

*all wrapped
up 2*

Naked Exposure

Lacey Savage

Changeling Press

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A picture is worth a thousand words...

When savvy celebrity photographer Deidre Laxon trespasses on private property in pursuit of hot Hollywood bachelor Greg Radigan, she hopes to catch him engaged in something sinfully naughty. After all, that's what she's paid for. But she has no idea she's about to capture him in all his naked glory participating in some very explicit BDSM play.

The moment the picture hits the newsstands, it quickly becomes the only thing anyone can talk about. Greg knows his career is ruined. Why couldn't the paparazzi have photographed him changing from his human form into his wolf shape? At least he could have tried to explain that astonishing scenario away as a digital enhancement.

Naturally, whoever took the picture has to pay.

When Greg and Deidre finally come face-to-face, he's ready to exact revenge. And nothing short of Deidre's complete submission will satisfy him...

Chapter One

"The night's a bust, Tammy. I followed Greg to Eagle Rock but he wasn't heading to a club. He parked on a side street." Deidre Laxon nestled her cell phone in the crook of her shoulder and squinted up at the street sign above her head. "Just off Colorado Boulevard."

"And then what?" Tammy Northfall didn't bother to hide her impatience.

Wisely, Deidre ignored her boss's frustration. An argument with Tammy always ended with Deidre running around Hollywood until the crack of dawn, hoping for a lucky shot of a celebrity picking his nose.

"Then he walked a couple of blocks and disappeared up a steep driveway leading to a private home," Deidre said, though *home* was a massive understatement.

The place was a palace. One of those ten-million-dollar mansions the rich-and-famous were so damned proud of. And just like the typical celebrity abode, this one was surrounded by thick walls and neatly spaced security cameras that rotated at regular intervals without so much as a rasp of noise. A veritable fortress, meant to keep unwelcome intruders -- like her -- out.

"I don't care what you have to do." Tammy's voice rose in a high-pitched whine. "If I have to plaster one more shot of a happy, newly-engaged couple on the front page of *Voyeur*, I'm going to scream. It's your job to get me the pictures that sell magazines. I want photos of panty-less starlets or stark-raving-drunk Oscar winners. I want illicit liaisons and full-frontal nudity. The hotter and harder to explain, the better. And Deidre? I want them on my desk first thing tomorrow morning."

Before Deidre could reply, the telltale click of a disconnected line snapped in her ear. With a sigh, Deidre flipped her cell phone closed and shoved it in her tiny

backpack, then slung the leather satchel over her shoulder. Her hand automatically went to the digital camera she carried on a strap looped around her neck.

Most people displayed their tools of the trade proudly, whether they knew it or not. Businessmen had their laptops and Blackberries. Plumbers had their wrenches and tool belts. Cops had their guns.

Deidre's weapon was just as deadly, but it didn't require a permit to carry. With the press of a button, she could capture a moment in time, forever immortalizing a celebrity's lapse in judgment that would end up splattered all over the tabloids the next morning.

She held no illusions about what she did for a living. People hated her. She'd been cursed at, yelled at, kicked, spit on, punched and sued. Yet every photograph she took brought her one step closer to her goal of one day leaving the lifestyle of the filthy rich behind in order to join the ranks of the gainfully self-employed.

"Just a few more," Deidre reminded herself as she set off in the direction in which Greg had disappeared only minutes earlier. Another dozen shots of minor starlets making fools of themselves should do it. Those were always a staple of the tabloid business. People embarrassed themselves on a fairly regular basis. On average, she could count on at least one of those mortifying shots a month.

But she didn't think she could last another year hiding behind trash bins and sneaking up on people. Last week, she'd followed a newly divorced dad on a play date with his twins. She'd never felt more like an intruder than she had as she'd trailed them, ducking behind swing sets and snapping off pictures of the family eating hot dogs, the kids' faces glistening with fresh tears.

Those photographs had fetched a good-sized paycheck. She'd swallowed her guilt and cashed it, knowing she wouldn't have to do this for much longer.

There was no way she'd make it through another twelve months. That's why she'd begun choosing more famous targets. The better known the celebrity, the higher the paycheck. But people weren't interested in smiles and waves. They wanted dirt. Real, genuine dirt.

Tonight, Greg Radigan was her ticket off the streets. In his early thirties, with a smile that would charm the panties off a nun, he'd quickly become one of the most recognizable faces in show business. It had only been eight months since the release of *Too Savage to Tame*, an action adventure movie that saw him walking around shirtless for almost the entire two hours. Yet that had been plenty of time for Greg to make an impact on the industry. Rumor had it he was the prime contender for the leading role in a new film directed by a man who lived to create Oscar winners. He'd shaped the careers of countless movie stars who now had multiple golden statuettes on their mantels.

A compromising shot couldn't come at a better time.

She'd spent the past week following Greg exclusively, to Tammy's increasing annoyance. While Deidre had her sights set on Greg, she was missing opportunities to capture a slew of other seedy shots.

Well, Tammy would have to learn a bit of patience. Deidre's gut instincts had gotten her plenty of exclusives in the past, and Tammy hadn't complained then. If her hunch held up, she'd have a hell of a story for tomorrow's issue of *Voyeur*.

Deidre crept up the side of the driveway, sticking to the long shadows cast by leafy palm trees bordering the path. Radigan was good; she had to give him that. The paparazzi were like vultures, always circling around mouthwatering prey. Greg's house was a veritable hunting ground for them. Yet in the span of twenty minutes, he'd managed to lose three of Deidre's colleagues, men who'd been in the stalking business for longer than she'd been alive.

But Deidre was nothing if not persistent. A man didn't go to this much trouble to have a drink with his sister. No... he was involved in something shady. Something he didn't want anyone to discover. She could feel it in her bones as she hunched over, ducking out of sight of a security camera's scanning view. She rounded the corner of the brick wall, sticking close to the edge. Greg had gone in through the front gate. Since she couldn't do the same, she simply had to find another way inside.

Tall streetlights tossed flickering shadows against the whitewashed brick. There were no floodlights installed on top of the wall, but each camera had a small bulb that cast a pool of light over the long blades of grass in its immediate path.

Sucking a deep breath between her teeth, Deidre waited until the left-most camera was turned away. Then she dug her fingers into the narrow spaces between the brick, suddenly grateful her best friend had talked her into learning to wall climb when they were in college. She scurried up the wall as quickly as her square-toed shoes would allow, dropping down the other side in a fluid move before the camera could complete its scan.

The scent of gardenias filled her nostrils as she made her way through the elegant garden to the edge of a glistening pool. Bright lights shone from within the water, casting brief wavering ripples over its surface.

Deidre quickly ran around the perimeter of the pool to reach the side of the house. Once there, she pressed her back against the wall and held her breath, waiting for the wail of alarms to indicate she'd been seen.

The place remained quiet. Almost *too* quiet. Even the bustling noise of the city seemed dulled within the interior of the private garden. The all-encompassing hush sent a shiver of trepidation dancing up Deidre's spine.

Cautiously, she peeled herself away from the wall and peered warily up at the house. She could see narrow slivers of light within, but heavy drapes had been pulled closed across each one of the multitude of windows. Disappointment quivered inside her stomach. She'd been so certain Greg would lead her straight to his seedy little pastime.

And he had. She was certain of it. If only she could find a way to see what was happening inside, she knew the effort would pay off in spades.

Taking great care to make as little noise as possible, Deidre edged sideways toward the front of the house. She'd only gone a few steps when a sudden burst of golden light spilled over her feet. She leapt backward quickly, away from the small

basement window that had suddenly been illuminated. Crouching down, she willed her hammering heartbeat to slow.

The murmur of a male voice slid through the glass pane to reach her ears. She couldn't make out the words, but she recognized the rich timbre of the man's inflection.

Hope rose inside her chest, causing a ripple effect of excited butterflies to flutter low in her stomach. She'd done it! She'd found Greg Radigan despite his best efforts to keep his scandalous diversion a secret.

Her hand went to her camera. She flicked it on, gritting her teeth when the tiny motor came to life with a whirr that sounded much too loud in the quiet garden.

With her fingers wrapped tightly around her favorite electronic device, Deidre's calm focus returned. She had a job to do. Although she was normally careful not to put herself in any situation that would land her in jail, now that she'd come this far, she wasn't about to leave empty-handed.

The basement window was rectangular, with the top of its frame barely reaching halfway up Deidre's calf. She attempted to crouch down but quickly realized she wouldn't be able to see anything, much less get a good shot, unless she lay on the ground.

With only a moment's remorse for her favorite gray tank top, Deidre dropped to her belly along the neatly mowed grass. She inched her head forward a fraction, just enough so that she could peer inside without exposing more of herself than absolutely necessary.

The scene unfolding before her caused a mewling squeak to slip from her throat. She was certain her eyes had to be as big as saucers as she stared at Greg Radigan in all his shirtless glory. He stood just a few feet away from Deidre, his muscles looking even more perfectly sculpted than they had on the big screen, blown up to a hundred times their normal size.

But it wasn't the sight of Greg's powerful pectorals or his awe-inspiring flat abs that had her knuckles turning white around her camera. It was the naked woman kneeling before him who instantly captured Deidre's attention.

The woman knelt in a subservient position, her long red hair falling like a sleek curtain around her face to slip over the slope of her breasts, the ends of the auburn strands just brushing the top of her dark areolas. Metal clamps pinched her nipples. A black strip of cloth bound her eyes, while a second had been shoved between her lips, gagging her.

Her lithe body trembled visibly, but the slick cream between her legs spoke volumes as to the cause of her quivering apprehension. There was no fear on her porcelain features as Greg fisted his hand in her hair and tugged her head back. Instead, she arched her spine and ground her hips, wriggling her bottom so that it came into contact with Greg's leg.

Deidre watched, transfixed, as the woman slid her pussy up and down Greg's shin. Proof of her arousal glistened on the fabric of Greg's pants. His hand went to his belt and Deidre found herself holding her breath while he yanked the buckle open to slip the leather through the loops.

He said something then, his words lost to the privacy of the room. Deidre swallowed hard, prying her gaze away from Greg and his playmate long enough to glance at their surroundings.

The basement looked like something out of a vampire novel. It had been decorated in shades of black and crimson, liberally sprinkled with velvet and silk. A mahogany coffee table sat in front of a curved couch. Handcuffs, a bottle of lubricant and a pack of condoms had been placed along its edge, beside a bucket of champagne on ice.

A movement from Greg's direction jerked Deidre's attention back just in time to watch him slip out of his pants. He wore white briefs that encased his muscular physique to perfection, outlining the hard ridge of a mouthwatering erection. She knew without even having to see it that his cock would be impossibly thick and long, rivaling the size of her favorite vibrator, a purple silicone monster that had found a permanent home in the top drawer of her nightstand.

As she watched, he hooked his thumbs through the waistband of his briefs and peeled them over his hips, unleashing the magnificent girth of his cock. Deidre's fingers went limp. The camera nestled in a patch of lawn, forgotten.

Mesmerized, Deidre pulled herself closer to the window, wondering what it would feel like to have that cock thrusting inside her, stretching her pussy lips to accommodate the thick intrusion inside her body. The mere thought had her cunt throbbing with excitement. Wetness slicked her panties, causing the thin material to stick to her soaked slit. She wriggled slightly, feeling the crease of her jeans dig into her soft folds and press against her heated clit.

Greg reached for the discarded belt and snapped it in the air with such force that Deidre flinched even though she couldn't hear the cracking noise it made. The woman leaned forward on the plush carpet, supporting her weight on her outstretched arms. She thrust her ass high up in the air, presenting the fleshy globes with an air of aroused elegance.

The sight of the subservient offering stole Deidre's breath. She couldn't have torn her gaze away from the window if the entire Los Angeles police department suddenly dropped from helicopters on top of her head.

The woman kept her head down, but the expression on her features was rapturous as she awaited the first smack of Greg's belt against her immaculate ass.

Time seemed to stand still. Both Deidre and Greg's playmate seemed frozen -- united in expectation -- waiting for the inevitable lash to fall.

Deidre's heart hammered against her ribcage. In the blink of an eye, she transported herself inside the room, picturing herself in the woman's place. What would it feel like to kneel, bound, blindfolded and gagged, with Greg Radigan lording all that control over her?

The thought should have been repulsive, but it had the opposite effect. The rush of heat between her legs intensified, pulsing with renewed excitement as she imagined herself offering her ass cheeks and the curve of her bared cunt to the flick of his wrist --

The crack of leather against flesh was almost audible as the belt struck the woman's cheeks. She jerked her head up, arching her back. Deidre watched, mesmerized, as a pink line blossomed against her alabaster skin.

Greg spoke again. After a moment's hesitation, the woman nodded, prompting a second blow. This one landed lower, out of Deidre's field of vision, though she imagined it struck at the crease where the woman's buttocks met her thighs. As though bound by an invisible force to the scene unfolding before her, Deidre felt a tingle of heat spread from the same spot to burst across her flesh.

Oh, God.

The thought of that belt scoring her skin prompted another gush of sticky cream to puddle between her thighs. Her clit throbbed, begging to be touched.

The woman's hips moved in time with the belt, meeting the falling lash even before it would have naturally connected with her flesh. She writhed with the grace of a dancer, her breasts trembling, the distended nipples flushed in the tender grip of the clamps.

Behind her, Greg looked like a vengeful god as he wielded the belt. His movements were guided and precise, varying in intensity and never hitting the exact same spot twice. Some of the smacks were so light as to almost be a caress, while others landed harder, causing blood to surge just underneath the surface of the woman's flesh.

None of the blows broke the skin. They seemed designed to create maximum pleasure for minimum impact, each more sensual than the last.

Deidre covered her mouth with her hand and sank her teeth into her palm to keep from crying out. A violent shiver broke out over her skin. Her nipples hardened to stiff little peaks and her clit felt immensely sensitive. Juices flowed freely between her legs, dampening the crotch of her jeans through her soaked panties.

Fuck!

If she didn't come soon, she'd go insane. Unable to hold back any longer, Deidre thrust her ass in the air, mimicking the woman's posture. She slipped her right hand beneath her arched hips, pressing the heel of her palm against her sticky mound.

Greg wrapped his free hand around his straining cock, stroking the steel rod with a white-knuckled grip while the blows continued to land.

