjustment to Eastern Standard Time. Yes, the call could wait.

A stifled sob and snuffle made him glance around to see a petite woman seated on a park bench, her head held in her hands. Her trim, nylon-encased legs led his gaze up from elegant black heels to a hip-hugging skirt that stopped about mid thigh. She wore a jewel-toned burgundy blazer to match the skirt, which broadcast her as a woman of sophisticated taste and elegance, despite her current position. Ebony strands of long, straight hair hung like a silken curtain about her bowed face.

*"Perdón, señorita,"* he said, pulling a silk handkerchief from his jacket pocket.

She startled and swept her hair aside to peer at him with aqua eyes as alluring as the Mediterranean Sea. For a moment he could do nothing more than stare into her sorrow-filled gaze.

"May I be of some service?" he asked in Spanish.

"No, thank you," she murmured in slightly accented Spanish.

Her thick lashes lowered to fan across her damp cheeks. She blinked, and another tear trailed down her face.

He lowered himself to the bench beside her and held out the handkerchief.

She studied it for a few seconds then slowly shook her head. "No, thank you," she repeated, her hands fisted in her lap. She rubbed her thumb over her unadorned left ring finger.

He reclined against the back of the bench and silently watched her, although her hair blocked his view of her face.

"I'm not an icy bitch," she blurted out, her fists striking her lap.

Surprised by her sudden change to flawless English, he smiled and said, "Of

course you aren't."

Those aqua eyes widened and turned toward him as if she'd totally forgotten his presence, or hadn't realized she'd spoken aloud.

Tilting her face with a finger under her chin, he wiped the tears from her cheeks. "You're a very beautiful woman, and whoever caused these tears is an exceedingly unfortunate and foolish man."

She caught her bottom lip between her teeth, and another tear slipped from her bottom lash.

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am Dylan Montgomery."

Her gaze dropped, her lashes again shielding her tempting eyes. "Olivia."

He let his thumb graze the lush curve of her bottom lip, released her chin, and pocketed his handkerchief. "Olivia, I know this is short notice, but would you do me a kind favor?"

Curiosity shone as she looked up.

"I have reservations at a restaurant, but I dislike eating alone. Would you do me the honor of dining with me?"

She shook her head and glanced away.

"A drink then?"

When she looked up again, her eyes were darker and...suspicious.

"Are you married?" she asked.

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"Girlfriend?"

He smiled. "No."

In a move so sudden it pulled him off balance, she grabbed his lapels and roughly pressed her lips to his. By the time he recovered enough to respond, she'd already pushed away with an angry murmur.

"God, I'm sorry. I can't do anything right. Maybe I *am* too controlling, but I don't mean to be." She didn't look at him as she continued to ramble. "I don't want to be. I'm not heartless, you know. I can let go. For once in my life..."

Deciding he'd heard enough, he slipped both hands up to cradle her damp cheeks and turned her face toward him. His lips cut off her self-deprecating chatter in midsentence, his tongue diving inside to claim her honey-sweet mouth.

When her hands started to encircle his neck, he caught her wrists. Her nails scraped over his skin, sending flames of desire scorching through him, before he moved them behind her back and pinned her body against his. He swallowed her moan as he continued the kiss until they were both breathless. His cock throbbed and, surprised by the speed of his own response, he had to pause to regain composure.

His lips hovered over hers as he pulled back just enough to see her closed eyes.

He held her wrists gently in one hand, while letting his other fingers lightly stroke the delicate curve of her neck, feeling excitement in her pulse's heavy, erratic beat.

"If you wish to lose control, *mi gatita*, I can show you how."

Her lashes fluttered, unveiling a confused but intrigued haze.

One side of his mouth curved.

"Wh-what do you mean, show me?"

"Let go. Submit. Have you ever played the role of a submissive lover?"

