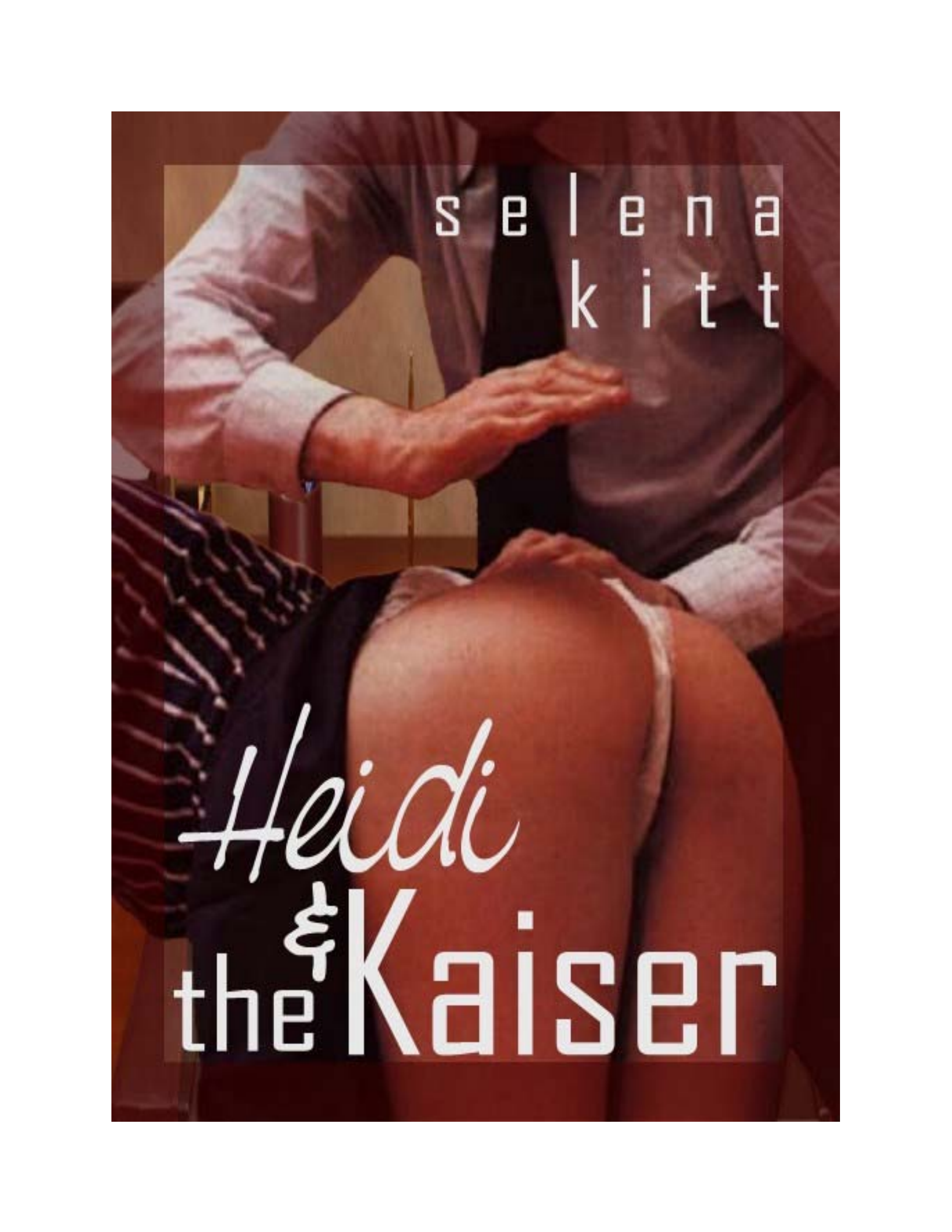




s e l e n a
k i t t

Heidi
&
the Kaiser

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Heidi and the Kaiser

By Selena Kitt

Chapter One

Heidi would do anything. That's what they all said.

She was little more than a glorified go-fer, anyway, running across town to fetch props for the shoot and two dozen hot coffees, or lugging cameras and equipment and trudging after the photographer. There was also making sure the models had exactly what they wanted, when they wanted, and how they wanted it. That was the worst part of the job.

"I *said* half caf decaf mocha latte!"

Heidi ducked as the tall, nude figure threw the full coffee towards the wastebasket but missed, the cup tipping over and leaking out onto the floor.

"I'm sorry." Heidi knelt to mop up the mess.

"Forget it." The woman snorted—Heidi thought the tall blonde's name was Daniella—waving her off. "Maggie!"

A short, pudgy woman hurried in from the front of the trailer. "I'm sorry, sweetie, Chloe was having problems with her straps."

Heidi slipped out of the trailer, leaving one of the coffee trays for the girls and took the other, going to find the crew.

"Argh! This is a latte!" Ty grimaced, handing it back to her and waving her off. "Not mine."

"I'm sorry." Heidi apologized again, knowing that she couldn't fix her mistake now unless she got back into the car and trekked the three miles to Starbucks.

Lenny, one of the crew, looked over from where he was setting up the tripod. "Ty, we'd better get the girls out here while the light is good. Where's the artist? Wasn't she supposed to be here by five?"

Lenny came over and grabbed a coffee, smiling at her and winking. "Black. I'm easy, baby."

She smiled back, her eyes dropping to the sand. Her watch said it was 5:32 a.m. and the sun was just coming up over the horizon.

"Do you want me to get the girls?" Heidi sighed, glancing back at the trailer where the models were changing.

"Fucking Kaiser's coming out here." Ty fiddled with his camera. "I hate shoots when he shows up."

Heidi's eyes widened and she looked between them. "*The Kaiser? Warren Kaiser?*"

"Speak of the devil." Lenny pointed over Heidi's shoulder with his eyes.

Ty sighed, fumbling his camera, but not looking back. "Shit."

"He likes the swimsuit shoots," Lenny whispered to her as he passed.

"Gentlemen!" Warren Kaiser looked as out of place on a morning beach in his suit and tie as a poodle in the pound. "Let's start the engines, shall we?"

He strode toward them, swinging a finely crafted cane that sank into the sand as he walked. The cane could have served to give him jaunty look, like old black and white movies, Heidi thought, or perhaps might have even made him appear older than his years, but somehow it did neither. Despite his salt and pepper hair, the man himself retained quite a youthful appearance, his eyes bright and sharp, and when his mouth

twisted into a smile, there was something almost cruel about it. Still, he was attractive, his shoulders broad even in a suit, he seemed to fill the whole beach the moment he arrived.

Kaiser dug the point of his cane into the sand when he stopped short, leaning on it and crossing one foot in front of the other. The gesture was so suave and urbane it might have seemed silly had another man done such a thing, but this man...it seemed he could do almost anything without losing that bold sense of presence. That was it, Heidi thought, her breath catching in her throat when his eyes fell on her. He was fearless. Absolutely fearless.

"I'll go get the girls." Heidi avoided the tall man's eyes, but she felt them as she moved carefully around him, noticing the exposed bottom of his shoe as she passed.

"Testoni!" Heidi stared for a moment at the feather images hot-stamped into the soles. The man was standing on the beach, unmindful of the sand the toe of his fifteen-hundred-dollar shoe was resting in!

"God bless you!" Lenny snorted.

"Good eye." Warren Kaiser's voice was deep and filled with a quiet authority Heidi had never in her life heard before. The sound instantly drew her gaze upward and the man with the cane and the salt and pepper hair looked curiously down at her, his interest clearly piqued. His eyes were dark and quietly assessing her.

Lenny nudged Heidi's shoulder with his. "The girls—Daniella?"

"Going," she breathed, trying to make her heart stop racing.

She swore she felt the heat of the man's eyes following her toward the trailer. Normally they set up the portable beach cabanas, but this was going to be a five day shoot, and there would be different models every day, so Kaiser had sprung for a trailer.

Inside, there was a flurry of activity, girls everywhere in various states of undress, the costume women tucking and folding and taping. Heidi took a moment to try to compose herself, blinking, her eyes adjusting, but all she could think about was the man on the beach, the one who had noticed her, if just for a moment.

"What do you want?" One of the models, a tall, lanky redhead, frowned in her direction.

"Daniella?" Heidi looked around for the tall blonde in the midst of bodies.

"She's in the bathroom!" One of the girls held her arms above her head, her breasts bare, as a costumer taped them together.

"Daniella?" Heidi knocked on the door. No one answered, but she heard the distinct sounds of vomiting. She knocked again. Nothing.

Making her way back through the flutter of activity, she discovered outside that Lenny had found a chair for Mr. Kaiser. He sat, his cane propped against the arm, his hands folded over his chest and his legs stretched out, his fifteen-hundred dollar Italian shoes crossed in the sand. Again, it was almost a ridiculous pose, but he pulled it off somehow.

"Lenny," she whispered, motioning to him. "I think Daniella's got the stomach flu. She's in the bathroom throwing up."

"That's not the flu!" He laughed, rolling his eyes. "That's Dunkin Donuts reversing gears!"

"Oh." Heidi flushed, noticing Mr. Kaiser watching them again. She could almost swear he was smiling at her naiveté, his head cocked in her direction.

"Heidi, come here!" Ty called. He was looking through his camera towards the surf.

"I'll get her. You go." Lenny nudged Heidi toward the photographer as he headed for the trailer. Heidi waited patiently while Ty fiddled with the camera. He glanced over at her, frowning, eyeing her up and down.

He pointed. "See that towel out there?" She nodded, shifting uncomfortably. Mr. Kaiser was still watching them and his eyes on her made her feel too small in her skin. "Go stand on it." He looked through the camera again. "I need to get a reading, and I can't do it without a subject."

Heidi trotted obediently out to stand on the towel. From this angle, she could see Mr. Kaiser looking at her, tilting his head to the side so he could peer around Ty standing at the tripod. She wished he would stop looking at her. His eyes on her made her whole body feel flushed.

"Hey!" Ty looked over the camera at her. "Take off your top."

"What?" she whispered, knowing he couldn't hear her. She was flushed now, she was sure of it.

"Come on!" He waved his hand impatiently, looking through the camera again. "Let's go!"

Heidi glanced at Mr. Kaiser, who was leaning a little further now around Ty as she obediently crossed her hands in front of her and grabbed the edge of her t-shirt,

wishing she had actually put on a bra this morning. Was she actually going to do this?
Oh god, was she really?

She wanted to close her eyes in shame and become invisible, to run to the trailer and hide. They had asked her to do a lot of things, a lot of demeaning and degrading and humiliating things, but this—this was too much!

Mr. Kaiser's eyes grew dark as she began to slowly lift her t-shirt—too slowly for Ty's taste, and he kept calling her to hurry up, they were burning daylight—and something in the man's expression suddenly shifted things inside of her. Mr. Kaiser gave a brief nod of his head when she hesitated, her shirt stretched just below her breasts, his jaw tightening, his lips curling into a cruel version of an almost-smile. It was all of that and none of it. She didn't understand, but her shame and fear and hesitation disappeared. Kaiser was telling her, she was sure he was, that he wanted her to do it, and she did, pulling her shirt over her head and standing there topless, her flesh exposed for everyone's eyes.

But the only eyes she cared about were Kaiser's.

"Finally!" Ty did something behind the camera and the spell was broken. She pulled her t-shirt close, holding it modestly in front of her breasts, feeling the heat of her blush and staring at the tips of Mr. Kaiser's shoes. And still, she could feel his eyes on her, like a heat.

"More skin!" Ty called.

She glanced toward the trailer, hoping to see Daniella and Lenny magically appear, but no such luck. She couldn't, not again. She imagined finding a dark corner and hiding in it. It was enough humiliation, enough...

But it wasn't enough, and while it was Ty doing the asking—demanding, really—it was Kaiser she obeyed. When her eyes met his, they smoldered, his gaze like fire, sweeping over her, leaving her burning, her whole body aflame. *He wants me to do it.* She didn't know how she knew, but she did. And it was more than that. He didn't just want her to... he was waiting, watching, to see if she really would.

Biting her lip and taking a deep breath, she dropped her arms to her sides, fully exposing herself. Her nipples immediately hardened in the breeze. Her face was on fire with shame, but she straightened her shoulders when she met Kaiser's dark gaze and saw that slight twisted smile. Why did it matter to her that he was pleased? But it did...and he was.

"Okay!" Ty waved her in. "Got it!" Quickly pulling her shirt back over her head and willing the flush out of her cheeks, she walked toward the photographer.

"You didn't take any pictures, did you?" Heidi watched Ty as he looked through the camera and then out to the horizon again. She was trying hard not to look over at the man with the cane.

Ty snorted. "Of you?" Her blush deepened as the trailer door banged open behind them and Daniella pushed Lenny out onto the sand.

"Fucking pervert!" she hissed, weaving around him. "Next time, send in Miss Cauliflower for Brains—at least she's a girl." Lenny laughed as he brushed himself off and one of the other girls grabbed the trailer door and shut it.

"Let's get this show on the road!" Daniella flounced past Ty. "Where do you want me?"

"It's already been quite a show." Mr. Kaiser put his hands behind his head, looking pointedly at Heidi.

"Mr. Kaiser!" In an instant, the model's voice was thick with honey and now Heidi felt like she needed to go do a food-reversal herself.

"Heidi, can you help me?" It was Maggie, sticking her head out the trailer door.

"Lenny, find out where that damned artist is!" Ty waved Daniella toward the towel.

Heidi saw Lenny dig his cell phone out of his pocket, but it wasn't long before the henna artist showed up to start painting the girls and Heidi found herself blissfully distracted from Mr. Kaiser. The artist was a dark-haired woman, all soft curves and long legs, and dark blue-black hair that hung to her waist. Heidi held her paints and watched, fascinated, as she painted patterns over each girl's skin, sealing the henna with some sort of glittery paint before sending them on their way.

Daniella came back in to get hers, and complained the whole time about having to hold still. Heidi had to run to the refrigerator to get her an Evian twice, but she didn't mind sitting in the cool trailer and watching. Lenny and Ty didn't seem to be missing her, although she knew that with all the girls out on the beach, she should probably go out there, too.

The truth was, she didn't want to see Kaiser. Yes, that was the truth. Wasn't it?

"Do you want one?" The black-haired woman looked at her after Daniella left, turning her coal-black eyes to Heidi as she cleaned her syringe.

"Me?" Heidi glanced toward the door, biting her lip, considering.

"You have lovely hands." The woman grabbed one and turned it over, running her fingers over the curve of Heidi's knuckles. "Perhaps something here?"

Heidi shrugged and let her paint, watching as the syringe left a dark brown trail over her skin. It just looked like squiggly lines and dots at first, but eventually, she was able to discern a leafy, paisley pattern as the woman worked.

"It's really beautiful." Heidi's blonde head bent close to the woman's dark one. "Have you been doing it long?"

"Since I was a girl." The woman glanced up with a smile. "There...do you like it?"

Heidi held her hand out, admiring. "Yes...thank you."

"Heidi!" It was Ty, pounding at the trailer door, making her jump up with a gasp.

"Gotta go." She headed for the door.

"Wait!" the woman called after her. "I need to seal your—"

Heidi knew Ty's mad voice when she heard it, and her heart was beating fast as she shut the trailer door behind her.

"Where the hell have you been?" he hissed, and she hid her hand behind her back, careful not to touch the wet henna to anything. She followed him as he walked back toward his camera, grumbling something about Lenny, but Heidi didn't see him anywhere. "Listen, I need you to help that guy bring in the boxed lunches."

Heidi looked over toward the truck pulling up in the parking lot and headed for it, hurrying past Ty. She didn't see Mr. Kaiser's outstretched legs at all before she tripped over them, reaching to catch herself.

"Whoa, there!" He grabbed for her, but she tumbled anyway, managing to turn and clutch onto his pants before she landed hard in the sand.

"I'm sorry," she mumbled, hearing the girls laughing behind her. She started brushing the sand off her shorts as she knelt, and that's when she noticed the smeared henna over the back of her hand.

"Are you all right?" he asked, his eyes concerned, and she knew he hadn't seen, didn't notice.

Panicked, she glanced down at his pants, seeing the stain on the inside of the leg. The material was a dark grey and the henna was brown, leaving a clear mark. "Oh my god... your pants... I'm so sorry..."

"What did you do?" Ty glanced over at them, frowning.

Still kneeling, she held out her trembling hand, the painstaking design now a dark smudge, turning her eyes up first to Ty and then to Mr. Kaiser, who was inspecting his pant leg now with a frown.

"That's a Fioravanti, isn't it?" Heidi winced.

He nodded, his mouth set in a fierce, thin line. If she had thought his smile was cruel, this expression bordered ruthless.

"Oh my god!" Ty's hands were pressed to his cheeks, his eyes wide. "Heidi, you're going to have to pay for that! What were you doing with henna on your hands!?"

"That's a three thousand dollar suit," Heidi whispered, sure no one could hear her. She knew, she knew what she had done.

"Five," Kaiser corrected, standing. He reached into his pocket, digging out his keys. "I have a change of clothes in my trunk. It's the Porsche. Get them."

Heidi took his keys, trying hard not to cry as she ran to his car. Careful to use only the hand without the henna, she retrieved a dry-cleaning bag, slinging it over her shoulder as she ran back toward the beach.

"Where is he?" she gasped to Ty, who had gone back to photographing the girls.

"Trailer." Ty waved her off.

Inside it was dark and cool and quiet. Everyone else was out on the beach, and even the henna lady had gone.

"Mr. Kaiser?" She was trembling as she made her way toward the back of the trailer and saw a light on in the little bathroom. "Sir?"

"In here, Heidi," he called and she startled, surprised and secretly thrilled when he said her name. She found him sitting on the edge of the toilet seat with his pants folded neatly on the sink, the stain showing.

"I'm so sorry." She edged inside and shut the door.

"See if you can get the stain out." He held his hand out for the dry cleaning bag. She handed it to him and turned to the sink, feeling cold. Using soap on her hands to wash the rest of the wet henna away, leaving a ghostly pattern, she then started on the pants.

"You know a great deal about fashion." He stood and hung the bag over the hook on the door.

"Fashion design major." She scrubbed the stain, feeling that flush creeping up her cheeks. "Syracuse. I graduated last year."

"And you came to work for Kaiser?" He slipped off his suit jacket. "Probably thinking you could get your foot in the door?"

She nodded, blinking back tears, and rinsed the spot, noticing it had barely faded. What was that henna stuff made of? "Something like that."

"And now you're basically the go-to girl?" He shook out his suit coat carefully, leaving on his shirt and tie, while Heidi watched him in the mirror.

"Basically." She turned off the water, drying her hands on a paper towel. They were trembling, too. "Sir, I...I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to get this clean."

He nodded. "I was afraid of that."

"I'm glad you had this suit in your car." Heidi turned toward the dry-cleaning bag and unzipped it. "It's—oh my god. Is that a Liana Lee?"

He smiled, that sardonic twist of his mouth. "I thought you might appreciate that."

"She's my idol!" Heidi breathed, running her fingers over the lapel.

"You want to design men's suits?" He reached around her and slipped the jacket off the hanger and handed her his other suit jacket. "Hang this one up."

"Among other things." She obediently hung his other suit jacket up.

He straightened his collar, his tie, glancing at her in the mirror. "So, Miss Heidi... what are we going to do about these pants?"

She bit her lip, meeting his eyes in the mirror. His face was serious, his eyes hard. What could she do, what could she possibly say?

"I don't know..." She swallowed hard. "With what I make, it would take me forever to pay you back five thousand dollars."

"I understand that." His gaze moved over her, taking in her tousled blonde hair, her t-shirt and shorts, the body beneath them lush and fully feminine—much moreso, to

Heidi's lament, than the tall, slender models she worked around all day. "Still, something like this... there is the matter of personal responsibility."

"It was an accident..." she pleaded, turning to face him. He raised an eyebrow at her and she sighed, relenting, hanging her head. "What do you want from me? I'll do it. Whatever you want. I'll do it."

"I believe you would." His voice softened and she felt a shiver run through her when he touched her, lifting her chin and making her look at him. She blinked back more tears, trying to retain some semblance of dignity, trying hard not to just melt into a puddle of shame and embarrassment on the floor. Kaiser's gaze never wavered, but he seemed to be thinking, deciding something. Finally, he gave a slow nod and took a step back, folding his arms over his chest. "Perhaps...just a simple punishment is in order."

Heidi blinked, frowning. "What do you mean?"

"Turn around."

She had said the words—*whatever you want*—and meant them. Now she did as he asked, heart hammering, facing the sink and the mirror once again.

"Bend over."

Her eyes widened, meeting his as he moved behind her, standing a full head taller.

When she spoke, she couldn't keep the tremble from her voice. "Mr. Kaiser?"

He nodded. "Yes. Bend over."

"I'm sorry." She shook her head, her stomach clenching, her breath catching. "I don't... what..." She could feel his presence, the shadow of his body behind her like a weight, even though no part of them was touching.

"Bend over for your punishment, Heidi." Just the hard, insistent sound of his voice made her do it. It wasn't a request, it wasn't even quite a demand, it was more of a direction, a simple instruction she was meant to follow—and so she did. Bent over the counter of the sink, she met her own wide eyes in the full wall mirror and then looked to him. He was leaning back, his head tilted, his gaze falling somewhere behind her. Her heart was beating very fast.

"Shorts down."

She heard herself whimper, but it was his tone that seemed to prompt her response, making her fingers hook the elastic band, sliding the white material over her bottom, down to mid-thigh.

"Panties, too."

Her eyes pleaded with him, but he wasn't looking at her face. There seemed nothing to do but comply. Her face burned and her chest constricted as she slid her plain white cotton panties down to mid-thigh as well.

"Mr. Kaiser—" she started, thinking she might reason with him, say something to end this craziness, but she couldn't think of what to follow it with.

That's when his hand came down, a jarring sting that made her gasp out loud with the force of it. The flush of her humiliation was immediate and two rosy patches appeared on her face in the mirror. His hand came down again, this time across her other cheek, the sound of it loudly shocking in the small, cramped space of the bathroom.

Her ass cheeks smarted and she started to feel a heat as the spanking went on, his slaps coming faster, harder. She couldn't stop the silent tears, her lower lip trembling, her breath coming in soft hitches.

He was thundering behind her, his face stoic in the mirror. The only indication of emotion was in his eyes, the way they seemed to caress the red, burning skin he was kindling. She started to squirm, making soft noises, her breath fogging the mirror more with every blow.

"Mr. Kaiser!" she gasped, her hands curling, one of them clutching his stained trousers in her fist.

The sound of her voice stopped him and she could see his chest heaving, his gaze still moving over her behind. He lifted his hand, the one he had used to spank her with, rubbing his fingers together as he met her eyes in the mirror. Heidi trembled at the dark look in them.

He moved in behind her and she could feel his erection through his boxers nestled between her cheeks. The soft satiny feel of the fabric was heaven against her hot, prickling skin. His eyes never left hers as he grabbed her hips, squeezing, holding her there against him. She watched his eyes close for a moment as he drew a deep, belly breath.

"Mr. Kaiser?" she whispered, her ass clenching, his cock twitching. He let go, leaning back and moving his hand over her behind, a soft caress. She swallowed, watching him, finding it hard to breathe.

"Your debt is paid." He turned toward the door and took the clean trousers out of the dry cleaning bag. Heidi struggled with her panties and shorts, pulling them back up over her tingling bottom as he buttoned his pants.

"I'm sorry," she whispered again, holding out the damp, stained pair of trousers.

"They're useless to me." He ran a hand through his hair. Heidi noticed his palm was red, realizing with a jolt that it was the hand he had used to spank her with. He reached past her and opened the door, grabbing the dry cleaning bag.

"My keys." He held out his hand. Heidi dug into her pocket and fumbled them as she gave them over. He moved around her, heading out the door.

"Mr. Kaiser?" She leaned against counter, her bottom still burning, her breath coming too fast, her heart beating in her ears.

"Yes, Heidi?"

She didn't know what she was going to say, what she wanted to say, and what came out surprised them both. "Thank you." He gave her a brief nod and was gone.

Heidi shut the door and locked it, slipping her shorts and panties down and turning to inspect her red, raw bottom in the mirror. She stayed that way, looking over her own shoulder, as she slid her hand down between her legs.

Her fingers found their way through her swollen, wet slit, parting her lips and rubbing, remembering his eyes, the force and weight of him behind her. The heat in her bottom spread between her legs as she touched herself, still seeing him, the red flash of his palm, the square set of his jaw, the thick press of his cock between her cheeks.

She rubbed herself until she was panting with the effort, still hearing his voice telling her to "bend over," remembering the sharpness of each blow, how accurate and

precise, and the delicious, thrilling way he closed his eyes and breathed her in at the end.

