

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



MAIN
PERFECTLY WICKED
ATTRACTION
ANNA J. EVANS

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Main Attraction

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Edited by Heather Osborn.

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MAIN ATTRACTION

Anna J. Evans

Chapter One

“Down on your belly!” Edna demanded, snapping her whip with a practiced flick of the wrist and doing her best to pretend she wasn’t way out of her league.

“Make me.” The man who knelt before her almost whispered the words, but that didn’t make them any less menacing. Even at a low volume his voice was a daunting entity that smoothed over her skin and made her shiver. The voice alone would have been enough to make her sweat this job, even if the rest of him wasn’t completely intimidating.

Which he was, every enormous inch, from his bald head to the tips of his toes.

Sweat rolled off his bare shoulders—his broad, muscled and extremely dominant-looking shoulders. They were deltoids that never should have seen the inside of a BDSM club, at least not from the submissive side of the fence. He looked powerful enough to pick her up and snap her spine like a twig, and mean enough to enjoy doing it.

Edna swallowed hard and tried to remember that domination was at least seventy-five percent mental. Too bad something about this man made her mind feel about as wimpy as her decidedly un-buff biceps.

Pull yourself together, woman. Quit being a big baby and give the man what he came for. You’re the Wicked Stepmother. Start acting your part.

“Dare you defy the Wicked Stepmother?” Edna asked, her voice dripping venom as she tried to make each word a warning to her submissive. He would abandon control now or spend eternity suffering her wrath.

Or at least the next fifty minutes.

He had paid for the hour, and Edna didn’t believe in cheating her customers. She might be the Wicked Stepmother, but she had a business to run, and a business didn’t

thrive on unsatisfied clients. Still, she wished she could just let this one go, send him on his merry way without a spanking or nipple torture or a hot wax treatment or whatever else he'd had in mind.

God, she was sick of all of it, every last bit of kink, and even sicker of the whiny, clingy men who tended to make use of her unique services. Still, the man in front of her had her wishing for the usual obedient, boot-licking client. She was a dominatrix by necessity, not by calling, and had never felt like more of a fraud than she did tonight.

"I'd rather not," he said once again in that voice that dared her to show him what she was really made of.

"I don't care what you'd rather. Shut your mouth, and start groveling before you piss me off."

There, that had sounded intimidating.

"Piss you off?" He grunted then, just once, and what looked like the beginnings of a smile quirked at the edges of his full mouth.

What the hell was that grunt supposed to mean? And the smile?

What was she going to do with this man, this giant who seemed to see right through her façade without the slightest difficulty? From the second he entered the room, he had assessed her and quite obviously found her lacking. It was as if he could sense her fear. Even worse, those blue eyes that roved so brazenly over her body seemed to know all too well that he also affected her in a way that had nothing to do with trepidation.

Her nipples tightened under his gaze, and Edna found it difficult to breathe. She wasn't aroused by this man, she couldn't be, wouldn't be. She did *not* feel a sudden tightening low in her belly, her sex wasn't plumped and aching and her panties weren't getting suspiciously damp.

"So what happens when you get pissed off?" he asked, his eyes flicking from her breasts to her eyes and back to her breasts with an air of complete ownership.

Who was she kidding? Her panties were practically drenched, and it was nearly impossible to keep from dropping the handle of her whip between her legs to massage her needy clit. She hadn't been this hot for longer than she could remember, and her sex-starved body screamed for satisfaction, preferably from this man's thick cock.

"On your belly. Last chance, slave," Edna demanded, willing her voice to stop its quivering, and her thighs as well. She wasn't a trembling virgin. For god's sake, her thighs hadn't quivered for over a decade. It was embarrassing.

And completely exciting. She'd never before felt the urge to cross over to the submissive side of the fence, but she couldn't deny that the thought of this stranger overpowering her aroused as much as it alarmed. What would it feel like to have those large, calloused hands on her body, demanding that she bend to his will or suffer the erotic consequences?

Would he kiss her? Stroke her? Or simply bend her over the side of the couch and ram into her from behind? If he were as well endowed as he looked in his slave's loincloth, it would hurt to be penetrated without any foreplay. It might tear her a bit, make her pussy sting and burn even as she climaxed with a ferocity that made her vision blur. She had no doubt her cunt would be dripping by the time he finished his relentless assault on her body, her body weeping for more sweet, sensual pain.

Who the hell are you, and what have you done with Edna?

Edna struggled to listen to her outraged inner voice, to remember that she didn't like pain with her pleasure. She ignored both the fresh rush of heat between her legs and the way her already sensitized nipples tightened until it was torture to feel them brush against the leather of her corset.

"You're shaking," her client said, his voice soft and husky, almost inviting, as if he knew where her thoughts had been a moment before. "Are you all right?"

Was she all right? God no, she wasn't all right. She wasn't going to be all right until she was naked, pinned beneath his body, with his cock positioned to ram into her

dripping slit. His voice seemed to offer that relief, if only she would break for him, show him the real woman behind the Wicked Stepmother.

Never, not in a million years.

The real Edna never showed her face at work, and she wasn't about to start now, not for a cocky man without the sense to play by the rules. He should never have come in here, not with his obvious contempt for a female Domme. She'd give him one last chance to play nice, and then she was finished with him. This was her place of business and she called the shots.

"Silence. Now."

"I'll say it again—make me."

"We're finished here. I won't tolerate a slave who doesn't know his place." She turned to leave—a part of her relieved to have an easy out—but was stopped by an impossibly large hand closing around her wrist.

"You're not going anywhere."

"Get your hands off me," she demanded. The fear inspired by how tiny her arm looked engulfed by his fist was overshadowed by the sharp bolt of desire that swept over her skin and zinged straight to her clit.

Yes, god, yes, *this* was what she wanted. She wanted him to grab her, take her, force her to succumb to the raw need that filled her. She wanted to know what it felt like to have her clothes brutally ripped from her body until she was laid bare, completely exposed to the man who would conquer her. A mental image of herself, tied to her four-poster bed, her legs spread wide for him to see her shamefully wet, dripping pussy, flew through Edna's mind.

She fought to suppress the moan that the vision engendered, and wrenched at her wrist again. She couldn't do this, couldn't stay in the same room with this man for another minute. He was making her want things, crave things, that she'd never even imagined, and it was starting to seriously mess with her mind.

"You have to stay."

"I don't have to do anything, I'm the Mistress here, and —"

"Then show me. Show me, Edna."

Edna's jaw dropped open, the shock of hearing him use her real name finally bringing her to her senses. He wasn't even pretending to play by the rules anymore. In light of current events, it was madness to stay here a second longer.

"Let me go, now!" She brought her whip down on his arm, hard, but the damn man didn't even blink.

Fear conquering all other emotion, Edna brought the whip down again and again, finally landing a blow to the giant's shoulder that made him hiss and release her wrist. She was free, and she knew she should run, but she was paralyzed by the sight of blood welling in the cut she had made. She'd never cut anyone, never drawn blood before—ever. It only made it worse that he hadn't fought back. Sure, he'd held onto her arm, but he hadn't hurt her, hadn't even tried to block her blows. But she'd made him bleed, beat him like she was some sort of monster.

Edna suddenly felt sick, and her stomach roiled inside her leather corset.

"Are you finished?" The words were tight and controlled, the voice of a true Master. He hadn't flinched when she struck him and now, as the cut on the top of his shoulder began to ooze, he remained calm and still, in total possession of himself.

Edna, however, watched with mounting panic as a single drop of red hit the floor.

"You're bleeding."

"I am."

"I...*hurt* you." Her throat went tight and her stupid thighs started to shake in earnest as she watched another droplet join the first on the white carpet.

"You didn't intend to bleed me?" he asked, almost casually.

"No."

"You lost control." The words were soft, offering some sort of escape that Edna couldn't begin to understand.

"No, I..." She let her words trail off, unable to tear her eyes away from the blood.

This wasn't supposed to happen, she wasn't really supposed to hurt people. It was a game, a farce, an elaborate way to capitalize on a reputation that she hated.

But that. That was real blood. It sickened her all the way down to the tips of her six-inch spiked heels. It was proof of what she feared most, that Edna Emily Argent Rella was getting lost inside the Wicked Stepmother role she played four days and five nights a week. The woman she'd been, the woman she wanted to be, both were becoming irrevocably changed and she hated it, more than she hated anything.

Even being poor as a church mouse.

"I'm sorry. Get up," she whispered, her voice trembling along with the rest of her.

"What?"

"Get up! And...please leave." Her voice was thick with emotion and what sounded like the beginnings of tears.

Shit, she was losing it, really losing it.

Edna let the whip slip from her hands and crossed to the window, the window that looked out on a sea of city lights and a castle far in the distance. There, the girl responsible for her misery had set herself up as the new queen. For the hundredth time, the unfairness of it washed over Edna, a thick wave of bitterness she feared she might eventually drown in.

She covered her face with her hands and struggled to draw long, even breaths, to surface from the despair that threatened to level her where she stood.

"It's only been ten minutes," the man said. She heard him rising to his feet, could feel the surge of energy as he let his powerful presence fill the room.

"Please, you need to leave," she whispered again, keeping her back to him, not trusting her voice or her face not to give her away. She felt about ten seconds from an emotional breakdown and she couldn't allow that to happen in front of a client.

Business was already slow. If word got out that the Wicked Stepmother had broken down and cried like a baby after failing to dominate a submissive... Well, she could handle being poor, but jail was not an appealing destination, especially not the jail that Cindy would no doubt find for her.

Her dear stepdaughter would throw her in the deepest, darkest prison in the entire kingdom the second Edna failed to make one of her restitution payments. She'd barely met last month's deadline and was still five hundred dollars short this month. She had to keep it together and make sure her regular slaves kept coming to visit, bringing their money with them.

"If you stop by the front desk, I'll make sure they refund your donation."

"Listen, you don't have to do that. I think we can still –"

"No, we can't. It didn't work out, it happens. Just take your money and go."

"I thought you could use the business," he said.

"I don't care about the business. I need you to go. Now."

Edna tried to make her voice icy, distant, and struggled to conceal the panic that made it increasingly harder to breathe. She had dropped her persona and now she didn't know if she could get it back. She felt exposed in a way that had nothing to do with her barely there leather hot pants. She needed him to leave, needed some time alone to rebuild the Wicked Stepmother from the ground up before her midnight appointment.

"I'm not going anywhere," he said stubbornly.

"Please," she begged, feeling tears start to slide down her cheeks though she willed her shoulders not to shake. "Just go."

"Throw me out," he said. "Come on, Edna, you've got a reputation for eating men alive."

She didn't say anything in response, just squeezed her eyes closed and silently begged for him to leave, or for the floor to open up and swallow her whole. Either one would satisfy at this point.

"But maybe you've bitten off more than you can chew," he added, the slight taunt in his voice finally pushing her over the edge.

"You're right, I have. Is that what you want to hear? Is that what I have to say to make you go?" Edna spun around to face him, ashamed and defeated, not even bothering to wipe away the tears that were no doubt making long black trails down her face.

She never wore waterproof mascara, didn't believe in it. She was the Wicked Stepmother. She had a heart of stone, didn't even know how to cry. The only time water ran down her face was in the shower.

Edna let a little laugh escape between her sobs as she looked at the man in front of her. If she had to lose it in front of someone, he wasn't a bad choice. At least people might cut her a little slack. It would take a hell of a dominatrix to take care of Big Baldy, as she'd dubbed him when he first walked in the door. She had hoped the nickname would help her take him a little less seriously.

No such luck.

Seeing him standing, she'd guess he was at least six-foot-four and weighed in at double her own weight. His head was completely shaved, but his impressively muscled chest and tree trunk legs sported a healthy growth of coarse, reddish-brown hair, a testament to the testosterone no doubt surging through his body. Big Baldy was imposing all the way around, from his huge hands to his ice-blue eyes to the way his bare toes curled into the carpet. Even the cream loincloth the girls at the front desk had given him couldn't make him look the slightest bit ridiculous.

Instead, the damn thing just allowed him to showcase the perfection of his body. He was composed of pure muscle, with a chiseled face as striking as the rest of him. He was a damn attractive man, more attractive than any lover she'd ever had. He probably had a different woman in his bed every night, all more than willing to fulfill his desires free of charge.

But it wasn't his physical presence or stud factor alone that cowed her. She knew better than that. It was the commanding air that filled his voice, radiated all around him. It had intimidated and aroused her from the second she met his eyes. He was the only true dominant in this room, and they both knew it. What's worse, she wanted him, and they both knew that too. Her own traitorous libido had worked against her as much as his reluctance to take her attempts at control seriously.

She was an idiot to have thought she could top him, to even have had the guts to try.

"Listen, I—"

"You're crying," Baldy said, his voice and eyes as soft as the rest of him was imposing.

"Yes, I am." His unexpected compassion only made her want to sob harder. Goddamn Baldy, why did he have to choose this moment to play nice? Niceness got to her like nothing else. It was so much easier to keep up her tough girl act when the man she was dominating treated her like an object. When she was just a woman with a dangerous reputation whom her client would have liked to fuck if she allowed the Mistress role to go that far.

Compassion was the one emotion she'd never seen on a client's face, and it made her want to run to Baldy and fall into his arms, to take comfort in his strength. She would gladly take whatever punishment, sensual or otherwise, he would dish out if he would hold her afterwards. In fact, her fantasy of being bent over and fucked from behind only became more attractive when she imagined him cradling her in his lap after they were done, kissing away her tears as she sobbed into his chest.

Maybe there, wrapped in his heat, she might finally feel safe for the first time in years.

Fuck, Edna. Get rid of this man before you do something really stupid.

"You win, okay? You're right, I'm a complete fraud," Edna said. Tears flowed freely down her face and her nose began to run. "Now will you go?"

"Don't cry. We can work through this," he said with that same commanding tone, but with a softer edge to his words. He reminded her of her high school track coach delivering a pep talk to the relay team. Just what she needed, a dominatrix pep talk.

