

## OWNING SARAH - ADULT EXCERPT ONE

“There’s my good girl.” His face softened. “Look, sugar, I agree that this is your domain, where you’re in charge. I get it. What *you* don’t get is that you are only in charge *if I’m not in here* with *you*. Because then it becomes *my* domain, and *I’m* in charge, because no matter where we are, if we’re together, *I* am in charge of *you*. Are we clear?” When she didn’t answer, his eyes darkened.

Pinioned by no more than his black gaze and the hand tightening around her neck, she might just as well have been tightly restrained. She couldn’t move. Not even when he took the final step that closed the distance between them, commandeering her personal space, dark intent in his eyes and raw hunger in every savage line of his face. She held her breath. Her nipples hardened and her stomach plummeted. “Jesse...”

One black eyebrow shot up. “Are we clear, baby?”

She gulped, struggling to maintain her swiftly-vanishing equilibrium. “Y-yes, Jesse.”

“Good. Glad that’s settled. Now, I believe I gave you a direct order, Sarah. But since you seem to be incapable of following it, I’ll help.”

She watched, aghast, as he shoved her chair out of the way with his foot, sending it scooting across the marble floor. With both hands, he unbuttoned her teal silk blouse, jerked the tails out of the waistband of her skirt and removed it, tossing it casually onto the seat of her chair. Reaching behind her, he deftly unclasped her ecru lace bra and pulled it off, revealing her creamy breasts to his hot, hard gaze. Folding the scrap of lace carefully, he stuffed it into the flapped pocket on the left leg of his cargoes. “Offer your breasts to me, Sunny.”

She gulped. *Sunny*. The name he and Adam had given her—the *slave* name he and Adam had given her. The name that let her know that a scene had officially started and she was their property until they saw fit to release her. Swallowing again, she curved her hands beneath her voluptuous breasts, lifting them up as if sacrificing them to a pagan god.

Every cell in his body burst into vibrant, throbbing life. He tried to swallow, but all the moisture in his mouth had evaporated and he couldn’t get his tongue to work. *Christ!* She wrecked him! She simply *wrecked* him! He still couldn’t believe he finally had her after needing her for so long. *Eight years! Eight fuckin’ years!*

“Jesus, sugar, your breasts are so gorgeous.” It was a hoarse whisper, barely audible above the blood pounding in his ears. His head descended. He closed his lips around one berry-like nipple and began suckling hard, flicking his tongue across the tight little nub like a scourge, sending ribbons of pleasure lashing against her clit.

Whimpering, she dropped her head back and arched forward, undulating her hips as she sought more of his exquisite torture.

Roughly replacing her hands with his, he plumped the soft pillows of her breasts as his mouth ravaged her nipples, going back and forth from one to the other, licking, sucking, taking sharp little nips that made her squeal, before soothing her with his tongue.

Spiraling higher and higher toward release, she could feel her juices running freely down the insides of her thighs. God, she was close...*So close...*

Grabbing her shoulders, he turned her, and bent her forward, smashing her wet breasts against the cluttered, glass-covered desktop. *Jeez, that's cold.* She sucked in a gasp as he roughly hiked her skirt up around her waist. Cool air brushed across the exposed skin of her buttocks. "Hands over your head, baby, grab the front edge of the desk and spread your legs."

"Jesse, please," she gasped, shoulders straining against his superior strength as he man-handled her into the position he wanted. "Judge Walters's clerk is on his way over here. He'll be here any minute!"

"Then I suggest you get a move on, little sub."

"Jesse, please..." She continued to resist, even as tremors of need pulsed through her until she was shaking all over. Part of her, the prim and proper, sexually repressed part, the part she'd named Angel, told her to defy him, since he was clearly out of line by coming into her office like this, expecting her to just drop everything and have wild, desktop sex. The other part of her, the inner, wanton, hedonistic imp she'd named Dolores, knew defiance was pointless. Knew she'd already lost this particular battle. *Just do it,* goaded Dolores's shrill little voice in her head. *Let him bend you over the desk. Let him force you to have sex—yeah, like he'd have to force you. After all, Dolores clapped her hands gleefully, seeing she had Sarah's rapt attention, what's the worst thing that can happen? The hottest man on the face of the planet will fuck you to the best orgasm of your life, that's what! Really not seein' the problem here, sweetcakes!*

Unfortunately this was the part of her that always got her into trouble. Because ever since Jesse and Adam had come into her life, this was the part she always listened to. "What if someone just walks right in? They'll see..."

"Time's a-wastin', Sarah." Without waiting for her reply, he grabbed the elastic waistband of her teal silk and ecru lace panties and yanked them down until they caught halfway down her thighs, stretched to their limit. "Close your legs." Barely giving her enough time to slide her feet together, he lifted one booted foot, placed it between her legs atop the bunched fabric and shoved the panties down to the floor. "Step out."

Kicking the scrap of brightly colored silk out of the way with the toe of his boot, he unzipped his jeans, freeing the iron rod of his cock. With a low groan, he rocked his hips forward, humping his hot, damp cock into the crease of her ass. "Christ, sugar, you feel so fuckin' good! I've been dreamin' about this all damn day."