

TAKING IT ALL

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Author's Note

Taking It All incorporates only elements of Domination/submission and BDSM. It is not intended to accurately portray a true BDSM or Dom/sub relationship.

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Marlboro: Philip Morris & Co., Ltd.

Tonka: Tonka Corporation

Velcro: Velcro Industries B.V.

Chapter One

God, but she had to get a life.

Lisa Peterson slammed the door of her plain vanilla two-door car that went along with her plain, vanilla two-door life.

Door one, work. Door two, home alone.

She gripped the steering wheel in both hands, leaned back against the seat and tilted her head to look at the car's faded interior.

When did her life get so boring?

"More like, 'When has it ever been interesting'?" she grumbled as she lowered her head and looked at the nondescript, gray stone bank building she worked in as a teller. It was a warm Arizona early evening—she was one of the last to go home, always staying a little later to close up.

Boring, boring, boring.

Another day at work. Another lonely Friday night to head home to an empty apartment where she couldn't even have a cat or a dog to greet her. "Maybe I should get a bird. Or a goldfish. Yeah, that would be *real* interesting."

Not.

She could just see herself now having long, meaningful conversations with a goldfish.

Lisa put in so many hours at the bank that she didn't have time to see any of her old girlfriends very often. Besides, they were all married and rarely had time to go out. *They* had lives.

Yeah. She definitely needed to get one of those.

Grinding her teeth, she jammed her keys into the ignition and started the car. After a couple of chugs it thrummed to life, sounding like someone gargling through a bullhorn. Time for a visit to the local mechanic to get ripped off once again.

She gave a frustrated huff, threw the car into reverse, pressed her foot on the gas pedal and backed out of her parking spot—

And saw the man in her rearview mirror too late.

The car's bumper struck the man from his side as she slammed on her brakes. One second he was in her mirror, the next second he wasn't.

"Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit!" Lisa's hands shook as she put the car into park, turned off the engine and fumbled for the door handle. Her heart raced as she flung the door open and stepped out of her car, almost tripping in her high heels. "I'm so sorry," she said as she hurried to the man who was pushing himself up from the ground.

His back was to her, and if she wasn't so worried about him being hurt, she probably would have taken a better look at his powerful back and taut ass. His shirtsleeves were rolled up to his thick biceps and his muscles flexed as he got to his feet.

"Are you okay?" Lisa said as soon as she reached him. "Do you want me to call an ambulance? Take you to the hospital?"

The big man slowly turned to face her and her breath caught in her throat. Such incredible green eyes met her gaze that for a moment she lost the ability to speak. Clearly. In complete, understandable sentences.

"Uh... I'm... Please forgive... I'm... Uh... Sorry." Her face flamed as he cocked a brow and looked down at her.

And what a sexy brow it was. Dark brown like his ruffled hair that was cut short at the sides and only slightly longer on top. It had gold highlights from being out in the sun, which was obvious from the tanned skin she could see on his bare arms and face. His features were well defined and he was entirely too handsome.

Shit. She'd almost killed the Marlboro man.

His look was hard as he studied her, and she took a step back. Her heels wobbled on the pocked, uneven asphalt, and her short blue skirt ruffled in the wind. "Really, I-I'm sorry. I'll just get my insurance card —"

"Relax." His voice was husky, the sound of it rolling through her like spiced rum. He brushed off the backs of his thighs with his large hands. "You just knocked me on my ass. I'll live."

"I should have been paying attention." She clenched her hands as he approached her, suddenly towering over her in the almost-empty parking lot. "I just—I just... Never mind." She pushed her white-blonde hair out of her face. "I don't even know what I'm saying."

"Tell me." His sexy voice caused her to shiver as his words came out like a command. Like he was used to being obeyed.

"Uh, well—" Damn, was she articulate tonight, or what? "I was just preoccupied. It's stupid. Really."

He came dangerously close to invading her personal space. She swallowed and her gaze darted to the almost-empty parking lot. A trickle of relief flowed through her as a car drove up to one of the automated tellers in the drive-through. If she'd just backed into a madman she could scream for help. Her eyes returned to meet the possible madman's and this time his gaze captured hers and she couldn't dream of looking away from him.

"Tell me," he repeated, even more firmly.