The entire situation was so absurd that she started laugh-crying again, making a ton of unfeminine and un-dominatrix-like snorting noises that should have scared Baldy away if nothing else had already. Not only was she a fraud, she was a completely un-sexy fraud who snorted when she cried. Could she be more undesirable?

Better yet, why was she concerned with being desirable to a man she wanted out of her presence as soon as possible?

"You just need to take a few deep breaths," he continued, crossing toward her with slow, measured steps that quickly banished her laughter.

She suddenly felt hunted, despite his kind words. The way he stalked toward her, eyes taking in every inch of her bare skin, should have been sufficient reminder that this was no track coach. This was a man who looked like he killed for a living and hunted for sport. The killing part was just plain scary. Unfortunately, her traitorous body liked the idea of being Baldy's prey, liked it way too much.

"Think about a nice, safe, quiet place and imagine yourself there. Now start breathing more slowly, breathe in the air of that safe place."

"You've got to be kidding me, Baldy," Edna said, trying to laugh but failing miserably. She could hardly breathe with him this close, let alone laugh. His heat warmed the front of her body and her nipples tightened again as she imagined being pressed flat against him, her bare breasts smashed against his strong chest.

"Baldy?" His mouth quirked at the edges again, but his eyes didn't hold the slightest hint of humor. Instead, they smoldered, boring into hers, telegraphing an invitation that was clearly sexual in nature.

"Do you prefer Big Baldy?"

"I prefer Frank," he said.

"Well okay, Frank, but...I...uh..." Edna's breath hitched and her words fled when Frank reached out and let one finger trail down the side of her corset. Idly, casually, he stroked her ribs and moved down toward the curve of her waist. Even with that simple touch, he conveyed a sense of ownership, and Edna had to admit that it felt right for him to touch her, to think of herself as his to do with what he would.

"Yes?" he prompted. His fingers curled possessively around her hip and pulled her a little closer. A few more inches and they would touch, and she would know if he was one-tenth as aroused as she was quickly becoming.

"I have a rule—if I know your name, I can't play with you."

"Okay, but what about *me* playing with *you*?" His fingers tightened, pressing into the flesh of her hip with enough force to hurt a little, and to make her pussy gush wet heat onto her already ruined panties.

"You have to go," she whispered, the husky tone in her voice sounding like an invitation to stay, even to her own ears. But she couldn't indulge whatever madness was making her want the man in front of her. She'd never crossed the line with a client and wasn't about to start now. She didn't get paid for sex, she wasn't a prostitute, and that distinction was very important to her.

"You really want me to leave?" He dipped his head to whisper the words into her ear. Edna felt her eyes close and a small moan escape from her parted lips. This wasn't fair. He shouldn't be able to seduce her so easily. Where was her pride? "I have a hard time believing you when I can see your nipples through that leather thing you're wearing. Why are your nipples so hard, Edna?"

"It's cold in here."

"Is it?" He laughed, and she shivered. "I'm not cold. Maybe I can warm you —"

"Goodbye." Edna turned to leave, determined to prove, at least to herself, that she wasn't completely at the mercy of her frustrated libido.

"Wait," he said. This time he snagged her elbow in his powerful hand.

"Let go of me," she said, pulling at her arm, not at all surprised when he didn't loosen his hold in the slightest.

"I'm sorry, but I can't."

"I'm having déjà vu here, Frank."

"I'm sorry about that. I hate déjà vu."

"Me too, so let me go."

"Can't do that," he said, his eyes becoming shuttered, unreadable ice-blue pools that chilled her all over. How had she ever thought he was remotely nice?

"Who are you?" she asked, beginning to feel that tickle of fear once more.

"I told you, I'm Frank," he said, his face still almost entirely expressionless.

"Oh my god, it's you," she whispered, realization dawning a few seconds too late.

"Now, Edna, Emily, whichever you're going by today, just calm down."

The shock of hearing her middle name on his lips made her inhale sharply. The creep who had been writing her those horrible letters had always called her Emily. Not to mention only a few people in the world even *knew* her middle name.

There was no doubt about it now, it was him all right. The sick fuck had gotten past her staff and managed to get alone with her. Now he'd no doubt do what he had threatened to do in all those letters—those hateful, psychotic letters that had made the last three months of her life a living hell.

And to think she had actually been attracted to him. Attracted to a certifiable psychopath. She was going to have to get some help—if she survived the night.

"Help!" she screamed, clawing at his arm as she tried to tear herself out of his grip. "Security! Security!"

“Stop it!” he said, quickly capturing both her hands and spinning her into him. Soon her arms were wrapped across her chest and the massive bulk of his body was glued against her back in one long stretch of unyielding flesh. Edna felt her body tense even further as the long, thick shaft of his aroused cock pressed between the cheeks of her ass. Frank was turned on by their struggle, no doubt about it.

Now, however, her previous image of being forced to take his thickness into her unprepared body didn’t seem nearly as appealing.

Edna struggled, she stomped her feet, trying to aim a well-placed high heel in the center of his bare foot, but nothing worked. He anticipated every move, breathing heavily in her ear as he continued to hold her, immobilize her, overpower her in every way. In a last-ditch effort, Edna dropped her head to his arm, sinking her teeth in deep enough to draw his blood a second time, but the man was obviously not made of mere flesh and bone. Once again, he didn’t even flinch.

But he did bend his mouth even closer to her ear and proceed to speak in the most frightening whisper she’d ever heard.

“If you want to live, I highly suggest you stop fighting me, sweetheart. And shut. The. Hell. Up.”

Chapter Two

The woman the entire kingdom knew as the Wicked Stepmother trembled in his arms like a scared little girl, though she didn't start to cry again. Thank god.

When she'd turned from the window with tears in those big brown eyes and black streaks trailing down her cheeks, she had looked so goddamned vulnerable. For a second there, Frank had actually questioned his ability to complete the mission. He was the Captain of the Queen's Guard, but he wasn't equipped for an adversary like this one. He dealt with soldiers, with battles, not with women.

Of the three, the female of the species was by far the most terrifying.

They were entirely unpredictable, wildly changeable, with the disturbing tendency to say one thing and mean another. Edna was a prime example. She said all the right "dominant" words, but every breath, every movement, every spark of heat in her fuck-me brown eyes begged for him to take her. The last thing he had expected on this job was to run into a willing submissive, let alone be tempted to take her up on the unspoken offer.

But he didn't play with women who didn't truly understand the lifestyle, and it was more than obvious Edna did not. How she'd managed to fool anyone into thinking she was a Domme was beyond him. She was one of the least dominant females he'd met in years, a fact that gave him a raging hard-on that was impossible for him to ignore.

Or for *her* to ignore, it seemed. He'd felt her tense and her heart race the second his erection pressed against her ass. He had to let her know that she was safe, that no matter how aroused he might be, he wasn't the type to use force to get what he wanted. At least not that kind of force.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he whispered, using the same tone he would use on a skittish horse before battle.

"You already are," she whispered back, genuine pain clear in her voice.

Frank cursed himself as he realized how tightly he was holding her wrists. She had been struggling so fiercely, he hadn't realized how rough he'd gotten. Yet another reason to keep himself under tight control. He only trusted himself with a submissive he could depend on to let him know when rough became too rough. Frank had never considered himself an insensitive lover, but being so goddamned big did have its disadvantages. One major downside being that he often truly didn't know his own strength.

"Listen, I'm sorry," he began, loosening his grip on her wrists.

"Security!" she screamed again, using his second's distraction to stomp a deadly looking spike of a heel down in the center of his bare foot. Before he could say "sucker for a lady in distress", she twisted free and ran across the room to where he knew her panic button was hidden behind a very large, obviously fake potted plant.

Fuck. He hated fake plants almost as much as he hated this job.

"Edna, calm down. Do not press that button," he ordered. He followed her, trying not to think about the horrible pain radiating up from his wounded foot. He had to hurry and get the situation under control, while there was still a chance he could reason with her and enlist her help. At the bare minimum, he had to force her to put a lid on the hysterics before she ruined his chance to catch the sick fuck who would be here within the hour. "I'm not the bad guy here."

"Security! I need help!" She paused for a second, listening to static from the tiny speaker. "Hello? Now would be nice, guys. Hello?"

"Edna. I promise you. I'm not the man you have to worry about."

"You'll excuse me if I don't believe you. Hello? Kendra? Allison? Hello?"

"I sent your entire staff home and replaced them with my own men. There's no one out there to hear you who will move a muscle unless they get a direct order from me."

"Who are you?" she asked, her eyes wide with fear.

"I'm a friend of a friend."

"I don't have any friends."

"Damn it, I knew this would happen." Frank sighed, wishing he had worked harder to convince the queen it was a lousy idea to come here undercover. He was no actor and Edna might be wicked, but she wasn't a fool. She had smelled a rat, and now he would have to work doubly hard to enlist her aid.

It would have been so much simpler if he had been able to approach her as the Captain of the Queen's Guard in the first place. Surely she would have gone along with her new monarch's demands, especially considering Edna still owed Queen Cynthia quite a hefty sum as a result of the lawsuit when Cynthia became an emancipated minor.

But the queen was eighteen, an age of willfulness, and had a taste for the dramatic. She had insisted that Frank go in as one of the Wicked Stepmother's clients, not letting Edna know that he was there to catch her stalker until the deed was accomplished. Cynthia had wanted to save her stepmother secretly, only revealing her generosity after the fact.

From what he understood, she planned to surprise Edna with a call to the castle to pardon her debt. The queen wanted to put the last two years of bitterness behind them and be a family once more. She had a soft heart, foolishly soft, if you asked him. Frank couldn't imagine making nice with the woman in front of him if she had put him through the kind of hell she'd put her stepdaughter through.

But then, second chances weren't his strong point. Never had been, never would be. If you fucked up once with Frank, you didn't get the chance to fuck up again.

"Hello, earth to psycho! Are you listening to me?" Edna squeaked, still looking unbelievably beautiful, despite the fact that the last of her infamous cool was long gone.

Cool? The woman was anything but cool. She was smoldering, every inch of her body made for the fucking she supposedly didn't do here in her parlor. She was a

Mistress in name only, and made it clear up front that she didn't offer any sexual favors beyond the adoration of her perfectly shaped feet. A shame, that.

She was all legs and curves and the face of an angel, with lips that promised the sweetest type of sin. From the second she'd opened her mouth, all Frank could think about was watching those deep ruby lips sliding down over his cock. He wanted to see her lipstick smeared along his rock-hard arousal, testimony to how eagerly she had set about sucking him. He would let her set the pace, but in the end his hand would be fisted in her hair, her neck arched backward, taking the full force of his thrusts and loving every minute of it.

She *would* love every minute, he was certain of it. Even the way she called him a psycho sounded like an invitation to bend her over and fuck her against the nearest piece of furniture, to take control of her sexually and give her the freedom of complete sensual abandon. He wanted to give that to her, god help him, he did, no matter what she'd been accused of in the past.

She was ripe for the kind of night he hadn't had in far too long. It would be almost too easy to convince her to step over to the other side of the game. By the time he'd bound her to that four-poster in the corner and used his mouth to show her how generously he rewarded his pussy for her trust, she would never go back.

How he was supposed to keep his mind on the job at hand with that kind of temptation thickening his cock to the point of pain, Frank honestly had no idea.

"Fine, if you're just going to stand there, then—"

"Will you shut the hell up?" he asked, crossing the room. She met him with a vicious kick with one of the lethal weapons she was passing off as shoes.

"These are going to throw off your spinal alignment," Frank said, easily catching one of her slender ankles in his hand, noticing as he did that her feet were indeed lovely. If he'd been the foot fetish type he would have been totally enthralled. Hell, he was already enthralled and she wasn't even an out-of-the-closet submissive. "Not to mention give you killer back pain."

"I'm going to give you killer ball pain," she muttered, kicking with her other foot and managing to hit her target before her entire upper body crashed to the floor.

"You really are insane." Frank groaned and clutched at his aching balls, but held tight to her ankle with the other hand.

Despite the pain that radiated through his crotch, he had to give the woman credit. Not only had she surprised him, she had taken a major fall to deliver that kick. She was still flailing about, kicking like mad, though her left arm looked to be in more than a spot of pain.

"Stop it right now. I'm not your stalker. I work for the queen and I'm here to help you."

"The queen?" she asked, paling visibly.

"Yes. Now could you give my balls a rest?"

"*She's* the one who's been sending the letters?"

"That's a ridiculous question." Frank released her ankle when she lay still, but not without a hint of reluctance. He liked touching this woman, liked it far too much.

"Right. Why would she go to the trouble of stalking me when she could just have me killed while I sleep?" she muttered to herself.

"How's your arm?" He reached toward her, determined to ignore her last comment. Whatever quarrel she had with the queen, he was staying out of it. No good ever came from meddling in women's arguments.

"Don't touch me," she said, pulling away from him. "I don't need your help, if that's really why you're here. I don't need *her* help either, and you can tell her that yourself."

"The queen is concerned for your safety. You would be wise to be gracious and accept her help."

"Why does everything you say make me feel like a kid who doesn't know what's best for me?" she asked, her face telegraphing loud and clear that the more burning question was – why did she like it so much?

"I'm not trying to make you feel like a child, I'm trying to convince you to see sense and let me help you. We both know you're not a child, Edna." He met her eyes and a shiver of recognition passed between them, thickening his cock and once again making her nipples visible through the leather she wore.

Damn, he wanted to tug on that thing until her full breasts spilled from the top, wanted to cup her in his hands, tease her already tightened tips with his tongue. He wanted to make her beg for him to fuck her, and then he wanted to lick her, suck her, bite her until she begged for more. Every cell in his body was cursing his lack of theatrical skills. If he'd been a better actor, maybe his earlier attempt at seduction would have worked and they would be in bed right now, waiting for the sicko to show up.

