

Deleted Chapter...Never A Choice Chapter Eleven

I grab my light grey yoga pants and Ramones T-shirt, scrape my hair high on my head and skip downstairs. I've overslept, not a huge surprise given my weekend and luckily I'm due to help in the kitchen this morning, so my appearance is not a priority. I slink into the store cupboard and emerge with an armful of veg hoping no-one will notice I'm late.

"It's no good trying that trick girl, you'd have to get up a whole heap earlier to pull that one over on me and," Joe looks at his watch, "that didn't happen this morning did it Bets?" His kind eyes betray his reprimanding tone.

"I'll work extra hard Joe, promise." I smile my biggest smile hoping to charm him a little. I still have to ask for a shift change.

"You always work hard girl." He grins then barks, "Get to work!" By ten thirty I've prepped the veg and salads and I'm just about to grab a coffee when the doorbell to the back entrance rings. I open the door to a group of workmen who proceed to stream past me and into the corridor. Anthony Jr comes out of his office and starts to direct the men to the shower room and up the stairs.

"Oh, morning sweetheart, how you feeling today?" I cringe a little at this as I know it's a direct result of my meltdown on Sunday and I am not sure how much Marco has disclosed to his brother, knowing Marco it's probably just enough.

"Anthony, I'm fine thanks, good actually." I certainly sound chipper. "What's with all the workmen?"

"Oh that, it's nothing, fixing the shower door and some extra security." He starts to back up into his office. "It's been a long time coming." Just as he shuts his door I jump in front to prevent it closing.

"Anthony, this has nothing to do with me does it? You're not going to all this expense for me?" I am just about to die of embarrassment if that's the case.

"Not at all sweetheart, you can check with Dad, we had this planned for a long time, just had to shuffle which of the restaurants we were going to trial it in and lucky you, you get to be Guinea pig!" He ruffles my hair and I'm instantly at ease. I would hate to think, Sofia's dad was having to pay because I went a little 'postal'.

"Oh Ok." I am a little relieved.

“Bets, I need you to do me a favour though?” He flicks through his phone like his is looking for some information.

“Anything.” I reply but he still doesn’t look at me.

“Can you work through, I’ve got a last minute booking for the private dining room and they’ve requested you, should be pretty easy, the reservation is for two. You can have tonight off in exchange, I’ll fix it with Joe.” He lifts his head with a grin but I have already agreed.

“They asked for me?” I’ve never had that before, it’s not like I’m a specialist in the waitressing department.

“Said that you had served them last week, and wanted the same level of service. You ok with that? It’s booked one until three and you can finish straight after.” He winks and I mentally high five because this is a result for me.

“Sweet, I’ll just have to change, not sure they’d be that impressed with me dressed like this?” I laugh and make my way back to the kitchen. Just before one o’clock I change into my waitress uniform and start to prepare the private dining room. The room comfortably seats twenty but as it is only a reservation for two I have put a screen across and set a smaller table to give the room a more intimate feel. I wait by the door for the customers to arrive. Just before one I hear footsteps and I open the door but seeing the intense dark glare from Daniel as he climbs the stairs I let the handle slip clear of my fingers and the door snaps shut. I manage to grab it before it slams, he has a gloriously wicked grin as he passes me and stands in the room. Lily, who has brought him upstairs, waits at the doorway to catch my eye.

“Oh.My.God” she mouths “He’s freaking hot! Can we swap?” I think the prospect highly unlikely but as we often swap sections and I don’t want to raise any suspicions about this booking I ask.

“Excuse me Sir, would you mind if my colleague takes my place and serves you and your guest today?” I look intently at his expression but his face is unreadable. I think I see the slightest wrinkle at his eyes but it was fleeting if it was there at all.

“I believe I made my requests perfectly clear at the time of the booking.” He doesn’t register Lily at the door but keeps his heated stare fixed on me.

“Of course Sir.” I shrug to Lily who is still hoping for some eye contact with Mister Hot and Handsome but I end up closing the door before she succeeds.

“Don’t you work?” I sound irritated. I can’t help feeling I’m being played. I’m Ok with this being a game, nothing is forever, but when it impacts on my work, my studies I can’t afford the risk of losing, so I’d rather not play.

“Hard and relentlessly.” I instantly heat at his velvet tone and the heavy double meaning. I swallow but decide I am at work, so default waitress mode it is.

“May I take your jacket?” He turns and I have to reach on my tip toes to retrieve his jacket as he slips it from his shoulders. “If you would like to take a seat I can get you a drink while you wait for your guest to arrive.” He strides to the table, sits and makes a show of slowly laying his napkin across his lap. I can’t help but notice the bulge in his trousers straining against the thin material of his suit, just before the napkin covers it. I’m wondering if he is, in fact, hard all the time.