Her fingers probed deeper, slipping in and out of her wetness as she worked her clit, her other hand squeezing the red, tingling flesh of her ass. Her pussy was slick with her built-up excitement and it squelched as she fingered herself, the rhythmic sound loud in the little bathroom.

She whispered his name, over and over, her fingers digging deep, rubbing hard, her pussy throbbing and aching for release. She didn't stop, she couldn't stop, even when Lenny pounded on the door, not until she made herself come, fingers plunging, her other hand sliding over her ass where he had given her his final, parting caress.

Her climax was so intense she had to bite her lip to keep from making any noise as it shook her, the red heat flooding her entire body as she quivered and rocked against the counter.

"Heidi!" Lenny knocked again. "Hey! Are you okay?"

She yanked up her shorts and panties, breathing a shaky sigh as she turned on the water to wash her hands. "I'm fine! Be out in a minute."

Bending over again and pressing her forehead to the mirror, she whispered, "Perhaps a simple punishment is in order." Just the sound of the words made her tremble. She stood, swallowing, still shaky, her cheeks red with her secret shame as she finally opened the door to Lenny's insistent knocking.

Chapter Two

Heidi's bottom stung for an hour after he left, but the tingling feeling in her body remained all through the night. When her alarm went off at four in the morning, she could still feel it, like a low-amp current buzzing through her.

Mr. Kaiser had been gone when she went back out onto the set, and she wasn't brave enough to ask Ty or Lenny when or if he might be back—but she did take his pants. She folded them carefully and put them into her backpack.

It was strange—disturbing, even—her response to the events of the day before, but it was larger than life, much bigger than she was and beyond her somehow. Her body was craving something that she didn't understand, and no matter how much her head insisted she was crazy, it wanted what it wanted.

She floated until she found herself back on the set, like a blissful *deja-vu*, delivering coffee and holding Ty's camera. It was only when the lunches were delivered again and the girls began picking through them that she came back to earth, realizing...he wasn't coming back.

All morning she had watched the parking lot, looking for a red Porsche, her bottom tingling and clenching. She imagined him striding back onto the beach, swinging his cane, his dark eyes finding her.

She waited, but he didn't come, and around lunch time, she found herself sitting morosely in the chair he had occupied the day before, eating a banana and poking at a hermit crab in the sand with a stick. What had she expected, anyway?

Still, her bottom tingled with the memory.

"Hey." Lenny sat in the sand next to her with his sandwich.

"Hey." Heidi flipped the crab over, watching it squirm and withdraw further into its shell. She knew how it felt. She turned it back again, watching it inch away.

"Ty's better today." Lenny nodded over to where he was laughing with one of the models. "Kaiser freaks him out."

"Mmm." She nodded, sighed, poked her stick into the sand. It was the perfect opportunity to ask—would he be back, did he only come on the first day of the shoot? Still, she couldn't seem to form the words.

"Oh, shit." He dug into his jeans pocket. "I forgot, Kaiser gave me this for you yesterday. Between Ty running me ragged and Daniella's..."

Heidi didn't hear any more, although he continued talking. She unfolded a square, thick piece of paper with the initials "WRK" at the top. His scrawl was large and slanted and the message was short. *My office. Tomorrow. Noon. Don't be late. Kaiser.*

"Fuck!" She looked at her watch. It was 11:12 a.m. She didn't know if she could make it in time.

"What are you doing?" Lenny frowned as she bolted out of her chair, starting for the trailer.

"Gotta go!" She grabbed her backpack from inside the trailer door, ignoring the startled looks on the girls' faces as she slammed it behind her.

"Heidi!?" Ty called after her, but she didn't even look back as she headed for the parking lot, walking at first, and then breaking into a run.

* * * *

Kaiser's office building was downtown, and between traffic and finding parking, it was 11:58 a.m. by the time she burst through the main doors of the skyscraper to ask

where she could find his office at the front desk. It wasn't until that moment, with the security guard staring at her bare legs, that she realized she was still dressed for the beach in shorts and a t-shirt.

"What floor?" the woman in the pinstriped suit with the short dark bob asked as Heidi slipped onto the elevator.

"Forty-eight," she gasped, still out of breath.

The numbers seemed to take forever to tick by, people getting on, getting off, and every time she looked at her watch, another minute had passed. By the time the elevator opened at her floor, it was 12:05 p.m. No one got off with her and, as the doors closed behind her, she looked around for a receptionist, but there was no one at the desk.

She adjusted her backpack on her shoulder and looked around. To her left was a closed door, and to her right was a hallway. As she stood, shifting from foot to foot and considering, the door to her left opened, revealing Mr. Kaiser looking at his watch.

"Five minutes late." He frowned. "Come in. Take a seat." Her belly did a little flip as she brushed by him, putting her backpack on the floor at her feet as she sat in one of the leather, wing-backed chairs facing his desk.

"I'm sorry." She was still a little breathless as he shut the door and sat across from her. "Lenny didn't give me your note until this morning." Digging into her pocket, she pulled out the folded paper and held it out to him—her invitation to be here. He just leaned back, tenting his fingers, looking at the note, and eventually she let it flutter to the desk, clasping her quivering hands in her lap.

"Do you know why I asked you here?"

She shook her head, feeling her ass clenched in the chair, her thighs damp and sticking to the leather.

He frowned. "When you answer me, Heidi, I would appreciate either a spoken 'yes' or 'no,' followed by 'Mr. Kaiser' or 'sir.' Do you think you can comply?"

"Oh." She flushed, nodding, and said, "Yes, sir."

"Now, about the reason I asked you here..." His eyes moved over her face, down to her outfit, very similar to what she had worn the day before. "It is my general impression that you don't enjoy your job."

Heidi opened her mouth to deny it and saw him raise his eyebrows, as if he knew what she meant to say. "Yes... sir. That's true."

He gave a brief nod. "I thought perhaps we might find something better suited to you at Kaiser." She stared at him, all the breath gone from her body. Was he going to offer her a job in design?

"Can you type?" he asked, immediately dashing her hopes.

"Yes, sir." She frowned.

He leaned forward in his chair, folding his hands and resting his arms on the desk. "You may have noticed that I don't have an office assistant out front? My last secretary was with me for eight years, and I have yet to find a replacement. It's been several months now, and I admit, I'm becoming frustrated and I really do need someone."

Heidi took a deep breath, glancing around the office. "I've never been anyone's secretary."

He shook his head, smiling. "Irrelevant. You have what I need."

"I... do?" She met his eyes, her breath coming a little faster as she squirmed in her seat. His eyes were dark, moving over her, and she couldn't help remembering the incident in the bathroom.

"I need someone who can follow orders." He leaned back in his chair again and she could see the memory of yesterday in his eyes. "Who would be willing to do whatever I asked. You showed me yesterday that you are... quite willing."

Heidi swallowed, pressing her damp palms to her shorts. "I'm not sure I know what you mean?"

"Yes, you do." His eyes were smiling. "I compensate very well. You would be my assistant, answering my calls, handing my correspondence and taking care of my professional and personal needs during the day. Would you be interested in such an arrangement?"

It wasn't the promise of money or the poshness of his office, or even the fact that he was the head of one of the richest fashion companies in the world—it was the way he looked at her, with nothing concealed or disguised. His eyes saw directly through her, and there was no smugness in the way it appeared as if he had her figured out, because he had. They both knew it, and there was only one answer she could give him.

"Yes." She squeezed her hands together—her legs, too. "Sir."

He nodded. "Good. I think we'll both be satisfied with the arrangement."

Opening the top drawer of his desk, he withdrew a large white envelope and slid it across the blotter. Heidi didn't know if she should take it or not, so she kept her hands clasped, just looking from him to the envelope.

"This contains general information about Kaiser, which you have already, of course, since you are essentially already in my employ," he explained. "There is also a contract and information about duties as well as your salary and benefits."

She nodded, looking at his hand, the buffed, square nails, resting on the stark envelope. Her bottom tingled, remembering how red his palm had been after he spanked her. Shifting in her seat, she crossed one knee over the other, trying to make herself more comfortable with the yearning ache between her legs.

"If, for some reason, you read those over and change your mind..." He nodded toward the envelope. "You simply need to tell me, and you will consequently stay in your current position."

"I can't imagine why I would object."

"No." He smiled. "I don't imagine you will. In spite of the apparent haste of my offer, I actually choose my assistants quite carefully."

Standing, he leaned his palms on the desk blotter, his eyes moving down the front of her t-shirt, looking at her hands in her lap. "Now, there is just the matter of your tardiness."

Her heart leapt and she met his eyes, feeling faint. "My...tardiness?"

Mr. Kaiser reached underneath the desk and Heidi heard the door behind her lock. The sound made her mouth go dry.

"One of the things I cannot abide is lateness." He reached down and unbuckled his belt. She felt faint as she watched it slipping through the loops of his pants. "And you will find that I am quite unorthodox in my methods of discipline."

He snapped the belt in his hands and she jumped, gasping, her hand going to her throat as she stared at him. Doubling it over, he slapped it against his palm, the belt whistling and then smacking his flesh. Heidi sat and wondered how much it would sting as she wiggled her bottom against the chair.

"It's a Vincente." He gave her a small smile. "Italian. Calf-skin, medium weight. Makes a nice sound, doesn't it?" She couldn't speak, she couldn't move, all she could seem to do was stare at the belt in his hands as her whole body flushed with a trembling heat.

"Heidi?" He cocked his head, reminding her. "I asked you a question."

"Yes, sir." She drew a shaky breath.

"Come here," he instructed. She recognized the tone immediately and obeyed, moving around to his side of the desk, amazed that her legs were holding her weight at all given how much they were shaking.

"You remember this?" He tilted her chin up and she met his eyes, nodding. "Everything pulled down and bend over."

Heidi turned her back to him, knowing this was what she came for. She didn't understand it and she didn't try to, she just slid her shorts and panties down for him and bent over the desk as she was told. Her body was tight and tense with anticipation and she closed her eyes.

"Take them off," he directed and she looked back at him, wiggling them the rest of the way down and stepping out. "And spread your legs." She moved her thighs apart, feeling the cool air against the moist heat there, and gasped when his hands pressed them open even further.

"Put your hands flat," he told her. "Fingers open." Doing as she was told, she splayed her hands on the dusty rose colored blotter with its sharp maroon corners.

"Since you will now most likely be continuing in my employ." He put his hands on the edge of the desk on either side of her, leaning his weight against her. "I want you to understand that discipline will only be used when you have violated the rules. In terms of tardiness, you will receive one lash for every minute you are late. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Kaiser." She closed her eyes and longed to wiggle back against the hard flesh she felt teasing her thigh. She resisted the urge—barely.

"You will count it out."

She bit her lip as he moved away, wanting the heat and weight of him again. The belt caressed her skin at first, tickling over her lower back and down between her cheeks and thighs. She didn't expect that and it sent shivers up her spine. Under her t-shirt, her nipples stiffened against the blotter. It went on for a long time, the thick feel of the belt tracing patterns on her skin, until she was breathing hard and had goose bumps and was straining up on her toes towards the sensation. Just when she thought she couldn't stand the tension another minute, the belt came down—CRACK—over her ass, making her gasp and moan.

"One!" she yelped, the bite of the belt creating a line of heat that radiated over her behind. The sting was incredible, much worse than his hand had been.

"Good." He praised her, bringing the belt down again in the same spot.

"Two!" she gasped, trying to remember how late she had been? Three minutes? Five? She couldn't think anymore as he delivered another blow, this time to the other cheek.

"Three!" She moaned, her hands beginning to curl into fists as the fire spread over her ass. The moment they did, his hands covered hers, the weight of him leaning in as he pressed her palms flat.

"Open," he reminded her firmly.

"Yes, sir." She gasped, nodding as he backed off and brought the belt down again, smacking her ass hard, the sound of it filling the room.

"Four!" She whimpered, feeling the sting of tears and blinking them back.

"One more, Heidi." His hand moved over the fiery, red skin of her behind, a cool caress.

The belt came down with a tremendous THWAP and she arched, crying out, gasping, "Five!" as her eyes closed and her jaw clenched. The sting and burn was different today, a more localized, tender thing, rather than an overall heat. She bit her lip, waiting, listening to him breathing behind her and wishing there was a mirror here, so she could see his face.

"Turn around." She faced him, watching his belt slip back through the loops in his pants with an intense fascination. "Take off your shirt."

She lifted it over her head, exposing herself to him, braless again today, this time in anticipation rather than neglect. His eyes burned their way over the swell of her breasts, down the soft slope of her belly and hips, lingering between her legs at the soft, downy blonde hair there.

"You liked it, didn't you?" He leaned back in his chair. "Yesterday in the bathroom?"

She swallowed, fighting the urge to cross her arms over her chest. "Yes, sir."

"Did it make you wet?" He shifted in his chair and Heidi wondered if he was hard and longed to find out.

"Yes, sir." She was unable to stop the slow flush in her cheeks at her admission.

He took a deep breath, his eyes sweeping her form, meeting her eyes. "Did you touch yourself after I left, Heidi?"

She lowered her eyes, biting her lip, feeling that delicious throb between her thighs. "Yes, sir."

"Show me." He leaned forward in his chair, eye-level with her little triangle of fur. "How did you do it?"

Heidi closed her eyes against his gaze, sliding her hand down between her legs and parting her swollen lips with her fingers. Her clit was throbbing, aching to be touched, and she worked it in slow circles, her breath coming faster, knowing he was watching.

She heard him gasp when she turned, bending over the desk and moving her other hand over the red, raw skin of her behind, the fingers between her legs still moving around and around between her wet slit.

"Mr. Kaiser," she whispered, her eyes still closed, lost in the sensation, showing him how she had touched herself in the little bathroom, bent over the counter and rubbing herself raw as she thought about him.

She heard the shift of his chair, the sound of his breath. Her fingers moved faster, her nipples grazing the cool surface of the desk as she rocked, her other hand making soft circles over the red, tingling surface of her behind.

"Yes, Heidi," he murmured, and she felt his hand, then, smooth over the other rounded globe of her ass cheek. She gasped and moaned, arching as she rolled her hips to meet his massaging hand. "Do you like that?"

"Yes, Mr. Kaiser." Her thighs trembled as he squeezed and gripped her ass.

Her fingers were moving in a fast, blurry circle, sending her on a tight upward spiral. His hand came down on the red skin there with a smart SLAP, making her gasp and shiver. She moaned when he did it again and then again, his hand covering a larger area, making the tender spots where the belt had fallen on her ass tingle. He rocked her against the desk with the motion of his hand and she couldn't stand it, her pussy throbbing as he spanked her behind into a fiery red mass of flesh. Arching, she felt his hand fall lower, grazing her lips, and she gasped, spreading her thighs.

"Yes," she whispered, feeling his hand slapping her vulva. "Oh god, yes, Mr. Kaiser!"

The feel of his fingers smacking against the swollen lips of her pussy was too much, and it sent her shivering over the edge, sailing through the waves of her orgasm as she rolled and bucked against his desk. She moaned and spread and went up on her toes with it, rocking back against the force of the hand still spanking her between the legs. She didn't move, she couldn't. She gasped and panted on his desk, her hot cheek pressed to the blotter, stuck there, her fingers still moving slowly in the sticky mess between her thighs.

"Get dressed," he said after a moment and she thought he just might be struggling to keep his breathing under control.

Standing, she found her clothes on the floor, pulling her shirt back on, then her panties and shorts, using his desk for balance. Her ears were ringing with her orgasm, and her bottom was nothing but heat against the seat of her shorts.

"Have a seat, Miss Bauer." He nodded toward the chair on the other side of the desk.

Heidi was shocked to hear him say her last name, realizing he must have looked her up—of course he had. She worked for him, after all. Making her way around the desk, she sat down, wincing when her bottom touched the leather. Her pussy was a mash of pulpy, trembling wetness between her thighs and she squeezed her legs together as if to contain it.

"As I was saying... before your punishment..." He leaned forward in his chair. Heidi looked at the hand hovering over the white envelope and saw his fingers were glistening. *That's me*, she thought, staring, fascinated. "I would like you to take these materials home and review them."

"Yes, Mr. Kaiser." Heidi reached her own still-wet fingers out, brushing his as she took the envelope. He jerked his hand back as if she had burned him, his eyes dark as he looked at her.

"Nine a.m., Miss Bauer." He stood and reached under his desk and she heard the sound of the door again, unlocking now. "Don't be late."

"Thank you." She stood and picked up her backpack and started toward the door. She stopped with her hand on the doorknob, looking back at him and adding, "Sir."

He nodded, standing now and leaning his palms on his desk as he watched her. "Oh, and Heidi," he said as she opened the door. She looked over her shoulder at him, her eyes questioning. "You've made quite a mess of my blotter. We'll have to deal with that tomorrow."

Her breath caught, her ass clenching as she met his eyes. "Yes, sir," she breathed before closing the door behind her.

Chapter Three

The rain was coming down in sheets and she could barely see through her windshield, even with the wipers on full blast. The parking structure was nearly full and she had to squeeze her Honda into a too-small space, carefully slipping out so as not to chip Mr. BMW's paint job. The walk to the Kaiser building was short, but it didn't matter, because the rain made quick work of her hair and make-up, soaking her to the skin in a matter of moments.

Umbrella, Heidi, she admonished herself as she pushed the button for the elevator, wiggling uncomfortably in her rain-soaked attire. She had worn what the dress code requested—a skirt, no lower than 2 inches below the knee, and a blouse and jacket. Pantyhose weren't allowed—stockings were required to be worn, with garters, and heels couldn't be lower than three inches high. No pants, pant suits, trousers or jeans allowed. And definitely no shorts.

The elevator opened at floor forty-eight and Heidi stepped out, staring at the desk in front of her. *My desk*. The clock overhead read 8:35 a.m. She had made sure she left with plenty of time to get here. Mr. Kaiser's office door, to the left, was closed and she didn't know if he was in it. She wanted to go exploring down the other hallway, but thought it best to just sit and wait.

Stashing her purse under the desk, she took out the signed contract and other information she would have to turn in to personnel, smoothing the folds out over the surface. There was a computer and a multi-line phone, the usual pens and various office supplies tucked away in the drawers, she noted, and a huge filing cabinet behind her.

She puttered the minutes away, trying to ignore the butterflies in her stomach, and was bending a paperclip into shapes when Mr. Kaiser stepped off the elevator. She saw his eyes sweep her, felt the heat of his disapproval, and then his gaze fell to the twisted paperclip in her hands.

"I was just... waiting." She stood, still holding the bent metal form. She held it up, giving him a little smile as she made it dance. "It's a dog."

He nodded, raising his eyebrows. "Delightful. Now, if you're done wasting office supplies, perhaps we can get to work?"

He motioned for her to follow him and she did, waiting while he put down his briefcase and hung his umbrella. His suit was impeccable, dry as a bone, and a *Jon Green*, Heidi noted, her eyes moving over the lines of his broad shoulders.

"I forgot an umbrella," she admitted as he sat at his desk.

He glanced up at her. "You look like a drowned rat."

She flushed, her hand smoothing her hair. "I know. I'm sorry."

"You should always be prepared, Heidi." He leaned back in his seat, looking over her outfit. "I assume, since you're here, that you have decided to take the job?"

"Yes." She nodded, eager, perching on one of the maroon leather, wing-backed chairs. "I brought my paperwork."

"Good." It was the first smile of his that she had seen today and it thrilled her, although it was brief. "You'll take it down to personnel later today. Fourth floor. I will take you on a tour of the building myself before lunch and get you acquainted with most of the staff."

Heidi looked over her shoulder, noting that he had closed the door. "On this floor... who else is up here?"

"No one." He tented his fingers. "There is a board room down the hall, and several other offices, although they are for training and meeting purposes and are unoccupied most of the time."

"We're the only ones up here then?" She felt her heart skipping in her chest.

He nodded. "I like my privacy."

She watched as he leaned forward in his chair, shrugging his shoulders out of his suit coat. He held it up carefully, nodding to her. "Hang this up in the wardrobe, Heidi."

She came around the desk to retrieve it, letting her fingers linger over his a little longer than normal and the look in his eyes said he noticed.

"I like to be comfortable in the office," he explained as she opened the wardrobe door and took out a wooden hanger. "So I keep several changes of clothes here."

Noting the myriad colors and fabrics of suits and sweaters hanging in the closet, she slipped the suit coat in on the end, next to a large, thick, grey zippered bag similar to the one she had carried in from his car on that first day. It seemed a million years ago, somehow, but her bottom clenched at the sight of it.

"Oh, and those are for you." He leaned forward. "You're a size five, aren't you?"

Heidi stared at him. "Yes."

"Appearances are important." He stood and came around the desk. "You are the first thing people will see when they step off that elevator, and I want you to make the best possible first impression you can." He sighed as he fingered the ends of her still-damp, flattened hair. "So, we'll start with the clothes. Take those home with you tonight."

"That's... very generous of you." Heidi looked from him to the grey bag, now feeling like a little kid at Christmas, waiting for morning.

"No." She saw his jaw tighten. "You will have a great deal expected of you here, Heidi. This isn't an easy job, nor is it a free ride. Do you understand that?"

"Yes." She swallowed and gave him a nod. "Sir."

"No." He smiled then, shaking his head, his eyes moving down her damp blouse. "You don't understand... yet... but you will."

His cryptic words actually gave her goose bumps and she hugged her arms across her chest, feeling the heat of his big body standing next to hers. He seemed to understand her body language, but he didn't back off. Instead, he moved a little closer, making her tilt her chin way up to meet his eyes.

"Let's get you acquainted with some of your job description, shall we?"

* * * *

By four-thirty, Heidi was ready to collapse. She sat in her chair, staring at the computer screen swimming in front of her eyes and rubbing her toes on the carpet. Her heels were under her desk somewhere because her feet were killing her. She hadn't realized how hard it was going to be to keep up with him all day long. It seemed like the man never stopped.

Of course, that wasn't entirely true. They had a nice lunch on the top floor, where there was a restaurant that had a view of the entire city. She still had some of her shrimp scampi in the little refrigerator down the hall to eat for a yummy dinner tonight. And he was quiet now, for the most part, doing something in his office, the door slightly ajar. She could hear him humming.

She had found herself longing for Ty and Lenny and even the girls throughout the day, just to be out on the beach and in the sunshine. There weren't even any windows here in the reception area—she had to look through Mr. Kaiser's door to see the daylight. It was just the newness of it all, and she was sure she would get used to it. Considering the job paid three times what her last position did—and apparently came with free designer clothing—she wasn't going to complain.

But she wondered about the last secretary, the one he had spoken of. Had she quit? Been fired? Heidi found a black silk scarf tucked way back in the top drawer of her desk that smelled like Chanel No. 5 with the monogram "M" and knew it must be hers. She was sure that there had been something between her and Mr. Kaiser—just from the funny look she got from the woman in personnel when she handed in her paperwork.

"Heidi?" he called and she jumped, her heart racing.

"Coming, Mr. Kaiser." She slipped her feet back into her heels and made her way toward his office. She stopped in the doorway, seeing him standing by the window, his hands clasped behind his back. "Yes, sir?"

He turned his head toward her, but didn't move from the glass. "Ah. There you are. Come in. Close the door."

Heidi did as she was told, standing between the two wing-backed chairs, waiting. Today had seemed like such a normal office day, she had almost forgotten the events of yesterday and the day before—but her body remembered. Her bottom was tingling and there was a slow heat beginning to spread through her lower belly, just looking at the way he stood, the way his eyes shifted when the door clicked shut behind her.

"Syracuse, you said?" He strode toward his desk. "Where did you intern?"

She cleared her throat, knowing he must already know, if he had seen her resume. "I was a wardrobe stylist here in New York for the Tommy Hilfiger Merchandise Coordinator."

He chuckled, shaking his head. "Mr. Bourgeois himself."

She flushed. "He's no Kaiser."

"No." His eyes flicked up to hers, moving over her face. "I want you to look at these."

He nodded toward his desk, where there were long rectangular fabric samples laid out over the surface. Heidi hesitated, looking at him and seeing his nod as she reached her hand out for them. The minute her fingers touched them, she sighed, her eyes brightening as she felt each one, immediately beginning to sort.

"What are you doing?" He watched her, his eyes interested.

She looked up, startled. "Oh... just... these over here aren't anywhere near Kaiser quality..."

Pulling out three of the samples, she held them up to the light. "Now, these... have promise. The finer weight... these are handmade... and imported, I would guess. Italy?"

"Yes." He smiled. "Tell me something, Heidi... do you weave?"

Dropping the fabric, she stammered at him, her face growing brighter. "I... yes... sir... since I was a little girl."

