



Instructing Adam
by Selena Blake

Cindy Smith blinked at the screen and her blood came to a slow boil. Her website had been on the fritz for a week now. And her requests thus far had been ignored. Until this little gem had just popped into her inbox.

To: superauthorcindy@mail.com

From: Adam

Your website seems to be running fine.

Her cat Gizmo hopped up into her lap and started mooking. Kneading biscuits some people called it, Cindy called it heaven. A free massage from Gizmo usually made her feel better.

Not today.

She continued staring at the screen trying to figure out what part of 'broken' the tech support guy didn't understand. Maybe it was the B. Second letter of the alphabet, surely he'd learned that in school. On the other hand, perhaps it was the R. Maybe the O.

Gizmo continued mooking and Cindy's frown deepened.

Yet again, she clicked reply. Giving the tech support guy, Adam, as much information as she had. She stressed that this was her business, her number one promotional tool. She was speaking at a conference day after tomorrow and her website had to be working flawlessly.

She hit send and waited. And waited some more. Gizmo gave both legs a massage and then gave up. Glancing at the Garfield clock on the wall she saw an hour had passed. She checked her inbox again. No new message.

No surprise.

It had taken three days to get the first response anyway.

She pushed away from her desk, grabbed her empty Diet Dr. Pepper cans and headed for the kitchen. If this was one of her books she could simply find a way to

torture the tech support guy until he did what she wanted. A sinister smile curved her lips as she tossed the cans into the recycling bin.

Gizmo circled the ceramic food dish and gave a delicate little meow.

“I know,” she said with a sigh, looking down at the orange and white fuzzball.
“You're hungry. So am I.”

Except she wanted blood. Figuratively of course.

Cindy filled Gizmo's bowl and then headed for her bedroom. She still had to pack for her trip. And find her flight information. A great suit was what she needed to knock people's socks off. And of course, matching shoes. The devil was in the details as they say and with a whole room of people staring at her, it was important to get her details right.

Reaching into her closet her hand closed around a hanger and pulled it out. Her red power suit hung from the wooden triangle like battle gear. Nodding in satisfaction she hung it on the closet door and dove back in for shoes. Something red. Something tall. Something stellar.

She came nose to nose with a sexy red satin stiletto. Perfect. Now for the other one...

Stalking the shoe she tossed things over her shoulder, swearing to herself that she would organize her closet when she got home from the conference.

“Meow!” Glancing over her shoulder she saw Gizmo dodging shoes and making her way to the door.

“Sorry,” she called, her gaze landing on a black leather whip. She'd forgotten she even had it. It had been a prop for a Halloween costume several years ago... not to mention feisty nights in the bedroom.

Forgetting the shoe, she picked up the whip and smiled.

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Pushing aside her apprehension, Cindy stalked up to the door of her hosting company. The hot Las Vegas sun threatened to melt her on the spot but her anger fueled an even hotter flame. Dressed in her Habanero hot power suit, her sinful strappy heels crunched the cement.

Swinging open the door a burst of cold air hit her, freezing the perspiration on her forehead. The small reception area wasn't what she'd expected. It was rather dingy and unwelcoming, but she supposed they didn't have many clients show up to tour the facilities. Or demand the time of day from the support staff.

A mousy haired woman sat behind a desk, her computer screen reflecting off of her round glasses.

"I'm here to see Adam," Cindy said, clasping her hands in front of her.

The receptionist looked at her wide eyed.

"I hear it's his birthday," she continued in a whisper. "If you'll just tell me where to find him, I'd be so grateful," Cindy said, her voice oozing southern charm.

"Last office on the right," the woman said and pointed to the hallway at her left.

Cindy gave her a bright smile and marched down the hallway. Without knocking, she stepped through the doorway. A wirey man with dark brown hair sat behind the desk his fingers hovering above the keyboard.

He turned his bright blue gaze on her and did a double take.

"Hello, Adam."

He spun his chair to face her then and she closed the door.

"Can I help you?"

She took a moment to look him over. He wasn't what she'd expected. He was cute, in a geeky almost boyish sort of way. Actually looked a lot like the Mac guy from the TV commercials.

