Sienna's Seduction - Part III

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Published on Lush Stories on 31 Mar 2012

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It's been a while in the making but Sienna's time to make a decision is rapidly dwindling.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/siennas-seduction-part-iii.aspx

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This is part three in Sienna's encounter and it would probably be beneficial, although not entirely necessary, to get up to speed by reading the previous two chapters. My abject apologies to people who enjoyed Sienna Pt I & II and posted to let me know of their enthusiasm for more ~ I know it's been awhile but I'm getting it together again & Pt IV is in the works. I hope this doesn't disappoint.

Survival or surrender? What the hell kind of choice is that? Sienna thought dazedly.

Her entire body was screaming for the experience of him but rationality was making a valiant attempt to ensure that it was at a distance that would guard her safety, if not her sanity. She wondered frantically if she could possibly negotiate a compromise. Preferably one where he agreed to be completely immobilised for as long as it took her to climb aboard, ride herself to orgasm and get the hell back to Ireland in one piece and hide. Although the reasoning was perfect and she'd get to have a taste without getting too singed in the process, she doubted that he'd be a placid sacrificial lamb on the altar of her bizarre fascination of him.

Irrationally she heard her mother's voice in her head, admonishing her with one of her pearls of wisdom as she had for most of Sienna's childhood. "There's few occasions in this life where you can have your cake and be eating it too."

And there was the kick in the arse. This guy, who had literally laid siege to not only her imagination but now her body, wasn't going to be satisfied with being just a bit part player in this little drama that was unfolding between them. When he said survival, he didn't mean Bear Grylls' eat–this-bug-and-get-out-alive kind of survival but the you-can-walk-away-now-but-don't-turn-back type. And when he said surrender, she knew he would expect nothing less than complete capitulation, not just physically but mentally as well and that required a submissiveness and trust she wasn't sure she could give him.

“You still with me here?” he asked quietly.

Sienna inhaled raggedly at the sound of his smoky voice in her ear. “I don’t think I can do this,” she admitted after a moment. “I can’t be what you want, it’s not in my DNA to be someone’s sub.”

“Hallelujah for that.” The quiet rumble she felt resonate through her back told her he was laughing at her. Silently, but still laughing, which pricked at her pride and pissed her off. “Listen,” he said, “if I wanted someone to hang on my every word and fall all over themselves to fuck me, I’d just pick one of the endless parade of shallow tarts that come in here every night.” The hand he’d insinuated under her top earlier to cup the fullness of one breast resumed its subtle caress as he buried his face in her hair. “Christ knows, my security guys have always got a new set of lips wrapped around their cocks,” he muttered as he nuzzled behind her ear.

She jerked her head away from his questing lips and felt his hand tighten on her breast. She wanted to lean into that hold and feel his hard warmth covering her and the treacherous pleasure made the tenuous hold she had over her emotions begin to crumble. “I don’t get you,” she wailed with dismay. “You deliberately try to intimidate me, scare off my dance partner and practically kidnap me, hold me against my will, molest me in a public place -”

“You’re hardly molested,” he interrupted calmly.

“Fine, *fondle* -” she spat.

“I will concede to fondle,” he murmured, squeezing her breast for emphasis.

“- ***laugh*** at me, don’t you dare lie,” she interjected when he thought to deny the charge, “I can practically feel the stitching in your jeans we’re so damn close so I know you were either laughing or having some sort of fit, which God knows is beyond my luck and then you tell me you’re not actually looking for a quick obliging shag, thank you very much, just something obscure from probably the only woman in the state who jumps ten feet when you’re near her so what’s the fucking point of all this medieval maul-the-peasant bullshit you’ve got going on here?”

He was laughing at her openly now as she rocked back and forth, bumped up and down on his lap in an attempt to break his grip on her and lunge away from him. Frustration at his cavalier attitude, his humour at her expense and her stolen orgasm had completely overridden her previous desire and she was determined to end this situation even at the cost of her much maligned dignity.

It was a pointless exercise in optimism though as he easily immobilized her again. “I’m impressed Irish. That was a hell of a sentence,” he said between receding chuckles. “Did you even breathe

once?”

Sienna went completely tense in his arms for all of three seconds before leaning forward slightly and then whipping her head back as one of her brothers had taught her, trying to slam into his chin. When she missed and thumped against his collar bone she ranted at him viciously, which only caused him to laugh harder.

“You useless, malignant, insufferable, cocksucking bastard. Get your hands off me, you fat conceited -”

“Fat!”

“- leper. I wouldn’t let you touch me if you were the incarnation of the Virgin herself come to forgive my sins.” She bucked in his arms as she railed, her accent becoming stronger, hair flying around her, covering them both in flowing strands of copper, words spewing forth from her without thought or reason. “Odious flea-ridden prick, I bet you nearly killed your mother when she birthed you, you pedantic git, your fecking head’s so thick. I hope she murdered your whoreson of a father for the curse of you.”

He wrapped his fist in her hair roughly, his laughter abruptly vanished, and held her close to his mouth as he hissed furiously in her ear while she struggled against him. “I’ll take a lot from you, you damned shrew but don’t ever think to insult my ancestry again. Understand?” Sienna was irate but not beyond caution and simmered in silence, unwilling to bend before he did, until finally she nodded with stiff-necked pride and his grip eased fractionally.

“If it’s any consolation to your temper, you’ve got a mouth like a navvy and a very creative mind,” he commended her grudgingly. “My ‘whoreson’ of a father, as you so productively named him, would have flogged any of us for a tenth of that display.”

The last thing she wanted from him was his admiration, critical or otherwise, for an offence her own mother would have blistered her arse for and she drew on her irritation to focus herself. “Just tell me what the hell you want so I can go home and forget I ever met you,” she ground out between clenched teeth.