"Not so long ago." He sat in his chair and leaned back to look at her. "You haven't had an easy life, have you, Miss Bauer?" She didn't answer him, looking down at her hands, clasped in front of her now, the fabric samples forgotten.

"Heidi," he reminded her. "I asked you a question."

"No, sir." She swallowed

Nodding, he dipped his head, trying to catch her eye, but she refused to look up.

"You have a fantastic eye, and from what I've seen of the portfolio you turned in, you are an excellent designer. It puzzles me, why you didn't start in our export house or manufacturing...?" She felt the question in his words but she didn't answer him, and she was grateful he didn't ask her directly.

He stood, moving toward her. "Well, we do have a minor disciplinary matter to tend to before we leave today, don't we?" Heidi gasped when he swept the samples onto the floor at their feet. She stared at his desk blotter, seeing how wrinkled it was from her cheek resting against it yesterday. Flushing at the memory, she held her breath, watching him.

"It will take you a while to learn the rules." He carefully pulled the soiled blotter out of the corners one at a time. "I expect that discipline may take up a bit of our time for a while."

"I'm not unfair," he went on. "But ignorance is not an excuse. The words, 'I didn't know' mean nothing to me. Compliance is expected and noncompliance will be punished. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Kaiser."

He nodded once, his eyes slipping down from her face over the line of her jacket, the curve of her skirt over her hips. "Let's see if you're in compliance with the dress code. Turn around."

Heidi turned to face his desk, looking over her shoulder at him standing behind her.

"Skirt up."

She edged it up, revealing her navy blue stockings attached to the garters underneath.

He let out a pent-up breath. "Very good, Miss Bauer." Her face blushed with his praise, his reaction. She could almost feel his eyes moving over the rounded curve of her ass, her skirt lifted high. "But the panties are a problem."

He reached around her, pressing the button under the desk and locking the door. Then he opened the top drawer of his desk, taking something out. She didn't see what it was, just saw a flash of silver, but then she felt something cold against her skin and recognized the sharp sound of scissors.

"Mr. Kaiser!"

"Unfortunate," he admitted, holding up her soft, white cotton panties. "Let's avoid that in the future—no panties from now on, Heidi."

"Yes, sir." The thought of not wearing panties under her skirts to work made her feel faint.

"Put your hands behind your back." She did as she was told, wincing as he encircled her wrists with one of his hands. "Stay like that."

He wrapped something around her wrists, fabric, tightening his knot and making her bite her lip to try and hide her sharp intake of breath. When he covered her eyes with material, tying the knot behind her head, her stomach rolled over, a heavy thing in her middle.

"Turn."

She turned to face him, disoriented. He reached around her, adjusting something on the desk. She heard the sound of crumpling paper.

"I am a bit meticulous in my habits," he explained. "My blotter should be kept clean, no matter what we are doing on my desk, Miss Bauer. That is your responsibility. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Up onto my blotter, Miss Bauer."

"Sir?" She didn't know if she had heard him correctly, although she was afraid she had.

His voice was clear and firm. "The desk is behind you and the blotter is clean. Keep it unsoiled and unwrinkled."

It was an impossible task, she thought, blindfolded with her hands bound behind her back. She felt behind her, touching the edge of the blotter. The squeak and creak of his chair as he sat startled her, and she knew he was watching.

Putting her hands as far back behind her onto the desk blotter as she could, she arched her back, sliding her bottom up onto the edge. She knew she would wrinkle the blotter page if she slithered backward, and she paused, wondering how to proceed. The sound of his breath reached her ears, slightly heavier than normal.

Kicking her right heel off, she twisted, putting her foot up on the edge of the desk, her skirt riding high up to her waist now. Her stocking slipped just slightly on the surface but held. Using the muscle in her thigh and rocking her weight back onto her hands, she

lifted her bottom clear of the desk surface, slipping her other heel off and seeking purchase with her other foot on the smooth exterior.

"Very good, Miss Bauer," he murmured as she let herself carefully down onto the center of his blotter. Her skirt had managed to slip under her bottom slightly, and she hoped that it would absorb any of her sweat from the effort—she was panting with it.

"Stay like that." She heard his voice coming toward her, the creak of his chair as he stood. She was completely exposed now with her torn panties gone, sitting propped up on his desk blotter, her feet spread wide on either side, careful to stay off the edge of the paper. She used her fingers splayed behind her to balance her weight.

"One of the three fabrics you chose is tied around your wrists." He was close, she could feel his presence between her legs, but he didn't touch her. "The second is serving as your blindfold."

He unbuckled his belt and Heidi clenched her bottom, biting her lip. Then she heard his zipper ticking down and her pussy fluttered in response. She squeezed her muscles tight, afraid that the evidence of her anticipation would leak out onto the blotter.

"The third... is in my hand." He touched her cheek with it, rubbing it there for a moment. Then she felt him running it over the inside of her thigh, above the black lace band of her stocking.

"Do you know which one it is, Heidi?" He slipped the fabric over her mound, seeking the skin of her other thigh.

"The... black... pinstripe..." She cocked her head at a new sound, a soft shuffling coming from somewhere between her legs.

"Yes." He chuckled. "My textile savant..."

"Hold this for me." He pressed the cloth against her lips and she opened them as the fabric filled her mouth. She held it there, now bound, blindfolded and gagged, completely exposed and spread open on his desk.

She moaned through the fabric when she felt the head of his cock rubbing against her slit. It was just a tease, back and forth, near her clit but not quite touching. His cock head was spongy soft against her flesh, but when he pressed his weight against her, just slightly, she could feel the hard insistence of him. She found herself wanting him to grab her, plunge deep, and fuck her senseless. She was breathless with wanting it, squirming, her muscles taut and trembling.

"You will be careful with my blotter in the future, won't you, Heidi?" She moaned when he did touch her clit with the head, slapping it there, once, twice, a third time, making a wet sound that filled the room. "I asked you a question."

Through the fabric, her "Yes, sir," was very muffled.

That sound reached her ears again, a slow shuttling, growing faster, and she knew he was masturbating between her legs. She wanted to see him, but she could feel his eyes on her, even though she was blindfolded. He was looking at her as he pumped his hard cock in his fist, only inches away from her wetness.

His breathing was labored, and the sound between her legs began to swell, his hand going so fast it wasn't rhythmic so much anymore as continuous, a lightning fast hammering between her thighs. Heidi's nostrils flared with her heightened breath that matched his own, her pussy aching as she listened to him masturbating.

She moaned through her gag, feeling his pumping hand moving right against her pussy, making a wet sound as he jerked himself against her flesh. He gave a low growl

and Heidi gasped and trembled as she felt a sudden flood of spurting, hot fluid exploding against her pussy. She could feel the weight of it on her clit, dribbling slowly down her slit, and she gasped, biting down on the fabric in her mouth as she squeezed her muscles together, willing his cum to stay put, not to slip down further and stain the blotter.

She felt his cum sliding down past her pussy, toward the crack of her ass. Tilting herself back a little, she hoped that, at the very least, it would simply stain her skirt. He was zipping, doing up his belt buckle—she knew the sounds already. And then the scissors snipped near her wrists, freeing her hands.

"Use your gag to clean up." He undid her blindfold. The world seemed incredibly bright, the light through the window blinding. Heidi pulled the fabric quickly out of her mouth, slipping it between her legs to catch the slippery wetness of his cum running down her ass.

"Watch the blotter," he warned, turning and striding back to the window. Her hands free now, Heidi rolled carefully off the blotter, hopping to the floor. She looked back at it, fearful, but didn't see any stains. Relieved, she slipped her shoes back on, picking her torn panties up and putting them into her skirt pocket.

"It's four-fifty-nine." He looked at his watch. It glinted in the sun as he stood at the window. "We're done for the day."

"Thank you." She squeezed her legs together. His cum was sticky between her thighs, the pinstriped fabric, damp with her saliva, now caught between her pussy lips.

"Don't forget your bag," he reminded her as she wobbled toward the door.

"Thank you," she said again, swerving toward the wardrobe and taking the grey bag out, slinging it over her shoulder.

"See you Monday," he said.

Her heart lurched. She had forgotten it was Friday.

The elevator opened and Heidi glanced over her shoulder, juggling the grey bag, her purse, and the Styrofoam container from lunch, as Mr. Kaiser closed his office door. She saw a glimpse of his shirt sleeve and cufflinks.

The minute the elevator doors closed, she pulled her skirt up, finding the slick cloth between her legs and rubbing it hard and fast against her throbbing clit.

"Very good, Miss Bauer," she whispered, watching the floors pass with half-closed eyes, knowing that at any moment, the elevator could halt to pick up more passengers, but she couldn't stop.

She rubbed the cum-stained fabric against her clit, whispering, "Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" until she finally came, her body shuddering and twisting in the corner of the empty elevator.

She slipped the fabric sample out from between her lips, bringing it up to her mouth and licking the taste of them together off the material as she clutched the railing, her ears ringing, the bag falling to the floor.

The doors behind her opened to reveal two men in suits waiting to get on. Heidi straightened up and slipped the fabric into her pocket with her panties, trying to juggle her purse and the Styrofoam container.

"Is that yours?" one of the men asked, pointing to the grey bag.

"Oh," she breathed, still gasping. "Yes."

"Here," the other one said, picking it up and handing it to her.

"Thank you." She slung it back over her shoulder and faced forward, leaning against the wall.

The numbers couldn't light up fast enough as the elevator took her down to the first floor where she could rush home and touch herself, remembering him, again and again. She didn't know how she was going to make it through the weekend.

Chapter Four

“Cavelli?” Heidi whispered, nearly losing her grip on the coffee mug right over the blotter. She managed to catch it, not spilling a drop, before setting it on a coaster.

“Roberto Cavelli?”

“Yes,” Warren Kaiser replied, tilting his head to frown at her. “Heidi, if you are going to work here, you really must stop sounding star struck every time I mention the name of a designer.”

“I’m sorry.” She straightened up and smoothed her hand over her skirt. His eyes followed her hands, the frown growing.

“A thousand dollar outfit and you still look like a little mouse,” he sighed. “Maybe it’s the hair. Perhaps I should send you to a salon?”

“Oh.” She tucked a stray piece of blonde hair behind her ears. “I’m sorry.”

She had been wearing designer outfits every day and feeling like a queen. Today she was wearing Donna Karan, a knee-length pleated black skirt and a grey stretch v-neck cashmere sweater.

“Here.” Kaiser wrote something down on a yellow legal pad and tore the sheet off, handing it to her. “Call this number and make an appointment. I’ll give you time during your lunch hour tomorrow.”

“Thank you.” She folded the paper and slipped it into her skirt pocket.

He dismissed her with a wave of his hand. “Let me know when Cavelli arrives.”

Heidi slipped out of his office, closing the door behind her with a sigh. It had been a difficult few weeks, trying to say and do everything right. He had been right about there being an adjustment period. She smiled and closed her eyes for a moment

as she leaned back against the door. She wanted nothing more than to please him, but his punishments had been so awfully delightful she didn't know if she wanted to be *that* good.

The elevator doors opened and she startled, smoothing her skirt again as Robert Cavelli strolled towards her. His gray hair and beard and olive complexion reminded her a great deal of Sean Connery, although his accent was Italian instead of Scottish. She straightened, determined to make a good first impression.

"Hello, Mr. Cavelli, I'm—"

He didn't even stop to look at her, just reached for the doorknob and walked right into Kaiser's office. Heidi moved to follow, but the door swung shut with a shuddering bang and she stood there blinking at it, unmoving, undecided. Surely she should knock, offer them some refreshment? But what if she interrupted something...? Maybe Roberto Cavelli always made such an entrance?

Heidi's anxiety was relieved when the door opened and Kaiser poked his head out. "Coffee, Heidi. Black."

She nodded, but he cut her, "Yes, sir," off with another slam of the door. The coffee was hot, and she'd just made a fresh gourmet pot. The beans were organic, imported and smelled so rich when she ground them—by hand, Kaiser insisted—they made her dizzy. And she didn't even drink coffee. It was the definitive smell she had come to associate with Kaiser—that, and the scent of leather.

She held the full cup in one hand when she approached the closed door, raising her other to knock, but Kaiser's impatient face appeared again, his brow immediately smoothing out when he saw her.

“Your coffee, Mr. Cavelli,” Heidi murmured, setting the hot cup on a black leather coaster on Kaiser’s desk in front of the man. He glanced up at her just briefly, his only acknowledgment a grunt. There were designs spread out in front of him and for a moment, Heidi entirely forgot where she was, and who she worked for.

“Where did you get this?” She snatched one of the designs up and held it with trembling fingers.

The dress was sleek, sexy, form-fitted over the hips, slit high up the side, but it was the soft feather accents across the bodice and down the draped front that made it seem as if it could float off the page. The dress was *hers*—she had designed it two years ago and, although the original sketch had been stolen, she had recreated it as part of the portfolio she had presented when she applied for a job at Kaiser.

“Heidi!” Kaiser’s sharp admonishment brought her back and she swallowed, looking up at him, the drawing still clutched in her hand. “Put that down!”

“I’m sorry.” She did as she was told, unable to keep the pain and confusion from clouding her features. It couldn’t possibly be her design...but it was. She knew it. Roberto Cavelli stared at her, aghast, and she flushed, apologizing again. “I didn’t mean...it’s just...”

“Clean up my table, Heidi,” Kaiser directed, pointing a finger toward the huge rectangular glass table by the window he had his papers spread out on. She hesitated, her mouth opening, unable to help herself, but seeing the look in his eyes stopped her again. Putting the design back on the desk in front of a stunned Cavelli, she rushed over to do Kaiser’s bidding.

"She's new," Kaiser explained with a shake of his head as he took a seat behind his desk. Cavelli just raised an eyebrow in response, picking up the design Heidi had been holding. "And a bit starstruck, I'm afraid." Kaiser chuckled.

"By me?" Cavelli barked a laugh. "Well, she has good taste, anyway."

"She does." Kaiser agreed, looking at the design in the man's hand. "As do I. Andrea Paxton is going to be a household name before the end of the year, I have no doubt."

Andrea Paxton!

Heidi's head came up sharply—she had been on her knees, rummaging for papers that had found their way to the floor—and she rapped it so hard on the underside of the table she briefly saw stars and wondered if she'd actually cracked the glass. She let out a little squeak of pain and both men frowned, turning their heads to look at her. Rubbing the bump already forming, she scrambled out from underneath the table and began shuffling papers together on top.

"She's good, I'll give you that," Cavelli agreed, flipping through the designs. "But inconsistent. Look, here...this design is amateurish, almost childish."

"Ah, but this one!" Kaiser lovingly lifted the design Heidi had been holding. "Is inspired!"

And it's mine! Heidi fumed, feeling her face flush as she watched Kaiser trace the dress' lines with his finger.

"Everyone has off days, bad designs." Kaiser shrugged. "I'll take a few of those if a designer can also bring me genius."

Genius. Heidi couldn't help the tingle in her belly at the word. He thought her design was genius! Of course... he had no idea that it *was* hers. He believed Andrea Paxton, daughter of the late Reynold Paxton, whose silent connections in the fashion world extended far beyond Valentino or Versace, had designed that dress. And why wouldn't he believe it, given her position, her money?

But Heidi knew better. The girl had never had any real talent, even when they were in school together. Everything about Andrea was fake, from her hair color to her nails to her bought-and-paid-for c-cup breasts. And now, she was faking someone else's designs as her own. *Stealing* them.

Heidi knew instantly how it had happened—and realized she should have suspected, given how much time Andrea had spent in their apartment. Was she ever going to stop being so naïve? Mentally, she kicked herself as she sorted Kaiser's paper mess into organized piles, remembering her roommate, Sara, introducing her to Andrea Paxton—yes, *that* Andrea Paxton. Heidi's hackles had gone up immediately, and now she knew why.

I never trust my instincts, but they're always right. She sighed audibly and bit her lip in apology when Kaiser frowned and gave her a sharp look. The two men were conferring over something, but Heidi had lost the conversation, too involved for who knew how long in her own thoughts.

"Well, let's see what your aficionado has to say." Cavelli held up two designs. Neither of them were hers, thank goodness, and both were quite good—so they couldn't be Andrea Paxton's, Heidi thought grimly. "Which one?"

Heidi's eyes flickered to Kaiser. He was frowning, but he was also clearly going to humor the old man. He gave her a slight nod and she moved forward to take the two pieces of paper. They were full color illustrations—hours of work, Heidi knew from her own time spent at a drawing pad.

“Lovely,” Heidi sighed happily as she looked from one to the other. It really was a tough choice, although both were significantly different dresses. The first was a cream-colored silk, the bodice and back dangerously low. The other was a bold pomegranate concoction bursting with seed-pearls. Just looking at it made Heidi's imagination take flight and she found herself mentally improving on it.

“So much for that.” Kaiser laughed, looking at his secretary's dreamy expression.

“This one.” Heidi said firmly, handing the red dress to Cavelli, not looking at Kaiser. “The one here pretends to take risks—it thinks itself daring and dangerous.” She scoffed, tossing the cream-colored backless dress on the desk in dismissal. “But *this* dress...this dress is actually everything the other one claims to be. It's bold... courageous.” Heidi's gaze followed the line of the dress in Cavelli's hand. “It's unapologetic.”

“Intrepid.” Kaiser's voice brought her attention again and Heidi flushed, meeting his eyes. Was he talking about the dress? She wondered. His dark eyes were burning and she knew she was in trouble—big trouble—for everything that had happened that day. The thought sent a shiver of both fear and excitement up her spine. He looked like he wanted to take her across his knee right there, and she wondered if he would have if the phone hadn't rung.

“Excuse me,” she murmured, edging around the desk, giving it a wide berth, and going out into the vestibule to answer the phone.

By the time Heidi had cleared up the order for white silk scarves—three *hundred*, not three *thousand*, and oh her bottom tingled just at the thought of what the mistake of an extra zero might have cost her—Roberto Cavelli was shaking Kaiser’s hand at the elevator and they were talking about dinner plans.

“Bring Eve,” Kaiser insisted, smiling. “If she’s managed to forgive you your trespasses.”

“I’m out of hot water for the moment.” Cavelli chuckled, looking sheepish. “I named a line of sunglasses after her. And I’m letting her run her own pet fashion line.”

“Now that’s what I call contrition!” Kaiser laughed. “I’m sure you’ll make a mint.”

Heidi, who had stood, Pavlovian, as soon as Kaiser’s office door had swung open, waited for the elevator doors to close, her heart hammering in her chest.

“Poor woman. He’s been fucking around on her for years,” Kaiser remarked as he turned and pinned her with his gaze. When he looked at her like that, she found her breath simply gone. “Infidelity is a clear sign of weakness.”

It made her wonder about his life—not that she hadn’t spent her time since meeting him pouring over the society pages trying to find out. He was unmarried, everyone knew that, never had been. But he was clearly not gay, as so many in the field were, especially the designers. So where was the woman in his life, if he didn’t believe in playing the field? And where did his...*secretary*...fit into that picture?

I’m invisible, she thought. I don’t count.

“Of course, poor Eve found solace with a young paramour pretty quickly, I hear,” Kaiser mused and shrugged, walking back toward his office. “Tit for tat.”

For a moment, Heidi thought he was going to simply go in and shut the door behind him, and she wasn’t sure if what she felt was disappointment or relief. Then he stopped, tilted his head in her direction, and slanted his eyes.

“Come into my office.”

She followed him meekly, standing beside his desk and watching him peer out the window. He looked pensive, his mouth drawn into a tight line, his eyes veiled. It felt like a long time and she tried not to fidget, finding herself swallowing reflexively, blinking too often, eager for some movement, a break in the tension.

“Cavelli didn’t notice anything I haven’t already made note of.” Kaiser turned from the window and she straightened slightly at the motion. “I’ve been quite impressed by your knowledge of fashion.” His praise made her want to wiggle like a puppy and she struggled to keep herself still, to breathe, calm deep breaths.

His approach was enormous, his presence huge, leaving her in shadow as he stood in front of her. In spite of her efforts, her breath quickened, her heart raced.

“Tell me why I hired you.” He lifted her chin and forced her gaze to meet his. He was close, very close, and she was all too aware of his heat. It was hard to think let alone speak, but she wanted, as ever, to please him.

“Because I’ll do anything.” She spoke the words in a near-whisper, ashamed of them, and herself. But she knew they were true, even as she hated herself for it.

“No.” Kaiser’s thumb moved along her jaw, over the swell of her lips. He seemed to be considering something as he rubbed her mouth and she felt desperate for him but didn’t dare ask for what she wanted. “Because you’re *willing*.”

His head dipped toward hers, his mouth disappointing her and moving past hers, past her cheek, to rest against her ear. “Pull your skirt up.”

Heidi did as she was told, willing, as ever. She didn’t bend over—he hadn’t asked her that much—just gathered the black pleats in her hands until her hemline inched up over her bottom, which was bare, of course. No panties, just garters and stockings, black, with a hint of lace.

“You see?” Her bare skin touched the cold edge of the desk as he pressed against her, his knee moving between hers, his lips hot against the shell of her ear, making her shiver as he spoke. “Willing. Obedient.”

Heidi gasped when he turned her around, using his hands on her hips to complete the motion. She nearly lost her grip on her skirt, but managed to hang on as he then bent her head with the palm of his hand until her cheek rested against the desk blotter.

“I lived on a farm when I was a child, you know.” Kaiser’s hand moved along the back of her sweater, over her spine. Heidi wanted to turn and look at him, her face showing her surprise, but she didn’t move. He chuckled, using his knee between hers to force her thighs further apart and she obliged. “Surprised? It was a long time ago. My father was a rancher. A real Texas rancher.” His voice dipped quickly into a rich Texan accent and Heidi blinked, shocked, but remained both unmoving and silent.

“We had horses. My father caught wild Mustangs, broke them and then sold them. Have you ever seen someone break a horse?” Kaiser’s voice had moved further away and she wanted to look, to see what the noise was, but she remained as he’d left her, cheek-against-blotter, her arms trembling as she held her skirt up for him.

“No, sir,” she replied, realizing that he’d asked her a question.

“It’s brutal.” Kaiser was close again and took her hands in his, moving her skirt higher up over her hips so it would stay by itself. “Savage. Horses that have lived in the wild their whole lives know nothing of bits and bridles and saddles. My father called it ‘learnin.’ As in—‘We’re learnin’ these here horses to be right.’ He was definitely no horse-whisperer.” The Texas accent was back, briefly, and Kaiser laughed, but it was a humorless thing, and Heidi found herself blinking back tears.

“Some horses break easy.” Kaiser stretched one of her arms out with his as he pressed against her from behind. “Some don’t.” He did the same with her other arm, and she spread her fingers out on the blotter, her hands disappearing under his. “When a horse has too much spirit, breaking it turns quite cruel. It’s a horrible struggle between human and beast.”

His cheek found hers, resting there as he spoke. She was transfixed, trembling beneath him.

“I don’t want a woman I have to break.” His voice was soft, urgent, and she wished she could see his face. “I want a woman who’s willing to bend.”

His words thrilled her even as he stood up and stepped back, bringing a hand down hard against the swell of her behind. She didn’t do it, but she wanted to arch her

back like a cat, begging for more. This is what she wanted, had always wanted, would forever want.

He might have been right about breaking horses, she mused, biting her lip to keep from crying out as his hand came down again, but there was something she thought he didn't know. That kind of surrender of the spirit required trust—a great deal of trust. Perhaps some horses refused to submit because they were worldly cynics, too cautious and suspicious to give in. To them, man was just another dangerously cruel faction of an already dangerous universe. Those horses that were easier to break—she wondered if their spirits were just as strong as the others. Maybe even stronger.

“Eeee!” she squealed as his hand found the sweet spot again, again, picking up rhythm. She breathed a sigh of relief when he switched cheeks, but she knew that one would soon be red and stinging, too.

Heidi closed her eyes and thought about horses, wild-eyed ones running free, and tame ones, sweet as the sugar-cubes they nuzzled from your hand. Were those captive horses broken, then? Was it so wrong to trust? To want someone to guide you, shape you, give you exactly what you needed?

A tame horse adored their master, and wanted nothing more than to please him. An obedient horse was loved—and it loved.

His punishment was the sweetest thing she'd ever known and she took it with a grateful sort of grace, her little body twisting, not sure if she was trying to wriggle away or arching to beg for more. He was focused completely on the task at hand, warming her bottom to a steady, red heat and then, abruptly, he stopped, making her moan out loud.

“I don’t have a limp.” He was slightly breathless—just slightly. “But I use a cane. Have you ever wondered why?”

Fashion statement? She thought, but bit her tongue. There was no good answer to that question and she was glad it was rhetorical, because he continued talking, moving around the desk so she could see him holding it. He began to unscrew the handle, which was probably ivory, she mused, carved long before it was politically incorrect.

