

# Chapter One

It was quite possibly the hottest Georgia summer that Elijah Elliot could remember. The air conditioning in his darkened office ran full blast above him, chilling the hairs at the back of his neck, but he was burning up. On fire.

She was kneeling in front of him, nude except for the bright red silk that bound her hands behind her. Looking down through eyes half-lidded with measured restraint, he could see the uneven speckles of nearly matching red that the rough Berber carpet marred into her knees. She didn't seem to mind—her mouth on his cock was steady and skilled. She made small noises of relish as she worked her lips around him. He dropped a hand from the cool plate glass window in front of him to smooth over loose, thick hair.

“Faster,” he ordered.

Waves of rippling heat tensed the muscles of his thighs when she hummed deep in her throat, the perfect place to be as far as he was concerned. He growled his approval as she sped up the fierce, wet suction of her mouth. The hand that still braced against the window fisted, and Eli's eyes closed, his hips tilting in consonant rhythm with her new pace. Everything in him tightened, and he leaned into each of her down strokes, silently urging her to take him fully. She pulled back her lips the barest fraction and his next thrust met with the delicate graze of her teeth. The head of his cock brushed the back of her throat.

“Yes,” he moaned, his eyes flaring open at the deep, clenching wave of pleasure that slammed into his midsection. He was greeted by two of the most beautiful sights in the world—a breathtaking high-rise view across the glittering nighttime lights of downtown Atlanta, and his business partner, her arms tied behind her back, sucking him off while he made a tight fist in her long auburn hair.

He was so close to coming it set his teeth on edge. His cock throbbed, jerked as she flattened her tongue against the underside of his aching head. She lingered, teasing, lightening the broad, wetly silken strokes of her lips until only the upper curve of her perfect mouth grazed him, butterfly-like. Her breath teased the length of his damp erection. In contrast to the refrigerated air of the room, she nearly scalded him.

He caught her chin, fighting frustration. Not what he wanted. He wanted deeper.

“Open.”

She complied and he was rough when he stabbed back between her lips. His second hand joined the first at the back of her head and he began to pump his hips in earnest. She didn't resist—she laced her fingers together at her back and cast her huge brown eyes up at him. He met her gaze with his own, unwavering. She smiled coyly around him, tilting her chin so that he had an unobstructed view of her mouth pulling him deep. His eyes darted—her mouth, her bound hands, that red scarf, her mouth...

*Too much.* Eli braced a hand at her shoulder to keep her from toppling forward and wrenched away, his breathing breakneck. She panted, leaning hard against the heel of his hand. When she raised her head, her smile was one of triumph. She licked her glistening lips, but she was

still messy from her ministrations. A trickle of sweat made a slow pilgrimage from just under her chin into the valley between her bare, soft breasts.

“Mr. Elliot?” she said sweetly, questioningly, as if she was unaware of how close to exploding she had taken him. He couldn’t answer right away. God, she was gorgeous, with that cat-that-got-the-cream look on her face. The silken, scorching specter of her mouth around him still lingered. Residual pleasure mixed in his head with the million ideas he had for punishing that smugness out of her, and the possibilities stole his voice.

“Mr. Elliot?”

He wanted to be back in her mouth. He wanted to push her onto her stomach and take her hard from behind. He wanted...

“Mr. Elliot?”

The harsh fluorescent lights above him snapped suddenly back into focus. Elijah Elliot was in his office—but the woman calling his name *wasn’t* in a position of sexual supplication.

The same sweetly tilted brown eyes stared at him, but they were across a meeting room and not gazing up at him, glazed with lust. The same thick dark hair fell in a heavy curtain around her shoulders. He could almost feel it filtering through his fingers.

“Sorry.” Eli cleared his throat as he sat straighter in his chair. It was a good thing that a conference table jutted over his lap, hiding the evidence of his daydream, or he’d have a lot of explaining to do. Her eyes weren’t the only ones trained expectantly on him.

His fantasy smiled slightly and scooted a small notebook across the tabletop. Eli reached out and flipped it open. The top page was covered in her neat

handwriting. He scanned the first few lines and looked up at her.