He could stake out the room as well from the bed as anywhere else, and he was the type of man who would do anything to get the job done. He'd crawled through uninhabitable wastelands and fought enemy armies when there seemed to be no chance at victory. If he had to take one for the crown by taking this woman to his bed...well, it was a sacrifice he'd be willing to make. He could use a little pleasure right about now.

She looked like she could use a little pleasure as well. No matter that she'd brought her misfortune on herself, he still hated to see that hint of despair in her eyes. He wanted to wipe it away and replace it with lust, nothing but pure, desperate, healthy lust.

"Stop looking at me like that," she said, her breath coming fast between her parted lips.

"I can't help it. You're a beautiful woman."

"I'm the woman who tormented your queen, doesn't that turn you off?"

"Everyone makes mistakes. But I don't really care about your mistakes, one way or the other. I'd just like to make you come."

"Come?" He might have laughed at how wide her eyes grew, if she hadn't simultaneously dropped an unconscious hand down to hover over her mound. She was hot, all right, hot and primed for him. He was willing to bet half his annual pension that her pussy would be wet if he slid his hand down the front of her shorts.

"I didn't do those things she said I did," she suddenly blurted out.

"What?"

"I don't expect you to believe me. No one believed me. That's why she's sleeping in the castle and I'm down here whipping people with a riding crop."

"You made a choice to do this work, Edna, no one put a gun to your head." Not the conversation he'd assumed they'd be having, but he wasn't the type to support playing the victim. You were only a victim if you allowed yourself to be one, and Edna was too strong to let her mind be clouded with that kind of crap.

"Try finding decent employment when the new queen says you used to beat her and lock her in the basement for weeks at a time."

"You're saying you didn't?"

"Of course not."

"Why would she lie?"

"I don't know. Because she hated that her father loved me? Because she hated me for living after her father died? It was fairly normal stepparent-stepchild stuff. She was a teenager and she hated me for everything and nothing at all. I had no idea she'd take things as far as she did."

Frank didn't know what to say to that. She looked so forlorn, so completely hopeless. Hers wasn't the face of a woman who was trying to spin lies for her own purposes—it was the face of a woman who had told the truth and had the truth fail her. And now she was trying to get by on small deceptions, like pretending she was a Domme when she was the furthest thing from it, or pretending she wasn't aching for someone to hold her and tell her that everything was going to be okay.

He had to fight with everything in him to keep from going to her and giving her the arms she needed. No matter how much he wanted to be there for this stranger, he had a prior commitment to the very woman who she claimed had wronged her. Edna read his decision on his face and made a small attempt at a smile.

"It's fine, I didn't expect you to give me a chance. But will you please leave now? And take your friends with you. I can take care of myself, I've been doing it for a long time."

Her knees buckled as she sat down hard on the red couch in the center of the room, deflated, and he knew she'd risked more than she would admit when she'd told him her side of the story. She'd given up hope, it was clear in her eyes, but for one second she'd thought that maybe, just maybe, she'd found a friend. It cut him up inside to see that hope destroyed, and to know that he was the man responsible.

"Edna—"

"Please, just go." She dropped her head into her hands and her long, honey-brown hair spilled over her shoulders, all the way to the floor, looking as soft as it felt.

Frank's cock began to throb as he remembered the satin of her hair against his chest when he'd held her close. He wanted to hold her again more than he wanted to take his next breath. Even more, he wanted to watch her hair swirl around her shoulders as she rode his cock, wanted to watch her skin flush with pleasure, hear her moan as her pussy gripped him in its slick sheath. He wanted to fist his hand in that silky mane of hers and bring her close for a kiss, then roll her over and get to work showing her how swiftly he could make her come again, this time with him on top.

"I believe you." The words were out of his mouth before he really knew what he was saying.

Did he believe her? Maybe, maybe not. But he needed to get her to accept his help, he knew that without a doubt. He wanted her too much to leave her alone with a madman on the way, no matter what she thought she could handle.

"You do?" she said, lifting a shocked face to his. Frank watched as a single tear slid down her cheek.

"Now don't start that again." The words were hard, but he knew the way he was looking at her was anything but. His own throat was actually a little tight, and he couldn't stop his feet from moving toward her. They had a little time left and he was going to use it to take away her pain, at least for a little while.

He stopped when he stood directly in front of her, his breath quickening as she tilted her head back and looked him in the eye, revealing the graceful column of her neck and the decadent expanse of her cleavage. Slowly, he knelt in front of her until their bodies were only inches apart and cupped her face in his hands. Her lips parted and a sound halfway between a sigh and a moan escaped as he wiped away the black streaks left by her tears.

"You really believe me? No one's ever believed me."

"I believe you. I have a ten-year-old. He's a good kid, but we've had our rough spots. People who think children are all sweetness and light usually don't have any," he said with a smile, feeling a strange little tug somewhere in the vicinity of his heart when she smiled back. God, she was stunning when she smiled.

It made him wish that the words he'd just said were completely sincere. It was true that kids could lie and cheat and steal as much as any adult, but he couldn't honestly say that he believed Edna was telling the truth. He'd known the queen for two years, and while sometimes impulsive and flighty, he'd never witnessed any deception on her part. He'd met Edna less than twenty minutes ago and the first words out of her mouth had been a lie, promising him complete domination at her hands.

Maybe not exactly a lie, but a promise she failed to keep. But how could he complain when he hadn't wanted her to keep the damn promise in the first place?

"You don't look old enough to have a ten-year-old. Are you married?"

"I'm thirty-five. My wife passed away when Christian was four."

"I'm so sorry." The empathy in her eyes was real and touched him more than he wanted to admit. It had been a long time since a woman had looked at him with such compassion.

"It's all right. It was a long time ago." He moved his hands to the tops of her thighs, letting his fingers play back and forth between her knees and the bottom of her shorts, and watched her start to breathe faster. It would be best to keep their interaction purely physical. He didn't need compassion from a woman he didn't trust.

"But it still hurts, doesn't it?" she asked. "I'm sure you know I lost my husband. We'd been married two years, but no kids of our own. Cindy lived with us though, so I got to be a full-time stepmother."

"You don't look old enough to have a teenaged stepdaughter," he said, sliding his hands beneath her knees and gently pulling her legs farther apart.

She trembled and her dark eyes grew even darker, but she kept talking. Just like a woman. If they were better acquainted, he'd order her to be quiet until she came—at least twice.

"I'm twenty-eight. My husband was twenty years older. That's part of the reason I didn't want Cindy dating the prince. I knew how hard it was to be with an older man. My experience was that they died on you, leaving you alone with a stepchild who wants to murder you in your sleep."

"Murder you?"

"Not murder, but sometimes this life feels like a kind of death. Almost everyone I meet thinks I'm a child-abusing monster. It can be hard to stomach after a while," she said, her eyes suspiciously shiny, though her fingers were smoothing up the sides of his arms.

Her soft touch made his muscles bunch as she wrapped her hands around his neck and scooted closer to the edge of the couch. Only a breath or two separated them now, and it was quickly becoming impossible to resist closing the distance between them. He

was dying to know if she tasted as sweet as she looked, and what those elegant fingers would feel like digging into his shoulders while he attended to her pebbled nipples.

"I'm sorry." And he was sorry – sorry that he couldn't do more for her, and that these few moments might be all they would ever have. Even if her words were true, he was in no position to clear her name. He was in service to the queen. He fed and clothed his son with that work, and couldn't afford to jeopardize his position, even for a woman who made him ache in a way he hadn't in longer than he could remember.

"You don't have to be sorry. Unless you're not going to do what I think you're going to do."

"What? Kiss you?" His hands tightened on her knees, tugging her even closer, until he could feel the heat between her spread legs pulsing inches away from his own throbbing groin.

"Call me crazy, but I was kind of hoping for more than a kiss," she said, breath hitching, eyes just the slightest bit unsure.

"How about I fuck your pussy with my tongue until you come on my mouth?"

That seemed to take away the last of her uncertainty. She met his lips with a moan, and Frank let his arms tighten, smashing every inch of her softness against him. As he pushed past her lips and met the eager sweep of her tongue, he forced himself to remember that this was a shared moment of pleasure, nothing more.

She was the wrong woman, no matter how right she felt in his arms.

Chapter Three

Edna pressed impossibly closer to the man who had managed to make her forget she ever had any reservations about fucking a client. But then he wasn't a client, was he? He was here to help her, to deal with whoever had been writing those horrible letters.

"Frank, what about —"

"Quiet. I don't want to hear you say another word until you're coming on my mouth." He followed the words with a sharp tug at the bottom of her corset. Her breasts sprang free, nipples sliding against the leather with a rough friction that made her moan.

His eyes drank her in with a single-minded intensity that took her breath away, and his large hands moved to cup her full, swollen breasts. He tested the weight and feel of her softly, almost reverently, before he swept the pads of his thumbs over her tightened tips. A bolt of pure arousal zinged from her nipples down to burn hotly between her legs. Her clit was already aching for stimulation, and her pussy was past the point of mere readiness. She couldn't wait for him to touch her.

But god, what would he think when he felt how wet she was? Would he find her ridiculously slick folds a pathetic testimony to how easily she was seduced?

"Frank, I—" Her breath hissed in through her parted lips as he pinched her nipples, hard, between his fingers and thumbs.

"I said no talking." He tightened his grip on her aroused flesh until she moaned. Moaned and arched into his hands, her body wickedly craving more. She raked her fingernails down his exposed back, digging her hands into his muscled ass and pulling him even closer. Hungrily, she ground up and down his rock-hard length, her clit

humming with excitement as it was granted the much-needed friction, even as her pussy clenched and shuddered.

"Is that a gun in your diaper or are you just happy to see me?" she breathed, unable to believe even Frank was truly that large. His cock felt at least ten inches long, maybe eleven, and bigger around than her own wrist.

"You don't listen very well, do you?" He followed the words with a swift smack on her bare thigh. The unexpected sting made her gasp and wiggle her hips into closer contact with his cock. She'd never had any fantasies about being spanked, but she was having plenty of them now. She wanted her bare bottom turned over his knees, her slick pussy completely exposed to him as he used the flat of his large palm to redden her ass.

"Kind of like someone else I know," she said as she flicked her tongue across the seam of his lips, dying for another taste of him.

"True, but I think we both know by now that I enjoy taking the lead. Can you let me do that, Edna? Can you trust me to give you pleasure?" His strong hands were cupping her ass, helping her find a gentle, rocking rhythm against his cock that had things low in her body tightening, already climbing toward release.

"Yes." She mumbled the words against his neck, inhaling the purely male scent of him. Even his smell made her hotter, wetter, and she knew it wouldn't take much to send her spiraling over the edge.

"So for the next ten minutes this pussy is mine?"

"I wish we had more than ten minutes."

"Me too," he said with a heated smile before his features grew serious once more. "I want to hear you say it, Edna. Tell me this is my pussy."

"It's your pussy," she whispered, the words almost enough to bring her the rest of the way. They would have been if he hadn't picked that second to pull away from her clit and urge her back onto the couch.

“Good. I want to see my pussy. Take your shorts off, but leave the corset.”

Edna forced herself to obey without hesitation, despite the hint of nervousness that swept through her as soon as she was denied access to the drugging contact of his body. She trusted him, she did, despite the fact she'd been half convinced he was a psycho killer a few minutes ago. Whether it was crazy or not, trusting him wasn't the problem. The problem was herself. Would she know how to please him? Would she be able to give up control, to let him direct the course of this encounter? The last thing she'd expected was to take a turn on the submissive side of the scene tonight, or any night, and she was suddenly feeling tremendously unprepared.

Her fingers fumbled with the leather ties at the side of her shorts, and Edna watched her hands begin to shake.

“Hurry, I'm ready to see what's mine.” The way he said the words made her nipples harden to the point of pain and her plump, engorged clit practically scream for release.

She shimmied her leather hot pants and black thong panties down her legs and flicked them off one six-inch heel before she could think twice about it. There was no point asking questions, wondering if she was ready for a man like Frank. There was no longer any choice to be made. Her body had decided for her. It would do anything this man asked as long as he would fulfill the promise shining in those blue eyes.

Absolutely anything.

“God, you're beautiful,” he said as she sat back on her elbows and spread her legs wide, obediently showing him every last inch of her. Her pussy let forth another rush of heat as his eyes explored her, taking in every inch of her most intimate of places. Thank goodness, he didn't seem to find her state of readiness repulsive in the least.

“Frank, please...”

“You were supposed to be quiet, Edna,” he said with a small smile as he spread her legs impossibly wider and then moved gentle hands to spread the petals of her sex

open, exposing her completely. It became hard to breathe, hard to move, hard *not* to move, she wanted him to touch her so desperately.

"I'm sorry," she whispered as she watched him lower his face between her legs, bringing his mouth close enough that she could feel his hot breath on her mound, but no closer.

"It's okay. You can make it up to me," he said, lifting his eyes to meet hers without moving his mouth.

"Anything."

"I want you to watch me. Never take your eyes off me while I eat my pussy." He followed the words with one long, smooth swipe of his tongue up her sex, from her weeping slit to the throbbing bundle of nerves at the top. Edna made an animal sound of arousal that sounded foreign to her own ears, but then quickly bit down on her lip, determined to show him that she wanted to please.

"Good girl," he said, satisfied with whatever he saw in her eyes. Or she supposed he was satisfied, because he rewarded her with another slow swipe of his tongue.

Edna trembled and fought to maintain the terrible intimacy of eye contact as he started to circle her clit with a slow, sensuous rhythm. Just enough to ratchet up the tension within her to the next level, but not enough to take her over the edge.

"Touch your nipples, pinch them for me," Frank rumbled against her sex, his strong hands digging into her thighs as he spread her wider and intensified his efforts between her legs. He lapped and suckled and plunged his tongue into her welcoming body, while Edna obediently brought her hands to her own breasts. She tugged at the already sensitive flesh, pinching her nipples until they ached, and the need between her thighs built to the breaking point.

