

**SIMONE LEIGH**

A photograph of a man and a woman in a romantic embrace. The woman is on the left, wearing a black strapless top, looking up at the man. The man is on the right, wearing a dark suit jacket, looking down at the woman. They are set against a dark background.

***BOUGHT BY THE***  
**BILLIONAIRE**

**COMPILATION ONE**  
**BOOKS ONE TO SIX**

# 'The Master' Compilation

A BDSM, Billionaire, Erotic Romance

Parts One to Six of the  
'Bought by the Billionaire' Series

Author: Simone Leigh

This 'Box Set' Compilation includes the first six parts of the series  
'Bought by the Billionaire'

*The Master's Maid*

*The Master's Contract*

*The Master's Courtesan*

*The Master's Desires*

*The Master's Fantasies*

*The Master's Obsession*

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# Contents

[The Master's Maid](#)

[The Master's Contract](#)

[The Master's Courtesan](#)

[The Master's Desires](#)

[The Master's Fantasies](#)

[The Master's Obsession](#)

[More From Simone Leigh](#)

# The Master's Maid

A BDSM, Billionaire, Erotic Romance

Part One of the  
'Bought by the Billionaire' Series

Author: Simone Leigh

## Part One

### The Master's Maid

It's hot; stuffy and hot. I load my cleaning cloths and sprays onto the cart and push it along the corridor. It's a high-class hotel and normally it's very comfortable working here, but the air-con isn't working properly and so my daily job of room cleaning is very uncomfortable today. I take the elevator up to my next room, the penthouse suite and unlock the door. It is a stunning room, bright and sunny, and when I cleaned it through the day before, it smelled pleasantly of the occupant, a mixture of expensive aftershave and a musky male scent. The scent still lingered, in stark contrast to my own clammy and sweaty odour.

I consider the owner of the aftershave for a moment as I open the window to let sunshine and fresh air in. I saw him leaving a few minutes ago, so I know I am clear to clean the room. He was dressed *smart casual*, wearing an expensive jacket with a loose linen shirt; perfect in this heat; and tight black jeans cut to flatter his noticeably male physique. He strode down the corridor with a bouquet of beautiful red roses, a briefcase, and a gleam in his eyes. Despite the briefcase, he did not look like a man with work on his mind.

The room is clean and tidy, needing almost no work. In the office, I empty a wastebasket by the desk and dust the desktop. I make up the bed in the room I can access. Some of the rooms are locked. I am supposed to do everything—all the work, every time. Vacuum the carpet, clean the bathroom, dust all the surfaces, wipe the windows, but the room is so clean already that I think I can skimp.

I decide it is good enough and go to check the bathroom. Again, it is immaculate.

Why am I doing this?

I am hot, sticky, and tired and working for minimum wage at a job I only took a few days ago to help me through my university studies. Already I hate the work, but I need the money.

The shower looks so inviting. Temptation wins. I kick off my shoes and quickly unbutton my tightly cut blouse. I immediately feel better as the cool air washes over my sweaty, glistening breasts. Unhooking my low-cut black bra, I drop it on my blouse and then unclip my hair. It is far too warm to wear my hair loose, but now freed, it cascades red and silky to my waist. Wriggling out of my short skirt takes only a moment, and my moist and sticky panties follow. I turn on the shower and step into the beautifully tiled enclosure.

The water feels wonderful on my skin and hair, coursing over my arms, breasts, and belly, taking the heat, sweat, and fatigue with it. I stand, stretching luxuriously in the warm stream, with the needles of water massaging me.

There is a click and the sound of a key in the lock.

I freeze. Here I am, stark naked, in the shower of one of the hotel guests. Has he brought his date back to the room?

Oh, God! What is his girlfriend going to say when she finds a naked woman in her boyfriend's shower?

Frantically, I turn off the water and reach for a towel, wrapping it around my naked torso to dry off as quickly as possible.

Oh, God! Oh, God. Oh, *God*...

Please don't let him come in here.

The bathroom door clicks open and the guy walks in. He has his back to me, but everything about him says *pissed off*. Has something gone wrong with his date? Still turned away from me, he almost rips off his jacket, hanging it up by the bathrobes. I can see him fiddling irritatedly with his tie as he slides it from around his collar and then hangs it with the jacket. He takes a couple of steps towards the mirror which has misted over from the warm shower.