Deidre's body trembled as pent-up arousal gathered in her cunt. She pressed down on her mound through the harsh fabric of her jeans. The climax exploded outward from her clit, rushing through her with an intensity that left her head reeling. Her inner muscles twitched and squeezed down. Finding nothing to grip, her pussy wept in protest, causing the already sticky mess between her thighs to expand. The scent of her arousal blended with the smell of night-blooming flowers.

A primal, guttural groan lodged in Deidre's throat. Her body continued to shudder in the grips of orgasm, driven by the thrashing release, until nothing but the overwhelming rapture existed in Deidre's lust-filled world.

A lilting chirp slid through the air, followed by another, then another.

It took Deidre a full ten seconds to comprehend what it was she was hearing. With the recognition of her cell phone's ring tone, common sense came flooding back. She gasped and reached for her camera, snapping off a couple of random shots in quick succession.

Muttering a curse low under her breath, Deidre brought the camera flush with her right eye. Then she squeezed her left eye shut and concentrated on focusing the shot, knowing she didn't have much time. The heat of her climax burned between her legs, a fervent reminder of what she'd just experienced.

The cell phone rang again, bringing with it a renewed sense of urgency. It took all the willpower she didn't know she possessed to ignore it and focus on the image captured through her camera lens.

She angled the shot in a split second. Her index finger was already pressing down on the button when Greg's features twisted with impending release. A hot jet of cum spurt from his engorged cock-head to splatter on the woman's back.

She could almost hear him roar his pleasure as he threw his head back... and his eyes met the eye of her camera.

Chapter Two

The joyful rays of pink-tipped early morning sunshine dancing across dewy blades of grass matched Greg's mood. He stood on his back porch bare-footed, a mug of his favorite Columbian coffee clenched tightly in his hand, and watched the sun creep over the line of the horizon.

Life just didn't get much better than this.

It had been a long time since he'd awoken feeling... *fulfilled*. If someone had told him that achieving success in his chosen field would have meant hiding the part of him that truly made him happy, he might have reconsidered taking acting classes and setting upon this path.

It was much too late to change gears now, however. He simply had to make do with the hand life dealt him... a hand that hadn't always been easy to play.

Still, he'd survived. He'd made it through the countless orphanages, the foster homes, the wind-blown alleys where he'd huddled behind Dumpsters and willed himself to wake and experience just one more sunrise.

And he'd kept himself together through innumerable nights spent in kennels across the country. He'd even endured a pitiful existence in a zoo for a few weeks.

So who'd have thought he'd end up drinking java on a porch half the size of Texas overlooking the Hollywood sign? Funny how fate worked. He'd grown from a pup no one wanted to a celebrity who couldn't get a moment's peace.

No one ever said God didn't have a sense of humor.

Draining the last mouthful of black coffee, Greg set about going through his daily stretching routine. The exercises were a tedious chore, but he'd learned from experience they were necessary. Without the preliminary conditioning, his body had a much harder time adjusting to the shift.

There was no more excruciating pain than that of a spontaneous shift. Except perhaps the lack of one in a twenty-four-hour period.

To spite the abnormal DNA running through his system -- a gene mutation that demanded nothing short of absolute submission -- Greg had developed a method to combat the compulsion he was helpless to fight. The only time he achieved any measure of peace was when he glided into his role as a Dominant, with full control over a willing submissive.

He'd learned long ago that a woman's willingness to become subservient to his needs was a gift to be treasured. And ever since his name had become synonymous with Hugh Jackman's or Gerard Butler's, he hadn't been able to find that kind of personal fulfillment.

Oh, there'd been plenty of women who'd offered themselves to him wearing nothing but a pair of handcuffs. But what good was a moment's release when the next morning they'd be selling their souls to the first publisher who offered them a few thousand dollars in exchange for a seedy, tell-all confessional? That would certainly spell the end of his career. No, what he needed was a discreet way to fulfill his deepest, most secret urges.

He'd needed Madam Nina's House of Pleasure.

Nina Van Zandt was an elderly widow who'd taken the mansion her dearly departed husband had left her and had transformed it into the most exclusive brothel in Los Angeles. Most people didn't even know the place existed. It required a personalized invitation that included specific directions... and an awful lot of money.

The experience had been worth every penny. He'd been treated like royalty from the moment he'd stepped on the red carpet blanketing the front entrance. Madam Nina herself had greeted him, offering him his choice of girl. Every one of the women presented to him had been blindfolded, ensuring his privacy.

The night had been pure bliss. Best of all, it had been completely discreet. He'd been careful to ensure the pesky paparazzi following him at all hours had lost his trail long before he turned onto Madam Nina's street.

God, his cock was growing hard just thinking about the way the woman kneeling before him had moaned through the gag each time he'd struck her beautiful ass. Her little noises of pleasure had made him feel more contented, more serene, more *alive* than he'd felt in months.

He couldn't wait to return.

Slowly, he arched his back, brought his arms up over his head as far as he could reach and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. With one last luxuriating stretch, he picked up the mug he'd balanced on the railing and retreated into the cool interior of his mansion.

The morning had already grown warm. He had to get moving if he hoped to return before the sun scorched his fur.

Ducking out of sight of any long-range cameras to hide behind a rippling black curtain, he discarded his pajama bottoms and kneeled on the Persian rug beside his bed. He took a deep breath, willing himself to focus on the systematic trance that would initiate the shift.

If he was ever asked, he wouldn't be able to explain how he did what he did. He only knew that one moment he was a man in every sense of the word, and the next his body would begin to surge and swell in some places while narrowing and elongating in others. His ribs contracted, tapering along with his limbs. His jaw, mouth and nose lengthened, and his teeth extended, forming slanted canines. Hair sprouted on every inch of his body, with the exception of the delicate skin around his scrotum and the soft pads of his paws.

The pain was noticeable, but bearable thanks to the stretches he'd performed. In less than a minute, the transformation was complete. Pausing for a moment to give himself time to adjust to his highly acute wolf senses and reorient himself with a viewpoint much closer to the ground, he gave his coat a shake.

Sucking in a deep, dew-scented breath through his sensitive nostrils, Greg dashed out the back porch. He ran through the yard and then leapt over the six

strategically placed laser alarm beams that surrounded the area to slip beneath the bushy furrows of the twelve-foot-tall hedge surrounding his property.

A few minutes later, he was running through Griffith Park. The scent of oak, walnut and sage blended with lilac and sumac to produce a miasma of natural aromas. He reveled in the smell of the familiar flora and fauna, grateful for the little piece of wilderness nestled in the bosom of the bustling cityscape.

His paws crunched as they landed on branches and leaves. A squirrel darted in front of him and he allowed himself a moment's reprieve to chase it, and then returned to his usual path, which ran alongside the main trail, yet far enough away so that the chances of running into an early-morning hiker were slim. The last thing he wanted was to have animal control after him again.

He slowed to a cautious saunter when he caught the scent of human ahead. He was just about to swerve right and head deeper into the park when his sensitive ears picked up his name.

"Do you think it's far from here?" a woman asked.

"I doubt it," her male companion answered. "The map has his house marked just over this hill."

Greg bared his teeth in a snarl. Stupid celebrity home tour guides and their godforsaken maps. Tourists were always trying to get a glimpse of him. As if having his picture taken at every premiere and Hollywood party wasn't enough for them. What did they expect? A peek at him walking nude through his backyard?

"Hey Jack, you think we'll see anything?"

I doubt it, lady. Though you can have a good look at my hedge.

"I don't think he keeps his whips and chains in his garden, if that's what you mean."

The woman laughed, a cold, icy laugh that felt like chilled fingertips trailing down Greg's spine. "Oh, come on. A guy like him can't keep his deviant behavior indoors. Maybe he has a kinky swing outside. Or one of those padded beam things... what do they call them?"

"A spanking bench?" The man's voice lowered an octave, growing hoarse.

"Mmm... yeah. I wouldn't mind having him tie me to that thing."

Greg's paws felt weighed down with lead. He moved slowly through the cover of plants until he was close enough to see them. They were a young couple, likely no older than twenty or so. She was pretty enough, with short blonde hair cropped in a spiky style, but her mouth looked almost too wide for her face and her nose scrunched upward when she spoke. The man who was with her looked like a college football player, with more brawn than brains.

"You want to be tied up, do you, Cynthia?" He clutched at her chest, grabbed a handful of fabric and yanked her to him by the thin material of her too-tight T-shirt.

She placed a finger on Jack's lips and giggled wildly. "Shhh! Not so loud. Someone will hear us. You think we're the only ones who've come looking for the kinky Gregory Radigan this morning?"

Kinky?

Apprehension swept through him like a raging storm. How did they know? This wasn't possible. Could Madam Nina have been less discreet than he'd thought? Had she betrayed him as soon as he'd left?

"With that picture splattered on the front page of every tabloid in the country, I doubt the guy's gonna get any peace for the next year or so."

The man's words hurt more than if he'd simply gone up and punched Greg in the jaw. Greg suddenly felt numb, as though every drop of blood coursing through his veins had frozen into solid ice.

Cynthia scoffed. "If he wanted peace, he's in the wrong business."

"Yeah, but you like hot superstars, don't you?" Rather than waiting for her to respond, Jack crushed his mouth to hers, hard.

From his vantage point, Greg saw Cynthia's hand slide down over the front of Jack's shirt to massage the erection tenting his pants.

"I like you," she said when they broke away.

"Oh yeah?" Jack tugged her T-shirt from the waistband of her jeans and lifted it to reveal a toned belly and a jeweled navel ring. "Prove it."

She giggled again, the sound grating on Greg's nerves. "Here? What if someone sees us?"

"Hell, babe," Jack said as he unzipped his pants. "Pretend you're a celebrity. It worked for Radigan."

"You think he gets off on being watched?" Her nipples stiffened as she pulled the T-shirt over her head. Her breasts bobbed free, making it clear that Cynthia obviously thought bras were unnecessary for tits that barely constituted a handful.

Jack freed his cock, letting his jeans fall around his ankles. He grabbed himself in hand, stroking the thick length of his erection from root to tip. "Who wouldn't?"

Greg couldn't move. His claws dug into the damp earth. He clenched his teeth hard enough to make his muzzle ache.

The couple was occupied with each other and all chatter had come to an end, but Greg desperately needed to hear more of what they knew.

The woman had mentioned his picture being plastered on the front page of the tabloids. That wasn't news to Greg. But from the sound of it, the image they spoke of didn't show him stepping out of a limo or waving to an adoring crowd.

God, how had this happened? He'd been so careful. He'd ditched the photographers and he'd scanned the street repeatedly when he'd walked up the drive toward Madam Nina's. There hadn't been a soul on that street.

Had there?

He forced himself to think, but it grew increasingly difficult with the moans and groans of the couple in front of him growing more heated by the moment. He watched, unashamed, as Jack pushed Cynthia up against a tree and told her to hug the trunk. She did as he commanded, wrapping her arms around the thick stem and thrusting her ass out. Her jeans, too, had fallen around her ankles and from where he stood, Greg had a perfect glimpse of her pink folds.

Her pussy glistened with arousal. She stretched her back, swinging her ass from side to side. Greg's mouth watered at the sight of the fleshy globes beckoning to him. He yearned to pick up anything he could find -- the fallen branch by her feet with leaves still sprouting from its tip would do nicely -- and lash that outthrust bottom.

He wanted to hear her cry out as he whipped her, each stroke of the branch leaving temporary marks against her flawless skin. He craved the scent of her cum drenching her pussy while he smacked her, again and again and again until they both came with a wild cry of release.

Jack obviously didn't share Greg's desire. Without preamble, the man gripped Cynthia's upper thighs and spread them, opening her fleshy nether lips like the spread petals of a flower. In the blink of an eye, he positioned the tip of his cock against her opening.

The man's erection grew harder, blue veins dancing across its surface. His balls tightened, drawing up into his sac before he even plunged inside her.

Greg rolled his eyes. This wouldn't last long.

Cynthia moaned as Jack sheathed his cock in her willing pussy, and then began pumping in earnest. She gripped the tree trunk harder, her breasts jiggling with each thrust.

"Yes! Harder! Yes!" she screamed, apparently having forgotten her earlier concern about getting caught. Or perhaps she wasn't as worried about being watched as she'd pretended to be.

A heartbeat later, Jack's movements stilled. His deep, rasping breaths filled the air. The man dug his fingertips into Cynthia's ass, leaving deep red imprints against her flesh. The sight of the woman's blood surging beneath the surface of her pale skin sent a jolt of adrenaline rushing through Greg's system.

He waited while Jack groaned his release, hoping the adventurous couple would resume their discussion. Perhaps Cynthia had a copy of the tabloid with her. That would save him from having to run out to the corner store to see what the hell they were talking about.

Jack grunted one last time and pulled his dripping cock out of Cynthia's cunt. Greg inhaled the twin scents of sweat and semen while both Cynthia and Jack straightened their clothes, making no attempt to prolong the sensual contact. So much for romance. Then again, a quick hump against a tree trunk wasn't exactly conducive to idyllic dalliances.

It was what it was. A quick fuck in the park.

"Let's get the hell out of here," Jack said, zipping up.

"Yeah. We've got class in an hour."

"I've got practice afterward. Hey, maybe you can come watch me play. After everyone leaves, I promise to tie you to the bleachers."

Cynthia's laugh rang out through the park and Greg watched, muscles corded with tension, as they walked away.

Fuck!

He'd wasted too much time lingering here. He needed to get home and see if the picture was really as bad as they made it out to be.

He had to do some damage control. Fast.

His paws barely touched the ground as he raced back to his mansion. He slipped through the electronic barrier a little too rashly and managed to set off the detectors in the process. Swearing, he rushed through the veranda door into his room, shifted faster than he ever remembered shifting in his entire life, and grabbed the phone on its third ring.

"It's fine. I set off the alarm accidentally. The password is Indiana," he said before the police officer even had a chance to speak. The LAPD guys didn't mess around.

"Gregory?"

"Who's this?" Greg asked, suddenly apprehensive.

"It's Dustin Moss."

The Dustin Moss. Only the hottest director in Hollywood. The man who two days ago had offered Greg the lead role in his latest film, a WWII epic guaranteed to put his name on the short list of Oscar contenders.

"Mr. Moss." Greg cleared his throat. "What a pleasant surprise."