“San Pellegrino with lots of ice.” He asks.

“Certainly Sir.” I hand him the menu, with the specials and the wine list. I turn to leave when he grabs my hips and pulls me back to face him, his nose level with my breasts. He looks up through his long lashes, his smile wide but the desire in his eyes makes my breath hitch and my heart race. He runs his large hands slowly down my skirt; he reaches the hem and slips them underneath. My eyes widen but stay fixed on his. He slowly moves his hands back up my legs taking my skirt with them; my mouth is dry as he leaves a trail of fire where his hands have been. I know I’m wet and my core is pure liquid heat and I don’t want to move away. He hooks his fingers over the waistband of my panties and drags them down my legs. He raises a brow as they drop to the floor and I lift each leg as he bends to pick them up. He places them in his pocket, he hasn’t broken eye contact. He turns me back around and slaps my bottom; I jump and give a small squeak at the sting.

I return with his drink and stand the other side of the table to pour his glass. His smirk reveals his amusement at this but I have to try and keep some distance here. I already got the third degree from Lily while I was fixing his drink, if I go in to the kitchen all hot and horny, the chefs will know. It’s a room full of machismo and testosterone, there is no way they won’t figure something’s up and I won’t survive their grilling. I look at my watch, his guest is late, urrghh I slap my head as I realise... there isn’t going to be a guest, it’s just going to be me, me and Daniel, for another hour and a half.

“Do you know what you would like to order Sir?” I smile tightly.

“I do... but don’t you think we should wait for my guest?” I raise my brow at this and sigh. “You have something to say Miss Thorne?” His face is impassive but his eyes narrow as do mine.

“There isn’t going to be a guest, you can’t do this Daniel?” I fail to hide my obvious irritation.

“I believe I can.” He stands and closes the distance in seconds, his body hard against mine as he walks me backward. My back hits the wall with his full force pressing into me, he pushes his knee between my legs and I let out a cry as simultaneously I drop my head back and my core clenches sending a rush of desire through my body. He grabs my wrists and pulls my arms above my head securing them in one of his hands. His other hand holds my chin and his mouth hovers over mine, his warm sweet breath is fresh and enticing. I lick my lips; my need to taste him evident in the whimper I release from the back of my throat as he remains just out of my reach.

The need rising in me is maddening and I try to wriggle from his grasp but he tightens his grip and brings his lips to my ear.

“I can do whatever I want, whenever I want and right now I want you Miss Thorne. Are you going to deny me?” His eyes are filled with the same lust I have coursing through my veins but I’m at work and people I know, love and more important at this moment, respect, are less than twenty metres away. I feel a physical pain when I say.

“Yes, I have to, someone could walk in. Look at me, anyone seeing me will know, I just can’t.” I sink with a sadness I feel for not being able to embrace this desire, this reckless abandon that my body is desperately crying out for. He grumbles and his jaw is tense. He digs his phone from his pocket and dials. My head is dropped and I curse real life, getting in the way of a perfectly good fantasy.

“Tony, it’s Danny, yeah the room is great but my business associate is stuck in traffic so I’m going to have to conference call, can you make sure I’m not disturbed. It’s pretty sensitive material and the guy’s a little paranoid. No she’s great, a stroke of luck really, I didn’t realise she is taking my lecturers at University, she could learn a little from this meeting and it would really help me out if she didn’t mind taking some notes. I know it’s not her job but she can have lunch with me after by way of a thank you; if you’re cool with that? Great, appreciate that man. She’ll call down with our order when I’ve finished the meeting.” His mouth curves to one side as he tries to conceal a grin. He drops his phone back into his pocket; he walks toward the door and turns the key, turning he adjusts himself and strides toward me. The wall at my back prevents me from falling as my legs feel suddenly weak.

“Oh Fuck!” I whisper. He again pushes his body tight against mine and I can feel the heat from his erection radiate against my stomach. He chuckles and whispers.

“No Miss Thorne, I am going to save that for tonight, now I just want to taste you... Now, I just want to make you come, it’s all I can think about, you drive me crazy, I have to have my tongue inside you and not you, your job or your beautiful blushing face is going to stop me.” He looks deep into my eyes I can barely breathe I’m so turned on. He slowly loosens his tie and slips it from his neck; he pulls it tight between his hands and grins. “Now, I have no problem with you screaming my name when you come, but you have expressed reservations about our potential audience, so I’m going to gag you with my tie, do you understand?” His smile is sweet and sexy as hell. I’m worried that he could ask me to do just about anything right now, and I would, just to please him, just to see that smile. I nod. “I need to hear the words Bethany.”

