

# Her Billionaire Boss

by Renee Rose

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Dana stood in the kitchenette of her boss' learjet and surveyed the options. Alcohol, mixers, coffee (which appeared to be freshly brewed) and packaged snacks seemed to be the main options. She poured a cup of coffee for Mr. Drake, careful to make it exactly the way he liked it: with two and one-third packets of sugar and three tablespoons of cream, stirred just enough to swirl the cream on the top.

With Adam Drake, one didn't make mistakes. He was worse than Donald Trump in terms of firing people on the spot. She grabbed a bottle of lemon seltzer water for herself and carried the drinks out to the luxury cabin, where Mr. Drake talked into his headset while flipping through financial screens on his laptop. He accepted the coffee without acknowledging her, which meant she'd done her job correctly.

She looked around to see how else she could make herself useful. Wanting to be ready at a moment's notice to handle his contracts, she flipped open her own laptop.

Without missing a beat in his conversation, Mr. Drake wrote something on a scrap of paper and handed it to her. "InItToWinIt." It took her three seconds to realize he'd handed her the wifi code. She should have known right away--she'd seen that password before.

She logged on and opened her email to find he'd already sent her four messages since they'd boarded. Crap.

She opened the first one. *Send me the Birmingham file.* She hit reply, attached the file and sent. No need to type, "here you go" or "see attached file". They kept communication clean and simple.

The second message included a contract. *Please update contract per my notes and forward to Tennyson's legal dept.*

She loved it when he said *please*. Sometimes he forgot, but she knew it was more out of haste than lack of consideration. He did, on occasion, dazzle her with brief moments of appreciation. She'd been his executive assistant for fifteen months now--ten months longer than any of the fourteen executive assistants that came before her. On her one year anniversary he raised her salary to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year and sent her on a cruise with her mom. Well, he didn't send her with her mom, but since, as Adam Drake's personal assistant, she had no time for a relationship, her mom had been her best option. Sad, but true.

She popped open the contract file he sent over and skimmed the notes in the margins. He didn't just make changes, he gave her all his reasoning for each change, thus training her to understand his decisions and thoughts on nearly everything. She'd learned more in the last months as his assistant than she ever would have had she stayed in Drake Enterprise's marketing department. Sure, Drake had mastered the business of science, not the science itself, but he still knew and understood every research and development project, every gene therapy they had on the market and everything their competitors developed as well. He also knew law better than their legal department, using her to put together contracts to his liking, rather than calling on them.

She clicked open his third email. It contained additional thoughts related to the contract she had opened. She added them first, so she wouldn't forget, then opened the fourth email. It also contained afterthoughts for the contract. She added them and focused in on making all the changes he'd marked in the document.

He ended his call. "Dana, call Diane in accounting and tell her Albert Taylor has my blanket approval for any purchase order he requests for his research."

She nodded and picked up her phone to make the call. It felt odd to be sitting beside him while she worked. To know he might overhear her conversation or look over her shoulder made her want to look especially efficient and capable. She left a message with Diane and returned to the contract, zipping through the changes in record time. She attached the revised contract, selected the email for the lawyer at Tennyson's Engineering and Research, copied Mr. Drake on it and hit send.

Ten seconds later, Mr. Drake's iciest voice cut through her self-congratulations on impressing her boss on her first business trip. "What. Did you. Just do?"

She gasped, recognizing his "your fired" tone and frantically clicked open the email she'd just sent.

Oh. Shit.

*She'd just sent the legal sharks at Tennyson Engineering Mr. Drake's copy, complete with all his strategy, necessary profit margins and limits on acquiring their company.*

Adam closed his eyes and took several deep breaths. He had little tolerance for stupid mistakes. Fortunately, Dana almost never made them. This one, however, was a doozy.

"Dana," he said, his voice dangerously soft. "Come here."

She leaped out of her chair to stand before him, her hands knit in front of her. She wore a fashionable suit--the kind with a long, fitted jacket and a micro skirt beneath. High heels accented her long, shapely legs.

He remembered the day he'd "discovered" her in the elevator at Drake Enterprises. He'd been speaking with a senior scientist--one of the asocial types who becomes flustered when facing their boss. He'd offered a suggestion that the man hadn't understood.