"Come for me, Edna. I want to taste my pussy when it comes." Frank opened his mouth and covered her entire sex in his heat, his tongue jabbing into her pussy even as he suckled her clit with sharp, commanding tugs.

Edna shattered with a ferocity that destroyed what was left of her thinking mind. She bucked into his mouth, twisted her fists into the fabric of the couch and held on for dear life as her orgasm rocketed through her body. He continued to lap at her core, soft, smooth sweeps of his tongue that seemed to rebuild the erotic tension in her body even before she'd come down from her first release.

"You closed your eyes," he muttered against her sex as he brought one large finger to glide in and out of where her pussy still pulsed hungrily.

Edna's eyes flew open to stare at the ceiling. Shit, she *had* closed her eyes, she hadn't even realized. But surely he would forgive her. It had been too overwhelming, too intense, too —

"What are you doing, Frank?" Edna looked down between her legs where Frank was still slowly finger-fucking her with one hand, while his other had begun to explore —

"I'm touching my pussy. And my ass. Is this my ass, Edna?" He teased the tight, puckered hole with one slick finger, drawing a gasp from her lips.

She'd never had anyone touch her there. But then she'd never let a complete stranger order her to undress and spread for his mouth either. She'd also never come like that, and never felt so close to coming again just from the slightest manipulation of a man's hands.

"Yes, Frank, that's your ass," she whispered, a shiver running through her at the look in his eyes. She'd never dreamed a man, even her husband, would look at her like that, like some priceless, beautiful creature who he felt honored to have in his care.

Care, that was the word. She felt cared for, treasured, protected. She felt safe for the first time in well over a year, which was completely ridiculous considering the man who had been terrorizing her might be on his way here right now, and this man was a complete stranger.

But he didn't feel like a stranger, and for the first time in a hell of a long time, Edna realized she felt close to another person. She felt understood, and it was a feeling nearly as drugging as lust. And possibly as addictive.

"Thank you," Frank said, planting a soft kiss on her thigh as his finger began to tease at her rear entry, working in and out, in and out, until Edna was aching for more, actually wishing that he would penetrate her more deeply.

She moaned and lifted her hips into his next thrust, giving him the clear invitation to take more, push harder, deeper. But he only smiled and kept up the teasing rhythm. He did, however, add a second finger to her pussy, and immediately she felt her walls contract violently in response.

"Don't close your eyes, baby. Let me watch you this time," he said as her eyes fluttered and threatened to close.

Edna sucked in a deep breath and willed herself to meet Frank's intense blue gaze as he slowly fucked her ass and her pussy with his thick fingers. The forced intimacy pushed away the crest of her orgasm, but made every inch of tissue between her legs throb even more fiercely. She'd never been this aroused without climaxing, wouldn't have believed it possible. It was like discovering there was another two hundred feet of mountain still to climb when you were sure you were already at the top.

"Just relax, let everything go." He slowly, gently, pushed another finger into her ass. She fought against the urge to clench her thighs, struggling to ignore the slight sting as he pushed inside her body and began a deeper, firmer rhythm.

She was so full, so unbelievably full and hyperaware of the very thin wall of flesh that separated the two parts of her body. It felt wonderfully erotic, sensual as hell, but also more than a little terrifying.

She'd never felt this laid bare, this invaded by another human being. It wasn't just his hands or where he put them or what he did with them. It was the intensity with which he surveyed her, demanding every last part of her, body and soul, be offered up for his pleasure. Damn him, it was *his* pleasure, no matter that she was the one getting

ready to come for the second time, and for some reason that knowledge broke something inside her.

Edna whimpered as she started to come – come and cry like a baby.

Tears rushed down her cheeks with scalding heat even as her womb contracted in fierce, clutching waves. Frank mercilessly wrung every last bit of passion from her body, coaxing more and more cream from her pussy with gently undulating fingers, but his eyes never wavered from hers. He didn't flinch away from her tears or her abandon, only continued to drink her in with eyes that promised so much more than any stranger could ever give her.

When her quaking finally began to give way to a more generalized tremble, Frank eased his fingers from her body.

"Frank, I –"

He didn't let her finish, but silenced her words with his entire body. He was on top of her before she could remember seeing him move, crushing her against the back of the couch, claiming her lips with his in a kiss that stole the last bit of her soul from her body. She melted into him, feeling every barrier in her heart crash down to the floor with shocking swiftness as he angled his mouth and loved her with his teeth and tongue.

"You were amazing," he said, hands roving over her body with an easy familiarity that sparked excitement to life within her once again.

"I cried," she said, even as she finally let one hand venture down to the front of his loincloth. He echoed her own moan as she stroked him, up and down, for the first time, tracing the outline of his engorged cock. He was indeed enormous, more than she would have thought she'd enjoy – at least before tonight.

But hell, if her ass could relish two of his thick, blunt fingers, she knew her pussy could handle the hot shaft that now twitched under her curious fingertips.

"I want this, Frank. I want you to fuck me," Edna said, the words not shocking her at all. What they'd just done was more intimate than half the sex she'd had in her life.

There was no reason not to take this further, not to know if the connection between them would be even more profound if he were to climax with her as he tunneled in and out of her core.

“Um...Captain? Are you, um...ready for company in there?” asked a strange voice from some other corner of the room.

“Who was that? Where are they?” Edna asked, scrambling to cover herself even as she realized it probably wasn’t necessary. Frank’s large body concealed her almost completely, but for some reason that didn’t make her feel better. She wouldn’t feel better until her breasts were back in their corset and *something* was covering her bare pussy.

“Close your eyes, Nate,” Frank ordered in a no-nonsense tone.

Edna peeked over his shoulder and wasn’t surprised when the young man standing just inside the door of the dressing room did just as ordered. The gangly redhead squeezed his eyes closed and gulped so mightily that his Adam’s apple bobbed painfully up and down in his skinny, no more than nineteen-year-old throat.

“Did that kid just watch – Did he see? Did somebody else see?”

“No one saw anything, I promise you. Right, Nate?”

“Yes, sir, the surveillance cameras were turned off as ordered,” Nate said as Frank tenderly tugged up her corset and pulled the laces tight. He then leaned over and pressed a soft kiss to the top of her breasts before he handed her both her panties and hot pants with a firm hand.

She didn’t have time to wonder at the tenderness of that kiss before he was up and on the move.

“What’s up?” Frank asked, coming to his feet, rearranging his diaper and somehow managing not to look either ridiculous or ashamed.

For all she could tell, it was as if his subordinates caught him fucking women every day. Good god, maybe they did. What did she really know about Frank? Despite the

unexpected way her emotions had gotten involved, she had no idea who this man was or what he was really about.

Something she would do well to remember the next time she decided it would be a good idea to take clothes off first and ask questions later, Edna thought as she struggled into her shorts.

"Sir, the suspect is on his way up the outer stairs, he should be at the elevator in less than five minutes, arrival in under ten."

"Is the lobby staff ready?" Frank asked. "You can open your eyes, Officer."

"Ready and armed, and we're ready back here whenever you say go," the young man confirmed. Edna had to admit that it sounded like the Queen's Guard had their shit together, even if she couldn't say the same for the woman pulling their strings.

Then again, maybe Cindy had changed, maybe she really had sent this man to protect her and wanted to make amends. Maybe there was no other story, no selfish motive for her actions, just the need to mend a relationship that should never have been allowed to sour so completely.

"Right, and maybe I'll win the Kingdom City Lottery and retire to the tropics," Edna mumbled to herself before springing to her feet. Whatever was about to go down here, she wasn't going to sit idly by and trust that Frank and the boys were going to take care of her.

"You can resume your position, Officer," Frank ordered.

As Nate disappeared back into the hidden panel in the wall, Edna crossed quickly to the fake plant in the corner. She'd stashed a cattle prod back there not too long ago. She had been too squeamish to use the device on the man who had brought it to her as a gift, but figured it might come in handy for self-defense at some point.

"Where are you going?" Frank asked, sounding suspicious. What right he had to be suspicious of her when *he* was the one with spies all over her place of business, she had no idea.

"I'm getting a weapon," she said, pulling the instrument from where it was buried in the fake moss at the base of the monstrous plant. God, she *hated* fake plants. As soon as she worked somewhere that saw the light of day, she promised herself she would throw the damned thing away.

"What is that?"

"A cattle prod."

"You don't need a cattle prod."

"Why, are you going to give me a gun?" She hadn't shot a gun in ages, but the idea of holding one in her hand was rather tempting. If she was really going to meet the man who had been threatening her in the flesh in a few minutes, she figured the more heavily armed, the better.

"Of course not. You don't need a weapon. We have you protected. You just need to act naturally, go about business as usual until the guy crosses the line," he said, holding out a hand for the prod.

"So...I'm like the bait?"

"Sort of."

"You were going to use me as bait, without even letting me know?" Edna asked, finally hitting on what was bothering her the most about the present scenario. It was all well and good to use her as a lure when she was aware and on guard, but how would it have felt to be completely clueless, to think that she was really in mortal danger before Frank and his boys burst in from behind the walls?

"It wasn't my preferred plan of action," Frank said.

"But you were going to do it anyway, because that's the way *she* wanted it done?"

"Edna, there isn't time to explain everything, I just—"

"There's no need to explain. I understand completely." She did understand and felt like the biggest fool in the world. How could she have opened herself up to a man who was on her stepdaughter's payroll? It was beyond foolish, it was downright dangerous.

Cindy had proven time and again that she had nothing but contempt for her. Maybe ruining her reputation wasn't enough anymore, maybe she was after what was left of her life.

There was still a chance that Frank wasn't what he seemed. What if he had been hired to make sure no one interrupted while the person Cindy had hired to kill her went about his work? What if he were in charge of disposing of her body, and ascertaining there would be no witnesses to the vile deed? What if—

"Calm down, don't let your mind start going to that place again. You can trust me, I think I proved that a few minutes ago." Frank, the apparent mind reader, said, placing his comforting I'll-take-care-of-everything hands on her shoulders. A sizzle of arousal that she did *not* want to admit to feeling hummed through her, relaxing all her muscles except the few still pulsing hungrily between her legs. "I'm here to help you, you can bank on that. There's no way in hell I'll let him hurt you. I promise you that, sweetie."

"Sweetie?" She tried to make the word derisive, but it came out more plaintive.

Frank didn't reply, only took the cattle prod gently from her hand and pressed a light kiss to her forehead. Edna felt her eyes close, her lips part and her entire body cry out for her to fall into his arms and never let him go. She forced herself to stand absolutely still, struggling to revive all those self-preservation instincts that she had once thought herself to possess in abundance.

Psycho killer or savior, Frank was beyond her reach. They'd shared a moment of passion, and that was all they would ever share. It was time to focus on the job at hand and forget she'd ever looked into his eyes and thought for a second that she might get another chance at something she hadn't even had the courage to wish for.

"I'm going to the east dressing room. My guy in the lobby is going to send the suspect to the west dressing room—"

"You have a *guy* in the lobby?" Edna asked, feeling more than an inkling of unease start to churn in her belly as she realized this was really going to happen. "But all my staff are female, even security. It's the Wicked Stepmother and her Stepsisters S&M

Parlor. Everyone who comes here knows that, it's part of the draw. Don't you think the guy is going to be suspicious?"

"According to our research, the suspect has never been here before. We've been tailing him for about a week. We haven't gotten a clear look at his face, but he doesn't match up with any of the photos of your clients."

"You've been taking pictures of my clients?" Edna's mind raced as she realized how the shit would hit the fan when her clientele realized that their privacy has been violated. Privacy was everything to her breed of customers. She was as good as finished when this news leaked, might as well let her stalker slash her throat and be done with it.

"And I'd do it again. I was trying to save your life."

"What life am I going to have left when I can't support myself?"

"That's ridiculous."

"It's not ridiculous, I won't have any clients if they feel their confidentiality has —"

"I don't have time to argue with you. Are you ready to handle this situation or do I need to remove you and deal with the man myself?" Frank asked in that voice that made her feel about ten years old. She hated that voice, hated it and loved it, but mostly hated it.

"I'm fine, go ahead." Finally, she sounded as cold and collected as she should have sounded from the second he walked in the door.

"I'll be watching everything. I'm right behind that door if you need me."

"I won't need you. I'll be fine. I'm a big girl." She met his hard look with a hard look of her own. This time, he broke first, turning toward the east dressing room with a frustrated sigh that, for some reason, gave her quite a bit of pleasure.

As Frank crossed the room, his hand reached down the back of his loincloth to pull out a small but deadly looking pistol. "Oh my god, you *did* have a gun in your diaper."

"My real gun is a lot more impressive, maybe you'll get a look if you're good," he tossed out over his shoulder, not even turning to look at her before he disappeared into the dressing room.

"Cocksure bastard."

"I heard that."

"Cocksure bastard with excellent hearing," Edna muttered, ignoring the absurd little thrill that the mere thought of his "gun" inspired.

She quickly wound her hair up into a knot on the top of her head and crossed to the vanity to reapply her blood red lipstick. After adding a fresh coat of mascara to her lashes, she was mostly presentable. Thankfully, Frank had done an excellent job of cleaning her face, so all she had to do was pinch her cheeks and she was ready, or as ready as she would ever be to face a crazed maniac who had threatened to kill her in several violent and graphic ways.

As she heard the door to the parlor open and light footsteps approach the desk outside, Edna hurried over to fetch her crop from where she had thrown it during her session with Frank. She gripped the instrument in her hands tightly, trying to remind herself that she wasn't as defenseless as she thought. She had drawn blood with this crop once tonight, albeit unintentionally, and she could do it again.

She had also managed to do a little damage with her shoes on a man as humongous as Frank, and there was no way this loser could be that big. If he was that manly, he wouldn't have to resort to writing threatening letters to a woman half his size, right?

