

**James Bondage
Dakota Cassidy**

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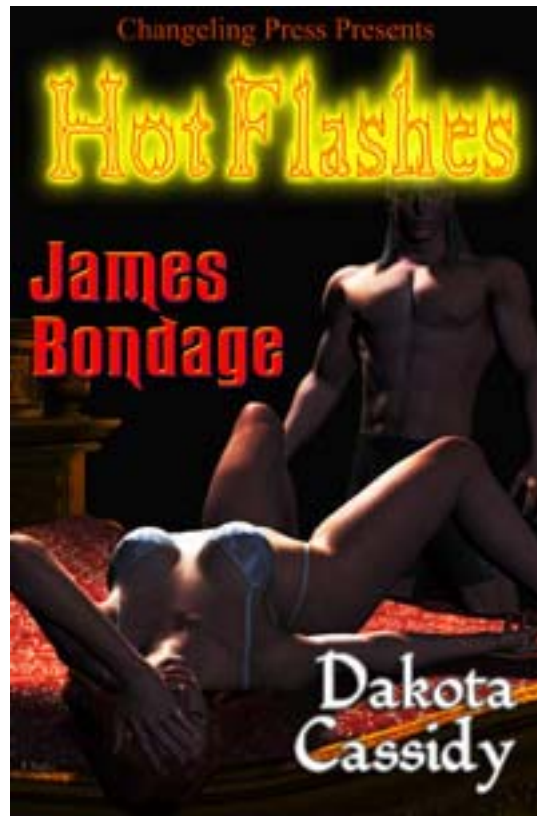
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For R... plot/title genius and one of the very best things to ever happen to me.

With Love,

Dakota

Of all the days to find out she was going to miss her highlight appointment with her personal hair god, Enrique.

Your mission -- to infiltrate and expose the identity of the ever elusive Missile Marvin. Most notably sought for his arms/nuclear missile dealings with nefarious Middle Eastern terrorists. He is considered extremely dangerous. Utilize every resource available to you when meeting with him, Agent Crisco. This message will self-destruct in ten seconds.

Why did every fucktard bad guy have to be “extremely dangerous”? Couldn’t they just be mild mannered so she wouldn’t break a nail? She made a mental note to reschedule Enrique because she had a funny feeling her hair was going to need an uber fluffing after this gig.

Cindy Crisco, international spy and ex-beauty queen, glanced one last time at the note from “The Boss” at NSU, locking into her memory the location where the drop from Missile Marvin was to occur, and watched as the paper turned into minute particles, then completely disappeared.

How the fuck the geeks at NSU made stuff disappear before your very eyes was beyond her. That Sheldon in the lab was some kinda genius.

Her eyes fell to her watch/phone on her wrist. If she planned to catch this Marvin, she’d better bust a move. The note from Thor Newcastle, head honcho at NSU, had said he was on the move.

Popping open her briefcase of goodies, Cindy double-checked what was available to her in the event she captured Marvin. A polished, silver nail file winked at her from inside the briefcase. It was, indeed, one of her most lethal weapons. Dried up beauty queens of the world unite!

And capturing Marvin with whatever she had in her bag of tricks was exactly what she intended to do.

She’d worked for months, watching him and waiting for the right moment to

pounce. Marvin thought she wanted to buy some guns, and this was their first face-to-face meeting arranged via an NSU plant in Marvin's organization. Cindy couldn't afford to screw this up. Especially with that new guy hot on her heels for a better position at NSU.

Though, she had to admit, the new guy was the shit, even if his name was dumb. Hot, cut, tight ass, biceps the size of bowling balls and shaggy, dark hair that needed her hairdresser Enrique desperately.

Struggling to get into her Lycra jumpsuit, Cindy blew out a breath of air. Obviously, Sheldon's penchant for pretty, shiny things extended to women's clothing as well.