"I think what Mr. Drake is saying is that you need to study the feasibility of engrafting limited numbers of retrovirus-transduced hepatocytes without morbidity first," Dana said, offering her colleague an encouraging smile.

"Who are you?" he'd demanded, in his usual let's-get-to-the-point way.

She'd flushed, her confidence momentarily dimmed, but then she'd thrust out her hand, tossing her thick brown hair over one shoulder. "Dana Lamb, marketing assistant."

He'd wanted her, right then. As his assistant, as a fuck-toy--however. He needed her. One in one hundred thousand women had the combination of qualities she had: beauty, intelligence, poise and--he'd hoped--a desire to please. The last quality he hadn't known for certain until he ran her through the hoops, but she'd exceeded his most fervent hopes in every regard. One word of praise and she glowed. One frown and she adjusted. He adored her.

He'd made the change in her position before the day had ended. Since then, he'd done his best to keep her intelligence occupied in the position, even as he demanded she handle the most menial of tasks, such as preparing his coffee to his precise instructions.

"Do you realize you may have just cost me a five billion dollar contract, not to mention a great deal of embarrassment?"

"Yes, Mr. Drake. I'm--" she shook her head, looking disgusted with herself. "I'm so sorry."

"Sorry doesn't fix this."

"No, I know that. There's no excuse. I will email straight away and beg them not to read it, but..."

"But that will just make them read it faster."

“Right,” she said, her shoulders sagging. “I will email the correct file and ask them to please disregard the previous email as the file did not contain the latest updates. Maybe they haven’t opened it yet.”

“Do it,” he said. “And come back.”

She shot a sidelong glance at him as she rushed back to her seat to re-send her email. He took another deep breath.

Should he fire her? The potential damage she caused certainly made it a severable offense. But he truly liked her. And he needed her. He’d brought her along on this trip because he planned to tackle extensive contract work as he conducted business meetings at his plant in Hermosillo, Mexico. And he needed her beyond this trip, too.

He’d never had such an efficient, straight-shooting assistant. Not to mention sexy and--his favorite trait in a woman--submissive. With him, at least. But not easily cowed by others. He loved that about her, as a matter of fact. It made him feel like he’d earned her respect and devotion.

He leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs when she returned to stand before him once more. He watched the rapid heave and fall of her breasts under her silk blouse, the flutter of her pulse at her throat. Her face had paled.

“How do you suggest I handle this matter?” he asked, deciding to turn the problem around and let her solve it.

She swallowed. “I will arrange for a commercial flight home as soon as we land,” she said.

“Is firing you my only option?”

Her green eyes widened and she stared at him in confusion, a look he did not often see on her intelligent face.

“I could dock your pay, but you’d never in your lifetime be able to repay five billion.”

Her face had not changed, but when she blinked, a tear escaped her right eye, making a direct trail down the middle of her cheek. She rolled her lips together, probably to hide their trembling.

In certain contexts he loved a woman’s tears. Business was not normally one of them, but something about the way she stood so still, her hands neatly clasped, her chest lifted as tears rolled steadily down her face made his cock harden in his pants.

*Don’t be a fool, Drake*, he admonished. *She isn’t a submissive pet, she’s an employee.*

Except his employee suddenly began to lower herself to crouch by his feet. “Mr. Drake,” she said. “I screwed up. Big time. I guess I was excited about traveling with you, and I was trying to impress you with how efficiently I work.”

He hid the start of a smirk. She was adorable.

“I can’t even begin to make it up to you. But I love this job and I love working with you--” she broke off when a sob strangled her voice.

He reached out and thumbed away a tear, cupping her face. Where did they go from here? He truly didn’t know. “What should I do, Dana?”

“Punish me, sir?”

His cock went rigid. She’d never called him *sir* before. He covered his surprise, stroking her cheek with his thumb again. “Punish you, how?”

Her eyes dropped, lifted, dropped again. She tugged on her earlobe. “Don’t you...sometimes...spank women?” Her voice came out higher-pitched than usual.