Her look turned to one of uncertainty and skepticism. However, she didn't try to pull away. "No." He felt her tremble but couldn't tell whether it was from fear or arousal. "I don't know y—"

"Trust is a vital part of such play. The submissive relinquishes control, gaining the freedom to truly feel cherished, desired, and pleased. The master is really the one bound, because he must adhere to strict rules to ensure his sub's experience is a memorable one."

She bit her bottom lip, making him want to suck it into his mouth again. "I don't know if I can."

"You already have." He smiled when her gaze shot to his. "I hold you in my arms, your wrists in my hand. Tell me, Olivia..." He let his fingers slide from her neck to the swell of her breasts barely visible in the V of her blouse. "...how did you feel when I captured them? How do you feel now?"

Her chest rose rapidly as her breath became unsteady. Her pulse pounded under his fingertips, reminding him that despite the blow someone had given her heart, it still beat with a need not unlike his own.

"Excited," she whispered, as if she thought sirens would sound if she made such an admission aloud. "But a little scared, too."

"More excited than afraid, I hope." He kissed the tip of her nose, and she gave him a shaky smile. "You need only to say your safe word, and I'd stop immediately."

"Safe word?"

"*Corazon*," he said, choosing the word *heart* as a reminder to her as well as himself that it, above all else, should be kept safe.

"*Corazon*?"

He released her wrists as soon as she spoke and moved back enough to break all physical contact with her.

Those beautiful eyes met his with surprise, then with understanding.

She rubbed her arms as if the sudden loss of his body heat left her chilled.

"I've never done anything like this before."

"Permit me to enlighten you? My place is—"

"No." She bit her lip. "Some place neutral."

He studied her for a moment, then nodded and said, "You choose."

She named a five-star hotel not far from where they sat. He'd had business

clients stay there in the past and knew it well. The knowledge confirmed his suspicions that she was used to a life of some luxuries, if not extravagance. "You have a room there?"

"No. Not anymore..." Her gaze slid away from him, the pain of earlier shadowing her face.

He held out his hand and, after a brief minute of indecision, she took it. He led her back along the path and stopped at the street. When she turned puzzled eyes toward him, he smiled and squeezed her hand, then grinned as the limousine pulled to a stop a short time later, and her eyes rounded with surprise.

"After you, *mi gatita*." *My kitten*. She reminded him of one. Curious and skittish.

During the quick ride to the hotel and, as they checked in under his name, he continued to hold her hand, tenderly caressing the back with his thumb.

As the elevator rose, he sensed her nerves becoming more jumpy—a speculation confirmed when she flinched at the ding marking their arrival on the appropriate floor.

At the room, he released her hand to slide the keycard in and push open the door. "Do you wish to use your safe word, Olivia?"

She faced him, examining his face for sincerity. He held still, met her gaze, and waited without touching her, allowing her time to determine whether he was worthy of her trust.

After what seemed like an eternity, she shook her head and walked past him into the room. Her poise indicated a woman of class and confidence, yet she continued to rub her arms. He determined to help heal some of the emotional scars left by whoever had hurt her.

He tossed the keycard on the dresser and watched her turn in a circle until she faced him once more.

"It's a nice room," she said with a brief laugh at her attempt at small talk.

"Made more beautiful by your presence."

Her lips parted slightly, her tongue darting out to moisten them.

Instead of touching her, he removed his jacket and tossed it across a nearby chair. His shirt was next. Her gaze followed his hands as he worked free each button and tugged the tails from the waistband.

"Remove your blazer, Olivia." He gave the command softly but with firm authority. He held out his hand to take it from her but was careful not to contact her skin as she obeyed. "And the blouse."

Her fingers trembled, but again she followed his order. Pale ivory lace covered her breasts, the coral nipples barely visible beneath the seductive design. His cock hardened, but he held himself in check.

As much as he'd like to sink into her hard and fast right now, tonight was not about his pleasures, but hers. She needed nurturing.