"Isn't it though?" There was a long pause, as though the man expected him to answer.

"Err... yeah. Unexpected, though. What can I do for you?"

"Actually, Greg, I'm calling to do something for you."

Greg gripped the backrest of a nearby chair. Every muscle in his body ached, pulsing with racing shivers of pain from the abrupt shift. "I'm listening."

"Good. Because I'm going to give you a piece of advice you won't ever want to forget. The next time you decide to spank someone's ass, make damned sure you're not being photographed. Oh, and don't shoot your load on film, either. It's in really poor taste."

Greg's mouth went dry. He groped for something to say, but words wouldn't come. He thought he grunted something noncommittal, but it sounded as though someone else had made that noise.

"I know I don't need to say it, but I will anyway. You're fired, Greg."

The phone went dead. He held it up to his ear for what seemed like an eternity as his life slowly spiraled out of control around him. When he could trust himself to move, he shuffled to his computer, turned it on and navigated to the most popular search engine. Once there, he typed in his name.

The first picture that flashed across his screen had his head reeling. He squeezed his eyes shut and sucked in deep gulps of air through lungs that suddenly refused to work.

Obviously, he'd been wrong in thinking that he could purchase an ounce of privacy to be cherished without the loathsome intrusion of the paparazzi.

He pummeled the desk with the side of his fist, which hit with a satisfying thunk, rattling two empty cans of pop. Squinting through narrowed eyes, he peered at the screen, willing the image to be different the second time around.

It wasn't.

He was still there, clear as day, his cock in one hand and his belt, which he wielded like a riding crop, in the other. His features were transformed into a savage, almost barbaric scowl and a pearly white stream of fluid jetted from his cock to splash on his sub's bare back.

Shit! Where were the censors when you really needed them? He dropped his head into his palms, feeling his temples throb beneath his fingertips.

God. He was fucked. Absolutely, irrevocably fucked.

An invisible force tugged at his eyelashes. He lifted his gaze, unable to keep from glancing at the explicit image, hating the jolt of arousal that traveled through his cock at the erotic sight.

Photograph by Deidre Laxon.

The text, innocuous in its black font against the white background of the page, seemed to flash at him. Deidre Laxon. She was the reason his entire carefully constructed world had come crashing down.

He'd known the paparazzi were ruthless, willing to go to any lengths for a picture and incapable of thinking through the consequences of their careless actions, but he'd never really understood what that meant until this very moment.

His career was over. Despite the fact that some people thought all publicity was good publicity, Greg didn't want to be known as the "bondage guy" for the rest of his life. He'd wanted respectability, not just mindless fame.

Now, thanks to Deidre, he wouldn't have either for much longer. He knew all about the fleeting nature of stardom. He understood how quickly adoring fans turned against their idols. It was only a matter of time until he became yesterday's news, a has-been who plummeted to the depths of obscurity because of one photograph.

Deidre Laxon.

Fury surged in his veins. The photographer's name swam in his field of vision. As he stared at it, an idea began to take shape -- one so devious it was almost *too* good.

So, the fearless Ms. Laxon was willing to do anything for a shot, was she? She didn't give a damn how much she hurt the people on the other side of the lens. She was oblivious to the fact that this single photograph would ruin him.

Fine, then. If she didn't understand, he'd just have to show her what it meant to be the one enduring the ultimate humiliation. Could she take it, he wondered, as well as she dished it out?

With quick, determined taps of his fingertips on the keyboard, he pulled up all the known information on Deidre Laxon. She was listed as being in her late twenties, employed by *Voyeur* magazine and living alone in a one-bedroom apartment just off Venice Boulevard. That last part was good. Very, very good.

Without another moment's hesitation, Greg picked up the phone.

Chapter Three

"Go away," Deidre yelled as the phone rang for the hundredth time since she'd stepped into the shower.

Cold water sluiced down her back, doing little to soothe the heat coursing through her body. Ever since snapping that shot of Greg Radigan and his awe-inspiring fetish, she'd been unable to think of anything else. Of course, it didn't help matters that the photo she'd captured was now plastered on every celebrity-watching website, blog and personal page on the Internet... not to mention on the front page of *Voyeur*.

At least the *Voyeur* version didn't show Greg's magnificent cock, or that pearly jet of mouthwatering cum. Those bits had been blurred out, but there was still plenty of incriminating material there to prove that Greg was a man who shouldn't be messed with. Unless you wanted a whipping.

A long, hard, flesh-slapping, tingling, aching --

The phone rang again. Deidre splayed her palms on the fogged glass of the shower enclosure and whacked her forehead against the pane. Maybe if she knocked herself unconscious, she'd be able to blink without picturing Greg's rippling abs, the corded muscles of his arm as he swept the belt upward only to bring it down on her ass...

No, Deidre reminded herself sternly, not *her* ass. Another woman's ass. It would always be someone else with a man like Greg. Girls like her simply didn't catch the eye of movie superstars, unless it was through the barrier of a camera lens. And even then, the men never bothered to look past the device in her hand to notice the woman behind it.

The ringing stopped. For a blissful moment, she could hear nothing but the downpour of the jet spray as it hit the pane of glass. And then the phone's incessant peal blared through the apartment again.

Unleashing a flood of swear words that would have made a sailor blush, Deidre turned off the water and took her time wrapping her hair in a fluffy towel. Without bothering to dry off first, she draped a second pink towel around her body and hooked the corner in the slope of her breasts to fasten it into place. Whoever was on the other end of the line was nothing if not persistent. Most likely it was Tammy calling to share the first set of sales numbers from the morning's run.

Whatever. Deidre didn't care how many copies the magazine sold. She had a fat little check in her wallet for the night's work, and it would get her that much closer to her goal. Another money shot like the one she'd taken of Greg and she could kiss her celeb-chasing days goodbye.

By the time she reached the phone, she had a bottle of blood-red nail polish in one hand and a bag of cotton balls in the other. She hooked her little finger around the receiver and swung it upward, barely managing to nestle it in the crook of her shoulder. "Hello?"

"You're a hard person to reach, Ms. Laxon. I thought perhaps you'd gone on another hunting expedition, but I held out hope that after such a busy night you might be taking a well-earned break."

The masculine, familiar voice rolled through the receiver and into her ear like warm honey, low and husky, turning every muscle in her body to liquid Jell-o. The bottle of polish dropped out of her hand and hit the coffee table on the way down.

Briefly, she wondered whether she should check to make sure it hadn't cracked and was even now spilling its scarlet contents onto her beige carpet. Then Greg spoke again, and every other thought darted from her brain to be replaced with vivid mental images of his naked splendor.

"You know who I am, Ms. Laxon, so I won't bother with the superficial introductions. That was quite a stunt you pulled last night."

"It's... my job," she managed to stutter. Her knees buckled and she collapsed onto her worn couch, grateful for its solid support. "How did you find me?"

"You're obviously not a woman concerned with her privacy, though I suppose that's to be expected given your rather questionable career choice."

She rubbed the bridge of her nose and squeezed her eyes shut. Had Greg Radigan -- *the* Greg Radigan -- just insulted her? She'd have laughed if the entire situation wasn't so ridiculously absurd. She'd been photographing celebrities for over three years, and in all that time none of them had bothered tossing a kind word in her direction, much less an entire conversation... if that's even what this was. It seemed more like a surreal fantasy-based nightmare than any attempt at real communication.

She cleared her throat, finally finding the courage to speak. "If this is about the picture --"

He laughed then, a raspy, baritone sound that slithered down her skin to burrow deep in her cunt. Her pussy responded to the purely male sound in a completely unreasonable way. It pulsed and throbbed, growing slicker with every passing moment. Deidre pressed the edge of the towel against her slippery folds and crossed her legs.

"If this is about the picture?" he echoed incredulously. "If? What else do you think I'd be calling about? Would you like to chat about the weather, perhaps? Or this season's baseball standings?"

She smiled in spite of herself. He sounded so riled up; she could almost picture his hand going to his belt, stroking the supple leather.

"Did you like it?" she virtually purred into the receiver. "I thought it was rather good. The way it captured your... good side. Quite fetching, if I do say so myself."

As soon as the words were out of her mouth, Deidre cringed. Dear God! What was she doing? The man had obviously called to threaten her. Was it really wise to aggravate him further?

"You surprised me, Ms. Laxon," he said as though she hadn't spoken. Well, she had to give him credit for not taking the bait. A lesser man might have been spewing

out obscenities... but there was nothing even remotely lacking about Greg Radigan. "I'm not the kind of man who likes surprises."

"Should I have warned you I was coming, then?" she pressed, not quite believing that the distinctive flirtatious edge that gilded her words came from her own mouth. "Would you have put on a better show?"

"I'll have to add mind reading to your list of never-ending talents. That's exactly what I was thinking."

Deidre leaned her towel-wrapped head against the headrest of the couch. What on earth was he talking about?

"You lost me," she confessed. "You *wanted* to be caught on film spanking some floozy in a cheesy, overdone basement?"

He clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth, the sound one of pure reproach. "If I didn't know better, I'd say you were jealous." His voice lowered an octave, taking on a sinfully rough edge. "Were you jealous, Ms. Laxon? Would you have preferred to be the one on all fours before me?"

Excitement raced through Deidre's body, flooding her skin with pure heat. Her nipples stiffened to tight little buds pressing against the material of her towel. She licked her lips and released a quivering breath. "Deidre."

He hesitated, clearly taken aback. "I'm sorry?"

"Call me Deidre."

"Deidre."

She swallowed hard. God, even her name sounded wickedly depraved rolling off his lips. The man was sex incarnate; a walking, talking carnal deity who'd been put on the planet simply to arouse a million women with his rock-hard abs and too-tempting fetishes.

Careful, Dee. He's playing you.

She knew that, of course, even without the little voice in her head reminding her that it was true. He'd been laying it on thick, using every trick in the actor's handbook to get a reaction out of her. And what a reaction! Her entire body seemed to quiver on

the brink of release. Her pussy was so wet, her juices leaked between her pressed thighs to soak into her towel.

"I have a proposition for you, *Deidre*." He rolled her name on his tongue, as though tasting the feel of it. A shiver broke out over her skin even as all the feminine alarm bells she possessed went off at once.

She frowned. "What kind of proposition?"

"I want you to do more of what you're so good at. Except this time, you're going to do it on my terms. I enjoy photo shoots, but candid pictures are never in my best interest. So the next time you send a photograph off to your editor, it'll be one I've already approved."

Apprehension slid down her spine. Whatever he was thinking couldn't possibly be good for her. She should hang up. Now. Before this man pulled her even deeper into his intoxicating web of carnal wantonness.

"What did you have in mind?"

Too late.

Oh, this was bad. Very, very bad.

"I have an engagement tonight. Afterward, I'll be bringing my date back to my place, where I'll be... entertaining her."

Another one of those absurd jolts of jealousy settled low in the pit of Deidre's stomach. Why should she care who Greg Radigan -- or Johnny Depp or Orlando Bloom for that matter -- chose to fuck this evening?

She didn't. Pure and simple. "How wonderful for you," she ground out between clenched teeth.

"Quite." She rolled her eyes, having detected an insufferable hint of amusement in his tone. "And that's where you come in."

"More photographs."

"You got it. But this time, you're going to do it right. No windowpanes in the way. I want close-up shots, and I want each one perfect. When you're done, you're

going to let me choose which images will hit the tabloids. In return, I'll triple whatever you normally make on a job like this."

Deidre knew her mouth was open, but no words came out. It felt as though she'd been frozen in time, suspended somewhere between abject disbelief and utter shock.

"I'm going to send you directions and complete instructions by email. I don't need to tell you this has to stay completely confidential or the deal's off."

He spoke as though she'd already agreed! His arrogant, egotistical behavior didn't surprise her, but it still managed to grate. Clearly, Greg Radigan was a man who liked being in control. He demanded absolute submission from everyone around him and had probably only heard the word "no" twice in his entire life. What's more, he'd probably spanked the bottom of whoever had dared defy him.

How pitiful was it, then, that she thought of rejecting his offer just to see whether he'd be willing to punish her for her insolence?

"Got a pen?" she asked when the silence had stretched on for much too long.

"Yes. What for?"

She sucked in a deep breath between clenched teeth and released it on a ragged sigh. "I'll give you my personal email address. The one at the *Voyeur* offices is monitored."

* * *

Deidre batted a pointy branch out of her way as she pushed through a densely-packed wall of foliage. True to his word, Greg had sent her an email a few minutes after hanging up. It had included his address -- which she didn't need since she'd staked out the place more often than she could remember -- and precise directions to sneaking into the mansion through the back. That meant going into Griffith Park, finding the right path leading to his backyard and sneaking through a copse of tightly packed bushes in the dark.

And that was before she even reached his silent alarm system, which she'd have to navigate using nothing but his instructions for getting past the invisible laser lines.

"I *so* shouldn't be here." She'd reminded herself of that a hundred times in the hopes that one of those times, the impulse to run in the opposite direction would hit out of the blue.

So far, no such luck. Every step brought her closer to Greg Radigan's backyard... and to Greg himself.

Of course, she wouldn't be the only one venturing into his home tonight, she thought with a scowl. Unlike her, his other guest would be walking through the front door, like respectable dates were supposed to.

Deidre, however, wasn't his date. She never would be. He wanted to use her for her photography talents and her connections in the gossip world, nothing more. She understood that, and she was fine with it.

Liar.

She swatted at a stray leaf that brushed her forehead like a ghostly touch, trying to push the nagging little voice away with it. Yeah, so what? If he was going to use her, she'd use him right back. When else would she get another opportunity to be that close to a superstar in all his naked, kinky glory?

Never, that's when. Which was exactly why she was determined to use this opportunity for all it was worth. To actually be in the same room with him, to watch those beautiful muscles ripple, pulled taut with the strain of doing all kinds of wondrously naughty things to his submissive companion... well, she wasn't stupid enough to pass that up.

She broke through the barrier of plants to find herself in an empty, gaping yard. Lights glittered in the darkness around the edge of the garden, but otherwise the place was barren. No lawn furniture disturbed the stillness of the yard. There wasn't even a pool. Just a vast expanse of fresh grass leading all the way to a wrap-around porch that surrounded his immense mansion. Three stories tall, with at least a dozen bedrooms, the place was a castle in disguise.