He pauses, apparently noticing the steam and the misting for the first time, and starts wiping the mirror with one hand. As the view clears, he sees me in the reflection, standing behind him, wrapped in a towel in his shower stall. He starts, then whips around, looking at first furious and perhaps alarmed, but then relaxing as he registers my complete harmlessness.

"I'm sorry. I was so hot. I'll go now ..." I stammer.

"Oh, no need to be so fast," he says, grinning. "Finish your shower. Is there anything you would like to tell me?"

"Please don't tell anyone. I'll lose my job."

He smiles. "Is that right? Yes, I suppose it wouldn't look good, would it? Maid caught using guest facilities." He steps forward, still smiling. He really *is* very attractive, with deep blue eyes against tanned skin, and tall. "Are you going to make it worth my while not to tell anyone?"

One finger hooks itself around the top of my towel. He tilts his head to one side as he moves still closer, and his other hand takes a curl of my long, wet hair, twiddling it around a finger. "Beautiful hair you have there," he says.

"I have to get back to work," I stammer. "I have other rooms to do."

"I'll tell the manager I had some extra cleaning for you to do—there's no hurry. I'm sure the hotel would expect you to—service—the guests first ..."

The finger tugs ever so gently at my towel. It parts and then slides down to the floor.



His eyes, meeting mine, smile as they follow the downwards path of the towel. I vaguely clutch at the damp cloth, but my heart isn't in it, and the towel continues its journey south.

"I think you owe me something," he says, and the towel finger wanders downwards between my breasts. I feel I ought to be frightened, but instead, my pulse is beginning to race.

He reaches back and pulls his tie from the hook. Quickly, he binds my wrists together, glancing briefly into my eyes as he does so, looking for a sort of permission. Then, pulling my arms up over my head, he attaches my bound wrists to the shower wall fitting. He stands back, cocking his head, admiring his handiwork. I stand there, naked as the day I was born, stretched up and tied for the perusal of a complete stranger. I am growing warm and wet.

His eyes lock onto mine. "And now, milady, let's see how well washed you are."

Placing one hand on my breast, he starts kneading as his mouth lowers to the other, first to suckle, and then nibble the nipple. His tongue circles, flicking the nipple to hardness. When he seems to feel he has a satisfactory result, his mouth and that tantalising tongue, move to the other nipple, while his hand slides over my stomach, descending. I feel him outlining the curve of my waist, over my hip and belly. His fingers entwine themselves in my curls before slipping in between my thighs.

I can hardly contain myself. Wriggling, I hear his chuckle of approval as he feels how wet I am. His tongue circles the nipple, one finger mirroring the movement over my clit. Torn between the desire to stay still and just let it happen, or to grind my hips around his hand, I find myself simply trembling helplessly and my thighs growing wetter and wetter, and warmer and warmer, and my pussy juice beginning to flow.

He pauses, standing upright. He looks into my face again, running his hands up and over and down my trembling torso, breasts, and shoulders, gauging my reactions. His pupils are wide and dark, and I know that he likes what he finds. Very slowly and gently, he runs his hands back around my shoulders and into my hair, pulling my face to his. He kisses me very softly on the lips and then starts nibbling at an ear.

"Enjoying this, aren't we ..." he whispers. "Want to take things further?"

*Do I want to?* He's driving me wild. Tied up as I am, this stranger could do anything to me, but his slow, careful, caressing, and touching is arousing me far more than any *straight shag* could have. I am quivering with arousal, but I can't bring myself to reply. After all, he *is* still a stranger who has tied me up.

"Shy, eh?" he whispers again. "Let's see if we can fix that ..."

With his head nestling into the curve of my neck and shoulder, he reaches behind me with one hand, firmly pulling my buttocks to him. I hear a clunk and then another, and I am puzzled.

"I thought I should play the gentleman," he says. "Time to take my shoes off." As it dawns on me, in my stupefied arousal, that he is still more or less fully clothed, his feet slide between mine, easing my legs apart. I stagger slightly, but his other arm takes my weight as I regain my balance.

"Now," he says. "Do I need to tie those ankles apart? Or do I get some cooperation?"

I still can't bring myself to speak. My trembling continues, and I am beginning to pant, my breath coming in short bursts and my colour rising. He knows exactly what he is doing to me.

