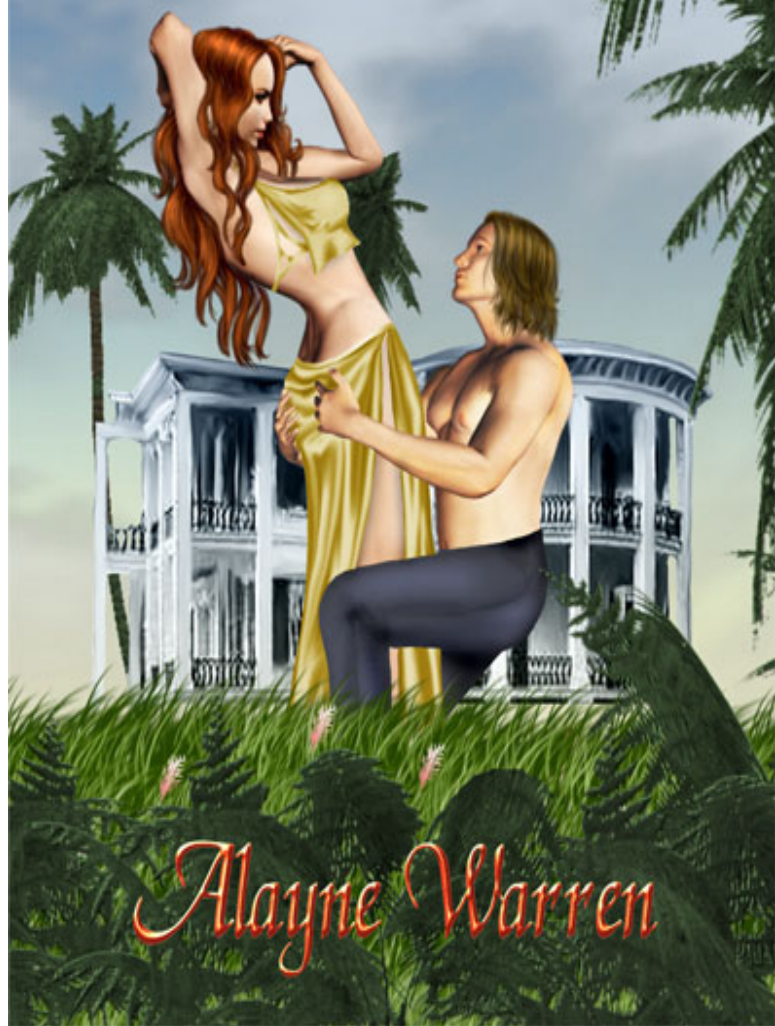


Illicit Behavior



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Dedication:

To my husband, who stands beside me even when I may not deserve it. To Chaos, who pushed me when I needed to be pushed. And to Mrs. Bell, who knew better than I did when she said I'd be an author some day.

Chapter One

"Okay, so let me get this straight," David Bains said, glaring at his boss from a wickedly uncomfortable chair. "One," he continued, holding a finger in the air like a weapon, "you want me to go undercover as a horny man who has to pay for sex. And two, you want me to do this at some glorified whorehouse?"

He stared incredulously at Reliable Investigations' owner who was sitting behind the monster he called a desk with the same bland expression on his face that he always wore.

Anthony DeVale sighed. He knew when this assignment first appeared on his desk three days ago that David Bains was going to be a hard sell. His best investigator was tough-as-nails when it came to getting a job done. When it came to things of a more personal nature, however, David had a tendency to balk.

"First of all, David, although you may not have had any formal undercover training, you and I both know that you're the best investigator I've got. You're the only one I can trust for this assignment, and you know that I wouldn't have brought you into this

office if that wasn't the case."

Anthony paused for a moment, gaining little pleasure from the slightly chagrined look on David's face. He knew this game wasn't over yet.

"And what's more," he continued, a wry smile on his face, "Camp Illicit is not, as you so graciously put it, a glorified whorehouse. It is, according to its brochure," and at this he waved said brochure in one meaty fist, "a place where mature men and women with healthy sexual appetites can go to experience all of the pleasures that one human can give to another. Or in some cases," he whispered, his grin turning to one of pure mischief, "the pleasures that several humans can give to another."

David couldn't suppress a snort of derisive laughter. *Pleasure, my ass*, he thought. *It's a Goddamn brothel is what it is.*

But Anthony just kept going. "Anyway, Camp Illicit is also a corporation. It pays its taxes and is sanctioned by the government and laws of the island of Astoria. Which you know, since you live there, are much more lenient than those within the borders of the U.S. As such, the fact that they've had three suspicious deaths in the course of a year requires us to investigate at the request of its owners. You know as well as I do that we can't just march in there and demand answers. They have their own security who was nice enough to forward their case files to us on the deaths. But the people who work there are bound to be highly protective of one another given the type of work that they do. Can't say as I blame them. So as the owner of Reliable, I've enlisted you to do the

investigating. Camp Illicit's owners want to make sure that they're not liable for these deaths, and although it might sound callous and unfeeling, you know that this is the type of job that we do."

He sat back in his chair with a loud squeak and crossed his hands over his massive chest. Then he waited for whatever objections David would come up with next. There was no doubt in his mind that they were coming.

David eyed his boss with a cool blue stare. He'd intimidated many an unwilling person with that stare, but he noted that it didn't seem to faze his boss a bit. Tony might look like nothing but a roughhouse bruiser, but a strong mind worked behind his blank face. Whether the boss was grinning or showing off his legendary poker face behind the façade of official business, David knew when he was being bamboozled. This stank of someone pulling one over on him, and he didn't like it. Not one bit.

"So, because it's a corporation, it can't be a whorehouse?" he asked flippantly and watched as two spots of bright color bloomed in his boss' cheeks. He cringed a little as DeVale sat forward in his chair, so suddenly he thought the damn thing just might tip over.

Shit. I've done it now. He knew that the blush staining Tony's face wasn't one of embarrassment but of tightly controlled anger.

"David," Anthony ground out, "call it what you want. Yes, it's a business that prides itself in sex. Yes, while you're there you will probably be invited to participate in any number of sexual activities. And

yes, by God, you might even *choose* to participate in said activities."

At this, David rose from his chair to look his boss in the eye. "Sir, you know there is no way that I would..."

DeVale cut him off. "Sit down, David, and let me finish. I don't give a good Goddamn what you do while you're there as long as you solve this case. Have sex. Don't have sex. Watch the fucking whales swim off the coast. *I...don't...care*. But I will not have you disregarding the fact this business comes under our jurisdiction now that we've been hired to do a job. These women who have died are now our responsibility. All you have to do is assure that these deaths were accidents."

David sank back into his chair and watched DeVale take a deep breath. He was still pissed, but he knew DeVale was right. It was their responsibility, their job, and now it had become his own personal little demon.

"Regardless of how you feel about Camp Illicit, David, I hope the fact that three dead women are waiting for justice is enough to cause you to enter this investigation with more than just a sense of righteous superiority."

That hit home. David sobered instantly, still knowing deep down in his gut that something about this whole thing was off. But for now, all thoughts of whorehouses, stiletto heels, and women willing to give blowjobs for twenty bucks were gone from his mind. He had a job to do.

"Of course," he answered, blue eyes downcast.

"You know that I'll give this case my full attention. You'd better give me the rundown and tell me what you've got planned."

Anthony DeVale smiled inwardly. Justice, above all else, was enough to steer David Bains towards his way of thinking. And for the love of all things sacred, he secretly hoped that Camp Illicit might loosen the boy up a bit. After all, it was nothing but a glorified whorehouse, and what man with a dick wouldn't appreciate the beauty of that?

* * *

David was nothing if not horrified. Two weeks at a whorehouse? Two weeks surrounded by supposedly sane men and women who did nothing but have sex? All types of sex, if the Camp Illicit brochure could be believed. Sex that made his eyes cross and his head hurt. The kinds of sex that had the hairs on the back of his neck standing on end and sweat dripping off his forehead. The kinds of sex, truth be known, that he'd never even heard of in his twenty-eight years.

How in the hell was he going to survive this? As David sat at his kitchen table, head in his hands, he wondered what he'd gotten himself into. Or rather, what Anthony DeVale had gotten him into. Of course, he'd had no choice but to accept the assignment. He was the best investigator on the team, and he and Tony both knew it.

He had the service record to prove it. David had joined the Niceville, Florida, police department at the age of twenty, right after graduating from community

college with a Criminal Science degree in hand. He'd steadily worked his way up the chain of command and was one of only three detectives in a city of over twenty-two thousand. His solve rate had been ninety-three percent, better than anyone else's on the force. When he'd left Florida two years ago, moving to the small island of Astoria to be closer to his mother after his father's death, he'd taken the closest job he could find to being a detective. Working for Reliable allowed him to use his detective skills and more often than not kept him in the action that he craved. It wasn't always as exciting as being a cop, but he usually found cases to keep him occupied. Now that he had this one, though, he wasn't so sure he'd made the right decision. But unless he quit, or flat-out refused, the full weight of this case fell to him. The thought didn't make him feel any better.

Damn it, he didn't want it. He looked up from the table towards the clock on the wall above the stove. Almost midnight and he was nowhere near tired. He rubbed at his temples where a tension headache had been gathering steam ever since he'd been called into DeVale's office.

He'd finished reading over the case files an hour ago, but there wasn't much there. Three women dead whether in unfortunate accidents or by the hand of someone else no one knew. It was his job to figure that out, and from the looks of the thin manila folders before him, it was going to be one hell of a job. The owners of Camp Illicit, Phillippe and Celeste MacAllister, felt that it was in the Camp's best interests to make sure, once and for all, that the

deaths were the accidents that they seemed to be. They had hired Reliable three days ago, not to prove murder, but to disprove it. Criminal liability was expensive, and although the MacAllister's had yet to hear from any grumbling relatives of the deceased, they wanted to make sure that their butts were covered.

David gave in to the urge for a drink, to the thirst that had been plaguing him since around noon. He knew he'd been drinking too much lately, but he didn't feel like thinking about that now. All he wanted right this minute was to feel the burn of the whiskey as it worked its way towards putting him to sleep.

He took the four steps to the liquor cabinet above the refrigerator and brought down the new bottle of Jim Beam he'd put there a few days ago. He grabbed it in one hand and made his way to the bedroom.

No need for a glass. He told himself that a few quick sips was all he needed to edge towards sleep. By then, he should be tired enough to forget this damn case of death and sex. The death of three seemingly innocent women and sex...well, and sex between what could only be considered hundreds of potential witnesses, or suspects if it came to that.

The Beam was working its magic. He took another long swallow and set the bottle on the end table. Slipping off his boots, then his shirt and jeans, he lay down on the empty bed. Empty, he knew, because he was too damn picky to fill it with a nice, warm body.

Thoughts whirled in his mind, and sleep once again alluded him. It had been a long time since a

woman had been in his bed. Almost three years to be exact. Ever since Laura had left him, he'd been too busy to find someone to take her place.

No, that wasn't true. He'd been busy, yes, with work and fixing up this old run-down house and with keeping his mom's mind off the death of his dad. But he could have had any number of replacements in his bed, especially since his mother was bound and determined to have him married off before she turned fifty. David had gone on numerous dates, but nothing had turned into what you could call a relationship. And since he wasn't into meaningless sex, those dates hadn't filled his bed either. Therein lay his problem.

He sighed and rolled over onto his stomach. He had to admit he was lonely. And horny. No man in his right mind could go this long without sex and not be horny. Granted, the jack-off routine could relieve the ache on occasion, but after awhile that got old.

He needed a woman. A nice, warm, willing woman. Someone to touch him, to stroke the length and breadth of his body with a firm hand and a wet tongue. Someone who could do things to him that his own hand couldn't.

These thoughts weren't helping. Now he was awake, pissed off, and had a hard-on that felt like an iron rod. He grabbed the bottle beside the bed and took two long swallows, and as the liquor warmed its way towards his belly, he thought about Camp Illicit. Hell, a couple of weeks of pleasurable sex couldn't hurt him. Actually, there had to be some fringe benefits to this case, right?

Who was he kidding? If there were any way he

could loosen up and stop being such a damn prude, he would have done it a long time ago. Could he really drop his guard just this once and do something that might actually make him feel better?

As he finally fell down that long tunnel towards sleep, the words *not bloody likely* echoed in his head.

Chapter Two

David awoke the next morning to the sun shining through his bedroom window. Thank God today was Friday and his scheduled day off. His mouth tasted like mildewed cotton, and his head felt like a rocket during takeoff.

At 3 a.m., he'd had an epiphany lying there in bed with his back against the headboard and the bottle of Beam to his lips. If he was going to go to this God-forsaken sex camp, he needed to be prepared. There was no point in going undercover if he was going to be so shocked when he got there that everyone and their long-lost cousins would know he didn't belong. So, how did a person go about preparing for a trip to a place to have sex? A lot of sex.

In the end, he'd made a list. Things to do and places to go before his so-called vacation. As he looked at the digital clock on his dresser glowing 8:30 in bright green numerals, he realized he'd better get a move on. *This* vacation started on Monday.

He entered the shower, turning the water as hot as he could stand it. The pulsing against his aching shoulders felt wonderful, and the steam cleared some of the alcohol from his head. He washed his dark

brown hair, a little on the long side. Maybe a trip to the barber should be added to his list.

He soaped up, enjoying the way it felt satiny smooth against the hairs of his chest and legs. His mind drifted back to last night, to thoughts of the woman who didn't share his bed. He let his eyes drift shut and grabbed his dick which was already hard and throbbing. He might as well get rid of some of the tension this case was causing him already. Besides, his next opportunity might be a long way off.

He was hard and big. One good thing about Laura, she'd always said his dick was bigger than any she had ever seen. It might just have been a stroke to his ego, but fuck it. He smiled to himself, leaning back to let the water stream down his chest, over his groin and the hand that was now caressing his balls.

"Mmmm," he moaned, stroking himself softly.

It felt good. Women be damned, he could take care of himself. He teased the end of his cock, reveling as he grew even harder and bigger. He used his fingers to follow the length of it, once, twice, again. Harder, then faster. Alternating pressure by fondling softly then stroking harder.

He moaned again, the sound echoing off the walls of the stall. Placing his free hand against the side for support, he grasped his dick harder in the other. Slow, fast, soft, hard. Pulling, squeezing, teasing. He felt his anticipation grow as his heart raced.

He pumped faster now and rocked his hips to the rhythm he'd set. He teased the tip with a fingernail where drops of pre-cum were already spilling out. Pulled his cock taut, to the point where it was almost

painful. Used his palm to add friction to the base, right against his swinging balls. He gasped when he squeezed the head, over and over again.

Faster and faster he stroked, picturing in his mind a pair of warm, wet lips wrapped around his dick as far as they would go. As his orgasm neared, he thought of letting off a stream of hot fire into that warm center and came in a gush. He moaned long and loud, until he was pumped dry.

"To hell with a woman," he finally managed and rinsed off in the now cool spray.

* * *

After dressing and thoroughly brushing his teeth, he felt much better. Two cups of coffee and a few cigarettes later, that feeling was cautiously upgraded to almost human.

Standing at the kitchen counter, he looked at his list. He had a very analytical mind, even for a former cop. He needed order and structure. Even half asleep, the list he'd made for himself was neat and orderly, everything planned out to the letter.

First order of business was calling his mother and brother to let them know he'd be out of town for the next two weeks.

His mother, of course, was full of questions. Where was he going? Was anyone going with him? What would he be doing? Like he could answer that one honestly. On and on it went, until the lies about a fishing trip to the southern tip of Florida sounded almost plausible even to himself. Mom had to think

that he was going off-island. If she thought he was staying here, she'd be on the lookout constantly, trying to figure out what he was doing and who he was doing it with. Better if she thought he was going back to Florida for two weeks.

His brother, on the other hand, was much easier. "Have fun, take lots of pictures," Justin said, hanging up the phone after their two-minute conversation.

His brother's words had David's face blanching, and his stomach clenching into a knot. *Oh, fuck no*, he thought, *pictures of this trip are the last thing I need*.

It was time to move on to number two on his list which was a lot more difficult. Computer research. He grabbed his pack of smokes and refilled his coffee cup, sinking gratefully into his computer chair. As it fired up, he lit a cigarette and thought about where to start. Could you just type 'sex clubs' into a search engine? 'Sex groups' maybe? Or did he need to be specific, like 'dominatrix', 'bondage', 'fetishes'? Shit, but his choices were endless.

In the end, he opted to start at the obvious and pulled up Camp Illicit's website. It almost made him laugh, the thought of a place like that taking the time to develop a website. But in this day and age of modern technology, it didn't really surprise him. He noted with a sigh of relief that the site contained photos of nothing but the grounds and accommodations and didn't even list in detail the full range of activities that were offered.

It was a nice enough looking place, much like an upscale Club Med, with a pool and cabana, facilities for a gym and sauna, a restaurant and bar, and a

spa/massage outbuilding. Located on the eastern edge of the island, it was a thirty-acre compound self-contained behind a ten-foot wall of granite. There were no pictures of the actual rooms, but the grounds were dotted with small cabins nestled into the lush landscape, so he assumed that was where he would be staying.

He figured it should be nice. Really damn nice, at a price of around \$18,000 for his two-week stay. Where DeVale had pulled that amount of money out of the budget he didn't know. The MacAllisters must be paying a pretty penny to get their answers. But he hadn't thought it wise to ask.

He was tired of the computer already. What more could he find on there except for porn sites and on-line sex stores? Sure, he could probably find the pictures of whatever he wanted to see, but the fact was he didn't *want* to see anything.

Number three on his list was personal research. He'd stewed over that one for a while. How did a person learn about sex? Not just the basics, the stuff he'd obviously known for years, but the hard-core stuff. From what he could tell about Camp Illicit, almost anything you could think of regarding sex went on there, so he needed something to go by. Toys, positions, fantasies. How could he find out about those things without hiring a hooker or trying to hunt up some how-to video?

He'd finally decided that the best place to go was a store he'd driven past several times back in Niceville called Medusa's. He knew his brother had been there before, purchasing some gag gifts for a bachelor party

he'd went to. David hadn't asked for details, but from the stuff he'd seen in Justin's goodie bag, he figured the store was as good a place to start as any.

Suffice it to say he'd never been there and had never planned on going there. But he was out of ideas, so he'd make the trip. That didn't mean he had to like it.

The ferry ride took an hour with another ten minutes to unload his Jeep. He was thrilled to find the parking lot deserted when he pulled up. Open twenty-four hours a day, Medusa's didn't seem to do a thriving business at eleven o'clock in the morning. Thank God for small miracles.

He approached the entrance the same way most men would approach a bull in heat. Hesitantly with what he knew must be a look of sheer terror on his face. Although the outside looked like any other downtown business, he was already worried about what he would find inside. What if someone he knew was in there? Or someone that knew him? What if his high school English teacher just happened to be inside, browsing on her way to work? Remembering that it was summer and that no teachers would be on their way to school didn't do much to improve his mood. Fuck, these thoughts weren't helping him at all.

He stood outside the door for a few minutes to calm his racing heart. He couldn't believe that a town named Niceville had allowed a sex-toy shop to go up within its city limits. Now he, former Detective David Bains, the hotshot of the local police department was standing outside of it. And not just for kicks either or

for part of his job. Standing there, getting ready to go in because he *wanted* to.

He took a deep breath and pulled open the door. Took two steps inside and stepped dead in his tracks. A deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming eighteen-wheeler.

His jaw dropped, and he stared around in total shock. Left, right, left again. This *place* wasn't a store. Oh, holy hell, no. This was sex in a twenty-three hundred square-foot box.

* * *

He'd been horribly misled. Medusa's had brought to mind that weird yet sexy seductress with the crazy hair he'd read about in college. This place was nothing like that. Sexy, maybe, if he could venture to look closely enough at some of the tamer stuff. Problem was, right now he didn't see anything tame. The things he was seeing were strange, a little horrifying, and to his amazement, exciting. But so far, he didn't see anything that could by any means be called tame.

A petite blonde in a miniskirt and too-tight purple sweater came out of a doorway to his right. He was blushing before she even opened her mouth.