“Yes. Yes Daniel.” I lick my dry lips and take a steadying breath. I open my mouth as he puts his tie between my teeth and secures it at the back with a knot, taking care not to catch my hair, he pulls it tight. The fire raging in his stare matches that burning between my legs and I squeeze my thighs together, they tremble as I hold the tension. He grabs my hands and repeats the hold he had earlier only this time his movements are rough; more urgent. With his other hand he

yanks my skirt up to my waist and I'm surprised not to hear it rip. Having secured my panties in his pocket earlier there is now no barrier to stop him getting exactly what he wants and with the fierceness of the look in his eyes I can't imagine a single thing that would. He cups me and firmly grinds his hand against my sex before he takes his long finger and slides it between my wet folds. "Mmmmm." My moan is transformed into an incoherent muffled sound diffused though the tie but the material gives me something to bite down on to release some of the building pressure.

"God you're so wet, I knew you would be, you want this as much as I do." Well duh! I just wish I hid it a little better. He continues to stroke and circle my clit before he plunges one finger deep inside, quickly followed by a second. I can't help my hips as they roll and press against his hand. I can feel my body start to shudder and contract around his fingers. I can't believe how quickly he can bring me to the point of explosion. I'm panting through the gap the tie creates. I release a disgruntled sound as he removes his fingers but as he drops to his knees and I am rewarded by the most heavenly sensation as his tongue licks the tip of my clit and slides languidly to my entrance. He plunges his tongue deep inside me and expertly swirls together with his lips in a sensual rhythm that has me screaming with clenched teeth into his tie. His hands have grabbed my arse cheeks and he is holding me firm as he continues to devour me, my legs tremble and my thighs try to snap together. He growls his desire into the very heart of me and the vibrations send me over the edge, my eyes are squeezed so tight all I can see are tiny sparks of light flashing across my closed lids, and my hips buck sporadically as I begin to come down from my climax. Daniel is still lapping at my core as a final shiver shakes my whole body.

He stands, his lips glisten with my arousal and he leans in to kiss me but hovers again just out of reach. He reaches behind my head and loosens his tie, it falls to my neck. "Please, Please Daniel." He smiles and leans a little closer but still he evades my move to kiss him. His grin is deadly. I sigh and try to grip his shoulders to pull him in to range but he is like an immovable mountain. "Please." I whimper, "Please I want to kiss you, I want to taste you." I plead. He remains unmoved. "Please please,, I *need* to kiss you." With that, he sweeps in covering my mouth with his, a mixture of my essence and his delicious flavour, irresistibly delicious. His tongue is firm, exploring my mouth, entwining with mine, I suck on his tongue and smile when he growls a little and presses his hard hot cock into my stomach. His lips are moist and soft; he returns my need for his kiss with lust and passion. I need to taste him, all of him. "Please, I want more." I slowly lick my lips my intentions obvious.

"I want to give you what you want, I want to give you everything." He turns me to face the wall and I start to think that perhaps my intentions weren't so obvious but he unties the tie around my neck and places it around my wrists. He pulls them together and ties them tight; he places his hands on my shoulder and turns me back around; the charge between us at this moment is electric. His eyes dark blue pools of want and lust, his lids heavy as he applies pressure to my shoulders. I gaze at him through my lashes and hear his zip being lowered, the sound like a siren

I drop my gaze. He is slowly stroking his length in his fist. I so want to wrap my hands around him, feel the softness of his skin over the hard steel, feel the pulsing in his veins and squeeze him. He positions his wide crown on my bottom lip and threads his other hand into my hair and grips; he pulls me forward and I open my mouth and stroke my tongue over his velvet tip tasting his escaped juices.

My slight moan that comes from the back of my throat can't be heard with the guttural rumble he shouts through his gritted teeth. I wrap my lips tight over his tip and suck him into my mouth, I use my tongue to taste as much of his length as I can to take him deeper. He is holding my head as he begins to fuck my mouth; I want to feel his muscles flex as he drives in to my mouth, his steady rhythm picking up in pace, his breathing becoming more ragged, in and out, thrusting his wide girth between my tightened lips. I can feel his restraint, he's much too big and he fills my stretched mouth. I shift a little on my knees and try and swallow him deeper into my throat but his grip on my hair prevents me taking him all the way.

"Fuck! Your mouth feels so fucking good, suck it hard, Ah! Take it all baby." This dirty sweet encouragement drives me on and I swallow and hollow my cheeks and take him to the back of my throat and continue to swallow. His fingers massage my hair and I look up through my lashes his eyes heated with raw desire. "Oh Fuck I'm going to come baby, swallow, swallow it all." His cock feels suddenly bigger and I can feel his veins pulse against my lips. He pushes right to the back, emptying his hot salty seed down my throat. He comes hard and takes his time gently rocking at the back of my throat making sure I take every drop. His cock twitches and pulses; I lick him dry, lick my swollen lips and sit back on my heels. He places his hand against the wall and draws in some deep breaths. "Fuck!" I would help him put himself away but I'm kind of tied. I smile waiting for him to come back to me. He reaches down and pulls me up to his chest and holds me; his erection still hard against my stomach. Christ he really is always hard. He presses his lips to mine in a tender kiss. "You're so fucking amazing. You're so fucking beautiful."