"Still shy? We'd better sort it out then." He releases me slowly and stands up straight. "Don't move, Miss Silent," he says as he turns and walks out of the room.

For a minute or so I hear nothing, and then there is music, some kind of soft classical. It grows louder, and then he comes back into the bathroom carrying the roses I saw earlier and something else I can't make out. He has stripped off his shirt. His smoothly muscled torso bespeaks the kind of man who either has a very physical job or who works out, knowing that women don't go looking for overly muscled morons. In his bare feet and wearing just his black jeans, which are now bulging at the front; dark-haired, lambent eyed, and clearly with a purpose in mind, he is utterly, astonishingly, suggestive and inviting.

I could no more have said *No* than fly.

But I cannot quite bring myself to say *Yes* or, more appropriately; *Please*.

"I hope you like the music, Miss Silent," he says. "I think it's time we got some noise out of you. The music should cover it up in case anyone comes by." He brings the roses close to my face. "I did have other plans for this evening, but she stood me up. Would you like these? They are beautiful, aren't they? Do you like the scent?"

The scent is ravishing. What kind of woman stood this man up? I can't imagine. Delicately, slowly, he holds the roses for me to smell, and then, with only the very tips of the petals, he caresses my face with the flowers. The petals have small drops of water on them, and as he brushes my face and then moves down my neck, and over my breasts and stomach, the small cold droplets chill me and titillate at the same time. A moan escapes me, and I feel my pussy juices running below.

He smiles and raises his eyebrows. "Ahh ... so you can make noises. Let's see what else you can do."

Abruptly, he turns away, and quite carefully, places the roses in the basin. He produces the *something* that I was unable to identify before—it is a spreader bar with leather ankle cuffs...

What kind of evening did he have planned before?

He looks at me and grins wickedly. "This might be even better than what I had planned," he says. He displays the bar to me. The cuffs look padded but strong. "She knew what

to expect, but, well, I think you might be new to this ... Hmmm? ... Still silent? Let's see what we can teach you."

I am panting uncontrollably now. He kneels and straps in first one ankle, and then the other. My feet are held firmly apart, my hands are tied securely above me, and my legs are spread wide.

He stands up and steps back, looking me up and down, just standing there, with his arms folded and his head tilted. Just looking.

"You are really beautiful, you know. With a figure like that, and your hair ... What are you doing in a job like this?"

He comes close to me, almost but not quite, touching. I can smell him, warm and spicy, and I can feel his breath on me. I am longing for him inside me.

Carefully, and touching no other part of me, he reaches for and rubs my left nipple. The steam of my shower has cleared now and so I am cooling off. Under the influence of chill and arousal, my nipples are hard, crinkling with stimulation. He tweaks the nipple, smiles, and nods while "Hm-mm" to himself.

He releases my nipple. Still touching no other part of me, he reaches down between my spread and dripping thighs. "You do like this, don't you?" Carefully—oh, so carefully—he touches my clit and delicately rubs it.

This time there is no escaping it, I moan uncontrollably and gush. My knees give way, but this time he does not support me, and my weight drops onto my tied wrists. I stagger upright, hobbled by my cuffed ankles. As soon as I am upright again, he repeats it, this time rubbing my clit a little harder.

I gasp and cry out as my knees buckle again.

"Good thing I put on that music," he says, as I pull myself upright again. "Don't want anyone outside hearing you yelp like that. But it's nice to know that you can make noise." He pulls quickly at my clit this time and then massages it for a moment. This time he holds me by the waist as my legs give way. "Don't want you hurting yourself in your enthusiasm," he whispers into my ear. "Tell me, what would you like to happen next?"

I am almost beyond reason. "I want ... I want ..." I can't get the words out. I can't bring myself to speak them.

His fingers make lazy circles around my clit and I gush again. I am frantic for something inside my pussy, but nothing is forthcoming.

"What do you want? You have to tell me." He now holds me very tightly, supporting my weight—my God, but he's strong. My legs are like string, but he takes my weight without effort.

"You have to tell me," he repeats. His fingers continue flicking and kneading my clit.

I am about to come, and I feel myself reaching the plateau.

And he stops.

Still holding me by the waist, he takes his hand away. "You have to tell me what you want before it goes any further. I won't let you come until you tell me what you want me to do."