She took a step forward only to halt in mid-stride, remembering the wrinkled paper she gripped tightly in her hand. She used the light from her cell phone to peer at

it. The instructions Greg had provided were intricate, and she held her breath while dancing through the complex combination of high and low steps that would get her over the alarm lines unscathed.

She wasn't sure what would happen if she set one off. She figured the silent alarm would trigger and call the cops, but with her luck it might actually shoot real laser beams from one of the darkened windows of the house. Greg would find what was left of her in the morning: a scorched pile of ashes and a camera.

Rolling her eyes at her own absurdity, she tiptoed over the last of the crisscrossed beams he'd indicated. There. That should do it.

She was either home free, or she'd have the LAPD here within minutes. Either way, it was much too late to turn back now.

She climbed the back porch quickly, her shoes clicking against the wooden surface with every step. Squinting at the paper again, she keyed her guest code into the square panel. The light turned green. A click from the direction of the door alerted her that it had been unlocked.

The inner hall smelled of sandalwood, pine and citrus. It was natural and slightly spicy, like the scent of male cologne. She inhaled deeply, the aroma sending a jolt of arousal to her pussy. Pressing the door closed, she chided her libido for getting ahead of her. There would be time to relish all this later. Once she was in her own bed and the job was behind her. Then she could recall every moment of this experience and use her fingers and favorite toy to indulge in as much fantasy lovemaking as she could handle.

In the meantime, she had a task to carry out. Greg had been very specific in his instructions that she was to proceed down to the basement and find a place to hide. He didn't want his companion to know they were being watched... and for good reason! Any sane woman would have a fit if she learned she was about to be photographed in the throes of doing something extremely risqué.

Deidre moved slowly through the house, letting her instincts guide her. The overhead lights were off, but there were nightlights plugged into wall sockets at regular intervals. Oddly enough, they were all shaped like wolves in various poses, at rest and

at play. What little she could make out of the furniture in the dark looked mahogany or ebony-colored -- distinctly masculine. The entire effect was more than a little surreal. An eerie sensation traveled down her spine, sending a shudder through her limbs.

The first door she tried led to a small but cozy bathroom. The second had her stepping into a guest bedroom that looked as though it had never been used. She backed out quickly and moved on. The third door was locked.

Deidre's pulse thudded in her throat. She reached into the back pocket of her shorts and fished out a small, round key that had been slipped beneath the door of her apartment. Greg's way of letting her know that he knew where she lived, no doubt, in case she tried to double-cross him.

The thought sent a jolt of adrenaline through her veins; although the idea of Greg climbing up the five sets of steps to her apartment almost made her smile. What she wouldn't have given for Mrs. Crabapple, the building's resident busy-body, to poke her head out just as he'd bent down to slide the key beneath her door!

She inserted it in the lock, which gave way with a small, satisfying click. A set of darkened steps led downward. From below, a golden glow that looked like flickering flames illuminated the lower portion of the staircase. She made her way down cautiously, one hand wrapped around her camera, the other pressing against the wall in case she lost her footing.

As she stepped off the bottom step, she had the distinct impression she'd just walked into another universe. One where bondage and domination were the driving force and women were to be used as playthings, toyed with and brought to the brink of utter insanity before being pushed over the edge.

Deidre's body thrummed with pent-up arousal. She glanced around wildly, not knowing where to look first. The room pulsed with an amber glow. She walked to the floor-to-ceiling fireplace, marveling at the heat emanating from it. Greg was out on his date, wining and dining the lucky woman who'd get to come home with him. The nerve of the man to leave such a magnificent fire burning while he was away!

Flames crackled in the hearth, sending a spray of orange sparks upward. She followed their path, her gaze catching on the array of floggers and whips that had been hung beside the mantel. In awe, she trailed her fingertips over each one. They felt supple, like soft suede and deerskin along with pliant leather. There were at least a dozen of them, ranging from braided single whips to elegant rope floggers. One in particular caught her attention. With a gently rounded wooden handle, it looked much too short to wield across someone's back.

She snapped a couple of pictures, then moved on, captivated by the wide variety of paraphernalia filling the room. A padded bench stood off to one side. It boasted long wooden beams and a raised section in front of the seat. For a brief moment, she imagined herself seated upon it, her arms bound to either side of the beams while Greg towered over her, his cock flush with the position of her mouth.

Heat crept up her cheeks. Her clit pulsed in eager agreement with her imagination. Forcing herself to focus a shot and step away from the bench, she eyed a swing that fell from the ceiling in the middle of the room. A set of handcuffs attached to long chains fell on either side of it. Another set with longer chains -- meant for ankles, no doubt -- accompanied them.

Deidre swallowed hard. She licked her lips, wishing she had enough time to do more than take pictures of some of these things before Greg and his date returned. With a last glimpse of regret at the toys, she crept forward into the part of the basement shrouded in shadow. A black curtain fell off to one side, obscuring the back left corner of the basement.

She yanked it aside, revealing two simple slabs of wood criss-crossed on an angle. As she tilted her head to peer at it, she became suddenly and intensely aware of being watched. She glanced down, where a pair of icy green eyes blinked out of the darkness.

Releasing a scream of pure terror, Deidre stumbled as a massive wolf came leaping out of the shadows. She had a brief impression of golden fur and cold eyes before the beast rushed past her, knocking her backward in its furious haste.

She fell heavily to the ground. The camera crashed against the floor, separating from the strap that secured it around her neck. The flash went off, snapping pictures with wild abandon. Brilliant white light blinded her. She squinted and fumbled in the disorienting surroundings, trying to regain her footing before the creature tore through the darkness to finish what it had started.

As she stumbled back toward the wooden cross, her heel came crashing down on top of an oddly shaped surface. A moment later, something cold snapped around her ankle.

Panic washed over her in an icy wave. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

She sank to the ground, her hands clamped around the solid cuff locked around her ankle as swift realization swept through her. She was trapped. The perfect midnight snack for a vicious wild animal.

Suddenly, she understood that Greg had no intention of letting her leave here alive.

Chapter Four

She's early!

The thought flashed through Greg's mind on a wave of pure agony as his limbs shifted from wolf form to his human shape. He felt his ribs crack as they expanded, then mend while held his breath. At least he'd managed to dive behind the nineteenth century spanking bench he'd picked up on his last trip to Paris before the shift had captured him in its unforgiving grip.

God, he loved that bench. He just hadn't realized how much until this moment.

Keeping his head down, he waited until he felt the last of his bones snap into place before releasing the breath he'd been holding. His muscles ached from the unexpected transformation, warning him he'd be feeling the after-effects for days.

With a groan, Greg forced himself to his feet. Where was Deidre, anyway? He remembered careening into her after she'd startled him out of sleep, but he didn't think he'd hurt her.

Irritated at the pang of concern sweeping through him, Greg straightened his spine, hid his discomfort behind a mask of determination and turned toward the back of the room. He could see her now, huddled against the base of the Saint Andrew's Cross. The firelight didn't quite reach that corner of the vast basement, but it was enough to silhouette her in a semi-transparent glow.

"G-Greg?" she asked, her voice quivering.

The sound of the sheer terror in her tone sent a spiral of guilt to burrow in his gut. He swept it aside, though he had the almost irrepressible urge to rush over there and fold her into his arms.

He sucked in a deep breath between clenched teeth. The day's events were getting to him. He'd brought her here for a reason. All right, so she was a couple of

hours early. An eager beaver, then. Not his type, but whatever. She wasn't here for his pleasure anyway.

She hadn't seen him shift, which meant he still had the situation under complete control.

"I'm here." He moved to stand in front of her. Deidre's eyes widened as her gaze swept over him to land on his cock, which was even with her mouth.

She reached behind her and used the wide beams of the cross to steady herself as she rose to her feet, but not before the tip of her tongue snaked out to wet her lips. The reaction intrigued him. Perhaps this would be even easier than he'd thought.

"You're..." She gestured toward him. Her voice dropped to a hushed whisper, as though they were in danger of being overheard. "Naked."

His lips quirked in amusement despite himself. "You noticed."

She emitted an enigmatic little squeak, her gaze sliding over his body once again, slower this time. She took him in with unabashed curiosity, her stare leaving scorching heat in its wake. Suddenly, he was aware of her scrutiny in a deep, primal way.

Overcome by an absurd need to please her, Greg stood up just a little taller, thrusting his hips out a fraction, hoping she found his cock as delectable to look at as he found her.

Because she was... absolutely mouthwatering. He'd never thought to pay much attention to the paparazzi who hounded his days and nights, and now he found himself regretting it.

The woman standing before him was stunning.

Full, deep-red lips were the highlight of her heart-shaped face. Her skin was flawless, as pale as the marble surrounding his fireplace. When she looked up at him, he caught a glimpse of blue eyes so deep as to be almost violet in the firelight. Her nose was a tad too long for her face, but only served to add a touch of mystery to an otherwise classically beautiful visage.

And then there was her hair. Greg shook his head, not quite knowing what to make of it. On impulse, he reached out and twirled a strand around his index finger.

Her head shot up and a gasp slid from her throat. He ignored her, focusing on the wild mane framing her face.

Funky. That was the only word for it. Her hair was long, reaching past her shoulders to hang in curly spirals almost halfway down her back. Jet-black, it would have been exotic if it hadn't been dyed with chunky streaks of flaming hot pink.

She saw him staring and bit her lip. "It's different."

He grunted something unintelligible. She was much too intriguing for his liking. This morning, he'd thought he had her all figured out. Selfish, oblivious to anyone else's needs but her own, she was the typical money-hungry celebrity stalker. Yet now that he stood close enough to touch her, he wasn't so sure.

Hating the uncertainty that tainted his purpose, he stepped back from her, his gaze falling on her ankle for the first time. A grin spread across his face. "You've got to be kidding me."

She clenched her jaw. "Release me. Then explain why you're here..." She glanced down at his cock again and cleared her throat. "The way you are. And why do you keep wild animals in your home? Isn't that illegal?"

"I'm here because this is my house. As for the wolf, he won't hurt you. I give you my word." He reached to his left and picked up a coiled strand of rope from a hook in the wall.

"You said you'd be out. You made that very clear."

"Hmm." He twirled some of the rope around both palms, snapping it tightly for effect. She tensed but made no move to back away from him. "I must have lied."

A flush crept up her chest, drawing his attention to the valley between her breasts. A red top with white polka dots encased her full breasts, lifting them like a tempting offering. Unable to resist, he moved a step closer to her. When she didn't attempt to back away, he shifted the rope into his left hand and cupped one of her breasts with his right.

"What are you doing?"

A rush of arousal speared his groin. The perfect sphere felt heavy and warm in his palm. He brushed the pad of his thumb over her distended nipple. "I'm giving you what you want, Deidre."

"I -- no!" A quivering shudder rushed through her. The flush intensified, tightening her nipple to the firmness of a little pebble.

"Oh?" Greg pressed closer to her, trapping her body between his naked physique and the wooden cross. "You didn't think about trading places with the woman in the photograph?"

She squirmed, turning her face away. "Nooo."

It was such a feeble attempt at a lie that he was laughing before he could think better of it. The sound echoed hollowly off the walls, as foreign to him as the woman before him. "Then why did you come here tonight? Really?"

She pressed her lips together; that was answer enough.

"Do you know what happens to women who trespass on other people's properties, Deidre?"

She shook her head vehemently, a quirky smile tilting one side of her luscious mouth. "They're sent home with a pat on the ass?"

He laughed again, surprised by her ability to make wry quips when she was completely at his mercy. "Not quite." He trailed his lips over the side of her neck. She moaned, a husky sound that came from low in her throat. He used the momentary distraction to loop the rope he still held around her left wrist. "They're punished."

He completed the loop with a final tug through the knot he'd created and yanked her arm up. A heartbeat later, he had her wrist secured to the top of the wooden cross.

She struggled to break free, her breath coming in ragged pants. "You can't do this!"

He brushed his mouth over hers lightly as she squirmed and she stilled, every muscle in her body taut with tension.

"You're an intruder in my home. I can do whatever I want."

All right, so that probably wasn't true, but it sounded like a damn good bluff. Besides, this was exactly why he'd brought her here. It was Deidre's turn to know what it meant to be at the mercy of another, to have to answer for her transgressions against those she so ruthlessly chased.

When he'd first devised this plan, he'd thought only of luring her here, stripping her, binding her and taking a few photographs that would then be plastered over every BDSM website in existence. He hadn't considered she'd be as alluring as she was. Or as aroused.

He could smell the musky scent of her cream. It drifted through the air, teasing his nostrils, seeming to arrow straight into his groin. Grabbing her free hand, he pulled it up over her head and secured it to the opposite beam. She balanced on the tips of her toes, all lean lines and flawless grace.

A tremor snaked down his spine at the sight of her almost fully bound before him. He quickly shackled her remaining unbound leg to a manacle identical to the one in which she'd ensnared herself.

"There." He nodded, pleased with the quick work. She looked like a divine offering, all tied up, breasts heaving with the force of her breathing.

"What are you going to do to me?" The tip of her tongue slid out to wet her lips. She shifted on her toes, rubbing her inner thighs together, drawing his attention to the triangle between her legs.

She wore tiny white shorts, so small they barely came down a quarter of the way past her upper thigh. The sight of her long legs had him desperate to feel those limbs wrapped around his waist as he plunged his cock inside her pussy.

His fingers quested for the small zipper at the back of her shorts. He lowered it and pushed them past her hips, hooking his thumbs in the elastic waistband of her panties and sliding the whole thing down to rest on her ankles. The manacles were chained to the floor almost two feet apart. The fabric of her panties stretched across the gap. A damp spot of shiny cream glistened from the middle of the silk material, betraying her arousal.

He knelt before her, taking in the delicate pink folds peeking out from between her thighs. The position of her legs parted her slit, giving him a perfect view of her slick cunt.

He blew a targeted breath over her pussy. She trembled. Wetness seeped between her naked thighs, calling out to him like a beacon. He ached to flick his tongue over her swollen folds, to find out for himself if she tasted half as good as she smelled.

Drawing on every last reserve of self-control he possessed, he rose to his full height. Then, without a second's hesitation, he snatched fistfuls of fabric in both hands and tore fiercely. The material of her top gave way with a satisfying rip that echoed through the room. She gasped as her breasts bobbed out of the now torn shirt.