"Right," she repeated aloud, forcing herself to believe that comforting line of reasoning.

With pure force of will, she managed to take up her customary position in the center of the room, despite the other voice in her head that was telling her to run to the window, crawl out onto the balcony and hide until this whole thing was over.

“Mistress, may I enter?” came a raspy and strangely hushed voice from the west dressing room. Shit, it was him. It was time to step into character. Ready or not, here her homicidal maniac came.

Chapter Four

"Enter, slave," Edna's voice sounded from the room, her tone twice as haughty and imperious as it had been when he had first entered her parlor.

Frank had to admit that he was impressed, but not nearly as relieved as he might have assumed. He didn't want her out there, especially not alone. What had sounded like an acceptable course of action when he hadn't known Edna—hadn't tasted her, touched her, watched the walls behind her eyes come crashing down as she abandoned herself completely to the moment between them—did *not* seem so acceptable now.

Sure, he could see her on the surveillance monitor and would be able to reach her in seconds, but it didn't feel like enough. He felt horribly unprepared. Of course, when he had been prepping himself and the team for this moment, he'd had no idea that he would be quite as emotionally invested in the outcome.

He had come here wanting to do a good job for his queen, to help protect her estranged stepmother. Now he was sitting in this damned dressing room, sweating his balls off, determined to save the life of a woman he was well on his way to being consumed with. He wanted Edna, wanted her for his own. He would bet his left arm that tonight had been her first time in the submissive role, but she had taken to it quicker than any other woman he'd ever known.

The trust she'd given him so freely and honestly had overwhelmed him. He didn't want any other man to be on the receiving end of that kind of trust. It would be too easy to abuse her, to take advantage of her while she was so new to the scene. And she *would* be new to the scene. There was no way she'd be able to resist another experience after what they'd done tonight. She would start to crave the freedom of submission, and he was already craving the sweet responsibility of being her instructor in the art.

You're craving more than the privilege of instructing her. You want her, man, all of her.

As if on cue, his cock started to swell and thicken, recovering from the slight softening brought on by Nate's untimely appearance on the scene. Thank god the kid had shown up, however, or he might never have been able to stop himself from finishing what they'd started. He'd only meant to kill a little time and relax Edna in the process. He'd never intended for them to go so far or to be tempted to take things even further. By the time she'd told him to fuck her, he'd nearly forgotten the reasons he shouldn't.

What were a few dozen men waiting for his command and a suspected stalker on the way, when his cock felt like it would literally explode if he didn't get inside a certain woman's pussy?

The taste of her still lingered in his mouth, sweet and addictive. She tasted so clean yet so decadent, a strange mix of innocence and abandon that he had never expected to find, especially not in the Wicked Stepmother's parlor. It made him wonder... Who was the real Edna? Was she truly that woman she'd given him a glimpse of, a widow betrayed by a confused teenager? Or was she a better actress than he had ever assumed, the kind of woman who knew how to read her clients and give them what they wanted, even if it wasn't something usually on the menu?

Frank felt a knot form in his chest as a horrible suspicion took root. Could she have taken him for a ride? He'd never hired a woman for pleasure, what did he really know of the way the transactions worked? Watching Edna prowl about the center of the room with complete confidence in the presence of a man she thought a psychopath made him wonder. Was he the teacher or the student in their relationship?

"Hello." The odd voice sounded from the opposite side of the room. Frank forced his mind back to the work at hand. There would be time to dissect his relationship with Edna after he made sure she was safe.

Relationship. He'd just thought of what they had as a relationship. Damn, he really was in trouble.

“Thank you for seeing me,” the man spoke again, soft and scratchy. He was clearly trying to manipulate the sound, and that made Frank nervous. He’d never heard the man speak, but maybe Edna had.

Why else would he be attempting to disguise his voice? Maybe Edna’s stalker was someone she already knew, which would also explain why the man was still in his disguise. In over a month of tailing him, no one had ever seen him out of that damn hat that he kept pulled down low over his features.

Frank had told Edna he had followed the suspect for a week, but that wasn’t the complete truth. His people had finally taken a decent picture of the man last week, but had been tracking him for longer. Long enough to know that Edna wasn’t the only woman he had been stalking. The sick little fuck was a busy man, terrorizing half the sex workers in the city. So far he hadn’t acted on any of his twisted threats, but he was still managing to inflict serious damage.

Rumors of the “red light stalker” were scaring away business on the seamier side of town, seriously affecting the bottom line of the S&M parlors, as well as the more straightlaced bordellos. While Frank never frequented the places, these citizens deserved protection from creeps threatening their livelihood, not to mention their lives, as much as any other person in the kingdom. The new king and queen might be on a mission to close them down, but until they succeeded in making it illegal to traffic in sex, it was Frank’s job to provide the workers of the red light district with equal protection under the law.

“You will refer to me as Mistress, you will not look me in the eye and you will be punished if you dare to speak before spoken to again. Is that clear?” Edna ordered the man in front of her, still sounding amazingly strong and confident.

But then again, why shouldn’t she? The guy was even shorter in real life than he looked in the photographs, well under five and a half feet, even with the strange little fedora he had left on his head. Once he’d taken off his bulky overcoat, he was downright scrawny, so scrawny that he seemed reluctant to remove his oversized gray

t-shirt. It trailed down over the loincloth that hung limply around his thin, hairless, almost feminine-looking legs.

Scratch that, *very* feminine-looking legs.

"Shit," Frank cursed to himself, beginning to smell a rat. His gut was screaming that something was very wrong, a feeling that was confirmed when Nate came scurrying into his hiding place.

"Captain, there's another one!" Nate's face was pale and sweat beaded on his mostly hairless upper lip.

"What do you mean another one?" Frank whispered harshly, fighting the urge to cuss the hell out of his soldier. It wasn't necessarily his fault, Frank had bought the suspect's identity at first. They were obviously being toyed with. But by who? And why?

"There's another stalker down in the lobby right now. We managed to stall him, had a janitor say the elevator was broken, but he'll be here soon. It's only ten flights up and it's just a matter of time until he finds the staircase," Nate panted.

"All right, cover me." Frank darted a quick look at the surveillance monitor to see that stalker number one was still a safe distance from Edna before he armed his weapon and made for the door.

"Should we stop the second one, sir?" Nate asked.

"Not unless we have to," Frank returned. "Use your judgment, Officer. If I don't have the situation in there under control by the time he reaches the lobby, then take him into custody."

"Will do, sir," Nate said.

"I knew it!" Edna suddenly screamed.

"Freeze, Queen's Guard," Frank bellowed as he burst into the room, nearly dropping his goddamned gun seconds after he found his mark.

What the fuck was going on?

"Captain Frank?" Queen Cindy squeaked. Her blonde hair spilled out in a mad tangle from the cap she had just whipped off her head and her big blue eyes started to tear. Her full bottom lip quivered and her hand trembled like she was about ten seconds away from a seizure, a fact that wouldn't have worried him so much if that hand hadn't been holding a small silver revolver trained right at Edna's chest.

"Put the gun down, Cynthia," Frank said slowly, dropping the "Queen" before her name without a second thought. The less power she thought she had in the present situation, the better. He had no idea why she would attempt to murder her stepmother on the same night she sent him and his men in on a mission to save her, but she needed to realize right away that he wouldn't be an accessory to whatever she had planned.

He'd take her down like he'd take down any other criminal, especially anyone foolish enough to threaten someone he considered under his protection. Whether it made sense or not, Edna was now on his very short list of people he'd kill to protect—no matter what the law, or the queen, had to say about it.

"I thought you were going to be here tomorrow," Cynthia cried, tears flowing freely down her face.

"Put the gun down, Cynthia. Now," Frank ordered, his voice harder as he slowly positioned himself between the two women.

"You still haven't learned to use a day planner?" Edna asked. "You really should get organized if you plan to start killing people. Time management makes murder so much more...manageable."

"Shut up!" Cindy screamed at Edna, her face twisting with rage. "Just shut up. You aren't always right. You don't know anything about me, you never have."

"Cynthia, if you don't put that gun down right now, I will shoot," Frank said, hoping his tone would convince her that he was dead serious.

"Frank, you're supposed to be on my side." Cindy gulped, her eyes filling with betrayal and hurt as she started sobbing, full force, once more.

"Yeah, Frank, can't you just help your queen kill me like you're supposed to?" Edna quipped, not sounding nearly as concerned for her own welfare as he'd like for her to be. Not to mention that badgering an unstable teen who was presently holding a gun aimed at your heart might not be the wisest course of action.

"Edna, be quiet," he ordered.

"I wasn't going to kill her, Frank. I could never kill anyone. You have to believe me," Cindy said, finally dropping the gun as she dissolved into another fit of tortured sobs. Covering her face with her hands, she sunk slowly to the floor where she proceeded to curl into a ball on her side, looking absolutely pathetic in her oversized t-shirt and man-sized diaper.

Pathetic-looking or not, he wasn't going to breathe easier until that gun was out of her reach.

Quickly, Frank crossed to Cynthia and kicked the gun to the far side of the room, unmoved by the wide, tear-filled eyes she blinked up at him from the floor. She was a beautiful girl, angelically beautiful, but he'd finally gotten a good look at the little brat that lurked beneath that pretty surface. He couldn't believe he hadn't seen through her sooner, and knew it would be quite awhile before he trusted his instincts fully again. He'd always prided himself on being a good judge of character, but it looked like he couldn't have been further off the mark with this girl.

"Frank, I really didn't mean to hurt her, you have to believe me," she pleaded in response to the chill she no doubt saw in his eyes.

"She just thought I'd be better to look at with a few bullet holes for decoration," Edna mumbled from behind him.

"Edna, please," Frank said.

"I'm sorry. This is how I handle being scared to death," Edna said, her voice rising slightly before she broke off with a shaky breath.

Shit. Pretty soon he was going to have two crying females on his hands and the real red light stalker popping in to the waiting room. He had to establish some sort of order

in the room before they lost the chance to catch their second suspect. They could all sit down and try to figure out what the hell was really going on after that was accomplished.

"Get up, Cynthia. Now," he ordered. "Edna, do your best to get it together, okay? The real guy is on his way up."

"The *real* guy? What real guy?"

"We've got another suspect on the way. Cynthia might not be our girl, or she might not be working alone." He reached down and hauled a freshly sobbing Cynthia to her feet.

"What are you talking about, Frank? You mean there's someone else who wants to kill me?"

"He doesn't want to kill you," Cindy said, her voice laced with a healthy dose of bitterness. "He's in love with you."

"What?" Edna asked, her big brown eyes growing even wider.

"He who?" Frank asked, pulling the queen across the room toward the east dressing room. They were running very short on time, and he had to make her disappear before the man she was talking about made it to the tenth floor.

"The p-p-p..." Cindy stuttered, the sudden resurgence of her tears making it impossible to understand what she was trying to say.

"Tell me his name," Frank demanded, giving the girl a sharp shake. "Help me out and maybe you won't go to jail for the rest of your life."

"I'm the queen," she sobbed hysterically. "I'm still the queen."

"You're not going to live to be queen of anything unless you start talking in the next two seconds," Frank whispered into her face, letting the full force of his anger show in the eyes that met hers.

"Oh my god," Cindy said, her tears drying instantly.

"Talk. Now. Fast."

"The prince – I mean, King Robert, my husband, he's in love with Edna, or in lust with her anyway," she said, continuing when Frank gave her a slight shake. "He started writing her those letters, but I didn't know. When I heard about the stalker I really just thought Edna was in trouble, and I wanted to help. I thought maybe we could try to be friends, but when the guards brought in the picture they took yesterday, I saw the coat I'd given him. I had it handmade by the lady who used to sew his mom's clothes, so I knew it had to be him."

"Oh my god, you're serious," Edna said, sitting down on the red couch with an absolutely horrified look.

Good, she should be horrified by the thought of any man but me wanting to touch her. The thought flew through Frank's mind before he had the chance to consider what little right he had to stake claim to Edna's body or heart. Still, the king certainly had no right either, and if what Cynthia was saying was the truth, their entire kingdom was getting ready to be turned upside-down. Not even a monarch could get away with terrorizing dozens of sex workers. They were his subjects, and Parliament wouldn't stand for it.

"Is there anything else we should know, Cynthia? Quickly, we're almost out of time," Frank urged, his tone gentling slightly. She was talking, no need to scare her into another round of tears.

"I searched his room and found his journal. He did the red light stalker thing to cover his tracks. He's going to kidnap Edna and make it look like she was murdered. Then he's going to take her back to the castle and keep her there. He has a secret room in the west wing all ready for her. I found the key. He's going to keep her there and have sex with her! In my own house! My *stepmother*!" Cindy finished with a horrified gasp. Then she started crying again, obviously feeling as sorry for herself as Edna, the woman who would have become the prince's unwilling sex slave. The girl was a piece of work, no doubt about it.

"Do you still have the journal?" Frank asked.

"Yeah, it's in my coat in the dressing room." Cindy sniffed mightily and tried to look helpful. "I can go get it if you want."

"Captain?" Nate whispered urgently, sticking his head out from the door of the dressing room.

"We'll get it later. Take her," Frank whispered, shoving Cynthia toward the door.

"The queen?" Nate asked, looking uncertainly from Frank to Cynthia and back again, clearly torn about where his duty now lay.

"Keep her in there and don't take your eyes off her. Don't let her scream or talk or cry. Gag her if you have to. She's in the custody of the state until Parliament decides her guilt or innocence in this matter," Frank ordered, his eyes holding those of his subordinate until he knew that Nate would obey him.

"Where will you be?" Nate asked, gently but firmly taking Cynthia by the upper arm.

"I'll be right here," Frank said, crossing to Edna. "If what Cynthia is saying is the truth, we have enough evidence. We'll let him walk in here and I'll take care of him myself. Edna, you go with Nate."

"I'm not going anywhere."