He'd defended the tight garment fervently when she'd first been given it to test squeeze into. "It's bulletproof, Cindy," Sheldon said with superiority from the corner of his mouth as he looked down the lens of the microscope.

"Yeah, and it shows every fricken' bullet hole in my ass," she complained back.

"Those aren't bullet holes, Agent Crisco. That's cellulite," he reminded her quite clinically.

Observant little dork, eh? "Thanks, Sheldon. Do you think when you design the next bulletproof fashion faux pas, it could be a nice bulky sweater and slacks? I think you've been watching too much *Matrix*."

"It wasn't enough that I made you those mock Pradas so you could run, yet still be 'cute' when you do so, Ms. Former Beauty Queen?" he mocked.

Cindy sighed. Did no one understand the importance of looking your best when nabbing bad guys? "I was just putting in a request."

"I'll look into it, Agent Crisco," he said while his teenybopper face broke into a sly smile.

Cindy rolled her eyes as she zipped up the tight jumpsuit, catching a quick glance at her ass in her full-length mirror.

Bulletproof, schmullet proof.

* * *

Rounding the corner of the dark, secluded warehouse, Cindy strode confidently toward the back entrance, her briefcase swinging beside her. The inky night swallowed the sound of her footsteps with large gulps, leaving a faint, resonant echo behind her.

Her brow furrowed and her ears pricked. Didn't extremely dangerous dudes make at least a little noise when they were meeting with a potential arms buyer?

Her gaze swiveled to the surrounding blacktop.

No cars.

How did extremely dangerous vipers like Marvin get from point A to point B if not by car? Telepathic transport?

Cindy pulled her lipstick from her pocket. Well, it wasn't really lipstick. It was a small, semi automatic gun, again, designed by Sheldon. Thank the color palette gods, he'd picked a shade for her that was in her color wheel of life.

Laffy Taffy Pink.

It blended perfectly with her chestnut curls and peachy complexion. It could have been disastrous had he chosen anything with yellow in it. It would make her look sallow... A girl, even a spy chick like her, really should always look her best, no matter the situation.

Yanking open the heavy, metal door, Cindy scurried in on hushed, high-heeled feet, pressing her back to the cement wall. Looking to the left and right of the door, she squinted with her night vision contacts to see the room before her.

It was too flippin' quiet.

If Gregory, the NSU plant in Marvin's missile organization, had screwed up this drop, she was going to nail his skinny ass with her Laffy Taffy Pink, pseudo lipstick gun and work off some pounds by cracking his head wide open so she'd look better in her Lycra, bulletproof, iron maiden jumpsuit.

A sound from the winding metal staircase above had her eyes whipping to the far reaches of the room.

Cindy crept along the walls, keeping her back flat against the cool cement, and made her way to the stairs. She silently thanked Sheldon for each step she took with her

sneaker pumps. Her heels had the sleek look of Pradas, but moved with soles like Air Jordans.

At the top of the stairs, she paused, perusing the upper half of the warehouse filled with rooms. Well, what the fuck? Not a bloody sound.

Oh, the can of whoop ass she was going to gleefully pop open when she saw Gregory again...

Her defenses sharply honed, she relaxed for a mere moment and that's when all hell broke loose.

* * *

A freight train of a body crashed into her, slamming her to the floor and leaving her completely breathless. Rage simmered beneath her surprise at the attack as Cindy scrambled with shaken hands to find her stupid Laffy Taffy Pink lipstick gun while her briefcase skittered down the dark hall.

The gun gleamed in the streetlight filtering through the window from one of the many rooms lining the hall.

In the fucking *corner* of the hall.

The gold case glimmered, mocking her because it was out of her reach.

Well, crap, she thought vaguely as she wrapped her thighs around the culprit and squeezed, giving her the leverage she needed to roll him, leaving her on top of this prickly situation. *Now what?*

However, the freight train was not so easily removed from the station. He -- Cindy was assuming it was a he, simply because what kind of woman smelled like Pierre Cardin cologne? -- drove his hips back at her, thrusting up and knocking her off balance. Then, catching her off guard and collaring her wrists with one rather large hand, he yanked her forward and she fell onto his broad chest. His other arm snaked around her waist and, slicker than snot, she was hoisted over his shoulder, watching as the cracked walls of the warehouse whizzed past her.