"Hi. I'm Candi. Can I help you find anything?"

"No, uhhhhh...no, I'm. Well." He was stammering like an idiot. He looked away from her, which was a mistake. Suddenly he found himself staring at a spot on the wall with a sign screaming "Anal Toys" in neon letters. His blood took a quick dive from his face to

his feet.

He cleared his throat and looked back towards Candi. "I'm just looking."

It came out sounding more like a squeak than anything else. Candi just shrugged her shoulders and went to her post at the cash register which thankfully was in the back corner. The far back corner.

He took another deep breath. This place just might give him a heart attack. He glanced towards the 'Anal Toys' sign again and shuddered. He'd never thought about an asshole as being a sexual port of entry. If the number of items on display was any indication, though, somebody sure as hell had. And now that he was thinking about it, his brain was filling with all kinds of ideas.

"Research, David, research," he muttered to himself. He stuck his shaking hands in his jean pockets and cautiously approached a safer looking display. This one was labeled 'Pleasure Enhancers'.

Where in the world do people come up with these ideas? he wondered, gazing at his innumerable options in the ways of increasing his and his partners' pleasure. Granted, he'd heard of vibrators. Had even watched a few pornos years back when he was dating that waitress from Saratoga Springs. This stuff, though, was beyond imagination. At least beyond what he could have ever imagined. Then again, imagination had never been one of his strong points.

He moved on to 'Bondage'. Handcuffs. Okay, this he could deal with. After all, he had seen handcuffs every day on the job and even had a few pairs of his own. Although he had to admit that these pink, fur-

lined ones were a new twist. Next. Colorful scarves, lightweight nylon ropes, leather restraints. Harnesses. Chokers. He quickly took a step towards...wait a minute. Harnesses? He moved back to look despite himself.

Now, this particular something-or-other looked pretty damn interesting. Just think of the possibilities. A woman, writhing in anticipation, warm, wet, and ready, hooked up to this part with him...He blushed again, to the roots of his hair, but this time the blood rushed just as quickly to his dick as well. He was now hard as a rock and the picture of a moaning, bucking woman with a come-here look was stuck in his mind. *Fuck.*

He looked at a few more displays, trying his damndest to not look like he was walking around with a hard-on. When he realized that wasn't going to work, he decided research was best conducted at home in private. There was no way he could keep walking around the store like this with a dick that kept getting harder and bigger every time something caught his eye. If he didn't leave soon, who knew what he would do.

He chose a number of things at random and spent the entire time Candi rang up his order staring at the gray carpet beneath his Doc Martens. As he left the store, he was appalled to realize he'd just spent over two hundred dollars of his own money on sex toys, not to mention almost choked on his own spit when she'd told him to have a nice day and come again. If he didn't leave *now*, he'd be coming a hell of a lot quicker than she'd intended.

Fucking hell, but he'd gone crazy.

Finally back home after another ride on the ferry, he gathered the nondescript paper bag into his arms as quickly as he could and looked over his shoulder to see if old Mrs. Phillips next door was watching him out of her kitchen window again. He was relieved to see that the entire road appeared deserted.

He deposited the bag on the kitchen table and began to unload his stash. Almost time for item number four on his damn to-do list, which was to pack. He paused for a moment, hand in the bag. Should he take some of these toys with him to Camp Illicit? Would that make him seem more realistic, make him look as if he belonged there? He'd wait and see if he had room in his luggage.

As he removed a second vibrator from his bag, this one called The Tinger, because of its numerous pink tips attached to the end not to mention its powerful five-speed motor, he caught movement from the corner of his eye.

He turned quickly, gasping out loud in total shock as his mother rounded the corner from the hallway. In a scene right out of his teenaged nightmares, he thrust the dreaded Tinger behind his back. Then realized in a horrified moment of truth that that would do absolutely no good at all. Because at this very moment his mother, the woman who had given birth to him, was staring in rapt fascination at his kitchen table.

The same table that was littered with about a dozen items of the sexual variety. His heart iced over, and his blood once again rushed. Not to his face or his

feet this time, but farther, right out onto the new black and white tile of his kitchen floor.

Chapter Three

He whimpered like a wounded animal. He couldn't help it.

"Mom," he choked out, moving to block as much of the table with his 6'3" frame as he could. "What the hell are you doing here?"

She was still staring at the table and had even moved over an inch or two to peer around him.

"I came to help you pack," she answered, reaching out a hand toward the harness he'd bought.

He yelped and thrust his hands towards her to ward her off, too late realizing that he still held The Tingler in one fist.

"Shit," he said, then watched with dismay as her jaw dropped and she looked up at him.

"Well, well," she snickered, "what have we here?"

His blood returned in a flash to pool somewhere between his neck and the top of his head.

"Nothing, Mom," he growled, turning to scoop as many of the things on the table back into the bag as he could. "Just some, uh, you know. Stuff. One of the guys at work gave it to me. As a, umm, a joke."

It sounded lame, even to him. He'd finally gotten the last of it in the damn bag and shoved The Tingler

on top with unnecessary force.

"Let's go in the living room or something," he told her, his back still turned from those prying bright blue eyes so like his own.

"Nonsense. What's the matter dear? You're not embarrassed, are you?" she asked, coming around the table to look him in the eyes.

He avoided her gaze which wasn't all that difficult. He just focused on a spot about two inches above her head. Since she was only 5'2", it was pretty easy.

"I've seen these types of things before, honey, although I admit that pink thing you were brandishing like a sword is a new one, even for me. But when your father was still alive, he and I used to..."

David cut her off with a sound halfway between a moan and a gag.

"No, Mom, no more. I don't want to hear this. I *can't* hear this. Forget you ever saw this. Actually," he said, moving to stow the bag under the sink, "let's forget the whole thing ever happened. How about you go back outside and knock on the door, and we'll pretend you just got here?"

He heard her chuckle behind him.

"I'm sorry, David, you *are* embarrassed. It's all right. I won't mention this again. Now let's go get you packed for this vacation." With that, she headed back down the hallway towards his bedroom.

He grabbed the countertop for support. His mother, his own damn *mother*, had just seen him with a bag full of sex toys. Had commented on it. Had tried to *tell* him about it. Shit, this was bad. This was very,

very bad.

He turned the faucet on cold and stuck his head under the pouring water. It did nothing to stop the roaring in his ears. This was definitely worse than the dream he used to have as a teenager, the one about his parents having sex. He'd known it must happen, but he sure as hell didn't want to think about it or know about it.

As he grabbed the dishtowel, he wondered how the fuck he was going to be able to face her. Maybe he could just act like this little scene had never happened. Talk to her in a normal voice. Act naturally. Yes, that's what he'd do. *This didn't just happen*, he repeated to himself over and over again.

As soon as he entered his bedroom and saw her pawing through his underwear drawer, he knew he was doomed.

* * *

It took almost an hour to get her to leave, but he finally convinced her he could manage the rest of the packing on his own. She thankfully hadn't brought up the horror of the kitchen incident, even though he'd seen her sneaking glances at him out of the corner of her eyes.

He knew he'd continued shifting between being red-faced and pale the entire time she was there. More than once he'd thought he might actually pass out. Or vomit. He wasn't sure which, and towards the end he was honestly hoping that he *would* vomit so he could claim illness and force her to leave.

She was gone now, thank God, and he was finally alone. Alone to pack, although maybe now he'd wait and finish that tomorrow. There wasn't much more on his list, so procrastinating on this one shouldn't cause a problem.

That left erasing his mind of the images of his mother and finding something to do until it was time for bed. Since it was only a little after two in the afternoon, that would be awhile.

"You know what you want to do," he said out loud. "You want to look at those things you bought now that you finally have your house to yourself."

He was a pervert. He was fascinated and intrigued despite himself, and fuck it, yes, turned on. He wanted to check out those purchases he'd made earlier, find out how those strange looking gadgets worked and what they could do. Some might be a problem, since he had no one to experiment with, but to hell with it, he'd just do the best he could alone.

He thought about the bottle of Jim Beam he'd put back in the cabinet this morning. Should he bring that, too? No, he'd leave it where it was. He didn't need liquor for this.

He got the bag out from under the sink and carried it under his arm to the front door. Locked, deadbolt in place. He made his way to the back door, which was also locked. He was certain that this time, at least, no one would surprise him at an awkward moment.

David made his way to the bedroom and slanted the blinds to dim the sunlight shining into the room. *Setting the mood*, he chuckled. Like he needed a mood when he was the only one here. He reached the bed

and dumped the bag's contents into the middle.

Now that he was here in his own room, he had to admit that it made an awesome looking display. The two vibrators, the harness, a couple of videos. Some strange belt-type thing that he had no fucking clue what it was, never mind what it was used for. A variety of creams and lotions and something called a cock ring. He didn't really know what that one was either, but at least it didn't look like it would kill him.

And, oh yes, his piece de resistance, the costume.

He'd only glanced at it in Medusa's, but as soon as he saw it, images had flashed into his head. Images that wouldn't go away, ones that had him wanting to find something to stick his dick into right there in the store. Truth be told, that's why he'd rushed to leave. Privacy, yes, he'd needed that, but to be honest, staring at this outfit hanging prominently on a display rack had rocked him. He'd been gripped by the feeling that if he didn't get out of there immediately, he was going to do something stupid like try to feel up Candi, the sex-store worker.

The damn thing was ordinary enough. *Naughty Schoolgirl*, the label said. He wasn't sure what about it had caught his attention, had turned him hard, but something sure as hell had. It was funny, because he'd never been into fantasies during sex. No role-playing, no games, nothing like that. Not even 'good cop/bad cop' or 'cop/resister' like some of his old buddies at the precinct had always talked about.

Something about this one, though, had him wanting to put it on the first willing woman he came across. A short pleated skirt ending at mid-thigh. A

shirt, if it could be called that, with no buttons that tied under the breasts. Prim white knee-high stockings. Suspenders. And damn him and his aching cock to hell, but it was the suspenders that did him in.

He could picture it. Forget the damn shirt. Just put on that flouncy little skirt and those suspenders. He could imagine them covering a woman's nipples, letting him see just enough to make him burn with wanting her. Could picture kissing his way from a bare midriff to those edges of breast surrounding the line of those suspenders, finally moving them aside to lick the nipples into hard little points. Thought of scraping them gently with his teeth until she begged him to suck her, to bite down. Could even see her bending over a bed for him, tight little ass in the air above those oh-so-clever white stockings.

David realized that his breath was coming in short little gasps, that his hand was already edging towards the hard line of flesh under his zipper. His heart was hammering like a piston, and if he didn't stop fantasizing soon, he was going to need another jerk-off session. Twice in one day was a little much for a man like him. Right? Well, the old David wouldn't have done it, but maybe it was time for a new David to come out and play.

Shit. This wasn't going to work. He needed to think, to plan. Which reminded him, he needed an alias before he left. Something easily remembered but not easy enough to give him away. He sat down on the bed, his back against the headboard, surrounded by his new toys.

Closing his eyes, he thought about a name, still

slowly stroking himself. Just a little attention, that's all he needed, and he could concentrate on what he had to do. A name. Yes, something with a nice ring to it. Something that would sound good coming out of a woman's mouth as she screamed her pleasure.

His eyes snapped open, and his hand stilled upon his cock. What the hell was he thinking? Where had that thought come from? He wasn't going to Camp Illicit to have sex. He was going to solve a possible crime. To find a possible murderer. Damn it. Just because he was hornier than any hormone addled fifteen-year-old didn't give him the right to forget that.

Trevor Allen. The name came to him then, quick and silent the way most answers usually did. The same way he usually solved his cases. Trevor was his middle name. Allen his late father's. It would work just fine. He knew he had his alias, but that was about it. He obviously didn't have his sanity, and he sure as hell didn't have a decent way to put out this fire burning in his dick.

Chapter Four

In the end, he gave up and actually did go fishing. He packed his Jeep with his tent, fishing poles, tackle box, and a cooler full of beer, then headed back out on the ferry to drive to his favorite lake.

He spent a quiet and uneventful weekend doing nothing more than casting his line into the water and watching the ripples on the surface of Lake Walk-On-Water. He thought about how to get through the next two weeks without losing what was left of his sanity. He decided that the only way to protect himself and his mind and to solve this case was to go with the flow. If he protested too much or ignored all of the offerings and benefits that Camp Illicit offered, he'd do nothing but stick out like a sore thumb.

So, he decided to enjoy himself as much as he could. He'd relax and let down his guard for once. David knew that he didn't have to have sex every minute of every damn day, but he sure as hell better act like he was there to get something more than a nice tan. If that included a few intense sessions of sex with someone he was attracted to, then so be it.

He felt better when he pulled into his driveway on

Sunday evening. How could he not? He'd made a conscious decision to get laid. That alone should be enough to improve any man's mood.

After supper, he took a long shower and finished packing. He'd already stopped and stocked up on cigarettes. He knew without a doubt that he'd be going through the smokes like a damn chain-smoker once his nerves got on edge, and that edge was bound to come sooner rather than later. Fuck, he was already riding tight to a sexual edge. What was one more?

Sleep came easily to him that night. Anxious, worried, excited, and a little scared, David was sure that he'd spend most of the night staring at the ceiling. But as he felt the weight of a dreamless sleep pulling him down, his last thought was one of utter relaxation. He was going to get laid.

* * *

DeVale had already made his reservation at Camp Illicit and had also taken the liberty of filling out his registration forms. God knew what that meant. When he'd called Tony on Friday before leaving for his spontaneous fishing trip, he'd also told him about his alias. One bit of good news, according to DeVale was that only David, DeVale, and the MacAllisters knew about this undercover operation.

For that, David was glad. As he drove through the hills towards the camp, a little more tension eased from his shoulders.

Basically, this news gave him more freedom. No one would ever have to know exactly what went on

up there, at least about things that didn't directly pertain to the case. He could fuck ten women while he was there, and nobody would know.

That thought had David swearing. He hadn't fucked ten women in his entire life. It was highly doubtful that he'd do it in a three-week period. Besides, he didn't want to do something like that. Did he?

David thought hard as he rounded a corner, easing off the gas just a little. To be honest, the thought of having sex with that many women really didn't appeal to him. He liked sex, he just wasn't into no-strings-attached sex. Unlike most men his age, he didn't keep notches on his bedpost. He had never tried to see how many women he could take to bed, and he'd always treated them with the respect that they deserved.

His brother called him an old-fashioned dickhead. This from a twenty-one-year-old playboy whose sole purpose in life was fucking the entire female population of the state of Florida. But if David was honest with himself, there had been times when he'd been jealous of Justin and his lifestyle. To have that freedom, to not always be plagued by doubts about whom he was hurting and what would happen in the future.

Could he possibly forget that while he was here? Concentrate on the here and now because really, a place like Camp Illicit didn't hold stock in the future. These women, at least, couldn't be hurt, at least not by sex. This was all about instant gratification. Me, I. He, or rather Trevor, had paid a lot of money to come

here and have his every desire fulfilled. He needed to put aside his doubts and dive in. This place wasn't here for his heart but for his dick. And his dick wanted to be very, very thankful.

Only a few more miles. David knew he was still balking at becoming a carefree sex machine, but really, it wouldn't be about him, would it? The person going in the doors of Camp Illicit wasn't David Bains, but Trevor Allen, man with a dick that needed some attention. So anything that happened behind those walls would stay there when he left. The person he walked in as would never leave.

The thought made him feel a hundred times better. Maybe he could do this after all. Trevor went in, David came out. A very needy penis went in, a very satisfied dick left the building.

David laughed out loud. This situation had turned him into a sex-deprived comedian. He hadn't forgotten about the case though, the reason he was here in the first place. He needed to find out what he could regarding the deaths of those three women. For that, he'd need to roam the grounds, covertly interview the staff, meet the people who were here to cater to his...no make that *Trevor's*...needs. With a little luck, it would be easier than he hoped. He didn't need to delve into an all-out manhunt, he just needed enough to disprove murder.

For the first time since he'd learned about this case, he wasn't dreading it. He was actually turned on by the idea, if his cock was any indication. Already hard and throbbing, it pushed against the fly of his jeans.

"Down boy," he said, patting it fondly. "I have the

feeling you're going to get some relief soon enough."

* * *

He saw the sign just in time. Small and discreet, it featured only the name in plain black letters on a wooden post. David made the turn a little too fast, spinning the tires on the gravel road.

When he finally gained clearance through the gates, his first view of it left him feeling amazed. Camp Illicit sat nestled up against a small hill, a four-story building that looked a lot like a southern plantation right out of *Gone With the Wind*, with a wraparound porch on the first level and several smaller balconies off of rooms on the upper floors. The brochure hadn't done it justice.

The outer buildings were done up in the same style with nothing but flowers, shrubs, and palm trees decorating the grounds. He appreciated the understated elegance, as Camp Illicit screamed "money" with its every breath.

He rolled through the circular drive, around a fountain whose centerpiece was a naked nymph with water pouring from her upturned palms. An older man in uniform came around to open his door as he braked to a stop.

"Good morning, sir."

David thought he had a slight British accent, but that could have been wishful thinking. The man certainly looked the part of a regal butler, dressed as he was in a smart outfit of red and gold, complete with a jaunty cap perched atop his gray hair.

"Morning," David said, handing the man his keys. "I just need to get my bags from the back."

"Not a problem, Mr. Allen, I'll bring those up shortly. Go ahead to the reception desk. Miss Martha is waiting for you," the man told him, going around to the back of the Jeep.

He was a little startled that the man knew his name but figured that a place which charged as much as this one did must hire great help. Even non-sexual help. Help that was kept informed of everything that was going on including who was coming and going. He made a mental note to himself to check back with the man if need be. This man, butler or not, might have answers to questions he needed to ask.

David climbed wide marble steps to a heavy door inlaid with stained-glass panels. When he entered the marble lined foyer, he was met with a silence so deep that for a moment he thought he'd gone deaf. He looked to his left where there was a carved granite desk marked "Reception".

He made his way over, his shoes echoing loudly off the cool marble floor. He was about to ring the bell atop the desk when a woman, presumably Miss Martha, came through a door behind it.

David gaped at her. He couldn't seem to help himself, even though he knew it must appear rude. This woman was gorgeous. Around 5'5", with long blonde hair that hung down to the small of her back. She was dressed primly in a fire-engine-red suit that was modest and yet somehow left nothing to the imagination. At least not to his. He swore he could see the swell of her breasts, the hard tips of her

nipples, the slight mound of her hips.

She smiled, and his dick rose up to greet her.

"Good morning." Her voiced dripped honey, sending a shiver up his spine. "You must be Mr. Allen. Welcome to Camp Illicit. I'm Martha, the receptionist. I'll be helping you make your choices for the next several days, so please, come on back."

She stepped around the corner and motioned for him to proceed her through the door. His shoulder brushed lightly against her breast as he passed, and the resulting tingle went way beyond his arm.

David entered into a room fitted as an office with a huge mahogany desk and an Oriental rug taking up space on the hardwood floor. The paintings on the walls were stunning: tasteful nudes in pastels, darker oils, and charcoal. A glass case in the corner held odds and ends, all stylish crystal pieces and bisque ceramics.

"Sit, please," Martha said, pointing towards a leather club chair in front of her desk. "Make yourself comfortable. Would you like a drink?"

David finally remembered to breathe, and although his throat was dry as dust, he declined. "No, thanks. I don't usually drink this early in the morning."

Martha laughed, a deep, throaty sound that had more shivers vibrating throughout his body.

"Mr. Allen, don't worry about that at all. You'll soon find that at Camp Illicit, time takes on a whole new meaning. We don't abide much by clocks here. We're all about doing what we want, when we want. So, if you'd like a drink, by all means, help yourself."

She leaned back against the desktop, crossing one leg over the other. Her already short skirt rode up several inches, revealing a smooth patch of skin on her inner thighs. He didn't think she was wearing panties.

He gulped. "Well, okay, then," he said with a forced smile. "I'll take a whiskey, straight up. A double."

She turned towards the phone on her desk, hiking up the skirt a few more inches. Punched a few buttons, spoke a few hushed words, and hung up. When she turned back to him, she wore a smile that radiated pure sex appeal.