Someone had wounded her, shaken her confidence. Such a lovely woman, she'd

been dealt a crushing blow by someone who should've supported her, protected her, and cherished her. Loved her. She was a strong woman, but one in need of a comforting, yet firm hand.

"Tonight, you have no worries," he said in a husky murmur. "No concerns, duties, or burdens other than to follow my command. Tonight you're mine to control, to care for...as you deserve to be. Understand?"

She swallowed then nodded. He smiled at her nervous regard.

"You have your safe word. Should you use it at any time, I'll stop instantly. But until then, I intend to master you, pamper you, and take you higher than you've ever been before."

"Master?"

Aroused adrenaline pumped harder inside him as he heard the word on her lips. He gave her an amused grin. "I like the sound of that."

She laughed, a brief but welcome sound.

"Turn around."

She did, but kept her head turned so she could see him over her shoulder.

"Unfasten your skirt."

When she complied, he took her hands and, placing his over hers, pushed the skirt down until it pooled around her feet. The top of her head barely reached his nose. His eyelids drooped as he buried his face in her hair and inhaled her fresh, floral scent.

After planting a kiss to the back of her head, he knelt behind her and slowly stroked her arms. Her breaths came out in light, quick puffs. He tucked his thumbs into her nylons and pulled them down. She wore no panties beneath the pantyhose, which pleased him, though he didn't mention it.

"Put your hand on my shoulder and lift your foot." She hung on as he removed the last remnants of her clothing, along with her shoes.

With a gentle grip on her hips, he turned her to face him as he sat back on his heels, his knees straddling her feet. Her delicate fingers clung to his bare shoulders, while he let his hands roam over the backs of her thighs and buttocks. Her skin was as soft as rose petals. He wanted to lick every inch of her creamy flesh. A small triangle of onyx curls sheltered the apex of her legs.

A growl rumbled up his throat. Soon, he thought, but not yet.

He stood, his palms resting on the swell of her hips.

"*Béseme*, Olivia," he ordered with an uncompromising stare at her full lips.

She rose up on tiptoes to comply with his demand for a kiss and pressed those lush, pink lips to his.

He let her lead during the first few seconds, but her subtle, tentative touch was too much of a siren's call for his libido. He took command and thrust his tongue inside to raid the hot depths of her mouth. She made a sound of surprise, which he drank in.

His muscles flexed as he fought the urge to press her body against his hard

length. He wanted to tumble them onto the bed and power into her. His cock throbbed with the need, but he couldn't, so he tore his mouth from hers and released her hips.

After catching his breath, he said, "Lie back on the bed, puss. In the middle."

With a hint of mischief, she flashed a set of pearly whites. "Yes, Master."

He chuckled at her playful tone, and was silently relieved to see the pain that had etched tiny lines in her brow earlier had disappeared.

When she was in place, he turned off all of the lights except for the bathroom, which he left on to spill through the crack in the doorway and provide a softer, more subtle illumination. Then, returning to the bed, he sat beside her.

She lay watching him with her legs together, her hands, one over the other, across her abdomen.

"You're very lovely." He ran a finger over her collarbone, down past the curve of one breast, to circle the pebbled tip. "Control is mine, puss?"

She nodded.

As he took her hands and raised them over her head, anticipation lit up her eyes. Until he withdrew the silk necktie from his pants pocket and wound it around her wrists.

## CHAPTER TWO

Olivia tensed when she saw the silky, pale blue necktie. Her breathing faltered as Dylan wound it around her wrists.

Her gaze remained glued to his chiseled Latino features. His hair was a rich brown, his skin a golden bronze as if he spent a lot of time in the sun. His eyes had an exotic tilt to them, and the color reminded her of caramel, soothing and seductive. When he'd removed his jacket and opened his shirt, she'd caught a glimpse of a hairless chest and hard abs, which made her pussy moisten.

But now her body trembled for another reason altogether. Apprehension.

As if he sensed her emotional change, he stopped after only two rotations. "Pull on your hands, puss."

She did and was free with one tug.

