

ADORED



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## CHAPTER 1



ROTHHAM RESORT & CASINO—LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

THE ANNUAL INTIMATE APPAREL TRADE SHOW

Danni DeWitt shifted restlessly in her chair, trying to calm down. It wasn't like her to get aroused in a public place. Indecent fantasies filled her solitary moments where she could indulge herself. During work, she had to behave.

Ahead, spotlights swept the catwalk. Male and female models wearing the flimsiest bed-wear slanted looks at each other or touched seductively in choreographed moves. Alicia Keys' *Fallin'* swelled and electrified the moment.

Danni's concentration wavered. Pictures rose unbidden in her mind: her donning a scarlet waist cincher, wrists bound. Helpless and nearly naked she faced a man she knew she would never have. Adam Farrell. He was in tonight's audience, many rows ahead.

She turned toward him then stopped.

Seconds ticked by.

Images returned and grew lewd: Adam probing her sex, his gaze allowing her no privacy.

Her heart quickened and her sex pulsed, demanding he touch her.

*No.*

She couldn't allow him such a thing, not even in her fantasies.

Raw need barreled through her.

Okay, okay, at the very least, she shouldn't want his hands on her, but she did.

Hers were a poor substitute, yet she couldn't stop coaxing her silk dress to mid-thigh.

No one saw what she'd done. She sat in a secluded corner within the dimly lit showroom.

A male model turned toward her. His chiseled abs and pajama bottoms caught her attention.

A giant TV screen hung suspended above the stage. It framed him from the navel down. Ivory satin shimmered over his bulge.

She hungered for Adam's.

The mistress of ceremonies made a cooing noise then leaned toward her mike, lips pursed like she might kiss it. "Sweet dreams."

Laughter rippled through the audience.

Danni inched her dress higher, longing to have Adam's imprisoning weight on her, his clean male scent, a fragrance similar to skin baked by the summer sun, surrounding and enticing her.

She shivered and couldn't fucking stop.

Her fantasies about him had grown vivid with time even though they'd never touched. Seven months had passed since she last had sex with any man. The interval seemed cruel and endless even though she stood by her decision not to date. There would be no more bad choices when it came to men. Betrayals from her ex-boyfriends, Matt and then Bryan, had done more than bruise her

heart—they taught her to expect better. Until she could fully trust a guy, and surely there must be some faithful and honest ones out there, she'd make do with her fantasies.

The picture on the overhead screen faded then captured another male model from behind. He wore claret boxer briefs, snug as hell.

Her mouth watered, though not for him. Adam filled her mind. Senses heightened, she skimmed her thumbnail up her naked thigh, even as she chided herself for the action. As Vice President of Product Development, she was here to root for her award-winning Painted Ladies line, observe what the competition offered, and increase market share, not touch herself.

The next image on the screen showed a male model edging into a female model for a kiss. The girl wore a Victorian waist cincher in black leather softened by delicate pink laces. A wanton and submissive look. The guy, clad in a black leather thong, pressed his lips to her cleavage.

Air hissed through Danni's teeth. She yearned as she hadn't in too long.

She kept her face lifted to the screen, but concentrated on her peripheral vision, making doubly certain no one could see if she did slip her hand beneath her dress.

Empty club chairs in several rows surrounded her. Thankfully, the lights kept the MC and models from peering too far into the audience.

Earlier, Danni had chosen to sit here because she hadn't felt social. Good move. Succumbing to her impulses wasn't the way to win friends, unless she counted the few straight men in the crowd, like Adam. He was the poster boy for hetero and VP of Product Development for a competitor. Months ago, he crept into her daydreams, increasingly wicked visions featuring dominance and submission where he and two other men—his very able assistants

—gave her exactly what she wanted. Their full attention and a good, hard fuck.

Tensing, she fought for control. Her smutty thoughts retreated, but not her passion. Unable to resist Adam's pull any longer, she glanced at his chair.

Empty.

Her surprise mingled with despair at him having left the room. He was supposed to be here as much as she was. Their jobs demanded it.

She chewed her lip then slumped. The only reason he'd bail was to go backstage and see a model he liked and might be dating.