A sharp clunk to her head when they rounded the corner of one of the rooms knocked her out cold.

* * *

"Cindy?" A low, grumbly voice broke the crash of the tropical island-like tide in her head. It was like a waterfall of hot chocolate.

"Agent Crisco?"

Now, the question was, did she answer to Agent Crisco or pretend like she had no clue who the hell that was?

Prying one eye open, Cindy tried to focus on her captor. She struggled to sit up but found she'd been bound to something. A bed, she mused, wiggling her ass against the cheap, thin mattress. The hulking figure before her swam in and out of focus. Then it did the backstroke, refusing to allow her to discover who he was.

"Agent Crisco, are you all right?" The man's overbearing, impatient tone bored into her aching skull.

How the hell did he figure she was all right tied up with her head throbbing like she'd been on a three-day drinking binge? "Who the hell are you?"

"Bonde. James Bonde. You know, the new guy from NSU?" His fingers whispered over the bruise she was sure her forehead now proclaimed.

He was from No Stone Unturned? *Her* spy agency?

"Oh, wait, I forgot," he muttered, trailing his fingers over her eye. "Knickerbocker, knickerbocker, rah -- um, sorry -- it's *sis* boom bah, right? Yeah, that's it. Knickerbocker, knickerbocker, sis boom bah."

The NSU password... Well, almost the NSU password.

Cindy closed her eyes once more, then opened them and re-focused. Damn those night vision contacts. Ahhh, there he was. It *was* James Bonde. The very James Bonde she'd ridiculed, tormented, teased and taunted mercilessly because she knew he wanted her job.

The hot, cut, needed-a-trim-from-her-Enrique James Bonde.

What kind of sadistic mother named their kid James Bonde, then actually sent him to spy school?

His green eyes searched hers. "I think I knocked you out. Sorry," he said, his grin

devilish and not looking very sorry at all.

"You knocked me out cold, agent."

He smiled again, his dimples deep grooves on either side of his mouth. "Yeah. I feel pretty good about me as a whole right now, thanks."

Raising her head, Cindy narrowed her eyes at him. "Do ya, Inspector Clouseau? You ass! You knocked out a fellow agent."

"Yeah, I'm feelin' all aglow over it. Me, James Bonde, Wannabe **007**, as you so cruelly called me -- in a crowd no less -- cold-cocked *the* Cindy Crisco. Whoda thunk it?"

Oh, fine. So she'd name called. "Get a set of balls, Agent Bonde. This isn't high school. Now untie me and explain your position."

"Nope," he said without emotion, pulling a cigarette out of nowhere and lighting it.

"Say again?"

"I said, nope. I like you tied up. I'd like you even better gagged."

The spineless motherfucker. Straining against the handcuffs that held her to the creaky bed, she spat, "What are you doing here on my mission?"

He leaned forward, hovering over her prone frame, his solid bulk doing things to her body that shouldn't be occurring in the bulletproof Lycra iron maiden jumpsuit. "This is *my* operation, Agent Crisco."

"Says who?"

"Thor."

Her eyes widened in surprise. Had the boss sent him? No, Thor wouldn't let a newbie horn in on her territory, would he? Was Agent Bonde an agent who'd gotten jumpy and decided to take highly classified matters into his own hands? Some agents got antsy. It happened. It happened when an agent wanted out into the field before he was ready. Bonde was just that kind of agent. All cool and precise, but beneath the surface, a jumpy little Jack Russell terrier lurked, looking to score his first kill.

Missile Marvin was a helluva kill.

"He did not," she retorted with her calm, 'twelve week, talk the nutballs off the ledge, therapy course' voice.