"That's not so bad, now is it?" He smiled, a dimple flashing seductively at her, which helped put her at ease. He took her hands again, wrapping the tie twice around and forming a single loose bow. "You can pull free any time you want, but know that if you do, or if you say your safe word, I will stop immediately. Understand?"

She nodded and left her hands bound on the pillow over her head.

"Say it again."

"Yes, Master."

He bent down and gave her a quick kiss before he stepped away from the bed. "Don't move."

Watching her, he removed the rest of his clothes. Like his abs, his legs were trim and strong. A thin trail of dark hair led from his navel to his cock, which jutted out proud and ready.

He dug for his wallet, pulled out a couple of condom packets, and tossed them on the foot of the bed. Relieved that he'd thought of such things when she'd forgotten, she sighed and relaxed, accepting that he was in control.

Her gaze followed him when he moved to the bed and grasped her ankles. All of the air left the room when he moved her feet apart and knelt on the mattress. Despite the dim light, she could still make out the passionate desire that darkened his eyes.

He lifted her right foot and placed a chaste kiss to the inside of her ankle, making her sigh. His fingers brushed lightly over her skin to tease the underside of her knee, tickling a bit. She smiled but forced herself not to move. His lips trailed his hands up her leg, over her inner thigh, tightening her nerves until her hips lifted in a plea for his attention where she needed him most.

Instead of heeding her silent demand for more, he lowered her right leg and turned his focus to her left. The exquisite torment continued with slow deliberation until she squirmed.

"Please," she said when he kissed the sensitive pulse-point where her leg met her hip.

He licked his way to her navel, dipping his tongue inside, and her hips lifted again. He gripped her thighs and held them wide, but he refused to follow her urgings. His thumbs rubbed her skin just above her legs. So close, yet so far away.

Her head flopped back onto the pillow, while her body hummed with carnal frustration. "Please," she said again, adding, "Master," for good measure with the hope that he'd hurry.

"Patience, puss. I'm just getting started."

*Oh, my...*

He leaned over her, his firm body blanketing hers as he took the tip of one breast into his mouth. His hot tongue flicked her nipple. She moaned and wanted to run her fingers through his hair and hold him there. She remained still, fighting the urge to hurry him along. He sucked until she felt the pulse in her pussy match the tug of his lips. His gentle hand with long, talented fingers kneaded and teased her other breast, plucking at the peak. The torture was so exquisite she longed for *more*.

With a groan, he nipped the bud with his teeth then switched to the other nipple. She arched her back, unable to remain still.

His hands and mouth roamed her body, leaving behind a trail of sizzling skin and nerves aching for more. When he moved back down the bed, the loss of his body heat left her whimpering with need. But then all thought ceased as he spread her wide and took her pussy with his mouth.

She clamped her eyes shut and lifted for him, giving him more access. She brought both hands, still bound, to his head and sank her fingers into his thick, silky hair.

He stopped and pulled away from her grasp.

"No, don't, please...."

"Olivia, you moved."

She blinked, but then she recalled he had ordered her not to move. Surely, that didn't mean he'd stop....

He took her by the wrists and raised her arms overhead again.

"What shall I do with a disobedient pet?" He smiled, but the odd question sent a

unique thrill rocketing along her nervous system.

"I'm sorry." It was her damn control problem.

"Are you really?" One dark eyebrow rose with speculation.

Yeah, she was, especially since her actions had made him stop what she'd been practically begging for from the moment he crawled onto the bed. He couldn't know how sorry she was.

He moved up beside her then, kneeling on her left side near her head, and took his cock in hand. "Show me how sorry."

Her gaze darted from his cock to his eyes and back again. After a moment's hesitation, she rolled sideways and opened her mouth.

Without her hands free, she couldn't control the speed or depth of her movements, but he did. He scooped her hair into his fist and held her head as he slipped his thick cock past her lips.

"Slow and easy. I want this to last." His cock reached the back of her mouth.

