

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

RED  
GARNIER

SPIN IT  
AGAIN

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Spin It Again

ISBN 9781419910074

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Spin It Again Copyright © 2007 Red Garnier

Edited by Kelli Kwiatkowski.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication July 2007

This book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors' imagination and used fictitiously.

## **Content Advisory:**

**S - ENSUOUS**

**E - ROTIC**

**X - TREME**

Ellora's Cave Publishing offers three levels of Romantica™ reading entertainment: S (S-ensuous), E (E-rotic), and X (X-treme).

The following material contains graphic sexual content meant for mature readers. This story has been rated E-rotic.

*S-ensuous* love scenes are explicit and leave nothing to the imagination.

*E-rotic* love scenes are explicit, leave nothing to the imagination, and are high in volume per the overall word count. E-rated titles might contain material that some readers find objectionable – in other words, almost anything goes, sexually. E-rated titles are the most graphic titles we carry in terms of both sexual language and descriptiveness in these works of literature.

*X-treme* titles differ from E-rated titles only in plot premise and storyline execution. Stories designated with the letter X tend to contain difficult or controversial subject matter not for the faint of heart.

# ***SPIN IT AGAIN***

**Red Garnier**

### *Trademark Acknowledgment*

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

FedEx: Federal Express Corporation

Twix: Mars, Incorporated

## Chapter One

David woke up with an empty bottle of beer in one hand and a blonde in the other. Groaning, he shifted on the bed and winced at the flash of pain in his gut and the sudden pounding in his head. Apparently oblivious to his pain, the blonde snuggled closer to him and he glowered down at her bleached hair. He couldn't even remember her name, although he could remember other things about last night with painstaking detail.

During their few minutes of sex, David had been vicious, desperate and cruel. Because more than sex, what he'd wanted – what he'd *needed* – was to kill someone.

His eyes darkened when he remembered the sordid, sorry events of last night.

He'd unexpectedly seen *her*, after one whole year of trying futilely to do so.

She'd been making out in a busy Manhattan nightclub. Someone else's hand had been crushing her breast through her shirt, his tongue tasting her mouth – the mouth of the woman David had planned to marry. The woman he loved. And she'd been making out. There. For everyone to see. For *David* to see. Making out. With a faceless, nameless asshole whose heart David wanted to rip out of his chest.

David had been drunk – which was nothing new. He'd spent little to no sober hours during the past year.

He'd never expected to see her, especially since she'd made it her life's mission to avoid him now. And yet there she was, Evie Mathews, *his* Evie Mathews – who should have been Evie Hawthorne by now – in a noisy nightclub featuring scantily clad ladies locked inside cages that hung from the ceiling. Huddled in a smoky, dark corner of the club, she'd been putting out for that bastard, in public, in a way she'd *never* put out for David.

Even from afar, he'd seen the exact moment her hand disappeared into the waistband of a well-worn pair of jeans and slowly began to fondle the man's dick underneath. She actually *touched* the bastard's filthy, sorry excuse for a cock—and David saw it all, saw the way she stroked that hideous thing with her dainty little hand. The same soft, fragile hand David had held and kissed as if it were something holy. The same hand that had rubbed David to climax hundreds of times. The same hand that, even while busily occupied touching someone else's privates, still managed to crush David's heart like a tin can. Watching that little hand move under those jeans, stroking up and down, made his own cock push hard against his underwear, desperate for her attentions...for her touch.

David remembered the evening too vividly...

Walking around in a dazed, drunken stupor, a blonde on each arm and a beer in each hand, David lazily alternated swigs from one to the other. It would have probably been an okay night if he hadn't seen her. Hell, it would have been an okay night if he didn't still *love* her. But he did see her, and he did love her, and he knew right then and there that he was going to fucking kill that son of a bitch sitting with a stiff cock beside her.

All hell broke loose when David lunged at him. Glasses crashed to the floor, the table toppled over and people screamed. All David knew was that someone had to die that night. It wasn't enough to sink his fists into the bastard's gut. Not enough to introduce his knuckles to his mean, fat jaw. Not enough to wrap his hands around the jerk's thick neck and squeeze with all his might.

The damned bastard was strong. And sober. Unlike David's sorry drunken state.

David took a punch to the stomach, one which made him fold over in pain. He jerked backward when a beefy fist landed on his jaw, blood spilling from his lips at the blow. David shook from the effort it took just to remain standing—and then his eyes met the man's gaze. Either David was killing that sorry motherfucker, or he'd be glad if the bastard killed *him* and put an early end to his sorry, miserable life.

Evie was shouting, her words barely getting past the roaring in his ears. She wasn't shouting the bastard's name, but *his* name. David's name. It echoed in his ears like a siren song as he slammed his fist into the bastard's nose, sending him tumbling backward. After readying his fists to deliver yet another blow, one that would hopefully kill the bastard, a pair of hands suddenly locked his arms behind his back, and David bucked wildly in an effort to release himself.

"Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to step outside," a deep voice said.

It was someone from the club's security, and as David's wild, wrecked gaze scanned the club, he noticed there were several more of them winding their way through the crowd, speaking into the tiny microphones on their collars as they approached.

"I'll escort my own fucking self out!" he thundered, yanking his arms free.

But before he did as he promised, he looked at Evie, standing there looking just amazing, her chest heaving rapidly, her face flushed, her blue eyes big and scared and beautiful.

He pointed a finger straight at her, his eyes narrowed, his nostrils flaring with each breath he took. "You're *mine*, do you hear me?" He slammed his palms to his chest. "You're fucking *mine*."

On his way out, he fell on the sidewalk outside the club, suddenly weakened by the sight of her. One of the blondes—the one who *didn't* run away scared shitless—wrapped her arms around him and helped him wobble across the lobby when they arrived at his building. Once in his apartment, she'd giggled sexily and brushed blood away from his lips so she could kiss him.

He remembered going crazy, tearing her clothes off, forcing her to her knees and sticking his cock into her mouth. Every single word he'd said then, he'd meant for someone else.

"Fucking bitch. You damned horny bitch. Did you want cock? Is that what you wanted, you hot, horny slut? Did you want his cock inside you?"

The blonde had thought it wise to shout a big, effusive “Yes!” to everything he said. Seriously, he could’ve killed her for that—he was so damned pissed. Just to let her know she was in serious danger, he growled a low, terrifying sound to rival that of every monster in any horror movie he’d ever seen. Still she didn’t quite get it, and instead pouted her lips and looked up at him dreamily.

“Yes! I’m a slut. A big, fat, horny slut...punish me, punish me *now!*”

Did her speech serve to appease him? Hell no. Only having Evie there—twisting her hair like he twisted the blonde’s, forcing her down on all fours and taking her like a bitch in heat—would serve to appease him. Maybe even making that bastard she was with watch while he did so.

The blonde had yelped and whimpered and begged for more even as he slapped her buttocks with his palms and rammed his cock into her ass without the slightest concern for her whatsoever. She clutched at her own tits, squeezed and pinched her nipples and even furiously pushed her butt back against his hips, as if his thrusts weren’t harsh enough to suit her.

She had a nice, tight little ass. It molded around his cock like clay, making him grit his teeth from the effort it took just to push and keep on pushing into that tiny, pink puckered hole. Every erotic sound, the low and the loud, tore from her lips as he fucked her, punished her, made her regret touching that cock, made her regret wanting it. She wasn’t some random blonde, she wasn’t a stranger.

She was Evie. On all fours, screaming her head off, taking his cock deep inside her ass and shoving back for more. It was Evie squeezing her own tits, bending her head down and pulling up a breast to her lips so she could suck on her own nipple. It was Evie sliding a hand past her navel and cupping her pussy in her hand, slowly circling her clit with her finger before sticking it into the wet, gleaming folds of her cunt. And it was Evie letting him fuck her in the ass, letting him have his way with her, while she touched herself, licked herself, like the little bitch she was.