“My father used this to break horses.” Kaiser tipped the cane forward and something fell out of its hollow recesses. Heidi recognized it immediately—a riding crop. “He was cruel and everything he accomplished was done by force.”

Kaiser picked up the crop. “I will never force you, Heidi.”

She shivered as the leather end of the crop met her behind—just a tickle. Kaiser was stroking the reddened skin of her bottom with it.

“I don’t want to break you.” His words were hypnotic and she closed her eyes again in anticipation as he moved fully behind her. “I want to guide you...”

His voice was soft, almost a murmur, and she felt it like velvet over her burning skin. “Everything we do is a communication. Everything we say. Everything we don’t say.”

The crop caught her off-guard, the sharpness of it like a bite across the back of her thigh and she yelped, wincing.

“That,” he said firmly. “Is communication. Hands and legs apart, Heidi.”

She whimpered and complied, realizing she had forgotten her form. She splayed her fingers again, and spread her thighs further.

“Have I been fair to you, Heidi?” The crop teased her, moving down the bare crack of her ass. It made her blush.

“Yes, sir.”

“Have I corrected you when you didn’t deserve it?”

“No, sir.”

“This won’t ever be about violence.” The crop met her behind, quickly but without malice. She gasped, winced and spread her fingers again on the desk. She had curled them reflexively into fists at the tender, probing touch of the crop to her asshole. “It’s about control. I can’t allow the balance of power to be tipped. Someone must lead and someone must follow.”

“I will lead.” Kaiser pressed against her from behind and she stifled a moan when she felt him, thick and hard through his trousers. “*You* will follow.”

“Yes, sir.”

“My father knew how to break horses.” He put the crop down on the desk and held her hips still in his hands when she began to rock back against him. “But he never did learn how to train them. It takes a great deal of knowledge and skill to do so effectively.”

Heidi’s eyes flew wide when he slid an arm across her front, bringing her up against him in one, swift motion, her back to his front, their bodies fitted together like puzzle pieces.

“You’d snap like a twig,” he whispered into her ear, holding her writhing body still with his. “But I don’t want to break you.”

“You want me to bend,” Heidi agreed, molding herself to him like liquid, tilting her head back so she could see his face, meet his eyes.

“Yes.” He sat back in his chair, pulling her with him, cradling her now, and she blinked in surprise but settled her head comfortably and happily against his chest, wondering if that was it, if her punishment was over. “You don’t just need a firm hand, you need a steady one, don’t you?”

“You want someone to guide you... give you direction...” he mused, pulling the hem of her skirt down primly to her knees. “You crave it.”

Covered now, she had never felt more naked.

“I’m always listening.” His whispered words made her shiver. “I’m always paying attention.”

She couldn’t help the slight, slow grind she was doing in his lap—it was nothing compared to what she really wanted to do. The hardness of his cock against her bare behind even through his trousers made her crazy—she wanted to get down on her knees and worship it, she wanted him to bend her over the desk and fuck her, she wanted him to use her, take her, fill her, push her, pull her...

But Kaiser was the picture of self-restraint. He held her still until she finally submitted to his will, relaxing against him, sighing deeply as he cradled her in his arms. If someone had told her a month ago that she would be sitting in Warren Kaiser’s lap, in Warren Kaiser’s office, after having been spanked by that same man, she would have told them they were a few stitches short of a seam, but here she was.

Here she was. And there was nowhere else she would rather be.

Chapter Five

Heidi had never felt more glamorous, thanks to a twenty-two-hundred dollar Versace black, sleeveless, corset-back dress, her hair newly cut, highlighted and styled, and her makeup professionally applied for the first time in her life. Aside from the outfit—something a little more day-to-evening than usual that she'd picked from the closet that morning in anticipation of her afternoon appointment—it was an incredible lunch-time transformation, and she couldn't wait for Kaiser to see it when she swept off the elevator with her bag full of creams and lipsticks and hair conditioners and styling products.

The bubble of her enthusiasm popped almost immediately when she saw Kaiser's door open and heard the high, light laugh of a woman coming from his office. Heidi's knees felt suddenly weak and she stopped, heart hammering, face flushed, blinking in the direction of the sound—a low murmur now, and yes, again, the laugh. It was an intimate laugh, a sexy laugh, intentionally so, Heidi mused. She continued to her desk, her wobbly legs just barely getting her to her chair, and she stashed her shopping back underneath.

"Oh Warren, don't be such a boy scout!" the woman pouted, and Heidi moved her computer mouse, ending the screen saver—Kaiser's 2008 runway show in Paris, a breathtaking loop she watched daily as they were now heavily preparing for the 2009 version which she hoped to see "live" in just a few weeks—and peeking around the monitor in an attempt to see without being too obvious.

"Can we focus here, Andrea?"

Andrea. She knew immediately, before she ever saw her, that it was Andrea Paxton's arm she glimpsed snaking around Kaiser's neck from behind, her blonde head dipping down to murmur into his ear.

"I *am* focused, Warren darling." Andrea tugged gently at his tie before her fingers followed it like an arrow down his chest, heading for his lap. Heidi sat frozen, furious, sure she was about to witness an afternoon quickie she didn't want to know about, let alone see.

"Your dresses will be completed this week." Kaiser stood, moving away from the table where Andrea's designs—*not hers, mine!* Heidi fumed—were spread out. "We'll meet downtown this weekend for the pre-show. I think we're almost done here for the day."

Surprised by his obvious rebuff, Heidi watched, unnoticed, as he moved to his desk to pick up the phone to dial. Andrea stood near the window, her back turned, a woman clearly unaccustomed to not getting what she wanted.

Heidi decided she didn't want to see any more, getting up quietly from her desk and heading down the hall to the kitchen. It would be best not to have any confrontations, she thought, pouring a cup of coffee—exactly why, she didn't know, since she didn't drink it—and standing there with the warm mug cupped in her hands. All the mugs were the same, with the Kaiser logo and his signature curlicue K.

She stood there, how long she didn't know, wondering what to do. Was she going to hide in the kitchen all afternoon? It was already five minutes past the time she should have been sitting at her desk, waiting to do Kaiser's bidding and if he discovered

this fact, she knew she was going to be in trouble. Why was she risking it? Because she didn't want to see Andrea Paxton again, after all this time?

Because she stole my designs!

But, while that was true, Heidi knew she couldn't prove it. Her sketchbook was long gone, and how could she possibly convince Kaiser that she, a lowly secretary, had designed something that Andrea Paxton—*that* Andrea Paxton—claimed was her own creation? It was an impossible situation, and Heidi had already decided, without really deciding anything at all, to do what she always did. She followed the path of least resistance.

I bend, she thought, looking at her distorted reflection on the dark, rippled surface of the rich, aromatic coffee, the cup shaking in her hand.

"Oh my god! Heidi Bauer!" Andrea gasped, looking truly surprised and, Heidi noted with some satisfaction, actually a little frightened. It was an expression she probably wasn't used to conveying, but Andrea looked as if someone had just walked in on her while she was going to the bathroom. She also looked unbelievably beautiful—her dress was short and stylish, a sexy green velour just-low-cut-enough to avoid being inappropriate. She was perfectly made up and coiffed, her honey-blond hair like spun gold falling around her shoulders.

Heidi remembered her own afternoon in the salon, touching her usually-mousy locks with a smoothing hand, and was glad she looked at least a little more presentable than usual.

"Hi, Andrea."

"What are you doing here?" Andrea looked terrified, and she also looked like she was trying to cover that fact. The irony of their meeting here, now, wasn't lost on either woman.

"I work here," Heidi replied simply.

"With Kaiser?"

With Kaiser. For Kaiser. Was there a difference? Heidi just nodded.

"Are you part of the show?"

Was she part of the show? She had helped plan it down to the last button and bow. Did that make her part of it? Sadly, she knew it didn't, and for the first time, she really felt that, a deep, sharp pain in her side when she drew a shaky breath. She wasn't part of the show, not really. She would be on the sidelines, watching models flaunt other designers' clothing. She would be in Paris in a few weeks, watching Andrea Paxton receiving accolades for designs that she, Heidi, had created.

Just how many designs had she dared to copy, Heidi wondered, giving Andrea a long, cool look. She had seen at least four on Kaiser's desk that belonged to her that day. Her sketchbook had been full of them. Something felt lodged in her throat, burning there, something old and stuck and impossibly huge.

"I know what you did." The words were out of her mouth before Heidi could stop them, as if the stuck thing had suddenly been liberated somehow.

Andrea glanced over her shoulder as if she were being followed, and then narrowed her eyes at Heidi. "You don't know what you're talking about."

"I've seen the designs," Heidi went on, her voice growing louder even as Andrea shushed her. "They're mine and you know it."

“Prove it,” Andrea hissed, her already rosily made-up cheeks flushing a deeper shade of red.

And there it was. Heidi couldn’t prove anything, and they both knew it. At least, *Heidi* knew it. But *Andrea* might not, Heidi mused, the thought just occurring to her. Maybe, just maybe...

“I intend to,” Heidi bluffed, her spine straightening, and the look of fear in Andrea’s eyes was the sweetest thing she thought she’d ever seen.

“Did you find the coffee, Andrea?” Kaiser’s voice coming down the hall startled them both. “I don’t know where my secretary has gotten off to, she—oh. There she is. Heidi, get Andrea some coffee and come to my office.”

He stood in the doorway, looking between the two women, a frown Heidi knew well starting at the corners of his mouth.

“Secretary...?” Andrea’s mouth curled into a slow, Cheshire-cat smile. The smug look in her eyes was enough to turn Heidi’s stomach. So much for her bluff. Now Andrea knew—Heidi wasn’t a designer. She wasn’t anything—just a secretary.

“Heidi?” Kaiser inclined his head, his frown deepening as he stepped further into the kitchen and Heidi knew she was a secretary in big trouble. Exasperated, he motioned between Andrea and the cup in Heidi’s hand. “Coffee?”

Like the thing that had been stuck in her throat flying free, it all happened very quickly. Heidi’s trembling hand jerked impulsively, the spontaneous movement splashing dark brown liquid down the front of Andrea’s four-thousand-dollar Armani dress. Andrea yelped, more in surprise than from pain—the coffee was now just

lukewarm—and swore loudly, glaring at Heidi and pulling her wet dress away from her skin with thumb and forefinger.

“Enjoy your coffee.” Heidi swept past a stunned Kaiser, not glancing up to even meet his eyes. She knew they were angry and disapproving underneath his surprise and she couldn’t bear to look.

“What the hell?” Kaiser’s voice was soft, incredulous, and disappearing behind her as Heidi slipped her heels off and sprinted for her desk. She grabbed her purse and shopping bag and didn’t even wait for the elevator. She straight-armed the door to the stairwell and ran down them, shredding the feet of her stockings on the cement stairs after just the first flight.

“Heidi!?” It was Kaiser’s voice, calling from far above her, but she ran faster, heart hammering, a stitch growing in her side. She opened the door three flights down, surprising someone with a cart from the mailroom and making him drop a package.

She apologized reflexively, poking the “down” button on the elevator again and again until the doors opened, ignoring the puzzled looks on the secretaries’ faces and the whispers back and forth behind her as she slipped in and pressed the “door close” button—hard.

She leaned back against the wall, her legs trembling, closing her eyes and drawing long, deep, ragged breaths. What had she done? Oh my god, what had she done? The feeling was unbearable. She wanted to sink into the floor, crawl under a desk, hide her shame in some palpable darkness.

The elevator slowed and stopped and she opened her eyes, slipping her shoes back on, noting her ruined stockings, straightening her dress as the doors of the

elevator opened. A man in the business suit gave her an appraising look, smiling as he stepped in and pressed the number thirty.

“Hi, I’m Brian,” he said, giving her a sidelong glance. “Haven’t seen you around.”

“I’m new.” She sounded like she was apologizing—and she was.

“You sure brighten up the place.” Brian gave her a wider smile, his eyes dipping quickly to her hemline and back up again.

Heidi stared at him. Was he hitting on her? Men never hit on her. She was like a glass of lukewarm water in a wine cellar of women in this industry. No one ever noticed her.

“I—” Heidi started to reply—she had no idea what she was going to say—when her cell phone vibrated in her purse. She wasn’t allowed to set it to ring. “Excuse me,” she murmured, turning away and digging through her purse in search of her phone. She flipped it open when she found it to see who was calling, sure it would be Kaiser insisting she come back and take her punishment. Part of her, in fact, was hoping it was Kaiser, because what if...what if he *didn’t* call? What would she do then?

“Lenny?” Heidi sounded genuinely surprised when she answered, and she was.

“Hey girl!” He laughed—he had such a warm laugh, and it made her instantly nostalgic for her other, easier, job. “You miss me yet?”

“Hi, Lenny,” she said, smiling, sounding happy and realizing it was true, for the moment. She’d never been happier to hear his voice. “How are you?”

“I’m fantastic, still keeping my head down and my mouth shut. You?”

She swallowed, closing her eyes. “Me, too.”

Well...mostly...

The door behind her opened and the guy—Brian—got off. She didn't turn around as the doors closed again and the elevator began to move.

"So, I was calling to see if you wanted to do dinner and a video. Me and takeout and a chick flick. How could you resist?"

Heidi laughed. "Lenny, are you sure you aren't gay?"

"How many times do I have to tell you?" Lenny feigned offense. "I've just been in this business so long, I'm very in touch with my inner feminine."

"I'd love to." She smiled, surprised her face would oblige while the heavy leaden feeling still lingered in her belly.

"Say seven?"

"Seven," she agreed, and she managed to exchange a few more casual-seeming pleasantries before hanging up. Anxiously, Heidi flipped through her missed calls—none of them Kaiser. He hadn't called. And what if he didn't? What if she didn't have a job in the morning? He had every right to fire her—*should* fire her. He had no idea why she had done what she'd done, and she was sure Andrea was preemptively giving him all sorts of false information. Or maybe she was distracting him with a blowjob.

Heidi swallowed hard at that, dropping her phone back in her purse and considering her options. She could go back, crawling on her knees—perhaps literally. She could wait for Kaiser to call—if he called. Or she could go back to work in the morning and see what happened. None of them were very appealing, but the alternative—never seeing Kaiser again—was unthinkable.

The problem was, she didn't know if Kaiser felt the same. Was she just his pliable, expendable secretary...or something more? She didn't know, and she was truly afraid to find out.

* * * *

"I'm hungry." Lenny stood up and stretched, grabbing the remote to pause *Julie and Julia*—Meryl Streep as Julia Childs filled the screen, mouth half-open, eyes half-closed, ridiculously frozen.

"You're just hungry because we're watching a movie about food." Heidi smiled. "Besides, we just ate an hour ago."

"An hour's about right. We ate Chinese food, remember?" he reminded her. "What do you have in the fridge?"

"Not much, I'm afraid..." she apologized as she followed him to the kitchen, leaning against the counter and watching him start to forage.

"What the hell is this? Where's the Cheez-Whiz?" Lenny frowned into the refrigerator, finding strawberries, organic milk, two cucumbers and some Laughing Cow cheese, which he tossed back onto a shelf in disgust. He slammed the fridge and scanned the top, where Heidi usually kept the real goodies. "Where're the Cheetos? Don't you have any more Ho-Ho's? Someone needs to go shopping!"

She shrugged. "I've kind of been...watching my weight."

"What the hell for?" His eyes brightened when he opened the reserve cupboard and found a half-full bag of pretzels. "You worked around models every day and didn't diet...why would you..." His hand paused halfway to his mouth, his eyebrows going up. "Ohhhhhhhh, I see! Is that how it is?"

“Shut up.” Heidi looked at the linoleum. “Don’t say it.”

Lenny crunched a handful of pretzels, swallowing before asking, “Kaiser’s got you in training, doesn’t he?”

She met his gaze, too surprised not to speak. “What do you mean?”

“Everyone knows what he does with his secretaries.” Lenny smirked, carrying the pretzels with him back to the living room. Heidi followed, settling herself on the couch next to him.

“They do?” she inquired, watching him open another beer from the six-pack he’d brought and wondering if she could let him drive home.

“He pull out his crop yet?” He looked at her pointedly over the bottle and her flush was clearly enough of a response for him. “His particular fetish is more obvious and well-known than he thinks it is.”

She reached for the remote, wanting to restart the movie and end this conversation, but Lenny got to it first, holding it out of her reach. “Does he hurt you?”

“No.” She denied it, and it was true. Sort of true. How could she possibly explain? It was bad enough knowing he knew...that others must know. Oh god, had Cavelli known? Did Andrea know? The thought made her want to curl into the fetal position. “Not much,” she explained, her voice soft and far away, along with her thoughts. “Not in a bad way. Not... on the outside.”

“Uh oh.” Lenny groaned, tossing the pretzels on the coffee table and taking another swig of beer. “Look, sex games are one thing, but man...Heidi, don’t get your heart involved, okay? He’s going to break it, guaranteed.”

"I think he already has." She felt tears stinging her eyes and turned her face away, back to Julia Childs interrupted, not wanting him to see.

"You got it bad." He sighed, moving toward her on the sofa and sliding an arm around her shoulder.

"You have no idea." Turning her face toward him now, she pressed her cheek against his chest and let him pull her close.

"So that's what's got you so quiet?" he murmured, kissing the top of her head.

Had she been quiet? Probably. Her thoughts were full of Kaiser and Andrea and the dread of future possibility. It was like waiting for the shock of some twisted reverse-Christmas-morning. "Sort of."

"Tell."

She sighed, shrugged. "It's complicated."

"I've got all night." He gave her a gentle, reassuring squeeze and she found herself feeling too safe and secure in the circle of his arms, her guard dissolving. She'd been dying to tell *someone*...

"There's this woman..." she began, and before she knew it, she'd spilled it all, from Kaiser's training her to Andrea's stealing her designs, and when she was done, Lenny's shirt was wet with tears.

"Oh my god, Heidi..." he murmured, rocking her, and she let him, craving the comfort. "Why didn't you tell him?"

"Tell him?" Heidi snorted a laugh, wiping at her face with the back of her hand and finding it streaked with mascara. She'd changed into jeans and a t-shirt when she

got home, but had forgotten how made up she was. What a mess..."I can't tell him. I can't prove anything."

"You think he won't believe you?" Lenny pulled the end of his shirt out from his belt and wiped at her tears, mascara and all, leaving black streaks on the khaki material.

Heidi shrugged, looking and feeling miserable. "Why should he believe me? It's my word against hers. And this is *Andrea Paxton* we're talking about."

"You've changed on the outside, but you're the same old Heidi." Lenny shook his head slowly as he pulled her close again. He smelled like pretzels and beer and aftershave, which wasn't an unpleasant combination, but was so far from the smells of the man she was longing for she suddenly found it more pain than comfort to be in his arms.

"I know." Heidi bent her head, closing her eyes. "I'm pathetic."

"No, you're not." Lenny lifted her chin, cupping her tear-stained face in his hands. "You're bright and beautiful and sweet..."

She met his gaze, surprised into silence by his words, but even more so by the look in his eyes. She knew that look. She hadn't seen it often in her life, but enough to recognize it.

"Why do you think I called you?" Lenny asked, his gaze moving down to her mouth, pausing there, and she found it suddenly hard to breathe.

"I don't know..." she lied. She did know, now, even if she hadn't before.

"Don't do this thing with Kaiser," he pleaded, his thumbs stroking her cheeks.

"What thing?"

“This thing.” His mouth captured hers in one easy motion, so quickly she didn’t have time to protest, although somehow she had felt it coming. He didn’t just smell like pretzels and beer, he tasted like it, too. The kiss was soft but not tentative, his mouth beginning to explore hers. The sensation was enjoyable, but...

“Lenny...” She broke free, gasping for breath, but his hands were moving in her hair, down her back, tugging her shirt up and seeking the skin at her waist. His mouth moved over her jaw, her neck, her ear, back to her mouth, and she let him kiss her again. It had been a long time since a man had kissed her, and she found herself gauging her own response like some curious scientist.

Kaiser had never kissed her. She had wanted it, longed for it, dreamed about it, but his mouth had never touched hers. She found herself thinking about Kaiser’s mouth, his perpetual frown. How many times had she imagined their first kiss?

“Oh, Heidi...” Lenny moaned against her lips, and she realized she’d been fervently responding, lost in her fantasy. He had her half pulled into his lap, and she could feel him, hard, against her hip. “God, you feel so good.”

“Lenny, wait...” She pushed herself away, still trembling, retreating to the opposite end of the sofa. He sat, looking stunned, pained, and she swallowed past the lump in her throat. “I can’t...we can’t do this.”

“Is it me?” he asked.

She shook her head, insisting, “No!”

“I see.” He gave a little nod and offered her a sad smile. “So you’re going to give me the, ‘It’s not you, it’s me,’ speech?”

“No...” She smiled in spite of herself. “It’s not me either.”

“Kaiser.” He spat the word out as if it tasted bad. “The bastard.”

“He isn’t,” she replied. “You don’t know him.”

“And you do?”

She did. She didn’t know how it was possible, to be so connected to someone so quickly, but she did. “I can’t explain it.”

“Wanna try?”

“I can’t.” She shrugged helplessly.

“All right, come here.” He held his arms out again and she hesitated before he said, “Just friends, I promise.”

She settled against him again, but it was different. Something had changed. Things had shifted, a door had been opened that couldn’t be closed again. It was more than painful to her now, it was awkward.

“You still feel good,” he said with a shaky sigh, his mouth too close to her ear.

“I’m sorry.”

He groaned. “Quit apologizing.”

“I’m—” She went to say it again, reflexively, and yelped in surprise when his hand came down on her denim-clad behind.

“Will you listen to that, then?” Lenny chuckled and she flushed, ashamed at how her body responded to the slap. Her bottom stung, but for the first time since they’d started, she felt a sudden throbbing between her thighs.

“I mean it!” He went on, insistent. “Stand up for yourself. Say something. *Do* something. Go in there tomorrow, guns blazing, and tell him the truth.”

She thought about it, imagined it for a moment, what she might say. It was an impossible reality. If she was someone else, if Kaiser was someone else...

"The truth doesn't matter," she whispered, feeling tears stinging her eyes again.

Lenny sighed. "Why not?"

"Because..." Heidi shook her head, wondering at herself. She should be self-righteously insisting on some sort of justice, appealing to Kaiser's sense of fairness and integrity. Why wasn't she? Why had she continued to kneel before him silently, head bent, humbled and surrendered to his will, sacrificing not only herself, but everything she treasured? "Because I want him to love me more than I want to be right."

She had found her truth and it felt as if it might split her in two as she turned to her friend and sobbed in his arms, not knowing if the cost would ever be worth it...and on some deep level, not really caring. She wanted Kaiser with a fierce and complete abandon that left her trembling and bowed before a desire far greater than she was.

"I don't think they have to be mutually exclusive," Lenny murmured as he rocked her, but she wasn't listening, couldn't hear anything but the keening of her heart for a man whose love she felt sure she would never be worthy of.

Chapter Six

“Heidi, come into my office and close the door.”

She’d been waiting for hours. It was part of her punishment—at least, she fervently hoped it was—sitting there alone at her desk. Kaiser had walked by at seven-thirty—she had been there since five—without a word, not even his usual request for coffee. When he shut his office door, her heart sank, and she nervously smoothed her cream-colored silk skirt, a Versace with a impossibly soft sheen, the ensemble carefully chosen for both fashion and function, the blouse a navy and cream pinstriped button-down with a smart little vest.

She wanted to call after him, follow him, sink to her knees before him and plead for forgiveness. Instead, she waited, hoping for the phone to ring, the mail to arrive, something that might give her an excuse to knock on that formidably sealed door. Nothing happened. It was nearly ten o’clock before she even heard a sound from his office, and then it was just a brief phone call, his voice smooth but brusque, his words clipped.

Still, the sound of it thrilled her. God, I really *am* pathetic, she thought, lowering her head and feeling the tears welling up. She had fought them since her breakdown with Lenny the night before and struggled with her shame, tossing and turning to find cool spots on the sheets, her body feverish with hope and yearning. When Kaiser hadn’t called by midnight, she knew he wasn’t going to, and she cried herself to sleep, half-wishing she had let Lenny stay and comfort her completely, giving him her body and her bed.

But she couldn't bring herself to do it. Her loyalties now lay with one man, and no matter what her head said, her heart couldn't be swayed. *Maybe Lenny's right—I'm under Kaiser's spell.* Clearly the man weaved a web of enchantment about women...at least, some women. She had a long time, sitting there, to wonder just how many "secretaries" he'd been through. Why should she be any different? She wanted to be, hoped she was—but she didn't really believe it.

