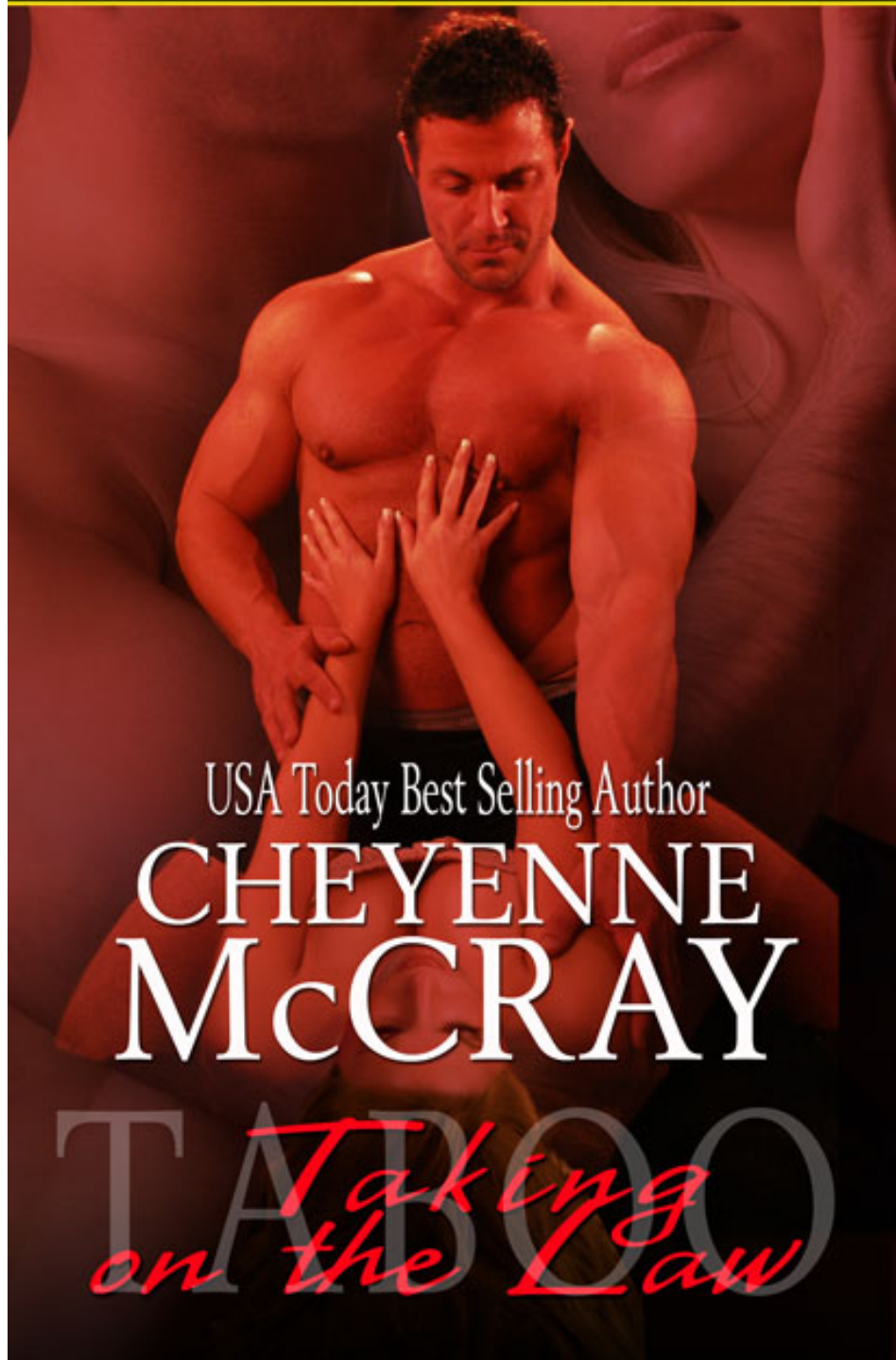


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



USA Today Best Selling Author

CHEYENNE
McCRAY

TABOO
*Taking
on the Law*

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Taking on the Law

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TABOO:

TAKING ON THE LAW

Cheyenne McCray

Author's Note

Taking on the Law incorporates only elements of Domination/submission and BDSM. It is not intended to accurately portray a true BDSM or Dom/sub relationship.

Chapter One

Erin Wilson gunned the engine of her little silver sports convertible as she flew down one of the darker back roads in Tucson. The powerful engine's noise cut through the night, and wind blew her hair around her face. She didn't care that the clip had fallen out or that the ends of the strands stung her eyes and her cheeks.

Goddamn him! That total bastard.

The backs of Erin's eyes ached and she ground her teeth. She would *not* cry over a bastard like Toby Wright.

She sucked in a breath of fresh night air and the lights of Tucson winked in the night like a glittering carpet. The road she was on wasn't exactly desolate, it just was a little farther out from town and where some of the nicer homes were built, sparsely situated so that there was a good mile between each house, if not more.

When she'd caught Toby in bed with her *former* best friend Wendy, Erin had stood watching for a moment, unable to believe what she saw. She'd stopped by Toby's place with Chinese takeout, let herself into his apartment with the key he'd given her – and heard noises coming from the bedroom.

Noises that sounded suspiciously like the headboard banging against the wall, and the sounds of moans and groans.

Everything had felt unreal. She set her purse on the couch, along with the food. Her ears had buzzed and skin felt stretched thin as she made it down the short hallway to the door of his bedroom.

Toby was in between Wendy's thighs, slowly fucking her. They were both naked and her best friend reached between their bodies and massaged his balls.

"That's it, baby," Toby groaned. "You're no cold fish in bed."

Wendy had giggled and then he'd kissed her as she drew her hand away and wrapped her legs around his hips.

Cold fish?

Cold fish!

Erin had grabbed the closest thing to her, one of his jogging shoes left in the doorway, the start to a trail of clothing leading to the bed.

She'd scooped it off the floor, and with all the fury built up in her, she'd flung the shoe straight at the asshole's head.

Erin grimaced with some satisfaction as she guided the sports car down the deserted road, edging over the speed limit by a good thirty miles per hour.

She'd clocked Toby a good one, hard enough to make him almost fall off Wendy and leaving an instant imprint on his cheek of the bottom of his jogging shoe.

"What the fuck?" Toby had looked momentarily disoriented until he looked at Erin and saw her standing with her hands clenched into fists. He held his hand to the side of his head. "You bitch!"

"Erin!" Wendy had shouted, trying to scramble from beneath Toby, but he pinned her down. "I can explain! Really!"

"You both go to hell." Erin was so pissed her entire body shook. "And I hope you enjoy one another's company while you rot there."

She had spun, grabbed her purse off the couch along with the bag of Chinese takeout, and slammed the door behind her.

Now the smell of the food sitting beside her on the passenger seat was making her stomach churn.

Fire and fury raged through her. She took her right hand off the wheel, grasped the paper bag of takeout and flung the bag of Chinese food out of the convertible, not giving a damn that she was littering. Everyone could go to hell.

Red and blue lights flashed behind her.

"Shit!" She resisted banging her head against the steering wheel as she slowed the car down. Great. Just what she needed.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!

Erin ground her teeth as she eased the car over to the shoulder, threw the convertible into park and killed the engine. She left the lights on and both hands on the steering wheel, clearly visible, like she'd been told one was supposed to do when stopped by a police officer.

Her heart pounded and only her rage at Toby and Wendy kept her from crying.

What a fucking great day.

From the very start. A coworker had come on to her again and she'd filed a sexual harassment complaint with HR; her brother and the sister-in-law she *hated* left a message they were coming from Spokane to stay with her for a week; her mother called about needing money again; and Erin had had a flat tire first thing in the morning and had been late for work. That had won her some brownie points.

Not. Her manager was a total bitch.

So, to top it all off, her best friend—*former* best friend—and her boyfriend were cheating on her, and now she'd been caught speeding. And probably littering, too.

Could things get any worse?

Don't tease God, Erin.

Her shoulders slumped and she waited for the cop to pull over and make her day even better. Dirt and rocks crunched under the cruiser's tires, and the flashing lights made her blink from the brightness. The red and blue flashes and bright headlights nearly blinded her in her rearview mirror, and the cruiser's engine had a powerful thrum as she saw the cop approaching the driver side of the car. She could make out his uniform but not his face.

The face of doom.

She moved her gaze from the rearview mirror and looked straight ahead into the darkness. The sparse house lights on the deserted road blurred and her eyes burned.

I'm not going to cry. I'm not going to cry!

"License and registration, ma'am," came a deep sexy voice that sounded...familiar. Too familiar.

She tilted her head up and her jaw dropped open.

Dave Bennett?

He lowered his clipboard and in the flashes of light she saw the hard planes of his face and his expression of surprise. "Erin?" He said her name in that way that had never failed to make her panties damp or her nipples hard.

"Hi, Dave," she managed weakly.

Yeah, she'd teased God and her day just got worse.

The cop she'd just been stopped by was the one and the same guy she'd dumped the end of their senior year in high school.

Dave Bennett's cock went hard at the sight of the All-American beauty who'd been his first sexual experience—both of them had been virgins in high school, but not long after they'd started dating their junior year, things had moved pretty fast.

He'd fallen in love with the blonde, blue-eyed girl. Real hard. After two years of dating, she'd wrenched his heart in two and stomped all over it when she said things were over between them because she was going back East to college and it would be too difficult to maintain a relationship.

All the planning they'd done—they were both going to go to the University of Arizona and then he'd enter the police academy. They would get solid jobs, get married and have three kids. The two of them had laughed and, at the time he thought, loved. But she'd torn that all apart when she left Tucson.

Right now she was looking up at him with those wide blue eyes that even now made him want to kiss her. Erin's hair was tangled around her face and the sweater she was wearing had drifted off her shoulders, exposing her upper arms where her sleeveless blouse ended—just enough flesh to intrigue a man. Her breasts were even more generous than he remembered.

Clipboard in one hand, he braced his palms on the door of her convertible and looked her over from head to toe. He remembered sucking the nipples that were now peaking beneath her blouse. It had been pure heaven sliding between those gorgeous thighs that were visible beneath a short skirt that had ridden up high enough that it barely covered her mound and a pussy he loved to fuck.

"Erin Wilson." Her name came out hard and she winced. "Back in town and out for a little joyride?"

Erin's throat worked as she swallowed. "It's good to see you, Dave."

"Uh-huh." Dave tightened his grip on her car door and set his jaw. "Thirty-five miles an hour over the speed limit, not to mention tossing a bag out the window right at my cruiser. Bet it's real good to see me."

"Sorry?" She bit her lower lip as he fixed his gaze on her. "I had the most screwed-up day of my life, okay? And now a couple of tickets will just round it off nicely."

He pushed away from the car. "Out of the vehicle."

"What?" Erin's eyes widened. "You're going to arrest me?"

"Do you want to be charged with disobeying the direct order of a police officer, Ms. Wilson?"