"I'm not going to hurt you," Greg whispered, brushing the muscles of his chest over her distended nipples, feeling the tight buds scrape across his skin. His cock flexed against her flat belly. "What happens next is up to you. This can end soon. On the other hand, it can last all night. Either way, you're going to be punished. The question is... how much punishment do you deserve?"

Deidre had forced herself to look into his eyes, but his question startled her and her determination wavered. She cringed. "You're going to p-punish me?"

"Absolutely." The word was a caress, a threat and a promise all in one. Cream pooled between her legs and not finding anywhere to gather, dripped down her inner thigh.

Deidre pulled her lower lip between her teeth. Fear blended with arousal to coil in her stomach. This had been what she'd wanted, hadn't it? To know what it felt like to be at the mercy of a man like Greg Radigan. To be spanked, whipped... *used* for his pleasure.

Without warning, Greg gathered a fistful of her hair and pulled her head back with a sharp yank, forcing her to look into his eyes. This close, she could see they were a soulful green, so clear to be almost aquamarine and bordered by dark blond eyelashes.

"Think about it before you answer, Deidre. Because this is the only decision you're going to make tonight. Whatever happens, know that it's no more than you want... and no less than you deserve."

Her eyelids fluttered closed. Desire swirled through her, causing a moan to catch in the back of her throat. "I was wrong," she murmured at last. Her arms had begun to ache and she flexed her fingers, trying to kick-start her circulation. "I shouldn't have taken that picture. I deserve..."

"What?" Greg tugged on her hair with one hand while cupping her breast in the other. He tweaked a tight nipple between his thumb and forefinger, squeezing a little harder than necessary, then circling the tender nub with a feather-light caress.

Deidre sighed as the pain gave way to pleasure. She opened her eyes, meeting Greg's. The force of the emotions lurking just beneath the surface of his gaze startled her, sending a sharp stab of lust deep in her core. He was angry, yes, but there was a dark longing swirling in those eerie orbs. As though he was as affected by this as she was.

The knowledge emboldened her. "Anything you want to give me."

He sucked in a breath between clenched teeth and released her, then stepped back, putting distance between them. She couldn't stop staring at his cock, thick and long, bobbing proudly before his rippling abdomen.

Greg Radigan had the type of body women fantasized about. He belonged on the cover of romance novels and DVD cases, not seedy tabloids.

Deidre's heartbeat thundered. She should have quit two days ago. If she had, Greg wouldn't be suffering from the enormous embarrassment her picture must have caused him. And she wouldn't be here right now.

Tomorrow. I'll quit tomorrow.

At the moment, the only thing she wanted to focus on was Greg and the way he strolled with fierce purpose toward a wooden cabinet at the back of the room. She watched, unable to speak, as he flung open the cabinet's double doors.

Inside was a veritable treasure trove of paraphernalia of deviant sexual practices. Firelight glistened across shafts of steel, handcuffs, rope, clamps and small, innocuous-looking chains. Greg selected one of those, as well as another object, one she couldn't make out from her position on the cross.

"Anything," Greg echoed as he neared her. "Are you sure about that?"

Her pussy ached, tantalizingly aware of his presence so close to her. Her nipples stiffened almost to the point of pain. She wanted him more than she could remember ever wanting anyone. God, was there something wrong with her? Why would she crave another human being's absolute mastery of her body unless she was just as screwed up as he was?

Taking a deep, shuddering breath, she nodded. "I think --"

"Don't think," Greg interrupted. "Feel." He trailed the tip of a metal dildo from one distended nipple to the other, then ran it down her belly to prod at her nether lips.

Her inner walls clenched, already craving the thick toy inside her body. "Yes."

His gaze never left hers, even as he slid the dildo along her folds and nudged her entrance with it. "From this moment on, for as long as you stay here, your body belongs to me. I command you. You're to bend to my will, with the knowledge that I would never do anything to harm you. You cannot argue in favor of or against any method of punishment I choose. Do you consent?"

The toy rolled her moisture along her flesh. She felt its tip, cold and hard, pushing to enter her. "I do," she said, pleased when her voice didn't quiver.

He didn't reply, but she thought she saw his lips curve upward in a shadow of a smile. Whatever his expression, she lost sight of it as he pressed his lips against hers and thrust the dildo into her pussy in one fluid move.

Deidre cried out, but the sound was lost inside his mouth. The toy was enormous! It stretched her inner walls, spreading her open with such ferocity that her eyes watered. But God, it felt like nothing she'd ever experienced before. The dildo filled her to capacity. If she hadn't been as soaking wet as she was, she knew it would

have hurt like hell. As it was, the only thing she felt was the incomparable sensation of being absolutely, utterly full.

Greg had known she could take it. Somehow, he seemed to know everything -- every one of her dirty little desires.

His tongue pushed against her lips, demanding entry. She parted them on a groan, giving him everything he wanted to take.

The realization that she was completely at his mercy swept through her on a wave of raw lust. Somewhere in the time between snapping that picture and finding herself tied up, she must have lost her mind. What other explanation could there be for what she was allowing him to do?

He kissed her with the same ferocious purpose with which he did everything else. There wasn't a moment's worth of hesitation in his questing tongue as it slid against hers, awakening streams of pleasure in every one of her nerve endings. His hand moved in time with his tongue as he penetrated her, sliding the toy out completely, then back in between the flushed lips of her sex to thrust deep inside her cunt.

Something cold and hard attached itself to one of her nipples. She yelped, more from surprise than pain. Greg pulled back. His full lips glistened from their kiss. Firelight sent orange shadows to gleam in his blond hair. He looked like he was ready to devour her whole, and God help her, she thought she just might let him.

"Since you belong to me, I have the pleasure of decorating you in any manner I choose."

Deidre looked down, almost hard-pressed to recognize the tight dark nipples stretched out between tweezer-like clamps as her own. A tingling sensation traveled from the pebbled nubs downward, straight into her clit.

Greg tugged on the chain connecting them, and she winced at the flash of pain that slammed into her. Through it all, his hand never stopped moving. The growing need between her legs intensified with every smooth stroke, her hips jerking forward reflexively.

He bent his head and swirled the tip of his tongue around a tender nipple. "Sweet," he murmured against her flesh. He trailed slow, soft kisses all the way down her belly, pausing to swirl his tongue inside her navel.

When he centered his mouth flush with the apex of her thighs and swept his soft, warm tongue through her slit, Deidre's entire body shook with barely controlled arousal. Any discomfort in her arms or legs was instantly forgotten as he circled her clit. She was so close; she could already taste the heady pleasure that would course through her with just a few more strokes, a few more thrusts of the dildo inside her cunt.

His fingers joined in the mayhem taking place between her legs and she tossed her head back, leaning it against one side of the wooden cross. She'd never felt more wanton in her entire life than she did at that very moment, completely exposed to Greg and his wild desires. The sensation of being stroked inside and out was almost too much to bear. It sent prickles of awareness to throb in her clit. Her inner walls clenched down on the toy, possessing it wholly.

She felt the tip of Greg's index and middle fingers as he slid them through her folds. He gathered up some of her moisture and trailed it upward into the valley between her ass cheeks to prod at the tight hole there.

Deidre gasped, panic instantly clawing at her throat. "You can't --"

Greg pulled back with a growl so fierce it was almost a howl of fury. He yanked the dildo out of her pussy and tossed it on the floor. It flew across the carpet to slam against the side of the fireplace.

Deidre cringed, her heart hammering so wildly against her ribcage she feared it might break through. During this entire experience, Greg had been forceful, yes, but also thoughtful and in complete control of his reactions. Leaping to his feet now, he looked almost wild. Feral.

The sight of him in such a state scared the daylights out of her. Even as she thought that, her arousal intensified, flooding her inner core.

Greg leaned down and began unshackling the manacles wrapped around her ankles. "This is a punishment, Deidre. You can't ask for what you want any more than

you can refuse something I think you deserve.” His voice came out tightly reserved, but she could almost feel the tension roiling through him.

When he finished with her ankles, he rose and unbound her wrists. She rubbed at the irritated skin, wisely knowing enough to keep her mouth shut. She wasn’t sure she could handle what he might dish out if she angered him further.

Greg pulled on the chain between the clamps, sending another jolt of distress through her hypersensitive nipples. He began to walk toward the middle of the room and she had no choice but to follow, kicking off her panties and shorts as she did so.

He paused in front of the bench she’d admired earlier. Made of pale polished wood, it looked rough in parts, as though it was much older than it seemed. The padded bench also looked well worn, showing twin indentations on either side.

“Kneel,” Greg commanded.

She hesitated for only a moment before doing so. He stepped in front of her and positioned her arms so her elbows were perfectly placed in round, circular grooves in the upper shelf of the bench. She watched with growing trepidation as he used a set of black leather cuffs to bind her wrists again, this time to padded posts that rose from the front of the shelf.

“I was going to ensure you climaxed at least once when we began, but you’ve made it clear you don’t deserve leniency.”

Deidre had to twist her head to follow his movements. Her shoulders bunched with the effort, but she intended to keep him in her sights. He strolled across the floor to the wall that held the whips and quirts.

She couldn’t help the moan that slid from her lips as she remembered the way he’d wielded his belt last night. She’d craved feeling the kiss of leather against her flesh then.

Now she would know exactly what it felt like.

It seemed to Deidre like an eternity passed while he made his choice. At last, Greg selected a long, leather crop. Goosebumps broke out over Deidre’s skin. There was nothing gentle or inviting about this tool, she thought as he approached her.

He moved to stand in front of her and placed the wide head of the crop beneath her chin, lifting it so she'd look into his eyes instead of the oozing slit in his cock, which was where her gaze had immediately darted.

"You've earned double the punishment I was going to give you. The first part is for the picture, and for trespassing. The second is for disobedience." He caressed her cheek with the leather, a potent reminder that he was the one in charge. "If you show me complete submission, we'll discuss a reward."

Deidre had to bite back the urge to ask him what kind of reward he meant to give and what she had to do to earn it. God, if she kept quiet, would he let her come? Better yet, would he fill her with his thick cock instead of the dildo this time and ride her until they both screamed?

A million questions rose to the tip of her tongue, each more needy than the last. She swallowed them all back, along with the urge to beg him to fuck her.

He moved with the fluid grace of an athlete. She almost sobbed when she lost sight of him completely. She'd grown so used to having him in her field of vision, pressed against her, touching her, commanding her body to do wondrous things, that the loss of his presence was disconcerting. No matter how far she twisted her head, she couldn't catch a glimpse of him.

The first swat landed across her ass as she busied herself looking for him. He'd delivered a short blow just hard enough to smart. Deidre's groan turned into a muffled cry as she pressed her lips together, determined to earn her reward. When the second lash didn't come, she grew bold and wriggled her ass a little.

That was all the encouragement Greg seemed to need. Another stroke flashed across her skin, stronger than the first. A thin line of stinging pain broke out over the curve of her ass. She inhaled deeply, marveling at the way her body responded to the pain. She should have been wishing for it to stop, but the blows had the opposite effect.

She felt her pussy growing wetter by the second. Her clit buzzed with awareness, still tingling from the near-climax. God, was it possible for a woman to orgasm just from being lashed? Until this moment, she would have vehemently said no.

Another blow landed, this one across the back of her thighs, and she was no longer so sure. Her labia pulsed madly as each stroke hit a little closer to her tender cunt. What would it feel like to get smacked across the fleshy lips? Would she weep from the pain, or would it have the opposite effect of allowing her orgasm to erupt at last? She could feel the need building within her like a rumbling volcano. When it broke, she knew it would burst with more force than she'd ever felt before.

Greg was relentless, punishing her with well-placed, controlled blows. Each one fell in a different location. None overlapped, which seemed impossible given the length of the crop in comparison to the surface area of her raised bottom and the back of her thighs.

She lost count of the stinging lashes after a dozen. Her cries intensified. After a few more blows, she forgot to keep her mouth shut and gave voice to the tumultuous gasps his strokes elicited. Pleasure and pain blended into a new sensation, one that inflamed and engorged her nether lips, making her clit quiver.

Her skin felt flushed, almost burning. She arched into the lashes, demanding more, taking everything he was willing to give her. She tasted tears as they fell across her lips to land with a splash on the shelf in front of her. And still, Greg didn't stop.

She no longer felt the pain. Each flick of the crop brought with it flashes of light. It blossomed behind her eyes, while pure bliss rolled through her veins. Her climax blossomed, spread outward, began to burst --

And then, the lashes stopped. Disorientation flooded Deidre's world, bringing with it a fresh wave of tears. They ran down her cheeks unheeded to soak into the wood.

"Shh," Greg soothed, his voice like a beacon in the darkness.

She blinked her eyes open, but still couldn't see him. God, she needed him. She had to have the reassurance of his presence, the sight of his marvelously sculpted body, the vision of his thick cock roped with delicate blue veins.

"You're okay."

She knew it was true, but she didn't believe it. Her entire body felt like it had been set on fire from the inside out. She trembled with need, wild with the desire to come.

Greg pressed his palms against her stinging buttocks. She drew back and arched her spine, not from pain but from the bliss of contact with his flesh. He parted her ass cheeks and she closed her eyes, knowing he was scrutinizing the darkest, most intimate parts of her body.

"You're exquisite," he murmured. Something thick and impossibly hard prodded her soaked slit, nestling at the entrance to her channel. For a moment, she thought it was the dildo again before realizing she could still see it, lying against the base of the fireplace.

"Your cock," she managed to utter between sobbing gasps. She was going to say more, to beg and plead for the entire length inside her body, but alarm swept through her in a hysterical rush as she realized she'd once again spoken out of turn.

Thankfully, he either hadn't noticed or had decided to ignore her outburst. When he pushed a fraction of an inch further, she felt the head of his shaft enter her cunt to nestle in her wet heat.

She whimpered with relief. Greg worked his cock in deeper with exquisite control, inch by excruciating inch. Her inner walls fluttered, clenching down, milking him. Her pussy wept with relief, sending another liberal coating of cream to slick her channel.

His hips thrust against her, bringing his lower abdomen in contact with her flushed ass cheeks. A sharp sting of pain spread outward with each touch, but it only served to intensify the frenzy of lust tumbling through her.