"Yes, you are. I'm telling you—"

"Frank, we don't know if Cindy is telling the truth, if there really is a journal or what exactly it says. I don't want to take the risk that one or both of them might get away with this," she said, her eyes pleading with him to understand.

"I don't want you getting hurt," Frank protested, even though he knew she was right. It was exactly what he would have said himself if he were thinking with his mind.

But he wasn't, he was acting on raw emotion, wondering how he could allow Edna to be in danger a second time tonight when he was still so shaken by seeing a gun trained at her heart. He didn't want to risk her safety, even to put away a man who

obviously couldn't be allowed to remain in power if the accusations against him were true.

"I won't get hurt, and you'll be just a few feet away, right?"

"Right," he said, the trust in her eyes making his stomach knot. She had faith that he would keep her safe. Now he had to make damn sure he earned it.

"Then I'll be fine," she said with a smile. "Now get out of here before I get nervous and change my mind."

"You can still change your mind, you —"

"I won't. I trust you. Otherwise I would have run when Cindy first pulled out that gun. But I just...knew that you wouldn't let her hurt me. Is that crazy?"

"No, it's not. I won't let anyone hurt you."

Not even myself.

He turned and disappeared into the east dressing room without another word, forcing himself to think about keeping Edna safe and nothing else. There would be time to mourn the loss of what could have been between them at a later date. But he knew now that he couldn't allow his fantasies involving the woman to become a reality.

If they took care of business tonight, Edna would finally have the chance at a real life again. She'd made it clear she didn't relish working on the wrong side of the tracks. She certainly wouldn't want to start a relationship with a man who felt that a "kinky" lifestyle was the only one that worked for him.

Frank had had relationships that didn't play by the Dom or sub rules, but they hadn't fulfilled him in the same way. He craved that sexual charge too much to give it up, and he already cared for Edna too greatly to ask her to spend any more time engaging in a lifestyle that she resented. He would help her regain her life, and then he would remove himself from it. It was the best way he could show his regard for her, even if the thought of never seeing her again tore him up more than he would have believed possible.

Chapter Five

Edna gripped the whip in her hand and turned to face the door of the dressing room where the king would supposedly be making his appearance at any moment. She knew she should be scared out of her mind, but for some reason she wasn't. Maybe it was simply that she trusted Frank to keep her safe, or maybe it was because she was still having a hard time believing that Robert planned to kidnap her and make her his love slave.

It was ludicrous. The guy who'd fought tooth and nail to be able to date and eventually marry her underage stepdaughter was actually in love with *her* and wanted to lock her up in a room and go at it? It was just plain weird, and she wouldn't have bought it at all if Cindy hadn't been so hysterical.

Her stepdaughter was good at many things, but acting certainly wasn't one of them. Despite the fact that the entire kingdom bought her story of horrible abuse at her stepmother's hands, Edna had always been able to see through her attempts at deception. No, Cindy genuinely believed what she was saying was the truth. Of course, she could be mistaken. She wasn't the most stable kid and tended to jump to conclusions. But if Robert's secret journal really existed, there wasn't much chance of that.

God, she could go crazy thinking in circles! She just had to relax, sit tight for a few more minutes, and then she'd know who was really crazy, King Robert or his paranoid new queen.

"Shit," she muttered, jumping at the quiet scrape of the outer door of the dressing room swinging open.

So much for relaxing.

She held her breath and tried to pretend that this was any other client, even as she struggled to catch the sound of a key in a locker or clothes being removed. Would the king risk getting dressed in the regulation loincloth or would he just walk in? On the one hand it made no sense for him to make himself vulnerable, but then maybe he had a sincere desire to wear a diaper in front of a woman in six-inch heels. You never could tell with men, especially men who frequented S&M parlors.

Which brought an entirely different idea to mind. What if the prince were simply here for a routine session? Would she be able to provide her customary fare, knowing that Cindy and Frank and a dozen men were watching? After what had happened between her and Frank tonight, she didn't know if she'd ever be able to go back to playing the Domme with any conviction. It felt too perfect and too oddly powerful to be the one *not* in control.

Or maybe it was just that it felt so good to be that person with Frank, to be with Frank, period. She'd never felt such an instant, powerful attraction to a man, and she had to admit she was more than happy that he had proved himself to be one of the good guys. And it wasn't only the fact that he'd saved her life that made her heart feel strangely light, it was something else, a secret hope that she wasn't quite ready to name.

"Hello, my dearest."

She jumped at the sound of the oddly familiar voice and felt something in her throat take a dive into her stomach. King Robert was really here, and seeing him in the flesh, calling her "dearest", was doing wonders for her ability to believe Cindy was correct in her judgments about him.

First of all, there was the fact that he'd decided against the diaper as a fashion statement. If he were here for a routine session, he wouldn't have dared stay dressed in his dark jeans and white button-down shirt. And he certainly wouldn't be carrying his long duster coat hung over his arm, would he? But maybe he was just concerned about the way he would look in the loincloth. He wasn't the most manly specimen and

probably would have looked almost as ridiculous as Cindy had in the “one size fits all” swaddling.

Blast it, she just wished he’d hurry up and incriminate himself and put an end to her endless second-guessing. But instead, he just stood there, calmly surveying the room while she did her best not to look as nervous as she felt. Finally she couldn’t take it any more.

“Robert, what are you doing here?”

“It’s good to see you again too,” he said, the edges of his eyes crinkling in a smile that would have seemed friendly if she didn’t know him so well. “Though I would prefer the use of my title, if you wouldn’t mind.”

“Fine. *Prince* Robert, what are you doing here?”

“I’m the king now, my sweet.”

My sweet?

“I don’t see how you could have missed the ten-day funeral festivities that were held in honor of my dear mother’s passing.” His tone was light and the steps he took toward the window casual, but the tension in his words was clear. Something was bothering Robert, something more than her usual lack of respect for his title or position.

“She was a wonderful woman, I was sorry to hear of your loss,” she said sincerely. The former queen had been wonderful, though a bit too ready to think the best of her louse of a son.

“It was far past time for her to step aside and allow me to ascend to my rightful place on the throne. Her death was as much a celebration as a time of mourning.”

“I thought Cindy was ungrateful, but even *she* had the decency to grieve her father’s death,” Edna said, her limited patience with the man already exhausted. “You disgust me, Robert. Now tell me why you’re here or get out.”

“Watch your mouth,” he said, the muscle in his jaw jumping though he didn’t turn to face her. Instead he took another step toward the window, eyes fixed on the city

lights, hands gripping his coat like a lifeline. He was definitely on edge, and Edna doubted it would take much more pushing to topple him over.

"This is my place of business, Robert. I don't have to watch anything except my whip descending on your ass. If you're here for a session, get back in the dressing room and get dressed appropriately. Otherwise, I'll ask you one more time to leave before I call security."

"If you're talking about the men at the front, they're gone. I gave them the night off."

"You *what*?"

"I thought we would enjoy this time more if we were alone."

"Those are *my* employees, you had no right to give them orders." Edna did her best to ignore the small frightened voice inside her that said the men really were gone, that they had fled upon the order of their king and left her there to suffer alone. She didn't know the men, didn't know if she could trust them, but she trusted Frank. He wouldn't abandon her, she knew he wouldn't.

How do you know? You've only known him for a few hours. You don't know anything about him, not even his last name.

"You're going to be punished, Robert. No man who comes here as a slave takes liberties with my staff, no matter his position in the outside world." Edna forced away the fear that threatened to consume her. She had to trust Frank, she'd already made the choice. It was too late for second thoughts now.

"The only person who will be receiving a punishment here today is you, *Emily*," Robert said, his face oddly empty of expression as he turned from the window. Slowly, he pulled out a revolver almost identical to the one Cindy had whipped out a few minutes before. Maybe they had been a wedding present—his and hers weapons of destruction.

"It's you. You're the one who's been writing the letters," Edna said, trying to look as if she were realizing the truth for the first time.

"I always thought you were much too attractive to have a name like Edna. Once we get you settled in your new home, I will always call you Emily. It's a soft, pretty name, and you will learn to be a soft and pleasing lover to me, won't you, Emily?"

"Robert, you've been threatening to kill me. I'm not going anywhere with you, and I'm certainly not going to—"

"Those threats were only to lead the authorities to assume your death when you disappear. I won't hurt you unless you give me no other choice. If you come quietly and do your best to please me, I will reward you as I reward my other mistresses."

So he had other mistresses. Edna wondered if Cindy knew about that, and was half surprised not to hear a scream of outrage from the other room. Her stepdaughter had to be watching, didn't she? Unless, of course, everyone had left and she was alone here with Robert, foolishly thinking that the cavalry would come riding in at any moment.

"You've always hated me, Robert, I can't believe you really want—"

"I've never hated you. I find you a delightful contradiction, Emily. On one level you're such a strong woman, but on another so vulnerable. I've seen the way you look at me. The invitation has always been clear."

"I'm not sure what type of invitation you're talking about."

"You were jealous of Cynthia, weren't you? You wanted to be the object of my interest and did your best to stand in the way of our marriage because you were denied my affection."

"You're crazy." Edna laughed. Even with the anxiety that accompanied having a gun held to her heart, it was impossible not to. She would rather spend a few years in the dungeon than sleep with Robert.

"Laugh all you like, Emily, but haven't you secretly wanted to know what it would feel like to be taken by the ruler of the realm? Aren't you, even now, aching to spread your legs, to beg me to fuck you?"

"Get out. I wouldn't sleep with you for all the money in the treasury."

"I'm the one holding the gun, Emily. I'll be giving the orders from now on. Put this coat on and find some sensible shoes. We're leaving."

"I'm not going with you. I don't want to be your lover, Robert. You repulse me, and you're my stepdaughter's *husband*. Doesn't that mean anything to you? Aren't you concerned with how Cindy will take this?" Edna backed slowly away from Robert and the coat he held out toward her. He had said more than enough to incriminate himself, where in the hell was the Queen's guard?

"She'll never know."

"Don't you think she'll suspect something?"

"Cynthia is a beautiful girl, an innocent flower and more than fit to bear my sons. She doesn't have a suspicious bone in her body. I adore that about her. I adore everything about her, but she bores me in the bedroom. She doesn't like to play the games we like to play, Emily. You know what it's like to ache for something more."

"I don't know anything about my stepdaughter's sex life, and you don't know anything about what I ache for."

"Perhaps not now, but I will," he said with a small smile that sent an unpleasant shiver down Edna's spine.

He was completely insane, and nothing she could say would convince him that she didn't crave the privilege of being his mistress. It was time to run—she'd wonder why her captain had failed her later, after she was safe. Edna turned and did a decidedly ungraceful half-gainer over the couch, landing in a crouched position that she hoped would afford her cover if Robert decided to fire the gun.

"Emily, come back here this instant."

Ignoring Robert's directive, she bolted toward the door of the west dressing room. She needed to get out of the line of fire. Then she could lock the door behind her and make a run for the rear staircase. If she took a few seconds to toss off her shoes, she could probably beat Robert to the ground floor. From there, it would only be a few —

"Oh my god!" She screamed and hit the floor as she heard gunfire behind her, covering her head with her hands in a futile attempt at self-preservation.

"Freeze, Queen's Guard, you're under arrest."

Before Edna could lift her eyes to see who was speaking, Robert landed on top of her with enough force to take her breath away. For a small man, he was still damned heavy, and gray spots bloomed in front of her eyes as she rolled over and grabbed for the gun he was now aiming at her face.

"I've got her subdued, good work, men," the king shouted, holding his pistol way too close to her throat for her to be comfortable.

"No, I've got *you* subdued, sir." If she'd thought Frank's voice intimidating when she'd first met him, she'd been sadly mistaken. Now the man's every word radiated pure, unadulterated menace as he gripped the king by the neck and pants and pulled him into the air.

Edna opened her mouth to ask him what took so long, but was shocked into silence when Frank let loose a tremendously scary scream and hurled the king against the wall. Robert bodyslammed into the plaster with a sickening thud and then bounced equally roughly to the floor where he lay absolutely still.

"Oh my god," she breathed, every muscle in her body starting to tremble.

"Are you all right?" Frank asked, turning to her with wild eyes. For a second Edna shrank from the intensity of his gaze before she realized that it was concern, not anger, that burned so brightly there.

"I'm fine, but I was beginning to worry."

"We had dissension in the ranks, someone who thought we should heed the orders of a madman. He's been taken into custody, but it distracted our focus. I'm more sorry than I can say."

"It's okay. I'm okay, I just—"

"You could have been killed. There's no excuse for that. I never should have allowed you to be in that kind of danger in the first place." The look in his eyes was still fierce, wild, but now Edna could see something else there as well. He cared for her, had been afraid for her not only because he had promised to protect her, but because he wanted her around for his own personal reasons.

"It's all right, Frank. I still trust you. I know you did your best," she said, taking the hand he offered and rising to her feet. As soon as they touched, that same wild, fevered need started to pulse through her veins again. Even in the wake of being scared for her life, she still wasn't immune to the powerful draw of this man, and doubted she ever would be. "But what are you going to do? If Robert's dead, won't that make it—"

"He isn't dead."

"He sure looks dead," Edna said, darting a glance to where the man lay alarmingly still in a crumpled pile on the floor. Blood had started to seep where his dark hair touched the white carpet. Obviously time to consider a new color floor covering.

"He isn't, he'll live to stand trial. Armand, Thomas, take the king into custody. You can allow the royal physician to attend to him, but don't leave him unguarded. We'll need to keep him under constant supervision until Parliament can decide how to house him until trial."

The two officers Frank had spoken to crossed the room and scooped Robert unceremoniously up from the floor. He moaned and shifted as they hoisted him into the air, but his eyes didn't open and his skin remained a ghostly shade of white. Based on her own observations, the king didn't look to be in very good shape, but Frank's confidence was contagious and Edna felt the knot in her chest begin to ease ever-so slightly.