She closed her eyes briefly and then opened them. Her lovely breasts rose and fell as she gave a deep sigh. "Of course not, *Officer Bennett*."

Erin might not have intended to turn him on with the way she said his name, but his cock went from aching to rock-hard. He could just picture taking her home, handcuffing her and flogging her in his special bondage room. What would she think if

he locked her up and fucked her through the cell bars? Or slid his baton up her pussy? He'd punish her for leaving him, and make sure she loved every minute of it.

Shit. This train of thought was killing him.

Seeing her—it opened up a whole floodgate of emotions that he'd long buried, fifteen years ago. The love he'd killed, the lust was obviously still there.

He backed up and Erin opened the door and climbed out. In the flashing red and blue lights he took in her deep red, tiny skirt that she had to tug down, and the red sweater over a sleeveless red shirt. Her legs were bare of any stockings, just the way he liked his women.

He set his ticket clipboard on the hood. "Spread your hands on the hood of your car, your stance wide."

"You're kidding!"

"Now."

Grumbling under her breath, what sounded like *sonofabitch*, she obeyed him.

When she was slightly bent, her stance wide, he went up behind her and just stood, letting her anticipate what he was going to do to her.

"Here for a visit, Erin?" he said as his gaze traveled the length of her backside, stopping to rest on her cute little ass.

"I live here now." She gave an audible sigh. "Just moved back from Boston to be closer to my mom, okay?"

His hands itched to touch her. God, how he'd missed her. He didn't realize just how much until right this moment.

"You're here to stay?" He kept his voice low, authoritative.

"Is this part of being arrested? Do you question the people you stop until they beg to be taken in?" Sparks might as well have been snapping in the lights of his cruiser just from the tone of her voice. She still had spunk, he'd say that much for her. He allowed himself a grin because she couldn't see his face, her back still to him.

Dave moved closer to her so that he caught a whiff of her soft powdery scent. After all these years she still smelled the same. Sweet and irresistible.

He barely resisted touching her. They'd done a lot of role-playing games when they were dating, and one of them was "frisk me", where he was the cop and she was the driver he'd pulled over. Or she was even a hooker he'd taken into custody. They'd had great imaginations back then.

She must have been thinking along the same lines, because she shifted her stance a little and her voice came out a little hoarse. "So, are you going to frisk me, Officer Bennett, or stare at my ass?"

A low growl rumbled up in Dave's throat and he almost reached out, grabbed her hips and ground his erection into her ass. "Do you want to be frisked, angel?" he asked, using the nickname he'd given her when they first started dating.

He heard Erin's sharp intake of breath. "It's been a long time," she whispered.

"Too long," he said before he could stop himself.

She turned her head and looked at him over her shoulder. In the flashing lights he saw that her lips were moist—she must have just run that pretty little pink tongue over them. Her gaze met his and held. "Frisk me," she said in a low, sensual purr that said "fuck me" and made him want to grab her and slam his cock into her pussy *now*.

Erin looked away from him, arched her back, tilted her face to the sky.

His heart thundered. His All-American girl looked more like a goddess right now. Her windswept hair a golden halo around her head with the car lights reflecting on the gloss of her hair. Her full breasts were raised high and firm, and her rounded bottom just begged for his hands—or his cock.

"Trying to get out of a ticket?" He rested his hands to either side of her on the car's warm hood, managing to keep his body from touching hers—barely.

"Of course not." Her voice trembled. "I'm just cooperating with the law."

Dave couldn't resist nuzzling her hair. She smelled so damn good.

Erin gave a little moan and moved back so that her ass came in contact with his groin.

Shit. He shouldn't be having the thoughts he was having. Shouldn't be doing what he was doing. He was a cop, for God's sake, and he'd never crossed a line like he would be if he did to Erin what his body was crying out to do. To make up for the last fifteen years.

He pushed himself away so that he wasn't leaning over her anymore, and she wasn't pressing her ass up against his cock. His breath came out harsh and uneven.

"Frisk me," she said in that low, seductive voice that had brought him to his knees all those years ago.

Chapter Two

Dave felt like his hands weren't his own as he reached up and started to frisk Erin — slowly. She gasped as he patted her down, starting under her arms at the sides of her breasts. He slid his fingers over the curves without going too far, but she caught him off guard when she arched into his touch and gave a soft moan.

"Dave, I—"

"Need to make sure you're not hiding a weapon in your bra," he said, his voice low and gruff as he moved his hands around her breasts, palms brushing her stone-hard nipples before he cupped them.

Oh, yeah. She had a pair of lethal weapons.

Erin leaned into his hands and pushed her ass back farther so that it pressed against his groin and his erection. A whimper rose up within her, just like the times he'd tease her before driving his cock into her core. As if remembering those same times, she ground her hips against his erection and he pinched her nipples *hard*.

She gave a startled cry but only wiggled her hips more, rubbing her ass along his cock. He pinched her nipples hard again before sliding his hands down the sides of her waist, then slid one palm against her flat belly to just above her mound.

"Oh God." Her words came out almost strangled. "I don't know if I can take much more frisking."

"That'll cost you." Dave leaned over her back, his weapons belt pressing into her lower back as he murmured close to her ear, "I think we're talking jail time."

"Wha—"

Her words were cut off by a moan as he palmed her ass then squeezed the tight globes. He skimmed his fingers along the edge of her short skirt from the backs of her

legs to the front, just below her pussy. He'd bet she was soaking wet if he stroked her between her thighs, but he was intent on teasing her, punishing her in his own way for leaving him all those years ago when they were teenagers.

But this older Erin Wilson was, if possible, even more gorgeous than she had been before, not to mention her body was more developed and she was sexy as hell.

Dave continued his exploration, ignoring her pussy and instead sliding his hands down her legs to the strappy heels she was wearing. The vivid image of her on her back, wearing only those heels, just about made him come in his uniform pants.

"There's only one place I haven't searched for weapons," he said as he eased back up her body, his hands slowly sliding over her firm thighs, up to the tiny skirt.

Erin trembled beneath his palms as his fingers neared her pussy. "Are you going to resist arrest, Erin Wilson?"

"Depends."

"Oh?"

"On whether or not you intend to make me come, or if you're just teasing me."

He held back a chuckle. "Are you bribing an officer of the law?"

"No," she gasped as his fingers neared her panties. "Maybe. *Yes!*"

"That'll definitely cost you," he murmured before he slipped his fingers into her wet folds.

She cried out and brought one of her hands from the hood of her car to cover his and press it tighter against her pussy. He thrust his hips against her ass at the same time he circled her clit.

"Dave...oh God, I missed you." Her body trembled beneath his and he caught the smell of her musk. "I want you inside me. I want you to fuck me." He stilled and she whimpered again. "Please," she begged. "I need you."

"I don't have a condom," he said, his cock nearly bursting from the seams of his uniform slacks.

"I'm on the Pill." Her breathing came in heavy pants. "And I trust you."

The fact that she trusted him sent a warm bolt through his chest that combined with the lust raging through his body.

Technically he could call it a day, but he hadn't yet. He was still on the job.

"I need you," Erin whispered. "I need *this*."

Before he could even stop himself, he unzipped his slacks and freed his erection. He pushed Erin's skirt up and over her ass so that all he could see was a thong and her bare ass cheeks, and he nearly shuddered. He pulled the scrap of cloth to the side with one hand and used his other to steady his cock at the opening to her core.

She moaned and leaned back, trying to take him inside her.

He grabbed her hips and drove his cock home in one hard thrust.

Erin screamed. He stopped, holding himself inside her, feeling the tightness of her pussy holding onto his cock like a fist. Goddamn, she felt good.

"Please." Erin wriggled her hips. "Don't stop."

Dave started fucking her, feeling like he'd just found a lost treasure.

Erin was so lost in the sensation of having Dave inside her that she could barely think. Red and blue lights continued to flash, exposing them if anyone was to drive by. His weapons belt and gun dug into her flesh as his cock rammed into her core.

Over all of these years, no one had ever lived up to Dave, and he seemed impossibly bigger and thicker than he had as a teenager.

He moved his hands up her hips to her blouse and pushed it up, over her skimpy red lace bra. He pulled the cups of her bra down, exposing her skin to the cool fall air. Her nipples ached in a pleasurable way as he pinched them and fucked her at the same time.

"Definitely bribing an officer of the law," he said as he slammed harder against her. "Looks like you need a little punishment to teach you a lesson you won't forget."

"P-punishment..." Erin felt like her mind was floating away. "I un-understand, Officer."

"Do you?" He stopped for a moment, his body flush with hers. "This means solitary confinement with me as your jailor."

"Please don't stop." She gasped, his erotic words floating somewhere with her mind. "Whatever you want, Officer. Just fuck me."

He rotated his hips so that his big cock worked magic inside her and she wanted to scream. "I'll be taking you into custody as soon as I finish 'frisking' you, Ms. Wilson. Do you understand?"

A thrill tumbled through her belly. "Anything you require of me, Officer."

He gave a sound of satisfaction and began pumping in her hard and fast, slamming his hips against hers, his balls slapping her ass.

Erin's body shuddered with the need to come. She climbed higher and higher, her mind still floating as if she were a balloon, barely tethered to the ground. Her entire body felt light, her oncoming orgasm lifting higher and higher.

Out of nowhere her climax slammed into her and she shouted.

She came so hard her arms collapsed against the warm hood of the car and she found herself resting her head on her arms. She felt disconnected from reality as her body shuddered and her core clamped down on his cock.

Dave gave a low growl just before she felt his semen spurting inside her, his cock pulsing while her pussy spasmed. He thrust a few times more, letting her body milk the rest of his come from his cock.

"Angel." He pressed his groin tight against her ass. "You don't know just how much trouble you're in."

Trouble? Hell, if this was trouble *bring it on*, Erin thought as Dave drew his cock out of her and she heard him zipping up his uniform slacks. Who'd have thought her day would end up like this?

"You might get time for good behavior," he said in his deep, sexy voice as his hands clasped her wrists. "But we'll have to see."

Her cheek pressed against the hood of the car as he drew her hands behind her back too fast for her to react – and he *handcuffed* her.

"Dave!" she cried out as she pulled at the metal handcuffs that bound her hands behind her back. "What the hell are you doing?"

"Resisting arrest, Ms. Wilson?" he asked as he drew her to a standing position. He didn't bother to pull down her blouse or her skirt.

"What – no, I –" She did resist stomping on his booted foot. "What are you doing?"

He leaned so that his lips were close to her ear and he reached around and pinched one of her nipples. She moaned and felt more moisture dampen her thighs. "Jail time, remember?"

"But –"

He turned her toward his cruiser, the red and blue lights flashing across her bare breasts. Her skirt was still above her ass and she felt the chill fall air on her breasts and every other body part that was bared. If she weren't so hot and horny from Dave fucking her, she'd be cold. Thank God this was Arizona.