"You're not too hard on the eyes either Mr Stone." I'm suddenly overwhelmed by how good it feels to just be held by him. I try to ignore the tightness I feel in my chest and just enjoy the moment. "Would you like to order your lunch now Sir?" I look up into his eyes which are now an intense bright blue and his smile simply dazzles. He has deftly untied my hands and holds them together in his.

"What I'd really like to do is fuck you on this table, but I promised I would wait until tonight and as you know I'm a man of my word. So what would you recommend Miss Thorne?" He carefully zips his trousers and leads me back to the table.

"Everything, I know I'm paid to say that but seriously Joe is an amazing talent in the kitchen, everything he cooks is like heaven on a plate."

"With such a glowing recommendation why don't you order?"

“Really Mr Stone are you relinquishing control?” He laughs loudly, it’s such an unusual sound, its genuine and I don’t think I’ve heard it before. It’s heart-warming.

“Oh let’s not go crazy Miss Thorne. Do I look like a man that ever relinquishes control because I would hate to have given you that impression?” He arches a brow.

“Oh? And there was me thinking you were the poster boy for democracy.” I smile and go to place our order.

“Are you calling me a dictator?” He quips

“That you *do* what you want, *when* you want and *get* what you want? Umm I’m just saying if the cap fits?” I know I’m pushing my luck, I have no idea how he’ll react to a character assassination. He walks over to me and grabs my hand and leads me back to the table. He sits down and pulls me onto his lap. One hand on my neck holding me firm and the other inching its way up my skirt.

“You like that I do what I want, when I want.” He whispers low in my ear and rolls his hips pushing his hard cock into my bottom. His fingers just reach the top of my thigh when I hear footsteps on the stairs. I knew the specials wouldn’t take long but they must have been waiting at the pass for service to be this quick. I leap from Daniels lap like I’ve been electrocuted and run to the door, fanning my face as if that’s going to help the heat raging across my cheeks. I place our food down and take a seat opposite. He stands and moves his place setting and drags his chair next to mine. He looks at me and I realise he is waiting for a response.

“Yes, yes I do like it, very much.” I confess.

“Good girl.” He places his hand on my thigh and spends the entire meal leisurely stroking the skin on my leg with my skirt bunched to give him better access.

We finish our light lunch of crab and chilli linguini and I am pleased that Daniel agreed with my rating of Joes’ culinary skills. We talk over lunch about business but nothing specific. I talked about the restaurant and Sofia’s family but I get the sense that he knows a lot of this information already. I feel myself wanting to know about him, his family, his life and I actually have to physically bite my lips to prevent that line of enquiry. It’s not that I am not interested, I really am, it’s just that knowing more will make this less like the *fun* it is supposed to be and I have to keep this fun; fun is temporary and temporary I understand.

He left at three, refused to give my panties back and told me his driver would pick me up at six. He also suggested I get some rest, I can’t believe in the space of a weekend I’ve gone from virgin to nymphomaniac. I feel like the sexual equivalent of his supercar nought to insatiable in three point zero days. The kitchen staff are conspicuously quiet when I enter after cleaning the private room and rather than be suspicious I’m grateful. I head up stairs to rest, read and I really need to catch up with Sofia. I notice the small flashing green then red lights in the corner of

each room straight away. I don't have a television so anything electrical would stand out like a sore thumb. I run back downstairs and knock on Anthony Jr's office door.

"Hey sweetheart, how was lunch? That was a bit of a touch being paid to eat lunch?" He grins widely but I wince at the reference. Oh crap I hadn't thought of that, that doesn't sit well with me after Saturday night.

"Are you fishing for compliments or information?" I narrow my eyes. He holds his hands up in mock surrender. "Lunch was great, but I won't take any pay for it." My tone is firm and I qualify that with, "It wouldn't be fair and would make me extremely uncomfortable, but, I won't say no to taking tonight off, I'm not a complete martyr! I just wanted to check something, the flashing lights in my apartment, they're just motion detectors right, no cameras? I don't want to find my super exciting life has gone viral?" Anthony laughs and slaps me on the shoulder.

"That would have to be the dullest YouTube ever sweetheart." I can see full-on hysterics bubbling beneath his laugh but he holds off to add, "No, no cameras, just sensors." I must look relieved when he adds. "Just a safety thing, Ok?"

"Ok, thanks." I head back up to my new 'super safe' apartment.