He choked back a laugh. He'd known she'd heard. He liked to bring occasional submissives to his office, because nearly every girl had a strict boss spanking fantasy and he was in a position to make it come true.

He'd been testing Dana's discretion by letting her hear, occasionally leaving an implement out on his desk afterward. Hell, if he was brutally honest, he'd been testing her for signs of interest. She'd never so much as smirked, but he had noticed a slight flush on her cheeks.

So...she did want to be spanked.

It would most-likely ruin their boss-employee relationship, which would mean he would lose the best assistant he'd ever had. Then again, he'd been considering firing her, which meant the same thing. At least this way there'd be some fireworks before she left.

He made her wait, as he considered.

The silent tears continued, but she didn't move.

"Write up a contract," he said at last. "You agree to my physical punishment. Not just this once, but going forward. If you irritate me in the slightest, I will bend you over my desk, pull your panties down and allow my feelings to be felt."

She shivered, color standing high in her cheeks, her eyes locked on his. "Yes, sir," she whispered.

"Send me the contract for my review," he said, turning to look out his window.

She stood and walked back to her seat, opening her laptop. Her fingers danced over the keys and for once in his life, he could not manage to multi-task. Instead, he waited to see what she would write, images of degrading his beautiful assistant in the dirtiest of ways flitting through his mind.

He heard the definitive final click and the email appeared in his inbox. He opened her attachment.

On this 20th day of September, 2015, Dana Lamb, a single woman, and Adam Drake, a single man, enter into this Agreement.

1. Ms. Lamb agrees to submit to corporal punishment by Mr. Drake as he deems necessary for her training in her position as Executive Assistant.
2. Mr. Drake will forgive Ms. Lamb for any infractions for which she has been punished, and will not record such infractions in her employee file. No infraction which has been punished will adversely affect her position at Drake Enterprises, including her salary.
3. NON-DISCLOSURE: Neither party will share the contents of this arrangement or any discussion of corporal punishment to any other party, under any circumstances.
4. SEVERABILITY: This contract may be severed by either party upon written notice.

She had printed lines for their signatures and dates at the bottom.

He loved that she made his forgiveness a contractual condition. It seemed she truly comprehended the benefits of spanking.

He inserted his cursor and added

5). Due to the intimacy of such acts, it is understood that sexual relations may occur. None are required by this contract and may be negotiated on a case-by-case basis.

He didn't want her thinking she had to fuck him to keep her job. He sent it back with his digital signature and watched her face as she read his addition. Color bloomed on her cheeks and her eyes flew up to meet his.

"Sign it and return it to me, Dana."

She bent her head to her screen, ever-obedient and the signed document appeared in his inbox. She glanced at him and shifted in her seat, as if uncertain of what happened next.

"Lock the door to the cabin."

Dana's heart thudded as she walked back to Mr. Drake. She felt dizzy. This was actually happening. She couldn't believe she had asked for it, or that he had accepted. She wanted to lock herself in the restroom and hide for the remainder of the flight. She had a feeling her face had turned a permanent shade of red. Probably the color her ass would be, shortly.

She stood before Mr. Drake where he lounged in the leather chair, a swiveling affair with built-in armrests.

"How old are you, Dana?"

"Twenty-six, sir."

"Have you ever been spanked before?"

"No, sir."

"Lie over my lap," he said, moving to the edge of the chair so his knees extended behind the armrests to accommodate her. He picked up her hand and pulled her across his hard thighs.

She sucked in her breath and arranged herself over his lap, her fingertips touching the carpeted floor, her toes reaching it on the other side. She squeezed her eyes closed as if it would help her to disappear. She'd never been so embarrassed in her life. In all the times she'd fantasized about being on the receiving end of one of Mr. Drake's spankings, she'd never considered how completely degrading it would be to actually fold herself over his lap.

How would she ever look him in the face again? And would he lose all respect for her? She wondered if it was too late to back out. But then she might be out of a job, and lose all contact to the man who mattered most in her life.

Mr. Drake pulled up her skirt, then peeled down her hose and panties. "I will give you a long warm up," he said just before his hand cracked down harder than she imagined possible.

She jerked in surprise.