And still, the moment he opened the door and called her name, she was out of her seat and standing obediently beside his desk before she could even take another breath. Kaiser took his time, his jaw set as he drew the thousand-dollar Valentino drapes. They were both light-blocking and thermal and when they were closed, the room sat in near-darkness. Heidi blinked, her eyes adjusting, as Kaiser crossed the room toward her.

"Turn around and face my desk."

Heidi did as she was told, her eyes closing in relief. *Thank god.* He was going to punish her. Surely that meant he wouldn't fire her, wouldn't send her away. It was the worst thing she could imagine. She didn't care if she couldn't walk for a week—she could take any reprimand, pay any price but that one.

"Pull up your skirt."

She did so gratefully, resting her cheek against the blotter, her eyes at his waist-level as he began unbuckling his belt. The air was cool over her bottom and her pantyless pussy already ached with longing.

"I told you this would never be about violence or anger." Kaiser stood beside her and spoke as he slowly pulled his belt from the loops. She watched and listened with a

growing apprehension mixed with an undeniable thrill that shivered its way up her spine.

"I meant that. But you really pushed me yesterday."

She couldn't explain her outburst. There was no excuse for what she'd done, except for the truth, and she couldn't possibly tell him that.

Kaiser sighed, shaking his head. "Andrea Paxton is our debut designer. You *know* how important she is to our show."

Yeah, she knew. That was the problem, really. But again, Heidi kept her mouth shut.

"I don't know what you were thinking or what your little temper tantrum was about." Kaiser snapped his belt between his hands and she winced at the sound, but his words made her sink against the desk in relief. "And I don't want to know."

"I need to be able to rely on you." Kaiser's hand moved over the skin of her behind, smoothing, caressing. "I need you to do what I say, to follow my direction."

His fingers were long and he fit his palm over her ass cheek, squeezing gently. "I need you to tell me you can do that, Heidi."

She nodded, whimpering as one of his fingers trembled against her asshole, pressing gently. "Tell me."

"I will, sir," she gasped as Kaiser stroked, rubbed, just one finger, right there, making her want to squirm. She fought the urge.

"Are you ever going to pull a jealous little stunt like you did yesterday?"

Jealous stunt. So that's how he'd rationalized her irrational behavior. That, too, was a relief, and she agreed with him, "No, sir."

"Promise me." Kaiser's finger traced circles, oh so distracting.

“Yes, yes!” Heidi bit her lip, closing her eyes. “I promise.” The belt came down swiftly and she jumped, quickly realizing her error and adding, “Sir! Yes, sir, I promise!”

“Count it out.” Kaiser moved fully behind her, his hand gone from her bottom, and she braced herself, sensing his presence behind her. He was readying himself.

“One!” she gasped as his belt met her flesh.

“Two!” The second one bit into her thigh.

“Three!” He wasn’t holding back and she felt tears stinging now.

“Four! Five! Six!” She would be begging for him to stop before he was finished, she was sure of it, and she fought the urge to cover her behind with her hands. Her ass was on fire!

“Seven! Eight! Oh! No! Nine!” His belt met the sensitive flesh of her pussy as she wiggled and tried to arch away and she yelped when he grabbed her hips, holding her still.

“Ten! Eleven! Oh god, Kaiser, please! Twelve! Thir-iiiiiiii-een!” Normally a very unlucky number, this was Heidi’s lucky day. Kaiser sat down in his desk chair, directing her. “On your knees.”

She complied, turning, sinking down between his thighs and looking up at him with wet eyes.

“You spent most of your teen years in a foster home, didn’t you?” He rubbed his thumb over her jaw line, looking pensive.

She didn’t ask how he knew. She just nodded in agreement, whispering, “Yes, sir. It was a textile farm in Georgia. Sheep, silkworms, cotton...they did a little of everything.”

“That’s where you learned to weave?” he inquired. “Unbutton your blouse, Heidi.”

“Yes, I learned to weave and spin.” She worked the buttons down to the last.

“You’ve come a long way from Georgia, haven’t you?” he asked, fondling her breast though the lacy material of her bra. The brassiere was black, although the top was white—he liked to see her bra through her blouse.

“You’ve come a long way from Texas,” she dared, meeting his eyes.

“Maybe not as far as we think, hm?” He gave her a small smile. “Did they treat you well?”

“There were eight of us,” Heidi said. She didn’t like remembering and didn’t know why he was asking, but if he wanted to know, she’d tell him. “We worked for them.”

“Were you punished when you were bad?” he inquired, unbuttoning the button on his trousers. She just nodded, focused on the path of his downward zipper. “Did he hurt you?”

“Sometimes,” she admitted. Corporal punishment had been the discipline of choice, although the truth was, Heidi was obedient and rarely got beaten.

“Did he touch you?”

It took her a moment to realize what he meant. “Oh...no.”

“Did she?”

“No!” Her eyes widened. “A few of the older boys...sometimes...we never got caught...”

“Yes, you would want that.” Kaiser chuckled. “So very tactile.” He pulled her closer by her hair and rubbed her face against the material of his boxers, his cock hard against her cheek. “I think I know now why you started where you did here at Kaiser.

You really felt you couldn't do any better, didn't you?" He frowned at the way her eyes teared up. "Tell me, how did you get interested in fashion?"

"I guess it started with texture..." She nudged his cock with her movements, eager for him but following his lead, as always. His boxers were pure silk and the feel of them against her skin was divine. "The fabrics... real silk, the rough edge of wool. I didn't like it there, most of the time, but that part was good. I learned a lot. They went out of business the year after I graduated and went to college. American businesses can't compete, as you probably well know. Most of that kind of stuff is shipped out of China now."

"But it was the fabric that interested you?" he asked, making a small noise in his throat when her eager tongue flicked at him through his boxers.

"Yes." She breathed in his scent, so very hungry for him. "I couldn't keep my hands off it, and when I discovered fashion magazines, well..."

"You really are incredibly tactile," he murmured, sliding his boxers down a little and letting his cock spring free. "A kinesthetic learner."

"Yes," she breathed, biting her lip and looking up at the tower of his cock.

"I want you to apologize."

"I'm sorry—"

"No words." Kaiser leaned over and grabbed his cane, unscrewing the tip and sliding the black leather crop into his hand. He slipped it behind her head, holding both ends and using it to pull her head closer to his crotch. "But definitely with your mouth, Heidi. Apologize with your mouth."

She made a happy sound as she reached for him, her hand wrapping around his thickness. He used the crop to swat at her, the flat end reaching only down to her lower back, eliciting a squeal in surprise.

“No hands,” he admonished. “Put them behind your back.” She did so as he positioned the crop again behind her head, using two hands on each end to guide her mouth back towards his cock. “Suck.”

She took the head first, licking like an ice cream cone, but the pressure of the crop on the back of her neck drove him deeper into her mouth and she opened wide to take him, letting him slowly fuck her throat. His eyes were half-closed, watching as he disappeared into her mouth again and again.

“Off your knees,” he directed. “I want you squatting down.”

She struggled to comply without letting his cock slip from between her lips and actually managed it. Her thighs trembled—it wasn’t an easy position, even when you weren’t wearing heels—as she squatted as sucked on him, still just as greedy.

“Pull your bra down.”

Her blouse was already undone and she moved her hands from behind her back to pull the black lace of her bra underneath her breasts, letting them spill out against his thighs. Then her hands went obediently behind her back again, although her pussy was begging to be touched.

“Don’t let your ass touch the floor,” he warned as she struggled to keep her balance, taking him back into her mouth. Again he used the crop to guide her, setting a slow pace. He seemed to be enjoying the sight of her more than the blowjob itself—the

way her thighs shook, the sway of her breasts and the cherry red swelling of her mouth taking his cock.

“Uuuunnnh...” The sound came from low in his chest and he let her eager mouth take him faster, deeper, truly fucking her throat now. Saliva slid unnoticed down her chin and her breasts as the speed picked up, faster still. Heidi made hungry noises, greedy for his cum.

“Stop!”

She groaned softly, slowly letting his wet cock slide out of her mouth with a breathless sigh of regret.

“Good girl,” he murmured, sliding back in his chair, the wheels squeaking noisily—she had a feeling, from Kaiser’s frown at the sound, she’d be down there oiling them at some point in the next week. “Don’t move.”

Kaiser stood and Heidi struggled to keep her balance now that he wasn’t there to lean on, her thighs aching beyond her endurance, her shoulders throbbing from keeping her hands clasped so tightly behind her back. He stopped out of his trousers, folding them neatly and setting them on his desk. Then he pushed the button underneath, locking the door, and walked over to the glass table by the window, the curtains still drawn, leaning against it and looking at her.

“Stand and take off everything but your stockings.”

Heidi stood, sliding her blouse off and putting it on the desk beside his pants. Her skirt zipped seamlessly up the side and she wiggled that down her hips, letting it fall to the floor. She reached for it, but Kaiser said, “Leave it,” so she stepped out of her heels

and stood there in the puddle of her skirt, hands behind her back again and waited for his next direction.

“There’s a bottle my left-hand drawer,” he said. “Get it.”

She pulled the drawer open and found it almost immediately—there was no label, but it was some sort of oil in a glass bottle. She opened it at his prompting and the smell of roses filled her senses.

“Rub it on,” he instructed and watched her pour some into her palm, rubbing her hands together and then working the oil into her shoulders, her belly, her breasts.

“Everywhere,” he insisted, and she slid her slick hands between her legs with a pained whimper. Her pussy was already soaking wet and just the brief touch made her clit throb.

“Come here.” He beckoned and she walked to him, her body glistening, and he patted the table. “Up. On your belly.”

Well...this was new. She assessed the clear, glass surface, knowing it was going to be cold, but didn’t really hesitate. Leaning over, she grabbed the edge and pulled, her hands almost too slick to get any traction, but she managed. Once up, her oily body slid easily over the glass and she moaned at the sensation of her nipples sliding across the table.

Kaiser disappeared from her view for a moment and then he was dribbling oil over her back and her ass, spreading it with his big hands from the tops of her stockings all the way up to her neck, making her moan—she couldn’t help it.

“Put your hands behind your back.”

It wasn't easy to hold that position, being as oiled up as she was. She held one of her hands with the other, but they slipped too easily. Kaiser watched her struggle for a moment and then loosened his tie, slipping it from around his neck and using it to restrain her hands. Once she was secured, he moved out of her view again and she heard the sound of the closet door being unlocked and opened. She was unbelievably curious but stayed still, feeling him moving behind her.

She gasped when he grabbed her stockinged legs and pulled her back, sliding her easily over the table's surface so her feet were hanging off the edge, but not quite touching the floor—it was a tall table and Heidi wasn't a tall girl. She felt him tying her ankles to the table legs, spreading her thighs wide, and if she twisted a little she could watch him do it through the glass.

"Hold still," he instructed, and then something was pressing against the sensitive flesh of her pussy. It wasn't the spongy head of his cock—it felt too hard and artificial for that. A dildo, she determined, moving slowly in and out. She moaned softly as it picked up speed, something small and buzzing rubbing teasingly against her clit. She wiggled in her bonds, feeling Kaiser's fingers moving between the crack of her ass, probing her asshole, making her arch and moan louder.

Then his touch was gone, but the dildo was still there, fucking her relentlessly, the sensation almost too much for her to take. She was going to come soon, and very hard, if he didn't stop.

"Kaiser, oh, god, please!" she begged, and opened her eyes in surprise when he his answer came from beneath her.

"You can come us much as you like."

He was stretched out under the table, one hand behind his head, the other wrapped around the hard length of his cock. His image was slightly distorted by the oil that now coated the glass surface but she could see him well enough, his hand shuttling up and down his hard flesh, and she knew he must be able to see her, too, through the glass, naked and being fucked from behind by... by what?

“Ohhhhhhhh god!” she cried, biting her lip and lifting her hips, knowing just a few more thrusts from that hard dildo, that gentle buzzing tease against her clit, and she was going to climax.

“Yes,” he encouraged, his hand moving faster as he watched her stretch, arch, working for it, even as restrained as she was. “Come for me, Heidi.”

She couldn’t help but do as he asked, her body bucking hard, her clit throbbing as that incessant buzzing rubbed up against her contracting pussy again, again, again. She moaned and whimpered, her nipples rubbing on the oiled surface, sending shockwaves down to her clit.

“Oh god,” she whispered, resting her cheek against the glass and closing her eyes. “That’s so good.”

“Oh there’s more,” he assured her and smiled as she opened her eyes in surprise when the cock between her legs began to move faster. She saw a remote in his hand and understood. “Like that?”

“Ooooooooo-ohhhhh!” There was no getting away from it, but if she’d thought it was too much before... The cock was relentless, moving into her flesh faster, faster, and that buzzing against her clit began to hum a little more.

But there was nowhere she could go. Kaiser held her in the palm of his hand and he watched her from below, stroking his cock at his leisure as he brought her to another climax, and then another, until she was begging him to stop.

“Oh please, no, please!”

He moved out from underneath the table then, coming to stand beside her, the cock between her legs beginning to slow as he pressed buttons on the remote. His cock was a rigid pole meeting the resistance of the glass table and she groaned when she saw it, completely spent from the dildo between her legs and still, still wanting his cock. Her tongue snaked out toward it, reaching, although she could only taste the oily glass, a barrier between their flesh.

He stroked her back, grabbed her ass, squeezing, as she tried valiantly to melt the glass with her saliva to reach the flesh of his cock. His fingers moved down the soaking wet, oily crack of her ass, probing the hole the dildo wasn't moving in and out of.

“Has anyone ever taken your ass, Heidi?”

She twisted to look at him, a motion that wrenched her shoulder, her eyes wide. She gulped and whispered, “No...sir.”

“Good.”

The dildo was gone and Kaiser was behind her, the sweet feel of his flesh so different from the hard plastic cock as he slid it teasingly up and down her sensitive slit. She was almost glad he stayed focused on the tight ring of her asshole, because she didn't know if her pussy could possibly stand to be fucked any more.

“Relax,” he encouraged gently, sliding a slick finger past her clenched sphincter.

“Oh!” she gasped when he slid another finger in. Even if she hadn’t followed his instruction—*relax*, she told herself, *relax!*—he wouldn’t have met with much resistance. Between the oil and the juices from her pussy, she was completely lubed up.

“Here it comes,” he warned her, pressing the mushroom tip of his cock against the puckered crease of her ass. “Nice and easy, now.”

He held her steady with one hand on her shoulder, giving him some leverage, as he pressed his hips forward and slid his swollen, rigid cock bit by bit into that taut space.

“Oh god!” she cried when he was in—all the way in—and her thighs trembled and her ass clenched around his thick hardness. “Please, no... I can’t.”

“Yes you can,” he urged, sliding slowly back out, but not all the way, leaving the head in. “Easy now. It’s okay.” He grabbed the tie holding her restrained hands behind her back and pulled her against him, driving deep, making her yelp in surprise, but the sensation wasn’t pain. In fact, her pussy was still so swollen and wet, his balls slapping there sent a shiver of pleasure through her.

“That’s my girl,” he said, his voice like silk caressing her. “Take that cock up your ass like a good girl.”

“Yes, sir,” she murmured, arching a little and offering it to him.

He groaned at that, grabbing her hips and thrusting in, his cock driving into that tight, humid little hole, not taking anything easy anymore. He fucked her hard and long and before she knew it, she was coming again just from the sensation of his cock plunging deep into her ass, his balls grinding against her pussy and clit.

“I’m going to come!” she gasped, sliding on the surface of the table as he fucked her furiously, grunting with every shove, and she felt him reach his own pinnacle at the

same delicious, dizzying moment, burying himself inside and growling as he came, filling her ass deeply with thick geysers of his cum.

Slowly he untied her, first her hands, and she knew his tie—a five-hundred-dollar Georgio—would be ruined from the oil and knew, too, he didn't care. She rubbed her wrists as he untied her ankles from the table legs and helped her turn over so she was looking up at him, still standing between her thighs, his shirt on but nothing else. She wanted to reach for him she didn't, holding still and waiting for his direction.

She felt his hand cup her slick mound and she moaned softly, biting her lip.

"I want to kiss you," he murmured, his eyes meeting hers and her breath went away, her heart hammering in her chest. She wanted it, too, more than he could know, but his words dispelled her hope in an instant. "Right here..." His finger moved over her clit and she whimpered.

"Come here." He pulled her to sitting, unmindful of the oily press of body staining his Vera Wang shirt as he held her in one arm, the other moving between her ass and the table, pulling her up tight against him, his mouth moving over her neck, whispering into her ear, "You're so fucking beautiful, I can't even tell you."

She wrapped her arms around his neck, feeling his cock slowly and surprisingly throbbing to life again against her thigh, wanting to tell him how much she wanted him, how much he had come to mean to her in such a short amount of time, but the words wouldn't come. Instead, she feathered kisses over his neck, his jaw, teasing her way toward the mystery of his mouth, and she felt him relenting, moaning softly as she took his cock in her hand and squeezed gently, rubbing the tip with her thumb as her lips found the corner of his mouth.

“Ahhhh fuck!” he swore when the phone rang, dropping her to the table again with a wet plop and looking at his watch. “I have a meeting downstairs in ten minutes.”

She looked down at herself, then at him, wondering how in the world they were going to clean up in time—of course, he was far less messy than she was. He walked over to his wardrobe, shedding his shirt and finding a clean one. Heidi bit her lip, looking for the first time at the machine he’d used to fuck her with by remote. Where had it come from?

But the mystery was solved quickly as Kaiser opened the door beside his wardrobe, a door she knew was there but had never known to be open. He rolled the machine inside, opening another door and sliding it in. When he flipped on the light, Heidi saw a private bathroom and shower revealed as if by magic.

“I’m sorry to leave you with the mess.”

“I’ll clean it,” she assured him, sliding off the table and looking back at its slick surface.

“You can clean up in here,” Kaiser said, going over to his desk and slipping his boxers and trousers back on. “There are several changes of clothes in my wardrobe for you. Take your pick.”

“Thank you.”

He came over to where she stood, still dazed and oiled and nude, smiling as he assessed her. He leaned in from a considerable distance, careful not to touch her oily skin, and kissed her cheek. “No... thank *you*.”

He found his shoes, his jacket, his briefcase, and unlocked the door, leaving her as he said he would, but she didn't care. She knew he would be coming back, and that's all that mattered, all that would ever matter.

Chapter Seven

They were all hers. *All of them.*

“Do you want one?” Kaiser smiled, his gaze soft as he watched her flipping through the newly delivered dresses on the rack standing next to her desk in the vestibule. “Tell me which one and it’s yours.”

They *are* mine, Heidi fumed, her fists clenching as she swallowed and blinked back tears, her jaw working.

“This one would be gorgeous on you.” Kaiser pulled the feather-front dress, a luscious red number, holding it up admiringly. “Perfect for your coloring.”

She didn’t respond—she couldn’t.

“It’s the one you liked, the design you grabbed off my desk when Cavelli was here,” he reminded her, holding the dress under her chin. His gaze moved over the dress, and she saw in his eyes that he was imagining the material hugging her curves. That look was the only thing that kept her focused in the moment.

“I wouldn’t take it even if it came with a Porsche and a lifetime supply of Jimmy Choos.”

Kaiser’s eyebrows went up in surprise and then he laughed, a wonderful sound, shaking his head as he hung the dress back on the rack. “You are a jealous little thing, aren’t you?”

She tried to resist when he moved to embrace her, but his lips tracing her jaw line, his teeth nipping at her earlobe, quickly changed her mind.

“I shouldn’t tell you this,” he murmured, the heat of his breath on her throat making her shiver and arch against him, her arms sliding around his neck. “But since

that day in the trailer bathroom, I haven't been able to even *think* about any woman but you."

She thought her heart actually stopped for a moment.

He can't really mean it.

Heidi moved her head back to meet his eyes, looking for the truth there and finding it. *Could it be true?* The heat of his gaze fell to her mouth, his head inclining and she held her breath and waited, motionless, wanting to know it was him, that he was the one who wanted this, wanted it as much as she did, and he did, *he did*, she was sure, finally, sure he did...

"Heidi, I—" He looked confused, surprised by his confession and the magnetic pull between them, his lips coming so close to hers she actually closed her eyes with hungry expectancy. *Finally! Finally!* Her breath caught as his hands pressed the small of her back, pulling her in tight against his hard, lean length, and that's when—

"Damnit!" she swore, not sure what she was more angry about, the ringing phone or Kaiser as he stepped back, releasing her. Reluctantly, she reached across her desk to answer the call, glancing back, but Kaiser was focused again on the dresses.

"Yes, Mr. Cavelli," Heidi agreed. "Please hold." She pressed the "line one" button and it began to blink. "Roberto Cavelli for you, sir."

Kaiser nodded. "I'll take it in my office." He didn't look at her as he strode by and Heidi sighed, dropping the phone back on the cradle as his office door shut and line one's blinking light turned solid again.

She slipped into her desk chair with a dejected sigh and stared at the rack of dresses in front of her, chin in hand, contemplating her ongoing dilemma. Lenny had

called again last night, urging her to tell Kaiser the truth about the designs. She'd still been flying too high from yesterday's "punishment" to even care and she remembered guiltily that she had given him some vague, lame excuse to get off the phone.

Lenny kept talking about the truth, but the truth was, telling Kaiser was a bigger risk than she was willing to take. She had played out the worst-case scenario in her head. She could see Kaiser not believing her, accusing her of simply having another jealous fit—he already believed that was her reasoning behind the Andrea-meet-coffee incident—and then firing her. What would she do then? A few weeks ago, this job was just an opportunity...now? Jeopardizing this job meant sacrificing her heart.

How did I get in so deep, so fast?

She didn't know the answer, but she knew she was more willing to watch her dresses walk down the runway attributed to someone else than she was willing to give up her chance—and she knew that's all it was, an outside chance, playing the odds, buying her ticket in the lottery every day she came in to work—that Kaiser might really feel something for her.

The phone rang and Heidi jumped, startled out of her thoughts. She grabbed it quickly, pushing the button for "line two," and didn't even get a chance to convey her usual greeting before Lenny said, "Hey, beautiful, want to go to lunch?"

"Hi, Lenny." She smiled in spite of herself, glancing at the "line one" button, making sure it was still solid, meaning Kaiser was still on the phone. She wasn't allowed to get personal phone calls and she would be in big trouble if it was discovered.

"I can't take you to Atelier's like Mr. Moneybags, but we can get a hot dog and take a walk in Central Park. Whaddya say?"

"I don't know." Heidi twisted the phone cord around her finger, glancing at Kaiser's door. She, admittedly, was hoping Kaiser needed her—*wanted* her—during her lunch hour. "Can I let you know in half an hour?" It was just another fifteen minutes before she was due to take her lunch.

He snorted. "Have to ask Daddy?"

"Lenny..." She glanced again at Kaiser's door and then at the phone but the light showed he was still on the line.

"Have you told him yet?"

"I told you—"

"I know you told *me*—" He interrupted her. "But you haven't told *him*, have you?"

She sighed, turning in her chair, facing the wall. "Could we change the subject?"

Lenny obliged. "Ty said to say hi."

"How is he?" She smiled, remembering her life running errands on photo shoots. My god, was it really just weeks ago? It felt like a lifetime.

"Distracted," Lenny said. "He's got a new boyfriend."

"Good for him!" She knew Ty was gay, and had assumed for a long time that Lenny was, too, until he'd made it a point to tell her differently. In this business, if you were a straight man, you almost had to.

"We got into an argument about blowjobs."

Heidi giggled. "How can you argue about blowjobs?"

"He says guys give better blowjobs."

“Do they?” She grinned, imagining the back and forth of this conversation. She’d always enjoyed Lenny and Ty’s debates, although she usually kept her own mouth shut unless Lenny insisted she voice an opinion.

“How the hell would I know?” He half-laughed, half-snorted. “But I told him in order to determine anything for sure, we needed to test it scientifically.”

“Ha! Did you volunteer?”

“As a recipient?” He was grinning—she could actually hear it in his voice. “Hell yeah!”

“Even from a guy?” she teased.

“I’m secure enough in my masculinity to let a guy give me a blowjob,” he reminded her. “Besides, a blowjob is a blowjob! And if it’s in the interest of science...”

“Oh the sacrifice...” She rolled her eyes but she was smiling.

“Anyway, I told him we needed to get you to volunteer.”

“Sorry, sweetie, but I don’t have a penis...”

“Oh, I’m aware.” His voice dropped a little. “I was thinking more as a contributor.”

She raised her eyebrows. “You want me to give you a blowjob?”

“It’s in the interest of science after all...”

She laughed. “What’s in it for me?”

“Where’s your sense of gender-allegiance?” he scoffed. “Don’t you want to win one for the girls?”