*Shit.* Danni averted her gaze, cautioning herself against jealousy. If she'd been a guy and looked like Adam, she would have had a harem. His eyes were so damn blue behind his lush, sooty lashes, she'd always had to keep herself from staring. His eyebrows were equally dark, the same as his hair. He wore it long enough to allow errant strands to kiss his forehead and his ears, which should have given him a boyish, casual look.

There wasn't anything boyish or casual about the man. His quiet scrutiny weakened her. So did his dangerous smile and how his deep voice teased every time he asked, "Enjoying yourself?"

It was his signature greeting and referred to what happened the first time they met, three years earlier, at a trade show. To play along with their private joke and because she genuinely liked him, she always answered the same. "Not yet."

His calm amusement never hid the heat flaring in his eyes.

She swallowed.

A new image flickered on the screen. Feigned pleasure and pain flooded the female model's face at the cincher confining her, one from Danni's company. The garment, constructed from scarlet satin and frosty lace, indulged a taste for S&M. The stuff populating her fantasies.

Several in the crowd whistled long and low.

The mistress of ceremonies flapped her hands in a gentle scold. "Now, now."

The whistlers settled down.

Deprived and wanting, Danni yielded to her fantasy about Adam hungering for her. She knew the scenario well. She was nude. He held the cincher, its laces dangling ominously, like tiny whips. One brushed her belly, another her inner thigh. She understood not to flinch or show surprise. Whatever happened, she'd submit, needing him to take control.

Adam circled her, his steps slow, his scrutiny ruthless. He wore only faded jeans riding low on his lean hips. His meaty cock bulged behind his fly. Ripe, pungent, musk perfumed the air.

He spoke to his assistants. "Hold her."

The men approached, their naked feet slapping the floor. One man had reddish-gold hair, the other soft brown. Like Adam, they also wore jeans, but their builds weren't as powerful as his. They seemed slightly younger, less experienced in domination, though they'd soon learn. Flanking her, they gripped her upper arms. Leather strips already encircled her wrists, imprisoning her hands from behind, precisely as she liked.

Adam towered over her. "Arch your back."

She obeyed, displaying her breasts, weakening at what would come.

The man on the right gripped her harder.

She looked at him.

Adam cupped her face and directed her attention back to where it belonged. "Keep your eyes on me. No one else."

His voice rumbled like faraway thunder.

Meekly, she lowered her gaze. "Forgive me."

He didn't offer mercy.

Anticipation prickled her skin. She steeled herself for the coming punishment.

He skimmed her jaw.

Delight roared through her, making her limp.

He trailed his long fingers to her neck and breasts, circling the areolas, stroking her nipples.

Heat pooled in her pussy, her sheath yearning for his expert hand.

He stepped back. "See to her."

The reddish-haired man pressed his lips to her neck.

She trembled shamelessly.

Adam watched.

Her sex plumped and moisture seeped from her channel, readying it for a fuck.

The brown-haired guy touched her inner thighs, wordlessly guiding her to spread her legs.

She did.

Adam cupped her mound and stroked her dampened curls. "Not a sound, no matter what I do."

He stroked her blonde bush and slipped three fingers insidier her tight, juicy sheath, burrowing deeply, preparing her for his cock.

A thrilled cry caught in her throat. Dazed by the pressure he'd generated, imprisoned by his intimate hold, she shivered and wanted more.

The brown-haired man released her arm.

Adam handed him the cincher. "Lace her. Display her for me."

Obediently, the man slipped the garment around her waist and beneath her bound wrists. The laces trailed over her ass, tickling, taunting.

Adam stroked her clit.

Pleasure shot from her core to her scalp. Teeth gritted, she strained to keep quiet as he'd commanded.

The younger men stepped behind her. One lifted her hands while the other pulled on the laces.

Her head fell back, exposing her throat.



The garment constricted. Her ass jutted out, the furrow between her cheeks begging to be used. Her breasts tilted upward toward Adam's mouth.

He worried her clit slowly, maddeningly.

A guttural moan bubbled within her.

"Next time I'll shave you." He spoke with great effort, his voice thick and labored. "I'll also bare your sex so nothing separates you from me."

The brown-haired man spread her cheeks. The other one drew her nipple into his mouth and suckled.

*Oh God.* Her fantasy was too much. She needed relief right here, right now, despite the program, models, and audience. To hell with propriety. After draping the program protectively across her lap, she pulled her dress up her thighs.