He smacked the same spot, then moved to the other cheek. "...because you're a spanking virgin." He picked up a rhythm: twice on one side, twice on the other, twice in the low-middle, once on the back of each thigh. She liked those the least.

She gasped and bobbed, trying to catch her breath, finding it impossible to hold still, though she'd meant to.

"I'm sorry," she gasped.

"I know," he said, never pausing in his steady tattoo of spansks. "And I'm glad you asked me for this punishment. This is a far better resolution to our dilemma than letting you go."

At his mention of firing her, all her previous emotions returned--the grief she'd felt thinking she'd lost the job that meant the entire world to her. Her eyes smarted with tears. "But what about the Tennyson deal?"

"What's done is done. You wrote forgiveness into the contract. I will spend the remainder of this flight making certain you regret your mistake, and after that, it's over."

Part of her didn't believe him, but the relief of believing his words felt so good, she ignored it. Her bottom burned now, and she writhed over his lap, as if she might dodge his steady slaps. She already wanted it to stop and he'd called this the warm-up.

"You will find me a stern boss," he said, delivering five cruel slaps to the back of one thigh.

She clamped her mouth shut on a wail.

"I will be quick to punish. Of course you rarely require my correction, so this may be your first and last spanking."

Even though her bottom burned with his continued paddling, the idea of this being her last spanking at his hands filled her with disappointment.

Mercifully, he stopped spanking and ran his hand lightly over her bare bottom.

Her skin prickled at his touch, fresh embarrassment at her humiliating and revealing position rushing in.

"Stand up and remove all your clothes," he said. He gave it in the same tone of voice he used for any command, as if requiring her to strip naked was no different than asking her to put together a contract or set up a business meeting.

She didn't want to stand up. Not that she wanted to stay prostrate over his legs, either. But she certainly didn't want him to see her face, which she didn't think she could keep from showing all the wild emotions swirling inside.

He wrapped a fist in her hair, shocking her by lifting her head with it, causing her to arch up to relieve the pressure. "Did you hear me, Dana-girl?"

Her pussy clenched at his words. He had never used any endearment with her before. Not that *Dana-girl* was overly sweet, but she loved it nonetheless.

"I'm sorry, sir," she gasped, unable to scramble back to her feet in her current position.

"When I give an order, you obey," he said, releasing her head.

With her torso freed, she scrambled backward to take weight on her feet and used his knees to push to stand, finding his hand at her upper arm, lifting.

She didn't know where to look. She didn't know where to stand. Should she back up a little? Give him some space?

He noted her hesitation. "I know you're frightened, Dana," he said in the most gentle voice she'd ever heard from him. "I like it that way."

A shiver ran up her spine.

"I like you squirming and flustered and completely revealed to me." He stroked her bare hip and she realized her skirt was still around her waist, her panties and pantyhose still tangled mid-thigh. He had a direct, eye-to-lips view of her pussy.

She darted a glance at his face to see if he'd noticed and caught his darkened gaze. Holding her eyes, he leaned forward.

As if in slow motion, she realized his intent. His tongue extended and he ran it along the seam of her nether lips, up and down once. Then he released her and sat back, smirking. Had he tasted her arousal? The wetness between her legs had nothing to do with his far-too-short attentions with his tongue.

"Take off your clothes, Dana-girl." The roughness in his voice surprised her and she darted a glance at his lap, thrilled to see his cock tenting his trousers. Clearly he was as aroused as she.

She yanked off the panties and hose and fumbled with the buttons on her jacket, then her blouse.

Mr. Drake just sat back, watching her every move, making her hands tremble worse than they had in her first few months as his assistant when she'd learned every nuance of his looks and tones of voice. When she'd learned just how he liked things and what he loathed.

He loved watching his beautiful assistant fall apart. He wouldn't let her drop--he would catch her, carry her, reward her for her complete surrender. But she didn't need to know that, yet. Her fear intensified this moment, sharpening her focus and stretching her emotions to a thin wire.

"Don't keep me waiting, Dana-girl. I want to see those beautiful breasts of yours. You've only given me glimpses before."

She looked up with shock, as if it had never occurred to her he might be checking out her rack.

He smirked. "Surely you didn't think I was oblivious to your smoking hot body?"