“Ohhh, I see. I’d be taking one for the team.”

“And science!” he said, chuckling. “Don’t forget science!”

“Well, I have to admit,” she said, dropping her own tone of voice. “I give a pretty good blowjob.”

He groaned. “Now you’re just teasing me.”

“Maybe.” She grinned. “But it’s true.”

“I bet it is,” he agreed, his voice rich and warm and full of longing.

“Heidi!” The harsh reprimand in Kaiser’s voice made her freeze and she blinked at the wall, knowing he was standing behind her, wondering just how much he had heard and cringing at the subject of her conversation.

“Thanks for calling! I’ll let Kaiser know,” she said, covering as quickly as she could manage and hanging up on Lenny without a second thought. Standing, she turned to face her boss, waiting. She didn’t have to wait long.

His jaw worked as he looked from her to the phone now sitting in its cradle. “Come into my office and close the door.”

Of course she did as she was told, standing next to his desk as he took a seat behind it. She expected a lecture—not only had she been on a personal call, but the subject of their conversation had been nothing short of...lewd. The lecture, she was sure, would be followed by some sort of punishment...

“Cavelli’s up to something.” Kaiser drummed his long fingers on the desk, glaring at the phone. He wasn’t even looking at her. Had he heard anything she’d said? Oh what a relief, if he really hadn’t...

“Up to...something...sir?” she inquired.

Kaiser stopped drumming and looked up at her, leaning back in his chair and tenting his fingers over his tie. “I want you to find out what.”

Heidi blinked. “How—?”

Kaiser held up his hand and she quickly closed her mouth. “I know Cavelli. He’s a scammer. He makes Bernie Madoff look like a pickpocket.”

“But...” Heidi frowned, remembering the two men talking, arranging dinner. “I thought you were friends?”

“In this business, there’s no such thing as a ‘friend.’” Kaiser’s look was almost kind as he shook his head at her in disbelief. “I need you to find out what he’s up to. I’ve made you a dinner date with him. Tonight. His limo will pick you up at seven.”

Heidi snapped her gaping jaw shut.

“I want you to do whatever it takes to find out, Heidi.” Kaiser’s cool gaze met hers, and the meaning in his eyes was unmistakable. “Do you understand me? *Whatever it takes.*”

He couldn’t mean... but she knew he did. He was really asking her to trade sexual favors for information.

“Is that clear?” He cocked his head, frowning, waiting.

Heidi nodded, clearing her throat. “I think so, yes, sir.”

“Just in case, I’ll make it *crystal* clear.” Kaiser stood, towering over her, his mouth drawn tight. “If you need to put your apparently legendary blowjob skills to the test, you will do so. Understand?”

She paled, feeling her knees go weak, surprised that both her legs and voice held up as she whispered her reply. “Yes, sir.”

“Good.” He gave short nod, a dismissal of the subject. “Bend over my desk and pull up your skirt.”

Assume the position, she thought. It was a phrase he never uttered but it often crossed her mind when he made that request. Was it a request? Kaiser never asked...he directed. And she complied. Just as she did now, turning and pulling up her skirt, waiting for his attention.

She expected his hand—perhaps even the crop—but as always, he surprised her, pressing against her from behind, grabbing a handful of her hair and pulling her head back, making her gasp.

“Why stop at a blowjob?” he asked against her ear, his voice low, and she heard him pressing the button under the desk, locking the door. “Why not just let him fuck you?”

Heidi shook her head, whimpering. “It was a joke. It wasn’t—I wouldn’t—”

“Yes, you would.” Kaiser’s hand fisted, turning her head, his mouth murmuring the words against her cheek now. “If I told you to, you would.” He let go of her hair, his hand moving around her front, dipping into her blouse to cup the swell of her breast. “Wouldn’t you, Heidi?”

“Yes, sir,” she admitted, feeling both proud and ashamed of her admission.

He chuckled, sliding his hand under her bra, fingering her nipple. “You may get the opportunity to prove it.” She hated the thought of another man touching her—but somehow even that paled next to Kaiser’s insistence. If he wanted her to, if he told her to, how could she refuse? “But you won’t do it unless I tell you to, will you?”

“No, sir,” she agreed, swallowing as he unbuckled his belt with his other hand, his fingers still toying with her nipple. The sensation was too much distracting pleasure as she anticipated the coming pain of his belt on her behind.

“You’re mine, Heidi.”

And she was. There was no argument, never had been. “Yes, sir.”

His cock was steel heat against her thigh, slipping up the already-slick slit of her pussy, seeking entrance. Heidi stiffened in surprise, her eyes wide as he shoved in hard, making her moan out loud.

“Mine,” he said through gritted teeth, giving up on her breast and grabbing her hips for more purchase, driving her forward on the desk.

“Yessss,” she cried, biting her lip as he thrust deep again.

The force of his fuck was tremendous and she gave herself over to him, barely hanging onto the edge of the desk as he took her, making his point with every plunge. She was going to have bruises on her thighs and hips for weeks where his fingers were digging in and she didn’t care in the least.

“Mine,” he growled again into her ear, his voice and cock a driving staccato.

“Mine. Mine. Mine.”

“Oh god...” Her body said nothing but yes, her thighs trembling, her pussy lips swollen and wetting his way nicely, her flesh insisting his words weren’t just true, they were Truth with a capital T, that she never before and never again would belong to another man the way she belonged to this one.

“It’s mine to take.” Kaiser never paused, the friction a steady impetus, using her pussy to make his point, using her pussy, using *her*. And she wanted him to, more than he did maybe, she admitted shamefully to herself, as he splayed and fucked her to oblivion on his desk in the middle of the afternoon. “And it’s mine to give.”

“Yes... yes, sir, yes...” she gasped, never wanting it to end, wanting to take him and take him, wanting him to empty himself completely into her until there was nothing left of him and she was completely full-up. It would happen, it could—she felt it in the way their bodies trembled and rode slick and hard together, converging at a single, delicious point, their energies so concentrated they were nothing more or less than that.

“Ahhhhh Heidi!” He called her name, grabbing her hips hard, and for the first time she thought she might be hearing Kaiser at the edge of his self-control, pushed past the brink of reason and into the realm of hungry, helpless madness. Like an animal sensing fear, she sensed a triumphant victory and shifted her bottom, squeezing his slick, impaled cock with her muscles, making him groan and tighten his grip even more, holding her steady.

“Stop,” he growled and she bit her lip, closing her eyes tight, fighting against the urge to disobey, to drive him over the brink with reckless abandon. He slid his length almost all the way out and she whimpered in dismay, his sudden absence leaving a vacuum of feeling, a sharp, horrible yearning. Then he was gone altogether out of her and she was desperate for him inside again.

“Turn over,” he directed, using the leverage of her hips to shift her weight as she rolled and lifted, spreading her thighs again for him, hopeful, expectant. She wanted to beg him, *fuck me, please, fuck me hard*, but was too afraid to voice her wants lest he decide she was looking to gain a sense of power, a modicum of control, and of course, she was.

“This is *my* pussy, Heidi.” He used his cock against her, rubbing the aching bud of her clit, working the spongy head, teasing her beyond reason. “Say it.”

“Yes,” she whispered, looking up at him through half-closed eyes. “It’s yours. It’s your pussy, Kaiser, always, I promise, all yours...”

God, she’d never said anything more humiliating or true.

“You aren’t to touch it or share it without my permission,” he insisted, using his thumb to direct the glossy mushroom-tip over her sensitive bud. “Do you understand?”

She nodded, her fingers finding her nipples, squeezing gently, sending sweet pulses of pleasure down to her pussy until he smartly smacked each hand away, grabbing one breast and squeezing hard.

“Mine,” he growled, his eyes dark with force and lust. “I decide when you receive pleasure...” Her nipple was caught between his thumb and forefinger and he rolled it gently. “Or pain.” Heidi yelped in surprise when he pinched and twisted, her back arching in response.

“I want it all,” he murmured, rolling her nipple again, his stiff cock traveling up and down her slit with a slight rock of his hips. “Every part of you is mine.”

“Yes,” she breathed, her eyes open and on his, the pleasure pushing past sweet agony, but he didn’t care about her suffering—instead he gave her more, teasing her into a frantic, mindless misery of ecstasy, her own body lost to her, belonging solely to the man she was squeezing between her trembling thighs. “Oh god...please...Kaiser...”

“You sound beautiful when you beg.” He smiled, a small thing, but oh, so warm. “Do it again.”

“Please,” she moaned. “Oh my god, please, please, I want...”

“This?” Kaiser rubbed her faster with the swell of his flesh and she gasped and arched.

“Yes! Yes!”

“This?” He slid his cock in deep in one, swift motion and she thought she would die. She couldn't possibly endure another moment of this. Her whole body trembled with feeling, slick and flushed with a fine sheen of sweat, the blotter beneath her completely ruined and she knew she would pay for that too, and just the anticipation of that nearly sent her flying over the top.

“Rub *my* pussy, Heidi,” he whispered, his gaze lovingly caressing her there and her fingers following. “Rub it until you come.”

She groaned, blissfully doing just exactly as she was told as his cock moved almost imperceptibly in the tight, wet crevasse of her flesh. He watched her, his eyes growing greedy with desire.

“Oh Kaiser, I'm—” she gasped, so close, so very close, and she didn't know how she managed, but she did manage, when his whispered words directed her to stop.

“I'll tell you when,” he murmured, using his thumbs to spread her pussy lips, giving him a clear view of his cock disappearing into the swollen pink of her flesh. Her finger continued to make an easy, delicious circle around her clit. “God, you're so fucking beautiful.”

Her whole body flushed at his praise.

“When I come all over your pussy,” he directed, thrusting in, settling her into the saddle of his hips for a moment with a gratifying grimace, “I want you to come. Do you understand?”

Heidi nodded, breathing hard, anticipating her delectable reward as Kaiser pulled himself out of the hot, moist recess of her body and stroked his length against her flesh.

She watched him, her finger just trembling over her clit, fighting her own orgasm as she watched his overtake him, his cock jerking in his hand, his face a scowl of pleasure as the first blast of his cum bathed her clit with perfect aim.

“Ohhhh!” she cried in surprise and delight as he jettisoned another hot fountain of white hot cum against her pussy, this time missing her throbbing clit but finding the top of her cleft and her eager fingers. Heidi shuddered as she felt his seed burning its way down her slit and she didn’t even have to touch herself to bring her climax to the surface.

“Come for me,” he moaned.

His permission was enough, and she came hard, her belly clenching, her pussy tightening again and again, mourning the absence of his cock even in the midst of its ecstatic contractions, as if each spasm could draw him in, convince him to stay.

He collapsed against her for a blissful moment, breathing hard, his face buried in the crook of her neck. She even dared to kiss the top of his salt and pepper head, trying to keep him there, thighs trembling, without letting on that she was holding him at all.

Then he stood, taking a deep breath, pulling up his trousers, tucking, arranging. “Clean up and go out to lunch with your friend,” he directed, walking toward the window and pulling the curtain aside to gaze out.

She sat up on her elbows, dazed, blinking at him. “But—”

“Go.” He glanced over his shoulder at her, his eyes softening at the sight of her still sprawled out over the surface of his desk. “I trust you, Heidi. You know the rules. I didn’t say you couldn’t have friends. I said you couldn’t fuck them.”

“Yes, sir.” She slid off the desk, straightening her skirt, smoothing her hair.

“Unless I say you can.” His smile tightened as he looked back out the window, his motion a dismissal. She was almost out the door when he said, “Wear the backless Valentino for Cavelli tonight. The black one. I have Doreen coming to your apartment to do your hair and makeup at five.”

“Thank you, sir.”

She wanted to go and put her arms around him, but she didn’t. Instead, she did as she was told, cleaning up in the bathroom and then taking the elevator down, calling Lenny on the way and telling him that yes, a hot dog and a walk in Central Park was the perfect way to spend her now-late lunch, and no, nothing was wrong, why did he ask?

* * * *

“You really don’t want to come up...do you?” Heidi tried to dissuade Cavelli, even though she hadn’t discovered a thing of interest over dinner and the night was about to come to an end. How much humiliation was she willing to take? Could she really go to Kaiser in the morning with nothing? But now after the ride in the limo and a dinner, ironically, at Atelier’s, the thought of Cavelli seeing her little apartment was just too shameful to imagine.

“Ah, but bella, Kaiser said you’d show me your sketches.” Cavelli’s eyes crinkled in the corners when he smiled and then winked at her.

Heidi almost laughed at the cliché but just turned and put her key in the door instead. She seriously doubted the veracity of the statement of course—Kaiser hadn’t even asked to see her sketches himself. “Well you’ll have to forgive my modest little apartment, then,” she apologized, leading him to the elevator.

"Most of the people in this business started humbly," Cavelli noted as the elevator took them up.

"You?" Heidi asked, raising her eyebrows in mock surprise. She knew better.

Cavelli grinned and winked at her. "Well...not me."

"Not Andrea Paxton, either," Heidi muttered, fumbling with her keys again as she approached her apartment door. She'd been diligent about cleaning before she left, anticipating, although dreading, Cavelli's visit as a possibility.

"Ah, Andrea, yes." He followed her in and Heidi winced as he looked around, taking in the little L-shaped space that constituted kitchen and living room. There were just two other rooms, a bedroom that barely fit a twin bed and a bathroom that had a shower so small it was hard even for her to turn around in. Cavelli didn't seem fazed by her simple and rather sparse furniture choices, taking a seat on the futon and spreading his arms comfortably across the back. "Andrea will make quite a name for herself."

"Kaiser thinks so," Heidi agreed, making a face he couldn't see as she turned to put her purse and wrap on a chair.

"Kaiser has good judgment," he remarked, his face then spreading with a smile. "But he doesn't know everything about Andrea Paxton."

"You can say that again..." she mumbled, trying to decide if she should sit on the futon beside him—dangerous territory—or pull a kitchen chair over.

"Look at the books!" he exclaimed, nodding toward the floor to ceiling bookshelves. There was no television, but the shelves were stuffed to overflowing with books.

"I've always been a reader," she admitted, flushing. "Little worlds, every one."

Cavelli smiled, patting the futon beside him, giving her little choice in the matter.
“You are a special one, bella.”

Heidi hesitated, going to her book shelves and pulling down an oversized portfolio, deciding to keep up the pretense, if nothing else. “My sketches are in here...if you really wanted to see them.”

“Of course!” He smiled, sitting up as she set the book on the coffee table. “How about a cognac? Brandy?”

She smiled. It would be his umpteenth of the night, but of course, she had nothing like it. “I have wine. It’s not Dom Perignon, but it’s not Thunderbird, either.”

He chuckled. “Whatever you have is fine.”

Heidi found a brandy snifter sitting on her kitchen counter filled with what she was sure was a very expensive, very aged cognac. Kaiser must have known he would want it. She didn’t bother to wonder how he had gotten into her apartment—she was sure he had sent someone, perhaps even paid the super. Somehow, he’d managed to get done what he wanted done—he always did.

“Make yourself one,” Cavelli called as Heidi poured the cognac into a glass, which had also been provided.

“Oh, I don’t drink much...” She’d already been too gluttonous with the champagne over dinner, at Cavelli’s insistence, and her head was more than a little fuzzy.

“Make yourself one,” he insisted and Heidi sighed, pouring herself a glass and taking them both over to the futon.

"These are good," Cavelli remarked as she set the glass down, holding hers, and sitting beside him. "These are very good."

"You're kind." She smiled, shaking her head, sipping the fiery amber-colored liquid in her hand for courage. She couldn't believe that Roberto Cavelli was sitting in her apartment looking at her designs. A month ago she would have thought it impossible.

"No," he assured her. "Far from it. I am a mercenary old bastard...and these could make me money. In fact, they remind me..." He frowned, tapping his finger on one of her designs, and Heidi just knew he was going to mention Andrea again and didn't want to have to go there.

"I seem to have a better selection of spirits than I previously thought," she said, lifting her glass so he could see. His eyebrows went up and he found his own glass on the table, breathing in the alcohol's scent.

"Oh that's fine!" he remarked, lifting his glass in salute before taking a drink. "Ahhh, that does the trick. Drink up!"

She obliged, taking another burning sip.

"Do you have more like these?" he asked, pointing to her sketch book.

"Yes."

He smiled, leaning back on the futon again, his gaze moving over her, assessing. "Are you as prolific an artist as you are a reader?"

"I am," she admitted, flushing, whether from embarrassment or the heat of the alcohol, she wasn't sure.

“Come here, bella.” He waved his arm, pulling her closer when she got in range, the smell of cognac on his breath as he nuzzled her ear. “How would you like to work for me?”

She froze. “Is that a serious offer?”

“Very serious.” The fact that his hand was moving over her breast through her blouse didn’t lend much credence to the seriousness of his proposal, but somehow she believed him anyway. “Kaiser says you are...very willing.”

She remembered her promise. *Whatever it takes*. But she had probed every aspect of his business possible and had uncovered nothing tonight. Maybe there was no secret, nothing Cavelli was hiding. Was it a test, perhaps? Kaiser testing her willingness?

“I am,” she agreed, determined to pass if it was a test after all as Cavelli pressed her firmly down to her knees between his Dolce and Gabbana trousered thighs. He unzipped himself, but she took his slowly hardening member in her hand, his half-lidded gaze never leaving her.

When she took him into her mouth, he groaned, his hand moving in her hair, pressing her down until she was taking all of him—not an inconsiderable feat, the old guy hadn’t just been lucky enough to be born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he also hadn’t been at all short-changed in either the width or girth department.

“Ahhh bella, what a find you are!” he murmured as she tongued the tip of his cock, hoping Kaiser had really meant for her to do this. “Has Kaiser seen these?”

Heidi shook her head, moving his cock delightfully from side to side as she did, making him arch with pleasure.

“No?” He laughed, taking his cock in hand—there was plenty of it below Heidi’s mouth to grab onto—and stroking it against her lips. “He is such a fool. Blind.”

She continued to lick and suck at the head as he jerked himself off, his breath coming faster. What a relief, she thought, if he came like this, and she didn’t have to do anything else to prove her loyalty... But Cavelli moved to yank her blouse open, her bra down, exposing her breasts to his view. He fondled them both at turns as she sucked him, squeezing and pulling at her nipples.

“Ahhh bella, that’s good!” he groaned as she found a faster rhythm, stroking and sucking together, feeling his balls tighten in her other hand. “Oh god, what a triumph that would be,” he murmured, closing his eyes and thrusting deep into her throat, making her fight her gag reflex. “Stealing two of Kaiser’s prize treasures...”

“Two?” Heidi managed to gasp out before taking him into her mouth again, working hard as he rolled his hips and drove them upward.

“You...ahhhhhh...” He grimaced as the first wave of his cum pulsed like white heat into her waiting mouth. “You and ahhhhhhhhh-ahhhh Andreaaaaaaaaaahhhh...”

Heidi swallowed him obediently, her tongue working the head of his cock, making sure not a bit of his cum dribbled onto his trousers. When the last shuddering drop was milked from his cock, she tucked him neatly back in and zipped him up. He looked down at her, spent, smiling a contented smile. She wondered if he’d even realized what he said?

“Andrea’s premiere is in Paris with Kaiser,” she murmured, moving to sit beside him on the futon.

He glanced at her, still smiling that lazy smile. "She may premiere with Kaiser, but she's already signed with me. For double the price."

Oh my god. Heidi stared at him. Clearly his confession hadn't been an accident. Why was he telling her this?

"Double?" she choked out. She knew how much Kaiser was paying Andrea for her designs—*my designs*.

"I want you." Cavelli's eyes brightened as he grabbed her, pulling her close and kissing her hard. Heidi fought an urge to pull away. "I will double anything he's offered."

She shook her head. "But he hasn't..."

"He will," he insisted, his eyes hardening as he fondled her breast, slipping another hand down to cup her pussy. She was wearing panties tonight, of course. "But you will already be mine. Yes? Yes..."

It wasn't even a question—he was sure he could buy her. *Can he?* Heidi straightened herself out as he released her and stood, drinking the last of his cognac and setting the glass back down on the table.

"Stay where you are for now," Cavelli directed with a nod. "It pleases me. I will contact you after Paris."

She watched him, speechless, as he strode toward the door, turning to look at her with a fond smile. "Goodnight, Bella."

"Goodnight, Mr.— "

"Roberto," he insisted, closing the door before he heard her reply.

“Goodnight, Roberto,” she murmured, stunned by his arrogance and assumptions. Did he really believe she would abandon Kaiser as quickly as Andrea had?

No. She wouldn’t She couldn’t. She wasn’t so easy. Was she?

Chapter Eight

"Kaiser...sir?" Heidi poked her head into his office, finding him sitting at his desk writing something on a notepad.

"What is it, Heidi?" He sighed, not looking up or turning around.

"I was just wondering...these dresses in the hallway. None of them are tagged?" She cleared her throat apologetically. The job had become familiar enough that, most of the time, she didn't have to ask him superfluous questions anymore, but all of the dresses from the show had come tagged and there were twenty of them hanging on a rack she didn't have any idea what to do with.

He put his pen down, leaning back in his chair and whirling around, his face spreading with a smile. "Ah, they've arrived."

She blinked and shrugged. "They have?"

"That's your Paris wardrobe."

"My..." Heidi looked back at the rack of dresses with wide, disbelieving eyes. "Mine?"

"Do you like them?"

"Like them?" she squeaked, rushing back into the vestibule to flip through, dress after dress, all of them unique and elegant and stunning. There was day wear, evening wear, even, Heidi noted with a happy sigh, several boxes full of underwear, bras, garters and stockings, all displayed in bounteous reams of tissue paper.

"I take it that's a yes?" he chuckled.

"Yes!"

He slipped his arms around her from behind. "I like making you happy."

"I like feeling happy," she agreed, turning in his arms, smiling up at him.

"Do you know what would make *me* happy?"

She grinned and began to slide through the circle of his arms, heading down to her knees.

"*Besides* that." He laughed, grabbing her by her elbows and pulling her up.

"Please tell me you found out what Cavelli's up to."

"I did." She moved out of his arms, frowning, turning back to the dresses as if she was interested, but suddenly they had lost all of their appeal.

"And?"

She sighed. "You're not going to like it."

"I imagine not." He chuckled. "So?"

"He's stealing Andrea Paxton." She just blurted it out, just like that.

"Stealing—what?" Kaiser actually laughed, but when she turned to face him, he saw she wasn't joking.

"She's signing with Cavelli after the Paris show. So he says." Heidi shrugged helplessly, seeing his anger building. It started in his neck, moving redly up his face.

"She wouldn't dare."

Heidi swallowed hard. "He said he doubled your price."

"Jesus." He suddenly paled, now as white as he had been red a moment ago.

"I'm sorry," she apologized, biting her lip.

Kaiser turned and walked back toward his office, pausing in the doorway and looking back at her. "And just what did you have to do to get this out of him?"

Oh no. She couldn't tell him. Had she really believed he wouldn't ask? "Well..." She wrung her hands nervously, hiding them behind her back. "I had to loosen him up a little."

"So the cognac did the trick?" He winked, their little secret.

She gave him a weak smile. "Well...that, too."

"I see..." He pressed his lips into a thin line. "So you did put your noteworthy blowjob talents to good use then?"

Heidi lowered her head and whispered, "*I had* to." Was that true? She wasn't sure. Kaiser had made it very clear what he wanted, though, hadn't he?

He lifted her chin, stepping close and shaking his head. "I told you...*whatever it takes*. You did just what I asked." He frowned. "I just...I wish I hadn't asked you to."

"You do?" she asked, puzzled. "But...I don't understand."

"I don't either." He gave a short laugh, turning back to his office. "Regardless, you did an excellent job. A most excellent job."

She watched from his doorway as he picked up the phone and pushed the buttons. "Andrea, Kaiser. I need to talk to you before the pre-show. Call me."

Heidi wondered just what he was planning. Would he offer Andrea triple the price? The thought left a bad taste in her mouth, even though part of her was pleased he would be willing to pay more than Cavelli for her designs. But they were *hers*, not Andrea's, and Kaiser had no idea.

"Kaiser..." She cleared her throat and he glanced back at her, questioning. "Cavelli was interested in my sketches."

"Is that so?" He raised an eyebrow, turning in his chair.

“He said so...” Heidi shrugged, flushing. How could she possibly tell him? But even Cavelli had noticed the similarities between her designs and “Andrea’s.” If Kaiser saw her sketches...

“Did he make you an offer?” he asked, folding his arms over his chest. “And would you take him up on it, I wonder?” he mused, almost to himself, his eyes narrowing.