Dave actually read her the Miranda Rights as he opened the back door of his cruiser and shoved her into the seat, his hand pushing down on her head. Her naked ass hit the cold vinyl of the seat and she shivered. What was he doing? Taking her in? After *that*?

Erin's heart pounded as he slammed the door shut behind her. She didn't know what was happening, but he couldn't take her in like this.

Through the grill separating the backseat from the front, she saw him fiddling with her car, raising the convertible's roof and turning off the headlights. When he ducked

his head into the car, he took a moment before bringing something from inside. It looked like her purse, then he slammed the door closed. As he walked back to the cruiser, her car's lights flashed indicating he'd used the remote to lock the doors. He slipped her keys into her purse and closed it.

Dave reached the cruiser, climbed inside, tossed her purse onto the seat beside him and killed the flashing lights. She just sat there numb from shock as his headlights remained on her little convertible and he closed the front door behind him. Her body still felt his touch, still remembered the fullness of having him inside her. But now she was handcuffed, her body mostly bared, and sitting in the back of his police car.

The numbness turned into a slow burn of anger that began to rise within her. "What the fuck is going on, Dave?"

"I'm taking you into custody." He threw the car into gear and turned the vehicle around so that they were headed in the opposite direction—toward town.

He spoke into his shoulder radio, but she didn't hear or understand a word he said.

Her entire body started shaking. "Is that what you do, *Officer Bennett*? Fuck the women you stop for speeding, then take them into custody?"

By the dashboard lights, she saw the corner of his mouth curve. "Only you. I think we have a little interrogating to do."

Erin was at a total loss for words. She felt so vulnerable, yet for some stupid reason, she felt amazingly turned on. It was like one of their teenage role-playing games had come to life—only this time she didn't know what to expect next. Would she turn *him* in for sexual harassment like she had earlier today with the guy from her office?

This went a little beyond sexual harassment.

But how she'd wanted it. After the day she'd had, it had felt so good having his calloused hands on her, his big cock inside her.

God, she was going out of her mind.

They reached another street on the west side of town, not too far from where she'd been driving and she wrinkled her brow in confusion. There were very few houses on the street, separated by large lots. He drove up into the driveway of a house and the garage door opened.

A whoosh of relief rose up from her chest. Dave had no doubt taken her to his home.

Even after all these years, she completely trusted him—and despite the handcuffs. After he'd turned off the powerful engine he lowered the garage door and got out of the cruiser. He opened the back door, took her by the upper arm and helped her out of the car.

Thrills bounced around her belly after he closed the door behind them and he paused to look down at her, his beautiful brown eyes meeting hers. It was the first time she'd been able to see his eyes all night and she caught her breath. They were the same chocolate brown with long dark lashes and his dark hair short in the kind of cut you'd expect a cop to have. From what she could tell with his uniform on, his body was even more fit than it had been when he'd played high-school football, and he'd filled out. He was all man now, that was for sure.

His gaze moved from hers and slowly traveled to her exposed breasts. He ducked his head and latched onto one of her nipples with his warm mouth and suckled. Erin caught her breath then let out a soft whimper when he moved his lips to her other nipple. She wanted her hands free from the cuffs to run her fingers through his short dark hair.

He raised his head and looked at her again. Her nipples were hard, aching and a little chilled from the dampness and the cool garage temperature.

Their eyes met and locked. "Damned if I haven't missed you," he said as he cupped her face in his hands. "Fifteen years, and just seeing you makes me feel like you never left."

She swallowed. "I feel the same way. Can't believe it, but I do."

"I haven't even kissed you yet," he murmured as he held her face in his palms. "Welcome home."

Dave's mouth met hers in a soft kiss that was so different from their wild lovemaking out on the side of the road. Her body knew him, welcomed him, wanted him.

Their tongues met and she sighed into his mouth. His familiar taste and the way he kissed brought back so many memories. The sweet nights they'd shared, learning one another's bodies, then the wild, untamed sex that blossomed the more they came to know each other and the more they'd learned.

When Dave raised his head, her breathing had elevated and she felt flushed from her head to her toes. "Take off the handcuffs. I want to touch you."

He shook his head. "You're still in custody, and I've got some interrogating to do."

Erin's belly flip-flopped at the rough way he said it, while at the same time his eyes held such sensuality. She let him lead her into his home, through a laundry room that had a pile of dirty clothing, and into a large, airy combination kitchen/family room.

It was a really nice home, but definitely looked like a bachelor pad. A pair of jogging shoes sprawled by a coffee table that had a couple of empty beer cans and a half-full cheese puff package. Across from the leather L-shaped couch and coffee table was a large-screen TV, and she could just picture him kicking back and watching sports. Back when they'd dated, he'd been into every kind of sport imaginable and she'd always enjoyed sitting next to him while he got into the games, and she'd laugh when he'd get to his feet and shout at the players on the screen. No doubt he hadn't changed in that regard a bit.

Dave guided her to a square oak kitchen table in the kitchen, seated her in one of the chairs and sat across from her. The light that hung over the table was stained glass, causing reflections of various colors to freckle the walls. A few dirty dishes were scattered on the counter and there was a dish drainer full of clean ones.

Her shirt was still up and over her breasts, her bra below them, causing her breasts to be raised high. She felt exposed, vulnerable and a little more than turned on. "My arms are starting to ache," she said as her gaze met his. "*Please* take off the handcuffs?"

He shook his dark head. "Not yet, Ms. Wilson. You've got some answering to do."

She raised an eyebrow. "Should I call my lawyer?"

The corner of his mouth quirked before his expression was serious again. "Why did you leave me like you did when we graduated?"

Erin leaned back in surprise. She hadn't expected that question. "I, well —"

"The *truth*." His expression was grim. "Did you stop loving me?"

She squeezed her eyes shut for a moment and thought back to the day she told him she was leaving. It was the hardest thing she'd ever done. "I was scared." She opened her eyes as the words came out of her mouth. "We were so young, and I—I wasn't ready, Dave."

"You could have stayed." His big palms were splayed out on the table. "I would have given you all the time you needed."

"I know." It came out in a whisper. "But you were all I'd known for two years, and I wanted to make sure I wasn't missing out on what life had to offer. I didn't want to have kids or even think about them. Whenever we used to talk, I'd get a funny feeling in the pit of my stomach."

A hurt expression flashed across Dave's face, to be replaced by the firm mask again. "Why didn't you tell me instead of just breaking it off? I just asked you, did you stop loving me? Because I sure as hell couldn't forget you."

"I didn't date for the first couple of years," she admitted, "because I couldn't get over you."

"Why didn't you come back?"

She sucked in her lower lip as she remembered those days when she'd missed him so badly it hurt deep inside. "After the way I left—I didn't think you'd want me."

"It took me a couple of years to get over you, too." His gaze pinned hers and she couldn't look away. "But I finally did. I finally moved on and you became a part of my past."

Erin's chest ached, and she wanted to cry. She'd been stupid to throw their love away. She'd realized it too late—or what she'd thought had been too late.

"And now you walk back into my life and it's happening all over again." He shook his head. "Goddamn, Erin. I want your—I want your body even more than I did then."

And my heart? She quelled the thought before it went any further. That was over. All there was left was lust.

Dave gripped his hands into fists and gritted his teeth even harder. He was admitting things to Erin he hadn't admitted to himself in years. He'd told her what he wanted was her body, when a part of him yearned for her heart again, too.

It's been fifteen goddamn years, Bennett! What the fuck are you thinking? She left you.

"Things have changed a lot since then." His voice was hoarse, betraying some of his emotion, and he wanted to kick his own ass.

"I know," she said softly. "And you don't know how sorry I am."

"Just how sorry?" He rose and withdrew the key to the handcuffs and held it up where she could see it.

Thank God he was going to take the cuffs off. "*Real* sorry."

"Good." He pocketed the key again.

"Hey!" She narrowed her brows. "You promised."

He shook his head. "No. I told you I was taking you into custody, and that's exactly what I'm doing."

Erin flopped against her seat, an expression of disbelief on her face. "We talked. What more do you want from me?"

“A lot.” He took her by the arm and helped her to her feet. She tried to jerk her arm away, but he gripped her tight as he guided her to the one room he’d wanted to take her to all night.

They walked down the hallway to the farthest—and largest room, and he opened the door.

Chapter Three

Erin's jaw dropped and her eyes widened as Dave closed the door behind them. *Un-freaking-believable*. She'd been introduced to a little bondage and domination by one of her boyfriends, but nothing like this.

He had a table with floggers and other devices, a stool with restraints, what she was certain was a sex swing, chains hanging from the ceiling, some kind of machine with a metal ramp, and at the top of the ramp were grips and arm- and belly-rests, all leather padded. There were wrist restraints at the grips and restraints at the bottom of the ramp. The thing that really got her attention, though, was the tall metal cage against one wall.

"Um, Dave?" She looked up at him and licked her lips. "What are you planning to do to me?"

He cupped the side of her face with one of his hands and brushed his lips over hers. "It's not what I intend to do *to* you, it's what I intend to do *with* you."

Her stomach flip-flopped once again. "How do you know I want to?"

He moved his lips to her ear and gently nipped. "All those sexual games we played when we were teenagers...we've grown up and so have our toys. And you want to try them out. You want me to fuck you in every way imaginable. Admit it."

Dave released her arm as he raised his head and looked into her eyes. At the same time he brought his hands to her nipples and squeezed, causing her to gasp from the sheer pleasure of it. She tried swallowing, but her throat was dry.

Erin's pussy ached and her nipples grew harder as he cupped her breasts and squeezed her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. She had to admit it did feel so erotic having her wrists handcuffed and being at Dave's mercy.

He moved his hands from her breasts to her ass, raised her skirt and massaged the naked globes, pulling them apart and releasing them again. "Are you ready to play?"

"Yeah." She shocked herself by how easily she answered him. "I'm ready."

The corner of his mouth turned up in a devastatingly sexy smile. "Pick a safe word."

Safe word. Safe word. Oh, yeah, that ex-boyfriend who had introduced her to a little bondage and domination had mentioned that people heavily into BDSM chose a word they could use any time they thought things were getting too out of hand.

Memories of earlier this evening hit her hard. "Dirty, stinking, lying, cheating bastard and bitch." A moment's fury was in her words at the memory of her *ex*-best friend, and her *ex*-boyfriend.

Dave looked taken aback. "Uh, angel. That's a bit much. Maybe you'd better tell me where that came from."

Erin's shoulders slumped and she shook her head, still unable to believe what she'd walked in on. She told Dave about her day from hell and how it ended finding her boyfriend with her best friend.

In the meantime he unfastened her handcuffs, put them back into the pouch on his belt and massaged her wrists.

"Of course that was before you stopped me for speeding and littering," she said as he rubbed the slight ache in her shoulders.

"Your day sucked." He kissed the top of her head. "And I'd like to kick that sonofabitch's ass. But wouldn't you say it ended up pretty well?"