He cried out her name when he came, spilling into her ass, his voice sounding hoarse and pained. Then everything had become deathly still, the sound of his breathing suddenly magnified by the awkward silence in the room.

Only minutes afterward, David had felt so desolate that he buried himself beneath the bedsheets with his last bottle of beer and conveniently forgot about the blonde who'd graciously stood in for Evie—just as some poor girl always did.

Yet most of them didn't seem to mind. He'd fucked numerous ladies at the nearby strip club he'd been frequenting, where every night the manager—now his very good pal—unfailingly offered David the best seat in the house, just so he could sit, get drunk and watch the elegant, artistic display of tits and ass. The girls rode that pole pretty damn well, and they rode *him* even better, but he didn't know any of their names. To him, they were just bodies—cunts and tits and tongues—and there was only one name he whispered when he came, every damn time. One name he cried out in the midst of his drunken passion. His good chum the manager, knowing what a discriminating customer like David preferred by now, had already instructed the girls...

If David were to choose one of them for some serious adult fun, she'd have to do a little role-playing—and above all else, she'd *have* to pretend her name was Evie.

Only last week, David had brought home a pair of Asian twins—each calling herself Evie—and had gotten one hell of a decent blowjob. Their tongues had been pierced and they'd used the smooth gold pebbles to tease his cock mercilessly.

Lying on the bed and staring dazedly up at the ceiling, David had grabbed the twin kneeling between his thighs and shoved her face lower, down to his throbbing balls. The other twin was kneeling by his side, slowly milking his cock with her mouth. Purring deep in his throat and closing his eyes, he ran his hand down her spine, dipping a finger between her buttocks until he'd buried it in her ass.

"Do you like that, Evie?" he asked hoarsely, and she purred against his cock, making him shudder as she ran the warm gold ball around the tip of his shaft.

He fisted his hand in the other twin's hair, tightly pressing her face to his nuts while ordering her to suck harder. She not only sucked harder, but slid a finger into his ass while she did so, pumping it inside him while she scraped the metal stud around his sac.

David went wild, rocking his hips against one mouth while the other nibbled at his balls, sending his senses reeling. Then two fingers pummeled deep into his ass, tearing a groan from deep in his chest. It was then, shivering with sensations, when he'd ordered them to *dare* tell him to his face what a two-timing, cheating bastard he was. They'd obeyed with gusto, cursing him loudly, fervently, not even their charming accents detracting from the harshness of their words.

He hadn't anticipated that hearing both women call him less-than flattering names would really tick him off, so he'd grabbed their hair and yanked their heads back—*hard*. Cursing them right back for every low, coarse word they'd uttered. Cursing them for being such selfish, unforgiving bitches. He didn't know if they'd minded his roughness, but hell, he was paying for it and they'd let him.

Still mumbling curses under his breath, he'd pressed their faces back to his privates, ordering them to suck him and make him come. Between their moaning and mewling, they continued to blow him until he shattered and cried out that tormenting, beautiful name. Then they'd touched themselves, fondling their pussies as they sought their own climaxes. If they'd expected anything but a good tip afterward, they were sorely mistaken. At that point, they should have known he really *was* a lying, two-timing, mean and horny bastard, one who'd betrayed the woman he loved. What did they expect from someone like him?

Apparently, the blonde from last night had expected just that sort of treatment...and she'd damn well *loved* it.

After he'd brutally screwed her, she'd still thought it would be a good idea to get comfy and snuggle up beside him—as if David could possibly be chummy and cuddly while in his current state of mind.

In this hateful, diabolical, plain suicidal state of mind.

In his whole cursed life, he'd never thought he could hate someone as much as he hated himself *and* the sorry bastard who'd touched his girl.

But he especially hated Evie—for not loving him hard enough to forgive him.

Staring down at the blonde, an unwanted, disturbing reminder of yesterday, David shoved her away from him and rose from the bed, the move sending another jolt of pain to his stomach as he headed naked toward the bathroom. Bracing his hands on the sink, he stared at his own reflection in the mirror. The man he saw bore no resemblance to the man he'd once been.

David had been a happy man. A man who knew how to smile, who'd loved his job and who'd thought himself to be one of the precious few souls lucky enough to find true love in this lifetime. He'd found the love of his life, the one to spend his whole life with...and lost her.

The man in the mirror didn't look like David Hawthorne. He looked harsh, angry. He hadn't shaved in days. Thick strands of dark brown hair fell carelessly past his ears, testifying to his year-long rebellion against fashion and grooming. His skin was tanned, but dull and lifeless. His features were vicious and etched with pain, his jaw more pronounced now and clenched much too tightly for comfort. His sleek, dark eyebrows arched before angling downward, gifting his face with a permanent scowl. There was a death wish there, in the way his lips were set, in the steely glint in his dark brown eyes. He was crazy. A man gone mad.

He'd been fired from his high-stakes, high-paying job on Wall Street after he'd attacked his boss when he'd dared tease him about his broken engagement. His comment had not been the least bit frickin' funny, although apparently his boss had thought so. David had brusquely shoved him up against a wall, wanted to see if he thought *that* was funny, which he obviously hadn't.

When he'd been fired, David had remarkably felt—nothing.

Nothing.

His job meant nothing to him anymore. His whole life meant nothing. And it was no one's fault but *his*.

And maybe that damned spin devil's.

And Evie's. For not forgetting...not forgiving.

David curled his fingers around the ring that hung from his neck. He yanked on the chain, tearing the weak gold links open, and fisted his hand around it.

Gathering his courage, he spread his palm open to reveal the diamond solitaire ring. For a few precious months, it had been Evie's ring.

It was no one's ring now.

The diamond glinted mockingly at him and David gritted his teeth, the sight of it bringing fresh, searing pain anew. This time not to his ribs, nor to the cut at the side of his lips, but to his heart. His very soul.

He'd replayed that day a million times in his head already. Wondering if he'd said something differently, done something differently, she would have forgiven him.

How fucking fragile their love had turned out to be.

He'd once thought they were invincible. He'd thought that, with Evie beside him, he could take on the world.

One mistake. That's all it took. One fucking mistake and he'd lost everything.

It had been a windy day, the day he'd returned to New York from a weekend trip to Florida, where he'd met with his college buddies. He'd been too caught up with work during the last couple years to pay any attention to what was going on with their lives, and it had seemed like a fun idea to see them again. Sebastian, always the rebel. Jason, the best pal to get drunk with. Luella, with her loud voice and even louder opinions. Cleo, about the sweetest person at their college, and Haley, always fun and easygoing.

It had been the biggest mistake of his worthless, piece-of-shit life.

That, and having been way drunk by the time they'd indulged in a game called "spin devil" that Luella had suggested. They'd spun a plush red devil as if it were a

bottle, and dared and taunted each other mercilessly. As the night progressed, the group got drunker and the dares got riskier. During his final dare, Sebastian couldn't pass up the opportunity to get Cleo naked, and pretty soon all his friends followed. Caught up in the moment, David ended up with his mouth buried in Luella's cunt while Haley sucked him off. Both women were his friends, and he'd never intended to fuck them, but things got wild. Crazy. As if the satiny little devil had robbed them completely of their senses.

David regretted every fucking minute of it.

The day he got back to New York he'd taken a cab straight home, where he and Evie had been living together for several months after he'd left his own apartment in the Upper West Side. The guilt on his shoulders weighed heavily and he couldn't stand the feeling of the burning black poison running through his veins, product of the sheer hate brewing inside him. He had to tell her, tell her now. Evie *knew* he loved her. She *knew* he loved her more than anything in the world. She would know it hadn't meant anything to him, nothing but a good time. She'd understand it had been nothing but a foolish, reckless moment. He had to tell her, and if she loved him, she had to forgive him.