“I brought my sketches...” Heidi hadn’t really been listening—instead she’d quickly retrieved her sketch book from under her desk, holding it out to him with trembling hands. “I just thought...he seemed interested...so maybe you—”

The look on Kaiser’s face both shocked and frightened her. He stood, his voice booming. “Get into my office and bend over my desk!”

Heidi dropped the book to the floor, scurrying to comply with his demand.

“Pull up your skirt!” He stood behind her, impatient, waiting.

She glanced over her shoulder. “But...why? What did I—”

The incredulous look on his face got her moving and she pulled her skirt up high, putting her hands on the blotter, fingers spread, and didn’t have to wait an instant before his hand came down on her behind, making her yelp in pain and surprise. It was sudden and furious, and it reminded her of that very first spanking in the trailer bathroom. Kaiser worked her over until tears came to her eyes and her bottom sang with pain.

Her tears fell on the blotter, her mascara making a mess of his appointments, and it didn’t matter, he spanked her even harder, driving her forward into the desk. Her hand slipped once and the Bill Blass pencil holder went flying, spilling Cross pens all over the floor, and still he didn’t stop.

“Please!” she begged, sobbing, truly afraid of him for the first time. “I’m sorry! I’m sorry! Please just tell me what I did! I won’t ever do it again, I promise!”

“The gall!” he growled, smacking her again—WHACK! Her bottom was almost numb with pain now and for that, she was glad. “Insolent!” Again—WHACK!

“Presumptuous little brat!”

He stopped, his breath coming hard and fast, and there was just that and the sound of Heidi’s sobs.

“I’m sorry!” she whispered against the blotter, her chest heaving, her breath catching. They both heard the elevator “ding” and looked up at the open door at the same time. Heidi saw him through prisms as he stepped off the elevator, but both she and Kaiser were frozen in place. Kaiser had forgotten to tell her to close the door, so of course the locking button he reflexively reached for did them no good at all.

“Hey there you are!” Lenny said, taking a step away from Heidi’s clearly empty desk toward Kaiser’s office. “I thought you might—”

He stopped, seeing her now, really seeing her, his eyes wide, his mouth working but no sound coming out.

“Go away, Lenny,” she whispered hoarsely.

“I’m afraid Heidi is indisposed,” Kaiser said coolly, stepping around the desk and closing the door in Lenny’s shocked face. This time the lock did work.

“Was that the young gentleman interested in your blowjob talents?”

She nodded miserably, drawing a shuddering breath.

Kaiser sat down in the chair behind her with a deep sigh. “Heidi, I’m sorry.”

His apology made her sob harder.

"I just...I want you to trust me. And this..." He pulled her skirt down, putting his arms around her waist and resting his cheek against her aching bottom. "Is not the way to get you to do that, is it?"

He stood, unlocking the door and walking to the window.

"Go, Heidi. Go find your friend and see if you can make some sort of explanation."

She stood on wobbly legs, wiping at her tear-stained face with her palms.

"Kaiser, please...don't send me away..."

"Please." He waved her out, looking disgusted. She had never heard him use the word please before. Ever. "Go."

Reluctantly, she went.

* * * *

"Lenny, I'm at work!" she hissed into her cell, looking around to make sure Kaiser wasn't anywhere near. The models were all over back here in various states of undress and she had to weave her way through them like walking through a forest of tall flesh-trees.

"Yeah, you looked like you were working hard when you were leaning over Kaiser's desk with your skirt up—"

"You don't understand..." She hadn't found him after leaving Kaiser's office and his phone had just gone to voicemail.

"I understand perfectly," he snapped. "Forget the weird sex stuff. I'm more worried about you selling your soul to the devil. Heidi, are you really going to let some scheming cow like Andrea Paxton steal your dreams?"

She opened the dressing room door and stepped into the hallway, gulping the fresher, less cloying air. “Maybe my dreams have changed.”

“Heidi, I swear, if you don’t do it, I will.”

She froze, eyes wide, and actually pulled the phone away to stare at it for a moment, as if Lenny could see the shocked look on her face. She put the phone back to her ear and hissed, “You wouldn’t dare!”

“Do you really think it was *you* I was coming to see today?”

“Lenny!” she gasped, covering her eyes with her hand. It was bad enough he’d walked into what he had—but what would have happened if he’d actually decided to spout off to Kaiser?

“So tell him,” he urged, his voice more firm than she’d ever heard it. Was he serious? He couldn’t be serious.

“Okay, okay!” she relented, praying he wouldn’t call her on her bluff. “I will.”

“You promise?”

She sighed, looking up at the sound of heels on the tile and saw Andrea coming down the hall. “I’ve got to go!”

Heidi ended the call, slipping her cell into her jacket pocket and standing up tall—as tall as she could manage—as Andrea approached.

“Where are my dresses?” the blonde inquired, frowning down at her.

“*Your* dresses?” Heidi scoffed.

Andrea rolled her eyes. “If you’re going to accuse me of something, either do it or shut up.”

Heidi turned and opened the dressing room door and Andrea followed, gasping when she saw the rack of her dresses lined up against the wall. The models would run her line last—the show finale—so they were untouched so far.

“God, they’re amazing...” Andrea fingered the material, her eyes shining.

“I know.” Heidi sighed.

The stage manager stuck her head in and called, “Fifteen minutes!”

“How do I look?” Andrea asked, moving left and right, fussing with her blonde curls, trying to see herself in one of the mirrors past a tall, brunette model. “I saw Cavelli sitting down in front.”

“Kaiser’s there, too,” Heidi reminded her hotly. “You know, the man whose company is showcasing your designs.”

Andrea shrugged, giving her cheeks a pinch. “Gotta go where the money is.”

“What does that mean?”

The blonde whirled and shook a finger at her. “You know why you’ll never make it in this business?”

Heidi shook her head, swallowing hard.

“God, you are so naïve!” Andrea threw up her hands, heading for the door. “If you’ll excuse me, I have a career to go make.”

The door closed behind her and Heidi stood next to the rack of dresses that should have been hers, her stomach churning, her eyes filling with tears.

“I can’t watch this,” Heidi murmured, pushing past one of the models who’d stepped into her path.

“What did you say?” The model was a tall redhead, her hair in tight auburn cornrows, her eyes painted up like butterfly wings.

“Nothing,” Heidi muttered, pushing into the hallway and standing there for a moment, undecided. Then, instead of heading toward the stage, she turned the other way and hurried toward the exit.

* * * *

Kaiser’s call came in on her cell when she got back to the office. She’d expected it earlier, but he probably had assumed she was backstage, working to make everything run smoothly.

“Heidi, where are you?” The noise was deafening. She could barely hear him.

“At the office,” she replied, lying smoothly. “I had to fax Jean Patou the schedule in Paris. They need it by tomorrow morning. I thought that was more important...”

“Thank you,” he said, and she heard the gratitude in his voice. “The pre-show went without a hitch, Heidi. Thank you so much for all your hard work.”

“You’re welcome.”

“I can barely hear you!” He was now really having to yell to be heard. “I’ll see you in the morning, okay?”

He hung up without saying anything more and Heidi stood looking at the dozen red roses sitting on her desk, along with a similar thank you note, probably meant for her to see in the morning. Her sketchbook was there, too, open in the middle of her desk, and there as another note:

These are beyond good.

Please have patience. I

hope I've earned your trust.

—K

The fact was, she did trust him, more than he realized, more than he could ever know. Her entire life, her heart, battered and broken and still beating, rested in the man's hands. She was his, bent on her knees, humbled and surrendered, an open offering. He didn't know it, maybe he never would, but in Heidi he had found a woman that would follow him, wholly and without hesitation, wherever he decided to go, no matter what sacrifices she had to make.

Chapter Nine

“Adjoining rooms?” Heidi murmured, looking up at Kaiser hopefully as the porter took their bags and said something in French she assumed meant “Follow me,” as he headed around the corner. He bypassed the elevators the other patrons were waiting for, sliding his key card into a different slot down the hallway. Heidi noticed people staring at them, whispering, probably wondering who in the heck the mousy girl going up in a private elevator to the Belle Etoile Suite at Le Meurice with Warren Kaiser really was.

Kaiser smiled indulgently as he waved her in. “It’s an entire floor. Two, actually. I think we’ll have plenty of room.”

“Would you be needing the car this evening, sir?” The porter spoke perfect English to Kaiser, with just a hint of his Parisian accent.

“We’ll be dining in.” Kaiser slid his hand across the small of Heidi’s back, rubbing, and she shivered, wondering at his real meaning. She was tired—an eight hour flight, even in first-class, was exhausting, and while the Christian Dior travel-suit she was wearing was gorgeous and much more comfortable than it looked, she still wanted out of it. And even in spite of that, she couldn’t resist the press of his hand, whatever his insistence might be.

The door opened and Heidi blinked in amazement, gaping. She couldn’t help it. Being aware of the vast expanse of Kaiser’s money in New York—the clothes he purchased her, the lunches they took, the amenities he could afford—was entirely different than experiencing his wealth somewhere like Paris. Here, lavish wasn’t just

impressive, it was stupefying. She stood there with stars in her eyes, only moving forward propelled by the firm pressure of Kaiser's hand on her back.

Then she found her feet, flying from room to room to room...to room! Bedrooms, living room, sitting room, the bathroom was beyond magical—a gallery of black and white Italian marble with an enormous round tub as its centerpiece. If she hadn't seen the terrace, she might have peeled her clothes off right there, but Paris called her name and out she went, throwing the doors wide and breathing in the fresh air.

They were in the center of everything—the Louvre, the Arc de Triomphe, even the Eiffel Tower made a distinctive appearance like a sculpture of steel lace in the distance. It was a dream. She had to be dreaming. She had hit her silly head out on the beach tripping over Kaiser's outstretched feet and was just lost in her own personal version of the perfect fantasy, that's all. That had to be it.

"It's a bit ostentatious for me. I usually stay in a little chalet on the Seine," Kaiser murmured, slipping his arms around her waist from behind, his lips moving along her hairline. "But I thought you might like to be in the center of all the action."

"It's..." But there weren't words—Heidi spread her arms out to embrace the city, unable to express the magnitude of her feeling, and laughed.

"Besides, this view is incredible. There's nothing like a sunset in Paris."

"There's nothing like this." Heidi agreed, breathless. "I'll remember this forever. Forever and ever and ever."

"I hope there will be plenty more experiences like this for you." He smiled. "Someday, a room at Le Meurice will seem like a night in a youth hostel."

"I doubt that." She laughed, turning in his arms. She couldn't have imagined a more romantic setting, the sun sinking behind the Eiffel Tower behind them, his eyes full of warmth as he looked down at her. "I just want to thank you. A month ago, I was...nothing...I couldn't have imagined this."

"You were never nothing," he murmured, hugging her close. She felt his heart beating with hers and didn't ever want him to let her go. "Are you hungry?"

"Hungry, tired, dirty..." She went through the list with a groan.

"Let's work backwards." He chuckled. "Why don't you draw a bath?"

"In your tub?" she asked, incredulous.

"*Our* tub."

Did he mean it? Was she really staying here, with him? There was a bedroom on this floor with a huge accommodating bed, but two more below, and she was sure to be relegated to one of those. Surely...

"Will you join me?" she asked, her eyes hopeful.

He smiled. "I'll shower and order dinner. You go get clean."

The Italian marble bathtub felt deep enough to swim in, and she left the overhead lights off and watched Paris come to life through the nearly person-high windows that surrounded her. Kaiser lit a candle before he stepped into the adjacent shower and she lazily washed her hair and shaved her legs, staring dreamily at the Eiffel Tower, sure she must be dreaming.

"I'm dreaming," she murmured to Kaiser as he came in, dressed again for dinner, and helped her out of the tub, rubbing her dry with the thickest towel imaginable. Her hair was still wet when he handed her a silk robe.

“Don’t you want me to dress?” she asked, sliding her arms into the slippery material.

“I prefer you undressed.” He smiled. “But I don’t think the staff would appreciate it.”

“The staff?” She’d been so absorbed in the experience she had missed the delicious smells filling the suite. Now her stomach growled—loudly.

“Come to dinner.” He led her on his arm just as if she was dressed to the nines instead of barefoot in a silk robe, and sat her at a completely set table. She blinked in surprise as he poured her a glass of champagne.

“Drinking too much of that on an empty stomach isn’t such a good idea,” she told him, taking a sip anyway, and he smiled.

“It won’t be empty for long.”

He couldn’t have been more right. Their waiter brought out the amuse —a green pea gnocchi with onion emulsification. Heidi groaned as it melted in her mouth, a bright, airy pasta in a sweet, buttery foam. After that, she lost track of the courses, but they came, and they came, and oh god, they came again!

The asparagus was perfect in citron lavender vinaigrette with scallop and vanilla quenelles. A perfectly cooked sea bass came out looking smart in his green jacket of wilted spinach, a dazzling display with an even more stunning flavor. There was chicken breast with pommes de terres, and veal with risotto, gold leaf and morels in a veal reduction.

And the cheese! Oh the cheese! Kaiser fed her piece after piece, each flavor more delightful than the last, and when dessert came and she thought she couldn’t

possibly eat another bite, it was a light and refreshing—roasted pineapple with meringue, followed by petite fours, a perfect assortment of vanilla *madeleines*, chocolate truffles, Normandy tartlets, lemon *macarons* and almond *tuiles*.

The waiter and chef both came out for a two-person standing ovation and Heidi even kissed the laughing chef on both cheeks and hugged him like a long-lost brother.

“Now, to bed,” Kaiser said, draining the last of his after-dinner brandy.

“The dishes,” she said, standing and taking them automatically, always willing to serve. He smiled, grabbing her hand and forcing the plate back to the table.

“Someone else will clean up.”

“But—”

Kaiser rolled his eyes and smacked her bottom, pointing to the bedroom. “Go!”

That language she understood and, grinning, scurried off to the bedroom, Kaiser not far behind her.

“Climb up,” he directed.

The bed was enormous, the mattress much softer than she was used to. It was like sinking into a cloud as she stretched out on her back, nude, watching Kaiser remove his tie.

“Hands above your head.”

She obliged as he knelt beside her, using his tie to restrain her, the silk softly tightening over her wrists. The headboard was smooth wood with nowhere to tie her to, so he left her hands above her head, telling her to stay that way and trusting she would. Of course she would.

“Spread your legs.” They were already halfway there. “Now, pull your knees back.”

She went to use her hands to hold her legs and realized she wasn’t allowed, so she pulled her legs slowly back, a position she knew wouldn’t be easy to hold for long. Kaiser’s gaze fell between her thighs as he unbuttoned his shirt and peeled it off, moving to settle himself between her legs.

“Just one goodnight kiss, my Juliet,” he murmured, kissing his way over the sensitive skin her inner thighs, and Heidi sighed as his mouth teased her with sweet, light kisses over the soft curls of her pubic hair. He made easy circles with his tongue, moving ever closer to her aching little clit. She grew wetter as his mouth got closer to her center, finally settling into a little flicker over the sensitive bud.

“Oh yes,” she whispered when his whole mouth finally covered her, sucking deeply, her flesh disappearing deliciously into his mouth, her clit pressed gently, throbbing against his tongue. Her thighs trembled with the effort to hold them back now, without the help of her hands, and he spread her wide with his palms, rocking her hips back, her knees pressed toward her ears.

His thumbs pressed her clit between them, pulling the hood back as he fluttered his tongue gently over her little button. She gasped and arched, knowing her orgasm was imminent, unable to stop it, and knowing, too, that he hadn’t told her to come.

“Kaiser! Oh!” She managed that brief warning before she was overcome, her pussy contracting around the fingers he slid suddenly, swiftly inside her, the sweet throbbing revealing her furious climax even if she’d been able to attempt hiding it. “Oh

god, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she whispered as he rose up between her thighs, but he just rubbed his wet fingers over her lips, making her suck them, taste herself.

His cock was free in an instant and pressing against the still-pulsing flesh of her opening. Heidi cried out as his fingers slid deeper into her mouth and he began to thrust. She gasped and wrapped her legs around his waist, wanting more, all of him, sucking the tangy taste of her pussy off his fingers.

"Ahhhh fuck, Heidi, you're so good," he murmured, pinning her already-restrained arms above her head, her wrists encircled in one of his large hands, followed quickly by the other, his full weight on her now, and she wanted him, all of him.

"More," she begged, digging her heels in. "Harder, oh, please, I want more, more!"

He grunted and thrust into her harder, faster, deeper, driving her back on the bed until her hands pressed, palms flat, against the headboard, trying to keep them both from sailing straight through the wall. And still, it wasn't enough.

"Give me everything!" she whispered into his ear, feeling his ragged breath against her neck. "All of it, please, I want you, I want you, I want—"

His mouth came down on hers, crushing her into silence, capturing her breath, her heart, in one swift motion, and the moment it happened, he was hers and she swallowed his groan, forgetting herself and slipping her tied hands around his neck as his mouth slanted across her own with reckless abandon.

Their tongues tangled and she raked her nails through the hair at the nape of his neck, the kiss moving from passion to soft wonder as she felt him trembling above her, his belly clenching, his hips thrusting deep once, again. He gave a shuddering sigh as

he collapsed onto her and when he went to move away, she kept him there with the hands he had tied, pressing his head to her breasts. He relented, pulled the comforter over them both, caught in the circle of her arms.

“I love you.” She whispered the words, not even sure from the deep, even sound of his breathing that he was awake to hear her. She didn’t care.

Nothing mattered—the show tomorrow, Lenny’s ignored voicemails on her phone, Andrea Paxton’s deception, Cavelli’s double-cross—nothing mattered but the man in her bed, in her life, and she held onto him tightly far into the night. Even when they moved to find a more comfortable position, she stayed bound and tangled in his arms.

* * * *

Heidi was in tears. She’d called Andrea’s cell phone at least a hundred times since that morning with no answer. Had she abandoned Kaiser already, then, and decided to pull out? Kaiser had kept close-mouthed about the “Andrea Paxton situation,” as he dubbed it, and wouldn’t tell her anything at all.

“Heidi, bella, this is Roberto Cavelli, call me! I can’t find Andrea Paxton, has she contacted you?”

She deleted the message, swallowing the lump in her throat, going to the next.

“Heidi, Lenny. Listen, I have to--” She deleted that one without listening to it.

“Coming through!” It was a model wearing one of the last dresses in the line just before Andrea’s debut began, and Heidi went in the other direction, walking past models already dressed and ready to go out, wearing dresses based on designs Andrea had stolen from her. Heidi stopped and adjusted the feathery front on one of the dresses

without thinking, something Andrea should have been here to do. Where the hell was she?

“It should flow when you walk,” Heidi explained to the model. “Like water.”

The brunette raised her eyebrows in surprise and Heidi flushed.

“Heidi!” It was Kaiser. Oh god. What was she going to tell him?

“I’m sorry.” She was apologizing before she even turned around to face him. “I don’t—”

“Come with me,” he ordered, taking her hand and literally pulling her with him.

“I’ve been calling you for fifteen minutes! Don’t you answer your phone?”

She looked down at the cell in her hand—the reception wasn’t the best—it was blinking with more messages. She hadn’t quite gotten that far. Kaiser led her up a flight of stairs—she nearly fell twice trying to keep up with his long strides—and down another hallway. The sound of the crowd was almost deafening as he pushed her in front of him down the front row, putting her into one of two empty seats.

“Stay,” he directed, sitting beside her as the crowd applauded again enthusiastically. A model—tall, blonde and quite familiar—came out wearing one of Andrea’s dresses and Heidi gasped. Daniella! She hadn’t seen her since that photo shoot on the beach a million years ago. She was so surprised she almost didn’t hear the announcer’s words.

“Kaiser’s debut line by new designer, Heidi Bauer!”

The crowd’s applause turned thunderous. She turned to Kaiser, eyes wide, and he smiled, reaching for and squeezing her hand. Across the catwalk, Cavelli sprang up from his chair, his face a cloud of anger, but it was too loud for anyone to hear what he

might be saying. His wife, Eve, pulled him back to sitting and Heidi's attention shifted again as another of her designs, a stunning midnight blue, floated by.

"Happy?" Kaiser leaned over to ask.

"Beyond," she replied, the rest of the show a stunning blur, but she still didn't understand. When they announced her at the end and Kaiser led her down the catwalk—now she knew why he had insisted she wear the Rene Lacoste!—raising her hand in triumph, she looked up at him through tears.

She thought she couldn't be any more surprised, until Lenny appeared in an Armani suit, handing her a dozen red roses from the end of the catwalk. Leaning down to take them, she immediately understood and hissed, "You told him!"

He grinned, shrugged, and gave Kaiser a little salute as he stepped back into the applauding crowd. Just when she thought she couldn't take another flash bulb, Kaiser led her off the catwalk to more thunderous applause.

"I'm sorry," he murmured into her ear, hugging her close. "I wanted it to be such a surprise."

She laughed. "You succeeded!"

"Kaiser!" Cavelli stormed toward them, red-faced. "What the hell is this nonsense? Those are Andrea Paxton's designs!"

"I'm afraid they aren't," Kaiser replied coldly, keeping Heidi beside him even though she was trying to melt into the floor. "I received definitive proof that they were stolen from Miss Bauer. Andrea even admitted as much to me."

Both Cavelli and Heidi stared at him, aghast.

"I assume this means you're sticking with Kaiser?" Cavelli asked, frowning at Heidi.

"Like glue," she agreed, linking her arm through Kaiser's.

"She's a willing little whore, but not worth my time. You can have her." Cavelli scoffed, turning to leave, and Heidi gasped when Kaiser grabbed the old man's shoulder. Neither she nor Cavelli had any idea Kaiser had such a hard right hook, not until Cavelli was picking himself up off the floor.

"You didn't have to do that!" Heidi hissed as Kaiser pulled her down the hall.

"I didn't have to," he agreed, grinning. "I wanted to."

She stopped then, throwing her arms around him, and kissing him wordless. When they broke off, both of them breathless, she whispered the words she'd said last night, this time looking into his eyes and knowing he heard them.

"I love you, Kaiser."

He blinked, frowning, touching her mouth with his fingers and then quickly kissing her again.

"You didn't have to say that," he murmured against her ear, pulling her close.

"I didn't have to," she agreed happily, letting him hold her so tight she could barely breathe. "I wanted to."

Epilogue

"I think Paris must have been a dream."

"He hasn't said a word about it since you got back?" Lenny asked, incredulous.

"Nothing." Heidi sighed, pushing the "door close" button on the elevator and crooking her cell phone against her ear. "It's like nothing ever happened. I'm still just... a secretary."

"But your designs, your dresses..."

"I know!" She pouted, leaning against the back of the elevator as she rode up. "I don't know what I expected. My own office maybe? Something. I mean, there are things to do, decisions to make...I mean, I think there are..."

Honestly, she hadn't really thought much past the design aspect of her dresses. The business end of the business had never really interested her.

"Well... maybe he's got something else up his sleeve," Lenny said, giving Kaiser the benefit of the doubt. He'd been doing that since Paris and it was driving Heidi crazy! "He really isn't such a bad guy, you know."

"So you keep saying," she said, rolling her eyes. "Has Saint Kaiser knighted you yet for your selfless deeds?"

"Hey!" He sounded genuinely hurt and she was instantly sorry and said so.

"I really do appreciate what you did," she went on. Of course she did. Never in a million years could she have gotten into Andrea Paxton's apartment, found her old sketchbook, and smuggled it out. But somehow, Lenny had.

And then, of course, he'd presented it to Kaiser as "proof" of Andrea's deception.

“You better,” he mumbled. “You wouldn’t believe what I had to go through. That Andrea is a wildcat in bed. She had me—”

“Lenny!” Heidi admonished. “Please! I really don’t need the details.”

He laughed. “All right, all right.”

“Listen, I’m here, I gotta go.” She clicked “end” on her cell phone and pocketed it as the elevator doors opened. She noted the time with a sinking feeling in her belly—nine-oh-five. She was five minutes late.

She barely had time to stash her purse under her desk before he called her.

“Heidi, come into my office.”

Standing beside his desk, she waited as he finished writing something and turned toward her.

“Get on your knees.”

Heidi sank down, head bowed, her heart hammering. What sort of punishment would this be? She felt his hand in her hair, stroking gently, and she looked up at him in wonder. He hadn’t touched her since Paris—even to punish her. What was this, then?

“We have a great deal of work to do.” His eyes were soft as he studied her face. “And I’m afraid the way we do it is going to have to change.”

She blinked at him, giving him a puzzled look, but not speaking.

“This is where you belong, Heidi.” His hand bowed her head, easily. “We both know it.”

A lump grew in her throat, and she did, she did know. She would be on her knees for him, in front of him, worshipping him, forever if he let her. It’s all she’d ever wanted, and she wanted it even now.