She smiled up at him. "Getting fucked by a cop on the side of a road was definitely hot."

He raised an eyebrow. "Any cop?"

Now that her arms were free, she wrapped them around his waist and snuggled against his chest. She breathed deeply of his masculine scent. He smelled so damn good. "Definitely not just any cop would have done."

Dave gave a soft laugh. "Now about that safe word. How about you choose just one."

"If you insist," she said with a smile as her cheek rested against his chest. "Ballerina. I always wanted to be one when I was a little girl."

When she tilted her face up and met his gaze, he had a serious expression on his face. "You know how this works, I'd bet."

Erin shrugged. "Not really." She had a feeling it wouldn't go over well if she admitted to indulging in a little bondage with an old boyfriend. "It's just one of those things I've learned about over the years."

"Uh-huh."

"Really." She did her best to look innocent.

He swatted her on the ass, hard, and she yelped. "Always tell me the truth or you'll be punished."

Her face flushed as he rubbed one of her ass cheeks with his palm. "An old boyfriend used to tie me up every now and then, but we never got into BDSM."

"You have several punishments coming to you." He was now rubbing both ass cheeks. "Five counts. Speeding, littering, bribing a police officer, lying...and leaving me."

At his last words she caught her breath and met his gaze. He lowered his mouth and took hers in a hard kiss that made her head spin. He mastered her mouth with his tongue, his teeth and his lips. By the time he finished kissing her she was so dizzy she almost couldn't stand.

When he finally raised his head and she managed to catch her breath, he said, "You're to refer to me as Officer Bennett, or Officer at all times. Do you understand?"

Wow. This went a little more than beyond what they would play when they were teenagers. It made her hot enough that moisture dampened her thighs and her nipples ached in the cool air of the bondage room.

“Five punishments, Officer?” she asked, coming back to her senses. *Five?*

“More if you deserve them.” He took a step back. “Strip – but leave your heels on.”

Erin’s pussy was positively aching now. She slipped out of her sweater and he took it from her, along with the other pieces of clothing she stripped out of. When she wore nothing but her heels, he gave a smile of pure male satisfaction.

He went to a long, oak table that was built into the wall and set her clothes on it. While she watched him, he went to a tall safe, unlocked it with a combination, then took off his weapons belt and put it into the safe, along with any other equipment he had on, like his shoulder radio. He finished and shut the safe door before turning to the table and looking it over – she saw that he’d kept a hold of the handcuffs, though.

Uh-oh.

As he looked over his table of “toys” he finally settled on something that looked like a chastity belt – but had both a dildo and a butt plug on it.

She shivered as he approached her with a tube of what she was sure was lubricant, along with the contraption.

When he reached her, he trailed one of his fingers down her spine to her ass. “Ever been butt-fucked before?”

Erin thought about lying, but knew he’d see right through her and it would mean punishment number six. “A couple of times.” She stared at the butt plug. “But I don’t think anything *that* big has been up my ass.”

“This is punishment number one – for speeding.” He took the tube, squeezed out some lubricant and applied it liberally to the plug. “You’ll wear these at all times until I take them out of you.”

Whoa. “Yes, Officer.”

He had Erin place her hands on a padded raised table and had her stand with her legs wide. She felt so open and vulnerable to him—and really, really *hot*. She gave a sharp cry then a groan as he pushed the plug up her ass. The tight ring of her anus didn't want to let it in, but he slipped the plug in until she felt packed full and she wanted to squirm from the sensations.

Next he took the dildo—no need to lube it as wet as she was—and he thrust it into her pussy, this time causing her to gasp at the sudden invasion. He strapped the harness so that both the dildo and the plug were kept snug inside her. While she was getting used to the feel of them, he left to put the lube back onto the table with all his toys.

"Punishment number two is for littering," he said as he returned to stand in front of her. "No orgasm without my permission. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Officer." Erin was practically trembling with the need to come *right now* because of the plug up her ass and the dildo in her pussy. Not to mention she was naked with only her high heels and a harness on—in front of her former high-school sweetheart who had turned out to be one hell of a good-looking man *and* was a cop.

He drew her away from the padded table and slowly walked around her. "Damn, you're beautiful. You're even more gorgeous than you were when we were in high school."

"I was thinking the same thing about you, Officer Bennett," she said when he was facing her again.

He gave a slow smile. "Now for punishment three." His gaze roved the room and settled on the tall cage. "For bribing a police officer, you definitely need to serve some jail time."

Her heart started thundering. "You're going to lock me up, Officer?"

"You bet your sweet ass I am." He pinched one of her ass cheeks as if to make his point and she yelped. "I read you your rights, I've processed you, and now I'm going to lock you away."

Dave took her by the arm and she nearly stumbled into him as they went to the jail cell that was about four by four feet square. The bars were shiny, thick, square-shaped, and the cell was over six feet tall.

Erin's belly twisted as he put her into the cage and bolted it shut behind her. He walked around the free-standing cell and came to a stop on the opposite side from the door.

"Come here," he ordered and she obeyed, feeling the plug and dildo with every step she made. "Put your arms through the bars." Again, she did as he told her and he had her handcuffed to the cage in two seconds flat.

She looked up at him, feeling enslaved, yet hot and excited all at once. "What are you going to do to me now, Officer Bennett?" she asked with a tremor in her voice.

He started to unfasten his uniform slacks. "On your knees."

Erin knelt, the links connecting the cuffs making a rattling sound as they hit the bar above her that went crosswise all around the cage. It caused her arms to be way up over her head. Before Dave finished unfastening his slacks, he reached down and pinched her nipples. "Beautiful," he murmured.

She arched into his touch and moaned at all the sensations bombarding her at once. He released her nipples and finished unfastening his slacks so that his cock and balls were freed. With both hands he reached through the gaps and brought her face lightly against the bars at the same time he pressed the head of his erection against her lips.

The sight of his cock made her squirm and she eagerly parted her lips and accepted him into her mouth.

Dave groaned as Erin began swirling her tongue over the head of his cock and along his length.

Shit. Just the feel of her mouth on his cock was bringing him close to a powerful climax. He hadn't wanted to come just yet, but she felt so good and looked so fucking

hot, naked in just her heels and the harness. He knew she had to be close to orgasm just from the way she squirmed and the whimpering sounds she made as she went down on him.

He fisted his hands tighter in her hair, loving the silky strands against his fingers. His All-American girl was turning out to be an All-American sex toy that he intended to play with as long as he could. She looked up at him with her big blue eyes and he watched his cock slide in and out of her mouth.

This morning he never would have thought he'd have Erin Wilson in a cage at his mercy and with her excited at the prospect of everything he wanted to do to her. With her.

Damn, but her mouth was so hot, so wet. She sucked harder and a rumble rose in his throat. He pumped his hips a little faster and she made soft sighing noises that caused more sensation to build in his groin.

He actually felt a little lightheaded as his angel sucked his cock. She was more experienced now and the thought caused a stab of jealousy in his chest. Erin should have been his all these years. No one else's.

Dave ground his teeth and focused on the feel of her lips wrapped around his erection. The sight she made, handcuffed, on her knees and taking him deep was so erotic that his climax came roaring toward him like a freight train.

He shouted as it slammed into him and he had to release her hair and hold on to the cell's bars to keep from dropping to his knees. She continued sucking his cock, drawing out every bit of his semen until he couldn't take it anymore.

Dave's breathing was hard and heavy as he pulled his cock out of Erin's mouth. She looked up at him with those innocent blue eyes and licked her lips.

"Long time no see, Erin," came John's voice. Dave glanced over to see John casually leaning against the doorframe, an aroused look on his face.

Erin squealed and yanked her handcuffs against the bars of the cage, her whole body turning an enticing pink.

Dave tucked his cock and balls back in his uniform pants and zipped them up. He and his brothers had shared women before. Dave had spent a pretty hot night with Craig and Jessica before the two of them became engaged. Now Jessica was off-limits, and rightly so. Dave's other two brothers, John and Drew, were both still single and they all liked to share their toys.

But this was different. This was Erin.

"Feel like letting me join in tonight, bro?" John said as his eyes lingered on Erin's body.

She gasped and shot her gaze up to meet Dave's. He smiled at his brother, but it wasn't friendly. For the first time when one of his brothers wanted to join in, what he felt was dominance and possession.

"Not this one," Dave said. "She's mine."

Chapter Four

Erin wanted to slide through the floor, taking the cage and handcuffs with her.

Oh my God. John, Dave's brother, was looking over her naked body with definite desire in his green eyes, and a good-sized bulge outlined against his jeans. He was almost as gorgeous as Dave but with blond hair and a leaner, muscular build.

This, however, was not exactly the position she wanted to be in when seeing John again after fifteen years —

On her knees, her wrists handcuffed over her head so that her breasts were exposed, with a butt plug and dildo harnessed to her. Not to mention he'd probably just watched her giving Dave head.

And John had mentioned *sharing*?

"You sure you're not into letting me have a taste?" John said with a sexy grin that would probably make most women melt. "It's never been a problem in the past."

Her heart pounded and she shot her gaze to Dave who was wearing one hell of a scowl. "I told you. Erin's mine. Get the hell out of here."

John pushed away from the doorframe and his grin broadened. "Just stopped by to pick up my golf clubs. I'll grab them and head on home."

"You do that." Dave's scowl hadn't lessened.

"Good seeing you, Erin." John's gaze raked over her one last time, in a slow, sensual perusal. "*Real* good."

Dave growled and John chuckled. "Later, bro."

After the door closed, Erin banged her head on the bars of the cage, wincing from the pain. "I can't believe your brother just saw me like this."

Dave crouched, reached through the bars and stroked her hair. "Sorry, angel."

She tilted her head and looked up at him. "Have I served out my sentence?"

"Yeah." He dug the handcuff key out of his pocket. "Now for your fourth and fifth punishments."

She shook her head. "And here I thought I'd get time off for good behavior, Officer."

"Not a chance."

Dave took off her cuffs then let her out of the cage. He was so much taller than her that she felt petite when he gripped her elbow and led her to the chrome and leather bench she'd seen earlier. Her heart throbbed when they reached it.

"Knees there." He pointed to a pair of leather-covered pads on the incline of the contraption. "Your belly here, forearms on these pads and grip the handholds."

Erin shivered as she complied. It was like being doggy-style, only her belly and arms were higher up. Her knees were so far apart she was spread wide for Dave's viewing pleasure. He strapped her wrists down with the attached leather cuffs, also her ankles, and in addition a belt around her waist. She could barely wiggle, much less move.

He went back to the table and Erin's breathing ramped up a notch when she saw him retrieve a leather flogger – and what she knew was a policeman's baton.

"Count four – lying. One of the worst offenses." Dave set the flogger and baton on the nearby padded bench. "Are you ready for your punishment?"

Not. "Um, yes, Officer." She held her breath as he unfastened the harness resting around her hips, then she gasped when he pulled out the plug and the dildo. The sensations made her pussy and her ass clench with mini-spasms, and she felt empty with them gone.