"Well, then. Your drink is on its way. So, Trevor, if I may call you that?" she purred, shifting again to this time sit atop the desk. She swung her legs gently back and forth, waiting for him to answer.

Nope, no panties. He'd caught a glimpse of downy pubic hair, the same blonde shade as the cascade of hair on her head. David's breath caught, and his thoughts turned to her sitting on something a whole lot harder than that desk.

Dear Lord, was she trying to kill him? He'd been here ten minutes and already wanted to fuck the first woman he saw. He wanted to turn her over that desk and finish hiking up that skirt riding higher and higher on her toned thighs. Holy hell, there was no way he was going to survive two weeks of this.

"Sure, Trevor is fine," he managed to get out. Thankful for the pause caused by the arrival of his drink, he took it from the server and downed it in one quick swallow.

Martha smiled again, her blue eyes shining as she watched his throat work around the whiskey.

"Trevor, I've read over your registration forms, and I seem to know a lot about you. I'm going to cover the high points with you, and I want you to let me know if anything's incorrect or if you'd like to add something." Her legs crossed the other way, and David's eyes crossed with her movement.

Fuck, there was no doubt she was trying to kill him.

She continued on as if she didn't know the effect she was having on him, which was highly unlikely since he had a hard-on the size of Rhode Island.

"First of all, welcome to Camp Illicit, the place where dreams can come true. I'm the receptionist, but more than that, I've also been chosen as your official greeter. As such, I'm going to tell you all about our services and just what exactly we have to offer. This way, I'll know all about you, and you'll know all about us."

The smile again, and this time, he managed a genuine one in return. That got him a view of her breasts as she suddenly leaned towards him, so close he could see the line of freckles across the bridge of her nose. If that's what he got for smiling, he'd be sure to do it more often.

"Just so you know and to ease your mind so that you can fully enjoy your time here, we take great care to provide for your sexual health and safety. I just want to reiterate before we go any further, that the employees here take care to provide you with several choices in the means of birth control and protection.

So, now that that's out of the way." Face inches from his own, Martha lowered her voice to almost a whisper.

"Trevor, I have a personal question for you. How much do you like sex?"

With that, he was gone. His dick was throbbing painfully, his stomach burned from the whiskey, and his eyes were glued to her tits. Out of his mouth came two words.

"A lot."

Chapter Five

"Take off your pants."
"What?" He knew he sounded like an idiot. Martha had leaned away from him and was concentrating on undoing the three buttons of her suit jacket. David hoped she missed the look of total stupidity on his face.

"Take off your pants. Unless you'd like me to suck your dick through your jeans," she said, laughing.

He couldn't move. "What the hell are you talking about?"

She stopped in the middle of unzipping her skirt. Her bare breasts were now free, not too large but blessed with bronze nipples the size of perfect silver dollars. The cool air of the office had hardened them into sharp peaks.

"Trevor, Trevor, Trevor," she sighed. She calmly stepped out of her heels and bent over to roll one stocking down a beautifully tanned leg. "Have you forgotten why you're here already? I'm your greeter, Trevor. I plan on greeting you in style."

As she concentrated on rolling down the other stocking, he continued to sit there, glued to the chair. His hands were gripping the leather armrests for dear

life.

"But...but you...I'm not." David cleared his throat and tried again. "What I mean is, I wasn't expecting the umm, you know, sex to start as soon as I got here."

He knew he was blushing again. Goddammit, he felt like a total moron.

Her laugh could only be described as wicked. She was naked now, glorious. Her breasts were proudly jutting forward, and her trim waist looked deceptively small. A beautiful thatch of golden hair angled down in a sharp vee towards her pussy. She casually leaned back against the desk, one eyebrow raised at his still form plastered rigidly to his chair.

"Trevor Allen, man of mystery. You've paid a lot of money to come here, to have us cater to you. I've already told you that time doesn't matter here at Camp Illicit. Whether you've been here fifteen minutes or fifteen days, it's time for you to get started. So take off your pants. Or would you like me to do it for you?"

David gulped, loudly. He took a deep breath and finally stood. If she touched him, even just to rid him of his jeans, he'd be lost. His hand was shaking as he brought it slowly to the fly of his pants.

The rasp of the zipper sounded unnaturally loud in the still room. He couldn't look at her, lounging there naked in front of him, so he closed his eyes as he pushed his jeans past lean hips, strong thighs, and sculpted calves. He kicked off his shoes and bent to pull the legs of his pants off.

When he stood back up, Martha was there. David watched as she brought her hands to his chest and

gently pushed him back into the chair. The leather squeaked when he hit.

"Much better," she whispered.

David's heart was beating like a racehorse. He really hadn't known what to expect when he got here, but this had definitely not been on his list of possibilities.

Martha tossed her blonde mane over her shoulders and grinned at him, a Cheshire cat aware that she had caught her prey.

She brought her hands up again, this time to lightly stroke her breasts. Her nipples puckered, grew bigger and tighter. With blood-red fingernails she circled them, slowly at first, then faster. When her fingers suddenly grasped both nipples, squeezing them between her thumbs and forefingers, she moaned.

So did he. His cock was rock-hard, standing at attention. David couldn't take his eyes off of her face, off of that mouth slightly parted as she continued to work her nipples. Her breath was coming faster now, and he saw her fingers tighten. She tweaked them harder, pulling and releasing them to her own rhythm.

His hands ached to touch. His mouth watered at the sight of those nipples, so pert, so hard, so close and yet so far away. He wanted to take them into his mouth and suck them, hard. Wanted to bite down on them and make this temptress moan even louder.

David ached. The burning in his dick grew even hotter as she abruptly let go of her nipples to let her left hand slide down her taut belly, through the curls that rested there in the juncture of her thighs.

He watched, enthralled, as her fingers deftly parted the curls and slipped between her legs. She widened her stance and leaned back against the desk once more for support. David could see that her finger glistened with wetness from where she had touched herself. He wanted to take it into his mouth and suck the wetness from it.

His moan must have been louder than he thought because she paused, her finger poised at the entrance of her pussy.

She raised her eyes to look at him from under long lashes. "What do you want, Trevor?" she asked him.

"I want to touch you."

She smiled. "No touching. You'll have plenty of time for that later with your escorts. Right now I touch, you watch. And enjoy."

Her finger slipped inside.

His entire body felt as if it was on fire. His breathing was harsh, ragged, and his dick was so hard he was afraid he might hurt himself.

Martha's fingers were skillful. She worked herself into a frenzy in no time at all, rubbing the nub of her clit with the pad of her thumb as she finger-fucked herself with another talented finger.

As David watched her face, he saw signs of her orgasm approaching. His own body tensed in preparation, even though she hadn't touched him. God, he wanted her to touch him. But he continued to watch as her hand moved even faster, as her hips bucked against the edge of the desk. He watched in rapt fascination as the tremors started and had to smile in response to the look of pure satisfaction that

came across her gorgeous face.

She approached him then, like a mighty lioness stalking her next meal. David could smell her. The desire, the sweat, and the orgasm that had shattered her. His mind was a shuttered window against a storm, all reason gone. All he knew at this moment was that he needed her to touch him, needed release, needed *something* to get rid of this deadly ache that had seized him.

She seemed to read his mind. She lowered herself in front of him and parted his legs to make room. He felt her breath as she kissed a streak of fire up one thigh, then down the other.

Her hair tickled his ribs as she made her way back to his cock. His hands were still gripping the chair, but this time it was to keep himself from grabbing her head and slamming his dick into her mouth.

Her breath was liquid fire. The first stroke of her tongue had a shiver racing through him. He trembled as her lips explored the length and breadth of him, as her tongue continued to stroke him from tip to shaft.

This was heaven. And hell. She teased him unmercifully, licking him until he wanted to scream in frustration. Her fingers caressed his balls which had tightened up in expectation.

He was going to die if she didn't put her mouth around him. His hands finally lifted from the arms of the chair of their own accord, and his fingers speared into her long golden hair. David knew he held her too tight and felt her breath hitch as he forcefully moved her mouth closer to his crotch.

Then he felt rather than heard her chuckle, and as

her lips parted on the last of the laugh, he rammed himself in.

"Ah, fuck," he groaned, as the wetness and warmth hit him like a river of molten lava.

It had been too long. He wasn't going to last, and he knew it. Martha knew what she was doing, sucking him hard and fast one minute, slow and easy the next. She let him slide almost all the way out of her mouth, only to bring him back in.

Her mouth was like a vacuum, sucking and squeezing, alternating pressure that had him moaning in pleasure and a sweet kind of pain. Her fingers tightened gently around his sack, then moved up to the base of his shaft. Her hand fisted, and she stroked him in time with her mouth.

"Oh, baby, you are too good," he said, and she was, because he felt the storm of his orgasm approaching like a runaway train.

David used his hands in her hair to move her head faster as his hips bucked up from the chair. He felt himself getting ready to come, felt the fire growing hotter and quicker, and knew he was nearing release.

As he reached the pinnacle of his desire, he tried to pull her head away. She only shook her head no. He was going to make her stop, was going to pull her away, when she scraped her teeth around the swollen head of his cock.

One last stroke, one last pull of that sweet mouth, and he came in a stream of molten lava. She kept sucking until he was dry, even as his hands fisted harder in her hair. It went on forever as he jerked and moaned his way to release.

At last, he was finished and unwound his painfully twisted fingers guiltily from her hair. He was embarrassed now and trying to fight it. What was he supposed to do now? Thank her? Keep quiet?

Martha, this siren with the mouth of a Goddess, did the work for him. She sat back on her heels and smiled beguilingly into his eyes.

"Trevor Allen, consider yourself officially greeted."

Chapter Six

An hour later as he sat on the bed in his fourth-floor suite, David still wasn't quite sure what had just happened. For someone who wasn't into casual sex, he sure as hell had enjoyed a spontaneous blowjob by a woman who meant nothing to him.

What was wrong with him? Martha had asked him how much he liked sex. He'd told her, and the next thing he knew he was staring down at the top of her head as her mouth was suction-cupped to his dick.

David sighed. He was sure he'd meant to stop her. Hadn't he? But what were you supposed to do when a gorgeous woman demanded you take off your pants, then proceeded to bring herself to orgasm. Not to mention the fact that she'd given him what was probably the best mouth-fuck he'd ever had in his life.

David leaned back against the headboard of the big four-poster bed and thought about it. Obsessed about it. Although he was relaxed, tension free, sexually released, he was still worked up. If he wasn't careful, he was going to start replaying the scene with Martha over and over in his mind, trying to work out the logistics of what had happened. It was time to accept

that it had happened, that this woman had given him a great blowjob and then moved on.

She'd been doing her job. He was here to do his. End of story.

He'd been hard-pressed to pay attention to anything she'd said after it was over. She'd started telling him about available services, the different types of women who worked at the camp, meal times, etc. Now he was pretty sure he couldn't recall more than five percent of what she'd said.

He had been a little surprised, though, when she'd led him up to this room in the main building.

"I thought that's what the cabins were, the guest rooms," he said, following along behind her. The sway of her hips and the swell of her ass, once more hidden under her skirt, had continued to consume him.

"Oh no, all of our guests stay right here. Those cabins you saw on your way in are the Specialty Rooms. They're each specifically devoted to one certain type of pleasure. There's more information on them in the binder that I gave you, and I'm sure you'll get to see them firsthand during your tour tomorrow. It would probably be a good idea to look over everything before dinner."

David was amazed at how she'd turned so quickly into the efficient, straight-laced receptionist. As she'd turned to leave his room, he'd felt as if he should say something.

"Um, thanks, Martha. I mean for, well, you know. Thank you."

She'd smiled at him, eyes all but sparkling. "No

thanks are necessary, Trevor. It's part of my job. Sex is our business. What happened in my office was a prelude to what you can expect during your stay here. I think I can say with perfect sincerity that you're going to find it quite an adventure."

He'd blushed again, of course, but his nod had seemed to be all the answer she'd needed.

So here he was, still sitting in the same place on the bed and staring off into space. Again the thought ran through his mind that he'd been totally unprepared for what to expect from this place. Coming in a woman's mouth twenty minutes after he got here had most definitely not been an option he'd considered.

The Camp Illicit information was still in the binder on the bed beside him. It was now early afternoon, and he had nothing to do until dinner. Formal dining services began in the building's restaurant at five. David recalled Martha trying to schedule him an escort to dine with him, but after brief consideration, he'd decided that tonight he needed to be alone. There was plenty of time to make choices tomorrow when the encounter with Martha and her Hoover mouth might have slightly faded from his thoughts. Tonight, he needed to relax as much as he could and firm up his plans on how to solve his case, which he had to keep reminding himself was the reason he was here.

He also had to figure out how the hell to get through two weeks of this.

Now that he was out of his sexual haze, he finally took a good long look around the room. It was actually a two-room suite, three if you counted the bathroom, which was almost larger than his entire

kitchen at home. He had a king-sized bed, an armchair, two dressers, some tables, and the adjoining bath.

The bathroom was amazing. It featured an inlaid marble Jacuzzi tub with a double shower stall and a two-person sink over which hung one of the largest mirrors he'd ever seen.

The sitting area consisted of a couch, coffee table, two recliners, and a gigantic television. The entertainment center was top notch, DVD player, radio and CD-disc changer with speakers nested inconspicuously throughout the room. It was also fully loaded with several movie and music titles to cover the tastes of just about anyone. The porn section alone had him laughing at the two videos he'd tucked into his suitcase.

The kitchen contained a small refrigerator, a well-stocked wet bar, a microwave and coffee maker, and a large assortment of snacks. A dishwasher completed the ensemble for whenever he wanted to stay cooped up in his room.

Well, at least he knew he'd be comfortable. Whatever else might happen in the following weeks, he had food, liquor, entertainment, and his laptop. If his meeting with Martha was any indication, he would also be having more sex than he had imagined. Not too shabby.

Not too shabby at all.

* * *

By the time five o'clock rolled around, David no

longer felt like going out to dinner. He'd spent a pleasant afternoon soaking away his troubled thoughts in the Jacuzzi, then watched a movie on the big-screen television. Since he hadn't asked for a companion for the evening, he really didn't want to dine with other couples who would undoubtedly be wondering why he was eating alone. He ordered room service instead, which was one of the few things he remembered Martha telling him about.

As he waited for his meal to arrive, he began to look through his choices of escorts for the following day. According to Martha's speech, he was to pick someone who would spend the entire first day with him. The lady he chose would take him on a tour of the grounds and would describe in more detail the specialty services on site. She'd also answer any questions he had, and it was naturally implied, of course, that she'd pretty much do anything that he asked of her. Which meant sex.

So...best to begin by looking through the snapshots in the book and make his decision. He flipped open to the first page and realized that this chore might not be as easy as it sounded.

Blonde, red, brown, black, curly, straight, long, short...and that was just the hair types. For eyes, he had green, hazel, brown, and one particular brunette with a pair of shining violet eyes which he assumed were contacts. He knew then that he wasn't going to be able to choose on the basis of looks alone, because all of these women were beautiful. Of course, they'd have to be to even be considered for a job here. He couldn't imagine Camp Illicit putting an ad in the

local paper with 'ugly women wanted' in the sidebar.

No, he couldn't go by a pretty face. He'd have to keep looking until something, someone, jumped out at him. For some strange reason, David was convinced that he had to take care with this choice, that it was very important that he pick the right woman on the first try. He ran through the entire list of twenty-six women once, and then started back at the beginning, this time taking his time.

There she was. Page seven, halfway down, the redhead with the emerald green eyes. Not staring at the camera so much as *glaring* at it, daring the person behind the lens to say something that would give her an excuse to throttle them. She had a warrior look in her eyes, and a slight tilt to her head that warned people not to fuck with her. She looked like a hellcat that would just as soon claw your eyes out as look at you.

Yes, she was the one.

Emily. The name suited her somehow, even though it sounded a whole hell of a lot more innocent than she looked. But in the depths of her eyes, those endless green mirrors that sparkled with mischief, condemnation, and some unnamed power, there also burned a hint of vulnerability, of softness. Just looking at the eyes in the photograph made him want to see her, to touch her, to bring to the surface those qualities that seemed to emanate from somewhere deep inside her.

She was most definitely the one.

Chapter Seven

When he finally set his mind to it, it took the detective in David Bains exactly thirty-seven minutes to figure out that the death of Gabriella Taylor was an accident.

He'd woken up Tuesday morning feeling totally relaxed and rested. Not a surprise, really, considering that he'd had an awesome blowjob, a delicious lobster dinner, and a peaceful night's sleep on a comfortable mattress, all in the course of one evening.

His appointment to meet Emily was set for noon. At ten o'clock, he started his day with a shower and shave, then set out to do some investigative work.

Gabriella Taylor, or Gabi, as she had been called here, was a twenty-four year old brunette with an expertise in fetishes. From what he'd read in her file before he'd left home, she had catered to customers who were obsessed about one part of the human body or another. Feet, knees, breasts, mouths...it didn't matter. She was an expert in how to derive sexual pleasure from unlikely places.

She was also, it turns out, very dedicated to keeping her own body in perfect condition. To do that, she had the habit of running up and down the

five flights of stairs that ran through the back hall of the estate. Not just once, but seven times every day like clockwork.

Her petite body had been found on the landing of the first floor not far from one of the kitchens with no outward signs of trauma except for the fact that her neck seemed to be twisted at an unnatural angle. The coroner had ruled that she had indeed broken her neck, and that the break had resulted in almost instantaneous death. The autopsy was pretty cut and dried, and so was the fact that no one had seen or heard anything to suggest that her fall had been anything but an accident.

David figured that the kitchen and its staff were his best place to start. He made his way there with the excuse of getting some breakfast without having to go all the way to the restaurant.

The only person in the cavernous and tidy kitchen was an old man who had to be pushing seventy. He was tall but stoop-shouldered which gave him the appearance of being much shorter. What was left of his hair was gray and thinning, and he actually seemed to be missing a couple of teeth in the front. David assumed that the physical attributes needed for the non-sexual, out of sight staff weren't nearly as stringent as the rest.

"Morning," David said to the man, who was grinning good-naturedly at him.

"Mornin', sir. What's it I can do for you this fine morning?"

David leaned a hip against a stainless steel counter and smiled in what he hoped was a charming

manner. "Was hoping to get some coffee. I don't much feel like going all the way to the restaurant just for that, and I can't make my own for crap."

The man laughed and turned towards a huge coffee urn behind him. "Don't blame ya a bit, and truth be told, they don't let me make the coffee round here neither. But this pot's fresh, and you're in luck. Jose made it before he left. Need anything else to go with that? Old Jim, that be me, can't brew no fancy-ass coffee for shit, but I can whip you up some eggs that would be fairly decent."

"No, coffee's fine. Well, on second thought, maybe some toast if it's not too much trouble."

"No trouble at all."

The man, Jim, walked slowly to a counter and added a few slices to the toaster.

"So, Jim, you worked here long?"

"'Bout six years, sir, since just about when this place opened. Right nice place to work, and the pay's good. Plus the scenery's awful pretty, too, if you know what I mean."

David added his cackle to the man's own. The scenery was, indeed, something in itself.

"Damn straight it is," he told Jim. "Seen a couple of beauties already myself. But I was wondering. You probably know just about everyone that works here by now, considering the fact you've worked here so long."

"Course I do. Only ones I might not know are those fellows that work on the grounds. They don't come in here too often. But the others, the ones that work here in the house, well, heck yeah, I know just about all of

them."

"That's great. Because I've been trying to track down this one girl, name of Gabi. I saw her picture in the employee listing and thought she was a pretty thing. But I can't seem to find out where she works. You know how I could get a hold of her?"

Jim had started shaking his head as soon as David had mentioned Gabi's name. The sigh he let out now was one of genuine regret.

"Gabi. Now there was a mighty fine piece of scenery. Gonna have a hard time trackin' her down though, sir, seeing as how she's dead."

David let his eyes widen in faked surprise. "Dead? What do you mean? What happened?"

