

I've never done anything like this before. There's something about Sam that drives me wild with desire and pushes me to try new experiences, to be adventurous and daring.

Posing nude for an artist is so unlike me, and if anyone had told me six months ago that I'd be sitting here, barely covering my curves with a flimsy, semi-sheer red fabric, I would have told them they were nuts.

The instant I met Sam, though, everything changed. And how could it not? With those intense, piercing blue eyes and crooked smirk, he seems to take the world by surprise wherever he goes. He's talented, painting with an almost ethereal inspiration that blows my mind.

He's the kind of man I never imagined falling for. Sam seems to believe that every single woman is after him, and the truth of the matter is, they probably are. And so, I tried my best to keep the inevitable from happening. I pretended time and time again I didn't melt for him every time he waltzed into my gallery. I've worked with countless artists over the years, but no one has better personified the passion and brightness of art the way Sam does.

Every time one of the galas I threw at my gallery included one of his paintings, Sam arrived with a hot little bimbo wrapped around his arm... or two. And he made a point of showing how they drooled over him, how he was the alpha dog in his pack. It annoyed me to bits, and I could see him staring at me across the room, asking without words if I was ready to stop fighting against that intense attraction. If I was ready to give in already.

We'd spend hours and hours talking about art, about history, and philosophy. He had a brilliant mind, and I fell so hard for it! But falling for him, admitting I wanted nothing but to be with him, was impossible. I didn't want to be another plaything he'd soon forget about.

And yet somehow here I am, posing for the artist that takes my breath away, trying to pretend like I don't feel aroused just by the way he stares at me, so possessively, drawing my body in his once white canvas.

It's like he owns me in a way, immortalizing my curves with his brush and watercolors.

"You're blushing, Anna," He whispers, and I'm sure I flush even further, looking away from him. I think he notices my hand twitching, as I consider just getting up and putting my clothes back on. "Don't you dare,"

I stare back at him, feeling a jolt of electricity rushing up and down my body. It's not a request, it's a command. He's telling me in no uncertain terms what I can and cannot do, and getting dressed is forbidden right that instant. We haven't even kissed and he's already trying to dominate me.

It drives me wild, but I want so badly to pretend it doesn't!

"I want to touch you, Anna," He whispers once again, and my breasts move up and down as my breath grows heavier. "And now that you're naked, there's no way you can hide the fact that you want it too. Look at your nipples, erect, letting me know how much I arouse you. Your skin is red

and hot, your breathing heavy. I bet that if I slid my brush between your thighs, it would come out soaking wet, wouldn't it?"

I open my mouth to scold him, but I find myself unable to argue with him. I don't want to say no, I don't want to send him to hell. I want to submit to him, I want him to make love to me at long last.

"Shut up..." I reply, but it's clear by my tone of voice that I don't mean it.

He walks toward me, such confidence in his stride. He's going to grab me, I know it. And the worst part is... I want him to.

"No," I shake my head, and oh, I want him so badly, but I can't let myself become another girl in his long list of hookups. "Sam, I can't do this. I can't be yours for a night and then see you jump from girl to girl all over again."

"I don't want them," He replies readily, leaning down and grabbing me by my shoulders. "I want you. Just you, Anna. Tonight, tomorrow, and forever. You stole my heart away, can't you see? All those women mean nothing. I want you. Just say yes, and I'll make you mine."

I gasp as he pulls me up onto my feet with his strong, muscular arms. And what else can I say but yes, yes, yes?

As I answer his question breathlessly, I see him smile, and Sam steps forward so that my lithe body is dragged forward, until I'm pinned against the wall. His strong, tall frame keeps me there, right there, at his mercy. And oh, I wouldn't be anywhere else.

He raises my arms upwards and pins them against the wall, staring deep into my eyes, before pressing his lips against my own. We kiss for the first time, and I melt as he presses his chest hard against my naked breasts, my nipples poking him hard.

For what seems like an eternity, we kiss, our tongues dancing a dangerous tango. Finally, and only when I'm completely out of breath, he lets go of my lips and begins kissing his way down my body.

"Don't you dare move your arms from the wall," He commands, and as far as I'm concerned, it's like I'm cuffed to the wall behind me. He's so kinky, so dominant, and it drives me wild with desire.

Sam continues kissing his way down my neck, my collarbone, until he finally reaches my breasts. And there he stop, lavishing them with attention, rolling his tongue over one nipple first, then sucking the other into his mouth.

I moan his name, arching my back as he fills me with a thrilling sort of pleasure I could so easily grow addicted to.

Down, down, down he goes, until he's kneeling before me, but I know full well he's the one in control. I'm his submissive, even though I'm the one standing. Sam tilts his head up, pressing his lips against my folds, and kisses my core like no other man has before.