His cock felt huge inside her, almost as big as the dildo. She thrust backward, bringing herself in full contact with him as his strokes grew rougher, faster. She couldn't get enough. Her head swam in a cloud of euphoria, wild with the knowledge that the elusive climax was finally once again within her grasp.

And then, Greg did the impossible.

He reached down to cup her mound. His fingers nestled in her slit and she cried out, rubbing her stiff clit against the heel of his palm. The bench groaned beneath her weight as each thrust became a long, desperate plunge toward release.

When it finally erupted, the orgasm burst through her like a fireworks display of epic proportions. Fire burned inside her core, licking her clit. Every nerve ending in her pussy came to life, sending jolt after jolt of pure radiant bliss through her veins, into her cunt, along her belly... straight to her soul.

Greg came with a harsh groan of his own. His body tensed against hers and he kept perfectly still as his cock spasmed, nestled tightly in her quivering cunt.

Heat suffused her head, pounding in her temples. She was vaguely aware of Greg pulling out of her, and then reaching up to unbind her wrists.

"You all right?" he asked, a hint of concern slipping through his perfect dominant façade.

"I -- fine." She cleared her throat and tried again. "I'm fine."

Greg said something Deidre didn't understand. She clung to the sound of his voice, genuine and comforting, as blood roared in her ears and drowned out the words. She let him take her hand and half carry her as she stumbled to the swing hanging in the middle of the room.

She collapsed into it with a small, thankful groan, knowing her own limbs wouldn't have supported her for much longer. The sleek leather seat of the swing wasn't a seat at all, but a circle that curved along the peaks and valleys of her flesh to support her.

For the third time, Greg bound her wrists. He secured them with metal handcuffs along the length of the chain that held the swing, then slipped the heels of her sandals through slightly larger metal loops.

Greg's spicy, masculine scent blended with the aroma of potent spilled cum. The mixture comforted her. Despite her better judgment, she didn't even think to question what he was doing.

Greg stepped back to admire his work. "Perfect," he said, and Deidre felt herself blossom under the praise.

He walked over to the right wall, where he reached for a handle she hadn't noticed earlier. He pushed it down, his muscles bunching with the effort. A moment later, Deidre felt herself being lifted up to hover even higher above the ground. The cuffs around her ankles were attached to the floor by a menacing-looking chain. Her thighs widened as the chain snapped into place.

The position stretched and parted her labia. Her tender, heated ass was exposed through the circle in the swing's seat. Greg rounded on her, a wry grin tugging at one side of his mouth. "That was your punishment," he reminded her as he moved to grab another object from the cabinet off to her left.

The unmistakable sound of lube being squirted from a bottle turned her blood to ice.

Greg moved to stand behind her. This time, when he slipped his fingers in the crevice of her ass, they were well oiled. She clenched her sphincter tightly, instinctively, but he slid his index finger inside as though the forbidden territory of her anus was no barrier at all.

Deidre bit her lip. She wanted to protest, but as long as the only thing he did was prod her hole with his fingers, she believed she could endure the humiliation.

She knew first-hand how painful the experience was. A few years earlier, a boyfriend had insisted on experimenting with anal sex. They had, and she'd been in agony the entire time. It had taken her days to recover from the rough exploit, and she'd vowed never to do it again.

After a moment, she was surprised to realize no stinging ache accompanied Greg's bold intrusion. Just an unfamiliar, yet not unpleasant, sensation. Anal sex with her boyfriend had never felt like that, but she knew better than to give in. Ultimately, a cock was much bigger than a finger and could do much more damage.

Greg pulled his finger out of her ass. Deidre sagged with relief against her bonds.

"This is your training."

Deidre yelped when something that definitely wasn't a finger nestled against her sphincter. She squirmed and tugged at the chains binding her wrists, but they held.

Greg ignored her outburst, apparently absolutely determined to invade her ass. "Easy, Deidre. This will be much more pleasurable for you if you relax."

"No!" Her cry echoed off the walls. She felt him tense behind her, but she couldn't allow him to do this. Unlike the lashing, which she'd craved, anal play was truly painful and degrading. She couldn't allow herself to be used like that.

She wouldn't!

She squirmed and fought, kicking out with her bound ankles, twisting the chain of the swing. Greg grabbed her hips to steady her, then pushed the slick instrument of torture -- a small, glass dildo, she guessed -- up her ass.

The device had a wide base, which nestled against the curves of her cheeks. She gasped and fought to fill her lungs with air as her body grew accustomed to the invasion.

Greg smacked her ass once, with the flat of his palm. The stinging ache angled straight into her cunt.

Deidre flinched and kept her gaze averted as he moved to stand in front of her. "One day, I'm going to figure out why you're so against having that perfect puckered hole toyed with. Tonight, however, I'm going to teach you how incredible it can feel."

She raised an eyebrow, incredulous. A protest settled on the tip of her tongue. She stifled it and licked her suddenly dry lips instead.

Greg trailed the back of his hand across her cheek, drying her tears. "Right now, though, you're not ready for that lesson. You've made it clear you refuse to submit to my will, which leaves me with only one option."

"More punishment?" she asked, no longer caring if she'd spoken without being asked. He was already going to chasten her for disobedience. And she had a plug in her ass. How much worse could it get?

"There's hope for you yet." Greg leaned forward and brushed his lips across hers in an infinitely gentle kiss. When he pulled back, something that looked surprisingly

like tenderness glimmered in his green eyes. He snapped off the nipple clamps, drawing a surprised gasp from her throat as the stiff peaks throbbed in response to the relieved pressure, and tossed the chain on the floor.

Then he turned and walked away.

Deidre waited, suspended from the ceiling, the dildo feeling impossibly huge in her tight back channel. It felt like ten minutes passed. Then twenty. After thirty, panic clawed at her insides. Her muscles burned with tension.

Unable to hold back the raging terror any longer, she screamed his name. The sound of her hysterical voice followed him up the stairs.

There was no answer. Deidre's eyelashes fluttered closed as a sob wracked her body.

Greg wasn't coming back.

Chapter Five

Although it was the middle of the night, Greg didn't bother turning on any of the overhead lights as he moved through the house. His eyesight was just as poor in the dark as any other human's in his usual form, yet the wolf-shaped night lights blazing in every outlet provided plenty of illumination.

He took his time checking his digital camera, ensuring the batteries were working. Deidre was exactly where he wanted her -- tied up and absolutely helpless. The pictures would turn out perfect.

Although she wasn't famous enough to land herself on the cover of tabloids, making the rounds on Internet websites would satiate his need for revenge.

She'd be as humiliated as he was, though her playtime among whips and chains wasn't likely to affect her job as much as it had affected his. No one cared what paparazzi did in their off hours. But he was willing to bet her family and friends wouldn't be quite as forgiving.

A sliver of shame curled in his belly. He had no family to embarrass with his deviant behavior, but Deidre probably came from a huge clan, one with lots of boisterous kin. He could picture her in front of a grill, happily flipping burgers at a family reunion. Until someone took out a folded image from a back pocket, showing Deidre chained to a sex swing.

He swallowed hard and pushed the image away. She'd gotten herself into this mess by not caring how her actions affected those she captured through the lens of her camera. Now she had to deal with the consequences. If his conduct prevented Deidre from taking another mortifying picture of him, or of anyone else for that matter, the aftermath was worth it.

Still nagged by a splinter of guilt that stung like a thorn in his side, Greg strolled into the kitchen. He pulled out a plate from an oak cabinet and proceeded to fill it with every type of fresh fruit he found in his refrigerator. By the time he finished, he had a mountain of apple, pear and peach slices, as well as fresh strawberries, grapes and fresh cranberries. As an afterthought, he also took out a bottle of whipped cream.

Carrying the plate, the whip cream and the camera wasn't as easy as it should have been, especially once he stopped by his bedroom to grab his favorite blanket and toss it over his shoulder. Somehow, he managed to balance everything without losing fruit along the way and by the time he descended the stairs to the basement, at least half an hour had passed.

He wasn't surprised to find Deidre much like he'd left her, still hanging suspended from the swing in the middle of the room. What did startle him, however, was the way she kept her head down when he walked in, her streaked hair hiding her face.

He placed the items he'd brought with him on a nearby table, then rushed to stand in front of her, his pulse hammering in his ears. God, he wasn't gone for that long! Was she all right? Had his punishment been more severe than he'd intended?

Willing his hammering heartbeat to slow, he used the crook of his index finger to raise her chin. "Deidre? Talk to me, baby."

She blinked those beautiful blue eyes but failed to focus on his. Instead, she seemed to look right through him, as though she had no idea he was even there. Her pupils were dilated, black almost overshadowing sapphire as she gazed off into the distance. "You left me," she whispered, so softly he had to strain to hear it. "I called out, b-but --"

"Shhh," he soothed, smoothing a lock of bright pink hair away from her eyes. "I'd never leave you." He pressed a kiss to her breastbone, just above her heart. "I was here all along. You could feel me with you, couldn't you?"

She took a tentative breath, then another. The panic receded from her eyes, leaving behind the limpid blue to which he'd grown accustomed. Relief suffused his

body in a heady rush and he had to force himself not to gather her into his arms and breathe in the scent of her, reassure himself she was fine.

"Let me down now?" she asked, then flinched as though he'd struck her. Her hands clenched and unclenched around the swing's chain. "I -- Oh. Shit."

The sight of her tear-filled gaze did something to his insides that felt wholly unfamiliar. His gut churned and his heart seemed to clench and flutter, throwing him completely off balance.

He'd thought he'd find her as spitting mad as she'd been when he'd left, although perhaps a little more subdued. Then he figured he'd flog that beautiful cum-filled pussy of hers with the deerskin genital flogger, and when her labia was good and red, he'd snap a dozen perfect photographs.

At the moment, however, he couldn't do any of that. The look in her eyes kept him rooted to the spot, as though she'd somehow managed to reach right inside his chest and squeeze.

"No, baby. Not yet."

She nodded once, struggling to smooth her features into a blank mask. Her head came up and she pulled her shoulders back. He could almost make out her thought patterns through those expressive eyes; the way she told herself she'd bravely handle whatever punishment he tossed her way. Yet her full lower lip trembled slightly, giving away the trepidation that had to be surging through her.

"You've been such a good girl." Greg trailed his palms over her ribcage, up and down, forming small circles with his thumbs. Heat emanated from her skin, threatening to scorch him everywhere he touched.

She swallowed visibly. "I have?"

"Absolutely." He shifted so his fingers dug into her hips, steadying her body on the swing, then crouched down and pressed a kiss to the top of her mound. She trembled at the contact, the tremor running from her flesh straight into his lips.

"Then why --"

“Because it’s time I rewarded you for tonight. You’ve handled your punishments better than I could have hoped. Now it’s my turn to do what I should have done long ago.”

Her chest heaved with the effort of her breathing. She wriggled slightly, the scent of her arousal intensifying and tickling his nostrils. God, he couldn’t get enough of her. She smelled like heaven -- a mix of spicy musk and vanilla, a heady combination that made his head reel.

He crouched down a little lower, bringing his head flush with her pussy. Her slit was soaked through, generously coated in her cream and his cum, which still dripped out of her in small, pearly drops. Her pink opening glistened, clenching and unclenching slightly under his scrutiny.

Greg’s muscles stiffened as he moved his face closer to her folds. She’d stopped squirming, but he could hear the small gasping breaths that heaved from her lungs. For a moment, Greg couldn’t breathe. He had only to extend his tongue and he could taste the potent mixture of their carnal union, yet he didn’t want to move and break the spell of her scent surrounding him, her pussy calling to him, her little mewling cries drifting right through him to stiffen his cock to impossible proportions.

At last, he sucked in a deep breath, imprinting her scent on his senses. Then he moved the remaining fraction of an inch and clamped his mouth on Deidre’s sweet cunt. The flavor of her arousal seemed to push all other thoughts from his mind and the only thing he could do was lap up the juices running from her tight little pussy with absolute abandon.

His hands moved down, his thumbs pulling at her fleshy nether lips to display the pink folds within. Deidre shuddered in obvious bliss. A soft moan escaped her throat.

Greg’s cock pulsed and his balls drew up tightly, reminding him of the excruciating arousal this woman awakened in him. When he’d lashed her, he’d feared he’d spill his seed before he even plunged within her inviting slit. He’d never seen anyone take to an erotic whipping the way she had. It was as though she put her entire

body into it. No, more than that. She'd put her heart and soul into receiving the carnal pleasure that came from the lick of leather against her skin.

He took a swollen fold between his lips and sucked deeply, suddenly feeling ravenous, needing to feed from her. She moved her hips slightly, just as much as the swing would allow, but it was enough to grind her clit against his face.

His fingers danced over her slit, then moved behind her to nudge the plug still embedded deep in her ass. She stiffened and he hesitated, not wanting to push any further than she was comfortable with.

Suddenly, the knowledge that she was the one in control swept through him in a mind-bending potent rush. For all his talk, she'd been directing the events of the evening from the first moment she'd walked through the door, whether he'd wanted to admit it or not. The entire night had been about her pleasure, her wants and needs. If she hadn't taken to his mastery of her body as lustfully as she had, he'd have snapped the pictures and sent her packing long before now.

But she'd obeyed his every command with much less fuss than he'd expected. It hadn't taken long for him to realize she was enjoying the play as much -- if not more -- as he was.

He rolled the base of the plug between his thumb and forefinger, twisting it inside her, preparing to gently pull it out.

"Do it." Her soft, seductive voice broke through the foggy barrier of lust that surrounded him. She sounded more certain of herself than she had in hours. "Fuck me with it if you want. I-I trust you."

Trust. Oh, God.

With those three little words, Deidre Laxon had given him the most precious gift he'd never dared ask for. A gift he didn't deserve.

Moved by the tender awe in her voice, he wrapped his fingers around the base of the anal plug. Holding nothing back, Greg began thrusting in and out of her beautiful ass while his tongue burrowed within her sweet channel.

He laved and sucked, delving deep within her slit and then licking a direct path through her folds all the way up to her clit. Fucking her slowly with the plug, he concentrated his ministrations on her pussy, adjusting the speed and strength of his tongue's motions based on her body's responses.

Encouraged by the small mewling sounds she emitted, Greg swirled his tongue around her clit, then took the little bud between his teeth. He nibbled slightly, applying just enough pressure to bring the climax he'd been steadily encouraging to a sudden peak.