She sucked hard and heard him draw a quick breath.

"Ah, yes, puss." His hips thrust forward on her next stroke, pushing him deeper.

After several more strokes, he pulled gently on her hair until she released him, and then held his stiff, wet cock against his stomach. "You want to lick my balls, puss? Run that tongue all over me."

His words ignited a hunger in her like never before. She buried her face between his spread thighs and licked, drawing first one, then the other into her mouth.

"Oh, *mierda*, that feels good." He released his cock to tease and twirl the tips of her breasts, which made her groan. Then he powered his cock back into her mouth, and her tongue swept the hot flesh while he set a demanding pace.

She fisted her hands in frustration. She wanted to touch him, run her hands all over him. Still, a wicked part of her delighted in knowing that she could bring him pleasure, drive him to the edge, without even laying a finger on him.

With a harsh, shaky breath, he pulled her off him and let her roll onto her back, her lungs straining for air. He quickly moved to the foot of the bed. When his fingers spread her pussy lips, her breath caught in her throat.

"You're forgiven, puss," he said with a wide grin, "but learn your lesson and don't move."

"Yes, Mast...*ah!*"

He seized her clit, sucking it hard into his mouth. At the same time, he pushed a finger inside her wet channel. He'd ordered her not to move, but her hips refused to listen to her brain. They lurched. His tongue flicked and swirled around her, driving her faster. He added another finger and shoved her unbelievably higher.

Her head tossed from side to side. The tension built until she could stand no more. The climax burst from her body, her moan of surrender harmonizing with his grunt of approval. She was still shivering with the aftereffects when he straddled her

left leg and leaned forward on his arms. He dipped his head to capture her lips and steal her breath. As he possessed her mouth, she tasted her own juices, which drew another moan from deep within her.

Pushing away from her, he caught his breath, allowing her to do the same, and retrieved a tiny square packet. He held her gaze as he ripped it open and sheathed his rock-hard cock with the protective condom. Again, she was grateful to him for having enough control to remember things that her mind failed to retain.

He lifted her right leg over his shoulder, positioned his cock, and paused. His passion-filled gaze locked with hers as he slowly slid into her depths. With each inch, his jaw tightened, his eyes darkened, and her heart stuttered.

"Damn, you're so tight and hot." Her eyelids drifted closed, but he said, "No, open 'em. Look at me."

She obeyed, and he withdrew a couple of inches, then pressed home once more.

"Watch me fuck your lovely pussy." He slammed in hard, and she cried out as her muscles contracted around him. "Yes," he said without stopping the fierce pace he set. Leaning forward, he drove into her with ever-deepening strokes. His flesh slapped at hers, a rhythmic staccato amid the melody of their irregular breathing.

Her pants changed to moans, and then when he reached between them to tweak her clit, she screamed. The orgasm surged through her from her core to every extremity.

"Again, puss. Let go and come again." His breaths were short huffs, his strong arms taut. Still he powered into her with long, steady thrusts and sent her spiraling over the next precipice. One masterful stroke later, he found his own climax.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Two Years Later*

"Thank you, Carmen," Olivia whispered as she slipped the keycard into her purse. "I owe you one."

The head of housekeeping for the exclusive Rosemont Grand hotel scowled at her. "Damn straight you do, Liv. I'm putting my job on the line for you." She glanced down the empty hallway then back at Olivia. "This guy better be worth it."

Olivia gave her best friend a quick hug. "God, I hope so. It's been two years, and no man has lived up to the expectations Dylan set. When I saw his photo in the newspaper and learned he was going to be here..." She laid her hand over her heart that beat like a timpani, and sucked in a fast breath. "I have to see if that one night was a fluke. Walking—no, slithering—out on him like I did while he slept was the biggest mistake of my life."

Carmen shook her head, pursing her lips. "If I get fired, you're hiring me for at least double what I make here, whether I know a thing about film production or not."

And I want a corner office.”