“What do I want?” he repeated intensely. “I want to taste that fire that’s inside you. I want to feel the strength of your mind as it fights to keep control over your emotions.” His voice deepened as his insidious words wove elaborate and detailed pictures in her mind. “I want to seduce your common sense and bend that stubbornness inside of you until you give yourself over to me because you know you won’t survive without me. I want to argue with you and laugh at you when you swear at me and

fuck you stupid when you’re done throwing shitty little ornaments at me.”

His heated words beguiled her with more devastation than his hands ever could, the breath leaving her body in shallow sobs as he continued his litany almost angrily. “I want this game that’s between us. I go completely predator when you try to ignore me because your instincts scream ‘Run’. I’ve watched you scurry away from me like you’re afraid I’ll eat you, even while you’re imagining what it’d be like and the most erotic thing about it all is, you don’t even realise you’re doing it. Or the effect it has on me. You actually go out of your way to try and avoid me even though I’m inside your head like a fucking bad song.”

His brutal honesty chipped away at her defences and Sienna recognised that although she’d managed to half convince herself that she harboured only a mild fascination of him, she hadn’t been fooling him at all. He read her like the proverbial book and it galled her to realise that her actions to push him away were the ones guaranteed to make him push back harder.

“And lastly,” he growled, his icy calm deserting him entirely, “I want to be your first waking thought and the last as you pass out from exhaustion and just to be greedy, I want to fuck you in your dreams as well. So you’d better choose now, before I make the choice for you.”

Sienna sat, her towering anger of just moments before completely dissipated in the face of his admission and final ultimatum. Waves of sexual energy pulsed from him, his breathing uneven in her ear and she fancied she could feel his struggle for control as a tangible thing he was trying to hide from her. A tingling feeling of immense feminine satisfaction surged through her as she realised the effect she had over him was simply a more supremely confident mirror image of his over her.

It was deliciously thrilling to understand that she had the power to drive him slightly crazed. He would naturally dominate any woman, not because he needed to subjugate or humiliate her, but simply because of the kind of man he was; a genetic stone’s throw away from the defender of a more violent past age, and she’d be blatantly lying if she said she was unaffected by the fact that she triggered those barely civilized emotions in him.

Her anthropological training perceived that he may function within the laws of the land but he would have his own moral code, likely more rigid than court justice and based on the eye-for-an-eye system, and with precise clarity she knew she could entrust not just her body but her integrity to this man. *Hell, he probably rescued puppies from drains in his spare time,* she thought with a wry smile.

She moved her head slightly and he immediately released his hold in her hair as she turned her upper body towards him. The strong, smooth column of his throat filled her visage and she twisted further in his lap, manoeuvring until she could hook her leg over his lap to straddle him. Breathing

deeply she placed her palms nervously on his sculpted chest and inched hesitantly towards him until her lips were a hairsbreadth from the pulse that beat strongly beneath that warm coffee toned skin.

As she inhaled the warm scent of him her hips rocked unconsciously against his swollen member and she felt his arms flex fractionally but he made no overt moves, as if afraid she would bolt at any sudden touch. She lifted her face to stare up at him and he sucked in his breath as he saw her eyes, a luminous pale green in the dim light of the alcove they were seated in, shining with trepidation and excitement from beneath heavy eyelids. He slowly raised his hand to rub the pad of his thumb over her full lower lip and was rewarded as her breasts softly pillowed into his chest as she stared at his mouth.

“Last chance, Sienna,” he said softly as he exerted pressure on her bottom lip, dragging slightly to part them. “If you want me, then come to me. Otherwise, run. Now.” Although God alone knew how he’d manage to release her if she called his bluff.

Her incandescent eyes bored into his for endless heartbeats. It was now or never, she thought, one of those *Carpe Diem* moments a person is rarely, if ever, given in their entire life and before her reason could object, she opened her mouth slightly and brushed the sensitised skin of his thumb with the tip of her tongue.

She saw his eyes widen briefly before he gently pushed his thumb past her lips to hook over her bottom teeth. He widened her lips as his other hand cradled her face and his mouth descended to hers. Her eyes drifted shut in anticipation but opened again when he didn’t kiss her. His toffee-bright eyes bored into hers as he held her captive with his gaze. “Say it,” he demanded.

“Tell me your name,” she countered.

“Yield to me,” he challenged.

Instead, Sienna sucked on his invading thumb, her agile tongue swirling around the tip, making his cock surge as he imagined that creative mouth of hers on him. She began to sway gently in his lap, her full breasts delicately dragging across his chest making her nipples harden and ache and the hot core of her lightly grind down on his erection.

He clenched his teeth as he fought the urge to hold her down so he could thrust up against her and increase the friction she was creating. He knew what game she was playing but he was determined to win this first battle with her, although not at the cost of spilling himself within his jeans like a kid.

“Sienna, speak,” he urged raggedly. Her small hands wrapped around his wrists and she held them

still as she began to slide her mouth back and forth on his thumb, a whole new slant on the term ‘handjob’. She moved her head back a final time to detach his digit from her mouth and he groaned when her teeth scraped over his knuckle during the exit.

“Kiss me,” she whispered.

His large hands enfolded her jaw, thumbs framing her cheekbones as he tipped her face up to meet his mouth. He hovered over her parted lips, sharing her rapid exhales as she stared into him. “Please,” she entreated, “just kiss me already.”

“Say it,” he ordered forcefully. “Or I swear to God I’ll keep you hanging until you wither and die from old age.”

The academic in her scoffed at his claim. *Biologically impossible*, it argued. But as Sienna looked into his eyes and judged his threat in conjunction with the control he’d shown over his own body thus far, she knew that he would call her bluff if he had to. She swallowed convulsively before whispering, “Surrender.”

To be continued...