"Well, sir, that was a downright tragedy is what that was. Gabi now, that girl was a looker and she knew it. But she had to work hard to keep it that way, and she did it by running up and down them stairs that run along the back of this building. Every morning at six sharp, you'd know that she'd be running up and down those damn things like the devil hisself was after her."

Jim set his toast in front of him and topped off his coffee cup.

"So, Gabi ran every morning up and down all of those stairs?"

"Yes, sir, every morning. Gabi actually lived on property. Some of the girls do, and some don't. But up and down she'd run every day, all five sets of stairs. Exactly seven times, too, though I don't rightly know why it was seven. But anyway, it was never any different. Every day, I'm guessin' whether she felt like

it or not, she'd run them damn stairs. And the stairs, see, that's what killed her."

"How's that?"

"They found her, oh, I'd say about six, seven months ago. At the bottom of them stairs here on the first floor, all twisted with her fool neck broke. We'd told her, lots of us had, that she was gonna hurt herself on them stairs some day, running like she did. For hell's sake, I bet your own momma told you not to run on the stairs when you was a lad, didn't she?"

David had to laugh. "Several times, as a matter of fact. But Gabi, she didn't listen, I take it. And she fell down the stairs one day and actually died?"

Jim sighed again. "Yessiree. Only thing they could think of, and by that I mean the boss and the private police people that came out here, is that she tripped or stumbled or some such thing and just went headfirst right down those stairs. Was a shame, too. Still miss that girl."

He was shaking his head, and David noticed a thin sheen of tears in his eyes. It seemed as though Gabi had been a likeable girl who had died because of a stupid misstep. But sometimes appearances could be deceiving, and he had to be sure.

"No one heard anything when she fell? I mean, seems like the back stairs aren't too far from here. She didn't yell? You or one of the other workers here didn't hear a crash?"

"Nope, sir, not a damn thing. That day was a Thursday, which is my day off. Wish to goodness I woulda been here, seeing as how maybe I woulda heard something and could have helped that poor

girl. And the others? Was just a little past six in the morning and most of 'em was over serving breakfast in the restaurant. If I remember right, there was a dishwasher or two cleaning up in here, but they never heard a peep.

"What I think is that it all happened so damn quick that Gabi didn't even have a chance to yell for help. Know what I mean? By the time they found her, which couldn'ta been more than ten, fifteen minutes after it happened, she was already dead. Doctor who came out here said she died as soon as she hit the marble and broke her neck. Damn tragedy, just like I said."

David nodded and had to agree. He patted the man on the arm. "Thanks, Jim. I guess I'll call off my search for Gabi. And you're right, it's a damn shame."

He got a refill on his coffee and took his last piece of toast to go. He made his way outside to the wide front porch and deposited himself in a white whicker rocker.

As he lit up a cigarette, he thought about what Jim had told him. All of the facts pointed to an accident. The only thing that stood out about this case was the fact that Gabi hadn't fallen before she had. She'd been running up and done those steps for years, and she'd fallen and gotten herself dead.

Unless something new came to light, he'd have to chalk up the senseless death of Gabriella Taylor to an accident. An avoidable one, yes, but an accident just the same.

One of the three cases seemed to have been brought to a close. He hoped the other two deaths

would be as easy to clear up as this one.

He spent the next hour and a half drinking his coffee, smoking his cigarettes, and daydreaming about his upcoming meeting with Emily.

At exactly noon, he arose from his spot on the porch and made his way back to his suite. When he opened the door, the first thing he noticed was that someone had already been in to clean. The second thing he noticed was Emily, who was sitting on the couch in the living area, legs propped on the coffee table, eyes focused on a magazine.

Then his brain finally processed that she was also naked.

Chapter Eight

David had heard the expression about your eyes popping out of your head. He was pretty sure that his own had done just that at the sight of Emily sitting naked on his couch. He was standing there, half in and half out of his room, his hand still on the doorknob.

"I took the liberty of letting myself in." She continued to flip through the magazine that was on the cushion beside her, looking for all the world as if there was nothing at all odd about a naked woman sitting on a stranger's couch.

David took the final step into the room and shut the door behind him. He kept his back to her as he breathed deeply in and out a few times, then turned around to face her.

"You must be Emily," he said, which to his own ears sounded pretty lame.

She gave what could only be described as a grunt. "Since I'm sure you knew we had an appointment at noon, I'd say that's a given."

He made his way farther into the room, trying to look anywhere but at her.

"Well then, I guess since you're here, I should offer

you something to drink. Soda, wine, something stronger?"

She shrugged one delicate shoulder, a move which he noticed made her breasts rise and fall quite nicely.

"Whatever you're having, just make two of them. I'm flexible." She seemed to prove the point by sinuously changing positions, tossing the magazine to the floor and drawing her legs up under her. The move made her breasts jut forward, and he couldn't keep his eyes from straying to the thatch of curly red hair in her lap.

He cleared his throat and went to the bar, pouring them both a healthy shot of whiskey.

Then he realized that he'd have to take hers to her and wondered what the proper protocol would be. Did he look her in the eyes as he approached? Did he avert his gaze from hers as he sat the drink down on the table? Fuck, why the hell was she naked?

He settled on looking at the space above her head as he handed her the drink and dropped into the recliner.

"Well." Another throat clearing. "I thought we were going to take a tour of the grounds?"

"We will. Sometime." She downed her drink in one long swallow and his eyes followed the trail of the whiskey as it made its way down her throat. She licked her lips seductively and finally smiled at him, although for some reason it didn't quite seem to reach her eyes. "We have plenty of time to see the grounds. I thought it would be more interesting if you saw *my* grounds first."

She winked at him, and he couldn't help but laugh.

She'd somehow managed to put him at ease, even though she was sitting there naked while he was fully dressed and obviously embarrassed.

"Believe me, Emily, I can appreciate the view from where I'm sitting. Wouldn't you be more comfortable in a robe or something, though? It's a little chilly in here."

In answer, her rosy nipples puckered into hard little points. She had to have heard his sharp intake of breath, had to have seen, even through his chinos, the hard rod of his erection.

The woman was beautiful, no doubt about that. The photograph hadn't done her justice. Her eyes were the color of emeralds, wide and long-lashed. Her hair was a glorious riot of deep red curls that hung over her shoulders all the way to the tops of full breasts. High cheekbones, a pair of pouty lips, and a dimple on her chin. Her breasts were quite large and plump with nipples the color of the sky at sunset. He could tell her legs were long, even tucked up under her the way they were. The hair at the juncture of her thighs were curly as well, tightly wound springs that looked soft and silky.

Emily's smile was wicked. "This makes you uncomfortable, doesn't it? My sitting here naked, I mean. For a man who came here to have sex, Trevor Allen, you seem to be awfully shy."

He started at the name Trevor. Damn, he'd forgotten that he wasn't David here, that he was pretending to be someone else.

"I came here to have sex, yes. But this is something that's new to me, and it's difficult to just jump right

into the swing of things, if you know what I mean. Besides, I wasn't quite expecting you to be here, in my room, sitting on my couch naked when I walked in. You're a beautiful woman, Emily, and you surprised me."

"I thrive on surprises."

"Well, then, you should be thriving now. Consider your surprise a total success."

He sat his empty tumbler on the coffee table and tried to give her what he hoped passed for a smile.

"So, what's next? I mean, what's on your agenda? Did you plan on just throwing yourself at me when I walked in, or is there an agenda at all?"

Emily's grin turned into a frown, the corners of her mouth turning down. "I don't have an agenda, Trevor. My job here is left entirely up to you. You tell me what you want, and I provide it. Or you tell me what you want me to do, and then I do it. Or let you do it, depending on the request. That's the way this works. No agendas, no plans, no outlines. We do what you want, when you want to do it. So, what do you want?"

She was smiling again but it somehow looked false. She was here to do a job, just as he was. Granted, her job was to please him, and she obviously took it very seriously. Suddenly, though, he got the feeling that she didn't like it. She didn't care for this job but she'd do it, and from the looks of her, she'd do it well.

* * *

David knew she wanted to have sex right then and

there. The problem was that, although he did, too, and there was no denying the fact that he did, he wasn't going to do it. Something about the look on her face when he'd told her no had clued him into the fact that she wasn't used to being rejected. She also wasn't used to having her customers worry about what *she* wanted.

For some strange reason, that made him angry. Emily was an employee and was here to do what he told her to do. But why should that mean that she shouldn't want it too, or that she should be denied her own pleasure just so that he could have his?

David had told her to get dressed and take him on the tour. She'd done it, reluctantly, because he wasn't acting according to her plans. He knew she was trying to figure him out.

Emily showed him around the entire estate, including the insides of each of the specialty cabins. They were something else. One had chains on the walls and something that looked a hell of a lot like a rack, those old torture devices he remembered seeing in history books about the Inquisition.

Another was decked out entirely in leather. Leather on the walls, leather on the floor, leather couches and leather chairs and even what looked to be a bed covered in leather. The place smelled like an animal hide.

Yet another cabin contained nothing but sex toys. He'd thought that he'd seen it all on his shopping trip to Medusa's, but if this place was any indication, the sex shop in his hometown was outfitted like a preschool. Whips, collars, spikes, and a chair that

hung from a rod in the ceiling. Dildos and vibrators of every shape, size, and color, of every thickness and weight and made of every material imaginable. David was glad to leave that small, confined space, even as his dick kept growing harder and longer the more time they spent inside.

Emily then took him around to the shoreline where birds flew out over the ocean, and the waves seemed to roll on towards forever.

It was late afternoon by the time they made their way back to the main building. David wasn't sure how it had happened, but somehow she'd gotten to him. Emily had worked her way under his skin, like an itch that he needed to scratch but couldn't quite reach. Something about her, about the way that she'd glance at him out of the corner of her eye and then shyly look away when he caught her staring. The things she didn't say rather than what she told him about Camp Illicit made more of an impact on him than he would have thought possible. The Goddess with the flame-colored hair and temperamental green eyes had definitely left her mark on him.

David wasn't sure how he wanted to end their time together until they stopped just before the entrance to the main building.

"I'd like to have dinner with you in the restaurant. Meet me there in an hour?" he asked and turned to look at her more fully.

Emily didn't answer for a moment. She hadn't spoken much during the tour, mostly just answered his questions and pointed out things that she'd thought would interest him. She hadn't touched him

either, which in turn bothered him and yet suited him just fine.

She finally smiled, looking up at him from under partially lowered lashes and touching him for the first time, a light caress up his bare arm to where his shirt stopped at his elbow. It brought a shiver out of him and her smile grew wider.

"Dinner would be lovely. I can be ready in thirty minutes. Would you like me to meet you in your suite or at the restaurant?"

"The restaurant is fine. I look forward to seeing you again."

And then he did something totally unexpected to both of them. He wound his fingers into the curls at the back of her head and brought her face to his. His lips hovered mere inches from hers as he looked into her green eyes, which had parted slightly in surprise.

"I like surprises, too," he whispered, and brought his lips crashing down on hers.

He wasn't at all gentle like he'd planned. This kiss was hard, devouring, a punishment of sorts for getting to him the way she had. His tongue parted her lips roughly and pushed its way inside.

She tasted like chocolate left in the sun too long. His tongue swept the inside of her cheeks, the roof of her mouth, and then his teeth sucked gently on her tongue.

Emily gasped and grabbed his upper arms. Her tongue fought back, trying to push its way into his mouth. He let it, but only for an instant. Her body was trying to mold itself to his, to align her breasts with his chest and her pussy with his throbbing dick.

He look one last pull on her upper lip then bit down gently on the bottom one. As shivers coursed through her and transferred itself into him, he pulled her away by the hand in her hair.

“I’ll see you at dinner.”

David didn’t look back as he made his way up the stairs of the porch and through the front door.

Chapter Nine

Emily wasn't sure how to take Mr. Trevor Allen. Calm and cool one minute, hot and passionate the next. The man had come here to have sex, for God's sake, and yet whenever she offered it he refused her. He was infuriating.

And she wasn't even sure why it bothered her. He was a customer, nothing more and nothing less. A good-looking one, definitely, and his kiss earlier in the yard had left her pulse pounding and her pussy throbbing for release. That was a turn-on and totally unexpected. But that didn't really mean anything. He was her job, and he wasn't letting her do it.

Emily hoped that dinner would result in some easy banter, some mindless conversation before they retired to his room for some good old-fashioned sex. It had been a long time since a man had brought her to orgasm, and she had a feeling that Trevor Allen could do it very, very well.

She told herself that she wasn't really dressing for him as she chose something to wear for dinner. Just as she told herself that she wasn't anxiously looking for him as she stood inside the doorway of the restaurant.

David had arrived early for dinner and taken a seat

at a corner table. He was on his second whiskey and soda when he saw Emily pause inside the front door.

She was gorgeous, no doubt about that. In the short green dress that she had on, she was a traffic stopper. The hemline stopped at mid-thigh, and the front consisted of two scraps of fabric held together by a clasp under her breasts. Definitely gorgeous.

She was dressed for sex, and David's dick responded instantly. Too bad he didn't plan on having sex with her. Not yet.

He smiled as she approached. Her eyes were wary, from what he guessed was the way they had parted earlier. Good. He wanted her wary, wanted her to never know what to expect from him. David Bains planned on seducing Emily Watson whether she knew it or not.

Emily slid into the chair that the waiter pulled out for her.

"You look wonderful," David told her as she ordered a glass of wine.

"Thank you. You look rather dashing yourself." She smiled her most charming smile, looking at him from under those long lashes.

David felt his heart skip a beat, and his cock gave a little jump under the table.

Other diners were staring at her. David had watched them turn to look at her as she'd walked by, hips swaying, breasts thrust proudly forward. Men and women alike had stared, out of both envy and jealousy. Emily was a beautiful woman, and she knew it. David felt a little thrill of excitement and victory at the thought that she was with him.

"Thank you for the tour earlier. I feel like I have a better sense of what this is all about now."

"You're welcome, although no thanks are necessary. This is my job, Trevor, and I take it very seriously." Her hand stretched across the table, her fingers lightly brushing against his own.

He wondered if she'd noticed his frown at the use of Trevor. Damn, but it was hard to remember to be someone else. Would he ever get used to it before it was time to leave?

"Your job, yes. I get the feeling, though, that you don't particularly care for it."

It was Emily's turn to look startled. Her eyes widened and her lips turned down into that same small frown he'd seen earlier.

"It's not really a matter of liking it or not," she answered as the waiter returned with her wine. "This is what I've chosen to do. Anyway, it shouldn't matter to you whether I like it or not. What matters is that you've paid a lot of money to come here, to enjoy yourself, and as long as I succeed in doing my *job*, then you should be quite happy."

David had the feeling that most customers she entertained didn't bother asking her whether she liked what she was doing or not. He also got the feeling she didn't appreciate being asked. Emily was still frowning, circling a finger restlessly around the lip of her wineglass.

"What would make me really happy, Emily, is learning more about you."

"Why, though? Why does it matter to you?"

David's fist slammed down on the table before he

could stop it. "Damnit, why do you have to be so confrontational, so paranoid about everything I do? I'm simply trying to be polite, to have some pleasant conversation during dinner."

Emily had jumped at the table shaking under his hand. Her cheeks held a faint blush, but she was glaring at him.

"There's no need for temper, Trevor. I just don't understand why you give a damn about what I like or do in my personal life. That has nothing to do with you or why you're here. So why bother asking?"

David sighed. This woman was the epitome of difficult.

"Emily, let me put this as simply as I can. I like you. I'd like to learn more about you. It's called being friendly."

She laughed. "I'm pretty sure you didn't come to Camp Illicit to make friends. But I'll humor you by answering your unspoken questions. You want to know if this is what I'd always dreamed of doing? Did I grow up wanting to be an upscale call girl? No." Her eyes were sad now as she looked at the fingers gripping her wineglass. "I believed in all of the typical fairytales when I was growing up. Handsome prince, white horse, being whisked away into the sunset to live my happily-ever-after. A house with a white picket fence and oodles of children."

Emily stopped and gulped the rest of her wine. As her eyes met his own, David felt her sorrow, her sadness, and almost wished he hadn't pressed her.

"So what happened?"

She looked around the restaurant at the other

diners. She obviously knew who were guests and who were employees. The frown was back on her face, the sadness in her eyes replaced by a look of steel.

She looked back at him, the steel hardening even more, her chin lifting and that sexual hunger rushing back in.

"I grew up and became a big girl. Let's eat, Trevor. I'm starved. Besides, you need your appetite for what I have in store for you."

* * *

David realized quickly enough that as long as he let Emily control the conversation, she could relax and have a good time. He let her take the reins, and dinner proceeded into an enjoyable event. No more personal questions, no sticky situations to talk their way out of. Just easy talk about Camp Illicit, about life in general. Movies, music, books.

They left the restaurant in a good mood.

"Care to come up for a drink?" David asked her, stopping at the foot of the stairs.

"A drink? Well, for starters, a drink will work. But Trevor, we both know a drink isn't what I'll be coming up for."

He only smiled at her, taking her hand in his as they climbed the staircase.

The suite was lit by a small lamp in the living area. The rest of the rooms were in darkness.

"Wine or whiskey?" He kept the kitchen area lights off as he opened the refrigerator.

"Wine, please." Emily moved to the sofa, kicking off her heels along the way.

David brought her wine and sat beside her, slowly sipping his own drink. He had to admire the long line of her legs stretched out before her. When he turned to face her, he found that she was staring at him intently.

"You're a total mystery to me, Trevor. Any other guest would have had me naked and in bed by now. And yet the only thing you've managed to do so far is ask me about my life, to try to delve into my dreams. Why is that?"

David thought before answering. Why, indeed? There was something intangible about Emily that made her different from every other woman he'd ever known. A vulnerability, a sadness, that lay just under the surface of her tough exterior.

He ran his palm lightly down the long stretch of exposed skin from upper thigh to calf. Her skin trembled just a bit beneath his touch and he smiled.

"Maybe because I'm interested. Because I'm a nice guy, and even though I've just met you, I care. You told me earlier that this place is for my enjoyment, for my pleasure. Of course, you're right. If you want to know the truth, I basically came here to learn to loosen up." David hoped she would accept that for the truth. Now wasn't the time for total honesty, not when it came to his reasons for being at Camp Illicit.

He turned more fully towards her, running a finger from the pulse at the base of her throat down into the vee between her breasts.

"I like sex, Emily. I like a woman's body. I love the

feel of it, like satin. I love the smell of it, like flowers and rain." David leaned towards her until he was sure she could feel his breath on her ear, lightly stirring her hair.

David breathed deeply, inhaling the scent that was pure Emily. Already that same smell was a part of him, after only a day spent in her company. She smelled like power and restraint, like hard work and tears and hot sex.

"My trouble has always been that I'm not into meaningless sex. I don't get off on bedding a woman simply because she's available. That doesn't mean I don't want to. But I'm sure that you can see my dilemma."

Her eyes were liquid silk, rare emeralds of perfect quality. "I can see where that might be a problem, especially here. But I don't understand. You say you don't want to have meaningless sex, and yet you came to Camp Illicit to do just that. How is that supposed to work?"

David didn't know what to tell her. Instead, he took her hand and rested it lightly against his cock which was bulging against the zipper of his pants.

"You can feel that I want you, Emily. When I kissed you earlier, I wanted you then, too. Right there on the grass. I wanted to lay you down and bury myself in you until I forgot where I was and what I was doing. But I can't find it within myself to fuck you just because you're here. And before you say it again, yes, I know damn well it's your job and what I came here for. You're here to please me, and I understand that."

He stopped and looked at her, trying to will her to understand what he was telling her.

"The problem is, I want to make love to you. Not fuck you, and definitely not as part of some damn job. I can't do that until you want to make love to me, too."

Emily's eyes were on his face, and David knew that she realized he was speaking the truth.

"I don't want a quick fuck, Emily. However much I want to see you naked, spread on that bed in the other room, I'm not going to do it until you want it as much as I do. And not as part of some sense of responsibility to your job. Sex isn't a game to me, and money be damned. I like you, I admire you, and I'd like you to feel the same about me. When you do, *if* you do, then we're going to have sex, and it's going to be the best damn sex you've ever had."