"Boring." She threw up her hands. "My life sucks. No, let's correct that. I have no life." Which, including the times she'd been talking to herself, she'd now said for the third time.

The corner of his mouth quirked. "That's why you hit me? Your life is boring?"

Lisa blew out a frustrated breath. "I was feeling sorry for myself." The wind swiped several strands of hair across her face and with one hand she shoved the chunk of hair behind one ear. She sighed. "Hitting you is about the most exciting thing that's happened in my life in the past six months."

His lips turned up in a sexy smile. "Tell you what. Instead of showing me your insurance card, why don't I take you out for a drink?"

She blinked. That was the last thing she'd expected.

He could be a murderer.

But damn, he's sexy.

What if he's a perv?

Oh, I can think of lots of things I'd be more than happy to do with him.

Lisa wanted to slap herself upside the head. What? Was she crazy to even be *thinking* of agreeing to go out with him for a drink? Not to mention all the lewd, sexual acts running through her mind just looking at him.

Yeah, she was certifiable.

Well, what the hell. Hadn't she just been bitching about how boring her life was?

She cleared her throat. "When?"

His gaze still held hers. "Now."

Uh, okay. "There's a bar called Hannibal's around the corner. We can meet there in ten minutes." She gripped the door handle of her car. "But seeing that *I* ran into *you*, I'm buying."

He grinned and started walking toward one of the bank's automated tellers as he pulled a wallet out of his back pocket. "See you in ten," he said over his shoulder.

Wow. Her life had just gone from zero to sixty in the boring to not-so-boring department.

As she restarted her car it occurred to her that one, she didn't know his name.

And two, she was meeting him at a place with the same name as a serial killer.

Brad chuckled as he used his ATM card to withdraw some cash. The petite blonde with the sky-blue eyes and full lips might have bruised his hip and his ass a little, but he had a feeling that little love tap would be more than worth it.

He crammed the card and the cash into his wallet as he strode toward his king cab truck. The blonde had already left in her Tonka toy of a car. It was so small he'd probably done more damage to her bumper than her car had done to his ass.

Was she ever one sexy little package. Probably five-two in her bare feet, a good foot shorter than him. The way the strong breeze had pressed her white silk blouse against her skin, he could tell her breasts were small and perky. He definitely liked perky. Her

short skirt had flipped up a little in the wind and he'd caught a nice glimpse of a toned thigh. No nylons, just smooth, bare, sexy skin.

He climbed into his truck and started the engine. His jeans were already strangling his growing erection as his mind inventoried all of her assets. While he drove his truck out of the lot, he thought about those pretty lips wrapped around his cock. He could just picture fucking her mouth before taking a flogger to her ass, making it a nice shade of pink and bringing her to the brink of orgasm again and again.

Christ. He'd never had such an immediate reaction to a woman as long as he could remember. From the moment he'd turned around and gotten a good look at her he'd found himself captivated. From the way she'd stumbled over her words to the way she'd said her life was boring, she'd looked so damn cute.

In the few minutes it took to drive from the bank to Hannibal's, he'd already had her stripped bare in his mind.

It was nearly dark, but as he pulled into the parking lot he saw her well-used little white car already parked and pulled up beside it. The car was small enough it could have fit into the bed of his truck.

He'd been to Hannibal's more than a few times. Nice bar. Cold beer. Hot waitresses. Great place for a good game of pool. Funny that the blonde had picked this bar of all places.

When he walked in, he searched the bar with his gaze. It wasn't exactly what you'd call a cozy place, but it was dim enough for some semblance of privacy if you picked a back booth—which was exactly what the cute blonde had done.

A waitress bumped into him and gave him a seductive grin. "Heya, Brad."

He slapped her on the ass. "Get back to work, Beth."

The tall brunette rubbed against his hip even as she held a tray filled with drinks. "I can think of what I'd *like* to be working on right now."

He winked and moved past her toward the very nervous-looking blonde who looked like she'd rather be any place than in that bar. The alternative rock was deafening, the roar of voices adding to the noise. Place was packed, the usual for a Friday night. Probably why the blonde had picked it.

When he reached her, he studied her for a second, letting his gaze linger on her lips, then those perky little breasts. Her nipples hardened beneath her silk blouse as he looked at them. He brought his eyes up to meet hers and his mouth curved into a grin at the pink that now tinged her cheeks.