"Did."

"Prove it."

"How can I do that, Agent Crisco? My instructions disintegrated, remember?"

Well, there was that. "Why would Thor send you? You're a rookie."

With a chuckle that reeked of arrogance, James draped his body over the upper half of hers, dropping the cigarette to the floor and putting it out with a stomp of his foot. "You know so little, grasshopper." Cocking an eyebrow at her, he smiled again with confidence.

Warmth fired up her loins to a nice, broiling sizzle. Sheldon had said the Lycra jumpsuit allowed you to breathe -- he hadn't been kidding. It also allowed you to feel every ridge and plane in a stone fox's chest.

"Why the hell did you tie me up if you knew it was me?"

"I didn't. Not at first, anyway. I tied you up as a precautionary measure. You know, like in the first week of spy class training where they tell you to apprehend and disable your assailant at all costs?"

"I didn't assault you, Austin Powers. You assaulted me!"

He shrugged his broad shoulders, his hard, angular face handsomely sculpted. "How was I supposed to know it was you? You didn't yell, 'Hey, it's me, Cindy Crisco, international spy extraordinaire and dried up beauty queen'."

Cindy rolled her eyes at his reference to her former beauty queen days. Would anyone ever let her forget that she once had more tiaras than days in a month? "Untie me now, Bonde. Thor wouldn't send you on a mission like this. You're lookin' for your glory day, but it won't be at my expense." *However, you could ride me to glory... or, better still, I could ride you...*

Oh, shit. This had to stop. The weight of his body pressed to hers was thick with sin and starting to make her see James in a very new light.

"Oh, no, Agent Crisco. I'm not looking *for* anything. I'm too busy looking at *you*."

Okay, that chill that just swept over her spine was not allowed. He might be outrageously good looking, even more so close up, but he was worming his way into her territory uninvited. "So quit looking and untie me." *And get off of me before I faint from your sheer deliciousness.*

"Not until we make nice." He shook his head and winked, his breath now fanning her lips.

"Nice?"

"Friends."

"I don't need any more friends."

"You've been busting my chops since I arrived at NSU. How about we let bygones be bygones and make up? C'mon, let's kiss and make up." He puckered his lips, making fish noises.

His lips, full and enticing, had her mesmerized. Though the words he spoke from them were ludicrous, it was all she could do to fight the mental image of them on hers. "Untie me and I promise not to pick on you anymore, *007*," she taunted with far less moxie than she'd hoped for.

"Not until you agree to be my NSU buddy."

"When you agree this is *my* case, then I'll agree to be your buddy," Cindy said on a hard swallow. Dayum, he smelled good -- felt good -- looked better.

"Thor said it was mine."

"No, he said it was mine."

"Nuh-uh."

"Uh-huh."

"Nuh --"

Agent Cindy Crisco, former beauty queen turned international spy, couldn't take it anymore. James' body pressed to hers through the Lycra iron maiden, his lips spewing nonsense, but looking at them set her pussy on fire. His thick dark hair brushing her cheek was making her insane. She cut him off then, with a kiss she couldn't believe she'd initiated but could no longer deny herself, and Agent James

Bonde responded in kind.

He devoured her mouth, swiping his tongue along her lower lip, suckling it, then delving back into her mouth with a tongue so masterful that Cindy found herself arching upward with a willingness to do whatever he wanted as long as he didn't stop kissing her.

The zipper on the front of her Lycra suit made a crisp noise as he dragged it down and pushed a hand into it to cup her breast. Her nipple beaded, aching and tight, responding to the fingers that rolled it with skill. Their kiss had now become a war of tongues and lips, each fighting for supremacy, dueling with heated strokes.

The pull of her Lycra suit was forceful, but Cindy barely felt it. All she could think of was the hands that were strong enough to yank it from her body, leaving it hanging from her restrained wrists. The cool air of the warehouse made goose bumps crop up on her flushed skin and James took the opportunity to cover her body with his.