Her eyes were wide and her hand upon his dick was trembling, sending tremors through his own body like shockwaves. Her breath was coming faster, her breasts rising and falling with each inhale and exhale. She licked her lips once, and he could tell she was trying to decide how best to handle this strange situation.

"Trevor, I respect that you want me to enjoy sex with you. And believe me, I will. I'm trained to pleasure you, but I'm also trained to pleasure myself. Any sex that we'd have would be good for both of us."

David angrily pushed her hand away from him and stood up.

"You still don't get it. I don't want my bedding you

to have anything to do with your fucking training. Come here, Emily."

She rose gracefully from the couch and approached him, that sexual smile back upon her face. She gasped out loud when he grabbed her roughly around her upper arms and hauled her against him.

"This is what I'm talking about. This heat. The fire that burns between us whenever I touch you. I don't want you to *pleasure* me, Emily. I want you to give yourself to me. Freely and without any other reason except that you want to."

His lips came down in a hard possessive kiss that she had to feel to the bottom of her toes. Emily's body naturally curled into his, and she grabbed his forearms for support. David didn't give up, though, just continued to plunder her mouth as though searching for release.

His hands came down to grab her ass and he ground himself against her. This time the moan came from both of them, and he walked her back until he felt the wall come up against her back.

David heard Emily sigh as she moved her hands into his thick and silky hair. His mouth moved away from hers, and she moaned in frustration. His tongue lit a streak of fire down her throat into the hollow of her breasts. He felt her nipples grow instantly hard.

David continued to rock his dick against her pussy through her dress as he moved to take a nipple into his mouth. Right through the satiny cloth he bit her, then suckled the hard point as deeply as he could take it.

Emily writhed against him. Closer, she needed to

be closer. She moaned again and grabbed his head harder.

"Please, Trevor, please."

She was wet. God, she knew he could feel how wet she was for him. The throbbing in her pussy was a constant ache, one that only Trevor could put out. She rubbed shamelessly against him, damning the scrap of lace and rough cotton of his pants that stood between them.

"Fuck me here, Trevor. Right now. Do it, oh please, do it now."

David heard Emily's voice as if it was coming from somewhere far away. He took a deep, ragged breath and released his hold on her ass. Stepped away from her and smiled.

"I don't think so."

Emily could only glare at him, her own breathing unsteady. David watched as the fire came back into her eyes, as her back went straight and rigid.

"You bastard."

David only laughed again. "Maybe. I told you that I wanted to fuck you. You can't have any doubts about that now. But when we have sex, Emily, and we will have sex, it will be you who does the asking. Not telling, asking. Or rather," he said, turning back to the bar for a fresh drink, "begging. You'll beg me to make love to you, and then and only then will I oblige."

She stopped to throw one more insult at him as she left.

"Fuck you, Trevor Allen. The only begging I'll do is begging you to find some other poor woman to harass. Some other woman you can turn off and on at

your own fucking perverted will. Kiss my ass, Trevor.”

The door resounded quite firmly with her slam.

Chapter Ten

Emily spent three days determined to avoid Trevor Allen. She tried to book herself with clients for every hour she had available, but as her bad luck would have it, most customers had already asked for someone else. She cursed the day she'd ever heard of Trevor every time she found her mind wandering during her free time. She went to her apartment, one of the few off-property, and pretty much stayed there.

Emily told herself that it was simply because she didn't like the man. He was rude, arrogant, and... and...well, dammit, incredibly sexy. He was good to look at and intelligent, but he was too fucking *nice*. Emily didn't do nice. She did sex. Fast, hard, slow, easy, plain-Jane missionary style or any other way you could think it up. It didn't matter, because sex was her business. Her job. And too fucking bad if Mister Head-in-the-Clouds Allen couldn't understand that.

Emily hated her job, but that wasn't for that prick to know. Christ, during dinner the other night she'd come way too close to telling him the truth about why her life wasn't the way she'd always meant for it to

be. The reasons she'd left home, the truth about why she'd made herself into the woman she was today. Dammit, he wasn't supposed to give a rat's ass why she did what she did. He'd paid a lot of money to come to Camp Illicit and get laid, and now that he had a woman willing to do just what he wanted, anything he wanted, he had to go and get all philosophical on her. That was the last thing she needed. Or wanted.

She kept telling herself she didn't want anyone to care. Emily Watson didn't need anyone but herself, didn't *trust* anyone but herself. Why should she change now, and especially for some guy who'd come to a whorehouse looking for sex?

Emily sighed as she sat down on the edge of her double bed. Home yet again after the third long day, and there had been no sign of Trevor anywhere. She'd kept trying to tell herself she wanted it that way, that she was glad she didn't have to see him or talk to him. She'd prepared a number of scathing responses to anything he might have said. Instead, the bastard hadn't even come near her. That almost galled her more.

Just her luck to want the one man who was determined not to bed her. What was his problem anyway? For that matter, what the hell was *her* problem?

She flopped down face first onto the bed. Her professional life had long ago turned into her personal one. She didn't really have a life outside of Camp Illicit. It was her home, her family, her profession. She'd been trained never to worry about

her own pleasures during sex. She preferred it that way, after the things that had happened in her past. Sex wasn't something that she did for fun, it was something she did to make a living.

She was an employee of Camp Illicit, plain and simple, and she was there to take care of her customers. So why was this particular customer bound and determined to resist her advances, and why did she even care?

Emily lay there on the bed, thinking of what she could do to pass the time. Television was out, since she could only get two channels without cable. Having cable would have meant she had a life, and she knew better than to think that. She could pop a video in the VCR but that would mean she'd have to get up and go into the cramped living room. And if she went into the living room, she'd be looking at bare walls, two ratty chairs, and an old milk crate standing in for a table.

For two and a half years, she'd been saying that she was going to decorate the place and would turn it into a home. Someday. Day after day, though, someday never came. Emily was sure she'd put aside the dream for a real home long ago. But every time she thought about trying to decorate this place, this apartment that was provided to her as part of her job, she couldn't do it. This place could never be home. No matter how hard she tried to make it be a place where she could spend her personal time, she hated it. Just about as much as she hated her job.

Goddammit, she was getting maudlin again. What the hell did a girl like her need with a home? Homes

were for people with real lives, with real jobs that didn't include lying spread-eagled on your back. For people who wanted to get married and have kids, who wanted families and in-laws and all that crap. And she didn't want those things. Did she?

"Son of a bitch," she said, smacking the mattress.

She did still want those things. She wanted a husband, that fucking white picket fence, the requisite dog and two point five kids.

Emily wanted it, but she'd never have it. No man in his right mind would want to get hooked up with a woman like her. For God's sake, she was pretty much a prostitute. They called it escorts to make it sound prettier, less harsh, but face it. She got paid to have sex. What was that if not a hooker? The only men in her life were her customers, and the last type of guy she wanted to have a real relationship with was someone who had to pay women like her to service them.

She wanted to cry, but she wouldn't do it. Her tears had run out long ago. She hadn't chosen this life. Robert had chosen it for her. But it was too late to do anything about it, too late to change it, and even though part of her wanted to, she didn't even know where to start. She'd become a hard woman, and that woman was the only one she knew how to be.

"Enough, Emily, that's fucking *enough*. You've got a job to do. Nothing more, nothing less. You've chosen your bed, and now you have to lie in it. You want Trevor Allen, so what are you going to do about it?"

Talking to herself helped. Her dreams were just

that—dreams. And dreams wouldn't pay her bills, dreams wouldn't get her anything but heartache. She'd already had enough of that to last a couple of lifetimes.

Emily sat up and smiled. She'd just thought of a way to get Mr. Trevor Allen to rethink his position.

"Beg, my ass. We'll see who begs."

The triumphant, cocky smile was back on her face but there was no one to see it in the darkness of her bedroom. Since the smile never reached her eyes or her heart, it didn't matter anyway.

* * *

David spent three days waiting for Emily to come around. Or rather, for her to at least try something to change his mind. She'd wanted him. Dammit, he *knew* she'd wanted him. But for three days, three very long, sexually frustrating days, she'd stayed away from him.

He hadn't even seen her around anywhere. Not that he'd been looking. Really. Okay, so maybe he had been checking over his shoulder every once in awhile, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. But he'd never seen her during his wanderings, so it didn't matter.

He'd gotten some work done, though. Not seeing Emily had freed up even more time for him to investigate the other deaths. He'd managed to check into the background of Amelia Thorenson, who had ended up one gorgeous spring morning floating on top of the Olympic-size swimming pool.

David wasted one entire day scoping out the prospects around the pool. Not the sexual ones, but the kind of prospects he needed to get information. There were no talkative old men hanging around this venue, which probably would have been bad for business, so he had to find a different way to get what he needed.

The pool was an oasis for people who were born beautiful. Either that or they'd raided their trust funds to end up that way. He'd felt almost self-conscious at first, with all of the perfect bodies on display. Perfect hair, perfect breasts, perfectly flat stomachs and toned thighs and tanned legs. All that perfection was an indecent assault to the senses.

Thankfully, the pool had a bar that was built into one end right into the water. All he had to do was swim up and order his drink, then lounge around as if he didn't have a care in the world. The whiskey he drank helped calm his nerves, not to mention the fact that it made him feel a whole hell of a lot better about the way he looked. Alcohol-induced confidence, yes, but he'd take what he could get.

Not that he was ugly. He was toned and fit, had a good working man's tan. His muscles were well defined but not indecent, and he was pretty confident that his face looked good on his body. But next to all of this perfection, well, it was bound to make any man have a few insecure thoughts.

The first day he lounged, flirted shamelessly with the women who came and went, and worked on his tan. Not very productive but well worth it in his opinion.

The second day was a bust. Astoria didn't usually have much bad weather, especially in the summer, but an unexpected rain shower forced him back inside. He spent the day alternating between pacing his suite of rooms and idly flipping through the TV stations. Alone again, his mind kept drifting to thoughts of Emily. What she was doing, who she was doing it with. When he went to bed that night, he was so wound up and angry, he had to jack off yet again just to fall asleep.

David hit pay dirt on the third day. Still no sign of Emily but he got a pretty good look at a girl named Heather, who had been eyeing him for the last couple of hours. His information literally fell into his lap, but he certainly wasn't complaining. She wasn't Emily, but at least *someone* in this fucking place was falling at his feet.

Heather wasn't a very good swimmer. David had realized this about the third time that she swallowed a mouthful of chlorinated water and came up choking and sputtering. His opportunity, however, came when she was in the deep end, where she had no business being in the first place. She'd swam the length of the pool a few times, but this time when she got to the end she didn't quite make the ledge. She grabbed, and as David watched, her hand missed by about two feet. Heather went under, came up yelping, and went right back down.

David did the only thing he could think of and dived in to save her. He had been, after all, a policeman, trained to protect people. When they surfaced, he was holding one wet, wiggling, gushing

female.

"You saved my life."

David was busy trying to heft her up onto the side of the pool.

"Not really. You would have been all right."

Heather wasn't buying it. "No, really, you actually saved my life. I was so tired, and I couldn't get my legs and arms to work. You're a hero."

She threw her arms around him and climbed into his lap.

"I owe you. What can I do? I have to repay you for saving me."

Before today, David had only heard of simpering. Now he knew what it meant.

"Heather, you don't owe me anything. But why don't you come sit by me, and I'll buy you a drink."

She didn't get up right away, just sat there rubbing against him like a cat in heat. David was getting hard, and he didn't like it. He didn't want to sleep with Heather, and he didn't want her to get any ideas.

"Come on," he said, lifting her up and away from him. "Let's go get a drink, and we can talk."

They sat side by side on chaise lounges, sipping those frilly frozen drinks with the little umbrellas in them. David was slightly irritated with her since she kept reaching out to touch him. Running her hand up and down his thigh. Lightly brushing her fingers against his arm. Moving her leg over onto his chair to rub against his own. She was making him horny, and although the sensations of arousal felt good, they weren't coming from the woman he wanted them to.

David cleared his throat, determined to distract

her.

"You need to be more careful, Heather. I doubt this place would be very happy if you ended up drowning."

"It wouldn't be the first time it's happened," she said, taking another drink and batting her lashes at him.

"You can't seriously mean someone drowned in the pool?" This was exactly the opening he'd been waiting for.

"Yep. A girl named Amelia." Heather had gotten up and stood beside his chair, stretching onto her tiptoes to give him a good view of her ass. He had to admit it looked just fine. She grabbed a bottle of suntan lotion and plopped down between his legs.

"Here. Rub this on my back." She thrust the bottle at him and untied her bikini top, letting it float down into a puddle of blue silk into her lap.

David both wanted to and didn't want to, but he had to keep her talking. He averted his mind, forcefully, from the thought of her naked breasts and squirted lotion onto his hands. He began rubbing it on her back, massaging her muscles as he went.

"So what happened to this Amelia woman?"

Heather sighed as David kneaded her shoulders, arching into his palms.

"Well, from what I've heard, she went skinny dipping one night by herself. Which if you ask me was pretty stupid, but it turns out she did it on a regular basis. Everyone knew, but no one stopped her. I mean, come on, you never go swimming by yourself. Look what just happened to me. If you

hadn't been here, just think what might have happened."

Heather reached back and grabbed his hands, which were still massaging the lotion onto her skin. She calmly brought them around the front of her, onto her breasts.

David thought fast. Her nipples were hard little nubs against his palms. Fuck. He needed to hear what she had to say. He didn't have a choice. His hands began caressing her breasts as he continued the conversation.

"So she went skinny dipping. But how did she wind up dead?"

Heather's nipples were elongated now, the size of quarters with points as hard as rock. Shit, but he didn't need this. He wasn't even attracted to her. Well, yes, he was, but only in a sexual way, and only because she was here and Emily wasn't. What he really wanted to do was go find the woman he couldn't stop thinking about and drag her back to his room, throw her down on his bed, and fuck her until she begged for more.

Now he was hard. His dick was pushing against Heather's ass, and he was pinching the wrong woman's nipples as her breathing grew harsher and her heart beat faster against his chest. But Heather was a professional, and she didn't quit talking, even though she must have felt what she was doing to him, whether he wanted it or not.

"We're not quite sure what happened. It looked like she had a cramp or something. They don't think she hit her head or anything like that, and she was a

really good swimmer. Much better than me. But there she was, floating on top of the water, and she was dead. I've heard that cramps can really take you by surprise, just wipe you out and sap all of your energy. Everyone that works here is convinced that's what must have happened. And the doc that came out here, he said that there were no signs of trauma, so that had to be it."

David was dying. Heather was wiggling against him, obviously trying to get closer. If she hadn't been wearing a bikini bottom, she would have been riding his dick. His hands were itching to move away from her tits and venture lower, but the picture in his mind was of a different woman. He had to get out of here.

David swung his legs over the side of the lounge chair so quickly that Heather fell back into the cushions. She lay there, staring up at him with a question in her eyes.

"Are you all right?"

David cursed as he grabbed a towel and wrapped it around his waist.

"I'm fine, Heather. I just remembered that I have an appointment in ten minutes. I have to get back to my room and change. But be careful next time you go swimming, okay? Make sure someone's here with you."

Amazingly enough, she didn't seem upset that she'd gotten him hard and then was being dismissed.

"Absolutely. And thanks again for saving my life. Maybe, if you get time later, you can book another appointment. Just call down to the desk and ask for me, and I'll make time for you." She flipped over onto

her stomach, giving him a nice farewell picture of her ass.

Goddamn son of a bitch. He was horny. He was pissed. He wanted Emily.

David entered his room and slammed the door behind him. He thought about a drink but decided he needed a cold shower instead.

He stomped through the kitchen and then into the living area, stopping only to tear the towel off from around his waist and toss it onto the floor. He yanked off his trunks, then wadded them up and threw them as hard as he could at the wall.

The wet spot they left on the paint only pissed him off more.

“Fucking Goddamn place. Everywhere I go, I fucking get bombarded by people wanting sex. Shit. Shit, shit, shit.”

David stormed into the bedroom and stopped mid-stride, stubbing his toe on the corner of the dresser in the process.

Emily smiled at him from her spot on the king-sized bed. She was on her knees, and this time she wasn't naked. He could have handled that. This time, oh, holy fuck, she wore the costume. His costume. The costume he'd foolishly stuffed into his suitcase seconds before leaving his house on Monday. Emily cocked an eyebrow at him, eyeing his naked body with obvious interest and delight, and watched his dick grow harder and longer as her eyes traveled the length of it.

For the first time that he could remember, her smile reached her eyes.

“Come here, big boy. Someone’s got some begging to do.”

Chapter Eleven

"What the hell are you doing?" David couldn't think. It wasn't supposed to be happening like this. He was bare-ass naked, for fuck's sake. The woman he hadn't been able to stop thinking about was on his bed, wearing an outfit that not only screamed sex, but that had his throat closing up and his brain shutting down. Permanently. Dammit, he couldn't do this. He wanted to make love to her, not grab her and have a slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am. But that's what was going to happen if she kept looking at him like that. With those green eyes sparkling, lids half-closed, mouth slightly parted as she licked her lips and stared at him. At his face, at his chest, at his dick.

He tried to swallow but his mouth was too dry. His chest was heaving, and his heart was beating a mile a minute.

Emily's breasts were magnificent. The suspenders couldn't cover the whole of them and what he could see had his fingers and mouth itching to touch and taste. He let his eyes travel to her navel, to thighs that the skirt barely concealed, down tightly muscled legs. Her hair was a glorious riot of flames around her

head, draping seductively over her shoulders.

David couldn't take it anymore.

Emily hadn't answered his question. There wasn't any need to. David knew what she was doing. She was forcing him to have sex with her.

David approached the bed, looking down into her eyes. It wasn't supposed to happen this way, but it would. He would make love to her, and if it fucking killed him, he would make her enjoy it.

"Come here. Right here, to the edge of the bed."

Emily hurried to comply, wrapping her legs around his knees, one on either side of him. Her face was level with his chest, and she wanted to reach out to touch him, to taste him with her tongue. She didn't. Instead, she waited for him to make the first move.

David reached out and touched her hair. A light caress, pulling a strand of that silk through his fingers. He loved her hair. It was bright as fire and deep as the sun. He lowered his head until he could smell it, the shampoo she used surrounding him like a blanket. It smelled like the beach, like sand and surf and coconuts.

She hadn't touched him. He knew that she wanted to, could tell by the way she sat rigidly, hands gripping the edge of the mattress. But she was determined that he would give in, would take her, would beg. The hell of it was that he probably would. His dick was so hard it ached. He could feel the blood in his cock pulsing in time with the beat of his heart. He wouldn't last long this time. And part of him hated her for that.

David didn't dwell on that. She wanted him to take

her, so take her he would.

He lowered his lips to nuzzle her ear, nipped lightly at the lobe and smiled when she trembled. He moved his lips to her neck and pressed a feather-light kiss to the pulse pounding at the base of her throat. David moved up and pressed a kiss to each of her eyelids, then the bridge of her nose and her cheeks.

Emily moaned. To her it was heaven and hell all rolled into one. She loved the way he was teasing her, arousing her, and hated the fact that he didn't just kiss her, didn't push her down and fuck the daylights out of her. Goddamn but the man was too nice.

David's tongue streaked a path from her neck to the valley between her breasts. His nose nuzzled the fleshy globes of them, and his breath warmed her nipples into even harder points under the thick fabric. He used his tongue to lick the soft, satiny skin of her upper breast, carefully avoiding the parts of her nipples that were puckered up against his cheek.

Emily made a sound much like a mewling cat. She squirmed, trying to get closer. If only he'd kiss her or touch her nipples or do *something* that would ease this ache between her legs.

David felt her shivers vibrate through his chest and took pity on her and on himself. He raised his head and captured her lips with his own, and it was like coming home.

He tried to be gentle, he really did. He kissed the corners of her lips, ran his tongue along the seam. She opened her mouth, inviting him to plunder, and he did. His tongue explored the smooth texture of her palate, the rough feel of her tongue dueling with his

own. He sucked on her tongue and she gasped then bit his bottom lip as he moaned.

David pulled away, frantic now to have more of her, to taste all of her. He swooped down to her tits, flushed with passion, and quickly pushed the suspenders aside to suck one nipple into his mouth. He bit down on it until she grabbed his head and pushed herself harder against him.