He wore a simple T-shirt that showed off a flat chest and stomach. Not an ounce of fat on him, she'd bet. The navy bands at the end of the shirt sleeves drew her attention to corded muscle and toned arms. Ragged jeans and Birkenstock's finished off his outfit.

"I certainly hope so," she said, lowering her voice to a husky murmur. Stepping across the room she dropped her purse onto his desk and then slid a hand along the back of his chair. He stared at her wide eyed, as if unsure what to say or do. "I have this problem, you see."

She walked her fingertips down his arm and then rubbed a fingertip back and forth across the vein at his wrist. She could feel his pulse leap at her touch.

This might be more fun than she'd thought. She could get her revenge and her jollies. After all, this was Sin City.

Settling herself against his desk, she crossed her legs showing off a healthy dose of skin.

“I've heard reports... well reports that you and your fellow customer services reps aren't doing your jobs very well.” She held up her hand when he started to deny the claims and reached into her purse. She handed him a folded wad of papers. “It's all right there. All the complaints on several web hosting review sites.”

He opened the papers and glanced over them. She unrolled a length of bondage tape and leaned forward. His gaze snapped to her cleavage and she used that to her advantage. Quickly, she pushed one wrist down against the arm rest and secured it with the tape.

“What are you doing?”

“Teaching you how to do your job, Adam.” She secured his other wrist and the papers fell to the floor.

She stood up and went to lock the door. The bolt sliding home sounded rather loud in the quiet space. She let her eyes rake over the messy room with its boring gray walls and then settle on him. He was frowning.

“It seems that you've been a very... bad... boy.” Slowly she unbuttoned the suit jacket, watching his eyes follow her progress. His frown diminished slightly.

“Is this a joke? Did the guys put you up to this?” he asked, looking rather pleased at the idea. She supposed a strip tease was as common in Vegas as a drive through wedding.

“No joke.” When she slipped the red silk from her shoulders and draped it over the desk his jaw had dropped a little.

“Like it?” she asked, trailing her fingers over the appliqué trim of her red and black corset. He nodded. She watched his Adam's apple bob as he swallowed.

“Good. Here's the thing. You've been a little slack with your duties.” She pulled the hair band from her wrist and pulled her hair back in a casual pony tale at the nape of her neck. He licked his lips, out of nervousness or lust she wasn't sure. But she knew she had his attention.

“Let's let the lessons begin, shall we.” Reaching over her shoulder she pulled the whip out of the corset, the movement of the leather against her skin made her shiver. “Answering emails in a timely fashion is part of your job.”

His eyes went round as saucers.

“What the hell are you doing lady?” His voice was a mixture of irritation and fear.

“Oh don't make me gag you,” she warned and stood right in front of him, her stance wide. “I really don't want to hurt you. I just want to make you see that when you don't answer your email...” she trailed off and leaned against the desk. She let her foot snake between his legs, rubbing up and down.

“I do answer my email,” he ground out and she could tell he was fighting to not be turned on. He started to struggle against his bonds but her gentle prodding had his legs spreading. She put the toe of her shoe on the chair right in front of his crotch.

“But it takes you days, Adam. Days. You claim to offer support twenty four hours a day, seven days a week. And yet it takes you days to answer an email. How accurate is that?” she asked innocently crossing her arms over her chest, letting the whip dangle from her fingers.

He didn't answer. Probably because there was no answer except for the truth and he evidentially wasn't ready to give it up just yet.

She slapped the whip against the desk and he jerked back in his seat.

“I'm not joking Adam. That's false advertising, darlin. It'd be like me coming in here and telling you I'm gonna suck your cock until you can't see straight. But then I leave and you've still got a hard on and your jeans aren't even unzipped.”

He choked on his own breath and she could see her words affecting him. Saw the evidence of his desire tenting beneath the well worn fabric of his jeans.

“Now that just wouldn't be fair, would it?” she asked, a perfectly shaped eyebrow arching up as she waited for his answer.

“No,” he said, sounding hoarse. “No, it wouldn't be.”