"Not on your life. I refuse to go!" Cindy was screaming and struggling in a very flustered-looking Nate's grasp as the door to the dressing room slammed open.

"Captain, she's refusing to be taken into custody."

"How can she refuse, Officer? She's half your size, and I believe you're armed," Frank said. Nate flushed bright red in response and made a reach for the handcuffs on his belt.

"But, Captain Frank, please, it wasn't even a real gun! I was just going to use it to scare Edna into leaving so I could be here when Robert arrived and confront him myself. I never intended to hurt her, I don't deserve to be arrested."

"It's true. The gun was a fake, sir," Nate supplied, though he held onto both Cindy and the handcuffs.

"I'm sorry, my Queen, but I only know that the law was broken. Threatening a citizen with a weapon—"

"But—"

"Even a *fake* weapon, is a crime," Frank continued impassively. "Take her into custody. Keep her and the king separated. We want to be sure their testimony remains as pure as possible."

"You can't do this! I'm the queen!" Cindy sputtered. "I'll still be the queen, no matter what happens with Robert. You know Parliament won't impeach me. I've done nothing, Frank, nothing!"

Frank ignored her while Nate snapped the cuffs on and led her from the room. Considering how long a part of her had wished to see this very sight, it still made Edna strangely sad to see Cindy taken away. True, she'd only helped raise her stepdaughter for four years of her life, but Edna had never wanted to see a kid who had been in her care taken away in handcuffs.

"Frank, you know she's probably right, and I don't want you risking your position for me. I'll be fine as long as—"

"I'm not doing anything but following the letter of the law," Frank interrupted before striding out after the rest of the guards. He was nearly to the door before Edna realized that he really intended to leave without a word of goodbye, without even so much as a "I'll call you to discuss the way we nearly made love on your couch later".

"Frank?" Edna called after him, unable to keep silent or to believe that he was really leaving just like that.

Didn't he have anything he wanted to say? Hadn't what they'd shared meant anything to him, or at least made him curious to learn what more they could be to each other? The look in his eyes a second ago had made her feel certain that he felt the same draw, the same irresistible pull that she felt. How could she have been so mistaken? It just didn't make sense, there had to be some other explanation for his sudden coolness.

"I have a job to do, Edna," he said, looking over his shoulder with not a hint of emotion in his bright blue eyes. "It was nice meeting you."

That was it? Nice *meeting* you? That was all he had to say? "Right...the pleasure was all mine," Edna said with a tight smile, somehow managing to keep it together until the door closed behind him. She listened as the men loaded into the elevator, and all too quickly the parlor was as silent as a Sunday morning.

He was gone. Just like that.

Edna felt her face start to crumple, but struggled to keep from losing it completely. She hadn't cried either of the two times she'd had a gun held on her tonight, she wasn't going to cry a second time over Big Baldy. So he'd made her feel more alive than she had in two years, more treasured than she had ever felt in the arms of her first husband. Those feelings had obviously been nothing but the product of deception. He was a man looking to entertain himself, kill some time, nothing more.

"No. He listened, he really did," Edna murmured to herself, something in her refusing to believe she'd been that horribly mistaken.

He'd told her about his son, worried about her safety and looked at her as if she were the most sexy, desirable woman in the world. Surely she hadn't imagined all that. But whether she had imagined it or not, he was most certainly gone now, and she was most assuredly alone. Frank had left, taking with him one regulation slave loincloth and a piece of her heart.

Chapter Six

Three days later...

Edna sighed and shifted uncomfortably on the throne-like chair that dominated the corner of her new sitting room. The space was easily twice the size of her entire house, and only part of the large castle suite she now occupied. Every amenity was provided, and she had wanted for nothing since her arrival—from food to entertainment to a full-body rubdown from the royal masseuse.

There was no doubt that the digs and service were fantastic, but Edna just wanted to be back in her own home.

It had been two years since she'd had the luxury of puttering about her house in the daytime. She'd always had to sleep through the morning and early afternoon to be rested for her Wicked Stepmothering. Now that all of that was behind her, she couldn't imagine anything more fabulous than hanging out in her breakfast nook with a cup of coffee and the morning paper and watching the sunlight move across the wall.

Instead, she was here, a pampered captive in the guest quarters of the castle while the media frenzied around her house and former place of business. She'd had no choice but to accept Cindy's kind offer of accommodation for her own protection. The sensation caused by the revelation that King Robert had been in love with his stepmother-in-law and planned to keep her captive as his sex slave was more than the average reporter could handle and still keep their manners about them.

Edna had nearly been trampled on her way from her front door to the car Cindy sent to take her to the castle. She hadn't ventured out since and was beginning to feel the opposite of agoraphobic—whatever that was called.

But it wasn't *all* bad. Cindy had been remarkably sweet the past few days, since Parliament had decided not only *not* to prosecute, but to allow her to remain as ruler

until her son or daughter was old enough to rule. Come to find out, Cindy was already four months pregnant, a condition that no doubt contributed to her despair at finding out her husband was an insane lech. Still, it had also contributed to Parliament's decision to be lenient with her stepdaughter, so Edna figured the situation evened itself out rather well.

Impending motherhood had also seemed to increase Cindy's empathy for Edna's position. They'd had a few long, mother-daughter-type talks and had actually come to a tentative reconciliation. Cindy had apologized for her horrible behavior, and Edna had finally been able to convince her how much she had loved her father, and that marrying him hadn't been Edna's way of ruining Cindy's twelve-year-old life.

For her part, the new queen seemed more than eager to make up for the years of hostility between them. Edna was open to being friends, but would rather have begun their new relationship from the safety of her own home. No matter how well behaved, Cindy was still Cindy, and there was only so much Edna could take before her stepdaughter started to try her patience.

All she could hope was that the first wave of craziness would fade, and soon she'd be able to return to some semblance of a normal life. Not that she'd even know what that was at this point. It had been years since Edna's life had felt normal. It was kind of scary to think of what she would do with herself now that her name had been cleared and a very generous sum paid to her by her stepdaughter in restitution for the king's attempted kidnapping. She was finally a free woman. Now she had to figure out what to do with that freedom.

A sudden knock on the door gave her at least one idea – breakfast. A woman had to eat, and the castle chefs did their best to tempt her appetite.

"Come in," she called, fighting the urge to spring from her chair and open the door. The castle staff had made it clear that they did not like her opening doors for them or in any way facilitating their work. They weren't used to the people they served lifting a finger and it made them nervous.

"Come in!" Edna called the words a bit more loudly. She kept forgetting how thick the walls were, the castle having been built back in the time when solidity was valued over almost everything else.

"Hello?" A deep male voice sounded from the other side of the door. Speaking of solid...

"Co-come in," Edna stuttered, struggling to slow the racing of her heart as a sudden burst of nerves made her fidget madly with the fringy trim on her throne-chair. There was only one voice that sounded like that, one voice that sent chills racing across her skin and electricity throbbing straight to her clit.

She'd never expected to hear that voice again, let alone to see his face or be in the same room with him. He'd left her that night, and she hadn't heard a word from or about him since. It was as if the moment they'd shared never happened. It was just a haunting, erotic dream that woke her in the night, aching for the only man who had ever made her feel so perfectly fulfilled.

"Hello, Edna," Frank said as he opened the door to her suite. He took her breath away. She could smell his unique, potently sensual scent from twenty feet away. It invaded her body, making her nipples tighten and a sharp knot of longing fist low in her belly.

"Hello, Frank." Thank god she didn't sound as lustful as she felt. Now she just had to get rid of him before she did something stupid, like throw herself at his feet and beg him to fuck her. Not something she'd usually worry about, but then, she hadn't been herself since that night. He'd awoken her long-dormant sex drive and she'd been able to think of little else since.

"You look..." Frank trailed off as he walked farther into the room, stopping about five feet away from her chair.

"I look?" she prompted, noticing that Frank himself looked amazing in a pair of faded jeans and a plain black t-shirt that stretched tightly over his manly chest. He looked even more rampantly masculine clothed, if that were possible. Or maybe it was

just the idea of getting to peel off that shirt to reveal the perfection underneath that made her pussy grow decidedly slick.

"You look even better in real life. You've been all over the evening news, but the cameras didn't do you justice," he said with a smile, seeming to recover from whatever had stolen his words a few moments before.

She would have liked to believe he'd been dumbfounded by her beauty, destroyed by the knowledge that he'd passed up his chance at such a goddess. But considering she was still in her pajamas, hadn't brushed her hair or even bothered to put on her makeup, she seriously doubted that was the case. At least she'd brushed her teeth, not that he would be getting close enough to smell her breath. In fact, it would be best if he turned around and left right now.

"To what do I owe the pleasure, so very early in the morning?" She needed to keep her mind on business. Find out what he wanted and then get rid of him. She had enough on her plate at the moment without being reminded that she was suffering from something that felt remarkably like a broken heart.

"They told me you got up early," Frank said, then fell silent once more, staring at her in a way that would have been flattering if she wasn't positive that he didn't care for her. How could he, when he'd left her without so much as a kind word?

"What do you want, Frank?" she asked, springing up from her chair and walking over to the table where her fruit tray from last night still sat. She was no longer hungry in the slightest, but maybe he'd hurry up and get on with whatever he was here for if he assumed she was ready for breakfast.

"Not a morning person?" He followed her to the table and took a grape from the tray with the same ease he'd taken her body in his hands just a few nights before.

For some reason, that air of possession drove her over the edge.

"Hands off my fruit tray, Frank. For your information, I'm definitely a morning person, just not when in the presence of someone I don't like very much."

"Ouch. I guess I deserve that," he said with what almost sounded like a nervous laugh. Why would he be nervous?

"I'll ask you one more time, what do you want?"

"That's a big question." He met her eyes with a look that had her imagination working overtime, but she forced herself not to fling herself into his arms and accept the invitation she thought she read there.

She'd thought Frank cared for her once before, had thought she'd seen the same affection she imagined she saw in his eyes now, but she'd been wrong. He'd left and she'd felt like a lovesick fool. It wasn't going to happen a second time. If he had something to say, something he wanted, he was going to have to spell it out.

"I got my clothes that you sent over. Thanks for bothering," he said, then held out a small brown bag she hadn't even realized he'd been holding.

"What's this?" Edna asked, the simple act of her fingers brushing against his as she reached for the bag more contact than she could handle without starting to tremble.

"Your diaper. Sorry I took it. I walked out before I thought about it, or the fact that I'd have to walk into the Guard's Station wearing the damn thing," he said, one finger tracing a gentle caress over her knuckles before he pulled away, leaving her holding the bag.

"You could have kept it. I'm out of the business."

"Good. It didn't suit you." The affection in his eyes made her want to scream. How could he do this to her, remind her of what it felt like to be the focus of his overwhelming attention when he just planned to drop her diaper and go?

"How do you know what suits me? You don't even know me," Edna said, her voice thick with the beginnings of tears. Why couldn't she be in this man's presence for more than ten minutes without some part of her getting weepy? It just wasn't normal.

"Yeah, that's what I kept telling myself. We also have different lifestyles, different backgrounds, and I half convinced myself you never wanted to see my face again."

"Are you crazy? You're the one who walked out the door."

"I had work to do."

"You ran so fast you left in a *loincloth*, Frank," she said as she watched him pop another grape into his mouth, feeling strangely envious of the plump little green fruit. "You're in my fruit tray again."

"I'd like to be in a lot more than your fruit tray," he whispered, moving so quickly that she was pressed up against him before she knew what had happened.

"Let go of me," she whispered, despite the fact that letting go was the last thing she wanted him to do. It felt too amazing to have her breasts flattened against his warm chest and his thick-muscled thigh beginning to insinuate itself in between the legs of her satin pajama pants.

"Edna, I'm sorry I left. Can we start over?" he asked, his hand smoothing down her back and caressing the curve of her ass.

"I'm not sure." She closed her eyes and swayed into him, tilting her pelvis just the slightest bit against the hard cock straining the fly of his jeans. A rush of heat flooded between her thighs and a whimper sounded from the back of her throat as she tried not to wrap her arms around him and press him close with every muscle in her body.

She wanted him more than she'd ever wanted any man, but she didn't want the drama. She'd had enough pain, enough upheaval. She just wanted to be able to relax and trust again. Frank had seemed like the most trustworthy man in the world, but he'd walked out on her. She didn't know how she could forget that. How could she open herself up to his powerful draw again when she knew that losing him a second time would be even more agonizing than the first?

"I didn't think you wanted the kind of relationship I had to offer. You didn't seem to like your life. I knew you wanted a change. How could I ask you to stay in a world you hated?"

"Relationship?" Edna knew there was something else she should be getting from his words, but for the life of her she couldn't get past that one word. Relationship. He wanted a relationship? With her?

"But I couldn't stop thinking about you, dreaming about you. I was a wreck, I drove my son crazy grumping around the house. God, what am I trying to say. I'd never ask you to call me Master, and you're certainly no slave. That's never been the kind of thing I get off on, but I do enjoy the type of sexual relationship we started exploring the other night. It's part of who I am. I couldn't—"

"Oh *sex*. This is just about sex," Edna said, her hope dying as quickly as it had sprung to life.

"No, damn it, it's not *just* about sex," he said, pulling her closer, pinning her against his body with a vehemence that shook her in the best way possible. "It's about the way I feel about you. I want you, Edna. Sexually, emotionally, mentally and any other way I can have you. I want you to be mine. I want to care for you—fuck it—I want to *love* you, but I didn't want to—"

"Kiss me, Frank." Edna wrapped her arms around his shoulders and pulled his mouth down to hers. No matter what else he had to say, she knew enough to realize that her dreams were coming true. He wanted her the same way she wanted him, and that meant she didn't have to fight the mad attraction that was nearly leveling her where she stood.