When she opened the door, David felt like he'd been punched in the gut, the air wheezing out of his lungs with roaring speed. She looked so beautiful, her face glowing with excitement, her heart shining in her eyes as she gazed up at him, at the man she was engaged to marry, as if he were her hero.

Some fucking hero he'd turned out to be.

"Baby, you're home!" she said happily, flinging herself at him, wrapping her arms around his neck. His arms encircled her waist and he held her to him, held her closely.

"Evie."

It was all he could say. That word meant everything to him. It meant I love you, I missed you, I want you, I need you...and I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Inhaling the sweet scent of her shampoo, David closed his eyes and tightened his hold on her. She felt so small against him, so delicate. God help him, no matter what happened, he would *never* let go of her. He was crazy about her.

"Honey...you're squishing me. I can't breathe." Her voice was muffled by his chest as she struggled to free herself.

He pulled back and looked at her, his eyes insatiable as they roamed over her face. She was the most beautiful thing in the world to him. Her blue eyes danced with excitement, her small pouted lips forming a wide, sincere smile. Her skin was flawless, white and pure, sharply contrasting with the inky blackness of her hair, worn loose past her shoulders like a mass of heavy black silk. A light shade of pink tinted her cheeks, giving her skin a soft glow. She had the face of a doll, her features delicate and feminine, soft and rounded. To him, no Renoir, Botticelli or any other master ever created *anything* that could begin to compare to Evie's classic beauty. She was worthy of placing on an altar with candles all around her.

"I need to tell you something." He was barely able to speak when he took a step forward and closed the door behind him. His heart pounded harsh and loud against his rib cage. The way he felt, he could have carried the whole city on his shoulders and the load would have been lighter.

Her smile vanished completely at his words, and there was concern in her eyes as she cupped his face with one fragile little hand. "Did something happen?"

It was painful, to feel her skin against his, so soft and warm. Closing his eyes, he rubbed his jaw against it, savoring the feel of her touch, the gentleness of it. "You feel so good. I missed you so much," he said hoarsely.

"David." She sounded alarmed. "What's wrong?"

He opened his eyes and looked right into her breathtaking blue gaze. By the time he'd gathered enough courage to speak his stomach was already tied into a thick, tight knot.

"I had sex this weekend."

It was like watching a murder, like being witness to a war.

He saw the way the beautiful vivid light in her eyes completely, totally vanished. He saw the way her skin paled from rosy to ashen. He saw the way her features—always beautiful, always perfect—distorted with pain.

She retracted her hand from his face, not wanting to touch him now, but David felt frantic, grabbing her hand midway and pressing it back to his cheek.

“It didn’t mean anything, Evie. I love *you*,” he quickly said, squeezing the hand he held forcibly to his cheek. “Only you. Always.”

She shook her head wildly, looking hurt and pained and confused. “No, no, no—don’t say this!” She yanked her hand free from his and took a step backward, still shaking her head.

He stretched his arms out to her. “We were all drunk, playing games...and one thing led to another. I never meant for it to happen, but then Cleo and Bas were going at it and Haley dropped my pants—”

“Shut up! *Just shut up!* I don’t want to hear it!” She clamped her palms over her ears, all the while shaking her head, her eyes shimmering with tears as she stared at him in disbelief. Her lips trembled and David suddenly felt his own eyes flood with tears.

What kind of a motherfucker was he to do this to her? What kind of a freakin’ pathetic asshole would do this to the woman he *loved*?

“Evie, I love you!” he shouted in desperation. He reached for her and hauled her to his body, crushing her to him.

Stiff and unyielding, she pushed herself away with surprising force, immediately turning her back to him. “Don’t touch me,” she whimpered.

The sound of her breathing was louder and harsher than those itty-bitty words. But those words, no matter how softly spoken...oh, how they hurt. How they tore through his chest. They coiled around his heart like a snake, crushing it.

Ignoring the clenching pain that tore through his insides, he cupped her shoulders from behind. She cringed at his touch, visibly sickened by him.

"Please forgive me," he whispered in her ear, his hold on her shoulders tightening while he repeated those words like a chant. "Please, *please* forgive me."

And then he went crazy, because he knew he had to have her. He had to sink himself inside her, had to *know* she was still his, had to *know* if she still loved him, if she would forgive him this. This betrayal.

Frantically he nuzzled her earlobe, dipping his tongue into her ear as he slid his hands past her shoulders. He cupped her breasts and pressed her body back against his. "I want you. *God*, I need you," he whispered hotly. Every inch of his body shook with fear, with longing and desire.

She was rigid against him, and her lack of response scared him. It made him want to pour his soul out to her, made him want to find a way to make her melt, make her forgive him, make her his. Trailing a path of hot, urgent kisses down her neck, he squeezed one breast while he lowered a hand to cup her sex over her jeans.

"It wasn't like with you," he said desperately. "Nothing compares to you, Evie. *Please*, baby, please don't let this break us."

The sudden sound of her sobs wrecked him completely. They tore from somewhere deep, so very deep inside her—slicing him like a thousand knives driving into his flesh at once. Along with the clenching in his throat he felt his own tears then, spilling without notice, skidding slowly down his cheek and onto her shoulder. For the first time, he wondered how they would *ever* be able to make this thing, this pain, this cursed mistake go away.

"How could you?" she whispered shakily, not even turning to face him.

"*Please forgive me, Evie.*" He'd never uttered those words with so much passion, so much meaning, ever. His eyes stung as he fought to hold his tears back but just looking at her, looking at what he was doing to her, was enough to make him want to kill himself.



Feeling desperate, he whirled her around and kissed her, kissed her rough and hard, sinking his tongue into her mouth. She didn't pull away but she was frighteningly unresponsive, not kissing him like she used to, all eagerness and playfulness and love. She was still sobbing even as his tongue slowly stroked the soft, pliant cavern of her mouth. Tears continued to slide down his cheeks as well, but that wouldn't stop him from kissing her. He pressed his lips to hers harder, trying to deepen the kiss. He knew that just one night, one night of loving Evie, and everything would be all right, everything would be like it used to be.

It just wasn't going to happen.

She pulled away from him then, slowly, not angrily like he'd expected, but so damned hurt. "Here. I don't want this," she said, placing something in his palm, his fingers reflexively closing on it. She kept her face lowered, as if she couldn't stand looking at him, and her voice trembled when she spoke. "I'll let the judge know."

David glanced down at his hand, slowly uncurling his fingers so he could stare down at the object—her ring. The one he'd given her three months ago tied to the stem of a single red rose. At the mere sight of it, he knew—this was what it felt like to fall into the deepest, darkest pits of hell.

Even now, one year later, David felt that familiar knot in his throat, that clenching in his gut and the excruciating pain in his heart.

Hell.

He'd been living there for a whole year, a fucking resident, maybe almost president by now. He'd called her a million times, sent her trucks of flowers, faxes, emails. He'd tried cajoling, begging, explaining. His calls, emails and intentions went unanswered, and his flowers were unfailingly returned.

The thought that Evie might never forgive him hadn't occurred to him until he got a call from her eldest brother, Gregory, a man whom David had done business with and had always admired and respected.

"Haven't you've hurt my sister enough, David?" he'd demanded. "She's trying to get on with her life, and if you have the slightest amount of decency you should lay off, for God's sake. Stop following her, stop calling and just leave her the hell alone. She *doesn't* want to see you."

"I love her, Gregory!" David had shouted, but Gregory had already hung up.