"Untie me, James," Cindy whispered in his ear, dying to wrap her arms around his broad back.

"No. I won't untie you," he growled. "I've imagined you tied up like this more times than I can count."

Cindy wasn't alarmed by his refusal to untie her. She was invigorated by it, wet from it. He liked a little kink in the bedroom, eh? "Have you?"

He ground his pelvis against hers, still clothed and pressing hot kisses to her jaw, working his way over her neck. "I have. I want to fuck you blind, Agent Crisco, and I have since I first met you. I've spent many a night with my cock in hand, thinking about you. You tied up and willing to do my bidding, that is."

Her cunt throbbed at his words, leaving her gasping for breath. Cindy realized she didn't want to be untied. She wanted to be at his mercy. She wanted James to do whatever he wanted with her. She wanted him to drive the hard bulge in his jeans deep inside her until she screamed for him to stop.

"But there's a rule, Cindy. I'll stop if you want me to. Just say no," he told her before wrapping his mouth around her nipple and sucking it hard.

Fire swelled in her pussy, now slick and dripping wet, grinding against the fabric of his jeans. It raged, begging for release. If there was a rule to whatever this rampant lust was, she was okay with following it. "Don't stop," was all she could manage when he slithered down her body, circling her navel.

He drove a finger into her without warning and Cindy cried out at the sharp, but hot entry. James' lips found her labia, first covering it with his mouth, then licking it over and over as if she were an ice cream cone. His inhale of satisfaction made her hips buck.

"You taste like candy," were his words, satiny smooth. "I'm going to lick you until I've had my fill, then I'm going to lick you again," he said, spreading the flesh of her cunt and exposing her clit.

Cindy squirmed, waiting, her breathing ragged and choppy.

The first stroke of his tongue was dizzying, scintillating, hot and silky. He circled her clit, the hard nub stiffening. Latching onto it, James hummed against it, the vibration making Cindy's hips pump against his mouth and her eyes roll to the back of her head. His finger drove into her, steady and slick from her juices, thick and stretching her passage.

A storm of sensations rolled over her. Her blood caught fire and white-hot tendrils of electricity pricked her nipples, her pussy, when he commanded, "Come for me. Come on my tongue."

Her hands were numb from the restraints, but Cindy bucked against them, rising up on her heels and letting James bury his tongue in her cunt, fucking her with its silken force until her thighs quivered and she climaxed. The pressure was relieved with a rush of incinerating heat, bathing her pussy with pleasure like she'd never known.

Cindy's chest heaved for breath, but James wasn't done. His hand continued to soothe her skin while he rose above her, straddling her hips. He began to remove his clothing, the bulk of his hard, sculpted body defined by the stream of moonlight from the dirty window of the room.

As he removed his dark jeans and Cindy got a look at his hard, jutting cock, she

groaned.

"You like?" he asked, rather smugly.

It was -- it was *enormous*. Cindy nodded her head in silence. Words escaped her. Her throat was parched.

"Good," he said, moving up toward her mouth. "Because I want those lush lips wrapped around me firmly. I want your tongue on me, just the way I've imagined."

The tip of his cock grazed her mouth. He held the hard shaft, the head glistening with pre-come, in his hand, circling her lips with it.

Cindy took her first taste, snaking her tongue out to sample the hot skin. James' low, feral moan was long, reverberating in the air. She licked the tight sacs of his balls, drawn up against him, full and hard, running her tongue from just under them to the mushroom shaped head of his cock.

Positioning her head, she swallowed his length, letting her saliva moisten a hot path, drawing him into her mouth, then pulling away. Her strokes grew faster with each pass, slicker and moving in time with his groans above her.

James' hands wound in her hair, gripping it as he drove into her mouth, clinging to her head as his hips drove against her, grinding against her chin. "Stop," he warned from between clenched teeth, yanking his cock from her lips and pressing her face to his abdomen.