And jeez, she needed to come.

He set the harness on the padded table then rubbed her ass cheeks with both of his hands, massaging them so that she relaxed a little even as her arousal grew. And grew.

When Dave bit her ass cheek, she cried out in surprise. He'd bitten her hard and the pain made her eyes water. He rubbed his palm over the mark and more moisture flooded her pussy. Damn, this was unbelievably hot. Another yelp escaped her when he bit her other ass cheek, but the pain quickly faded as he rubbed it with his palm. Instead of pain in the places he'd bitten her, she felt an arousing ache.

He slipped his hand into her slick folds. "Turned on?"

No fucking kidding. She moaned. "Yes, Officer."

He thrust a couple of fingers inside her and she felt the need to come increasing and increasing. "Just how turned on are you? What do you want me to do to you?"

"Fuck me." She moaned again and rocked as much as she could while he thrust his fingers deep enough that his knuckles hit her folds. "Please, Officer."

"Not until all of your punishments have been dealt." He pulled his fingers from her pussy and she groaned in disappointment.

Dave went to the bench where he retrieved the baton and the flogger. Just exactly what was he going to do with that baton? But worse, just how hard was he going to flog her?

Dave laid the flogger across her back, causing a shiver to race up her spine in anticipation. Then she felt the warm wood of the baton as he slipped it into her pussy.

Erin gasped and tugged against her restraints as he thrust the baton in and out of her core. He was taking it so deep she felt as if he was hitting her bellybutton. It hurt a little, but at the same time it was driving her crazy with need.

"How's that?" he asked as he continued to thrust the baton in and out of her pussy.

"Good," she managed to get out. "Really, really good, Officer."

"Let's see how you like this." He pulled the now very slick baton from her pussy and placed it to the tight ring of her anus.

She bit her lower lip and shut her eyes, her body tensing automatically.

"Relax." He stroked her ass cheeks and kissed one of them. "It'll go in easier if you're not so tense."

Erin tried, she really tried, but still her anus clenched. He pushed the baton in, causing her to cry out at the invasion. He slid it in just far enough that she felt it deep, but not too deep.

Just right.

Wow. *You've come a long way, baby.*

It was such a different feeling to have the baton in her ass instead of her pussy. The length, the width, the smoothness of it. Different...and *exciting*.

She eased into the steady thrusts of the baton and rocked back against it. Unbelievable. The ache in her core intensified and her whole body felt electric.

"Enjoying being butt-fucked by a policeman's baton?" Dave asked as he slid it in and out.

Erin nodded. "Yes, Officer."

He withdrew the baton and she sighed. Everything he was doing and had done to her body was ramping up her desire. More than anything she wanted *him* inside her.

Her mouth grew dry as he set the baton on the bench and returned to take the flogger off her back. "Don't cry out," he said as he rubbed her ass cheeks with his palm again. "Or we'll go for punishment number six."

"Yes, Officer." Her heart rate picked up again. She was going to have a heart attack as many times as her heart had been pounding the whole night. "Is this punishment number five?"

"No." He kissed one of her globes. "That'll be after your flogging."

What did he have planned for her final punishment?

The first lash fell on her ass and she almost screamed. It stung! But then Dave trailed the flogger over her back and ass and thighs in a sensual tease, and she felt the sting blend into a pleasant burn. Everything he was doing to her made her want to

climax even more. She couldn't believe how much she enjoyed the pain and pleasure of it all.

Dave flogged her again, catching her off guard, and again she barely restrained a cry. He struck the other ass cheek, each thigh, and under her ass, close to her folds. Her eyes watered and her desire to reach orgasm had her entire body shaking.

Finally – or was it too soon? – he stopped and tossed the flogger aside. He got down on his knees and rubbed her ass, then trailed kisses over the hot flesh, easing the burn. Erin sighed as she relaxed into his mouth and tongue on her ass and her thighs, but tensed when he neared her pussy. She wanted his mouth on her so badly she was quavering from the desire.

"I haven't tasted you in so long," he murmured, and she silently agreed that it had been way too long.

Butterflies danced in her belly as he positioned her to be even more spread out for him and moved himself so that he had his mouth close to her pussy. She could feel his warm breath on her folds and she shivered in anticipation.

"Remember," he said. "Don't come without permission."

The first flick of his tongue would have sent her straight off the bench if she hadn't been restrained. She cried out and squirmed as he laved her folds and dipped his tongue into her core. She didn't know if she could take much more without climaxing – she'd been on the edge all night and it had been a fight to keep from losing it.

When he sucked her clit, she thought she was a goner. She cried out and clenched her belly and tried to still her trembling thighs. Dave chuckled and moved away from her and she whimpered.

"Now for punishment number five," he said as he came around to where her head was resting on the leather padding.

"I don't know how much more I can take, Officer." Erin was breathing hard and her voice quavered. "I'm so close to coming."

"But you're not going to." His voice was firm, a definite command.

"Of course not, Officer," she said through gritted teeth. God, it was so damn hard to hold back!

He unfastened her restraints at her wrists, ankles and her belly. When he helped her to her feet, she was trembling. All the sensations were almost too much. Everything he'd done to her made her nerves and her entire body feel raw. She needed him so damn much.

"Time for number five." Dave grasped her around the waist, and before she knew what he was doing, he flung her over his shoulder.

Erin squealed in surprise. Her hair fell over her face, all the blood rushed to her head, making her lightheaded. Her bottom was right up in the air, her pussy pressed against his shoulder. He swatted her on the ass and she squealed again.

"Dave!" she cried out. "Er, Officer. What are you doing?"

"You'd just better be on your best behavior," he said and swatted her bottom. She managed not to cry out, but her butt cheeks smarted from the flogging and now the swats.

She had a good view of his tight ass as he started walking toward the dungeon doors and she took advantage of her position and grasped both cheeks in her hands and squeezed through the material.

"Hey." He rubbed her stinging flesh with his hands. "No touching."

She giggled and he gave a laugh and she imagined him shaking his head.

The living room passed by in a blur as he walked through it to a hallway on the other side of the house. When he reached the bedroom, her tummy did a little twist. She laughed when he slipped her off his shoulder and let her drop to the bed so that she bounced on the mattress.

He stood and looked at her for a long moment, a serious expression on his face, and she sobered.

His eyes were dark and intense. "Undress me."

With pleasure.

"Yes, Officer." Erin held back a smile as she got up from the bed and approached him. She reached up to his shoulders and ran her palms over his uniform shirt to the top button. Slowly she unbuttoned his shirt, brushing her knuckles against his naked flesh as she revealed it, inch by inch. When she reached the waistband of his uniform slacks, he sucked in his breath as she purposely stroked his taut abs.

She pulled his shirt from where it had been tucked into his slacks. "Teasing me just got you another punishment," he murmured as she pushed the shirt off his broad shoulders. He slid it the rest of the way off and tossed it aside.

"Sorry, Officer," she said, but knew she didn't sound sorry at all. She paused to run her hands over his hard chest from his shoulders to the planes of his abdomen. "You must work out a lot."

"You're taking too long," he said in a warning tone and she tried not to smile.

"We need to get your boots and socks off, Officer." She pushed him toward the bed and he sat with a grunt.

Dave watched as she crouched and took one of his boots in her hands, unlaced it and tugged it off then flung it to the side. Next went his sock, followed by his other boot and sock.

When he was left only wearing his slacks, he stood. Erin unbuttoned them, purposefully brushing her knuckles over his cock and felt his erection twitch. She unzipped his pants and his large cock and balls slipped out, and she couldn't resist running her hand over its length, feeling its hardness beneath the soft skin covering his erection.

In a fast movement, he dropped his pants, kicked them off and had her in his arms. He kissed her hard before leading her to the bed. This time he sat, and to her surprise he pulled her down and laid her across his lap, her ass in the air, her belly pressed against

this erection. She gave a little cry as he draped her over his thighs and rubbed her ass. Once again her hair was around her face and blood rushed to her head.

"This is your final punishment," he said in a deep voice, thick with lust. "This one is for leaving me, angel."

The huskiness and the meaning behind his words made her breath catch.

But then she gasped and cried out when he slipped the fingers of one hand into her pussy and stroked her clit. Her whole body trembled and her mind spun with the need to climax. When his other hand landed hard on her ass, she almost lost it.

He was spanking her!

Dave continued to swat her ass with his palm while he fingered her pussy. In between each swat he leaned over and kissed the place he had spanked her.

Erin thought she was going to die if she didn't come. He thrust his fingers inside her, kissed and spanked her ass. The more he did it, the more she needed to climax. She whimpered and squirmed on his lap.

"I'm so close to coming, Officer." Her tone was breathless. "Please let me come!"

"Bad girls have to earn their orgasms." He swatted her again. "You've almost earned yours."

She grew lightheaded from the blood rushing to her head from hanging over the side of his thigh, not to mention the swats and the need to climax.

When he finally stopped and raised her up so that she was sitting on his lap sideways, her body pressed against his naked chest. The depth of his desire for her was in his eyes, and she was sure were in her own as well.

"You've served your time." He brushed his lips over hers. "Now for your reward for good behavior."

Chapter Five

Erin held her breath as Dave carefully moved her so that she was settled on his bed sheet, his pillow beneath her head. The other covers were already tossed aside, his bed unmade. The sheets had his masculine scent that filled her, made her want him more.

She released the air in her lungs as he eased between her thighs, his eyes focused intently on hers. She spread her thighs wide, taking him fully against her so that his cock was pressed to her belly and he was real and solid in her arms. He braced one hand on the bed and used his other to guide his cock into her channel.

Inch by heavenly inch he slipped inside her. So different than the fast and hard fucking he'd given her on the side of the road. That had been incredible, but this felt...special.

When Dave's cock was fully inside her, Erin gave a soft moan and wrapped her legs around his hips to take him even deeper. His ass flexed beneath her legs as he started to move in and out.

His lovemaking was slow and deliberate, his eyes never wavering from hers. She brushed her palms along his powerful back to his waist and up again as he pushed in then pulled out.

When he kissed her, it was soft and sweet. He never stopped the rhythm of his strokes as he tasted and explored her mouth with his tongue and nipped at her lower lip. The kiss was so sensuous it made her already dizzy mind spin even more.

All the sensations she'd experienced tonight heightened the sensitivity in her body and she felt it in every fiber of her being. When Dave raised his head, she couldn't take her gaze from his. All night it had been like that. As if they couldn't get enough of looking at one another.

Every part of her started to tremble and she fought back the need to come. "Please, Officer, I need to climax."

"Dave." He brushed his lips over hers. "Right now we're Dave and Erin."

His words sent a burst of warmth inside her that did nothing but raise her level of need higher.

"Please, Dave." Her skin tingled from head to toe as she came closer and closer. "I need to, so badly."

"You can come," he said softly. "Come now."