"Oh, God," she said, "oh, God, Trevor, don't stop."

He had no intentions of stopping, couldn't have even if his life had depended on it. He moved his attention to her other breast, lightly licking its tip into an even harder point, then suckling it until she pulled him away.

David stared at her, gasping, and watched the emotions flash through her eyes. Desire, wariness, passion, and that same unnamed sadness that was so much a part of her.

Emily reached for him then, laid her hands upon his chest, and ran her fingers through the hair that made a vee towards his groin. She ran a fingertip, once, up the length of his cock and his knees almost buckled. But when she leaned her head towards him, he finally snapped out of the haze he was in.

"No. No, for fuck's sake, no. You put your mouth on me, and it's done. I want to have you the right way. This time, Emily, we do it quick, but we do it the right way."

David wanted to prolong it, to make it nice and easy. But he didn't have the ability for more foreplay left inside him, so he gave up and pushed her back onto the bed.

Emily's legs still hung over the edge. David didn't even think about it, just pulled her towards him until the juncture between her legs which was already wet and dripping, touched the end of his cock. He stopped there and ran one finger lightly through her curls, down into her pussy. The wetness seeped around his finger, and as she writhed and moaned from that gentle caress, he knew that it was enough. For now, it was enough.

He pushed himself into her with more force than he'd intended. David raised her legs back until they were bent at the knees and watched as an orgasm took her by surprise. He held himself rigid as he watched her come.

Watching her was a pleasure in itself. Her eyes were closed, and her mouth was open on a gasp. One long, low moan escaped from her throat, and her body twitched on the bed. Her pussy tightened around his dick, almost pushing him over. But he held on until she was done, then brought himself back out to the entrance of her before ramming himself back in.

Once, twice, her wet passage caressed him with every stroke, with every thrust. As his own orgasm approached, he urged her on with a pinch on her nipples, a caress on her belly, and then lifted her up until he could take her lips, asking her to take the ride with him.

This time, they came together, and the stars that lit up behind his eyes were so bright that for just a second he was sure that the sun had exploded.

* * *

David's legs finally gave out, and he moved to lie beside her on the bed. Emily was as still as a statue, eyes closed. He wanted to say something, to touch her, to let her know how much he was beginning to care about her. But he didn't know if he should. To her, she had just been doing a job. She'd already made that perfectly clear, several times.

David suddenly realized that was no longer acceptable. He didn't want to be her job. He really did care about her. He wasn't sure how, or when, it had happened, but it had. And now that he cared, he wanted her to care about him in return.

He turned towards her, reached out and touched her cheek. "That was amazing. You're amazing."

Emily turned her head away from him. She couldn't do this. She could hear the emotion in his voice, the *caring*, and she didn't want to hear it. She was no good for him. He was too nice, too sweet, and too gentle, even when the lovemaking bordered on rough.

He was a customer. Trevor Allen was nothing to her but a job, and as long as she kept telling herself that, she'd get through this whole. She had to, because the alternative wasn't worth thinking about.

"I have to go," Emily said, pulling away from him to sit on the side of the bed. "It's late, and I have an appointment first thing in the morning."

David frowned, staring at the smooth line of her back. Her skin was pale and unblemished, edging down towards an ass that he could see was perfectly

formed, even through the thin material of the skirt.

"Stay." He didn't want her to leave. Not now, not any time in the near future.

Emily stood up and marched towards the bathroom. "I just told you that I can't."

Her voice was cold now, angry. Emily wanted to sound angry, mad, pissed off. *Make him mad*, she told herself, *and he'll leave you alone. Hurt him, and he'll finally realize that he's too good for you.*

David didn't know what to do. He wanted to go after her, to make her listen. But she didn't seem in any mood to listen to reason. He couldn't let her leave, though. Not like this, with so much left unsaid between them.

"Emily, please. I'll make arrangements so you can spend the day with me. There's no need to leave. I don't *want* you to leave." He sat up and reached for a cigarette from the pack on the bedside table. "I really want to spend more time with you. We can just talk, if that's what's bothering you."

Emily stomped back into the room and glared at him. "*Talk?* You just fucked me and now you want to *talk?* Who pays money to talk to a whore, Trevor? Please, just get it through your head for God's sake. I am not some date that you just brought home after dinner and a movie. This is not a relationship. This is not some nightcap to a pleasurable evening. This was sex. This was what you *paid* for."

She didn't say anything else as she grabbed her bag from the chair. She turned and looked at him through sad green eyes as she stood in the doorway.

"You're a good man, Trevor Allen. But I'm not a

good woman. You can't seem to remember that, so I'm going to do it for you. It's been fun with you, really it has. But it's over and done with now. I have a job to do that doesn't include you. Find another good-looking woman to take care of you while you're here. I'm sure she'll be able to do her job just as well as I can."

"Dammit, Emily, you can't just leave. And I don't want another woman while I'm here. Stay, please, and we'll talk about this."

He tried to get to her before she reached the door, but she was moving too fast.

Emily didn't listen, and she didn't stop. And she didn't slam the door, either, although to David, it sounded even louder than the last time.

* * *

David padded back across the floor, through the kitchen and into his spot in the recliner. He sat down, reaching for another cigarette, thinking about a drink but not really wanting one.

He didn't understand. Not Emily, not what had just happened, not what he was feeling for her, nothing. He didn't understand a thing and for someone like him, an investigator with a naturally inquisitive nature, it pissed him off.

None of this was going as he'd planned. Well, to be honest, he hadn't *had* a plan, but now that he was here and had met Emily, it was all going to hell in a hurry. He put his feet up on the coffee table with a sigh. What was going on here? He'd only known Emily for

a few days but already was feeling things for her that he'd never before felt for anyone else. He was attracted to her, there was no doubt about that. But it was more than lust he felt whenever he thought about her.

She was smart, funny, and scathing when she wanted to be. Emily was a hellcat wrapped up in a cloth of vulnerability that he couldn't understand, never mind penetrate. She was a mystery, one that he wanted to solve. And what was that bullshit about her not being a good woman? Because she worked here and did the job that she did?

David laughed out loud. It was all so ironic. When he'd first learned about coming here, he'd called the place a whorehouse. And yet he didn't think of Emily as a whore. In fact, even though he knew what she did for a living and although it bothered him in the back of his mind, it didn't sicken him. He wasn't sure why she'd chosen this life, why she'd chosen to do the job that she did. He'd have to ask her about it. The trick now was convincing her that she should tell him and to spend more time with him. He wanted to get to know her, really know her, so that when he left this place in a little over a week, she'd still want to see him. So that when he told her who he really was, what he was really doing here, she'd still care about him.

The hell of it was, she didn't even want to see or care about him now. He'd just have to change her mind. Tomorrow, first thing, he'd go and see Martha. He'd tell her that he wanted to book Emily for the rest of his stay here. Emily might not want to spend time

with him but he bet that if she were forced to as part of her job, she'd do it. Maybe not willingly, not at first. But if the sex between them earlier was any indication, he knew of at least one way he could work on changing her mind.

He didn't want her being with another man. Not now, and not, if his growing feelings for her were any indication, ever. Emily Watson would spend her time with him and no one else. She'd just have to get used to the idea.

Chapter Twelve

Martha was proving to be a lot more uncooperative than David had expected. “I’m sorry, Trevor, but Emily made it quite clear. She doesn’t want to book any more sessions with you.”

David was once again sitting in the leather chair on the other side of Martha’s massive desk. This time, though, the lady wasn’t being as friendly. She sat in her chair, arms crossed in front of her, and practically glared at him.

David cleared his throat. He was mad now, and it didn’t bode well for either of them.

“I want to book her as my companion for the rest of my stay here. It shouldn’t matter what she prefers. I thought you told me that you were here to make me happy?” David’s voice was a low, growling menace, and although he knew that this would probably work better if he acted nicer, he didn’t have it in him. Not today.

Martha sighed. “Trevor, I understand you’re frustrated. You seem to have formed an attraction to Emily. But I have to tell you that that’s really not a good idea. We have plenty of girls here who are more

than willing to be your escorts. Emily isn't one of them. And yes, we are here to make you happy. But I can't see how spending time with a woman who doesn't want to spend time with *you* is going to accomplish that."

"How about you let me worry about that little problem? Now," he said, standing up to lean over her desk, "let me tell you again. I want to book Emily for the rest of my stay here. Whether she wants to or not. Whether she likes it or not. I paid a hell of a lot of money to come here and have my wishes and desires fulfilled. Are you going to sit there and tell me that you're willing to let the stubbornness of one of your employees risk the reputation of this place? Because," he added, turning slightly to sit on her desk as she once had, "I know a lot of people around here. And I'm not sure how good for business it would be if I let them know that you're not very accommodating."

Martha's cheeks flushed with resentment. "Are you threatening me?"

"Nope, not you. Camp Illicit. Do you want it known that the upscale men and women who work here get to pick and choose who they deal with? That a man who pays his life savings can't get what he wants? That the administration lets the whims and desires of its staff rule over those of its clientele?"

Martha's breath was puffing in and out of her mouth like a steam locomotive ready to explode. David was worried he may have gone too far, but dammit, he needed to spend time with Emily and this woman wasn't giving him any choice but to be an ass. Who would have thought that the same woman who

gave such awesome head could be a pain in the ass shrew?

"Fine. Fine, fine, fine, dammit. I'll talk to Emily and make sure that she understands what her job consists of. I'll book her for the rest of your stay. You can expect her for dinner this evening."

David rose from the desk, a sickly smile on his face. "Thank you, Martha. You've just made this customer very happy."

"Remember that. Remember how happy you are when Emily makes your days here a living hell, Trevor. Because Emily Watson is not a woman to fuck around with. And if she doesn't want to spend time with you, there has to be a reason. So if I find out you've hurt her or messed with her in any way, there will be hell to pay."

David paused at the door to look back at her, at the vehemence in her tone and the fire in her eyes. "Hurting her is the last thing I want. She just hasn't figured that out yet."

* * *

The job was done, but it left a bitter taste in David's mouth. He sometimes made a living by forcing people to do things they didn't want to do, but doing it to Martha hadn't left him with the same sense of success that it usually did. What choice had he had? He wanted Emily to like him, to care about him, and to do that she had to spend more time with him. And to spend more time with him, she was obviously going to have to be nudged in the right direction.

Evening seemed to take forever to arrive. He'd paced, he'd brooded, he'd sulked, and he'd formulated a plan. His P.I. mind was in full gear trying to decide the best way to handle Emily Watson. David decided that a firm hand was in order. He needed to take control of this situation and his feelings. He was the man, the king of his lair, and he would be in charge of this confrontation.

The knock on his door sounded at promptly five o'clock. David was wearing black boxers and nothing else. He had two glasses of wine in his hand, candles lit throughout the suite, and soft music playing on the stereo. He thought he'd done a good job of setting a romantic, intimate mood.

He opened the door and the wineglasses hit the carpeted floor, sending wine in a growing circle of red.

"Holy shit."

Emily stepped over the wine stain and walked past him into the room. David shut the door and simply leaned against it, waiting for his heart to come back up from his knees.

She was dressed today as a dominatrix. Some type of leather outfit that made her look like an X-rated Catwoman, if Catwoman was sexy as hell and wore a dress. Her skirt ended just below her crotch, with a hint of bare skin between the bottom of it and the tops of thigh-high fuck-me-now lace-up boots. The top...well, what there was of a top was the same black leather held together in front by leather laces. Her breasts were showcased for all the world to see. It was a sight straight from heaven or a really good porn

flick.

Emily had left her hair free to hang long and loose down her back in a jumble of curls. And if that wasn't enough, the riding crop she held in her right hand had his stomach muscles jumping and a tic in his jaw working overtime.

It took him a few minutes to realize he was still leaning against the door for support. When he opened his eyes, she was visible only as a shadow against the candlelight flickering behind her. She stood ramrod straight and panther still, whip at her side moving gently in the currents from the air conditioner. David could see the gleam in her eyes from fifteen feet away.

"Well." David cleared his throat, desperately trying to decide what to do next. "I seem to have dropped the wine. Would you like...umm, can I get you another glass?"

"Come here." Emily's voice was low, seductive, tinged with just a hint of anger mixed with something he couldn't quite name.

He wasn't really worried so much as intrigued. This woman had gotten so far under his skin that it was laughable, and he had no idea what to expect from her in this sex-Goddess get-up.

David came up to her and looked into her face, a face set in stone but still undeniably beautiful. He was a little startled that he couldn't read her eyes as her emotions were set carefully behind a mask that betrayed nothing of what she was feeling.

"What's with the outfit?"

The crop flicked once, at her side. It startled him, and he jumped back a little, eyeing her now with

more than a little worry. Did she plan to use that damn thing on him? Shit.

Emily smiled, a full-blown grin of sexual evil. "You don't speak unless I tell you to. You don't move unless I tell you to. You do *nothing* unless I tell you to. Do you understand?"

"Fuck, Emily, what the hell kind of game is...."

The crop flicked again, this time touching his skin. It landed squarely in the middle of his chest, and although it didn't really hurt, the surprise of it had him lunging backwards.

"I didn't tell you to speak." Flick. "I didn't tell you to move." Flick. "You brought me here, Trevor. You forced me, against my will, to become your partner for the next two weeks." Flick. "So now that I'm here, you will recognize that I'm in charge. I hold the balance of power, Trevor, and I call the shots. You wanted me, and baby you've got me." Flick. "In more ways than one."

David's eyes widened with alarm, with lust, with confusion. But first and foremost was the lust. Lust pounding in his veins, lust sliding through his blood, lust echoing through his dick as it rose to proud attention beneath his boxers. This was new, uncharted territory. This was *sex*. Hard, hot, sweaty, lustful sex. Hot damn, but this woman could hurt him, and he didn't even care.

Emily brought the whip back up to lightly caress his cheek. She moved the tip slowly down his chest around one nipple. Her smile widened as the nipple crested and beaded into a hard little knot, then widened even more as she used the whip to travel the

length of his abs to his groin. She outlined his dick through the silk, not touching it with the edge of the crop, watching it grow fuller, stronger, harder.

She circled him, taking the whip with her to run it along the backs of his knees, the crack of his ass, up over his shoulders. The trembles and shivers that his body made when she touched him with the edge of the crop sent delicious delight through his entire body.

"Now." She came back around to face him. "I think we've established who holds the reins here. I'm in control, Trevor. I hold the whip, and the whip is God. In this room, tonight, you do nothing of your own accord. I have no trouble punishing you, Trevor. Actually, I'm quite looking forward to it."

Chapter Thirteen

Emily wanted to laugh out loud. Trevor was putty in her hands and not just because she held the whip. Men never knew quite how to respond, how to react to a woman fully in charge of a sexual situation. Add to that the power of speech, a mind-numbing get-up that screamed *fuck me*, and one finely honed riding crop, and most men were in stunned awe.

Trevor Allen was in for the ride of his life.

Now that she had his full attention, she wasn't quite sure what she wanted to do with him. Looking at him, standing there with a look of...well, the look was indescribable. Alarm, wariness, lust, passion, anticipation, and a little fear. He had no idea what to make of this situation, what to make of *her*, but he couldn't help being aroused at the same time.

This was going to be fun for both of them.

"Well, now that we've got that settled, we can begin. I want another glass of wine."

Emily turned on her heels and left him there, standing in the middle of the room. She entered the bathroom, noting with a just a trace of romanticism

that Trevor had even filled the bathroom with candles. The glow reflected off the white marble of the tub, off the shiny silver surfaces of the sinks and the mirror. The soft music floating through the suite was wrong for the type of setting she had in mind, but she'd leave it on to throw his senses off balance even more.

She sat on the edge of the giant Jacuzzi tub, feet planted firmly on the bottom step, and waited for Trevor to bring her wine. Waited for him to do her bidding.

Emily had to admit the man looked delicious, clad only in a pair of tight black boxer shorts that left nothing to her imagination. His erection was wondrously visible, rigid and hard against the silky material. His hands trembled as he handed her the wineglass.

"Very good. Very, very good." Emily took a long swallow of the tart wine, enjoying the warmth that spread through her belly. God, but her pussy was aching.

"I think I'd like a bath. Draw one for me. I like the water hot, Trevor." She idly twirled the crop as she watched his mind work. To fill the tub he'd have to reach around her as she sat too close to the faucet for him to reach it any other way.

"You're...I...", he started, then flinched as the whip caught him around his upper thigh.

"I did not give you permission to speak. I told you to draw my bath. Do it now, before I become angry."

Trevor stood before her, eyes blazing in lustful anger, and reached around her to turn on the faucet.

Emily watched through half-closed lids as he adjusted the temperature in silence. Another drink of her wine as he held his body away from her own, looking anywhere but at her face, at her body.

"While the bath is filling, you may undress me." She stood up and placed her half-empty glass on the side of the tub. "You may begin with my boots. And in case I forgot to mention it, you are to pay your respects to the skin that you expose. Tonight, your tongue and your mouth are your weapons, and you must use them skillfully or I will not be pleased."

She loved this. She loved watching his eyes turn to liquid fire, loved watching his body tremble as her words worked their magic. She'd never before played the role of dominatrix, of sexual master against worshipful slave. Domination wasn't one of her specialties, but she was discovering that she liked it, especially when the game was played with Trevor.

Trevor was still standing there, looking as if he didn't understand how to remove her boots. Sometimes, me could be so dim.

"On your knees. Undo my boots and show me that you adore me."

Emily watched as his knees bent, and he went to the floor without a whisper of protest. His fingers reached for the zipper of one boot, and the rasp it made on its way down echoed in her ears. It was wonderful.

She felt his lips upon her thigh before she realized he'd moved. His touch was gentle, torturous, as it followed the path of the descending zipper. He kissed his way down her calf to her ankle, along the arch of

her foot as he pulled off one boot. Trevor moved away to repeat the process with the other one, all the while silent as she demanded. With every touch of his tongue upon the skin of her legs, her pussy gave a corresponding throb deep inside. Her clit was full and aching, and just the thought of his tongue there was almost enough to drive her to orgasm.

At last the boots were removed, and she watched as Trevor sat back, awaiting her instructions. Emily wasn't sure she could draw this out as long as she had planned.

"Next, you will remove my top. Turn the water off first."

He leaned over her to do as she asked, this time allowing his body to rub gently against her own. She felt the weight of his cock along her belly and had to resist the urge to hurry this game along.

Emily brought her hands to his waist as Trevor reached for the laces of her bodice. His face was a study in concentration, brow furrowed and a bead of sweat above his brow. As her fingers inched lower to reach beneath the waistband of his boxers to play with the curls of hair surrounding his dick, his hands fumbled with the laces. She felt the curse start deep in his throat, but he somehow managed to stop it before it was spoken.

"Excellent. You know I haven't given you permission to speak. You're a very quick learner, Trevor. I believe you should be rewarded. Remove my top."

Trevor did so in one quick tug that left her breasts hanging free above her skirt.

"Back on your knees. As your reward, I will allow you to pleasure me in the way I most desire." Emily braced her hands on the edge of the tub and brought her legs up to rest upon his shoulders. "I told you that tonight your mouth and tongue will be your weapons. Now is the time to see how well you can wield them."

* * *

David was either going to pass out or fall over dead, but he hung on tenuously to the hope that he would get to bury himself to the hilt inside this woman before he did either. Emily had to know how this game was torturing him, killing him, and yet he was so glad that he'd been born to see this day.

Now his face was inches away from her pussy, from that secret place surrounded by curls that he could bring to satisfaction with his mouth. Life could not possibly get any better than this. This was his chance to make her see, to make her understand that she needed him. His caring was genuine, and he would prove it to her with bold strokes of his tongue.

Since he wasn't allowed to speak while she was in control and holding the whip, he tried to show her with his mouth and tongue that she was special to him. He teased his way through her curls and breathed hot fire onto her entrance. He used his hands to help her balance on the edge of the Jacuzzi and brought her closer to his mouth, until he could reach out with his tongue and unerringly place it directly over her clit.