Cindy smiled against his groin, his crisp pubic hair tickling her nose, reveling in his loss of control. A control he seemed to relish.

He lifted her hips and spread her thighs, leaving a lingering kiss on the soft inner skin of them before letting his cock slip between the lips of her pussy. His eyes glittered, green and smoky, watching her reaction when his shaft slid between her folds and over her clit. "I'm going to fuck you, Cindy, like you've never been fucked before."

Cindy's heart crashed against her ribs. *Yes, yes, yes!* That was exactly what she wanted. She wanted James to drive that lusciously hard, silken cock of his into her and make her scream to an earth shattering orgasm. "Then fuck me. Fuck me *hard*."

James wasted no time, his first thrust leaving no room to question who was in

control.

He was.

With a shaft of sizzling pleasure.

James exhaled, settling into her, cupping her ass with fingers that dug into her skin, fevered and making Cindy whimper from their strength.

"Jesus, you're tight and so wet."

Carnal words spoken between clenched teeth rang in her ears, and Cindy wrapped her willing legs around James' waist, locking her ankles. His thrusts were merciless, hard, forceful, filling her with his slick, wide cock, eliciting a rising scream of pleasure.

James leaned forward and captured a breast. She found herself shoving it toward him, encouraging him to take as much of it as he could in his mouth. His hands and mouth were everywhere. When he slid a hand between them to fondle her clit, Cindy exploded. The flesh of her pussy spread wide, rubbing against his abdomen as he fucked her, shoved her over the edge of self-control.

It shattered her sanity, drove her to buck wildly beneath him as the orgasm lengthened, screeching through her veins hotly. Her back bowed, reaching to press herself as close to him as she could.

James' arms cradled her head and he took her lips in one last kiss, driving his tongue into her mouth and tensing. His muscles flexed, then released as he, too, came with hot spurts of come.

Sweat glued them together and her arms ached from being restrained, but nothing matched the utterly boneless, weak relief her body now experienced.

He drew in a lungful of air, his breath hot against her ear, ragged and harsh. "Christ, Agent Crisco."

Indeed.

The Lord's name would certainly be appropriate after *that*.

James pulled himself away from her and sat at the edge of the bed, taking a small gadget from his pocket. He clicked open the handcuffs and began to rub her arms and

hands.

They shook from the strain, lifeless and fragile.

Sooooooooooooo, now what? she wondered. She'd cracked on him for months since he'd joined NSU, and now her mouth was slack from disbelief. James Bonde was indeed far more than just a pretty face and ass-tastic bod with luxurious hair. He could be counted among a very rare breed of men.

A rare breed of man who'd made her come more than once and with such force, at the time, she'd gladly have died of the pleasure. This could be considered the quintessential pickle, yes? Because if she were to convince him to do it again, she'd have to make nice and that meant no more name calling.

Hopping over her, he pulled her into his strong, warm embrace, resting his head against the top of her hair. "I'd say I was sorry for tying your smart ass up, but I don't think I can regret the results."

Cindy snickered against the broad expanse of his chest. "So you like a little kink, huh, spy guy?"

"I do. I especially liked you naked and at my mercy."

"I wouldn't have been naked and anything if you didn't knock my ass out." She rubbed her forehead. "I have a lump thanks to you."

He planted a kiss on the top of her head. "Sorry 'bout that. I hit the door frame."

A thought occurred to her and her stomach clenched. "Please tell me you took Sheldon's crazy birth control pill for men."

His chuckle was deep and reassuring against her ear. "I did. Don't we all upon entry to NSU?"

James' words came easily, but Cindy could no longer keep her eyes open. His husky, sinfully delicious voice soothed her, rocking her to sleep.

* * *

"Agent Crisco? Agent Bonde?"

Cindy's head whipped around to find Thor Newcastle striding across the warehouse floor. Thank God she'd put on James' sweater.

"Thor," she retorted back, placing her hands on her hips, not bothering to hide her irritation.