Instead of sitting across from her, he scooted onto the seat beside her. Her lips parted in a surprised expression, but she moved over to make more room for him. He relaxed, his legs resting wide, his thigh pressing against hers as he kept his eyes on hers. Such damn pretty sky-blue eyes. His cock hardened at the feel of her soft skin against his arm as he took advantage of the small amount of room on the booth's bench to sit beside her, but at the same time tried not to crowd her too much.

She tilted her chin as if to not let him intimidate her. Good, she had spirit.

The top of her head came up to his chin. "What's your name, sweetheart?" he asked as he looked down at her, his voice raised so that she could hear him over the pounding music.

"Lisa." She squirmed in her seat, but stopped as she rubbed up against him. "What's yours?"

Master to you, babe. "Brad." He extended his hand and she took it. The soft feel of it caused his cock to ache. He could just imagine that hand stroking him...

She tried to draw her hand away, but he held on to it just a bit longer, already feeling possessive over her. Damn, but he knew a good submissive when he saw one.

Lisa cleared her throat and tugged her hand from his. The moment he'd slid into the booth beside her she'd felt fire shoot straight through her body to her belly and on to her pussy. Her thong was damp, and just the feel of his big hand around hers created a huge ache between her thighs.

Whoa. Just because her life was boring didn't mean she needed to jump all over the first man she'd run into. Literally.

Oh, but he wasn't just any man. Sexy, gorgeous and built like a truck. She could already feel the weight of his body pressed against hers...

Crap.

"What'll you have, Brad?" came a voice and Lisa's gaze shot up to see a beautiful leggy brunette with a cropped-top barely covering her big boobs. "The usual?"

"Yeah, on tap." Brad turned to Lisa. "What would you like, babe?"

She narrowed her gaze at Brad. "It's Lisa." She glanced up at the waitress who barely spared her a glance. "White zin."

"Figures," the brunette said before she smiled at Brad and jiggled her butt as she walked away.

"What figures?" Lisa said as she looked up at Brad.

He gave her that heart-stopping, sexy grin. "That you don't shoot whiskey or kick back with a beer."

"Hmph." Lisa straightened in her seat. "And how would she know that?"

Brad leaned close, his warm breath drifting across her ear. "You're not hard core. You're soft. And very sexy."

Okay. She could live with that.

Her heart rate had picked up as Brad leaned in close and she smelled his spicy aftershave. She liked the way he felt so close to her.

A perfect stranger.

And lord, what a *perfect* stranger.

She turned her face just a little, causing their lips to be so close they almost brushed against one another.

"Have you ever fucked a stranger, Lisa?" he said as she took her mouth off his lips and met his gaze, her eyes widening. "What would you do if I asked you to meet me in the bathroom? Would you let me take you up against the wall?"

Lisa gasped both in surprise and at the erotic image of the two of them. Their lips were even closer now, and she was afraid to speak.

"Tell me." He brushed his mouth over the corner of hers. "That would be out of the realm of boring, don't you think?"

Uh, yeah. Putting it mildly.

Her heart beat like crazy, her palms sweating, the tingling in her pussy increasing. Her chest rose and fell with every harsh breath she took. She was actually picturing it. Thinking about it. *Considering it.*

Brad moved his mouth to her ear and nipped her earlobe, causing her to let out a moan and to shiver all at the same time. "Have you ever been spanked, Lisa? Have you ever submitted to a man? Turned over control?"

This time Lisa's gasp was louder as she jerked her head so that she was looking into his eyes again.

He didn't wait for any kind of answer from her. He slid one hand into her hair and brought her mouth to his and kissed her.

At first Lisa couldn't move, she was so stunned. She'd gone from hitting a man in a parking lot to kissing him in a bar and considering fucking him in the back room.

And being spanked?

God, that turned her on.

And his kiss—she opened up to him and let his tongue explore her mouth. She let out soft little moans as he kept his grip on the back of her head with one hand and used his other to palm her ass and scoot her onto his lap, between his thighs. He was so big and strong, and she was so petite, that he had moved her before she realized what he was doing.

The kiss became deeper and Lisa wrapped her arms around his neck. His erection was firm against her ass. She wasn't wearing anything but a thong under her short skirt. It wouldn't take much to unzip his pants and free his cock, push aside the thin strip of cloth covering her pussy and let him fuck her right there in the corner seat of the bar.