“No. It wouldn't be,” she agreed.

“Are you going to?” he asked breathlessly, his voice full of hope and disbelief.

She ignored his question and removed her foot from the chair. She replaced it with the whip.

“On a scale of one to ten, how helpful would you say you are to your clients, Adam?”

He visibly gulped.

Men and their balls, Cindy thought, trying to keep her look placid. It wasn't until you had their precious boys in a vice grip that they started paying attention. Or in this case, at the end of a whip.

She tapped the fingers of her other hand against the desk and glanced down at the colorful sticky notes dotting the surface. He had Dilbert comics taped to the wall and a stuffed animal in the shape of a fat penguin next to his monitor. When she looked at his monitor she was shocked to see her latest book cover staring back at her. The bookstore's shopping cart indicated he had 3 items waiting to checkout.

“I'm waiting Adam. On a scale of one to ten. Ten being the best.” She gave him a saucy smile and hoped it would unnerve him further.

“I—I don't know.”

“I'll tell you how helpful I find your support,” she said the last word with great disdain. “I think you get a single point for bothering to return my email. Otherwise, you haven't been very helpful.”

He stared down at the whip between his thighs as if trying to move it away with his mind.

She smacked the end of it against the chair, leather hitting leather.

“Jesus--”

“What do you have to say for yourself?”

“Nothing. I--”

“Don't do your job.”

He glanced at the clock on the wall and back at her.

“Listen, I have a--”

“Girlfriend? Not a wife,” she said glancing at his left hand. “Does she know you rip off your clients. That you take their money, claiming to offer support and then fall down on your end of the bargain? You have a great uptime, I'll give you that,” she said, running the end of the whip over the ridge in his jeans. His cock lept at the touch and she felt the movement all the way up the whip and through the handle.

“I don't have a girlfriend.”

“Fiancé? Don't worry, I'm not going to tell.”

“No,” he bit out and looked at the clock again.

“You don't like my company?” she asked with a pout, doing her best to look injured.

“I have a meeting.”

“Well, then. I think you're going to be a little late.”

“What do you want?” he asked. He looked desperate. And horny. And nervous.

“I've told you what I want, Adam. Better service. Support, since I am paying for support. Your customers aren't experts,” she told him and stood up. He looked up at her, watching her, watching the whip.

She circled around behind his chair trailing a hand over his shoulder. Holy moly, he was built. Who would've guessed. She felt an odd little tremor in her stomach, something akin to excitement.

“We're not experts, but you are. We rely on your expertise, darlin. When we tell you we have a problem, we're not writing to you for our health.” Her hand trailed down over his chest, the fabric of his T-shirt soft against her palm. She leaned in close and whispered in his ear. “We need you. We need your help.”

He groaned as her hand roamed lower. Just like she'd suspected, not an ounce of fat on him. He reminded her of a young stallion. Taunt, frisky, raring to go.

Pulling her hand away she glanced back at the monitor.

“Is this what you do instead of helping your clients?”

“No. That's personal.” His fingers flexed in an effort to reach the mouse.

She made a tsking sound.

“It looks a little racy. Do you like racy, Adam?” She sat the whip on the desk next to him and wrapped both arms around his neck. “Does your boss know?”

“I said it's private.”

“Looking up porn on company time... not looking so good on your record, handsome.”

“It's not porn,” he denied.

He was defending her work? She fought back a laugh. This was priceless. He wouldn't help her keep her website running but he'd get his rocks off reading her books. Priceless. Priceless. Priceless.

"Well let's see," she said and settled herself in his lap. His erection was hard against her hip. "You poor thing. I bet that's uncomfortable."

"It is," he told, frowning again. She could see his jaw working, almost hear his teeth grinding together.

"Let's see." She gripped the mouse and scrolled down the page. As she was doing so a little box popped up announcing his latest incoming emails. "Well, would you look at that. There's incoming mail. You know I feel really bad about detaining you. But it's not like you'd answer them anyway. At least not for another two or three days, right?"