A half-hour later, David had found himself locked in the stinking bathroom stall of a nearby establishment, screwing the brains out of a curvy waitress in a striped uniform. She'd smiled at him three times while he'd sat at the restaurant-bar, so he figured she was practically begging for it. He followed her to the restroom, covered her mouth with his and pumped inside her so hard and fast that all the woman could do was hold on tight.

He'd ripped the top of her uniform open and when her tits spilled out, sucked and bit on them fiercely. She clutched his hair and the one time she spoke called him "pretty boy". He didn't care. He'd actually called her something worse *plenty* of times.

When they were finished, she'd claimed to be a little "bewildered" but still offered her phone number, acting all charming and giggly, despite his deadly frown. Before she tumbled all over herself to get a pen, he simply lifted a hand to halt her and said, "Don't bother."

*Leave her alone.*

The words haunted him every day, every second, no matter if he was drunk or screwing someone—or, at the way things were heading, screwing *something*. Anything.

Anything to forget. Anything to forget *her*...and leave her the hell alone.

So David had left her alone, hoping if he gave her time to heal she would forgive him. If he demonstrated that he *did* have a shred of decency, enough of it to give her space and time to think, she would forgive him. He kept thinking if she loved him, she *should* forgive him. Then he thought one way or another, she *had* to forgive him.

He'd sunk himself further into hell as he waited for her, as he drank to forget, fucked to forget, while every day that went by effectively managed to kill another little bit of his hope.

Hope.

He had none of it now, not after seeing her last night, with that bastard.

David glanced at himself in the mirror again and narrowed his eyes. He had to do something. He couldn't live like this, not without her, and not while knowing she was traipsing all over the city, putting out for some cheap bastard. She was *his*, damn her! He loved her, wanted her, *needed* her, and if he didn't have her, he knew he'd die from this. This sickness, this hatred of himself, this pain of loving her.

Damn her for not forgiving him!

Damn her for making out with that motherfucker, that horny little bitch!

He conveniently forgot about the dozens of Evie impersonators he'd screwed ten ways to Sunday since the beginning of his downward spiral, because those women didn't matter. He did what he did out of depression and loss and unbearable pain.

Not to mention, he already knew he was worthless piece of scum.

But Evie was *not*. David had wanted to wring her neck right there in the club and stick his hand into her pants, see if she was wet for that ugly asshole, just so he could have proof enough to go ahead and kill him.

With renewed vigor and determination, he stormed into the bedroom and pulled out a shoebox from under the bed, yanking off the top. Pulling out the red stuffed toy, the damned spin devil, he glared down at its beady black eyes and squeezed the little shit with his hands as if he could drain the life out of it. "You're not screwing up my life, you stinking little prick," he hissed.

There were rustling sounds coming from the bed, and a soft, female "Huh?"

He whipped his gaze up to the intruder, his face a mask of rage. "You know where the door is."

## Chapter Two

*You're mine.*

Sitting in a crowded spot on the metro as she rode home from work, Evie felt her heart constrict while David's words played in her head over and over again.

Sadly, Evie couldn't help but agree – despite how painful the truth was to her.

*You're mine.*

*You're fucking mine.*

She clutched her purse to her chest, suddenly needing to hold on to something while she tried futilely to block his words out of her head.

This past year, all she'd been focused on was surviving. Surviving and living – without him. She'd held on to that hate, that blissful hate, the only thing that had kept her heart beating for the past year. Hating him. Cursing him. Damning him.

She took it one day at a time, one measly day at a time, never knowing for sure if she'd be able to get through each without bursting into tears or doing something worse. She felt like a crazy person – fine one moment and struck by a raging, blinding pain the next.

Once, while she'd strolled down the streets of Manhattan with her friend Fiona, she'd caught sight of a lone red rose, like the one David had tied her engagement ring to, sticking out of a newspaper stand. Evie had made some surprisingly sick noises as she yanked it out and destroyed it completely, cutting herself with a thorn in the process. Afterward, feeling a little embarrassed while eyeing the remains of the flower scattered over the sidewalk, she'd dutifully paid for it.

Evie's problem wasn't that rose. It was everything, because David was everywhere.

She'd thrown away her bedsheets because it had been impossible to wash out his smell. His closet space was still aching empty in their bedroom, and she couldn't seem to buy clothes fast enough to fill the void. He was in every stock news channel she clicked by on TV, in every Meat Loaf song, in every takeout Chinese box and every Twix chocolate bar. His kisses were there in every single kiss she saw, and the way he'd loved her shone in every drawing of a heart, every smile, every couple she saw walking by.

Three years were hard to forget for anyone, but to Evie it hadn't been just three years—it had been her future too, for she'd dreamed it perfectly, and every piece of it had included *him*.

It had taken a single night in Florida, a couple of drinks and two naked women to deny her heart of every dream it had nurtured, every hope, every longing. And while her dreams had vanished, every memory of him had grown...every memory from the very first moment she'd met him.

He'd been dining with one of his clients at a fancy Manhattan restaurant, while Evie had been dining with friends. She'd sat at a nearby table and he didn't take his eyes off her the whole evening. At the dark intensity of his gaze, Evie had felt as if a million butterflies had exploded from their cocoons right inside her stomach. He'd left the restaurant before she and her friends did, and when Fiona ordered the check, the waiter said it had been taken care of by "the gentleman with the black tie".

Her friends, in all their excitement, had immediately declared themselves in love with him. When they strode out onto the sidewalk Evie saw him, leaning against a car, looking so incredibly gorgeous. He straightened when he saw her, a slow smile spreading his lips. She knew then, as certain as she felt the melting in her bones, that he'd been waiting for her.

He walked her home that evening, and for the first time in her life Evie could finally put a face to the man of her dreams. David's face. Because she knew, without a doubt, that it was him.

She remembered the first “I love you” only a few months after they’d met, when he’d taken a long flight to Spain where he was scheduled to close a deal with one of his clients. Before he’d left, they made hot, reckless love in his apartment and he gently promised to be back in three days. On the third morning Evie woke up to the phone ringing, and when she answered, he’d been calling her from the plane on his way back to Manhattan.

“Did I wake you?” he’d asked, the sound of the jet engines humming softly in the background.

She’d sat up on the bed and swallowed several times, trying to sound like she’d been awake. “No. Yes...” Then she’d laughed, realizing she’d blown it.

“I’m in love with you, Evie,” he’d said, his voice solemn and so dear to her.

Evie had known it for some time, for he’d shown her in a million ways. In the way he looked at her, the way he shielded her from the rain, the way he made love to her and the way his voice changed when he said her name. But hearing him say the words, especially when she was so madly in love with him herself, had been about the closest thing to heaven she’d ever experienced.

That and, of course, the day he’d proposed.

He’d just moved in with her and they’d had a silly fight over his dressing habits. Evie found it really annoying that he could be so organized at work and so damned sloppy at home. She was always picking up after him and she’d told him repeatedly that she was *not* his personal maid. That day, she swore to herself she wouldn’t touch his things. Let him see if he appreciated living like a pig when he realized if *he* didn’t pick his shit up, then nobody else would either.

When she got home from work he was already there, his feet propped up on the coffee table as he calmly flipped through a magazine. Evie still wasn’t talking to him, and though she noticed a long-stemmed rose lying on the floor, she made a point not to pick it up.

When she walked past it several times, he finally dropped the magazine and looked up at her, clearly annoyed. "Aren't you going to pick that up?" he'd angrily asked.

"No," Evie said stubbornly, crossing her arms across her chest.

"Pick it up, Evie," he gritted out.

"I said *no*. I'm not your maid."

"Dammit." He stormed across the living room and grabbed it. "Here," he said, thrusting the flower toward her. "You were *supposed* to pick it up."