He must have been thinking on similar lines because he slid his free hand up her thigh, and under her skirt, his hand moving up, up, up until his fingers stopped right at the juncture between her thigh and her pussy.

"Anything else, Brad?" came a voice that brought Lisa crashing back to reality as two thumps hit the table. The glass of wine and the bottle of beer.

Heat of embarrassment blasted Lisa's skin. She tried to squirm out of his lap as she jerked away from him, but he kept one of his hands cupping the back of her head and his other up her skirt.

"That'll be it, Beth." His gaze was on the brunette who was glaring at him, and his tone was dismissive.

Beth cast a snide look at Lisa then whirled away.

Brad acted like nothing had happened and moved his lips back to Lisa's. She drew back and he frowned.

"Old girlfriend?" Lisa asked, feeling a surge of jealousy that surprised her.

"I've screwed her a time or two, but I wouldn't call her a girlfriend." Brad's green eyes studied Lisa. She bit her lower lip and squirmed as he moved the hand he had up her dress and dragged his fingers over her damp thong.

"Wet. I like that." He smiled. "I think you'd be more than a good fuck. You're the kind of girl a guy could see himself wanting to keep around." He moved his mouth close to her ear again. "I'll meet you in the women's bathroom in two minutes," he said then slipped her off his lap and onto her unsteady feet beside the booth.

Her lips were parted as she looked at him, her mind spinning with what he was telling her to do.

"Go on now." His voice was a husky command. "I'll be right there, baby."

Chapter Two

She hadn't even had a damn thing to drink and her mind was spinning even more. Lisa stumbled a little, feeling tipsy, lightheaded.

Unbelievable. She was actually walking toward the ladies' room through the crowded bar. Obeying a man she'd barely met. A man who intended to fuck her in that very ladies' room.

Her whole body was on fire. Her nipples so hard they ached, her small breasts actually feeling heavy, her pussy positively soaking her thong. Fire licked her belly, a small firestorm swirling inside her and growing larger and larger.

Lisa squeezed through the crowds of people, their faces and the noise a blur in her mind. Neon lights edged her sight from the beer signs in the windows, and the stench of smoke, beer and sweat from so many bodies made her cough.

When she reached the ladies' room her cheeks burned red-hot as two women came out, both giggling and chattering over the loud music. Lisa's hand shook as she wrapped it around the metal door handle and pulled. She almost ran into another woman who was on her way out.

Lisa's heart pounded as loud as the music as she stood in front of the mirror. And looked at herself. Who *was* that woman in the mirror? White silk blouse, flouncy short blue skirt, bare legs and high heels. But it was her face, the face staring back at her in the mirror that she wondered at. Her white-blonde hair flowed over her shoulders and down her back, but was a little mussed. Her lips were kiss-swollen, her lipstick completely kissed off. Her cheeks were pink, her normally light blue eyes somehow darker and she had the look about her of a woman who wanted to get fucked.

A toilet flushed in one of the stalls behind her, and Lisa startled.

How did Brad think he was going to take her here, with women coming in and out?

What am I doing?

I can't do this. He's a stranger!

Not to mention it was a goddamned public place.

A woman slipped out of the stall and came to the sinks to wash her hands. Just so that she didn't feel stupid standing there, Lisa washed her hands, too, doing her best to avoid looking at the other woman in the mirror.

While she was drying her hands, the door opened and she shot her gaze toward it. Her heart beat like crazy as Brad peeked in and gave the other woman an apologetic look. He turned his gaze on Lisa. "Baby, you forgot your purse," he said as he held out her black handbag.

The woman brushed past him, but not without an appreciative head-to-toe glance first.

When she left, Brad slipped in the door, leaned his back against it and gave Lisa a sexy grin.

Fireworks exploded in her belly. God, he was hot. Faded jeans molded his athletic thighs and outlined his rigid cock. His muscular body and smoky green eyes promised nights of the best sex of her life.

"Come here," he commanded, and she found herself walking toward him. He handed her the black purse and gestured to the counter close to them. "Set it down."

She obeyed, her body shaking and on fire.

Why didn't she say "no" now?

Instead she turned to him and he drew her in his arms and kissed her. She melted all over again. He bit at her lower lip hard enough to cause her to cry out then thrust his tongue into her mouth. He tasted of beer and man. He must have downed some of his beer when she left.

