

## STONE: EXCERPT 2

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"We hardly know each other, Stone. How can you be so sure I'm the right woman for you? I'm not exactly as young as those supermodels you're usually seen with around town," she hedged as she scrambled to bury the pain that burst to life inside her, knowing such happiness with him wasn't meant to be.

"They're part and parcel of the promotional package, Peyton, and you should know that. Do you honestly believe I'm the kind of man who would be bothered with a young girl who wants nothing more than to be pampered and put on a pedestal?"

She tilted her head to the side and pulled her hand free from his. She traced her sharp nails over his forearm. A tingle of feminine power sparked to life inside her loins as his eyes flared.

"So, you'd rather opt for a spinster with two cats," she dimpled at the darkening of his eyes. "I should warn you, Master Eagle, I bite and have been known to scratch at times," she lilted in a sensual purr.

"I've always been rather fond of little kittens." His long arms reached easily over the table to pinch her nipples, smiling as she gasped and bit her lip. "And it's going to be such a pleasure to make you crawl and beg," he promised in a deep growl. "As meek as a little kitten.

"Oh ..." she licked her lips as he rolled the taut nubs seductively between his fingers. "I'll have you know, Master Eagle, two can ... ooww, gaawd," she all but wailed as he pinched her nipples hard and pulled them away from her body, aided by the crop top she wore with no bra.

"And if you're a good little kitten ... I might just allow you to purr."

Peyton was oblivious to the rumble of voices surrounding them in the Great Dining Hall. All she was aware of was him, his forrest green eyes scorching into hers, and the effect the pain he elicited caused to arrow straight to her clitoris to set it throbbing incessantly. She wiggled in the chair, moaning as the pressure increased.

"Like now," he said with a Cheshire grin splitting over his face. "Come for me, Petals ... Purr, baby."

Her eyes widened and a raw wail exploded from within her chest as shards of heat began deep in her loins, spreading like wildfire to expand into her chest. Stone shook her tits, hard. Peyton clutched at his forearms unable to tear her eyes from his as the world tilted. She was shocked as she felt the ripples of a climax roll through her, like a slow wave ambling lazily to shore. He pulled and shook. A second wave crashed to shore, completely splintering her apart.

“Yes, my little kitten, purr ... just like that.”

Stone got up and pulled her to her feet. “Let’s go, baby. We don’t want to be late.”

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