“Thank you, Miss London. If everyone’s ready, then?”

The half dozen men and women assembled around him all nodded. He stared at the notes she’d given him. She always made notes. She had a pros-and-cons twitch. She was near-obsessive about it.

His vision blurred over the page. This client group was important—a board of directors that they needed to get past to present to the CEO herself. Still too jazzed from his daydream to form a coherent sentence, Eli picked up a remote that sat on the tabletop and pressed a button.

“We’ll start with a little bit about the firm. My partner, Miss London, has put together a short slideshow.”

All eyes turned to the projection screen—all except Beatrix London’s. Hers stayed trained to his face, searching. He flicked his over to meet her.

She frowned slightly, mouthing a silent “Are you okay?”

He nodded.

*In my head, I was just three seconds away from coming in your mouth.*

Eli held himself back from blatantly staring at her slick red lips, or imagining them circling the base of his cock.

He read from the notebook as the slideshow started. The letters behaved enough for him to read aloud, woodenly.

“Ad Vantage was formed as a small print-based company a little over two years ago here in Atlanta, and

since our incorporation, the firm has moved aggressively into both broadcast media and Internet venues...”

He could still feel Bea’s eyes on him.

*Just breathe, Elliot.*

Bea studied her partner as he segued from a rocky, stuttering start to their presentation into the smoother, more confident tone she was used to from him. She frowned slightly but didn’t avert her eyes from his face. It was a good face. Hell, a *great* face. Elijah Elliot wasn’t what most would call typically handsome—his brow just a tad too broad, his deep blue eyes set just a bit too far apart—but he had a confidence and an ease about him Bea had always been drawn to.

He glanced down at her notes as he scrolled through the PowerPoint presentation. She watched his hands. The tiny remote looked fragile in his long fingers. How would those hands look curled around the soft inner swells of her thighs? How would those eyes shine, staring up at her as he put his mouth to her? She was wet just thinking about it.

Everything about him aroused her, even the things that *shouldn’t*. She had overheard him dealing with a belligerent vendor last year, and he had lost just the slightest bit of his temper with the man—his voice had lowered to utter the four words that had set her on fire. The same words had fueled many fantasies since.

*You listen to me...*

Bea shifted in her seat and crossed her legs. The hair at the back of Eli’s neck curled softly—it had been too long between haircuts for him. He had seemed distracted lately, more disorganized than normal. Bea was usually the regulator between the two of them, neatly tying up the

loose ends that Eli's more people-oriented personality left in their day-to-day, but it wasn't just his typical type-A causing her concern.

The dark circles under his eyes the past few weeks, the frequency of unshaven mornings—she wished that her partner would tell her what was bothering him. She wished she could tell him that he was bothering her, as in hot-and-bothering.

She was edgy around him. She would catch herself focusing on the most insignificant things and turning them into full-blown, detailed sexual daydreams. Today was no exception.

As he led their clients, Bea let her own mind wander.

She would find him in his office late one Friday night, his wide-set blue eyes drowsing over the screen of his laptop. She would lean in the door and watch him, warming when he dragged his heavy-lidded gaze to her.

“Bea.”

There would be that sleepy husk to his voice—the sandpaper edge she knew from their countless overnight trips, the same edge she fantasized would roughen his words when he was aroused.

“Eli?”

A personal erotic film unfolded. He shut his laptop and stood. His jacket hung on the back of his desk chair and his sleeves were rolled to bare his arms to the elbows. His tie was loose. He reached for it, yanking it off and undoing the remaining twist to pull the silk flat and smooth between his hands. It wouldn't take him long to reach her from his desk.

“Bea, I'm glad you're here.”

She couldn't find her voice to respond. Eli came so close she could feel his body heat radiating, a warmth that

she knew would be blistering heat when they were finally skin to skin. So much skin. She closed her eyes as Eli's voice smoothed out and the slideshow continued. Back to her fantasy.