Olivia laughed and squeezed her hand. “Triple. And a company car.”

Her friend winked and grinned. “For that I might get myself fired anyway. Now go on. It’s getting late.”

As Olivia rode the elevator to the Terrace Suite on the top floor, her nerves jangled, and her palms grew damp. She could do this, she told herself. She glanced at the elevator attendant’s reflection in the polished gold door and wondered if he had any idea just how turned on she was at the thought of seducing Dylan Montgomery. Or how terrified.

*Dylan.* The man in the spotlight of her every erotic fantasy, a one-time indulgence that, once experienced, was better left to the past.

They’d met while she’d been at her weakest. With his unfathomable compassion for a total stranger, he’d slipped past the tough, protective coating she’d long used to keep others at arm’s length. She’d needed to feel nurtured, desired, if only for a moment. She’d wanted to hand over the reins of her firm control to someone, if only for a night. And Dylan had been there to give her what she’d needed and more.

So she’d taken what he’d offered and then disappeared, vowing to never again relinquish control, no matter how heavy the burden life’s demands became.

Admittedly, her engagement to Keith had been a mistake, an utter failure. He’d fooled her with his charismatic personality. Ever handy with a compliment, he’d charmed her with an illusion. Always accommodating, he’d never once told her no, not even when she’d hinted at marriage. The Lothario had produced a ring within the week, while keeping his mistress hidden within the sheets of his bed.

She’d learned her lesson and become stronger. More independent. A self-reliant woman who could match wits with any businessman. She’d clawed her way up the corporate ladder using her savvy ingenuity, an attention to detail, and clear, definable guidelines. After her one night of selfish weakness, she’d shifted back into professional mode and left her private desires behind for good. Or so she’d thought.

Now her past had found her, or she’d found him. The sight of his face alone had made her long to lose control, to let go again. The desire overwhelmed her professional need for command. For three days since seeing his photo in the business section of the *Times* and learning of his arrival, she’d fought the urge to seek Dylan out. But her will had crumbled under her curiosity and need.

If she thought she regretted sneaking out on him two years ago, how much remorse would she feel if she let this chance slip by?

The soft ding of the elevator announced her arrival. The attendant gave her a courteous nod as she stepped into the short hallway. Two doors. One on the left, one on the right. She pulled from her purse the keycard that Carmen had given her and checked the number on the paper sleeve. 2301.

Her thudding heart nearly choked her. Her sex felt damp and heated. Excitement

grew steadily as she stared at the door that could lead her to a night of exhilaration in Dylan's commanding embrace.

Or utter humiliation if he wasn't interested. If she'd been nothing more to him than a one-night stand, a quick lay...

No! She wouldn't believe that. He'd been too...too...

She'd been the one to run from him, from what they might have had if she'd been courageous enough to stay and find out. Before she lost her nerve and ran from another hotel, she slipped the keycard into the lock. Carmen had told her the room was empty, and that Mr. Montgomery had requested a turndown no earlier than nine tonight.

Glancing at her watch, she pushed the door open. Eight-thirty now, and Carmen had promised to cancel the turndown order.

The sitting room was spacious with rich burgundy carpet and jade green furnishings. A gas fireplace took up one corner, and a wall of windows overlooked the southern California coast beyond the quaint, garden terrace. One lamp against the far wall lit the room, so she didn't turn on any others as she made her way into the living room.

Damn, there were two bedrooms. Which one would he be sleeping in? Hard to tell since the place was spotlessly tidy. She peeked into the first one. *Jackpot*. A blue silk tie hung over the back of the easy chair positioned in front of the window. Dropping her overnight bag on the king-sized bed as she passed, she picked up the tie and ran it through her fingers. A slow smile spread over her face and a tingle, caused by her remembrance of another blue silk tie, shot through her body.

