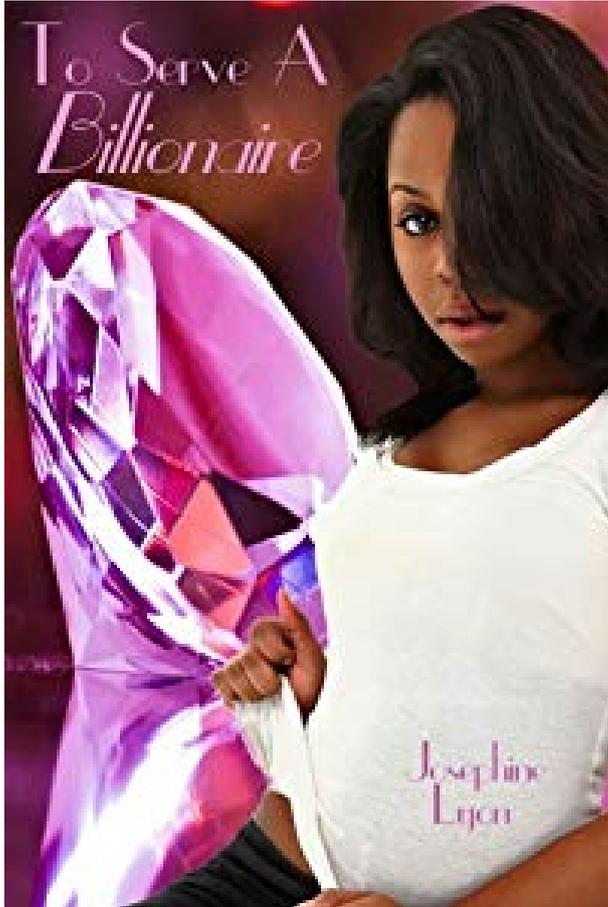


To Serve a Billionaire



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Professional chef, Sheree Hunt, is pleased and excited when Will Truman, the owner of TruOcean cruise line asks her to be his personal chef. However, the white, powerful and sexy billionaire Will Truman wants Sheree for something else; to train her to serve as his sexual submissive. He means to have her and won't take no for an answer. Warning: This 22,480 word story contains an intense explicit dom/sub relationship between a dominant white male and a submissive black female. Includes elements of BDSM and submissive training. Excerpt: He pulled away just at that moment, his raspy breath the only sign of his own physical torment. His lips slid across her jaw to the base of her neck, where he nuzzled and then opened his mouth over her skin, sucking hard, making her shudder. "Will you do whatever I say?" he husked, pressing kiss after kiss over her exposed collarbone where his hand had pushed aside her neckline. "You won't defy me or question me?" She must have whimpered the word he wanted to hear, because he added, "That's good. But if it gets too much...and you might want me to stop at some point, Sheree - then you can use a safe word. Just say "Purple" and I'll put an end to it immediately. Do you understand this?" "Yes," she breathed, her head thrown back, savoring the silky firmness of his lips against her racing pulse. "No Sheree; it's "yes Sir". Say it. From now on, as long as this lasts, I'm Sir. Not Will, not even Mr. Truman." His head lifted from her neck, and he was gazing down into her pleasure-glazed face. His thumb reached up, smudged against her bottom lip. She longed to snag that blunt digit in her mouth, suck on it hard with the force of arousal coursing through her bloodstream. "Yes Sir," she said softly but clearly. "I understand." The blaze of dark heat in his blue eyes was like a laser beam, catching fire to her skin. Sheree tingled all over, her nerve endings screeching with a lust

stronger than she'd ever experienced. She'd never wanted any man, any thing, as much as she wanted him right then.