Deidre's hips jerked up sharply. Her body tensed, a quiver running through her limbs. She came with a scream that bounced off the walls and jetted straight to his cock, which pulsed in delirious harmony with her climax. A bead of pre-cum dripped from the tip of his shaft, slicking its way down his cock. He continued lapping at her cunt, drinking every last trace of her orgasm with a satisfied groan.

Then, when he was certain he'd cleaned up every last drop of her desire, he removed the plug. Deidre sighed.

Rising, Greg moved quickly to the table where he'd dropped off all his supplies and picked up the blanket. His gaze caught momentarily on the camera, reminding him he still had a chance to take those pictures.

He dismissed the idea almost out of hand, knowing he'd have to deal with the repercussions of that decision later. Much later. When Deidre's vanilla-laced scent no longer drove every one of his thoughts.

After spreading the blanket in front of the fire, he set the plate of fruit down beside it along with the whipped cream. Crossing back to Deidre, he found her watching him, her gaze no longer wary. A small smile spread across her full lips, turning her face from beautiful to mesmerizing. He forced himself to look away and focus on untying her.

They hadn't spoken a word to each other in much too long, yet the silence draping the room felt comfortable, almost familiar. Once he unbound her wrists, she

stretched out her arms without him even having to ask. He gathered her up and she clasped her long limbs around his waist, dragging the tip of his cock through her folds.

Greg grunted in agony as his erection throbbed but made no move to press her down onto it and satisfy the furious need digging into his balls. Instead, he laid her down gently on the blanket and then spread out beside her on the side farthest from the flames.

Pausing just long enough to release a burst of whipped cream atop a strawberry, Greg trailed the tip of the fruit along Deidre's lower lip. He watched in amazement as she opened her mouth and swept the tip of her tongue around the red flesh.

"Why do you do it?" Greg asked at last, breaking the silence.

She quirked an eyebrow in his direction and nibbled at the strawberry, her teeth breaking off small sections of the fruit. "The job, you mean?"

He nodded, not trusting himself to speak. He had no idea whether she was eating the fruit in that manner to drive him absolutely insane, but it was working, whether she intended it to or not. His balls felt laden down with rocks, heavy and stretched to capacity. And still she nibbled and licked, as though that strawberry was the tastiest thing on the planet.

She lifted a slender shoulder. Her breast bobbed upward with the movement, one puffy nipple stiffening slightly. "I'm quitting."

Greg scoffed before he could think better of it. Deidre averted her gaze and used her fingers to yank the strawberry from his hand and devour the rest of it.

"Believe what you will. I should have quit before now, but I needed the money."

"Right." He couldn't hide the sarcasm from his voice, and wasn't sure he wanted to. Aside from his cynicism, what else did he have to protect himself from this woman -- this perfect submissive goddess who'd so easily ensnared him?

Her beaming smile cut straight to his core. "I take a pretty good photograph, you know. I'm going to open up a bridal studio." She lifted her hand and used her index finger to scribble something in the air. "Deidre's Dreams." A flush warmed her cheeks, giving her an innocent quality that made her look even more desperately irresistible.

"It's not unique, I know, but I hope it'll bring in those women who've dreamed of their wedding day their entire lives. I can't make those dreams come true, but I can at least make the day memorable."

She fell quiet then, as though she'd said too much. Greg scanned her features, looking for the slightest sign of a lie. He found none, so he looked harder. He couldn't allow her to play him for a fool.

He picked up a grape and popped it into his mouth. The slightly sour flavor mingled with the taste of her cream still lingering on his tongue. He swallowed it down, enjoying the heady mixture as it slid down his throat. "You don't see any irony in saving up for a studio meant to preserve a day of happiness by ruining the lives of people who might also deserve a little joy?"

She lifted her head and propped it on an upraised hand, using her elbow to steady her weight. "One man's misery is another man's ecstasy. There has to be some balance in the world. Give and take. Yin and yang."

Greg sucked in a breath between clenched teeth. Oh, he knew all about balance. His very nature pulsed with it.

"Anyway, you don't want to hear about any of that," she continued. "Not when what you do is so much more exciting than taking pictures of brides."

He laughed, the sound almost unfamiliar to him. It felt good to smile, though, so he didn't try to hide the grin. "Are we talking about making movies... or this?" He gestured around him, taking in the basement with its wide assortment of sexy paraphernalia.

Deidre smiled back. "Both. I think."

"What I really want to know," he said, gathering a loose ringlet and wrapping it around his thumb, "is why pink?"

Her blush deepened. She averted her gaze, staring at a spot somewhere behind and to the left of him, though he had the distinct impression she was no longer looking at anything in the room. "I'd hoped they... you... could see me coming." Her voice dropped to a hushed whisper. "And run."

It took him a moment to comprehend what she'd just said. When he did, the knowledge speared him like a blade through the gut. "You mean the celebrities. Those you hound for a living."

She licked her lips nervously, then nodded. "Obviously, it didn't work."

Greg closed his eyes and rubbed the bridge of his nose. If she was toying with him, she was damn good at it. Could he risk trusting her revelation, or would she simply bide her time, trap him and then take another picture, one from which his career would never recover?

A fist closed over his cock, startling him. He blinked rapidly, focusing in on Deidre's sweetly innocent features as she stroked him. "You don't want to talk. That's fine. But I have something you need." She smoothed a drop of his pre-cum over the broad head, making him grit his teeth as his shaft pulsed beneath her touch. "Take it."

He glanced over at her to find her thighs spread wide, her free hand playing in the dark thatch at the apex of her thighs. Pink, swollen folds peeked out from between damp curls. Firelight glinted off her slick labia.

Attempting to muffle a groan and failing miserably, Greg rose and positioned himself between her outstretched legs. Her hand remained closed around his cock, stroking him, her palm moving up and down his flesh faster and faster.

God, he wouldn't last long once he sank deep inside her. If Deidre could tell he barely held onto the last ounce of self-control he possessed, she didn't seem to care.

Gritting his teeth, Greg nestled his cock at the entrance to her pussy. She freed him, letting him glide inside her tight, wet heat with a smooth plunge. Greg's eyes rolled upward. A groan broke free from his chest at the same time as Deidre's gasp reached his ears.

He allowed himself to rest there, sheathed in her tight channel. Her scent filled his nose and her taste still lingered on his tongue. Blood throbbed in his temples, whooshing into his ears, seeming to utter one word with every pulse. *Deidre. Deidre. Deidre.*

He matched his thrusts to the rhythm of her name. She bucked beneath him, shoving her hips upward with each stroke, making her body a vessel for his pleasure. Her cunt squeezed down on his cock, urging him to come.

This is for you, her movements seemed to say, though she didn't utter a word. The only sounds escaping her throat were small cries of pleasure, pure music to his ears.

He thrust harder, burying himself in her to the hilt. His balls ached, throbbing with pent-up arousal. A second later, he felt the beginning of the climax burst forth and he stilled his movements, grunting as waves of sheer bliss spread out over his skin. The hot rush of his seed flooded Deidre's core, drenching her in his cum. The need to envelop her lithe body, to press her into the blanket and possess her wholly, body and soul, raked at him from the inside.

In that moment, for one brief instant, Deidre was his because she wanted to be and not because he'd forced her or tricked her into coming here.

Greg's limbs gave out and he rolled off her and onto his side, gathering her to him as he nestled into the blanket. Heat from the fire spread out over them both, like a blanket of warmth that required no tug-of-war to lie perfectly across their bodies.

Deidre nestled against him, her ass shifting against his now soft cock. She gave a happy, careless sigh and he waited until her breathing became steady and regular, signaling she'd drifted off to sleep.

For a while, Greg wondered what it would be like to wake up beside Deidre Laxon every morning and go to sleep enveloped by her vanilla scent every night. He even allowed himself to consider the reality of a future with her. In his fantasy, she accepted his wolf nature as easily and enthusiastically as she'd accepted his need to dominate her body.

And then, when he knew he couldn't allow daydreams to threaten what he'd worked a lifetime to achieve, he rose. Refusing to glance back at her sleeping form even once for fear it would weaken his resolve, Greg trudged up the steps to the main floor of his house. There, he found a quiet corner with no windows and proceeded to shift without preparation. For once, he welcomed the agonizing pain that came with the

stretching of bones because it meant he could feel something other than the aching hole in his chest that seemed to have carved out a place where his heart used to be.

A few days, he told himself while his limbs readjusted to his other form, and his life would return to normal. The world would move past his embarrassing picture, and he'd forget what it felt like to have Deidre's trust. He'd no longer remember what it meant to be able to command her body with no more than a word or a flick of his wrist. In time, he'd return to Madam Nina's or another place just like it, where women were a dime a dozen and satisfying his need meant paying for a room with no windows.

It would be easy, really. He'd hop into his chartered plane and make off for the mountains, where he'd hide out in a cabin for a week or so while all this blew over.

When he returned, he'd call his agent to demand that no dressing room ever held the slightest essence of vanilla. They'd chalk it up to nonsense celebrity requests, like having a bowl of red M&Ms constantly on hand or only sleeping on purple bed sheets.

And no one would ever know that Greg Radigan had lost his heart to a woman who'd tried to destroy him.

Chapter Six

The apartment door closed behind Deidre with a final slam. She leaned against it and sucked in a deep breath of air-conditioned air, her gaze scanning her living room and finding nothing amiss. She took a tentative step forward, her camera feeling like a heavy weight around her neck.

A restless energy stirred in her veins. It had been with her since the moment she'd woken, naked and alone, in front of a darkened hearth. The fire had burned out sometime during the night, and she'd opened her eyes at the feel of an icy breath on her shoulder. When she'd turned, there was no one there.

She'd expected that, really. Even in the throes of the ultimate bliss, she'd realized Greg wouldn't be able to make any kind of a commitment to her. Besides, he'd never made any promises he wasn't able to keep. Whatever else Deidre might have thought of the world and how it worked, she'd known better than to believe she'd end up walking the red carpet on his arm.

Still, his absence had left a hollow ache in her chest. She'd risen quickly and searched for her panties and shorts, which she'd found strewn in a corner by the wooden cross. It took every ounce of self-control she possessed not to run her fingers along the wooden beams of the cross. Every item in the room called to her. The padded bench, the leather straps of the swing, the slender crop. She ached to remember the way Greg had brought her to the pinnacle of release, introducing her to the kind of desperate pleasure she'd never even dreamed of and now wasn't sure how she could live without.

It didn't seem fair that he could awaken a part of her she didn't know existed and then abandon her to deal with the consequences on her own.

"Get over it, girl," she murmured, flinging the camera on the coffee table. "Life isn't fair."

She breathed deeply, inhaling the scents of sandalwood, pine and citrus. Glancing down at her attire, she knew the black oversized T-shirt had to go. Since Greg had completely destroyed her favorite top the previous night, she'd been forced to wear the first shirt she'd come across. It had seemed like a good idea at the time, but now, with his unmistakable scent drifting around her, she wasn't so sure.

A shower was definitely in order. She could still feel him on her... *in* her. The swollen lips of her pussy ached with every brush of the seam of her shorts against the apex of her thighs. There was no mistaking the sensitive soreness between her legs for anything but what it was.

The sign of a woman who'd been thoroughly fucked.

* * *

Half an hour later, Deidre sat on the couch, her feet pulled up beneath her, dressed in her favorite terrycloth robe. She'd scrubbed her skin raw, yet she could still feel Greg's touch on her flesh each time she brushed against something, as though he'd left a part of him behind.

Which was silly, of course. There was nothing surreal or the least bit magical about Greg Radigan, and any eerie feelings that still lingered were the fault of her own overactive imagination. Nothing else.

The slight stinging sensation in her ass cheeks could at least be explained as the aftereffects of a good spanking. That she could deal with. The physical marks would fade in time. As for the marks he'd left on her soul, well, she'd find a way to deal with those, too.

Deidre dragged her laptop on her knees and flipped open the lid, then hooked up her camera to the side port using a short cable. As was her habit after returning home, she set to work on unloading the memory card and wiping it clean before her next job.

Her heart skipped a beat when the first picture filled the screen. The handles of the floggers and whips she'd photographed shone with an orange glow from the fire blazing in the hearth. They cast long shadows over the wall, seeming even more menacing and darkly enticing than she remembered. Her pussy clenched with remembered pleasure and heat suffused her folds, bringing with it a wave of fresh moisture.

Deidre groaned. She touched her fingertips to the laptop's monitor, following the gentle slope of pliant leather and deerskin. She'd only had a taste of one of them, and she found herself wondering whether the rest would feel the same. Was there a difference in the way the edge of leather bit into her flesh as opposed to the knot of a rope? Would one hurt more than the other? Would she cry out, or would she spasm with the force of an all-encompassing orgasm if one of those knobby curves smacked her folds?

Fingers trembling, she clicked the mouse button to bring up the next picture, then wished she hadn't. Each image served as a potent reminder of what she'd felt; what she could never have. Worse yet, every picture seemed to mock her, reminding her that she was the only one eagerly wishing for a repeat of the previous night. Greg would easily find himself another willing playmate to indoctrinate into the carnal pleasures of erotic pain.

The scent of her arousal tormented her. Though she'd cleaned herself thoroughly, she could still smell the heady, musky aroma of Greg's cum as it slipped in unnoticed among her own cream. How much longer would she think of him with every breath she took?

She clicked another button, clearing the previous image from the screen and bringing up a new one. Her eyes narrowed as she tried to make sense of what she was seeing. The flash had malfunctioned, bathing the image in a white glow that suffused the edges of the picture with sheer brightness. Darkness burst from within, scattering the fluorescent illumination. In the center of the shadow was a shape Deidre couldn't quite make out.

She zoomed in, bringing the object into focus. Her breath caught in her throat. It was the wolf she'd stumbled upon, the one that had knocked her off her feet. Greg hadn't spoken much of the animal beyond reassuring her that it was tame and meant her no harm.

At the time, she'd believed him.

Now, however, she wasn't so sure. The beast seemed to look straight into the camera. Its eyes glowed, two pinpoints of aquamarine light, the same stunning color as Greg's. Its tail stuck straight up in the air, though the rest of its body was lost in shadow.

Deidre licked her suddenly dry lips and clicked to the next image. It was pitch black, with no discernable shapes or shadows. She remembered the camera going off wildly when she'd fallen, and she pressed another button, bringing up a new picture.

