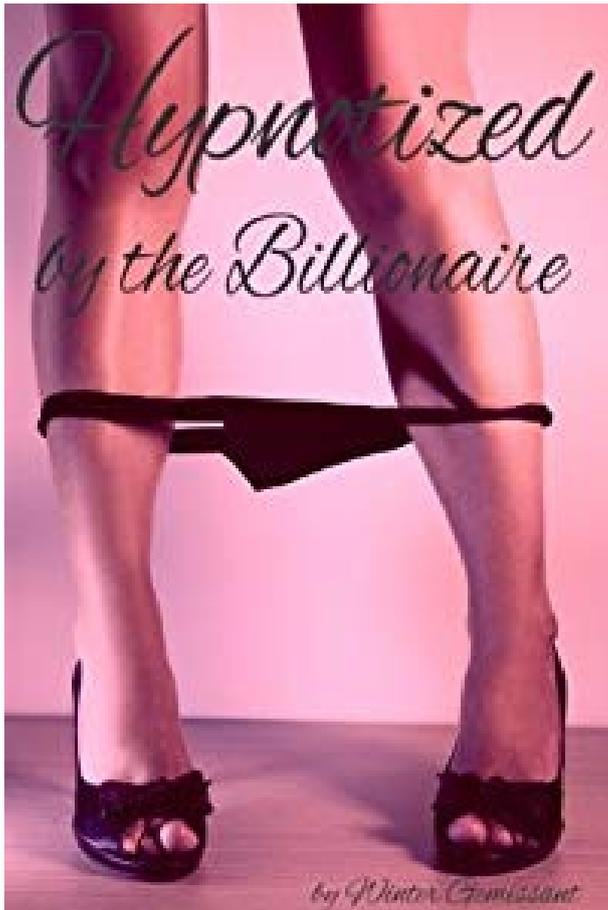


# Hypnotized by the Billionaire



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Everyone in Lydia's office building has been talking in hushed whispers about the 'incidents' that have been occurring lately. One day a colleague will be normal, and the next day, they'll have been transforming into some sort of sex addict! Everyone knows to stay together and leave the building before it gets dark, but one night Lydia just has to get some more work done when suddenly, smelling of rich tobacco and teak wood, Donovan shows up. With his expensive suit and even more expensive car (and chauffeur) Lydia finds herself begging the billionaire club owner to do things to her she never imagined! \*\*\*Excerpt\*\*\* I didn't notice until I felt his hand sliding up my thigh, but Donovan had let one hand drop from my breast and had let it creep up under my pencil skirt, tightening the grey fabric around my ass and thighs. I'd always liked pencil skirts because they accentuated my curves in the right way rather than the wrong way, which is what most slacks did. The more pencil skirts I could own the better I felt, and now as Donovan's fingers glided up my thighs underneath the skirt, I was happier than ever that I'd found a fashion that, in addition to actually making me look cute, also felt amazingly taut when an extra hand was thrust underneath it. "Well, you're definitely ready -- readier than most of them are by this point in the evening. It would seem you're sluttier than some of your colleagues." "I'm definitely sluttier than my colleague," I breathed. His fingers explored further, pushing through the wetness of my folds, diving deeper into my cunt as I braced my body against the slick banister. Donovan clicked his tongue. "Don't get ahead of yourself. I'd hate to have the evening rush by in a haze for

you.” He pulled out a silver pocket-watch from the breast-pocket of his suit jacket and glanced at it with a terse expression. “We’re going to be late to the club if we don’t hurry things up here. I’d hate for you to miss what I’ve got planned.” I whimpered as his free hand still pushed and kneaded my pussy as he looked at his watch then slid it back into his pocket. Gently he slid his fingers out and offered one to me, lifting it to my lips. “Taste yourself. Tell me what a dirty slut you are.” I let his finger slide into my mouth and ran my tongue over the juice-covered digit with a surprising feeling of delight.

I sucked on it, cleaning it thoroughly and swallowing the feral taste of myself down my throat with a wicked smile. “I’m quite a dirty slut,” I agreed. \*\*\* This erotic story is meant for mature audiences only. It contains perfume-induced suggestive hypnosis, light bondage, m/f and f/f interactions, and public sex.