At the same time he kissed her hard and hungry, he slid his hands up the backs of her thighs, under her skirt, and palmed her ass that was totally bare because she was only wearing a thong. With the fingers of one hand he skimmed the cloth that covered her pussy and she shuddered and moaned into his mouth as he slipped his fingers beneath the cloth and into her wet folds.

Lisa's mind turned to mush as he thrust his tongue into her mouth while palming one of her ass cheeks and rubbing her clit. In the back of her mind she knew there was some reason they shouldn't be —

Ah God, could the man kiss.

In the background she heard the pound, pound, pound of the loud music. Sounds of laughter and voices added to the cacophony, but it was all white noise as he claimed her, dominated her.

An oncoming orgasm began curling low in her belly the harder he stroked her clit and kissed her, and she started to shake. He raised his head, breaking their kiss and stopped the motion of his hand as he looked down at her. "Don't come without my permission, baby."

"Wh-what?" Lisa blinked up at him in her haze of lust, her body trembling for that orgasm she'd been so close to.

He brought his hand up and brushed hair out of her face. "You're turning control over to me, Lisa. You'll do what I say, and whatever I tell you to do. Understand?"

"Huh? I—what?" She was back to the kind of intelligent responses she'd given him when they'd met. Was it all of an hour ago?

Brad gave her an indulgent smile. "I'm going to turn you around, and I want you to place your hands against the door. I'm gong to fuck you from behind and you're not going to come until I give you permission."

The way he kept saying *fuck* was about to make her knees give out.

"Wait." She shook her head, trying to shake away some of the fuzz caused by all the lust that had built up inside her. "Someone – someone might come in."

"All taken care of." There was that sexy grin again. "And, baby, when I get through with you, you're going to want to scream so loud they'll hear you over all that loud crap they're playing."

Her whole body trembled as he took both of her hands in one of his and somehow turned her so that her palms were against the door, her hands beneath his, and she was bent over.

Still keeping her hands trapped against the door, he moved behind her. He was so much bigger than her that he did it effortlessly. With his free hand, he pushed her skirt up over her ass and rubbed his jean-clad erection against her, scraping her soft flesh. She heard the hiss of a zipper and felt his now-bare cock along the crevice of her butt cheeks.

Oh, shit.

"Condom," she said as she threw a look over her shoulder.

"Wouldn't go anyplace without one," he said and she saw he was already bringing a foil packet up to his mouth and tore it open with his teeth. Somehow he managed to get the condom out of the package and on his cock without letting her hands free.

Her eyes widened at the sight of his erection. "You – you're so big. I don't think you can fit that –"

"Spread your legs as wide as you can," he ordered her as he nudged her thighs with his knee.

Heart racing, Lisa obeyed and looked at his hand pinning both of hers to the door. It felt so surreal. All of it. She was in a ladies' room. About to get fucked by a man she really didn't know. A man with the biggest cock she'd ever seen. And she was so excited and hot that she couldn't wait to feel him inside her.

In the next second his hand landed hard on her ass.

She gave a sharp cry and looked over her shoulder again as her flesh stung. "What did you do that for?"

Brad rubbed the spot he'd just slapped. "Before pleasure, I've got to punish you, baby." He spanked her other ass cheek, harder yet, and she let out a louder yelp. "You hit me with your car in that parking lot. You need to learn a lesson in safe driving."

She'd offered him her insurance card, for Christ's sake. But instead she was getting spanked then fucked?

Lisa tried to wiggle out of his grasp, but he had a good hold on her. Tears stung at her eyes with every swat against her bare ass, but he rubbed the spot he'd slapped with his palm each time and the pain turned into a burning pleasure. Sweet pleasure that surprised the hell out of her. Somehow it was bringing her closer and closer to climax, and he wasn't even inside her.

His erection nudged the entrance to her pussy as he forced aside the bit of material of the thong. He spanked her one more time harder than any of the other swats. She tensed, waiting for another slap to her ass – then screamed as he drove his cock straight inside her.

Brad didn't even stop to let her get used to the size of him. He pumped his thick erection in and out of her, hard and fast. His flesh slapped against hers and he rocked her back and forth with every thrust.