"My body?" she asked, confirming his suspicion that she had no idea how attractive he found her.

He made his face stern. "Off, Dana. *Now*."

The bra flew off. Her hands fluttered about as if she didn't know where to put them.

He kept her in agony a few moments longer, saying nothing, just sitting back and letting his gaze travel over the exquisite curves of her youthful body. When his eyes returned to her face the vulnerability he found there squeezed his heart.

"Good girl. Now turn around and kneel on the seat of your chair." He stood up and removed his belt, noting the look of real fear on her face before she turned to obey. "Push your bottom out," he said when she'd assumed the position.

She hollowed her low back, gripping the backrest of the chair for support. She looked incredible, the submissive pose breathtaking against the backdrop of the learjet. The unmistakable gloss of her arousal had smeared between her thighs, telling him she found this scenario every bit as intoxicating as he did.

"This will be a serious spanking for a serious infraction."

"Yes, sir."

"I will not always spank you to tears, Dana-girl, but this time I would be surprised if you didn't cry."

Her fingers tightened on the backrest, knuckles turning white. She did not look over her shoulder and he suspected her eyes were squeezed shut, as they had been during her warm-up spanking.

The belt he'd worn that day wasn't ideal. Thin and stiff, it would raise deep welts if he used it with any force. He preferred a wider, more flexible strap, one he could wield for a longer time. Getting the right amount of force with this one might be tricky. He rolled the buckle end around his fist, shortening the length to a manageable eighteen inches.

He swung the strap, making a neat line across the middle of her buttocks. *Too light*. He swung again, increasing the intensity by a small measure.

She jerked and tightened her cheeks, as if that might protect them.

Maintaining that intensity, he striped down her sweet ass and back up again, down and up, relishing the sound of her little cries and gasps. He continued whipping her steadily, four strokes to her thighs, four strokes up to the start of her crack.

"Ohhh," she wailed, the first word she'd spoken.



“You may cry,” he encouraged, the sadist in him aroused by tears, even as they inspired the other face of the dominant: the protector.

Her next breath came out as a sob.

He increased the intensity, concentrating every stroke on the lower half of the buttocks, watching the color deepen.

Another sob. “I’m sorry!” she cried.

“I know.” He continued whipping as she moaned, resting her forehead on the backrest and rolling it from side to side.

Her shoulders began to shake.

“That’s it,” he encouraged.

“I’m sorry,” she wailed again.

“Yes, you’re sorry now.” He continued for another dozen strokes to make sure she fully let go, then re-threaded the belt through his loops as she sobbed into her folded arms.

He loved the look of a freshly-whipped ass, the raised lines from the edges of his belt, the puffy red welts that proved her complete submission to his discipline and authority.

“Don’t move,” he said, walking to the rear of the cabin to the closet, where he found a blanket. He returned and wrapped it around her, pulling her backward to stand before sitting in the chair and tugging her onto his lap.

She yelped when her sore bottom contacted his lap, and leaned back and curled her knees up, so she lay more on her side in a fetal position against his chest. He rubbed her sore cheeks, slipping his hand under the blanket to connect directly with her heated skin. “I’ll never go easy on you, Dana-girl. You have far too much potential to be coddled by me.”

She relaxed against him, her body heavy, her tension spent. She sniffled, dampening his collar with her tears.

He kissed the top of her head and rubbed her back. He found her face, buried under her thick, shiny hair and cupped it, stroking her cheek. “Look at me,” he murmured.

Her eyes lifted to his, uncertainty and the same vulnerability he’d seen earlier clouding the gold-green gaze.

He brought his lips to hers, just brushing at first, then nibbling.

She responded with shy kisses, lengthening her neck to follow him.

He cupped the back of her head and deepened the kiss, licking into her lips. His other hand traced down her neck and over her shoulder, then to her breast, which he cupped and squeezed. He pinched her nipple and tugged it until she gasped, then released and massaged again.

“Are we negotiating sex?” she asked.

He grinned, his cock hardening at the suggestion. “Yeah.” But his better judgement had also seeped in. “I am having some regrets,” he said.