"Look Lady--"

"Oh, you can call me Athena," she said turning to look at him, the name spilling from her lips. "I totally forgot to introduce myself. That wasn't polite." She gave him a cheeky grin and he glowered at her.

"Athena..." he said, obviously trying to keep his tone level. "I don't know who the hell you are--"

"I just told you."

"But I'm only following the orders my boss gave me."

"And what orders were those, sugar?"

"My boss wants us to close as many support tickets as possible. As quickly as possible."

"And you do that by ignoring people's questions for days on end?" She cocked her head to the right and stared him down.

He glanced away first. "He thinks that people will get frustrated and go away."

"Does it look like I'm going away?"

His blue eyes searched hers and then continued their tour downwards, hovering at the cleavage that left little to the imagination and then lower where her long legs tangled with his. Her skirt was hiked way up giving him a great view of her creamy thighs.

"No. It doesn't."

“That's right. I'm not. I want you to answer your email. And I want you to fix people's problems. And I want you to do it with a smile on your face.” She shoved her fingers through the dark locks of his hair. “Got it?”

“With a smile on my face?” he asked, his lips forming a heart stopping grin. She felt the tremor between her pelvis turn into an all out earthquake that threatened to snap her backbone.

“Just like that,” she whispered, her lips hovering inches from his. They stared at each other, neither saying a word. She was afraid to even breathe.

Was it a dream? A crazy fantasy gone wild?

No. She was supposed to be teaching this man a lesson. Showing him exactly what she expected. But all she could think about at this moment was how warm he was in this cold box of a room. How hard his cock was beneath her hip. Just how much she was dying to kiss him.

She hadn't expected chemistry.

“A question...” he murmured, staring at her lips.

She arched a brow. “What?” Her voice was husky and soft like the finest cotton.

“Do you have a boyfriend?”

“No.” She answered without hesitation and had half a second to close her eyes before he closed the distance between them.

Their lips met in a tentative kiss, neither really moving. Shock zoomed through her at the brief contact. It was so soft, so sweet. Almost like a dream. She could scarcely believe she was locking lips with Adam, the web hosting jerk who wouldn't answer her emails. But there was nothing jerky about him right now.

She slipped her arms around his neck and began kissing him in earnest. Giving. Taking. Skimming her lips over his until she'd memorizing the feel of him. He was tender and passionate at the same time. The combination caused her pussy to flood with moisture.

Who was she kidding, she'd been wet the moment she sat in his lap.

He nudged her lips apart with his tongue and explored her mouth. Her own tongue danced around his, eventually dipping between his lips. He tasted like bubble gum. She smiled against his lips.

Somehow she'd lost control of the situation. It must have been that smile. But when he sucked her bottom lip into his mouth and nibbled on it with his teeth she forgot all about being in control and focused on losing it.

When she came up for air minutes later she was gasping for breath. He seemed to have no such problem as he trailed kisses down her jaw and further still. The tender skin of her neck tingled under his lips and her nipples beaded against the satin fabric of the corset.

She let her head fall back giving him better access. He didn't need prodding. His tongue swirled across her skin, over the tops of her breasts. His fingers tangled in her pony tail pulling her head back further. To her surprise her nipples popped free of their binding and the cold air engulfed them. But not for long.

He moaned against one and sucked it into his mouth. She gasped at the pleasure of it and scraped her nails over his scalp. He laved his tongue over the tender peak, bathing it in his warmth. His teeth grazed over her breast, nibbled the pink tip until she cried out. The pleasure mixed with pain and covered her skin with a feverish fire. Desire pooled low in her belly and her stomach gave an excited flip flop.

Cindy could tell the strip of fabric between her thighs was soaked through. She wanted him to feel it. Wanted him to know what he was doing to her.

“I think I was wrong,” she said, holding on to his shoulders.

“About?” he asked, his mouth muffled against her other breast.

“You're a very good boy.”

He let her nipple pop from his mouth and pegged her with a cerulean glare.

“I'm not a boy, babe.”

She smiled down at him and gave her hips a little shimmy. He groaned.

“Untie me. Now.”