"Ha, you wish! I told you, David, *I'm not your maid!*"

He lifted the rose to her eye level and she saw something glinting from the stem. "But will you be my wife, Evie?"

That night, he'd made sweet, lazy love to her. He'd spoken soft, sweet words in her ear, promised he would love her, always love her, forever.

He'd lied.

And how it hurt to be mocked by her memories, to wonder if she'd made them all up, for the David she knew would have *never* done something like this to her. Every second of every day he was in her heart, in her mind, and it was worse than any other torture she could imagine.

Sometimes she would remember him smiling and playful, like he'd always been. More times than she wished, she remembered him as he'd been that afternoon, that horrible afternoon when they'd broken up, when he'd looked haggard and pained and haunted.

During the past year, the past horrible, nightmare of a year, Evie had experienced a tornado of emotions—hate, need, want and longing. And always this sick, distressing, painful love. She'd rather hate him. Hate was less cruel to her soul.

He'd been unfaithful...

Evie had been experiencing abundant, vivid nightmares about him, about him with those women, fucking and yelling and groaning while Evie had been at their apartment,

watching a romantic comedy – thinking of him and wistfully planning their upcoming wedding. She'd called his hotel room every half-hour or so that night, needing to hear his voice before she went to sleep. She should have known there was something wrong when he didn't call her. She should have known there was something wrong with *her*.

Evie had been experiencing her share of sick, poisoning thoughts, some suggesting that maybe this had all been her fault. More times than not they made her wonder what in the world had been wrong with her.

Had she been no fun in bed? Had she been too boring, too shy? She remembered plenty of times when David had wanted to deviate, when he'd gotten a devilish glint in his eye and proposed something naughty. Evie would laugh and dismiss his comments, convinced he was teasing – surely he didn't mean it when he said he wanted to watch her masturbate while she watched porn on TV. Did he?

But now she feared she should have perhaps listened, been less afraid, less inhibited. Maybe if she'd been more open this never would have happened.

Did all women who had unfaithful partners feel this way? Was it fair that she should think she was partly to blame?

She wished she hadn't encouraged him to take that trip to Florida. He should have stayed in New York with *her* – where he belonged. But David had always glowed whenever he talked about his college friends and he'd been so tired from work, while Evie had been so busy with the wedding preparations. She thought it would be good for him. A well-deserved vacation.

The night before he left he'd made love to her against the wall, with his jeans at his ankles and his hips pushing forward and back, forward and back as he slid his cock – that lovely, perfect specimen – inside her. She'd wrapped her ankles around his waist and moaned feverishly while she begged and whimpered, "Yes, oooh yes, baby, more, more..."

"You make me so hot," he'd whispered while dragging his lips all over her face, kissing every inch of it. "So hot, so crazy."



It had been the last time Evie had had sex. The last time she'd held David in her arms, felt him inside her. David. *Her* David. Just to think of his cock inside another woman, while Evie waited for him at home...

It was every woman's nightmare...and it had happened to *her*.

She'd cried and cried and cried some more. Oceans of tears. Not even the girl-talk therapy her friends offered helped alleviate her pain. She'd had dozens of discussions with her closest friends, the sole topic being whether Evie had brought this on herself. Nobody thought she had—except Evie.

Throughout the last year and with a vengeance to rival a massive world war, Evie had dated every available man within her vicinity. Her friends had been shocked—this was very unlike her—including Fiona who, over coffee, had asked, “What are you trying to prove, going out with all these guys?”

“Nothing, I just don't feel like staying cooped up in my apartment,” Evie had said as casually as she could manage.

Fiona had looked at her with pity as she'd squeezed Evie's hand in hers. “Evie, if David screwed up, he screwed up. It had nothing to do with you.”

Deep down, Evie didn't believe that. If he loved her like she'd once *thought* he did, why did he screw around on her? Why would he look for loving somewhere else, if not for the fact that he wasn't satisfied with Evie?

It *must* have had something to do with her.

Last night, when she'd been futilely trying to prove to herself that she could be just as hot, just as adventurous as the next woman, fondling a stranger that had flirted with her at the club, she'd never expected David would storm in out of the blue—tumbling drunk, with two bombshells following him like poodles.

Looking at him, she'd sought that hate, that comforting red-hot feeling, and found she couldn't hold on to it, couldn't even summon it. Just a look at those steely brown eyes and all she'd felt was pain, fresh and burning and new. Just standing there, so near, he'd torn her scar open. Evie could almost hear it as it tore, could almost hear the

blood gushing inside her. Burning. Poisoning her insides with more pain, more love, more hate.

*You're mine.*

*You're fucking mine.*

He could have taken her then and there, made love to her in that club full of people, mad, drunken, crazy love, and Evie wouldn't have protested. A wild, desperate urge to feel him, an urge to know he still loved her, wanted her, wanted her more than those women, clenched tightly inside her womb. Her sex had flooded with need, an aching, painful need for him. Only him. Evie wanted no one else.

When he'd left, aided by one of the blondes—whose hair Evie had wanted to pull out by the roots—she'd felt desperate.

For a crazy moment, the shortest of seconds, she'd wanted to run after him and beg him to come back to her, beg him to love her like he used to, to make love to her and take her to heaven and make this horrible, wretched pain go away.

The next minute, Evie felt sick. *Really* sick. She'd felt dizzy and out of breath and she had to rush to the ladies' room to vomit.

She stayed there for the rest of the evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

*You're mine.*

It was still running through Evie's head when she reached her apartment. She shoved the door open and pushed it closed as she strode inside. Then she halted, suddenly confused when she didn't hear it slam shut behind her. Whirling on her heel, her breath caught in her throat.

There he was, standing in the threshold.

All six feet, two inches of him, every one of them soiled and sweaty. He looked like a crazed, deranged madman just escaped from the institution. His clothes were rumpled, his dark brown hair in complete disarray, his face set firmly into vicious,

uncompromising lines and his sleek brown eyebrows, a shade darker than his eyes, joined in a fierce scowl above his nose. With mock flair, he dropped a suitcase on the floor and slammed the door shut behind him.

“Honey, I’m home.” His voice was rough, dry and deadly.

Evie couldn’t think, couldn’t breathe and could barely keep her knees from folding. There was only one thing she knew – this man, this animal, was *not* here to beg.

Out of some natural survival instinct, Evie took a step backward when he took a step toward her, lifting a red object in the air for her to see.

“Tail, you give me a second chance.” He paused, narrowing his eyes. “Pitchfork, you give me a second chance.”

He set the object on the floor and spun it and for a moment she stood there, dazed, watching what appeared to be a stuffed little devil twirl around madly on the floor. When it stopped, the pitchfork was pointing in her direction.

Breathless, she lifted her gaze to his.

“Pitchfork,” he said flatly, lifting his brows. “Guess what? I get a second chance.”

Closing the distance between them, he grabbed her shoulders and yanked her to him. Gasping, she folded her arms between them, shielding herself from ending up completely smashed against his chest.

As she stared up at him, she knew she should be a little afraid. She’d *never* seen him like this. There was a savage, lost look in his eyes and a frightening, harsh sound to his breathing that didn’t bode well for her. Yet instead of fear, what she felt was pain. Pain and a swift, hot, overwhelming fury. When she spoke, her whole body shook with the need for violence and her voice was but a low hiss. “In. Your. Dreams. You lying, cheating *bastard!*”

Growling, he curled his fingers around her arms and squeezed so hard he almost cut off her blood supply. “I’m *not* in the mood for games.”

Although her insides quivered at the deadly tone in his voice, she held her ground against him. "I'm not the one with the toy," she spat back, trying futilely to jerk free from his hold.

