

Chapter Twelve

Jules

A searing heat scorches my cheeks as Dimitri's words roll over me. He wants to watch me as I make myself come? My core throbs at the very thought while my heart lodges somewhere in my throat.

I'm a woman who enjoys sex, but I've never been an exhibitionist. I've certainly never *masturbated* in front of anyone before.

But then Dimitri's brow arches in a challenge, and I want to slap that smirk off his face — almost as much as I want to seat myself down on his cock until he fills every inch of me.

God, what is wrong with me? Dimitri is my fucking boss, and I'm naked on his bed.

But I don't care anymore. I want him too much, and I can tell from the way his body responds that he wants me just as much.

"Fine," I whisper, smirking right back. "But you don't get to participate — not until I'm finished."

That handsome face of his scrunches in confusion, and I slide off the enormous bed and lead him to a chair in the corner.

Dimitri's breath catches as I reach for his belt, careful not to brush his very obvious erection as I undo the buckle and slide the leather through the loops of his pants.

I push him down and start to wrap the belt around one wrist and the wooden arm of the chair. Dimitri just stares at me, one brow cocked, as I wander into his closet to find another belt.

His body is a wire stretched to the breaking point, and his strong hands curl around the arms of the chair as I tighten his second manacle.

My heart pounds as I turn toward the bed, swaying my hips a little more than is necessary to begin Dimitri's torture. My ass jiggles, and I hear a low growl. The wooden frame of the chair groans and squeaks as he tests the strength of the leather.

I crawl onto the bed like a cat, stretching out my arms and legs before turning to face him and lying back. My heart is hammering so violently I'm almost sure he can hear it, and my breaths are embarrassingly ragged.

Settling against the soft pillows, I skim my fingertips along my collarbone before letting them trail down to my breasts. I make slow circles around each center, chancing a glance at Dimitri.

His eyes are the lightest I've ever seen them — molten, shimmering gold. He's watching me with a predatory stare that would be terrifying if I didn't know him — if I didn't want him.

I suck in a breath as I refocus on my body, brushing my fingertips over each nipple. They're still hard from our earlier activities, and I pinch them gently between my fingers.

It's not as though I need the stimulation. With Dimitri watching me with that wolfish gaze, my pussy is already throbbing, but I take my time caressing my breasts — working my nipples into harder and harder points.

In the corner, the chair creaks loudly, and I look over to see Dimitri perched on the very edge, his forearms tensed on the armrests. His lips are parted in a hungry expression, and I have a feeling that if I didn't have him restrained, he already would have pounced.

A surge of pride erupts in my chest, and I hold his needy gaze as I trail one hand between my legs. My pussy is still sensitive after my first orgasm, so my touch is featherlight as I graze my fingertips over my clit.

A low moan slips from Dimitri's throat, and the chair groans under his weight. He's staring at me with such need and desperation that it makes my whole body ignite with desire.

Any self-consciousness I felt evaporates at once, and I start to imagine it's *his* fingers making slow circles over that little bundle of nerves — *his* hand cupping my breast.

A soft moan escapes me as the pressure starts to build in my core. The chair cracks again as Dimitri readjusts, his erection tenting his pants as he watches.

I'm close. And yet, despite my earlier condition, I don't want to make myself come. I only want Dimitri's skillful hands on me — his mouth, his cock.

But I'm the one who bound him to that chair, so I reach down and slip a finger into my wet heat. The insides of my thighs are sticky with my juices, and more of me is dripping onto the covers. I don't remember ever being this wet.

An agonized groan rumbles from the corner. Dimitri has an unobstructed view of my splayed legs, and his jaw clenches with restraint as I explore my channel.

Adding another finger, I work my swollen nub with my thumb as I pump my fingers in and out. I mimic his movements from earlier, stretching my walls in preparation for his cock as I remember the feeling of his tongue scraping over my clit.

My whole body shudders, and Dimitri lets out a long slow breath, the tension in his brow easing slightly as he follows my every stroke. And suddenly, I'm not sure if I'm touching myself for my pleasure or his. All boundaries between us seem to dissolve, and I can practically feel his rough hands roving over my body.

Even with Dimitri bound ten feet away, it's the most intimate moment of my life.

Slowly, I withdraw my fingers and slide them up to my throbbing clit. My breasts heave. I'm teetering on the very edge, and in my imagination, it's *Dimitri's* fingers drawing every ounce of pleasure from my body.

I squeeze my eyes shut as the orgasm ricochets through me, and a soft cry tears from my lips. A loud crack makes my eyes fly open, but Dimitri is no longer bound in the corner.

I have less than half a second to register the splintered arms of the chair and the curled leather belts still fastened around the wood before Dimitri is in front of me.

Holy shit. Did he just —

His body blurs as he rips his pants off, though that's probably just my imagination.

In the next breath, I'm staring down at the length of his cock, which is pointed straight at me. Dimitri's eyes are two chips of gold, his body practically humming with power.

A shiver of pleasure rolls through me as he climbs onto the bed, caging me in with his arms. His lips are hot as they clamp down over mine, and I grip the back of his head to pull him even closer.

We attack each other with tongues and teeth — both of us greedy and ravenous. Then Dimitri thrusts both hands in my hair, and I sigh as his masculine weight sinks over me.

"Don't — do that — to me — again." His words are short growls against my mouth, and a fresh gush of cream spills out of me.

"It was your idea."