Her vision blurred and she felt like she was spinning out of control with her oncoming orgasm. He felt so good inside her. Stretched her. Filled her. Reached deep inside her. His jeans rubbed against her sore ass making her feel even more tender, more on edge. He reached up with his free hand, sliding it under her silk shirt until he reached her bra. As he fucked her, he yanked down her bra then began pinching and twisting each of her nipples. Pain and pleasure whirled together and her cries grew louder.

Could she be heard? He said he'd taken care of it, but what if people were on the other side of that door? What if someone pushed at the door and tried to get in?

The thought of being caught drove her closer to orgasm.

Lisa pushed back against him, wanting more as he thrust hard and fast, in and out of her pussy. She was going to lose it. She was so close.

"Don't come until I give you permission, baby," he ordered her even as she felt her body start to spiral.

The combination of everything was too much. The fact that he was a total stranger... They were in a public restroom in a bar... He had just spanked her and turned her on beyond belief... They could get caught at any moment... He had the biggest cock she'd ever seen or felt...

"I can't stop –" Lisa's orgasm slammed into her so hard she screamed as loud as he had promised she would. Her body jerked as spasm after spasm of her orgasm racked her body, her pussy clamping around his big cock. It felt like flames whooshed up her body from her toes to her head and that even her hair was on fire. Tears rolled down her cheeks from the exquisite pleasure that was so intense it bordered on pain. It was the most incredible orgasm she'd ever experienced in her life.

He continued fucking her, thrusting hard and deep, and she found she could barely breathe. Spasm after spasm rolled over her, through her, and she thought she'd die from too much pleasure. She was so dizzy, her mind so clouded, that she felt as if she was in another place and time.

Then Brad gave a shout and slammed in and out a few more times as his cock throbbed inside her pussy as he climaxed. He grabbed her by her belly and held her tight to him as he rested his big body against her back, molding himself to her. She felt the rise and fall of his chest as he tried to catch his breath. Her channel continued to spasm around his cock with every inhalation and exhalation he took.

Brad gave a low groan and nuzzled the back of her neck, causing her to shiver. "Oh, baby, I told you not to come without permission." He bit her shoulder and she shivered when he added, "Now I'll really have to punish you."

Chapter Three

When Brad led her out of the bathroom, she thought she'd die of embarrassment. There was a line of women waiting to go to the bathroom and a big bouncer blocking the doorway, keeping them out.

Oh. My. God.

The bouncer gave her a wicked grin—he'd probably heard her scream. Some of the women looked irritated, others snide and some amused. They knew. She had no doubt, they *knew*.

Lisa clung to Brad's hand, squeezing it in a death grip while she clenched her purse in her other hand. She avoided the gazes of the ten or so women in line, and everyone else in the bar, as if they knew, too.

She was barely aware of Brad leading her through the packed bar, squeezing through the warm bodies, dodging the waitresses and bursting out into the open parking lot. Lisa took big gulps of air, not only from the need to breathe after walking through all that smoke, beer and sweat smells. But then she got a whiff of something even worse—someone had puked their guts up by the door.

Lisa dry heaved twice, but stopped when Brad dragged her farther away from the bar and she drank in clean, fresh air. It was starting to cool off in the Tucson evening and she enjoyed the feel of the air against her skin after being amongst all those hot, sweaty bodies.

Before she knew it, she was at the passenger side door of Brad's forest-green truck. She tried to tug backward, but he had a firm grip on her hand.

"Uh, Brad." She looked up at him as the lights of the truck flashed and the door unlocked. "What are you doing?"

He opened the door, picked her up by her waist, and she squealed in surprise as he set her on the passenger seat. "Taking you home."

The fuzz started to clear from her mind. "Wait—" she started just as he closed the door. For a moment she stared at the door. Nothing was quite computing. She still felt full inside, as if his cock was buried inside her, and she tingled everywhere imaginable. She'd just been fucked by a stranger. In a ladies' room. In a packed bar. And he'd spanked her, leaving her ass a little sore.

Maybe it was time she came to her senses.

Just as she started to reach for the door handle to scramble out, Brad climbed in on the driver's side and grabbed her arm. She cut her gaze to him. He didn't look intimidating...just sexy.

He drew her close and kissed her again, his tongue slipping in through her parted lips. He tasted so, so good. And the way he kissed her... Sucking her tongue, moving his mouth over hers in such a dominating, controlling way that made her so hot her mind was turning to mush again.