His hand slips between my thighs again and quickly, ever so briefly, his fingers stroke across my pussy; my lips are swollen, engorged, and sodden, and they pulse as one finger strokes between them and then withdraws.

I am almost frantic with lust. "Let me cum. Let me cum," I say.

"What do you want me to do?" His breath by my face is like a promise.

"I ... I ... I want ..."

"You have to say it ..." He kneads my clit quickly between two fingers, sending electric desire pulsing up through me. "You have to say it," he repeats. "You don't get it without saying it."

I surrender. "I want you inside me." If I wasn't tied and supported, I would collapse entirely. "I want you inside me."

He doesn't move. "That's better," he whispers into my ear. "You have to do better than that if you want to cum, but I can give you a little more now ..." He slides a finger inside me, his thumb over my clit, and begins to work me. My climax, which had subsided a little, begins to build again immediately. He feels it. "Oh, no," he chuckles. "Oh, no, it doesn't work like that." His fingers withdraw. "What do you say?"

My mind blanks for a moment. Is he serious? What do I say? But my tormented clit and my aching pussy, brook no argument. "Please," I mumble.

"That's better." His finger brushes over my pussy lips. "But, 'please' what?"

I gasp and moan, writhing in my restraints and his grasp. "Please make me cum. Please fuck me. Please. Please fuck me."

"Now we've got there."

He kisses me full on the mouth, making sure I am standing up, and then pushes two fingers up inside me, hard. I feel them almost scrape against me inside, against my G-spot. I cry out, but he has already withdrawn and is down on his knees, his face to my thighs. From my rather awkward position, I look down to see him looking back up at me, at my face. As he looks, his hands are working, parting my curls to reach my pussy lips. He leans forward, and for one delicious moment, I feel his tongue swirl around my clit.

This time, there is nothing half-hearted or restrained about my reaction. I scream, just in time to feel him pull my thighs fully apart, and his tongue lick up from the back of my cunt, through and over my pussy lips.

And he stops.

I hang, my weight on my wrists, making incoherent gasps and wishing there was something I could say.

He pulls away and stands, smiling at me, as I am standing there in my shackles and my own sweat and juices. "This won't do you know," he says. And he turns and walks out again.

I can't believe it. I finally put together a sentence. "You can't do this to me! You can't leave me like this!"

His voice drifts through from the lounge. "Well, you didn't think I'm going to tongue-fuck you in that condition."

*What? What?*

The sound level of the music goes up. And up again. And I wait.

He comes back in, again carrying something, which he puts on a shelf. I strain to see what it is — a toiletries bag? And he immediately leaves again.

A moment later, he is back, and he puts something else in his pocket.

"I turned the music up again," he says. "I think that when I get you properly Mastered, you're going to be quite the little screamer. We'll keep it private, shall we?"

That grin again. He stands for a moment, seeming to be savouring the situation. Then, stepping forward again, he says, "Just to keep you on the boil," as he holds me around the waist again, while pushing one, two, and then four fingers up inside me. Again, I writhe and pulse, on the brink of orgasm, as he finger-fucks me once, twice, thrice, and then stops.

Padding over in his bare feet to the shelf, he pops something in his pocket and then opens the *toiletries bag*—it *is* a toiletries bag—and takes out a razor and a can of shaving cream. "I like the taste of pussy," he says, "But not a mouthful of seaweed." He kneels in front of me again and aims the can over my crotch.

I recoil, trying to back into the shower stall. "No!" I say. "No, you can't do that."

"Really? No?" He pauses. "If you say no to this, then it's no to everything." He parts my pussy lips and takes a lingering lick over my clit, flicking me with the tip of his tongue. My resolution crumbles.

"Well ..."

"Perhaps I can help with your decision." He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the *something*, and I hear a low buzz, and then a high buzz.

"Just something to keep you occupied," he says and pushes the egg up inside me. He does it slowly, sliding it along my engorged lips and up past my aching pussy muscles so that I feel every inch of movement.

Then, with the egg buzzing inside me, he sprays the foam and sets to shaving away my curls. He takes his time, and he is careful and thorough. A few minutes later, my crotch is as naked as the rest of me. "I don't like the taste of soap," he says, "and you are getting a bit sweaty." He reaches for the showerhead, turning it on full, but cool. He aims the fine needles of water over my breasts, concentrating on my nipples. I squirm and squeal. The water is just cool enough to make me react without chilling me.