"A very *bad* idea," he rumbles, reaching down to cup my mound and running his thumb along my slit. "I need to be able to touch you."

I lift a shoulder in a faux-nonchalant shrug, though my voice comes out thin and hoarse. "You seemed to be enjoying yourself."

But Dimitri is wearing a predatory expression that I haven't seen before. It sends a chill down my spine, but my foolish body only becomes more aroused. I tilt my hips automatically, chasing the sweet friction of his fingers.

There's no controlling it. I *need* him to touch me — need to feel every inch of him inside me.

"When I'm through with you," Dimitri murmurs, "you won't be able to touch yourself ever again without thinking of me."

I suck in a breath automatically, but I can't seem to fill my lungs. He is so fucking full of himself, but it's probably true.

Before I can tell him so, Dimitri smashes his mouth over mine. His greedy hands pry my legs apart, and I feel the tip of him pressing at my entrance. And *fuck*, he's huge.

Immediately, I'm second-guessing all my smart-ass comments and wondering if there will be anything left once Dimitri gets through with me.

Despite my wetness, there's a surge of fiery sensation as Dimitri plunges into me, and I gasp against his mouth. It isn't pain — not exactly — but it overwhelms me nonetheless.

Dimitri pulls back to watch my face, and as soon as I manage to catch my breath, he rams all the way in. I cry out as his cock hits the end of me, filling every place I was empty inside.

Fuck, he feels good — and yet he shouldn't. His cock is too much. *He's* too much. And yet he's everything I need.

"Look at me," he rumbles, and I realize I have my eyes squeezed shut against the intensity of sensation.

I open them and slowly meet his gaze, staring into those swirling amber depths. They're full of a raw unbridled need, but there's also tenderness and concern.

"Did I hurt you?" he croaks.

I shake my head. "Don't stop."

Relief sweeps across his face — relief and something else. Dimitri's expression becomes achingly tender as he holds my gaze, withdrawing inch by glorious inch. He enters me again, slower this time, and sets a gentle, torturous rhythm.

I need more.

When he slides into me a third time, I thrust my hips up to meet him. He groans as he fills me even deeper, and I stifle my own cry.

Reaching around to grip his perfect ass, I dig my nails in and drive him harder — faster — with every stroke. Dimitri obliges, meeting me inch for inch until the slap of our bodies fills the room.

I angle my hips so that his tip hits that magical spot just behind my belly button. Over and over again. Shit. The pressure starts to build with a blinding intensity, and I move my hands up to his waist, holding on for dear life as he thrusts into me again and again.

“*Fuck*, Jules,” he groans, and I realize my pussy is squeezing his cock.

Large as he is, it feels as though we were made for one another, and I never want to let him go. His beautiful length twitches inside me, sending a spasm of pleasure through my center.

“Jules —” he warns as my pussy clenches. But I can’t help it.

My whole body wants Dimitri, and it’s milking him inch by glorious inch. He squeezes his eyes shut, those dark lashes forming shadows on his cheeks, and the pulsing vein in his temple is my only warning before I feel a gush of heat inside me.

He continues to pump in and out, filling me with his seed. Then Dimitri goes still.

He withdraws slowly, and I feel a sudden ache of emptiness. But then he tugs me into his strong arms, and that spicy cedar scent engulfs me.

Warmth blossoms in my stomach as Dimitri buries his face in my neck and coils an arm around my waist. His body feels enormous curled around mine, and I nestle closer, savoring this moment with nothing between us.

But then, before long, a little niggle of a worry starts to creep in. I was so caught up in my need for him that I didn’t insist on using protection. I hadn’t *wanted* to, if I’m being honest, but it’s possible Dimitri assumed that I was on the pill.

The idea of having his baby sends a bizarre thrill through me, and I mentally slap myself. I barely know this man. I certainly don’t want to end up pregnant.

I clear my throat, suddenly nervous. “So . . . I should probably tell you that I’m not on birth control.”

Dimitri goes still against me. I swallow. Even though the idea of being with him — having babies with him — doesn’t fill me with panic, I don’t want him to think that I’m trying to baby-trap him or anything.

“You won’t get pregnant. Not tonight,” he says softly, and I swear I hear a slight rumble of disappointment in his voice.

“What?” I roll in his arms to look him in the eye, and Dimitri’s expression turns sheepish.

“You only started your cycle a week ago. You aren’t fertile right now.”

I stare at him. I'm a little disturbed that he thinks he knows when I started my period and even *more* disturbed when I realize he's right.

My face heats. "How do you know —"

"I'm observant," he says dryly, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear and continuing to fuss with the stray little curls that are stuck to my forehead with sweat. "Besides, your scent changes when you're fertile."

"My *scent*?" I repeat. Now I'm sure he's fucking with me.

Dimitri smiles, looking down at me with hooded, tender eyes. "You don't have to worry, Jules."

"I'm a little worried about how I smell to you when I'm —"

I break off, and Dimitri's whole body starts to quiver. My heart jolts, thinking he's having some kind of seizure, but then I realize he's laughing.

In the weeks I've spent working for Dimitri, I've only gotten this real laugh twice. It reverberates through every bone in my body, warming me from the inside and soaking me in happiness.

I decide it's my favorite sound in the world, and I want to hear it again and again.

Curling his arm around my shoulders, he pulls me in closer and kisses my forehead. "Get some rest," he growls. "I'm not promising I'll be able to let you sleep as long as you're naked in my bed."