He narrowed his eyes into thin, glimmering dark slits. "*Damn you,*" he said, his voice filled with venom. "Damn you, Evie! I've given you time to calm down and think things through. I'm going fucking crazy and I want a fucking chance!"

"That's too damned bad, because you're not getting one!" she yelled, this time successfully tearing away from his hold and taking a step backward, all heated up now. "I can't believe you even have the balls to come here and *demand* I give you a second chance, as if you even deserve it after the way you betrayed me, lied to me and screwed around on me the first chance you got!"

"I'm sorry. *I fucked up!*" he yelled back.

"No, you fucked someone wh wasn't me!" she shouted, sinking her nails into her palms to keep from breaking something. "What? I wasn't hot enough for you? I couldn't satisfy your precious little fantasies? Was plain Evie just too damned boring for you?"

"Oh, you satisfied me all right," he said, lowering his voice and taking a step forward.

She took another step backward and inwardly cursed the dead end when she bumped against the back of the living room sofa.

"Believe me, Evie, you more than satisfied me. What about *you* — did that fat bastard satisfy you? Did he screw you like I do? Did he make you moan and beg and come like I do?"

She narrowed her eyes as he approached, secretly and strangely excited at the crudeness of his words. "If he did, you'd be the last person to know."

He growled, baring his teeth, startling white against his tanned skin. "Well that's a shame, because I'm in the mood for spilling some juicy details myself, and I'll just bet

you'd love to hear." He swiftly unbuttoned, unzipped and thrust his jeans to the floor, his cock popping out of his underwear when he pushed them downward.

His face was a mask of raw, vicious rage when he inched it toward hers. "I sucked Cleo's tits," he said viciously, sliding his hands beneath her top and cupping her breasts over her bra, squeezing them hard. "They tasted damned fucking good." Pulling down the flimsy material of her bra, he flattened his thumbs over the straining points of her nipples, pushing on them. "Almost as good as yours." She whimpered when he grabbed those little crests and pinched them hard. "Then I got to watch while Jason put his dick between those huge tits and humped and humped until he came all over them."

Evie couldn't believe he was telling her this, couldn't believe he could be this cruel—but then she'd already seen how badly he could hurt her. Her voice when she spoke was only a breathless whisper but the words stemmed from the bottom of her soul. "You bastard."

"Come again?"

She cried in outrage when he suddenly tore her shirt open, growling low and deep in his throat when he caught sight of her flesh. "Yes, I'm one sick bastard...but wait...there's more," he said cruelly while he roughly removed her shirt and bra, throwing both behind him.

"David...stop."

He fully ignored her, his attention solely focused on her newly bared breasts, his eyes turning dark and livid with desire. "All that time, all I wanted was to get my butt back home and do that very same thing with *your* tits. Rub my cock between them, squeeze and push them hard...just like a bitch like *you* should like it."

She yelped from the shock when he bent down and circled a nipple with his tongue, soaking it wet. Then his mouth latched onto it and sucked hard, as if he could drink from her. Evie swayed, suddenly discovering she had no more strength to stay upright.

He caught her, his arms firm around her waist while he sucked her nipple and sent hot, tingling vibrations down to her sex. "Don't," she said breathlessly. "Don't touch me..."

He growled his denial and took her other nipple, first nibbling the hard little point with his lips and then drawing it into his mouth completely, making low suckling noises when he did so. Weakened by the spasms of heat quivering in her body, Evie clutched his hair, trying halfheartedly to pull him away from her breasts. It was no use, for now he'd gone lower, his tongue slicking a wet path to her navel while his hands easily worked on the buttons of her pants.

"Don't," she breathed again. Lifting his face to hers with startling speed, he locked his lips to hers, silencing her protests.

Evie knew she shouldn't give in, knew there was a reason she should hate him, but she felt so needy and so feverish for his touch that she found herself wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him back, unthinkingly allowing mad, free rein to her desires. Dear God. *No one* kissed her like he did. No one tasted like him. No one felt so strong, so right for her. Her body melded to his, her soft womanly spots easing magically against his hard ones. The head of his cock, so strong, so hard, brushed against her bare stomach, and she felt dampness on its tip as it rubbed against her skin.

He had no mercy. His tongue pillaged her mouth, thrusting inside hers with fast, furious strokes, letting her know in a very efficient way that he intended to claim her. Conquer her. Command her. His moves as he scraped his cock against her belly weren't gentle. They were rough and fast and they drove her mad, making her burn with the desire to open her legs and welcome him deep into her being.

This was not the usual tender and teasing David she knew. This was an animal, a beast of a man who was hurting and desperate and crazed. And she was equally hurt, equally desperate and crazed. For him. David. The man she'd wished to marry. Owner of her heart, her body, her soul.

He dropped her pants and thong to her ankles and pulled away from her, breathing harshly. "On the couch," he said darkly, pushing her around the sofa and brusquely

shoving her until she sat. She bounced on the seat, slouching with her ass barely on the edge. Suddenly damning herself for not thinking coherently, because she shouldn't succumb so easily. She shouldn't still want him, love him, need him—not after what he'd done.

She shivered when he straddled her, bracketing her hips with his knees. Her eyes settled on his cock, throbbing and hard and long, slowly inching its way toward her breasts. His eyes were lethal, not showing an ounce of concern but instead glowing with a steely hardness.

"*This,*" he said fiercely, pressing her breasts together while he thrust his cock between them. "This is what I wanted to do to you as soon as I got back." He closed his eyes and rocked his hips, slowly easing his cock between her breasts. Her sex flooded with wanton juices as she watched his face, that strong, chiseled face, tighten with desire as he rubbed his dick against her flesh.

"Is this turning you on?" he asked coarsely, pushing her breasts tighter to his cock.

Evie made a low, needy sound in her throat, thinking she could die from wanting him.

"Want to hear more? I'm sure you're just *loving* it." He smiled down at her, a cold, cruel smile. "After Jason came all over Cleo's tits, Sebastian started screwing her and Haley dropped my pants to *suck my cock,*" he said.

And suddenly she knew...

The hate in his voice wasn't directed at her. The hate, so strong now...was directed at himself.

Grabbing her by the hair, he held her still while he shifted his body and slid his cock past her quivering lips and into her mouth. "And you know what? She sucked and sucked and sucked, and when I came, she drank *all* my fucking cum."

Hate, jealousy, love and desire—it was all inside her, making her shiver, making her want. There were torrents of feelings, wild and explosive and potent and ugly. She should have pulled away at his harsh, hurting words. Words meant to hurt her, meant

to tear her apart. Instead, Evie wanted nothing but to claim him, nothing but to show that Haley bitch that he was *her* man. His cock was *Evie's*, and she stroked it hungrily with her tongue as it dipped into her mouth, intent on showing David that she could do better than Haley, better than Cleo. Better than anyone.

He groaned when Evie tilted her head and drew his penis deeper into her mouth, wishing to immerse it completely, taking in as much of it as she could. She grazed her fingers over the delicate hairs on his scrotum while she continued to suck on his cock, shuddering in need when she heard the way his breath rushed out of him, hot and haggard and furious. Pulling back slightly, she ran her tongue along the head, tracing the deep pink folds before drawing only the tip into her mouth. He watched her, his eyes vicious and hot as he hungrily witnessed the way she sucked him.

"And while I pushed my cock into her mouth," he continued harshly, "I told her 'suck it, suck my cock, you starved little bitch'. And she was hot for it, couldn't get enough of it."

*That fucking cum-eating bitch!* Evie thought furiously.

She felt like hurting someone.

"And while she sucked and sucked my cock, Jason fucked her in the *ass*."