“Not yet. I want to make sure you're all man,” she whispered in his ear and then slithered down his body. His T-shirt was soft against her nipples, like he'd washed it a thousand times in Downy. Quickly she unbuttoned his jeans and slid down the zipper.

Reaching inside the warm tent her hand closed around his cock. He shivered against her palm.

“You're freezing,” he muttered.

“Sorry. Maybe I can warm you up.”

She pulled his cock out of the warm cocoon and ran her hand up and down the steel-like length. He was surprisingly long. And thick enough that her fingertips barely touched.

His phone gave a shrill ring.

She looked up through her lashes at him and massaged the sweet spot just below the head of his cock with her thumb. His hips jerked forward. “I guess you’ll just have to ignore it,” she murmured and replaced her thumb with her tongue. His skin was hot like freshly brewed coffee, salty and silky soft.

“They’re going to come knocking.” She loved how breathless he sounded. So close to losing control already.

“Then perhaps you should tell them you’re tied up at the moment.” The corner of her mouth tugged up and she reached over to press the speaker phone button.

“Adam, where are you?”

She sucked his cock into her mouth and held on tight.

“I’m ah—I’m a little tied up. I’ll be there soon.”

Bracing her hands against his thighs she let him slip from her lips. Staring up at him, she stuck her tongue out and curled it back and forth just to tease him. His breath caught and he looked frantically between her and the phone. She pressed her mouth against his leg to keep from laughing.

“I’ve got to go, Richard.”

She gave his thigh a playful nip and then straightened to press the speaker phone button again. “Nicely done.”

“Untie me, Athena.”

“Not yet, handsome. I still have some teasing to do.” She let her fingers walk up his legs until they reached the flat plane of his stomach. Pushing the material up she saw an incredible tattoo just above his boxers.

“What’s this?” She traced the crisp black ink with her fingertip, enjoying the way he shivered at her touch. Fought his bonds.

“Celtic knots.”

Talk about sexy.

“Mmm... I like.” She let her hands run up over his abs to his chest and back down again. The coarse hairs tickled her palms and she couldn't help but smile. He sucked in a deep breath and his cock bobbed in front of her face.

“Frisky, aren't you.”

“You're killing me.” His muscles and tendons bunched in a delicious attempt to free his wrists. But the tape held tight. *Maybe she shouldn't torture him so.*

“Have you learned your lesson yet, Adam?”

He nodded quickly, eagerly.

“When you get a support ticket...” she prompted.

“I'll answer it as soon as possible.”

“Good answer,” she said wrapped her lips around his cock again, letting her tongue trace the veins that pulsed there. She sucked him like a lolly pop enjoying the way he shivered and moaned. Bracing her hands against his thighs again she let her head bob up and down in his lap.

“Ohmygod.” He groaned low in his throat and the sound was music to her ears. When she peeked up at him from behind her lashes his eyes were closed, his face a vision of ecstasy.

Not wanting to let him come, she let her teeth scrape gently against his delicate skin as she pulled back.

“And if a client asks for help...” she prompted.

“I'll help them fix the problem.” His head was tipped back against the chair and she wondered what he was thinking. “And I'll do it with a smile.” He looked at her then, a smile hovering over his lips. What would it take to make it a full-on grin?

She shouldn't be wondering about that. It shouldn't matter.

“You have learned your lesson. Scissors?” She straightened, slightly afraid of what would happen when she cut away the tape.

“There. On the desk.” He nodded to the container of pens at the corner.

She leaned across the paper strewn surface, no doubt giving him an eye full of naked thigh and everything in between them. Now was not the time to go all soft on him. She had to keep her bravado up.

“You've been a good student,” she said, leaning forward. “And now you're free,” she murmured, snipping the tape.

He rubbed his wrists and glanced at her warily as she threw the tape in the trashcan. She gathered her whip and stood, then smiled down at him.

“I'll leave you to your reading.”

He made no move to zip his pants, instead he stood. They were eye to eye. A mysterious half smile hovered on his lips.