Models flowed down the runway. Beyoncé's smoky voice belted out her old hit *At Last*. The MC swayed to the music.

Danni kept her face lifted to the screen. She touched her scant thong then stroked her springy curls through the delicate satin and lace, her thoughts returning to Adam. Him unbuttoning his jeans and easing down his fly. Once freed, his fleshy cock hung heavy, the dusky skin pulled tight over his firm length.

She slipped her hand beneath the thong, touching her glugged folds and rigid nub. Her lids fluttered. She sank deeper into her fantasy where she lay on a mattress, the men holding her arms above her head.

Adam spread her legs wide and regarded her sex. His handsome face flushed.

Hers felt as if it were on fire.

He licked her pink folds then mounted her, his cock solid, relentless, stretching her opening to accommodate his size.

She forgot to breathe.

The brown-haired man captured her mouth, thrusting his tongue inside. He tasted from and smelled the slick arousal

between her legs. The other man fondled her breasts. Three determined males restrained and aroused her. For them, no other woman existed. They worked her hard.

She shattered in her daydream and real time, the climax roaring through her, making her too hot and dizzy.

Strong contractions pulsed through her channel, matching her crazily beating heart. She struggled to keep her face lifted and to slow her breathing. Even swallowing came hard.

The pleasure peaked then blurred into contentment, encouraging her to indulge in a good, hard stretch and to smell her fingers, proof as to her satisfaction and lust.

She resisted both urges. Time to behave.

Once she'd smoothed her dress to where it should be, she inhaled deeply, catching her perfume, a cool rainwater scent enhanced by exotic jasmine. Relaxed, she should have sagged in her chair, but she wasn't yet fully sated.

During her indiscretion, no one's attention had strayed from the overhead screen or stage. All dutifully watched the show.

Her pussy quivered, imploring her to weave a new fantasy and enjoy another orgasm.

The audience broke into hearty applause.

A male model had swept a female model into his arms. The two enjoyed a torrid kiss. Like everything else in the show, the director had choreographed their ecstasy right down to the girl's curled toes. The crowd went nuts. Bulbs flashed. The TV crew circled the stage to capture the action at the best angles.

Danni blew out a sigh and slipped her hand beneath her dress. *Just a few more strokes.* That's all she asked. The audience on the right still faced forward, unaware she existed. Those on the left didn't notice her either. No one saw what she'd done or wanted to repeat.

*Oh hell.*

Her heart jolted, her eyes locked with Adam's.

He leaned against the wall near her row, one thumb hooked in his pants pocket, the other touching his lips. From his vantage point, he had a perfect view of her lap.

She had no idea how long he'd been there or how he could have gotten to the area without her noticing, unless he'd returned through the entrance behind her.

*Crud, crud, crud.* The program wasn't on her lap. It must have fallen to the floor when she'd masturbated.

He couldn't have seen her doing so.

His slightly arched eyebrows and intense gaze said he had.

Her stomach churned, but she forced herself not to show any distress. Exactly as she'd behaved when she arrived home early to find Matt in their bed with another woman, and when she learned Bryan had come on to her friend, and those countless times her father betrayed her mother while her mom pretended his infidelity didn't happen. Those moments had taught Danni to control her hurt and humiliation so others wouldn't see. Too bad shitty life experience hadn't curbed her relentless desire.

Damn Adam for not having stayed in his fucking chair.

She lifted her chin, challenging him, something she learned from the men in her life. When caught, take the offensive and pretend it's the other guy's fault.

Adam ran his thumb across his lips, but couldn't completely hide his beginning smile.

The first strains from Taylor Swift's *Wildest Dreams* filled the showroom. Enthusiastic murmurs streamed through the spectators. Nearly nude models paraded down the runway.

Danni waited for Adam to look at them.

He didn't.

She couldn't imagine why. The girls were gorgeous, unnaturally tall and impossibly slender with racks Hugh Hefner would have slobbered over if he were still alive. Those babes didn't have to masturbate in public to get a guy's undivided attention.

Wincing inwardly, she lost her courage and looked away first.  
He stepped toward her.

Purse in hand, she left her seat. With as much dignity as possible, she worked her way past other chairs and raced for the exit farthest from him.