Evie wanted to die. Every emotion inside her felt so strong, so overpowering. And between all the hate, between all the love, was a red-hot, blazing desire and an insatiable hunger...for him.

Curling her hand around the base of his dick and stroking upward, she bent her head and lightly tugged the tender skin on his balls, first nipping it with her lips then gently pulling with her teeth. He groaned, throwing his head back and emitting a low, rumbling sound of anguish that reverberated in her ears and triggered threads of sensation up to whip and flutter inside her.

While she continued to gently tease the soft, heavy sac of his balls with her mouth, she eased one hand around his hip and cupped his buttock. Sinking her nails in, she pulled him closer so she could better suck on him and show him how good she was,



show him what he missed by not marrying her, not marrying the Queen of Head, for giving his cock to someone who didn't know how to savor it like she did. She wanted to punish him, teach him she could be wild and sexy too. She could be just as good—better—than those two women combined.

“And you know what, *sweetheart*? You know what I was doing while Haley sucked my cock and Jason screwed her in the ass? All that time I ate and ate and *ate* Luella's cunt,” he said, suddenly pulling away and dropping to his knees on the floor before her. “If you give me some now I'll show you just what I did to make her moan, make her come in my mouth.”

Before she could protest, before her heart could shatter and her soul could die a sudden, brutal death by words, he'd forced her legs apart and shoved his wide chest between her knees.

Evie had shaved. She'd wanted to think she was sexy, wanted to think she would be having sex with some stranger soon. She'd wanted to prove to herself she was hot and desirable, and that David *hadn't* screwed around because she lacked something.

“God,” he whispered, his tone rendering even more reverence to the word.

He stared at the glistening folds of her sex for a full minute, his eyes dark and filled with lust.

“So wet, so pink and smooth,” he whispered, speaking directly to her pussy and not even meeting Evie's heavy-lidded, heated gaze.

He placed two fingers on her labia and pulled them open before sinking his head between her legs and slipping his tongue through her parted folds. Evie arched back, a moan tearing from her chest. Then his hands cupped her buttocks and lifted her so he could gain better access, and she thought she would die from sheer pleasure when his tongue began to spear inside her.

“No one could ever taste like you, Evie. No one,” he muttered against her sex before slowly sliding his tongue upward to stroke her clit. Her nipples tingled when he sucked her clit with his full lips, and Evie rocked her hips against his face and cupped

her breasts wantonly, rubbing and pinching her aching nipples. She was burning, shivering with heat, already a breath away from orgasm while he sucked her so slowly, with a lack of haste, an expertise that drove her to the brink of madness.

She spread her hands on the back of his head and pushed his face farther into her pussy while she arched her hips to meet him. "David," she breathed.

Splaying a hand on her buttocks and sliding the other toward the dip between them, he slid a roaming finger into her ass while he kept on sucking her.

She cried out at the sudden invasion, her eyes jerking wide open as she stared blindly up at the ceiling. "Oh God!" she breathed. His finger sank deep into her ass just as she felt his teeth lightly pull at her clit. She yelped both in pain and pleasure.

"David," she gasped in desperation.

He pulled back, his chest heaving as he slowly rose to his complete height. He gazed down at her, a muscle clenching in his jaw, his eyes dark and hard and unholy.

"Now I want to know who's fucked *you*. And I want names."

## Chapter Three

When he saw how she shivered under his stare, it took all his effort to hold back the sudden impulse to kiss her, to hold her and comfort her. He wouldn't be tender—frankly, he *couldn't*—not when he was furious, not when he was mad-crazy jealous. Not before she told him if that damned bastard had buried himself inside her.

She was *his*. His Evie, sitting there breathless and shivering on the sofa, her porcelain white skin glowing with sweat. Her lips were moist and swollen and her eyes shone with lust—lust for David and no one else. But David had to know—he couldn't stand thinking someone had touched her, jacked her. Not while he'd been waiting for her forgiveness, drunk and desperate and screwing every cunt in the city just to make sure he wasn't dead.

Evie took her precious time replying and David was sure it was on purpose. She was torturing him, punishing him for what he'd done to her.

"No one," she finally said, shaking her head, locks of dark black hair falling over her shoulders.

"Bullshit!" He clenched his fists at his sides. "You were almost screwing a guy right before my eyes last night."

She straightened her spine, her face heating to a bright red as she lifted her chin up haughtily. "So it's okay for *you* to fuck two women while we were engaged but I can't fuck anyone now that you're *nothing* to me, is that it, David?"

*Damn her.* Those women meant nothing to him, how many fucking times did he need to tell her? He fucked up! He sank his hands into her hair and rubbed his fingers against her scalp. "You're mine," he gritted out. "Don't you ever forget that, Evie. *Ever.*"

"I'm nothing to you," she spat back, a burning spark igniting her eyes. "If I'd meant so much to you you'd never have done this to me!"

A low, sick sound tore from his chest when he grabbed her arms and pulled her to her feet. He crushed his lips to hers and kissed her hard—hard and savage. He poured every beating of his heart, every aching inch of his hot, sweaty body into that kiss, even though he was mad fucking jealous and wanted—*needed*—to know who had dared touch her while he'd been dreaming, suffering, begging for her forgiveness.

His kiss should tell her, once and for all, that he loved her more than anything in this world. And he was *not* giving her up. Not to some asshole, not to anyone. He'd barely been able to keep on living knowing how much he'd hurt her, and he'd barely been able to cope with the sheer desperation he felt in not knowing what the hell he could do to turn things back to the way they were.

"Tell me," he demanded when he pulled away. "Did he fuck you?"

She merely stared at him, her eyes sparkling with rebellion, and when she pursed her lips David began to shake with a hot, blinding rage as he realized she didn't plan to tell him.

"You little slut." Grabbing a fistful of her hair, he ignored her soft little whimpers as he arranged her body over the sofa until her arms draped over the back and her ass was in the air, completely exposed to him. Possessively, he spread a hand over her bare rump and scraped his thumb over the sensitive, lustrous white skin.

"You won't be kissing anyone again, you won't be touching anyone again and you certainly won't be *fucking* anyone again except *me*, you got that, Evie?" he said, slapping one buttock harshly. She jerked from the impact, her answer only a soft, painful yelp.

"Answer me."

She was silent, deathly still. Furious, he slid the tip of his cock down her buttocks, between the generous mounds of her flesh. "Answer me."

He could hear her fast, loud breathing, could feel her wetness seeping like cream from her pussy, but still no answer.

"Answer me, Evie!"

"Yes."

His heart expanded in his chest at that word, only a whisper but enough to make him shake with the aching sweetness of victory. Roughly, he cupped her waist and readied himself behind her. "You're mine, Evie. Your heart. Your soul. Your body. Your pussy. Your ass. It's *all* mine."

He groaned when the tip of his cock found her entrance, slick and open for him, and with one swift thrust he rammed inside. They both cried out, their cries harsh and deep and animal and reverberating in the room so loudly that more than one neighbor must have paused to listen.

Let them hear. Let them *all* hear.

He began to move inside her, his eyes settling on the white, sweaty skin of her back and the rising little points of her spine. His thrusts weren't lazy or meant to please her. They were meant to let her know he was a man she shouldn't underestimate, meant to let her know she was his. *No one* would touch her while David still lived.

Yet as he sank himself balls-deep inside her, he painfully realized it wasn't enough. Demanding she be his, brutally claiming her body, was not enough. There was something he needed, something he couldn't demand she give him, something she had to give to him freely and honestly and completely.

He slowed his rhythm and bent forward, his chest pressing against her back and his face framed by the crook of her neck.

"Evie," he whispered hotly, brokenly, not wanting this anger anymore, wanting love, only love. And forgiveness. "Baby, I love you," he whispered, planting a hot, wet kiss on her ear. "I don't want to hurt us any more..."