Erin let loose with a cry that probably shook the walls. A hundred explosions seemed to go off in her body at once. She bucked against him and her entire being shook. Lights even flashed behind her eyelids, and the dizziness never stopped. She felt like she was in a whirlpool—or more like a hurricane with thunder and lightning.

Her climax seemed to go on forever and she barely heard Dave's murmur, "That's it, my beautiful angel."

He started to thrust harder and faster and spasms continued to rock her body. Perspiration had broken out all over her skin, and she saw beads of sweat on his forehead as his jaw clenched and his strokes increased.

After several thrusts, Dave's entire body tensed and he shouted as he came inside her. His cock pulsed, causing more contractions in her channel that clenched down on him. He pressed his groin tight against hers and he actually trembled between her thighs.

With a loud groan, he lowered himself so that most of his weight was on her, pinning her to the bed. It didn't hurt her at all. She enjoyed the solid feel of him against her, reveled in it even. He felt so comfortable, so real...like he belonged right where he was. And that she belonged right where she was, too.

His chest rose and fell against hers and she almost laughed as she thought about her “heaving breasts” like what she’d read in old romance novels. They were heaving all right.

He gave one last shudder, rolled onto his side and drew her into his arms. He held her tight, her head under his chin. His cock was still inside her, still making her feel full and setting off little spasms in her core. Having her face pressed up against his chest slowed the dizziness in her mind until she felt the world gradually slow and her breathing calmed.

For a long time they just cuddled, like they had once upon a time. Right now it felt like the years had fled by as if they’d never been separated. And at this moment she wondered how she could have let this go—let *him* go. Sure, they’d had their arguments when they were in high school, but in a healthy relationship that was normal.

She’d just been so young, and so scared.

Erin had always believed that things were meant to happen for a reason. Maybe they weren’t meant to be together until now.

Whoa. She had to stop that train of thinking. This was one night, and could very well be just a good fuck to him.

Their gazes met, and he pulled her closer to him so that his naked body was flush to her sensitized skin.

“You can stay right here with me,” he murmured into her hair, “or you’re free to go.”

She tipped her head up, looking at him in surprise. “Free to go?”

He brushed his lips over hers then kissed her softly. “Only if you want to.”

Dave’s words echoed in Erin’s head as their eyes met and held. Right now, even after one night, she felt so firmly his that it was difficult to imagine the world around them.

She took a deep breath and smiled. “We’ll see,” she said.

A serious look was on his expression and he pushed a lock of her blonde hair over her shoulder. "It doesn't seem like so much time has passed."

"No, it doesn't." An ache deep inside her rose up. Again she wondered—had she thrown away something real, honest and true? Something that couldn't be replaced?

So many emotions whirled through her as she met his chocolate brown eyes. And so many memories.

The first time they'd made love—beneath the Christmas tree, while his parents were at a holiday party, and Dave's brothers had been out with some friends. It had been so magical, so special. The pain of that first slow entry had faded into the most incredible pleasure as they both lost their virginity. They fumbled, they laughed, they explored, but the love they had made had been true.

Tears wanted to spill from Erin's eyes and she buried her face against his chest. She squeezed her eyes shut for a moment, letting the loss weigh her shoulders down.

Dave rubbed her back in slow circles and his voice was low and soft. "We can make up for lost time and get to know one another again. If you want to."

She opened her eyes and tilted her face to look at him again and smiled. "I'd like that."

Dave trailed his fingers down her spine to her buttocks and up again, causing her to shiver. "I'd like to ask you out on a date."

Erin laughed. "You don't think we're already beyond that point?"

The corners of his mouth tipped up in a grin and he brushed his knuckles over her cheek. "This doesn't mean our dates are going to be anything like high school." He leaned down and kissed her before drawing back. "Although you have to admit, some of our dates were pretty damn hot."

"Two horny teenagers." Erin returned his grin. "Now two horny adults."

He brushed his knuckles across her cheek again and his expression softened. "I'm serious. Dinner and a movie tomorrow night?"

The sweetness of his proposal made her melt. "You're on."

* * * * *

Erin couldn't believe how nervous she was as she prepared for Dave to pick her up for their "date". Lots of those crazy butterflies flew rampant in her belly as she slipped into a little black sleeveless dress with a scoop neckline, the hem of the dress hitting her mid-thigh. She usually didn't wear heels over two inches, but she'd gone shopping and bought three-inch heels, the dress and a sleek little black purse.

She'd twisted her hair up into an elegant style and clipped it, and applied makeup as well as wearing her favorite jewelry—which included a gold interlocking heart necklace Dave had given to her in high school. A lump formed in her throat as she clasped it around her neck. It had been nestled in her jewelry box all of these years. She hadn't been able to let it go, just like she'd never been able to let the memory of Dave slip away.

After a night in each other's arms, Dave took Erin to her to her car and gave her a soft kiss before she left for her condo. She hadn't wanted to leave him, but she was excited at the prospect of actually going on a date with him. It made her feel giddy and girly, and she couldn't wait.

When the doorbell to her condo finally chimed, Erin made it to the front door in record time. When she opened the door, she wanted to fling herself into his arms, but restrained herself.

He looked so damn hot in a pair of black dress pants and a white shirt that complemented his muscular figure without being tight, and it tapered down to his waist. His brown hair was so sexy she wanted to run her fingers through it and mess it all up. She'd save that for later.

And he was even holding a bouquet of red roses with baby's breath and a bottle of champagne.

Dave looked her over from head to toe and she noticed a definite bulge in his slacks. "I don't know if we're going to make it out of your place, as gorgeous as you are," he said before brushing his lips over hers.

She smiled and used her finger to wipe away the light smudge of lipstick at the corner of his mouth from kissing her. "You look pretty great yourself, Officer," she said as she let him in.

When the door closed behind him, he caught her in his arms, crushing the bouquet between them and kissed her hard. Erin fell into the magic of his kiss, giving soft moans of pleasure as his tongue explored her mouth and she explored his. It was such a sensual kiss that it made her heady. This time he drew away and she managed a smile when she wanted to swoon like a heroine in one of those romance novels. She grabbed a tissue and dabbed his lips with it. He was wearing much more of her lipstick this time—he had to have kissed it all off her.

She crumpled the tissue in her hand as he brought his fingers to the heart pendant at her throat. His voice sounded hoarse as he lightly touched the hearts. "You still have it."

"Of course I do." She brought her hand to his. "I've never forgotten the night you gave it to me."

"Your seventeenth birthday." His eyes met hers. "We made love in my bed."

"And almost got caught." She laughed. "Your parents came home a little earlier than we expected."

Dave drew his hand away from the pendant. "Those were good times."

Erin whispered, "Special times."

He placed the bouquet into her arms and held up the champagne bottle. "Where's your fridge?"

She led him to her little kitchenette that had a homey feel to it with a spring flower décor and a breakfast nook in a bay window. After she tossed the tissue and put the

champagne in the fridge, she found a vase for the roses and put them in the middle of her table.

“They’re so beautiful.” She touched one of the velvety buds with her fingertip then looked up at him. “Thank you.”

“I’m going to take you right on the table if you don’t stop looking at me like that,” Dave said with a dark look in his eyes.

For a moment Erin considered it, but then shook her head and smiled. “That would make us late for our dinner reservations.”

He drew her to him. “Then we’ll just save it for dessert.”

Those crazy feelings stirred in her belly again as he took her by the hand, his fingers large and warm in hers. She grabbed her purse and a wrap to keep the chill off her shoulders on the way out before locking the door behind them. He’d parked his truck in front of her condo’s walkway, and she got a good look at it for the first time—she vaguely remembered seeing it when they were in the garage, but she’d been rather, er, preoccupied.

It was a king cab custom truck with a lift and was metallic tan and brown. Because it was so high, he had to help her into the passenger side, and he took advantage of it by placing his palm on her bottom to help her into the seat. Unfortunately, her bottom still ached from last night’s spankings and she winced. She looked at him and he winked before closing her door, going to the driver’s side and climbing in.

Ignoring the stinging pain in her ass, Erin used the lighted mirror to put a fresh coat of lipstick on. “I’m just going to kiss it off again,” he said as he glanced from the road to her.

She gave him a teasing smile. “The better the excuse to wear it, then.”

The restaurant Dave had chosen was elegant with a romantic atmosphere. They were seated in a secluded corner, his chair close to hers, and he ordered a bottle of chardonnay. She breathed deeply of his spicy, masculine scent that had away of seeping inside her and making her feel so good.

"I thought you were strictly beer and pretzels," Erin teased. "I don't seem to remember fine wines and romantic restaurants."

He glanced up from his menu. "I don't remember having any money back then. My job as a ranch gofer didn't pay a whole hell of a lot."

She smiled and returned her gaze to her menu. "Hey, you never heard me complain. Pizza and sodas were perfectly fine with me."

Their gazes met as she raised her eyes again. "Yeah," he said. "Perfectly fine."

Erin shivered from the look he gave her and she had to fight to focus on her menu. So many memories bombarded her, from dating in high school to the erotic things they'd done last night.

She wondered exactly what he had planned for tonight, sore ass and all. She couldn't wait.

After they ordered their appetizer, Dave held out his hand. "I got you something I want you to use tonight."

"Use?" Erin raised an eyebrow and took the small black cylindrical object in her palm. "What is this?"

It started to vibrate in her hand and she jumped. The vibrations tickled her palm before they stopped. Her eyes met his and he held up what looked like a remote control. "Go to the bathroom. You're going to enjoy this night more than you expected."

Her pulse skipped and heat rushed over her. "I'll be right back."

It didn't take long to insert the remote-controlled vibrator in her core, and she returned to her seat. She expected it to start vibrating immediately but Dave just looked at her with a glint in his eye.

"Half the fun is in the anticipation." He took a drink of his wine before setting it down. "You'll never know when I'll use this little remote."

She squirmed. She felt the vibrator inside her and she was already hot and wet and ready for the fun to begin.

After a few moments, the waiter approached them. Just as he started to take her order, Erin gave a little cry of surprise and jumped in her seat as vibrations went off inside her—much more intense than when she'd held it in her palm.

Heat rushed to her cheeks as she looked up at the waiter, embarrassment flooding through her at having yelped in front of him. God, she hoped he couldn't tell what was going on. The waiter just looked at her with a questioning expression.

"Um..." She tried to get her voice and her senses under control as the vibrations continued. "I'll—I'll take the petite filet, the baby potatoes, with broccoli for the vegetable. And make the side salad a Caesar."

Dave ordered the cowboy steak along with his choice of sides. When the waiter walked away, the vibrations stopped.

"Are you out of your mind?" Erin placed her palms on the table. "That waiter probably knew exactly what you were doing to me."

With a grin, Dave leaned close. "Are you going to need another spanking for misbehaving?"

She blinked then tried to keep a smile from her lips. "What do you consider misbehavior?"

She quivered as he placed a hand on her thigh and slowly moved it up to the hem of her dress. "Climaxing without my permission. Questioning anything I do or tell you to do."