He was taller than she was, but not by much. She had always considered her height an advantage—knew that it lent her an air of confidence that escaped her in their imagined encounters.

“Open your eyes.”

She complied. He could kiss her, but he wouldn't. Not yet. His breath fanned against her cheek and her own breathing sped up. His hand traced her lips. His eyes were beacons in the dimness, and she was felled by them, melting.

“Open your mouth.”

She hesitated. A small shiver of doubt traced up her spine—this fantasy should be a sweet one, of lovemaking on the beach or in a candlelit bedroom.

“Listen to me.”

His voice erased her fear. The same tone of command that she'd imagined time and time again, the words that would give her a place to fall, hands to fall into. And what hands. He lifted them, the tie stretched between his strong fingers. He brought the silk between her lips, slid the tie over her teeth.

“Bite.”

She did. The loose ends of silk dangled, grazing her cheeks. He reached behind her and closed the door solidly at her back. The door lock clicking into place turned her insides to a twisting plane of jittering want. His cheek brushed hers and the rasp of his stubble made her long to spit the silk out of her mouth, press her lips instead to his

jaw line. Her mouth watered. Her skin flushed. Her pussy spasmed, achingly empty.

Eli leaned back and reached for her wrists, raising them above her head.

“Grab.”

Bea hooked her fingers around the sudden cold of curling metal. The coat rack had been mounted to the back of his office door since they had moved into the building. She had seen it hundreds of times. She wouldn't ever be able to hang her damned coat up in his office now without thinking of him rasping—

“I'm going to tie your hands to the coat rack now.”

He skimmed his lips over the shell of her ear. She could feel the hard ridge of his cock brushing her hip. She pressed her knees together, desperately, instantly weak. Wetter than she had ever been before. She could come right here, and he hadn't even touched her.

He was so calm, how the hell could he be so calm? Her nipples chafed at the fabric of her bra, and her calves already ached from standing on her heels, ever so lightly arched by the press of his body. He slid the tie gently from her mouth. She licked her lips.

“Thank you for holding that.”

His lips brushed hers softly, teasingly, and left her with the faint taste of cinnamon and salt—and wanting him back again as he tied her hands to the hooks. The metal bit into her wrists just enough to make her catch her breath.

She tugged at her hands. The tie held. “Were you a Boy Scout?”

His eyes danced.

“Do a good turn daily, right?”

He sank to his knees and yanked one of her ankles wide. His eyes skated up her body, the power in them amping her pussy up to a drenched, greedy state of near fervor. If it was possible for him to be inside her without laying a hand on her, he was deep in every pore. She was surrounded, permeated, covered in him.

Eli ran a hand up the inside of her thigh.

“I’m going to make you come.”

In the conference room, he droned about the inception of Ad Vantage’s involvement in downtown rejuvenation. In her head, God help her, he undid his belt as he knelt in front of her. She could see the outline of his dick straining his slacks.

“If you do what I tell you, you’ll have my mouth when you come. If you don’t...”

“Wait.” It was too fast. How could it be too fast if this was her fantasy? “Wait.”

“For what? Bea?”

Real life flooded back with the jolt of a warm hand on her knee and she was instantly soaked at the blistering real-life touch. Bea opened her eyes with a soft moan to see that Eli had moved into the seat next to her. Her eyes met his, and his hand tightened on her knee. Their eyes locked and his widened slightly. Those stormy blues raked her flushed face for a long second before he looked sharply away.

The client group was still glued to the presentation. He turned back to her, his fingers flexing on her knee. His voice was rough and low.

“Are you okay?”

Bea nodded, still seeing him on his knees in front of her. She had almost had that hard-set, gorgeous mouth on

her. She swallowed thickly and Eli's fingers twitched. Bea uncrossed her legs.

Eli jerked his hand away and stood, putting distance between them as he made his way to the room's front. He didn't look back at her.

“So as you can see, my partner and I have made something very successful out of humble beginnings. We know the value of hard work and we know how to handle pretty much any complication that may arise...”

Bea took a trembling breath and sat a little straighter, wriggling uncomfortably.

Not this complication.