“We're not done yet, baby.” His hands closed around her waist and he jerked her against him. She couldn't help but love his strength, love the feel of him against her. Hard lean muscle. His cock nestled between them. Her pussy throbbed with need... an overwhelming desire to wrap around him and ride him until neither one of them could breath, much less move.

Strong fingers molded against her ass and the other cradled the back of her head. He kissed her slowly. It was a thorough investigation. Hot, wet, and completely wicked. She slid a foot up the outside of his leg, reveling in the way he pressed his hips against hers.

Up and down his hands rubbed against her, pushing her against him, holding her there. She reached between them and stroked his cock. It must have been all the encouragement he needed.

The next thing she knew she was laying across his desk, his hands pushing up her skirt.

“I see you're going for extra credit.”

“I was always a good student.” He gave her that heart stopping grin again and then pulled the wisp of a thong down her legs.

“There's a treat for you in my purse,” she said, unable to stop her hands from sliding across her bare mound. He licked his lips and this time she knew what that little action meant. She stared pointedly at his raging hard on and he reached for her purse.

Quick seconds later he'd found the little foil packet and sheathed himself. When he stepped between her thighs again she held up a hand.

“Take off your shirt.”

“Gladly,” he said, tossing it behind him.

Then he looked at her... long and slow. Her skin heated under his blue gaze and she let her eyes do the same to him. Her mouth watered as he bent over her and pulled her ass to the edge of the desk. Papers shuffled beneath her but she didn't care.

He slid both hands up her stomach and cupped her breasts. Then his lips joined his fingers and it was her turn to moan. The man had talented hands. Slightly rough from tapping away at the keyboard all day, but oh so strong and swift.

She felt the tip of his penis slid against the creamy opening between her legs. Up and down, he rubbed against her. Teasing her. Torturing her. Every so often he'd hit her clit and her hips would tilt forward.

Her breath came in short pants and she decided she'd had enough foreplay. Enough teasing. Running her fingers through his hair, she pulled him forward.

"Fuck me already," she ordered, desperate to feel him inside her.

"Maybe I should tie you down and return the favor."

"Don't even think about it," she said in her sassiest voice.

"I couldn't wait that long anyway," he murmured against her throat as he thrust forward. The long hard length of him filled her up, stretching her.

"Oh my god... oh." His weight pressed her into the hard surface of the desk, but she didn't care. Nothing mattered except the feel of his glorious cock buried inside her.

She tipped her head back, letting the sensations wash over her. He continued kissing her neck, his breath tickling her skin. When he began the slow rhythm of thrusting in and out she wrapped her legs around his hips and locked her fingers over the edge of the desk.

"You feel so damn good," he uttered against her cheek, his hands cradling her head.

"You do too." The friction was delicious. Skin meeting skin. The soft dusting of hair on his chest rubbing against her nipples. The five o'clock shadow rubbing against her cheek as he panted into her ear. Everything sent happy signals straight to her core. Swirling there, tightening until she knew she was going to come.

Faster and faster he thrust, the sounds of their love making bounced off the walls. Grunts and groans, papers sliding off the desk.

“Yes. Oh, yes,” she cried, feeling the tantalizing pressure mount deep inside. “So close.”

She turned her face to his, noticing a fine sheen of sweat covering his forehead. Letting her eyes drift shut she sought his lips. His tongue swept inside her mouth in an all consuming kiss. The double invasion sent waves of pleasure through her body, down to every single toe that curled in the sexy stilettos.

She kissed him back, grabbed his shoulders with her hands to hold on. Her nails pressed into his skin and he groaned into her mouth. One. Two. Three powerful thrusts and he stilled inside her. Every muscle and tendon grew rock hard as he came.

“Oh, hell yes! Mmmmm...” For a moment his face was frozen in ecstasy, his eyes closed, his lips open. Even as the tension inside ebbed, she kissed him, sweeping her tongue inside his mouth. Desire had control now. His hands skimmed her sides and she decided she'd never felt sexier. More empowered.

“I'm not done with you yet,” he murmured between kisses.

“Good,” she said, sighing against his lips.

Who'd have thought Adam the tech support guy would turn out to be like a drug and she'd become completely addiction.