She shivered beneath him and he wrapped his arms around her waist, the move making his cock slide just a bit farther inside her. That sensual movement proved to be excruciatingly painful to him and he felt a stinging, burning sensation in the pit of his being.

"Baby," he whispered hoarsely. "Please...please find it in your heart to forgive me. Maybe if you forgive me, I'll be able to forgive myself..."

Her cunt clenched around his cock as he spoke, as if his words affected every muscle in her tender, pliant body. Deathly still, he waited for her answer, his dick buried deep inside her, pulsing, throbbing. Her sex muscles instinctively quivered and massaged his cock, tightening and pulling him in.

She turned her face to look at him and he saw the tears shining in her eyes, on the verge of spilling. "You said you'd never hurt me."

"I'm sorry."

"You said you'd always love me."

"I do. Baby, I do—I love you more than anything."

"You made me want to *die*!"

Gently, he brushed his chin against the curve of her shoulder then kissed it softly, with a tenderness exclusive to that which was most precious to him. "I swear I'd kill myself before I hurt you again."

She made a little sound of pain in her throat and he tightened his hold around her waist. "I've been in hell without you," he breathed, nudging the tip of her nose with his. "I need you. God...I need you so badly."

Her lips trembled when she lifted her deep, shimmering blue gaze to his. One lone tear spilled down her cheek. "I love you so much, David."

His cock tingled inside her and David knew he wanted to come. At those mere words, he felt his balls constrict and his penis tremble as every muscle in his body stiffened and he was thrust dangerously close to that high point of release. "God, I needed to hear that," he whispered then locked his lips to hers, gently rocking his hips.

He tried to kiss her slowly but he was burning for her, and within seconds the thrusts of his tongue became deep and possessive in her mouth.

Withdrawing his cock, he thrust it briskly back inside her, every muscle straining with effort as he held back his orgasm. He hadn't touched her in over a year and he was so pained his balls were drawn tightly against him. When she made a little sound of pleasure he quickened his pace and found himself sinking his teeth into the flesh of her neck, shuddering at the high, keening sound of her pleasure.

Cupping her breasts, he hauled her back with him as he straightened his spine, her back flattened against his chest as he continued to move inside her. Scraping the pad of his thumb over a rigid nipple, he slid his other hand up her neck, to her jaw. Holding her firmly, he twisted her face so he could kiss her once more. Her lips were soft and moist against his. Drugged by the chocolaty taste of her, he groaned against her lips and drank the sweetness from her mouth. She was his medicine, seeping into his insides until he felt that burning hate easing, soothing, shifting into nothing but love. Desire.

Desperate, he shoved his cock into her body, needing to spill inside her now.

Her face haunted him and suddenly he had to look into those magnificent, electrifying blue eyes. He withdrew from her body, grasped her shoulders and smoothly flipped her back onto the length of the sofa. She was motionless, breathing hard and fast as he placed her legs on either side of his head and positioned himself above her, the back of her knees curving over his shoulders.

Their gazes held, hers brilliant, his dark and pained. In one swift motion he thrust inside her, fully, deeply, completely. She bit her lower lip, whimpering softly, then clutched his hair and pulled him down for her kiss.

She kissed him like she'd die if she didn't, and he welcomed her lips and their generous offering, taking what was given and then some. His teeth gnawed at the tender flesh of her bottom lip, pulling it roughly even as he sped up his thrusts and began to really fuck her, hard and fast.

Within seconds she cried out, her words muffled by his lips, and then he lifted his head and watched the expression on her face as he pummeled inside her. Only when he saw her features tighten and her eyes go blind as she stared up at him, only when he

felt her fingers on his head sink viciously into his scalp, did he let loose, let his muscles go and his own orgasm come.

It rocked him completely, every cell in his body shuddering, trembling, exploding along with hers, until he fell limp on top of her.

For a long, breathless moment they lay there, their sweaty bodies entangled. Realizing he was crushing her, David shifted onto his side and dragged her with him until she'd settled comfortably in his arms. Almost in awe, he looked down at her in his arms again. He could hardly keep himself from leaping with joy—but being here with her was infinitely better. She'd snuggled her face against the crook of his neck and her eyelashes rested over her cheekbones as she sighed contentedly.

"Was that good for you, baby?" he whispered softly, planting a gentle kiss on her forehead.

"Hmm," she said in a catlike purr. Then she opened her eyes and regarded him closely. There was a mischievous glint in her gaze when she said, "Let's do that again."

He laughed, a low, rumbling sound that vibrated in his chest then kissed her softly on the lips. "I aim to please."

"In fact, I have a better idea," she suddenly said, twisting her body to rise, making him groan in protest. She came back wiggling the red spin devil in the air, and he immediately glowered at it.

"Not *that* thing again."

She smiled, looking puzzled. "Why not? I think it's cute."

"Yeah, well...I don't trust it."

"It's just a little toy," she said as she pushed a few books to one side of the coffee table so she could set it in the center. Eyeing him in amusement, she arched her brows in a bad imitation of him a while ago and said, "Pitchfork, I get my ring back. Tail, I get my ring back." And then she twirled it.



David laughed when the pitchfork ended up pointing at the bedroom door and the tail toward the opposite wall. Evie's look of disappointment was very apparent—making his heart swell. God, how could he ever live without her? "I told you, that little shit is vicious," he said, rising and hugging her tightly. "You're not getting that ring back, Evie. I'm getting you a new one. This time you can choose it yourself, any ring you want."

"Oh no, you're not. That's not even romantic," she said, shaking her head, her gorgeous locks of black hair flying everywhere.

"If you want romance, I'll give you romance—*right now*, in the bedroom."

He was dead serious. He wanted her again...and he had proof of it if only she'd look down.

She bit back a smile and framed his face with her hands. "If that's your best offer then I guess I'll have to take it."

He bent and kissed her, their lips fusing together gently, lovingly. He'd ached to taste these lips for months and now he couldn't get enough. "I love you, baby."

"Love you too." Her lips curved against his mouth before she pulled away and clamped her hands on her waist. "Then what am I supposed to do with this little friend of yours?" she asked, turning to stare at the intrusive object.

"Pack it up in a box and FedEx it back to Florida. I'm sure Jason would love to have it as a houseguest."

She thought about it for a moment then smiled in agreement. "Just let him know it's coming or he'll probably have no idea what the thing is."

David hugged Evie from behind and rested his chin on her shoulder, his eyes on the devil, his heart in Evie's hands. "Oh believe me, he'll know. He'll recognize the spin devil."

Sending a deadly look its way, he added, "Bon voyage, you stupid little shit."

*The End*

## About the Author

A lifelong reader of romance and erotica, Red Garnier is a lover of love, sex, and laughter. Formerly a full-time diamond expert, now her expertise lies solely in the heart and imagination, spending her days and nights grappling with chauvinistic heroes and sassy, sexy heroines.

Red enjoys reading almost as much as writing, and as a sensitive Pisces, cries wholeheartedly at the merest, silliest things. Not that she's a crybaby, but hey, she's female and warmhearted, and she does get to put up with insensitive machos and stubborn females every day—which is plenty enough to make her cry and maybe...laugh her head off.

Red is a firm believer in love being the strongest, deepest emotion of the heart, capable of making one soar to the skies—and crash on one's butt.

Needless to say, it's worth the ride. And despite all the obstacles (which are most times within our own very selves) Red believes that love truly conquers all.

Red welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

### *Tell Us What You Think*

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at [Comments@EllorasCave.com](mailto:Comments@EllorasCave.com).

## **Also by Red Garnier**

Devilish Games 1: Spin Devil



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com) for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)