"S'cuse me," he says, reaching up inside me with a couple of fingers, and popping out the egg, which is still buzzing. He negligently tosses it onto a towel, and then, turning the showerhead upside down, he sprays squarely up into me, over my pussy and my clit with the water. Water, lather, and pussy juice run down my legs as I struggle and squeal against the intensity of it all.

The sheer scale of the stimulation is beyond bearing. I scream, trying to escape the intense pleasure, pain, and overstimulation of the needle jets. I am about to cum uncontrollably.

And he stops—again.

By now, I am almost delirious with the desire to cum, and I sag in my bonds, head bowed.

"You said that you still have some work to do?" he asks. "More rooms to clean?"

"What?" I raise my head to look at him. Is he really suggesting ...?

"You *do* have work to do. We don't want you getting into trouble with your boss, do we? I've met Mr Chambers and he's not really a very nice man."

He reaches above me and starts undoing the tie. "I think you should go and do your work, and then I can finish you off later." The tie comes loose, and he starts dressing me, slipping my arms through my bra straps, and hooking me up at the back.

I stare unbelievably. "You can't be serious? After all that, you want to just break off and I'm supposed to—"

He interrupts me. "Get dressed and come back later. That way you won't lose your job, and I'll know that you really do want me to fuck you ..." He smiles as he buttons up my blouse. "Now, here's your skirt. Pop that on ... and no, you don't need those." He takes my panties away from me, tossing them into a corner. "Lift your feet, one at a time."

I step into my skirt unresistingly as he pulls it up and zips me up. "And before you go ..." He retrieves the egg and slips it, buzzing quietly, up inside me. "I'll expect to find that still there when you come back. You just practice gripping it so it doesn't slip out—that would just be embarrassing, wouldn't it?" He roughly towels my hair dry and gives me a brush.

He pushes me out and towards the door. As he propels me into the corridor, brush in hand and buzzer within, he whispers, "What's your name?"

"Elizabeth."

"I'll see you later, Elizabeth," he says.

*The story continues in "The Master's Contract"*

# The Master's Contract

A BDSM, Billionaire, Erotic Romance

Part Two of the  
'Bought by the Billionaire' Series

Author: Simone Leigh



## Part Two

### The Master's Contract

I stand in the corridor, speechless, but gasping.

A complete stranger has brought me to the verge of the most explosive orgasm ever and then stopped, shoving me out into this corridor to carry on cleaning hotel rooms. *What the fuck am I supposed to do now?*

I stare at the closed door and want to shout the question at its blank surface, but if I was heard shouting in the hotel, I might lose my job. I could cry over the sheer let down of what has just happened.

Reaching into my pocket, I pull out a hair tie, pinning my long red locks, still damp from the shower, back onto my head. I start to step towards my trolley, full of cloths and brushes and furniture polish, but as I move, I am brought to a sudden stop by the vibration of the egg, still whirring away inside me. I yelp and then clap a hand over my mouth in case anyone hears me.

The door opens again. *He* stands there, wearing an arrogant smile. "Still here, Elizabeth? I said to come back later. What time do you come off-shift?"

"Er, seven o'clock."

He nods. "Fine. I'll see you at five past seven. Don't be late. I'll be waiting for you." And he closes the door again.

I can't believe the gall of the man. Does he think I am going to come running, just because he asks and appears to expect it?

Then I admit the truth to myself. Yes, of course, I am going to come back. The man, whoever he is, is devastatingly handsome and has just played a game that brought me to the edge of a crashing climax.

Correction: is *still* playing a game.

I check my watch—five-thirty, an hour and a half still to go. Might as well get on with my work.

Walking awkwardly because of the egg buzzing away inside me, I push the trolley along to the lift. There are no other rooms on this floor. The penthouse suite stands alone. I wonder who he is, to be able to afford to stay here.

For the next hour and a half, I work in a bit of a daze. Fortunately, I have no real problems with any of the work, because were I to have to bend over, for example, the whole world would see that I'm not wearing any panties. *He* has those, discarded on his bathroom floor. The egg works sporadically, sometimes resting quiescent inside me, but

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