Unlike the last, this image was perfectly clear. And it was absolutely impossible.

Where a wolf had stood, framed between the wooden legs of the padded spanking bench, now crouched a man. No -- not a man. A feral mixture of the two.

The creature's back half was unmistakably wolf-like, with a tail and curved back paws. Instead of front paws, however, two broad masculine palms were splayed against the floor. A broad chest and wide shoulders gave way to rippling abs before drifting off into tapered, fur-covered hips. And most startling of all, Greg Radigan's handsome face was twisted in sheer agony, his head thrown back, his blond hair a wild mess framing his chiseled features.

Deidre didn't remember clicking the mouse button again, but she must have, because the picture shifted again, this time showing Greg in his full naked glory, curled in upon himself, his chest puffed out and his eyes squeezed tightly shut as though in the throes of unbearable pain.

Deidre's heart clenched, beating hard and fast. Tears welled in her eyes. The need to reach out to him, to comfort him, was almost overwhelming. It overshadowed everything else, until only one impulse remained.

Reaching for the purse she'd thrown on the floor, Deidre pulled out her cell phone. She misdialed the familiar number three times before it finally began to ring.

"Tammy," she said before her boss even had a chance to speak. "I need to see you. Now."

Chapter Seven

"You've got mail!" the cheerful disembodied voice announced as Greg booted up his computer.

He reached over and turned off the speakers. He didn't need to be told. Every light on his phone flashed madly, announcing he had dozens of phone calls waiting to be returned. Each one worse than the last, no doubt.

A week in the wilderness should have taken the sting out of that damnable picture being plastered across the cover of every *Voyeur* magazine on the planet, but it hadn't. What should have been a relaxing trip away from modern technology and any reminder of what awaited him at home had instead turned into sheer torment.

Unable to forcefully pry thoughts of Deidre from his mind, he'd spent the entire week with his fist wrapped around his cock, until his shaft became a pounding, pulsing mass of sheer frustration. No matter how often he came or how loudly he screamed her name, Deidre's image returned to taunt him, all full lips, broad smiles and one hell of a delectable ass.

God, what he wouldn't give to be able to hear her groan of arousal as he caressed her tender folds with the tip of a cane. Or to have her long legs wrapped around his waist while he looked into those impossibly blue eyes as she murmured that she trusted him. Wanted him. Needed him.

A growl of frustration managed to slip past his clenched jaw. "Two thousand, seven hundred and eighty-two emails. That's fucking fantastic."

He highlighted them all, intending to trash them unread, until a blue flag attached to the edge of one subject line caught his attention. He paused with his finger above the delete button.

I have something you need.

He remembered those words and the way Deidre had uttered them, huskily unashamed of what she was offering. His heart thudded a frenzied beat against his rib cage as he opened the email.

Take it.

Tonight. 8PM. My place. The door will be unlocked.

D.

She'd attached a file to the email and he wasted no time opening it. The computer churned in protest as it struggled to launch the size-intensive image, but when it finally filled his screen, Greg's breath halted in his lungs.

The poor quality of the picture didn't keep him from instantly identifying what he was looking at. Himself, in wolf form, staring straight into the camera. He remembered the flash going off as he'd stumbled to the bench, but at the time hadn't paid it much heed. Hell, he'd seen it fall out of Deidre's hands. He'd figured it was probably pointed at the ceiling or taking meaningless shots of the wall. Obviously, he'd been wrong.

How much did Deidre know? Were there other pictures beside this one? If so, how clear were they? Would anyone be able to make out his features as he shifted? Would anyone believe the image hadn't been digitally altered if they did?

Questions spun through his mind, making his gut churn. The email was marked six days ago. He glanced at the tiny digital clock at the edge of his monitor. 7:15 PM.

He knew she wouldn't be waiting for him, but he had to see her, to learn what she knew. And, he grudgingly admitted as he rose and reached for his car keys, he desperately needed to assure himself that everything he remembered of that night, of the woman who'd robbed him of his ability to think clearly, was grounded in sheer fantasy.

He yearned to reassure himself that Deidre couldn't be trusted, despite her innocent charm and talk of opening a bridal studio. If she did realize what kind of proof she held in her hot little hands, she'd want to blackmail him.

She needed the money, she'd said when he'd asked why she worked as a paparazzi. Well, she probably saw this as her perfect opportunity to get her hands on a whole lot of cold, hard cash.

From him.

"Like hell," Greg ground out between clenched teeth. He flew through the side door into the garage and folded his tall frame in the front seat of his Miata.

If she thought she had him exactly where she wanted him, the woman had another think coming. Last week's punishment was nothing compared to the chastening she'd earned herself tonight.

* * *

Darting one last glance down the hall in front of Deidre's apartment, Greg wrapped his hand around the handle and pushed the door open, surprised to find it unlocked.

He wasn't sure how long it had taken him to get here. An hour? Maybe more? He always underestimated Los Angeles traffic, and he'd wound up stuck in bumper-to-bumper chaos all the way. Fighting for a parking spot also wasn't as easy as it should have been. In the end, he'd competed with a blue-haired elderly woman for a spot in front of Deidre's building. He'd won, though he'd felt like an ass and had been compelled to apologize.

The woman wanted no such apology. Instead, she slid him a key to her place and asked him to bring the "kinky sex stuff." He hadn't been able to get away fast enough.

Greg shuddered at the memory as the door clicked shut behind him. He squinted, blinking rapidly while his eyes adjusted to the darkness. For a brief, disorienting moment, he thought perhaps Deidre wasn't home. Then he spotted two tapered candles flickering in the room adjacent to the small front hall.

"Deidre?" His voice echoed back at him. Cautiously, he moved forward, half expecting a frying pan to be launched at his head.

He stepped around the corner and stopped dead in his tracks. Deidre looked up, a radiant smile lighting up her face. "You're late."

Words failed him. He moved forward as though in a trance, his gaze glued to her. She knelt in the middle of the room with her hands behind her back. A white corset hugged her middle and lifted her breasts, leaving the nipples bare. She wore no panties, but delicate white stockings had been laced halfway up her thighs.

The orange glow of candlelight spilled over her skin, making her flesh glisten. It lit up her hair, too, which was perfectly black, without a shred of hot pink anywhere in the twisting ringlets.

"I --" He shook his head, tried again. "You --"

She laughed, the sound sending a bolt of pure joy to his heart and his cock all at once, awakening parts of him that had lain dormant for much too long. Maybe for his entire life.

"I waited," she said, a smile still playing on her features. "You left me, but I realized you meant what you said."

Greg rubbed the bridge of his nose, trying to clear the fog from his thoughts. "I said something? When?"

"At your place. When you left me hanging... literally." God, the sound of her chuckle was like ambrosia to him. It lodged in his balls, making his cock draw up thick and long against the zipper of his jeans.

"You never left... not really," she continued. "You were with me all along. I just had to be patient and trust you wouldn't forget about me."

When he could assure himself his feet would carry him, Greg moved to stand behind her. As he'd suspected, her hands were bound, the knot as tight as she could make it on her own.

He kneeled and shifted the unruly mass of curls away from the nape of her neck, then pressed a kiss to the spot he'd uncovered. "You're incredible. You did all this for me?"

She lifted a slender shoulder in a delicate half-shrug. "I think I was slightly more selfish than that." Her voice dropped to a husky whisper. "I haven't been able to get you out of my mind, Greg. As absurd as it sounds, I thought maybe if you saw me this way, offering myself to you... well, I'd hoped you might want to take advantage of me one more time."

He wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her tightly to him. She fell into his arms as though she belonged there, and he used his fingers to nudge her chin to the side so he could brush his lips across hers.

She opened her mouth without protest. He clutched her to him, kissing her deeply, his tongue flittering across hers in a way that kicked his arousal up a few more notches. Mad with desire, he trailed kisses down the slope of her neck and turned her so she straddled him, her breasts crushed to his chest.

"No, baby," he murmured against her overheated skin, "I'm never taking advantage of you again. You came to me reluctantly the first time, not knowing what you were getting yourself into."

She rubbed her cheek along the top of his head, the gesture more intimate than if she'd been able to stroke her fingers through his hair. "I know now."

"And you're offering me your body willingly?"

"No, baby," she teased, throwing his words back at him. "I'm offering you much more than that." She gestured at the coffee table. "There's something you might be interested in, sitting right over there."

He tore his gaze from her luscious body just long enough to catch a glimpse of her camera. It sat on a white envelope among framed photographs of women in wedding gowns.

Greg's heart skipped a beat. "Did you take those?"

Deidre followed his gaze and shook her head. "They're cut-outs from magazines. Inspiration. But I've found the perfect spot for the studio so perhaps in a month or two..."

Greg groaned. She had been telling the truth. About everything.

"And the rest of it?" he asked at last.

"More pictures. Of you." There was an uncertainty in her voice he hadn't heard before and he instinctively knew that she'd learned his deepest, most personal secret. The one he'd never shared with anyone and had never thought to be able to divulge.

"You... saw them."

She nodded, her eyes unreadable, shrouded by her long lashes. "Will you show me how you do what you do? It's beautiful, yet it looks enormously painful." She swallowed hard. "It must take a great deal of strength and courage to straddle the line between two worlds. I'm not sure I could bear it."

Greg slipped his fingers between her open thighs, trailing them between her folds. She was wet for him and so hot, he didn't think he could hold back much longer.

"It takes courage to submit to someone like me. More so than to be saddled with a gene you're powerless to change."

She tilted her head. "I want to understand. All of it."

His hand went to the top button of his jeans. He unsnapped it, then unfastened the zipper and pulled his cock through the opening in his boxer shorts. Deidre moved as though guided by instinct alone, rubbing her slit over the tip of his cock, smearing his pre-cum along her velvety folds.

"I promise. As long as you tell me what's in the envelope."

She grunted as she slid down the length of his cock. Her pussy welcomed him inside easily, taking him in to the hilt in one perfect glide. "An apology."

He gripped her hip with his hand, steadying her as he began to thrust. She matched him stroke for stroke, raising herself up and then coming down, faster and faster, until they were both breathing hard.

"From you?" He gasped. "No need."

A flush spread from her breasts upward to highlight the column of her throat and rush into her cheeks. She looked like a divine offering, a flawless mate created just for him. His heart swelled with unspeakable joy at being united with this woman; a woman he'd dreamed of all his life but had never dared hope to find.

He tried to keep his strokes slow, but each one took him impossibly deep. She wriggled her hips, driving him inside her with single-minded purposefulness, until all he could think of was the way her inner walls fluttered around him, gripping him, milking him, demanding everything he had to give and more.

Deidre's breath came in shallow gasps as she approached climax. He felt it in the way her body stiffened and she ground her mound into his pubic bone. A heartbeat later, she exploded around him, her cunt squeezing down, forcing him to release his seed much sooner than he'd intended.

He held her close as the tremors rushed through them both. Warm jets of cum pulsed from his cock, coating her inner channel in his lust and longing and... love.

"The apology isn't from me," Deidre said as she nestled her head in the crook of his shoulder. Sweat trickled between them, though whether hers or his, he didn't know. Didn't care.

"Oh?"

"It comes direct from Tammy Northfall. She's the editor-in-chief of *Voyeur*."

"And she's apologizing for what? Ruining --" He stopped in mid-sentence, feeling a slow grin spread across his features. Deidre's pussy continued to shudder softly around his cock, reminding him of the delicious situation he found himself in. "Making this the best damn thing that's ever happened to me?"

Deidre pulled back to look into his eyes and raised an eyebrow. "Hardly. She had her lawyers put together a letter asking you not to sue for defamation of character based on fake pictures."

"Fake?" Greg couldn't help the incredulous tone that slipped into his voice. "We were both there. You know as well as I do that those pictures are as real as what's happening between us now."

Deidre shrugged. "Tammy's been concerned about *Voyeur's* ability to fend off a lawsuit ever since Brianna Kelly's two-million-dollar victory against *Star-struck* magazine. Her situation wasn't nearly as embarrassing as yours, I might add. So when I marched in there and told Tammy that I was so desperate for a significant paycheck I resorted to digitally altering the photographs, she had no choice but to listen. You should have seen the blood drain from her face as I demonstrated how easy it is to paste your head on a porn star's body."

Greg wiggled his brows suggestively, marveling at her ingenuity. "I hope you picked a well-hung porn star. Someone who could do me justice."

She rolled her eyes and pressed a long, soul-searching kiss to his mouth, silencing him. Greg lost himself in the taste of vanilla and passion, awed by the gifts she kept giving him. He knew he didn't deserve them -- not yet. But he was determined to earn her love if it took him the rest of his life, whether with gentle kisses or with delectable smacks of leather across her flawless ass.

"I'm fired, you know," she said when she pulled away.

"Me, too," he answered honestly. "Whatever shall we do to occupy all our free time?"

Deidre loosened the knot binding her wrists and slipped the length of rope behind Greg's neck, pulling him even closer to her. "Whatever it is, I hope it involves strawberries. And handcuffs. And spankings."

"Why?" He feigned a shocked tone. "Have you done something you should be punished for?"

"Not yet." She wriggled her ass across his lap, stirring his cock to semi-hardness. "But if you don't smack me soon, I just might."

The slap of his palm against Deidre's upper thigh rang out like a beacon through the shadowed room. Her groan drove him wild with primitive hunger and he grabbed her hips, flipped her onto her back on the carpet and plunged himself to the hilt inside her. "Didn't you read fairy tales when you were a child? Never tempt a wolf."

She arched her back, driving him inside her so completely he could feel every slow throbbing pulse of her pussy as he thrust into her. "Perhaps I just want to be bitten."

"In that case," he said, bending his head to nip at a pert nipple, "prepare to be devoured."

Lacey Savage

Award-winning author Lacey Savage loves to write about her dreams -- or more specifically, she loves to breathe life into her steamy fantasies (and she's got plenty!). She pens erotic tales of true love and mythical destiny, peopled with strong alpha heroes and feisty heroines. A hopeless romantic, Lacey loves writing about the intimate, sensual side of relationships. She currently resides in Ottawa, Canada, with her loving husband and their mischievous cat. You can learn more about Lacey by visiting her website at www.laceysavage.com, and can reach her at laceysavage@rogers.com.