Quickly he pulled out and changed condoms. She licked her lips and tried to tame her wild hair.

“Flip over.”

“Over?”

“Flip over and spread your legs. It's my turn to drive you crazy.”

“I think you've already succeeded at that,” she told him. Truth was she wasn't sure her legs would hold her. And her she was still tender from her recent orgasm. But the stern look he gave her had her doing his bidding.

Braced on her elbows, she stared straight ahead. Strong hands ran up and down her thighs.

“This outfit can't be legal.”

“Think so?”

“I do,” he said. The head of his cock slipped easily into her pussy. Soon he was pounding his hips against hers, his balls slapping against her. Feeling the heavy weight

of them occasionally smacking against her clit drove her wild. She bent her knees and thrust back against him, determined to come again.

With one hand clamped around her hip, he reaching other around and rubbed the little bundle of nerves.

“Fuck, yes.”

“I like it when you talk dirty,” he said and nipped at her shoulder blade. An excited shiver raced over her skin.

This is crazy, she decided. Insane. Certifiable. Coming all this way, screwing a complete stranger.

But as his fingers rubbed her clit into a frenzy, she stopped caring. And felt nothing but bliss.

Her orgasm snuck up on her, exploding through her bloodstream like a lust bomb.

She tossed her head back and moaned out her euphoria, unconcerned who heard. He collapsed against her and she against the desk.

“I bet your desk has never seen this much action,” she said, grinning like a fool.

“Nope.”

“Thanks for the orgasms.”

“Thank you.”

She stared at the stuffed penguin and wondered what to do next. Adam kissed her shoulder blades and slowly disengaged himself. Now was not the time for regrets or second thoughts. And it sure as hell wasn't time for modesty.

Straightening, she adjusted her skirt and dipped at the waist to tuck the girls back into the corset's cups. As she searched the floor she heard Adam zip his pants. She tossed him his shirt and he murmured his thanks.

Talk about awkward. They'd gone straight past pillow talk into the weird morning-after quiet where people wondered why they'd hooked up in the first place.

Grabbing the scrap of black lingerie she tucked it into her purse and then tucked the whip back in place.

“Are you going to give me a clue which account is yours?” he asked, watching her put herself back together. She gave him a saucy smile and shook her head.

“I think you'll figure it out.”

She slipped back into her jacket and buttoned it up. Quickly she surveyed the room making sure not to leave anything.

“Athena isn't your real name is it?”

“No.”

He studied her for a long minute. She shifted from one foot to the other. Deciding her work was done and there was nothing left to say, she grabbed her purse and turned for the door. He grabbed her arm, stopping her.

“When can I see you again?” he asked, his voice low almost husky.

She chewed on her bottom lip, taking in his incredible blue eyes and disheveled hair. She was crazy for wanting to see him again. For even entertaining the idea. She didn't know him from... well, Adam. The thought made her smile.

“Dinner?”

“What time?”

“I'll pick you up at six.”

The End

★ ★ ★



Watch for Selena's new series Stormy Weather. The journey begins June 2008 with The Cajun's Captive.

Sebastian Deveraux is the Alpha of his pack and like all the Deveraux men, he's sexy as pure sin. He's waited for decades for just the right woman. For his mate. And ten years ago he'd been sure he'd found her in Amanda St. James. But she'd run from him.

Now she's back. He'll do anything to keep her. Even if it means chaining her to his bed.

Available June 13, 2008 from [Cobblestone Press](#)

About Selena

Selena Blake has been telling stories for as long as she can remember. So it's only appropriate that she write some of them down and share them with you. When she's not writing sinfully hot erotica or spicy paranormal romance she can be found watching movies, listening to music (and dancing around like a crazy woman), or cooking in her kitchen. She loves fruity drinks, the smell of coconut suntan lotion and exploring the darker side of things, looking for the light. She firmly believes that at the center of every anti-hero there is a heart of gold and brunettes actually have more fun. Visit her online at <http://www.selena-blake.com>

Selena loves, loves, loves to hear from her readers, so write to her at selenablake@gmail.com.

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