"I see you and Agent Bonde, or **007** as you call him, have made up."

Cindy would blush, but she was too tweaked to bother. "Never mind what we did. How could you let him horn in on my mission, Thor? This was my gig," she whispered in anger.

Thor shrugged his broad shoulders in his fitted Armani suit, crisp and fresh as a daisy. "You were making us all... what is it you Americans say?" He cocked his head and waited for her to answer.

"Bonkers?"

"Indeed, Agent Crisco. You were making all of us bonkers at NSU. Even the janitors complained of your constant bickering. I decided it was time to end your reign of terror and throw the two of you together. I daresay, I certainly didn't expect this." He frowned down at the bed where James still slept.

"You set us up?"

Thor rocked back on his heels, shoving his hands in his pocket, and smiled haughtily. "I did. And not a bad job of it, if I do say so myself. Just look at the fruits of your labor."

Cindy gave the sleeping James a sidelong glance. "So there was no drop here last night?" *That's it. Show the boss your IQ really is 175, undercover brainiac.*

"Astute, Agent Crisco. No, there was no drop. As a matter of fact, there won't ever be a drop. Not involving Missile Marvin, anyway."

"What?"

"Our Gregory has successfully apprehended him. It's a long story, Agent Crisco. One I'm sure you'd rather hear when you're not so, ahem, busy," Thor said with a chuckle.

Now she did blush. Damn it! Thor had set her up and, to top everything off, Gregory had caught Missile Marvin and she'd missed out on the action.

"I can see those wheels in your head turning, Agent Crisco, but there will be

other missions. Missions you'll work on with the fine Agent Bonde from here on out," he informed her with his proper British accent.

Ohh, now hold the fuck on. She worked alone.

But you couldn't really boink alone, now could ya?

This could be called the brighter, flip side of the coin.

"I'll leave you to your prey, Agent Crisco. I assume you'll have some things to work out with Agent Bonde," Thor said over his shoulder on his way out of the now sunshine-filled warehouse.

"Was that Thor?" a groggy voice asked.

"Yeah, it was M. He set us up!"

"You didn't figure that out last night? I thought you were more than just eye candy," he teased.

"You're a real comedian. Thor says we're going to be partners."

"Really? I don't know if I wanna be partners with someone who mocks my given name. You have a razor sharp tongue. You're kinda mean, Agent Crisco." He mocked seriousness, but his smile was devilish.

"Well, Agent Bonde, do you wanna be partners with someone who's your equal and looks good in Laffy Taffy Pink lipstick?"

"My equal? Says who?"

"Says me and these." Cindy plucked at the handcuffs she'd skillfully put on him while he slept. She still had it in her.

"Damn it, Cindy! Take these off and quit fucking around!" he barked.

Cindy swung her leg over him and straddled his now hard cock. "Do you *really* want me to do that, Agent Bonde?" Placing her hands on his chest, Cindy caressed his mouth with her tongue.

"Well, okay, maybe not right now..."

"I didn't think so. So tell me, Agent Bonde, how do you feel about my new nickname for you?"

His groan sliced through the still air. "Lay it on me so we can do this."

Cindy giggled at his impatience. "I think it suits you perfectly. How does Bondage strike you? James Bondage."

"I can live with it. As long as you don't mind if I call you Bloodhound Beauty Queen..."

Their laughter mingled as their lips met and they began another round of *The Spy Who Shagged Me*.

The End

Dakota Cassidy

Dakota Cassidy found writing quite by accident and it's "been madness ever since." Who knew writing the grocery list would turn into this? Dakota loves anything funny and nothing pleases her more than to hear she's made someone laugh. She loves to write in many genres with a contemporary flair. Dakota lives with her two handsome sons, a dog and a cat. She'd love to hear from you -- she always answers her e-mail! Visit her at www.DakotaCassidy.com or email her at Dakota@DakotaCassidy.com