Emily's gasp was music to his ears. He forgot about the hard floor under his knees, about the threat of her not speaking to him, about the whip that could bring both pleasure and pain. He forgot about everything except giving this woman pleasure. More pleasure, *better* pleasure, than she'd ever had before.

David allowed himself one quick taste of her juices before he retreated, taking delight in her strangled moan and the urging of her hands to bring his face back to her glistening pussy. But he resisted, choosing instead to nip lightly at her thigh, to kiss a bruise she had along one knee, to suck gently at her navel.

Her hips were already bucking against the resistance of his hands. She might be the one holding the crop, but David Bains was in control now. He had the power. The thought filled his brain until the only thing he could do was take full possession of her.

He used his tongue to draw lazy circle-eights, surrounding her clit but never quite touching it. Emily's moans were loud in the room, echoing off the tile. Her taste was something else, like juice from some exotic fruit. He sipped at her, nipped with his teeth, licked her pussy from top to bottom as if it was the best tasting ice cream cone in the world.

David felt the trembling reverberating in his lips as her orgasm neared. She had blindly brought the crop around his neck, holding his head even more tightly to her. He could see that her knuckles were white with strain and could even see where she would wear the marks of his fingers upon her hips. He thought about making her wait, flirted with the thought of removing his mouth and hearing her rage.

In the end, he gave her what she wanted, because it was what he wanted as well. He used his lips to surround her clit and applied gentle pressure to that most sensitive spot. And as her hips bucked once again, as the tremors increased and her breath caught in her throat, he flicked her clit once with his tongue.

She exploded into his mouth, that sweet nectar of the Gods, heaven-sent. He lapped her as her scream echoed, and David wondered who was in control now.

Chapter Fourteen

David felt powerful, masterful, as he lowered the now naked Emily into the bath. Emily hadn't spoken since the orgasm had ripped through her, but neither had she given him permission to speak. She didn't voice any arguments, though, when he placed her into the Jacuzzi.

David lay her head against the cushioned back and positioned the jets until they pounded her body with the hot water. He turned her slightly, raised one leg until it bent at the knee, and sent one jet pulsing into the pussy that had minutes before exploded under his mouth.

Emily's moan was soul deep. David smiled as he soaped the sponge, and when she went to move herself away from that pounding jet, he used his hand against the juncture of her thighs to hold her still.

Her eyes clashed with his in a battle of wills. She was naked, however, and vulnerable without her whip which was on the bathroom floor where she'd dropped it in her passion. David was clothed and outside the bath which gave him a distinct advantage.

He washed her gently from her neck to her breasts, to her belly and thighs down to her toes. He didn't

linger. David had a feeling that this night had only begun, and since he was playing the part of slave boy, he'd follow it through to the end.

When her hair was washed and he thought she was thoroughly relaxed, head still resting on the pillow and eyes closed, he took the opportunity to plunge two fingers into her pussy until he was imbedded deep. Emily's eyelids flew up and her mouth opened in a startled 'O' of surprise. The surprise turned to heat as he reached around with his thumb and gently pressed upon the opening of her ass.

The water from the jets was still pummeling her, aimed at the nub of her clit as his fingers fucked her under the water. His thumb circled her asshole and made testing, teasing motions of entry. Emily's thrashing body was spilling water over the sides of the tub, soaking David's chest and the silk of his boxers.

His dick was so hard, he hurt. He wanted to enter her until he touched her womb, join himself with her until they both screamed in ecstasy. Instead, he settled on bringing her to orgasm yet again with just his fingers, and as she reached the crest, he inserted his thumb into her asshole.

Emily's moans were sounds of torment and arousal that nearly had him shooting his load onto the side of the tub. He held himself back with thoughts of other places that he could shoot off in, and as her muscles tightened around his fingers and her ass pushed back onto his thumb to take him deeper inside her, he hoped he could wait that long.

The night was growing longer by the minute.

When she was finished, David lifted her out and dried her gently with a towel. This time he made certain to avoid touching her breasts, avoided her pussy. Next time she came would be at her own command.

He remained on his knees, eyes downcast, as he waited to hear what she would demand of him next. Would she punish him for what he'd done to her in the tub? Part of David was hoping that she would. The sick, deranged, horny as fucking hell part.

Emily grabbed the whip from the floor before raising his head with her other hand. "Although you did things not of my bidding, I believe you had my best intentions in mind. Because of that, I will reward you. We will go to bed, and I will pleasure you as you have pleased me. Then we will sleep. We'll see what tomorrow brings."

She stepped around him, not even bothering to spare him another look. He rose awkwardly from his knees and followed her into the bedroom. The thought of her pleasuring him, whatever that entailed, had his mind numb and his cock standing at attention.

"Remove your boxers and lie down on the bed. I need to find something to restrain you with, as I do not trust you to do as I ask in the heat of passion."

Bondage? Jesus, he was getting the full treatment tonight. For someone who never even fantasized while making love, being dominated, flicked with a whip, and tied up all in one night might just fry his brain.

David removed his boxers and lay down on the bed as instructed. Emily was rummaging around in the nightstand, and when she turned to look at him her smile was one of genuine delight.

In her hands were the fur-lined handcuffs he'd already forgotten he'd packed.

* * *

Emily couldn't believe her luck. Trevor Allen had a wild streak after all.

"Well, these should do quite nicely. Put your hands over your head."

David hesitated for just an instant too long. The crop came down to rest lightly on his straining dick.

"Do I need to remind you of the rules?" Emily asked.

The thought of welts on his cock had David bringing his hands up over his head. As Emily locked the handcuffs around the bedpost and his wrists, the snick of the catch sounded unnaturally loud in the now silent room. The music had stopped playing some time ago, although he wasn't sure exactly when.

Emily sat back and looked at him, firmly attached to the post of the bed. His dick was huge, his balls full of the cum she knew he held just for her. She licked her lips, wondering how best to begin this final act of the play she had begun.

She decided that she'd waited long enough. *Trevor* had waited long enough. After those two orgasms, those mind-blowing cataclysms that ripped through her body like a maelstrom, she owed him something

in return. Trevor had treated her with such kindness, such gentleness, that although she wanted their lovemaking to be rough and hot and full of sweat, she'd do it with gentleness in return.

Emily made her way slowly up Trevor's body, stopping as her face came level with his cock. She had to admit that it was a sight to behold. Rigid and muscular, the perfect size to fill her pussy. Just looking at it made her want to straddle him, to bring him inside of her until she was full. And from the look on his face, Emily didn't think that he would mind at all.

Her tongue darted out to taste the tip of him. The touch had his cock jerking, and his legs bucking up from the bed. Trevor's hands pulled restlessly at the handcuffs but he was anchored tight, with no chance for release until she saw fit to let him go. Her tongue darted again, and she laughed at the drop of pre-cum that slid out from the opening at the tip.

She used her tongue to test the length of him, from that streaming tip to the base nestled at his balls. Emily brought her hands up to test the weight of them, to feel how full and heavy they were with passion. For her. *Her*. This man desired no one but her. Wanted to be with no one but her. It was a heady feeling, and for the first time, she fully appreciated what this man could come to mean to her. If she let him.

Emily pushed those thoughts aside, sucking his dick into her mouth until she felt him at the back of her throat. Trevor's moan was loud, and his body thrashed as she sucked him, hard and fast, and then

released him to once more tease him with her tongue.

"Fuck. Oh, fuck, Emily. I'm going to come. If you keep that up, I'm going to come, and I know you want to flick that damn whip at me for talking but, fuck it, I'm going to come."

Emily stopped. She placed her hands upon his thighs and held his legs to the bed, using her weight to hold him firmly to the mattress.

"You will not come until I tell you to. And yes, I believe I will use the whip. You disobeyed the rules, and you must be punished."

The whip appeared in her hand as if by magic. She ran the tip of it along his cheek and down his flat stomach. Emily wrapped the end of it around his straining cock, winding it until it was tight at the base. She applied pressure as Trevor groaned, then released it. Again. Again. Tighten, release. Tighten, release. Again and again until his body became covered in sweat and his head thrashed from side to side in a combination of pain and arousal.

Emily took pity on him and on herself. She quickly released the whip from his cock and threw it over the side of the bed.

"Enough. Now you will come, because I tell you to."

She impaled herself upon him with one quick thrust. Her pussy surrounded him like a glove, and as she began to ride him, she brought her hands to her breasts to pinch her nipples. Trevor's eyes were on hers as she pulled them taut, as she raked her nails down her belly and through her curls.

"Watch me, Trevor. Watch me as I make you come

with me."

Emily rode him harder, taking him in as far as he would go. It wasn't enough yet it had to be enough. Trevor's hands were still shackled to the bedpost and although he tried to go deeper by bucking his hips up off the mattress, it wasn't enough.

She wanted to crawl inside of him. She wanted to become a part of who he was, wanted their passion and pleasure to blur until it became one. As her orgasm neared and Trevor's head thrashed from side to side in unrestrained passion, it did. For one glorious, wonderful moment, it was enough.

As they came together, Emily wasn't sure whose scream was louder. The candles still flickered against the walls, and in the shadows, she watched as two lovers became one. For now, she could forget. For now, she was once again whole.

Chapter Fifteen

Once, when David was around the age of fourteen, he'd overheard his Uncle Frank talking with his father about sex. Frank had told his father that he didn't understand where the spark in his marriage had went since he and Aunt Georgette used to fuck like rabbits for days. David, being the inquisitive youth then that later turned into the inquisitive cop, had asked Uncle Frank what the hell "fucking like rabbits" meant. Dear old Frank had taken him aside, explaining that rabbits were some of the horniest creatures on God's green earth. It seemed that rabbits, more than any other mammal, had a high sex drive, and that they could mate several times a day, for successive days, with no signs of slowing down.

David had never really grasped that concept until now. For forty-eight hours, he and Emily were like two sex-crazed rabbits, fucking their brains out until David was sure that he didn't have a brain left. In the bed, on the floor, against the wall. In the shower, in the recliner, on top of the kitchen sink. Literally. And he hadn't even realized it was possible to have sex on a sink.

When they finally surfaced, momentarily sated on the second day, David knew that things had changed between them. He didn't mention it and neither did Emily, but there was now a bond between them that wasn't just based on sex. Trust, however, was another issue.

Emily liked to be in control. David had already recognized that from their first dinner conversation to the dominatrix scenario that they had played out to perfection. Except for that first brief sexual encounter, she didn't care for David to be on top of her. When it came to sex, Emily liked to ride him, which in and of itself wasn't a bad thing. But there were times that it was hard for him to hold back, that it took all of his willpower to keep himself from throwing her onto the bed and ramming himself into her until she begged for more.

Not to mention that his entire reason for being here had absolutely nothing to do with sex in the first place. Fuck, the woman he was growing increasingly fond of didn't even know his real name. And the sadness he had noticed in her eyes at their first meeting kept popping up at odd times, like when he was holding her as they both drifted off to sleep. Emily had secrets, too, but she wasn't willing to share them. And why should she? To her, he was a customer, someone that in one week would disappear from her life as quickly as he had entered it.

The thought had David sweating. He didn't want to leave here without her. Or at least not without knowing that she would continue to be a part of his life. But how could that happen, if she didn't even

know why he was here? If she didn't know that he used to be Detective David Bains, that he was now a private investigator, with a house of his own, and a loving, if nosy mother, not to mention a pain in the ass brother? He needed to tell her who he was, to make her understand that the feelings between them wouldn't go away when his time here was up.

He also had to find time to check out the last death in his file.

David turned in the bed, smiling as he watched Emily sleep. During sleep was one of the only times that she looked completely peaceful, totally at rest. That air of vulnerability still surrounded her, and he had the fierce determination that he would do anything, *anything*, to protect her. To make sure that no one ever hurt her or caused her pain. As his belly burned as if he'd just drank a shot of the whiskey he used to need so much, he realized the truth for what it was.

Holy fuck, he was falling in love with her.

* * *

Emily awoke to find the bed empty. She heard the shower running in the bathroom and realized that Trevor hadn't strayed too far. She stretched, smiling into the dim light coming through the bedroom windows. The last two days had been something else.

Working at Camp Illicit wasn't something that she had ever planned on doing. It was her last chance, her last resort, but she'd convinced herself that she was comfortable in her job. She had customers, she went

in, she did what they asked her to do or allowed them to do what they wanted to her. In and out. Before Trevor, she'd never gotten close to any one of them, and she'd never planned on doing so.

Emily sighed. Getting close to Trevor wasn't a good idea. He'd be gone in a week, and she'd still be here, working at a job she hated. But what choice did she have? She had no skills other than sexual ones, and at least here she was in a safe environment, protected from all the crazies out on the streets. She made good money, had an apartment, food, and clothes. What more could she want?

She still wanted those dreams, the ones of a husband and family. Of a real life in the real world. But entertaining thoughts of having those things with Trevor Allen wouldn't do her any good. The man had come here to have his sexual fantasies fulfilled, and Emily believed she'd done a pretty good job of doing just that. The one thing he hadn't come here for was stability. No one in his right mind came to a whorehouse looking for a future wife.

"Fuck. What the hell am I thinking?"

Emily wrapped herself in a robe that was lying on the floor and padded barefoot into the kitchen. She poured herself a glass of wine and downed it in one long swallow. It didn't help to curb the ache in her heart or stop her clit from throbbing with sexual hunger.

She couldn't seem to get enough of the man. It made her want to laugh and then to scream and cry. Her sexuality had died off long ago. She went through the motions of her job because that was what

was required of her, but she'd long ago stopped worrying about her own satisfaction. It was different with Trevor. He made her feel things, want things that she thought had died inside her years ago.

All he had to do was look at her with that gleam in his eyes. When he touched her, she waited for sparks to fly, for the electricity she felt under her skin to leap into the air. She hadn't allowed herself to be fully taken by him, not yet, but she wanted to be. Emily wanted to let him lie on top of her, to strip her of the defenses she'd erected to keep all men at bay. For once, she wanted to be overpowered. But not by anyone except Trevor.

There were so many secrets between them. Emily knew that Trevor had some of his own, and the ones she had would probably shock the man into an early grave. It didn't matter though. It *couldn't* matter. There was no need to be thinking long-term about Trevor Allen, not when his time here was almost at an end.

A few more sessions in bed, another few chances for her to feel the power of his touch and the hunger of his tongue, and it would be enough. She would make it be enough. She'd take her fill of him as long as he let her, and when he left, she'd go on just as she always had.

Alone. Untrusting. Wary. In love.

"Ah, fucking hell. I could learn to love the son of a bitch."

Chapter Sixteen

David found Emily standing at the window of the living area, staring out at the ocean down below. She'd put on a deep purple robe that did little to hide the curves underneath. It was amazing, the fact that they'd done nothing but have sex for two straight days, and yet just the sight of her made his dick hard and ready all over again.

The shower had energized him. He'd left her sleeping in the bed with one last touch upon her cheek. They really needed to talk. Since his life-altering realization that he was in love with her, David knew that he needed to tell her the truth. The truth of who he was and what he was doing at Camp Illicit. And when that was done, the truth about what he felt for her.

David walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. The top of her head fit just under his chin, and he leaned down to smell the coconut-scented shampoo. He loved that smell, was sure that he would recall it from memory for the rest of his life.

"Anything interesting down there?" he asked her.

"Not really. It's been much more interesting up

here."

David laughed. "That's an understatement if I ever heard one. And in case you couldn't tell, my dick seems to agree with you."

Her laugh rumbled up through his chest. "Your dick is insatiable."

"Well, hey, I'm a healthy guy. What did you expect?"

"A lot less than what I've gotten. I try to keep my expectations low so that I'm rarely disappointed."

"Is that a fact? Well, you know how men love a challenge, dear lady. What say you and I go back to that bed in there, and we'll see just how far I can exceed your expectations."

David turned her around for his kiss, long and slow and deep. He felt her nipples bud beneath the satin of the robe. Emily arched into him, running her fingers through his still damp hair. It was amazing how quickly the fire between them ignited. He didn't think he could ever get enough of her.

He put his hands on the back of her thighs and lifted her up. Emily obliged by wrapping her legs around his waist, giving a small moan of approval as her pussy came in contact with his dick. David didn't think she'd realized he was naked until his cock touched her clit through the open space in the robe.

Emily moaned again, and David swallowed it with his kiss. She tried to get closer, to impale herself on him, but he wouldn't let her. He edged toward the bedroom, his dick bobbing against the opening to her pussy in time with his footsteps. She was so wet, so hot. The fire was inside both of them, and even after

all this time, it showed no signs of weakening.

He wanted to take her to the bed, to lay her down gently upon the quilt that covered it and slowly arouse her body into a fever pitch. He wanted to kiss his way from the top of her head to the tips of her toes, pausing only long enough on his journey to elicit those moans from deep in her throat that drove him crazy.

David realized they weren't going to make it to the bed. Emily had somehow managed to insert the tip of his dick into her dripping pussy, and the contractions she made by squeezing her thighs together were making him lose all sense of self-control.

He made it to the wall before he rammed himself into her, all the way to the base of his balls. Her hands were still touching him, and they seemed to be everywhere. On his shoulders. Nails scraping down his chest. Fingers digging trenches into his ass.

David reciprocated by assaulting her with his mouth. He nipped an earlobe, slid his tongue to her throat, and lifted her up higher so he could suck one beaded nipple into his mouth.

Emily was mewling now, deep in her throat. He quickened the pace of his cock and had a moment of conscious thought to realize that her shoulders were slamming into the wall. She didn't seem to mind, as she dug her nails harder into his butt cheeks and used one talented finger to tease the crack of his ass.

Harder, faster he plunged, until the moans were coming from both of them. Her finger played around his anus and he stiffened for just a moment, until he realized that she was only trying to do the same thing

to him that he had days before done to her. Instead of freaking him out, it only turned him on more. She pushed on his asshole in time with his plunges, and he came before he could stop it.

"Yes. Oh, Trevor, yes. Come on, baby, that's it. Don't stop now."

And he didn't. David thought that he would be in a constant state of orgasm forever. His cum wouldn't stop, and as his hips bucked and his groan echoed throughout the room, he pushed two of his own fingers up inside her ass. She cried out, in pain or pleasure he didn't know, but then she came in such a gush that it didn't matter.

They showered together when it was done. Afterwards, he fed her strawberries and champagne that he'd ordered from room service. He'd lit a few candles, and the light made shadows on the bedroom walls.

They watched some mindless sitcom on TV, Emily lying next to him in bed with her head upon his chest. He could really get used to this. Having her with him every day, not just because of the sex, although that was a definite perk. Just to have her company. She was one of the few people he was completely relaxed with. David didn't have to engage in a neverending stream of conversation to feel comfortable with Emily. Her presence alone made him feel peaceful.

David watched as Emily's eyes drifted closed, as her breathing drew deep and regular. He watched her sleep until his own lids became heavy. His arm curled around her, and he knew that when she woke up, they would have to talk. It was time for total honesty.

They say the truth, after all, will set you free.

Chapter Seventeen

“Good morning,” Emily said, handing Trevor a cup of coffee. She watched as his eyes slowly came into focus and smiled. The man even woke up looking good. If she wasn’t careful, she could get used to seeing him like this.

“Morning.”

Emily sat on the end of the bed as Trevor sat up and reached for his cigarettes. She’d noticed that his smoking, along with his drinking, had taken a downward turn in the last couple of days. After the sex they’d been having, he probably didn’t have the energy.

“I have to go home for awhile today. This is my scheduled day off, and I know you’ve cleared it with Martha to have me stay with you for the rest of your time here, but there are some personal things I need to take care of. I’m sure you’ll be okay while I’m gone.”

Trevor exhaled the smoke from his cigarette and took a fortifying sip of coffee.

“Not a problem, but I was hoping we could talk today. There are some things that I want to tell you.”

Emily frowned. What kind of things could he

possibly want to tell her? That she gave good head? That he liked fucking her? That this place was amazing?

"Well, sure, we can talk now if you don't mind. I really do have things I need to get done today."

She noticed that Trevor's hands shook slightly as he sat his coffee cup down on the nightstand. Whatever it was he wanted to talk to her about, she was getting the distinct vibe that she wasn't going to like it.

