

## Dance Of Desire

“You’re quite lovely when you dance.”

“Thank you.” She fidgeted, shifting her body in different positions, wiggling her feet up and down and side to side.

“If I didn’t know better, Serena, I’d say you seem distracted. Am I keeping you from something?” He smiled. Their conversation had disrupted her routine.

“No, I’m fine. Just trying to get comfortable.”

Not one to discourage a woman’s routine, especially when it involved potential nudity, he continued. “You’re lying.” He took the liberty of running a finger lightly over her breast, feeling the stiff nipple beneath her dress. “After the first time with your friend, have you continued doing what I’ve seen, even once you got here, finding ways to satisfy yourself when staff weren’t looking and everyone was asleep? I’m sure in some ways, the old man was an added bonus.” He sat up, giving her a pointed look. “Tell me, Serena. It’s okay if that’s true.”

“Maybe,” she said, her voice cold.

“Good for you, that you know what you need. That’s the beauty of my job. I, too, understand what your body wants.” He rubbed tenderly over her other nipple.

Serena sprang up, gathered her scarf, and started to leave, but Daren, possessed with quick reflexes, pulled her down, pinning her tight between his muscular thighs.

“Get off me,” she cried out, reaching to strike a blow at him.

He caught her arms, pressing them back down against the ground. Keeping calm and collected, he said in a soothing tone, “Please don’t run away from me. I’m not trying to take advantage of you. I can help you exercise your spiritual and sexual appetite. You’re a beautiful creature.”

“Please stop. You’re hurting me.” She panted, small sobs catching in her throat.

“Serena, listen to me.” Daren’s tone became more insistent. “Let’s share in carnal pleasures together. You don’t need to fondle ugly old fools to get what you want. If you sign an agreement with me, I can take your body to the heights of ecstasy. I’m well-trained in what I do.”

Without waiting for any protest, he placed a hot, passionate kiss on her lips, slipping in his tongue for good measure. She relaxed against his grip, all her pent-up energy slowly releasing as she sucked his tongue, accepting him as he explored her mouth. He sensed her straining against his thighs. His balls ached. It wouldn’t have taken much coaxing from her to slip between her legs and plunge his swollen cock inside a hot, wet channel. But he was bound by protocol. Until he had her signature, he couldn’t do much more.

Daren ended this kiss. “So what do you say?” With her arms free, she reached up and ran her fingers through his hair.

