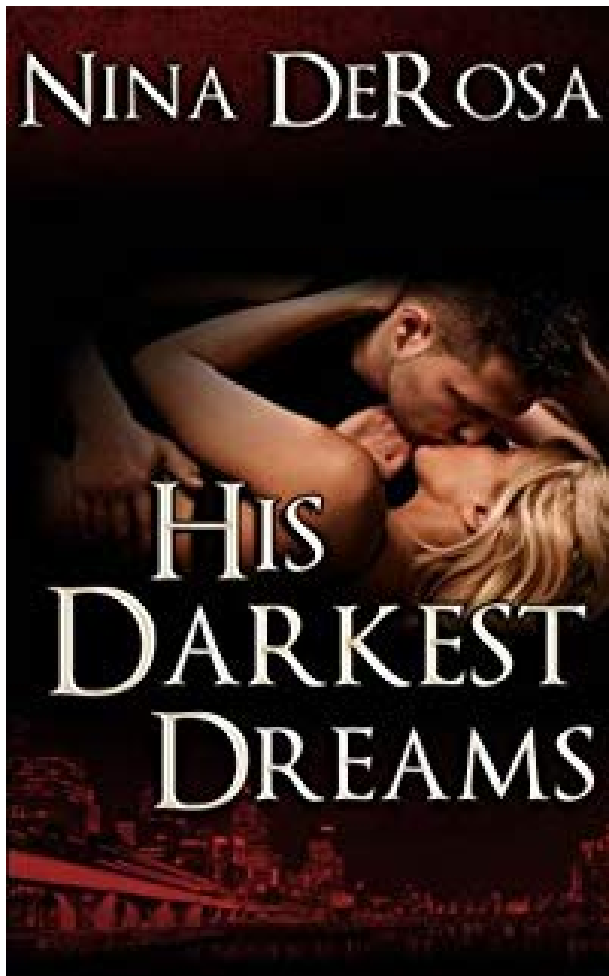


His Darkest Dreams: The Billionaire's Secrets



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This is Part I of the original serial which became Nina DeRosa's Top 100 novel, "The Billionaire's Secrets." If you enjoy this part, check out the full novelization! PASSION. MURDER. INTRIGUE. Sarah Langdon has been translating international conference calls for billionaire Peter Ibramovic for two years, and even in her dirtiest of fantasies, she never thought for a moment that the handsome executive actually had his eyes on her as well. What starts out as a simple translation session quickly ignites into a passionate fling, and a new world of sensual pleasure opens up to Sarah as she learns just how deep Peter's darkest desires run.

When a gunman breaks into the office late that night looking for Peter, Sarah is caught up in the action.

Someone wants Peter Ibramovic dead, and now she's a target too.

Sarah's billionaire lover has a secret, and she needs to uncover it before it's too late. Part I: 8,600 words. This story contains explicit sexual content and is recommended for mature audiences only. --EXCERPT-- Sarah slapped her hand down on the 'mute' button just in time, and she moaned in pleasure as she leaned back in her chair. "Good girl," whispered Peter. "Now you're getting into the spirit of things!" "Why are you--" started

Sarah, but another question quickly interrupted her. Sarah could hardly keep her words straight anymore. Even the simplest of translations flew out of her mind as Peter unbuttoned her blouse and distracted her from her work. That one, thin layer of fabric made more of a difference to the sensation than Sarah realized, and she nearly squealed in delight as he yanked her blouse open and kneaded her breasts through her bra. "...d'acquisitions cette année?" "Shit! I missed the question," thought Sarah, and she slapped the mute button again.

A euphoric groan escaped her lips as Peter started kissing her on the neck, still teasing her through her bra, kneading her, squeezing and fondling her breasts in a way that set her body on fire. "Go on, Sarah! Answer them," said Peter, and he unmuted the phone again. "Sorry, can you repeat the question?" she asked, trying to keep her voice from wavering as Peter's hands traced an infuriatingly slow, ticklish path down her belly toward the curve of her hips. "Are you considering any mergers or acquisitions this year?" repeated the French woman, and this time Sarah caught the entire question. "I'm working on one right now, actually!" Peter chimed brightly as he ran his hands down her legs to the hem of her skirt. "Il travaille sur une acquisition maintenant," translated Sarah.

Her body trembled in a strange combination of fear and excitement as Peter hiked up her skirt almost to her hips. She closed her eyes and leaned back in the chair as his hands ran up the insides of her legs.

"Nice stockings," he whispered, and she gasped as he traced a finger along the top of the lace-trimmed band, touching her bare skin...