She stiffened, scrambling off his lap and wrapping the blanket up to her neck.

He snatched her around the waist and hauled her back onto his lap. “Where do you think you’re going?” he asked, his lips at her ear. “I did not give you permission to leave my arms.”

She looked like she wanted to cry again, and these were not the sort of tears he wanted from her.

He cupped her face in both hands and kissed her forehead. “Dana...” He tried to corral his thoughts. “I have wanted you since that first day in the elevator. But...” He blinked. “I never wanted to use my authority to force you into something.” He shook his head. “I made myself believe that if you wrote the contract, it would be your terms, but the plain fact is that you feared

for your job and I used that to gain something I wanted from you. Something that isn't fair to ask."

She pulled her face out of his hands and once more removed herself from his lap.

He sighed, closing his eyes. What an unforgivable mess he'd made of a formerly perfect relationship. When he opened them, he found his beautiful assistant kneeling at his feet, reaching for the buckle on his trousers.

His eyes flickered. "Dana," he choked, as she unbuckled his belt and opened his pants.

She reached for his cock, freeing it from his boxers and gripping the base.

Oh God, yes.

Her tongue darted between her lips as she lowered her head, causing energy to surge up his shaft in anticipation. He shuddered at the moment of contact--her moist tongue enveloping the head of cock, licking along the rim.

She took his length into her mouth, sucking hard as she pulled it out.

He groaned.

She guided the head of his cock into the pocket of her cheek, sliding her head forward and back, her fist mimicking the movement so it felt as if his entire cock was in her mouth.

He took over, his virile aggression pushing him back into the position of control. He stood, wrapping a fist in the back of her hair and pulling her to stand on her knees. Gripping the back of her head, he held it captive as he pumped his cock into her mouth, fucking it.

She grabbed his ass, her fingernails digging into his flesh.

He looked down at her, at the very image he had fantasized about, and his cum shot down his cock. "I'm coming," he warned, but didn't allow her to pull off, holding her head against his cock until he shot his load into her throat.

Her eyes flew open and she tried to back away, but he held her until he finished. Only then, did he release her from his grip. "Good girl," he praised.

She swallowed, looking stunned. Her cheeks flushed as if the thought of what she'd just done shamed her.

He smiled, stroking her cheek. "Bring me our contract, Dana-girl."

She jumped to her feet, gathering the blanket back up around her.

He caught the edge of it and yanked it back, leaving her naked, once more.

She gave a squeak of surprise, covering her breasts with one arm.

"We will discuss that behavior in a minute," he said, raising his eyebrows at her attempts to hide herself. "Now bring me that contract."

She turned in a circle, disoriented, then returned, pulling her laptop out of the pocket beside the chair in which he sat. Opening it, she found the document and handed him the laptop. She looked around, as if wondering if she should sit down or put her clothes back on.

"You will remain standing before me, naked," he said, purposely not looking at her.

He typed at the bottom of the document:

### **Amendment**

Section five of the document shall be amended as follows:

5) Ms. Lamb will make her body available to Mr. Drake at all times for any activity he desires. Failure to submit will result in immediate punishment.

He added his digital signature and turned the laptop around and handed it to her, watching a slow smile spread across her expressive face.

“Sign and forward to my inbox,” he instructed.

She balanced the laptop on one forearm as she maneuvered her free hand to comply with his request.

He took another mental picture of the way she looked, working for him in the nude. He’d be requiring it of her often in the future.

She hit a few more keys and closed the laptop with a snap. “More coffee, Mr. Drake?” she asked, her lips quirking into a smile.

“Thank you, Dana, yes.” He followed her with his eyes as she strutted to the kitchen, making no attempts to hide her body. He checked his watch. Forty minutes until they landed in Hermosillo. Should be enough time to make his little assistant scream his name while making her come once or twice...

## About the Author

Named Eroticon USA's Next Top Erotic Author in 2013, Renee Rose is a naughty author who writes romance books centered around her favorite kink: spanking. She won Spanking Romance Reviews' Best Historical Romance, has often made the list of Amazon's Top 100 Erotic Authors and is a regular columnist for [Write Sex Right](#). She also pens BDSM stories under the name Darling Adams.

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