"First you need to tell me. Tell me that you're mine, Edna," he said, pulling away from her mouth just far enough to speak. She could still feel his breath hot on her lips. He smelled of coffee and grapes and something purely Frank, and she was dying for a taste of him. She would tell him anything just to get that taste, but thankfully what he wanted to hear was exactly what was in her heart.

"I'm yours, Frank. My lips, my pussy, my ass, my heart and anything else you can think of down the line," she said, rocking against his cock again, letting him know how

she ached to be completely his, to be claimed by the thickness that twitched against her thigh.

“And I’m yours, Edna, for as long as you’ll have me,” he said. And then he lowered his mouth to hers and set about laying his claim in a much more erotic fashion.

Chapter Seven

Frank struggled to hold on to his control, fighting the urge to pull Edna down and finish what they had started right there on the carpet. She was so unbelievably sexy, so soft and sweet tasting, and even more beautiful than he'd remembered. When he had first seen her sitting there in those silky purple pajamas, he'd lost the ability to form words. He was sucked in by those big brown eyes and soft, lipstick-free lips, unable to fathom how she could look so stunning fresh out of her bed.

Her bed. God, he wanted to get her in bed, get her naked and get his cock inside her in the next ten seconds. But there was no way in hell he'd let their first time be a rushed event. No matter how much he ached for her, had been aching for her since he left the parlor three nights before, he had to make this last. He wanted her as crazy for him as he was for her, begging him to fuck his pussy before he finally filled her.

"Frank," she whispered against his mouth before she bit down on his bottom lip, raking her teeth over the sensitive skin.

"Yes?" He pressed his fingers even deeper into the soft flesh of her delectable ass, pulling her to where his cock throbbed with need for her, and only her. Edna was his, and he had to show her just how grateful he was for the chance she'd given them.

"Are you going to fuck me now?" She scored her nails down his back and he suddenly wished he wasn't wearing a shirt. He wanted to feel her nails on his skin, feel the slight burn as she lost control and clawed at him.

"Haven't you heard that good things are worth waiting for?"

"I don't want to wait," she said, pulling away from him and whipping her pajama top over her head. He'd had some fantasy about slowly unbuttoning the thing with his teeth, but who was he kidding? He wouldn't have been able to manage all those buttons without losing control.

"You have the most beautiful breasts." He fell to his knees and cupped her in his hands, testing the weight of each full globe before he nuzzled his face in between. Softly, he trailed kisses along her cleavage before letting his tongue play across her skin.

"I'm shorter in real life," she whispered, her breath coming faster as he teased a slow trail over to her right nipple and began to flick his tongue gently over her tip.

"You're the perfect height. Those heels were ridiculous," he said, increasing the pressure with his tongue as he captured her other nipple with his fingers, rolling and plucking softly.

"Frank, please. My pussy is already so wet," she moaned, her hands trembling as she cupped his jaw, trying to urge him away from her nipple. Instead he sucked harder, drawing her deeply into his mouth until she cried out. Then he moved to the other nipple, licking and biting and sucking. She squirmed against him, the nails she pressed into his neck less than gentle.

"Whose pussy?"

"Your pussy, yours."

"Now I bet my pussy's even wetter, isn't it?"

"God yes, Frank. I don't think I can stand much—oh god!" she cried out, a half strangled sound of relief, when he quickly tugged her pants to the floor, baring her pussy to his gaze. She wasn't wearing a damn thing under her pajamas and Frank felt his mouth begin to water as he caught the scent of her. He hadn't intended to taste her, but the temptation was too much to resist.

With a firm hand, he eased her legs farther apart and brought his tongue to where her small, plump lips hid her clit. Curling his tongue, he began to tease between the petals of her sex, capturing her bud in the warm heat of his mouth, wrapping her completely in his tongue before he swirled around her in gentle circles.

"Frank," she called his name in a slightly panicked voice and he watched her knees begin to tremble.

"Sit," he commanded, lengthening himself on the ground beneath her and pulling her hips down. She tensed as she looked down and saw where he had aimed her body, but he didn't loosen his hold. "Sit, Edna. Now. I want more of my pussy."

She dropped her hips with a moan, a sound that Frank echoed as he was suddenly surrounded by the sweet, wet heat of her. He tunneled his tongue inside her dripping cleft, lapping up the evidence of her arousal, penetrating her with deep thrusts. Then, when he felt her start to tremble above him, he withdrew, moving to flick his tongue against her clit until she began to cream for him again. Back and forth, back and forth, he teased through her swollen, aroused flesh, bringing her to the verge of release but not allowing her to climax. Finally, she began to rock her sex against him, squirming her clit into closer contact with his tongue, desperately seeking relief from the tension that consumed her.

Frank brought his hands to her waist and held her tight as he urged her to lie on the ground. She tumbled to the carpet with her legs spread wide, a clear invitation for him to fuck the pussy he had just finished tormenting with his mouth. Frank felt the tension in his own groin grow to epic levels as her lust-filled eyes met his and her small hands began to smooth down the front of her body.

"Do you want to touch yourself?"

"No, I want you to fuck me," she said, but her fingers were already on her clit, circling the needy flesh with swift, wild movements. Her nipples beaded and her lips parted, while a delicate flush rose in her cheeks. She was seconds away from finding release without him.

"Then you'd better stop messing with my pussy," Frank said, undoing the close of his jeans and tugging down both boxers and pants until his cock sprung free.

"Oh my god," Edna said, her fingers stilling as she looked at his aroused member. Her eyes were ridiculously wide, and Frank wasn't sure whether to be flattered, amused or concerned.

He knew he was a large man, too large for some women, and he suddenly wondered whether Edna would still want him. He couldn't remember a time when the first few moments of penetration weren't difficult. He was just too thick, in addition to being nearly a foot in length. But Edna had seemed to enjoy a little pain with her pleasure. Perhaps she would relish that bit of difficulty when they first came together, as flesh strained to accommodate flesh.

Or maybe she'd take one look at the gun he was really packing and change her mind. Frank knew he had to find out before it was too late to call a halt to what they'd started.

"You want me to fuck you with this cock?" he asked quietly, letting her know with his eyes that she could call this off now if she wanted and he wouldn't fault her.

"I think I can handle it."

"I didn't ask if you could handle it, I asked if you wanted —"

"I want you inside me so badly, I feel like I'm about to lose my mind," she said as she moved her fingers very deliberately lower, spreading her lips wide open, completely exposing the slick entrance to her body for him.

"Then show me," he said, determined to draw out their mutual anticipation, to resist the temptation to guide his aching length into the glistening pink cleft she had made so amazingly vulnerable to him.

"How?" she asked.

"Suck me," he said, pulling his shirt over his head, shocked to find that she was already on her hands and knees in front of him by the time he threw the fabric to the floor.

Without the slightest hesitation she pulled her hair over to one side, angling her head so that he could watch her lips part around the end of his cock. She had to open her jaw wide to fit even his head inside, but soon he was encased in the heat of her welcoming mouth. It became more and more difficult to take a deep breath as she

circled him with her tongue, teasing the sensitive flesh around his hood, lapping away the pre-come that already leaked from his tip.

“God, woman,” he gasped as her hands gripped the flesh of his ass, fingernails digging into his buttocks as she pulled him deeper into her mouth. Slowly, she began to rock in time with the shallow thrusts of his hips, the heart shape of her ass bouncing as she got her whole body involved in taking more and more of him down her throat.

Frank’s balls were throbbing and swollen, his sac heavy with the need to come, but he fought the urge until a metallic taste rose in his mouth. She hadn’t come yet, and he sure as hell wasn’t going to lose control until he’d worked his cock inside her tight little pussy. He needed to feel her body clench around him, needed to look into her eyes and watch bliss overtake her as they made love.

It *would* be making love, he had no doubt about it. He loved this woman. No matter how quickly the emotion had taken root, he had no doubt that it was real, strong and would stand the test of time.

“I love you, Edna. God, I love you,” he said, his heart and groin both clutching painfully as she rolled her eyes up to meet his, but kept his cock buried deep inside her mouth. “I want to fuck my pussy.”

She smiled as she pulled away from his cock and came to her knees in front of him. He met the lips she offered, relishing in the taste of him still lingering in her mouth as his tongue swept against hers.

Without breaking their kiss, he quickly freed himself of his jeans and shoes before scooping Edna up and hoisting her against him, chest to chest, with her legs around his waist. He stood and aimed them both toward the door in the far corner. It looked like the door to a bedroom, and that was exactly where he wanted to be—and hopefully remain for at least a few days.

“Frank, please, please,” she begged, wiggling around in his arms until her pussy slid up and down his engorged length. She was doing her best to impale herself on him as he walked and it was driving him insane.

"If you don't want to get fucked against this wall, you'd better stop it."

"Fuck me against the wall, Frank. Please fuck me —"

Frank obeyed her command with a wild roar, spinning to his left and pressing her back against the wallpaper, reaching down between them long enough to position his cock and start to thrust inside.

"God, Frank, oh yes," she gasped, though her body tensed as his thick head worked slowly through the tight entrance to her body. It was a snug fit, even with her more than aroused and dripping wet.

"Am I hurting you?" Frank groaned, knowing that he wouldn't be able to stop if they kept at this much longer. Hell, he might not be able to stop now. She felt so amazing, like a fantasy come to life, the perfect match he had never let himself dream might exist after the death of his wife.

"No, you're perfect. *Perfect*," she said, echoing his thoughts as her hands smoothed down the sides of his face. She stared him straight in the eye, with a look that reached down and read all the secrets of his heart. In the caramel-brown depths of her gaze he saw everything he'd ever dreamed of, the love of an amazing woman who wasn't afraid to give him access to every part of her — body and soul.

"Thank god," he said, thrusting his hips sharply up and in, filling her completely in one swift movement. She cried out as the head of his cock bumped the end of her passage, but her flinch wasn't one of pain, but of pleasure.

"Yes," she breathed, her legs wrapping tightly around him, pulling him impossibly deeper.

"I want my pussy to come, I want to feel you come on my cock, baby," he said, bringing his hands to her nipples, pinching and twisting gently as he nudged at her clit with shallow thrusts of his pelvis. His entire length lay buried within her, but with a little shift of his hips he could stimulate the bundle of nerves at the top of her sex. He wanted to take her over the edge like that, feel her grip him while every inch of his cock was held snugly inside her heat.

"Frank," she sighed, lips trembling against his as she began to meet his thrusts with little grinding circles of her own.

"Come for me, Edna. Right...*now*." She climaxed seconds later, head thrown back, crying her release to the rafters of the twenty-foot ceiling. Her sweet pussy gripped him in clutching waves, pulsing and throbbing around his length. Edna hung on for dear life, scratching her nails down his bare back, biting her lip nearly hard enough to draw blood.

"Don't bite yourself, bite me," Frank breathed, unable to resist the urge to thrust inside her.

He started off slowly, pulling out until the tip of his cock was nearly at the entrance to her pussy before sliding slowly back in to the hilt. But when Edna obeyed his command, digging her sharp little teeth into the muscle of his shoulder with enough strength to make his breath hiss in through his teeth, Frank knew he wasn't going to be able to pull off a slow and sensuous screw.

With a sound of surrender he started to plunge in and out, hard, fast and deep, claiming her with a wild abandon. Soon the sound of skin slapping against skin and the grunts they both made as they came together again and again with brutal force were all he could hear. His pulse pounded in his ears, the sweet, musky scent of her arousal filled his mind, and when she started to come a second time, screaming his name, Frank joined her with a fierce cry of his own.

"Edna," he mumbled her name against her lips as his cock twitched and pulsed inside her, his orgasm continuing long past the point when his seed had been spilled.

"That was..."

"Sacred." The word was out of his mouth before he could think twice. It wasn't a word he used much in everyday conversation, but it was the only word that fit. It *had* been sacred, the coming together of their bodies an erotic covenant that he knew he would never dishonor.

"Yes, it was," she said, her eyes soft and filled with nothing but love and trust.

"Thank you."

"For what?"

"For giving me another chance at all of you. After the other night I would never have been able to settle for less. Thank you. For your trust, for your love, for...everything." Those had been a lot of words for a man like him, but he could tell they were worth the slight discomfort they cost him to speak aloud. Her smile lit every inch of his soul, and he suddenly started to look forward to his future in a way he had never dreamed he would again.

"You're most welcome. And thank you for being man enough to handle all that I am."

"You're welcome."

"I'm not on any birth control, by the way. I haven't had sex in more than two years, so I didn't see the point."

"You're mine. I'll take care of you and any children we have, forever."

"But would you...want more children?"

"I'd love the chance at another son."

"Or daughter," she said, looping her arms easily around his neck, seemingly in no more rush than he to separate their bodies or move away from the wall.

"I would worry about our daughter if she were half as beautiful as her mother."

"Frank, that's very sweet," she said with a wicked grin. "Very corny, but very sweet."

"Corny, huh?" he asked, a smile tugging at the edges of his lips. "So I should stick to telling you how to please me in bed?"

"No, I like the corny stuff...*and* the telling me how to please you in bed."

"Then why don't you go into the bedroom and bend over the edge of the bed. I want to fuck my beautiful pussy from behind." He pulled his already thickening cock from her body and gently let her slide to the floor.

"Yes, sir." She smiled, planted the softest of kisses against his lips and scampered toward the bedroom with a giggle that was the sweetest sound he'd ever heard.

"I like the way my ass jiggles when you run."

"I like the way it jiggles when you fuck me," she said from the other room.

Frank was running by the time he reached the door, certain for the first time in years that there was a love story in his future. After all, even a man like him could use a little happily ever after.

About the Author

Anna J. Evans is a multipublished author who thinks romance is sexier with a sense of humor. She loves reading and writing paranormal romantic adventures and is thrilled to hear from fans. You can visit her website, email her, or join her Yahoo group (Anna_Evans_lolsexy-subscribe@yahoogroups.com) for free reads, the latest publishing news, and monthly member-only give-aways.

Anna 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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