With an idea forming in her mind, she began removing her clothes. Within seconds she stood nearly nude in the middle of the room, her thigh-high black stockings the last garment remaining. She glimpsed her reflection in the full-length mirror across the room and cringed. She'd thought to lie bound and naked on the bed as she had before, but her courage fled. Just being in the room was bold enough. She went to the bed, opened her bag, and slipped into a lacy red and black teddy. Leaving her stockings on, she exchanged her professional footwear for a pair of red stilettos.

Another glance at the mirror made her chew her lip. What had she been thinking when she'd picked this outfit? Her legs looked good because of the four-inch heels, but she'd never worn anything this revealing in her life. Or this seductive. She prayed he'd find it—and her—seductive.

She stashed her bag and clothing behind the chair next to the window, tossed a few condom packets on the nightstand, and grinned. She hadn't come unprepared this time around.

Holding Dylan's tie, she climbed into the middle of the bed. The satin covering on the down comforter was slippery and cool against her skin as she adjusted her outfit, or what there was of it.

God, what if he didn't remember her? No. Of course, he would remember her. He had to.

She twisted the tie about her wrists and used her teeth to help her tie a loose knot. Lying back against the overstuffed pillows, she raised her hands over her head, just as Dylan had once positioned her. She spread her legs slightly and glanced at that mirror across the room.

She looked like a wanton. Moisture dampened the crotch of the teddy. For tonight, she vowed to be any damn thing Dylan could possibly want. As long as he did to her all the things he'd done before. As long as he commanded her body, brought her the excruciating pleasures he had before, and slaked his own insatiable lust inside her.

The sound of her own breathing brought her back to the present. Her pussy throbbed, and her nipples drew tight against the lace cups. *Please let him hurry.*

As she lay there, trying to regulate her breathing and calm her racing heart, she wondered whether tonight would go well. And if it did, could it be the start to a long-term affair?

The newspaper article had said he'd just bought a five-thousand-acre vineyard in the Napa Valley and was here on the coast to meet with investors. His main American headquarters was somewhere in Florida, where he owned a multimillion dollar mansion and two other wineries.

If he was going to be spending time here on the West Coast... She grinned and her breathing sped up all over again at the thought of Dylan calling her with that sexy Latin accent, saying, "I'm in town. Meet me at the Rosemont."

She could have the best of both worlds—daily independence and the occasional sexual guidance of a talented master. And no one but the two of them need know about her darker, deviant side. There was no point in informing the world that she wasn't always in control, that she loved it when Dylan told her to lick his balls.

She held her breath when she heard the click of the electronic lock on the front door. The room was dark now, night completely fallen outside. The only light filtered through the bedroom door from the sitting room, splashing across the bed, making her feel as if she were under a spotlight.

Straining to hear what he was doing, she thought she heard the bar fridge open and close. Ice clanked in a glass. "Come on, come on," she whispered. What if he decided to watch television or read the newspaper first? What if she lay here for hours before he came to bed? What if he tossed her out?

Her insecurities warred with her courage. As she debated the logic of either dragging him to the bedroom or hiding until he went to sleep, a shadow fell across the bed.

His tall, lean body stopped, silhouetted in the doorway. His hand moved, and then lamplight flooded the room. He stood there in dark slacks, his cream-colored shirt open at the collar, the sleeves rolled back to reveal his darkly tanned forearms. In one

hand was a glass of amber liquid. But it was the deep amber of his eyes that snared her. His intense gaze took in her body from head to toe, heating her even more, sending a thrill skyrocketing through her.

She took a deep breath for courage. "Hello, Master," she purred, her body so ready for him she could barely keep from squirming.

A slow grin spread over his chiseled features as he sauntered toward the bed. The sexy dimple that'd been her undoing two years before winked at her.

He hadn't changed much. His discerning eyes were still framed by fine lines that crinkled at the outer corners whenever he was amused. He'd kept his thick brown hair trimmed on the sides, but let it grow longer on top, which gave him a rakish look as errant strands fell across his brow.

"Well, now," he said in his deep, sexy accent, "I like the sound of that."

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