Erin's panties were already damp from the vibrator, but grew even wetter from the sensuality in his voice, along with his commanding tone. "Yes, Officer," she whispered, and he smiled.

She was on edge all night. The next time he used the remote was when she took a drink of her chardonnay, and she almost choked as she swallowed. That one earned him a glare, but he just acted like nothing had happened.

He left it turned on the entire time they ate dessert, and she was certain she was going to climax right in the restaurant, and she wasn't going to be able to hold back the cry building in her throat. She didn't know whether to be relieved or disappointed when he stopped the vibrations.

The dinner had been sexually nerve-racking, yet at the same time, one of the nicest evenings she had ever enjoyed. The chemistry between her and Dave was so strong that Erin wanted to just take him home and be with him all night long.

When he wasn't making her squirm from the vibrator, they talked about the past and the present and even what they were each working toward in the future.

He was sorry to hear that her father had passed away—Dave and her father had always gotten along well, especially when it came to watching sports. Erin's mother was ill and Erin did everything she could for her. She told Dave about her life on the East Coast and her marketing career. She now worked for a marketing firm in the downtown area of Tucson—she'd returned to help take care of her mother.

Dave talked about his parents, who had moved to Florida for their retirement. His brother Craig was a college English professor at the university and was engaged to one of his former students. Drew was a personal trainer, and John was the CEO of his own corporation in Tucson.

At the mention of John, a flush stole over Erin. She still couldn't believe John had watched her giving head to Dave while she was handcuffed in a cage with the harness holding in the butt plug and the dildo. She wasn't sure she'd be able to look him in the eye again.

When Dave noticed how embarrassed she looked when he brought up John's name, he took her hands in his and kissed her fingers. "Angel, that will never happen again. You belong to me."

Chapter Six

Dave watched the flicker of wariness mixed with desire in Erin's gaze. He didn't care if she felt a little skittish about his claim on her. This time he wasn't going to let her get away.

While the waiter took care of their bill, Dave put his hand on Erin's bare thigh beneath the table. He raised the hem of her dress higher, until it barely covered her mound.

"Dave, stop," she hissed and put her hand on his, trying to keep him from going any further.

"Remember what I told you." He pushed his hand a little farther until his fingers touched the leg band of her underwear. Bikini underwear, if he wasn't mistaken. "Questioning anything I do will get you a punishment."

Even in the dim lighting he could see her cheeks turn pink and he held back a grin as he rubbed the damp cloth between her thighs and turned the remote on. Erin startled again, jerking against his hand. She bit her lower lip, as if trying to hold back a complaint or a cry, he wasn't sure which.

The waiter returned and Erin looked positively mortified as he let the vibrator continue and he stroked the panties over her folds. Dave didn't think the waiter could see, and he enjoyed seeing Erin squirm.

When they were ready to go, he turned off the vibrator and removed his hand, and she practically slumped in her seat. "You are so naughty," she managed to get out in a breathless voice.

"You haven't seen anything yet," he said and she gave him a sensual look that told him she was ready for anything he had in store for her.

The movie he took her to was an action-adventure. Neither one of them had ever enjoyed watching chick-flicks or anything sappy. They were action junkies and Erin was definitely pleased with his choice.

"I feel like a teenager again," she said as she took a delicate bite from the bag of popcorn he handed her. "I haven't done dinner and a movie in forever."

"We should try the drive-in." He walked close to her as they carried their popcorn, sodas, and red licorice. Her surprised gaze met his. "Lots of old memories there," he said.

"It's still open?"

"You bet. Maybe we'll make that our next date and bring back more old memories."

Erin's cheeks turned pink again. He took her to the very top row of the theater, in corner seats, just like they had when they were teenagers. Damn, she looked so hot tonight in her sexy, short little black dress and heels. Her scent of roses and wildflowers drove him crazy, and he had to fight to keep from having a constant hard-on.

The entire time they watched the movie, he had his arm draped around her shoulders and she squirmed as he let the vibrator run.

"Remember," he murmured in her ear. "No climaxing without my permission."

"Yes, Officer," she said through gritted teeth and he chuckled.

When the movie was finally over, Dave took her hand and they left the theater into the chilly night and he helped her put her wrap around her shoulders.

His cock was already aching when they arrived at Erin's condo. He wanted to be inside her more than life itself, but he intended to make her wait.

Dave used her key to let them in and shut the door and locked it. Before she could move away from him, he caught her to him and kissed her with all the passion that had been building between them all night. Her lips were soft, her mouth so pliable beneath his.

She gave sweet, soft whimpers and moans and he crushed her to him, pressing his powerful erection against her belly. She slipped her arms around his neck and teased the short hair at his nape. He groaned and kissed her harder before reaching up and pulling the clip out of her hair. The clip he tossed aside and he slid his fingers through her loose hair.

When he drew away, he was almost dizzy with need for her and wanted to strip her naked right in her foyer. "Champagne," he said, his voice rough with desire. "To celebrate."

Erin nodded even though she didn't move for a moment. Her blue eyes were dark, her moist lips parted and her blonde hair in a wild tumble around her shoulders. God, how he wanted to pin her against the wall and take her hard and fast.

As she walked toward the kitchen, he watched her sweet little ass sway, her toned legs flexing beneath the hem of her short dress as she walked in her high heels. The images of the two of them naked in her bed grew more intense and he ground his teeth. To distract himself—and her—he flipped on the remote just as she opened the fridge.

With a little cry, she stepped back, but held on to the handle of the refrigerator to steady herself. She shot him a look of pure sensuality as he let the vibrator continue and she reached into the fridge and withdrew the bottle of champagne.

He took the bottle from her while she searched her cabinets and brought out a pair of champagne glasses. Images went through his mind, of her in his kitchen, her in his bed, always.

Dave shook his head. Twenty-four hours and already he was planning on her moving in with him.

The pop of the cork was loud and Erin laughed as foam spilled over the sides of the bottle. He filled each glass and set the bottle down before they each took one of the champagne glasses.

For a long moment they looked at one another, their glasses ready to make a toast. "To finally finding one another again," Erin said softly, her words echoing his feelings.

"To us," he said before touching his glass to hers and taking a long swallow.

She laughed as he drained the glass. "You're supposed to savor it."

He took her glass from her and set both on the countertop before taking her into his arms. "I intend to savor you." He kissed her again, intending to do just that. Her breath was warm against his mouth as he murmured, "Show me where your bedroom is."

She carried the champagne glasses while he grabbed the champagne and one of the red roses from the vase on her table. He followed her up the stairs, enjoying the view as he watched her shapely ass and long legs. When they reached the landing, he followed her down a short hall to a bedroom that was uniquely Erin. It was filled with mahogany antique furniture from the vanity to the dressers, to a love seat and a couple of chairs. Impressionist oil paintings on the walls, crystal bottles of all sorts, sizes and shapes on her vanity dresser, pictures of family and other people scattered on every available surface and vases of colorful flowers on her bureau. And to his extreme pleasure, she had a four-poster bed.

Perfect.

By the time they reached her bed, Erin was a bundle of raw nerves. They were in her territory now, but he still had control.

Dave set the champagne bottle and the red rose onto the nightstand beside the bed. He took his empty glass from her, topped off her half-full champagne glass and refilled his own. Once he set the champagne bottle down, he raised his glass again.

"To making new memories," he said in a rough voice, and Erin clinked her glass against his.

This time she downed the champagne as she watched him over the rim of her glass. Their eyes held until they both drained their glasses.

He took hers and set them both aside. "Do you have any scarves?"

Erin raised her eyebrows. She had a feeling she knew exactly what he wanted to use those scarves for, and the idea made her body go crazy.

From a lower drawer in her vanity she pulled out a bundle of scarves of all sizes, shapes, textures and colors, and handed them to Dave. He tossed them on the bed and approached her.

“Turn around,” he said, even as he took her by the shoulders and moved her so that her back was to him. She shivered at the feel of his fingers brushing her spine as he lowered the zipper to where it ended at the top of her buttocks.

With gentle hands, he pushed the material from her shoulders and let the dress slide to the floor, leaving her in only her heels, the new lace panties and the bra she had purchased for tonight. She stepped out of the dress and was pleased when Dave picked it up and carefully laid it on one of the antique chairs in her room.

The champagne was starting to take effect and she felt a little woozy as he returned to her. He rubbed her shoulders and slowly looked her over from head to toe. “You are so beautiful.”

She reached for him and he didn’t stop her as she unbuttoned his shirt. The champagne caused her to fumble a bit but she made it all the way to his waist. He pulled the shirt out of his slacks and shrugged out of it before he tossed the shirt aside. Erin wanted to run her palms over the muscles of his chest, abdomen and his biceps. She wanted to explore every bit of him.

But he was busy shucking off his shoes, peeling off his socks and dropping his slacks as if he couldn’t wait any longer. When he was naked she reached for him and ran her fingers over his erection that seemed impossibly bigger than it had last night.

Erin gasped when he slipped his fingers into her bikini underwear and into her folds. He reached her core, withdrew the vibrator that was slick with her juices and set it on the nightstand.

She gripped his cock tighter, hoping he would slide inside her, where his fingers and the vibrator had been. But he gave a low rumble, scooped her up and carried her

the short distance to her antique four-poster bed. She giggled from the quick movement and from the effect the champagne was having on her.

Dave settled her on the middle of the bed and lightly kissed her before he reached for one of her satin scarves. Shivers racked her body as he brushed his lips over the inside of her wrist before tying it securely to the bedpost. He took another scarf and walked to the other side of the bed, kissed the inside of her wrist and then bound that arm. She couldn't get enough of watching his naked body as he tied her up. Every muscle flexed with his movements and his cock arched against his belly, telling her how much he wanted her.

Erin was so intent on watching him that she barely noticed him kissing the inside of each ankle and fastening the ankle to the bedpost. He was so purely male, so fluid in his movements that she couldn't get enough of looking at him.

When he finished and she was spread-eagled on the bed, he sat on the edge of the mattress with the rose in one hand. He touched her nose with the bud then slowly trailed it over her lip, her chin and down to the hollow of her throat. His sensuous attention caused a part of her to fall back in love with him a little more.

She knew she was tumbling fast toward that point, and she wondered if he had forgiven her and cared about her again the same way she was growing to care for him.

To love him again.

Dave laid the rose on her belly then pulled her delicate lace bra down and under her breasts so that they jutted up, her nipples aching for his mouth.

"You're more beautiful than ever," he murmured as he leaned forward, then flicked his tongue over one of her nipples.

Erin moaned and arched her back, thrusting her breasts in his face. He gave a soft laugh then licked the other nipple. Instead of sucking them, he raised his head and brushed the rose over each of the damp peaks, which caused her to whimper from the exquisite sensations.

He continued his slow, sensual movements with the rose, dragging it down her belly to the inside of each of her thighs. He lightly brushed the bud over the cloth covering her pussy and she gasped and pulled against her satin restraints. "Dave, please."