He cleared his throat, then reached out to take her hands in his. "Well. I guess I don't really know where to start. It's just that these last few days have been great. Amazing. Wonderful. I've never met anyone like you before, Emily, and I've come to care a great deal about you. A lot. And I know that meeting here, at Camp Illicit, may not be the best place to try to find someone you want to get to know better, but that's what's happened to me."

Emily watched as he stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray, wondering what the hell this was leading up to.

"I want to get to know you better. I want to spend time with you, quality time, and not just having sex. I'd like to see you, take you places, show you my life, outside of here."

"Trevor, now, come on. I mean...."

"Emily, please, just hear me out. I want to do those things, but for that we need trust. There are things about me that you don't know, just as I know there are things about you that I'm not aware of. I want to know all the details of you, of your life, but before I

can feel comfortable asking you about them, I have to be honest with you myself. So here goes."

She watched him take a deep breath and prepared for the worst.

"Trevor Allen isn't my real name."

Emily's laughter came out as a bark. She laughed so hard that she doubled over on the bed and wrapped her arms around her stomach, trying but failing to hold back the giggles that kept escaping.

She watched his face turn red, watched his jaw harden with determination.

"Just what is so damned funny?"

"Oh, Trevor. I mean, whoever, whatever your name is. Do you honestly think that the people who come here to pick up sex partners use their real names?" She was still laughing but it had died down to occasional bursts of mirth.

The man was embarrassed beyond belief. It was obvious from the look on his face that no, he really hadn't considered that option.

"Well, shit. I feel like an ass. It makes sense, now that I've gone and made a fool of myself."

It was Emily's turn to grab his hand, to rub her cheek against his palm. "You're not an ass, or a fool. But what is your name, so that I can get my thinking straight?"

"David. David Bains."

"David." The name rolled off her tongue. "It suits you much better than Trevor. Now, that wasn't so hard. Truth time has come and gone, and we're both still alive."

Emily began to rise from the bed, but he held fast

to her hand.

"I'm not done yet. It's not just David Bains. It's, ummm, well see, the thing is...It used to be Detective David Bains. Now it's not detective, but I still do investigative work. I'm a P.I."

Her eyes narrowed and in an instant he watched her go from laughter to anger. She tried to pull her hand away from his but he wouldn't let go.

"A cop? You're a fucking *cop*? Shit. Holy shit, I can't believe this."

* * *

Well, this was going both better and worse than he'd hoped. She didn't have a problem with his name, but she sure as hell seemed to be having a problem with his title.

"Emily, alright, calm down. No, I'm not a cop. I *was* a cop. Now I just investigate things, whatever comes up that my boss assigns to me. But that doesn't change the person I've been this last week and a half. It just means that I didn't come here looking for sex."

Her eyes shot fire at him as she growled, "Oh, oh, of course not. I'm sure that a decent, respectable investigator like yourself came here for the *ambiance* and *scenery*."

"Don't be sarcastic, not now. I'm laying myself bare here. Just listen and try to understand. That's all I'm asking, for you to listen."

This time he let her go when she pulled away. She paced the room around the bed, stopping every once in awhile to throw him scathing looks. Her emerald

eyes were shining with an inner fire, and David realized that, pissed off, Emily Watson was about the hottest fucking woman he'd ever seen in his life.

"You've been working here for what, two years? Two years?" he repeated when she didn't answer. David waited for her to throw him another withering glance and grace him with curt nod before he continued.

"Then you're well aware of the fact that during this past year, three women who were employed at Camp Illicit have died. I was sent here, undercover, to investigate their deaths. To try and determine," he continued, watching as Emily finally stopped pacing and took a seat in the armchair across from the bed, "if their deaths were accidents or murder.

"So far, I've gotten enough evidence to prove to myself that two of the deaths were accidental. Avoidable, but accidents nonetheless. The third death, that of Cassie Edwards, I've yet to look into. I've been a little preoccupied this past week."

Emily was staring at him openmouthed, not saying a word. To his surprise, though, her eyes were filling with tears.

"What? What's wrong?" David went to her and knelt by her chair. "Emily, baby, what is it?"

She was crying. He didn't understand why. He didn't care, he just didn't want to have to keep hearing those deep, soul wrenching sobs that were coming from somewhere deep inside her.

"Emily, please. I'm sorry. I know this is a lot to take in. Shhh, baby, shhh. It's okay. It's all going to be okay. Come here." He picked her up from the chair

and placed her on his lap. All of her previous anger was gone.

The sadness he had noticed the first time he looked at her was pouring out in never ending waves. She wrapped her arms tightly around his waist, hanging on for what felt to him like dear life.

What the hell was going on?

"Come on, baby, talk to me. Tell me what's wrong so that I can help you fix it."

Emily was still crying, but her tears had turned silent. She squeezed him harder and took two deep, gasping breaths.

"David, oh David, it's not okay. It will never be okay, and you can't fix it. Cassie Edwards was my sister."

Chapter Eighteen

Her sister? His file hadn't said anything about Cassie having a sister. Well shit, but this complicated matters a bit.

"Ah, baby, I'm so sorry. I didn't know. I am so, so sorry." David rocked her, smoothing her curls back from her face and rubbing her back.

"I will do everything I can to help you get through this. We'll get through it together. Why don't you tell me what happened, and we can figure out where to go from there?"

Emily sighed and rubbed her cheek against his chest. He felt so solid, so warm, so *safe*. But where to start? How to make him understand? To understand Cassie, to understand *her*, he'd have to know the whole story. And she'd never told anyone the whole story. No one.

"I'm alright. I'll be fine. I'll tell you what happened, what I know, but it's a long story. Could you get me something to drink first? Maybe a whiskey this time instead of wine."

David stood up and helped Emily to her feet. "Of course. Let's go into the living room. Sit down on the couch, and I'll bring your drink."

Emily did as he told her. She was too tired to argue, and truth be known, she was tired of arguing. She was starting to love this man, whether his name was Trevor Allen or David Bains, even if it used to be Detective David Bains. She'd tell him her story, and he'd either accept it or want nothing to do with her. She prayed to God that he'd pick the first option.

David brought her whiskey and a tumbler for himself. He sat beside her and wrapped his arm around her shoulders, snuggling her head into the crook of his shoulder.

"Just start at the beginning, baby, and tell me what you can. Here, now drink this and try to relax. David is the same nice guy as Trevor, the same man who's spent the last two days learning just how much he loves your company. Tell me, Emily, whatever you need to say. We'll work it out together."

David lifted her head and forced her to look into his eyes. "Whatever you tell me will not change how I feel about you, Emily Watson. I care about you so much it hurts. You're not alone, baby, not anymore. So talk to me, and we'll work it out."

He heard her take a deep breath and settled in to listen.

* * *

"To understand Cassie's death, you have to understand her life. Cassie and I had a good childhood. Not great, mind you, but good. We had a mom and dad who loved us, clothes on our backs, and a roof over our heads. When Dad died, I was

nine, and Cassie was seven. It was rough for awhile, but Mom did the best she could. She worked two jobs to make sure we had everything we needed, and we were happy. We didn't really know how to be *unhappy*.

When I turned eleven, Mom remarried. My stepfather's name was Robert Ahlers. He was a nice guy. He bought Cassie and I presents and treated Mom like a queen. He even offered to give us his name, but we wanted to keep Edwards, our father's name. For a little over two years, we were blissfully happy. We were part of a family again. A good family. Then things just sort of shot straight to hell."

Emily shuddered, reliving it all in her mind. She hadn't thought of those days in a long time. She'd forced herself not to, for the simple reason that it hurt too much.

"Mom got sick. We found out she had cancer, the kind that you don't recover from. It took her over a year to die. Cassie and I watched that, the slow progression from bad to worse. I never want to see something like that again.

I was fourteen when she died, and Cassie had just turned twelve. For a few months, Robert was the same step-dad he'd always been. Funny, caring, trying to keep us from going into a funk over Mom's death. But then all of that changed. Robert started drinking, started yelling and screaming at us a lot. Told us that he was sick of being saddled with two brats that weren't even his own flesh and blood.

"Cassie and I started to hate him. But more than that, we were scared of him. When I turned fifteen, he

decided that I was the new woman of the house. And I don't just mean that I did the cooking and cleaning. I was Robert's new wife which seemed to give him sexual privileges."

"Fucking bastard." David wanted to find this sick son of a bitch and kill him with his bare hands. To do that sort of thing to a child was despicable.

"Yes, he was a bastard. But we were kids, and we were scared. Me, I think, more than Cassie, because for the longest time he left her alone. I won't bore you with the gory details, David, but I would have done anything to protect my sister."

Silent tears coursed down her cheeks as she curled into him more tightly.

"This went on until I turned eighteen. And I know what you're thinking. Why didn't I tell someone? By that time, I didn't have anyone to tell. We were moving around a lot, as Robert went from job to job. His drinking was worse, his temper was worse, and he couldn't seem to hold a job for more than a couple of months at a time. So I was never in one place long enough to find anyone I could trust.

"Then I screwed up, David. I did the worst thing I could have possibly done. When I turned eighteen, I stole the money Robert had been stashing under his mattress and left town. Left Virginia and rode the bus all the way to Florida. I changed my name, I lost weight, I hid. And I left Cassie behind."

Her sobs tore David's heart in two.

"I left her behind because she was too scared to come with me, and I wasn't strong enough to make her leave. For two years, although she never actually

came out and told me it was so, I think Cassie took the place that I had left. She became Robert's toy, and it destroyed her. She came to work here, in the restaurant, as soon as I could convince her to leave when she was twenty. She never had a sexual job here, and for that I'm glad. But I needed her close to me, to try to make up for what I'd done when I'd left without her. She told me over and over again that she didn't blame me, that it wasn't my fault. I tried to believe her, David, truly I did. But I left my baby sister behind with that monster. What kind of sister does that make me?"

"Oh, baby, Cassie was right. It wasn't your fault. You did the only thing that you could do. You left, and I'm sure you tried your damndest to get her to leave with you. And you were only eighteen. Legally an adult, yes, but emotionally eighteen isn't all that old. It really wasn't your fault."

Emily kept crying, but she was determined to get the whole wretched story out. Maybe, by telling David, she would finally find some sense of peace that she'd been looking for so long.

"I believed her after awhile. That it wasn't my fault. We did our jobs here, we went home to our apartment, we went shopping. We did sisterly things, and we both pretended we were happy. Until four months ago when I went to wake her up and couldn't. Until that day when I saw the bottle of pills beside her bed, next to the empty bottle of vodka. Until she killed herself."

She didn't cry this time. Emily just let David hold her, and amazingly enough, she felt some of the

weight lift from her shoulders. This man could save her, she realized, and instead of being scared by the thought, she was comforted.

"So Cassie killed herself, and I know it wasn't my fault. But there will always be a part of me, David, that thinks I was wrong for leaving her behind. A part that should have seen what was happening to her, and that should have been able to do something to prevent it. That I should have went to the police or called a hotline number or did *something*, anything, to save my sister from the same fate that I had lived."

David's hand on her hair felt soothing. "Emily. You are such a brave, strong woman. You have survived things that a majority of people couldn't have. I want to tell you something, but I need you to look at me."

Emily scooted out of the comfort of his arms and looked into his eyes. So blue, like the ocean. And so calming, like those same ocean waves.

"I will do everything, and I mean *everything*, to spend the rest of my days making your life a happy one. I'm pretty sure that I love you, Emily Watson, for everything that you are. Your past, your present, your future. You are the woman that I have waited years to find. I look at you, and my heart skips a beat. I want you every time I open my eyes. Want to be inside you, surrounded by you. Your beauty, your toughness, your sadness and joy all make me want to join myself with you in any and every way that I can. I want you to come with me, to leave here, to see if we can make this thing that's between us work. And together we'll find this sick bastard and make him pay for what he did to you, for what he did to Cassie.

Together, we'll make things as right as they can be."

Emily was crying again, but this time from joy. Her smile was radiant as she watched this man, this wonderful man, tell her that he loved her. Her dreams might be able to come true after all.

"Oh, David. You infuriate me. You excite me and make me feel better about myself, more than anyone else ever has. I could easily let myself love you. Actually, I think I fell in love with you as soon as you refused to have sex with me that very first day we met. Just for being you, former cop and all. You are the nicest, kindest, sexiest man I have ever known. You make me believe in forever. So, of course I'll go with you. We can make this work, David, I know we can. And together we'll make things right for Cassie."

Chapter Nineteen

David put Emily to bed. She was worn out, totally exhausted, from the events of the last few hours. Not to mention the sexual acrobatics they'd engaged in over the last couple of days.

He spent the time she was asleep clearing up his case files. He wrote up all of the pertinent information regarding all three of the deaths at Camp Illicit and entered them as 'closed' in his laptop.

After that, he made plans for when Emily woke up. The woman loved him. Or was starting to. How amazing was that? David planned on taking her home with him, away from this place and its bad memories. But first, he had one more thing he needed to do.

When Emily woke up, the bedroom was completely dark. She felt better, more rested, than she had in almost a year. David knew about her past, about the things she'd done, and he still loved her. She was happy. Delirious. Horny. David Bains had unlocked something in her, and all she could think was that she had to make up for lost time. For all the sex she'd had to take part in over the last two years of her employment at Camp Illicit, she felt as if she

hadn't been really loved, really sexually challenged, in...well, never had she felt like this. And now she wanted more.

She found him in the living room, sitting in the dark with a bag on his lap. He was also naked, which thrilled her.

"Hi."

"Hi yourself," he said, standing to come towards her. "You do know that you're coming home with me, don't you? You're leaving this place, and everything that it stands for, even if I have to throw you over my shoulder and lock you in the trunk of my car."

Emily laughed. "Yes, I'm leaving. With you. There's nowhere else I want to be. Now, what's in the bag?"

"Greedy, greedy," David teased. "Back into the bedroom like a good girl, and maybe I'll show you."

She turned around to do his bidding. The fact that she didn't even question him, that she had no doubts about her trust in him, thrilled her. God, but she loved this man.

"Stop," he said, and she realized he was right behind her.

"Close your eyes and turn around. Don't open them until I tell you to."

"David, what the...."

And then she felt it. The tip of the riding crop, lightly resting over her shoulder. She smiled in the dark and wondered if he could see it. So, he wanted to be the master this time around, did he? She shivered at the thought.

David brought the whip down to circle her nipples.

Down over her belly, through the downy curls at her thighs. Emily's eyes were still closed, and he took that as a good sign.

He tossed the whip aside to tear open his bag. He hadn't planned on using any of the things that he'd packed. The lotions, the creams, the harness, the schoolgirl outfit—and yet he'd already used the majority. Finally, this he had to make use of. For their last night at Camp Illicit, David planned on bringing Emily so much pleasure that she would never doubt how much he cared about her.

David brought The Tinger out and admired it.

"Turn back around," he told her.

Emily did as he asked without hesitation.

"Raise your arms above your head. Good girl," he said as she complied, and snapped the handcuffs he'd also had in the bag around her wrists and the spindle of the four-poster bed.

"David, really, I can't..."

"Shhh," he whispered in her ear. "You can, and you will. It's my turn, baby, and this time I get to call the shots. So stand there like a good girl and wait for me to tell you what to do."

Emily's body trembled with anticipation. Her pussy was already dripping wet, so hot and tight that she wanted to rub up against the post to relieve the ache. She couldn't see anything, even with her eyes open. The room was too dark, and she was cuffed with her arms lifted so high that her nose was almost touching the post. She didn't move as she felt David come up behind her.

"This game, Emily baby, is called Trust. You trust

me, and I trust you. Let's see what trust can do for us tonight. Are your eyes closed?"

She snapped her eyes closed tight and nodded as well as she could.

"Good. Now open your mouth." David pressed his body up against her back and brought the vibrator to her lips. "Wider, sweetie, wider. There you go. Take it all in. Oh yes, that's it. Do you feel me against you, my dick up against your ass?"

He took her moan as a yes.

"Good. I think I'll just leave my cock right here, running up and down the crack of that delicious ass of yours. And while I do that, you can pretend you're sucking that same cock with your mouth." He flipped the switch, turning The Tingler into a writhing, twitching cock.

David continued to tease her ass with his dick as he brought the hand not holding the vibrator to her left breast. Emily's nipples were already hard, tight little nubs that begged for his touch.

He pinched her hard, and her ass jerked against him. He flicked the point with a fingernail and fucked her mouth faster with the vibrator. David could hear her moans around the hum of the motor.

He pulled it out of her mouth and pushed it back in, a parody of the act that he would let her perform on him later. For now, teasing her was enough. David moved his hand away from her nipple, which was now hard as a pebble and elongated, down to her belly. He felt her muscles quiver as he baby-stepped his way down to her pussy.

His finger slid in so easily that, this time, it was his

cock that jumped. God, but she was so fucking wet. He wanted to lap at her, to taste her. He wanted to bury himself inside of her and never leave. He wanted it all, and he wanted it now.

David removed The Tingler from her mouth. Emily made a sound of protest until he replaced it with his fingers. He fucked her pussy harder, faster, inserting two more fingers to the knuckles. Her pussy muscles surrounded him as her tongue licked the fingers of his other hand, then sucked until his dick was sliding faster and faster against her ass.

David purposely avoided her clit, wanting her as hot and ready as she could be. He teased her, removing his fingers from both her mouth and her pussy and stepping away from her.

"No, no, God, David. Please. Please come back. Do something. I'm dying. *Please.*"

"Please what, baby? Does it hurt? Do you want it so bad it hurts? Tell me."

"Yes, yes, it hurts. I need you, David, now, inside of me. On me. Under me. In me. Something."

David licked the crack of her ass, startling her in the dark. "Good, isn't it? But not good enough." He put a finger against her asshole, but didn't push inside. "That's good, too, but that's not what you want, is it?"

Emily was shaking her head no, restlessly moving against the spindle, trying desperately to arch her body into his. David picked the vibrator up off the floor from where he had dropped it.

"Here. Here, baby, let me make it all better." David turned the vibrator on high and rubbed it against her

ass. At the shake of her head, he asked, "No? Okay, let me try here."

He moved it down a little, against her anus. Emily squirmed and pushed her ass towards him, but he was still teasing. As she writhed, he repeated his question. "Still no? Alright, let's try here." David brought it to within a hairsbreadth of her pussy, letting it hover over her until she screamed at him.

"Goddammit, now. Now, David, *now!*"

He pushed it inside of her, as far as it would go. Emily rode it like a wild woman, bucking and thrashing. Her moans filled the suite, making his dick go as hard as granite as her juices flowed over onto his hand.

When her shivers subsided, he undid the cuffs. He laid her gently on the bed and looked into her eyes.

David's entry was gentle. He slowly slid in and out, watching the fire start to build all over again in her eyes.

As his orgasm neared, he grabbed her hands. Emily wrapped her legs around him and stared at him with wide, trusting eyes.

They came together, and as the sounds of their lovemaking echoed through the room, they both realized that they had each gotten exactly what they had come to Camp Illicit to find.

Epilogue

Martha was annoyed and yet not surprised when Trevor Allen and Emily Watson informed her that they were both leaving. No, Mr. Allen didn't want a refund on the unused portion of his stay. And no, Ms. Watson wasn't worried about any pay that might be owed her.

As they drove through the gates of Camp Illicit, leaving it behind forever, Emily turned to David.

"So, does this mean I can have my dream after all? The house, the fence, the dog and the kids? If it works out between us, I mean."

David laughed. "Baby, we can have whatever we want, and you know just as well as I do that it's all going to work out. After the last two weeks, I believe that anything can happen. But," he added, reaching his hand over to work under her skirt, "I think we're going to have to do a lot of practicing to make those babies."

"I think you're right," Emily said, and laughed.

They stopped at two scenic overlooks on their way home, and the last coherent thought David had as he buried himself inside her yet again was how in the hell he was going to explain this to his mother.

About the Author

Alayne lives in the heart of Illinois, the state in which she was born and raised and has always resided. She has a wonderful, supportive husband, two eerily intelligent and rambunctious children, and a night job that allows her to do the bulk of her writing. Between doing book reviews, producing a monthly newsletter, and being a typical PTO mom, she hopes to keep writing long into the future.