When Kaiser sank to his knees beside her, Heidi gasped, her eyes growing wide. He reached into his pocket and pulled out something delicate and beautiful—a silver choker.

“I want you to wear this.”

She bowed her head, letting him put it around her neck and fasten the clasp and her heart swelled when she realized his hands were trembling.

“To remind you, and me, whenever we have to stand shoulder to shoulder and work side by side. Do you understand?”

Tears filled her eyes and she nodded, touching the collar at her throat.

“I think it’s the most important thing,” he murmured, reaching into his pocket again. “Even more important than this.”

The velvet box contained an antique platinum ring and Heidi’s tears began to fall then, making fat, wet spots on her Marc Jacob skirt.

“Kaiser?” she asked, looking at him through her tears, questioning.

“I want you to become my wife.”

It wasn’t a question. Of course it wasn’t. Kaiser didn’t ask her questions. Kaiser gave her directives. And Heidi, the girl they said would do anything, did, as always, exactly what he told her to do.

The End

ABOUT SELENA KITT



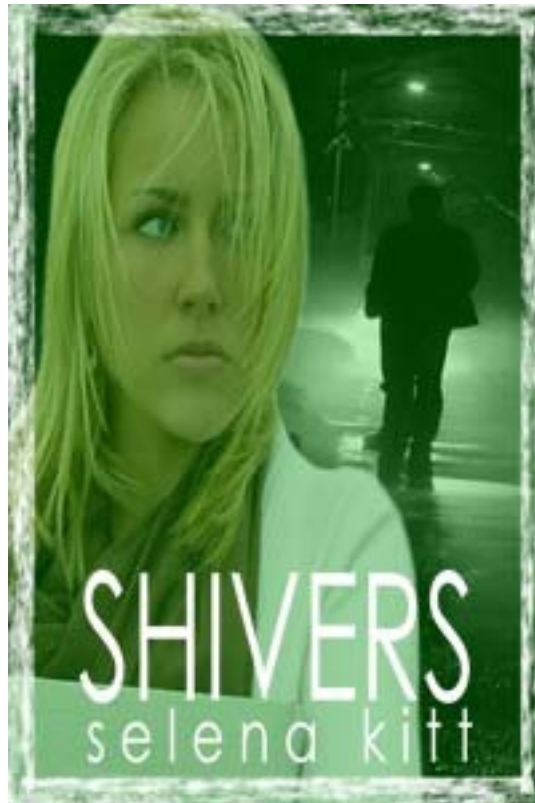
Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company (www.excessica.com) and in her spare time, she worships her devoted husband, corrals five kids and a dozen chickens, all while growing an organic garden. She also loves bellydancing and photography.

Her e-publishing credits include: [*Rosie's Promise*](#) published by Samhain and [*Torrid Teasers #49*](#) published by [Whiskey Creek Press](#) featuring two short stories, *French Lessons* and *I'll Be Your Superman* in 2008. Her stories and poems are in the following anthologies: [Coming Together: For The Cure](#), [Coming Together: Under Fire](#) and [Coming Together Volume 1](#) and [Volume 3](#). Two stories, [Sacred Spots](#) and [Happy Accident](#), have been published by [Phaze Publishing](#), and her novels [Christmas Stalking](#), [Blind Date](#), *The Surrender of Persephone* and *The Song of Orpheus* are coming soon. She has also been published online in [The Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality](#), [The Erotic Woman](#), and her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the [2006 Rauxa Prize](#), given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality," out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read "blind" (without author's name available.) She can be reached on her website at www.selenakitt.com.

If you enjoyed [HEIDI AND THE KAISER](#), you might also enjoy:



SHIVERS

By Selena Kitt

Eight darkly erotic and horrifically delicious stories guaranteed to give you shivers, in more ways than one! Stories include: The Velvet Choker, Pumpkin Eater, The Ride, Mercy, Advent Calendar, Silent Night, The Laundry Chute and The Gingerbread Man.

Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and erotic horror.

Excerpt From "Advent Calendar" in SHIVERS:

"So, seriously, what's the joke?" I asked.

She was hanging her head off the end of my bed, watching the tail end of A Charlie Brown Christmas Special upside down.

"Don't you love the way they talk? Wah, wahhh wahhhh. Isn't that totally how you used to hear grown-ups?" She lolled her head off the corner and put her bare feet up on the wall, crossing them at the ankles.

"I still hear grown-ups that way," I snorted, pulling my t-shirt on. "Come on, Betz, give."

"Oh, this wasn't enough for you?" She teased me, opening her thighs and pointing between them. Her pussy lips were still a little swollen and they glistened. I sat next to her, my hand inevitably drawn to the wetness, rubbing the moist and slightly sticky skin with my thumb. God, she's intoxicating.

"Everything isn't about sex, you know?" I tried to sound serious, although my fingers betrayed me and slid through her slit as my cock began to throb against my thigh.

She laughed--god, I loved her laugh--it tinkled, like ice crystals forming in midair. Rolling off the bed, she grabbed for the remote and started to flip channels. "Do you have CNN? I have to see if they're broadcasting any other signs of the apocalypse."

"Ha." I said. "Ha." She grinned up at me, sprawled naked on my floor, her hair like dark chocolate streams covering the generous swell of her breasts. "Well, if you're not gonna tell me what it's all about, I'm not opening any more of those stupid doors." I grabbed a new pair of briefs out of my top drawer, shoving the advent calendar aside to do it. It toppled toward the wall and balanced there, its first five black doors hanging askew showing five decidedly blank white spaces.

Every morning I felt like a fool, opening a new door in the hopes that this time, something would appear. I had noticed a different odor each day--first the oranges and cloves, then cinnamon, then something I couldn't identify at all, then something that smelled faintly like pumpkin pie. I joked with her on the phone that she had invented the world's first "Scratch 'N Sniff" advent calendar. She just laughed. There was a different

smell today, like those red and white pinwheel peppermint candies my grandmother used to keep in her pocket to keep us quiet in church, but it didn't linger long. I was getting really tired of whatever game Betsy was playing.

"Nice ass," she commented softly. I didn't reply, tugging my jeans on. God, she pissed me off sometimes.

"Is that all I am to you?" I tossed her jeans off my bed and into her lap. Her eyes were bright, dancing, as she looked up at me, incredulous. I stopped, my jaw as slack as hers. "What the fuck?" I said softly, out loud, rubbing my chin thoughtfully. What the hell am I saying? What the hell do I care?

"I'm gonna go home." She started to get dressed. I couldn't see her face as she bent to slide her panties on. I felt bad all of a sudden and then I was pissed that I felt bad. This wasn't good at all. I watched her slide her jeans on, her back to me, her panties caught slightly in the crack of her ass. My cock jerked reactively, just seeing her bent over and sliding denim up her shapely thighs. I sat on my bed, uncertain.

"You don't have to keep opening them if you don't want to." She kissed my cheek and smiled softly before opening my bedroom door. She must have been chewing gum because she smelled like peppermint.

"There's no point!" I called after her. "It's not funny!" I heard her laugh and gritted my teeth. This wasn't gonna fly. I was done. I don't care how much she gets my dick hard, no girl is worth this kind of hassle and game-playing.

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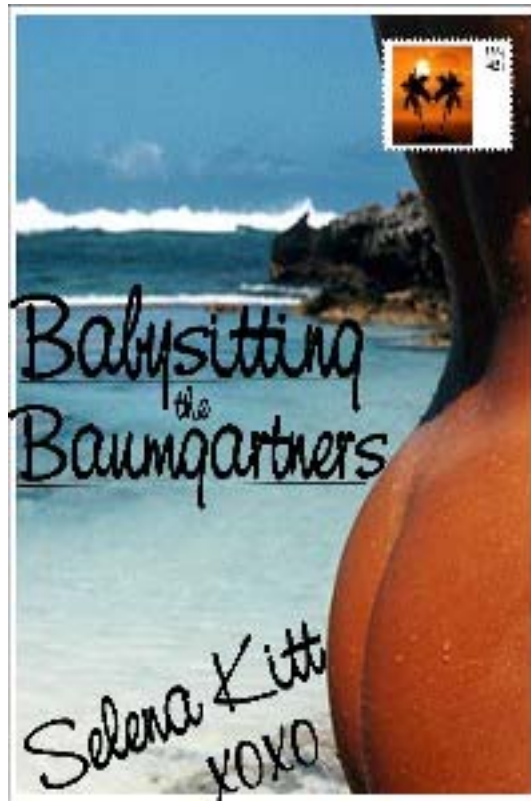


NAUGHTY BITS

By Selena Kitt

David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he find that his older sister, Dawn has discovered his magazine collection, things really begin to heat up. Their parents insist that their just-graduated son look for a job, but their daughter has the week off and is determined to work on her tan. Distracted David finds himself increasingly tempted by his seductive older sister, who makes it very clear what she wants. Her teasing ways slowly break down the taboo barrier between brother and sister until they both give in to their lust... but what are they going to do about the feelings that have developed between them in the meantime...?

Warning: This title contains incest and anal sex.



BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS

By Selena Kitt

Ronnie—or as Mrs. Baumgartner insists on calling her, Veronica—has been babysitting for the Baumgartners since she was fifteen years old and has practically become another member of the family. Now a college freshman, Ronnie jumps at the chance to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with “Doc” and “Mrs. B” under the pretense of babysitting the kids. Ronnie isn’t the only one with ulterior motives, though, and she discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their young babysitter. This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!

Warning: This title contains MFF threesome, lesbian, and anal sex.

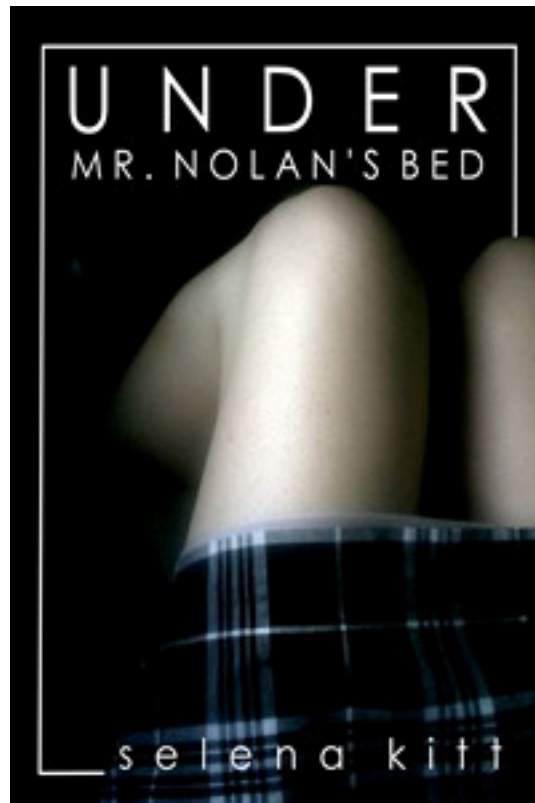


BLUEBEARD'S WIFE

By Selena Kitt

Tara's husband has never shared a fantasy with her, or even masturbated—that she knows of. However, this curious wife discovers a phone bill full of phone calls to sex lines and realizes her husband has been living a double life! Instead of getting mad, Tara's curiosity leads her to begin listening in on John's steamy conversations in hopes of finding out what he really wants in the bedroom. After several failed attempts at bringing fantasy to reality, however, a frustrated Tara turns to her much more adventurous best friend, Kelly, for help. A quick psychology 101 diagnosis from Dr. Kelly marks John as having a classic "madonna/whore" complex, and she quickly sets about making plans to rectify this situation. Tara goes along for the ride, hoping that Kelly may have the answer to bridging the seemingly ever-growing gap in her marriage...

Warning: This title contains a MFF threesome, a daddy/daughter role play between consenting adults, strong language, minor drug use and F/F sex.



[UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED](#)

By Selena Kitt

Leah and Erica have been best friends and have gone to the same Catholic school since just about forever. Leah spends so much time with the Nolan's—just Erica and her handsome father, now, since Erica's mother died—that she's practically part of the family. When the girls find something naughty under Mr. Nolan's bed, their strict, repressive upbringing makes it all the more exciting as they begin their sexual experimentation. Leah's exploration presses deeper, and eventually she finds herself torn between her best friend and her best friend's father—but even she couldn't have predicted the shocking and bittersweet outcome of their affair.

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian sex and incest.



THE SYBIAN CLUB

By Selena Kitt

Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a the ultimate female pleasure machine – a Sybian – but he only agrees if she can come up with a business plan to pay for it. Determined to keep her promise, she creates The Sybian Club and begins bringing women to the basement room set up just for her new toy. It becomes so popular, she has to enlist the help of new friend, Ashley, to keep up with the demand, and the women enjoy an exciting ride as the business thrives. But Tasha has developed feelings for Ashley, and doesn't know how to tell her husband that she wants to add more to their sex life than just a new toy...

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian and anal sex.



STARVING ARTIST

By Selena Kitt

Ellie is living the life of a true starving artist in a small efficiency apartment in dangerous downtown Detroit, but more dangerous than her surroundings are the men to whom she pays rent. Denied help by her prosecutor father, who believes his daughter is wasting her life in art school, Ellie finds herself in a precarious position and surrenders helplessly to her predicament. However, a strange twist of fate gives Ellie a chance at revenge. Will she take it?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, nonconsensual and anal sex.



ON CHERRY HILL

By Selena Kitt

Midwife Anne gets pulled over in the middle of the night on Cherry Hill Road. She's on her way to a birth, but her urgency doesn't sway the unsympathetic officer. When the cop discovers something suspicious on Anne's driving record and insists she get out of the car, she knows she's in real trouble. When he cuffs her and bends her over the hood, things go beyond trouble...

But the surprising outcome of this tale gives both Anne and the reader a jolt they never could have anticipated...

Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.



ESCAPING FATE

By Selena Kitt

Sam has an unusual interest in humans—well, considering she’s a fairy of fate whose profession it is to determine their futures, it’s no wonder! But it isn’t just Karma she’s curious about... Sam has what her fairy-pal Alex thinks is an inordinate and rather wanton interest in certain biological aspects of human behavior—most notably, s-e-x.

When Sam’s job leads her into the path of a handsome man who rocks her world, Sam’s interest becomes obsession. Alex reminds her that fairies get one Christmas wish – will Sam consider using hers to become human to experience one night of bliss?

When things become even more complicated—Sam discovers that Drew, the sexy stranger she’s been fantasizing about, can actually see her—Sam finds herself immersed in a complex and tangled web of human experience. She has to make a choice that will teach her a twisted lesson in fate, ultimately change the course of human existence and even reveal the origin of Santa Claus!

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



TICKLED PINK

By Selena Kitt

Who says sex can't be fun - or funny? You'll find more than enough amusing mishaps and uproarious situations to tickle your funny bone--and more!--in this delightfully wicked and delightfully sexy anthology from Selena Kitt.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



PAPERBACK ROMANCE

by Selena Kitt

Maya's heart yearns for romance and adventure, so that's what she writes about - but James Reardon, her college creative writing professor, insists she's wasting both time and talent. Determined to prove him wrong, Maya stumbles onto the fact that her professor's been keeping secrets - not the least of which is his attraction to her. Faced with a choice, she will have to decide whether or not to reveal his secret to the world—and her own desire for a man nearly twice her age.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.

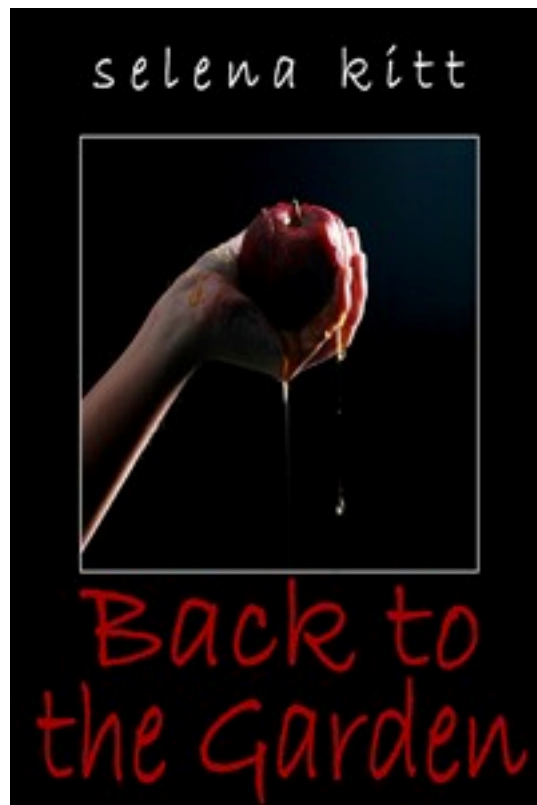


TAKEN

By Selena Kitt

Lizzy's friendship with her older boss, Sarah, turns into something deeper and much more exciting one rainy day after work, and Lizzy finds herself drawn into a world she never knew existed. Sarah has a dominant streak, and as she leads Lizzy into the role of a submissive, the two women become closer than they ever thought possible. But while Sarah, hurt too many times, wears a ring, and tells guys she's "taken," Lizzy knows she secretly longs for a man. Determined to find one for them both to share, Lizzy is just about to give up when a dark, handsome, virile answer shows up right under her nose. Lizzy may think she and Sarah are going to seduce David—but she underestimates their handsome co-worker, and David turns the tables on them both. But will he be able to tame the untamable Sarah?

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, a m/f/f threesome and mild bdsm elements.



BACK TO THE GARDEN

By Selena Kitt

Discover the deliciously taboo lure of an incestuous siren call with four stories bundled into a wickedly hot anthology that's determined to keep it all in the family!

Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and mother-son, father-daughter incest.



ECOEROTICA

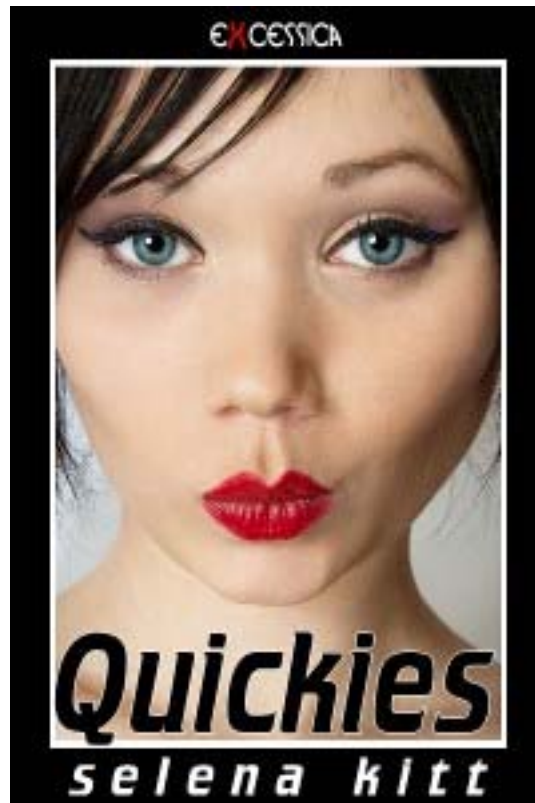
By Selena Kitt

Mother Earth is one hot, sexy Mama, and in this tribute to nature and the environment, Selena Kitt pays homage to her beauty, her grandeur — and her conservation. Who else could tackle topics like global warming, strip mining, animal endangerment and environmental toxicity, all while making it hot, hot, hot?

This anthology includes six sexy and environmentally provocative stories that will rock your world—and arouse and raise more than your environmental awareness.

Stories include: The Break, Cry Wolf, Genesis, Law of Conservation, Lightning Doesn't Strike Twice and Paved Paradise

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.

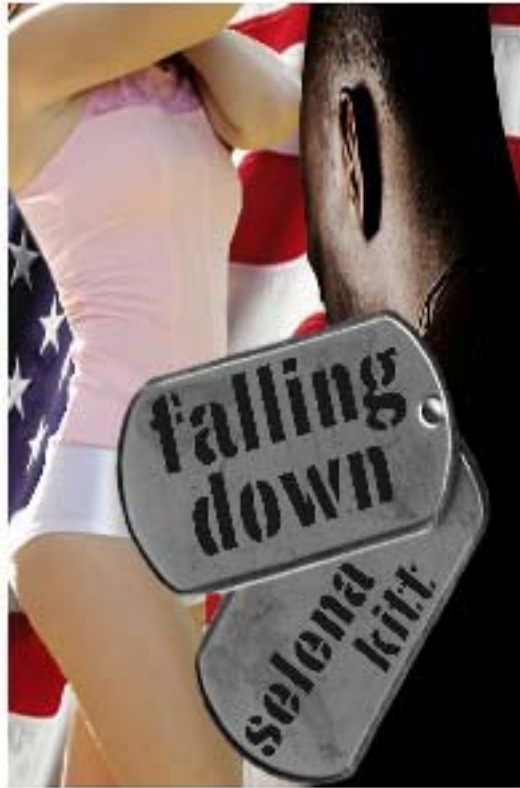


[QUICKIES](#)

By Selena Kitt

Whether the story is about a quick encounter of the erotic kind or it's just a fast and furious read, here is a pulse-pounding twenty-five story anthology, promising to take you on a headlong express to ecstasy. Join Selena Kitt on a swift, delightful ride, from stories of heart-racing sex in elevators or across office desks or in dressing rooms, to the impatience and excitement of the first time experience - you're sure to have a blissful ride on the these racing rapids of erotica!

Warning: This title contains graphic language, explicit sex, nonconsent, prostitution, sibling incest and lesbian and m/f/f group sex.

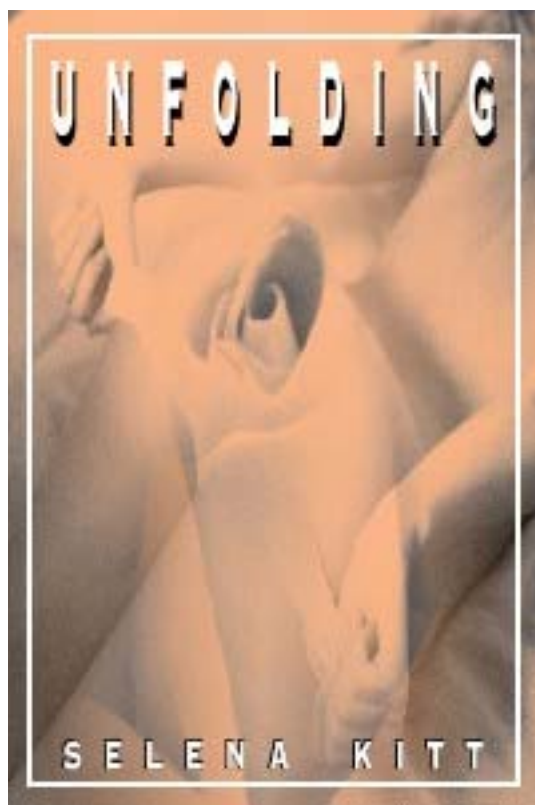


FALLING DOWN

By Selena Kitt

Lindsey is a bad girl, and she's determined to stay that way. She's been called a slut enough to know it's true, and she's not ashamed of the fact anymore. She makes it known to every man she comes in contact with that she's available for the taking—the rougher, the better. When she meets Lieutenant Zachary Davis, she finally finds a man who refuses to treat her like the trash she believes she really is. But can Lindsey change her wayward, dangerous ways and learn to value herself the way the Zach seems to?

Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.



UNFOLDING

By Selena Kitt

Charlie lives an average life in an ordinary home, and she isn't complaining. Jack is a good husband and they have beautiful children—but when she discovers her penchant for a secret taboo, she finds that it suddenly turns her sex life from a mundane distraction into a mind-blowing, transcendent experience. This is the story of a woman's exquisite unfolding, as her sexual discovery and yearning for something more pushes she and her man to the edge, testing boundaries and forcing her to surrender to something much deeper than herself.

Warning: This title contains graphic language, a m/m/f threesome and anal sex.



STARGAZING

By Selena Kitt

Turn up your collar, feather your hair, put that big comb in your back pocket, and splash on some Polo, because we're going back to high school in the '80's! Sara is obsessed with pop star Tyler Vincent, and as she nears the end of her senior year, she's determined to find a way to be with him - although her best friend, Andi, keeps telling her to find a different escape from her desperately violent home life. Complications arise when Dale, the mysterious new transfer student, sets his sights on Sara, and she falls for this rock-star-in-the-making in spite of her better judgment. When Sara wins a contest, she is faced with a choice - travel to Tyler Vincent's home town to meet him, or stay and support Dale in a Battle-of-the-Bands hosted by MTV. Their triangulated relationship is pushed to its breaking point, but there is another, deeper secret that Dale's been keeping that just may break things wide open...

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, sex, and some violence.