"What do you want, angel?" He trailed the rose down over one of her thighs to her knee. "Tell me."

"I want your mouth on my pussy." Erin had no problem telling him exactly what she desired. "Then I want your cock inside of me."

"Mmmmm..." He slid the rose down to the inside of her ankle and it tickled her, causing her to struggle against her restraints again. "Can't always have what you want," he said and she groaned.

He continued his slow, sensual torture, sliding the rose down the bottom of one foot, tickling her, then went to the other foot and did the same. Erin's eyes watered from being unable to move as he teased every nerve ending until her whole body felt alive.

Dave took the rose and ran it up the inside of her other leg, and she thought she was going to die. The softness of the petals stroking her skin made her ache, made her want to come with a fierceness she had to tamp down.

Again he swept the rose over the damp cloth covering her pussy, and again she jerked against her restraints. He brought his nose to the panties and audibly inhaled. "Damn, you smell good," he said just as he gripped the edge of her panties and pulled the material aside.

Erin would have come off the bed from the first swipe of Dave's tongue if she weren't restrained. Her cry echoed in the room and she arched her hips up, begging for more. He made a low, rumbling sound as he inserted his tongue in her channel then laved her folds.

"Let me come, let me come, let me come," she begged, tears of need and frustration leaking down the corners of her eyes.

Instead of answering her, he nipped at her clit and she cried out again. Tight coils of sensation built in her body, intensifying what she'd felt all night with the vibrator inside her. Her body flushed with heat as he inserted his fingers into her channel while continuing to lave her clit.

The heat in her body caused perspiration to cover her body in a light sheen, and she felt as if she were on fire. She tossed her head from side to side. "Daaaaaaaave! Please!"

He rose up, an intense look on his handsome features as his cock nudged her channel. He braced his hands on the bed, to either side of her chest.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

With a feral look in his eyes, Dave slammed his cock home.

Erin shrieked and struggled against the hold the scarves had on her wrists and ankles. Everything felt so right with him inside her. Like they were two halves that finally made a whole again.

He thrust in and out in slow, measured strokes, and she bit her lip to keep from crying out and begging him again to let her climax.

His lips met hers in a powerfully dominating kiss.

A kiss of ownership.

The feel of him inside her, his body moving against hers, his masculine, spicy scent—all of it combined to intoxicate her far beyond the effects of the champagne.

She looked into his eyes and his expression was fierce, intense. "You belong to me again, angel. Say it."

"I'm yours and you damn well are mine, Dave Bennett," she said with no hesitation.

He smiled, a spark in his eyes and he began to thrust harder and faster. So hard the headboard banged against the wall and she felt him deep, so deep. She wanted to hold him, to wrap her legs around him. But the sensation of being tied down added to the growing need to climax.

Her need must have been her eyes because he leaned close and whispered in her ear, "Come, angel."

Those two soft words set off a chain reaction that had her crying and screaming. The fire that had been raging in her body was so hot she thought the scarves might just burn off her ankles and her wrists.

Spasm after spasm went off in her core as Dave continued to drive in and out of her. Then he growled out his climax as his body shook between her thighs and his cock pulsed in her core. After a few more strokes, he pressed his hips tight to hers and took her mouth in another claiming kiss.

She was breathing hard as he eased off her and untied each of the scarves in a matter of moments. As soon as she was free, he wrapped her in his embrace, her head under his chin, his thigh pinning her hips down, and her cheek pressed to his chest. They smelled of sweat and sex and she'd never felt so loved, so protected...not since...

"I meant what I said." He held her tighter as he spoke. "This time I'm not letting you go."

Chapter Seven

Christmas lights twinkled and Erin watched them, mesmerized by their brilliance. She was curled up beside the tree, her legs tucked up under her. She was wearing a sexy little red dress Dave had picked out for her, along with a pair of strappy high heels. Dave was in the kitchen, preparing each of them a mug of hot chocolate. He looked great tonight in black jeans and a red shirt that matched the color of her dress.

It was Christmas Eve and they had spent the day with Dave's brothers—John, Drew, and Craig—as well as Jessica, Craig's very young fiancée, along with their parents who'd flown in from Florida. Erin's mother had also joined the group, but left early since she wasn't feeling well. Her brother and his wife Tammy had spent the holidays with Tammy's family.

Erin couldn't believe how fast the past couple of months had flown by. She and Dave had dated like they had when they were teenagers, and they'd had so much fun together. They'd gone to drive-in movies and had sex in the backseat of the king club cab of his truck, went to pizza houses and ice cream parlors, had dinners at fine restaurants, spent time with his cop friends watching games, drinking beer and eating munchies, and got together with some of her coworkers as well.

She sighed and her skin tingled as she thought about all the fun they'd had in Dave's bondage room. He could take her into custody *any* time. So long as they made sure the door to the bondage room was locked.

It had been no problem whatsoever in getting over what's-his-name. And she considered the friendship she'd *thought* she'd had with Wendy not a friendship at all. Friends don't fuck friends' boyfriends.

But if it hadn't been for them, she never would have been pulled over by Dave...

Erin shifted on the floor as she looked up at the sparkling tree in Dave's family room. Beneath the tree were two more presents they hadn't unwrapped. One was from her to Dave, and the other from Dave to her. She wondered what was in the box he'd wrapped in red foil with a metallic green bow. It was about the size of a shoebox, and she just had no clue what was in it.

The living room lights dimmed and the Christmas lights sparkled even brighter. She heard footsteps crossing the carpet and she looked up to see Dave with two cups topped with a mound of whipped cream. He looked so handsome that she wanted to put whipped cream on him instead and eat him all up.

He smiled as he handed her a mug. She took a sip of the cocoa that was just the right temperature so that she didn't burn her tongue. She caught the taste of something strong and glanced up at Dave.

"Okay, what'd you put into this?"

Dave laughed. "You have a whipped cream mustache," he said just before he leaned forward, kissed her and darted his tongue out over her upper lip.

"Mmmmm..." Erin sighed as he drew away. "I think I'll make sure I have whipped cream on my face all the time."

Another kiss was her reward before they went back to drinking their hot chocolate laced with brandy.

When they were finished, Dave took their mugs and set them on an end table near the leather L-shaped couch. He settled on the floor next to her and took the two presents from beneath the Christmas tree.

"I want you to open your present last." His expression was serious, but there was a spark in his eyes.

"What did you get me?" she said with a grin. "My own flogger?"

"How did you guess?" He met her lips again in a soft kiss before moving back and looking at her with his dark, intense gaze.

Erin handed him his gift. "I hope you like it."

"You could give me a pair of socks and I would love it." He pulled off the gold bow and tore off the silver wrapping paper. For a long moment he was quiet as he looked at the framed photograph she had given him.

"Thank you, angel." His voice sounded thick when he wrapped his arm around her shoulders and squeezed her close to him.

It was a photograph of the two of them together—him in his football jersey, and Erin in her team spirit shirt. They looked so young, so in love as they stared up into one another's eyes.

How could she have let that go?

Dave kissed her, a soft loving kiss that told her how much he appreciated her gift.

When it was her turn to open the present from Dave, her hands shook. She didn't bother taking it off slowly, she ripped off the paper with enthusiasm.

It was a shoebox beneath the wrapping paper—hers, in fact. She looked up at him and cocked her eyebrow.

"Open it," he said, gesturing to the box.

Erin lifted the lid—to find a pair of airline tickets nestled on top of a bed of tissue paper. Her hands shook even more as she opened one of them. "Paris?" She grinned at Dave, feeling like she was going to bubble over with excitement. "We're going to Paris?"

"Look in the box, under the tickets," he said with a smile.

For some crazy reason her heart started to pound even harder than when she'd discovered the tickets to Paris. She moved them aside, dug through the tissue—and found a small red velvet jeweler's box.

A lump crowded her throat and she fumbled as she opened the box to discover a gorgeous marquise-cut solitaire. Erin held her hand to her mouth and tears started to roll down her cheeks. She was trembling so hard she almost dropped the box.

He cupped her face in his hands, turning her head to face him. "Marry me, Erin Wilson."

Erin found it hard to speak. She felt overwhelmed, dizzy, like this was happening to someone else. For a long moment she just stared into his eyes, realizing all her hopes, dreams, and happiness, lay with this man.

"Yes," she whispered. "God, yes."

Dave crushed her to him, hugging her so tight she could barely breathe. "It's about damn time," he said and she laughed and brushed away a tear.

Her fingers continued to tremble as he slipped the marquise diamond on her ring finger. It sparkled, catching the Christmas lights as they winked in and out.

"Honeymoon in Paris?" She smiled up at him. "When's the wedding?"

"I love you, angel." He squeezed her hands in his. "I think we've waited long enough. I booked the trip for the first two weeks of January. I hope you don't mind that I worked it out with your boss, and arranged for an intimate wedding the day before we leave."

"I love you so much." Erin wrapped her arms around Dave's neck. "I couldn't have asked for a better Christmas present than you."

He took her down to the carpet so that they were nearly lying beneath the Christmas tree. "I'm the lucky one."

"We both are." She traced her finger over his firm lips. "If you hadn't stopped me..."

"Thank God I did."

Dave began unwrapping her like a Christmas present, almost reverently uncovering every inch of her. The warmth of the air in the room brushed over her bare skin as she waited for him to strip out of his own clothes. He wasn't so slow at that. Before she knew it, he was in between her thighs and she had her legs hooked around his thighs.

"Our first time was under a Christmas tree," she said as she looked up at him.

Dave clasped his hands with hers. "And I intend to make love to you under the tree every year for the rest of our lives."

Erin gasped as he penetrated her as slow as if she were still a virgin. This time it was pure pleasure as her soon-to-be husband filled her and made her feel whole again.

The double heart pendant that she now always wore felt cool against her bare skin and the ring was snug on her finger. He pumped his hips in and out, building up the sensations in her body that threatened to overcome her.

"Come with me," he said as their eyes held.

The room itself seemed to sparkle with glittering Christmas lights as she hit her climax. Her whole body felt as if she was glittering along with them.

He gave a loud groan as he came. He pumped his hips several times, then gathered her in his arms so that she was lying almost on top of him.

"You're home now, angel," he said as he held her tight.

She sighed against his chest. "And I'm here to stay."

About the Author

USA Today Bestselling Author Cheyenne McCray has a passion for sensual romance and a happily-ever-after, but always with a twist. Among other accolades, Chey has been presented with the prestigious Romantic Times BOOKreviews Reviewers' Choice Award for "Best Erotic Romance of the Year". Chey is the award-winning novelist of eighteen books and nine novellas.

Chey has been writing ever since she can remember, back to her kindergarten days when she penned her first poem. She always knew one day she would write novels, hoping her readers would get lost in the worlds she created, as she did when she was lost in a good book. Cheyenne enjoys spending time with her husband and three sons, traveling, and of course writing, writing, writing.

Cheyenne welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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