A low groan rose up in his chest and he moved his lips to the corner of her mouth and kissed her softly. "Come home with me, baby. I promise you a night that will be anything but boring."

Lisa's words came back to her as he said them. She'd told him how boring her life was, and he'd fixed that in a hurry.

She sighed against his mouth. "I'm out of my mind." She looked into his eyes in the darkened interior of the truck. "I don't *do* things like this. I can't believe—"

Brad smiled and brushed his thumb across her lips. "You need this. You need us."

Us? That sounded so...intimate. Like it was more than one night of hot sex.

That one word did it. Crazy, but in that moment she decided she didn't care. He drew away, slipped the keys into the ignition and the truck's engine roared to life.

Brad's cock hadn't stopped aching since he met Lisa. Even after fucking her, he wanted her again and again. Something was different about the petite blonde that had his blood boiling. As he drove he glanced at her and saw how rigid she sat in the seat. As he pulled the truck out of the bar's parking lot, he draped one of his arms around her delicate shoulders and drew her as close as the center console would allow.

He kept his gaze on the road, but felt her start to relax beneath his arm. She tensed again as she said, "Where do you live?"

"In the foothills." He pulled up to a red light and stopped. "How about you?"

She shrugged beneath his hold on her shoulders. "Close to the bank."

Not the greatest of neighborhoods. The looks of her beat-up car, not to mention the sound of that engine, told him she either didn't have a whole lot of income or chose to spend it in other ways.

"What's your last name?" She gave a wry laugh. "I just let you take me in the ladies' room of a bar and I don't even know it."

As the light turned green, he laughed. "Akers. And you?"

"Peterson." She was clenching her purse in her hands when he glanced at her again. "What do you do?"

"Construction." He looked back to the road as they headed up to the foothills. "And I'm assuming you were either stopping by the bank for some reason, or you work there."

"I'm a teller." She turned her head and looked at the scenery as it sped by. "I've been working there forever."

"I'll have to start going inside instead of just visiting the ATM," he said, and she looked up at him and smiled.

Damn, he loved her smile.

It seemed to take too long to get to his house, but they finally arrived. He had a split-level home with a driveway lined with spotlights on his desert landscaping.

"Beautiful," she said, her voice a little breathless.

Brad went around to her side of the truck and helped her down then locked his vehicle again. He brushed his lips over hers and took her hand, leading her to the front door that he unlocked before letting them into the dark house and closing the door behind them.

"Nice," she said when he flicked on the lights. He released her hand and her heels clicked on the tiled floor from the door, past the formal dining and living rooms he never used, into the great room. "Obviously a male domain, but I like it."

He laughed as he looked around at the empty Chinese food containers on the coffee table and sports and news magazines strewn around. His work boots were beside the front door and one of his shirts was slung over the back of his leather couch. "I guess with this mess it does look like a guy's place."

While she studied his home, he moved up behind her, taking her by her slim shoulders and holding her still. He moved his lips along her collarbone, releasing one of her shoulders to push aside the long strands of her white-blonde hair that were in the way.

Lisa sighed and shivered. "You know your way around a woman."

He turned her around to face him and brushed his lips over hers. "I've had a few women over, but very few have seen my special room. I think you'll like it." Her eyes widened and he smiled. "Trust me."

"Uh-huh. Said the fox to the hare." But then she made her first aggressive move of the night and wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Jesus, she was sweet. He'd had her off balance all evening, and now he felt like she'd turned the tables on him. With his cock raging like it was, he had to fight the need to take her down to the floor, push her skirt up again, free his cock and ram into her.

She broke the kiss and he studied her flushed cheeks, her swollen moist lips and the desire in her eyes.

He brought her arms from around his neck and took her by one of her hands. "Time for me to show you my playroom."

Lisa raised her eyebrows, but didn't hesitate when he tugged her hand and led her to a side hallway, past the laundry room that was piled with his work clothes. When he pushed open the door to his "special room", he watched her eyes widen.

"You're into kink," she said, her cheeks staining a little redder than they were before.

"BDSM." He tugged her hand, forcing her to look at him again. Her eyes were wide, her lips parted. "And I owe you a punishment for climaxing before I gave you permission."

Lisa swallowed, her heart rate notching up and her skin prickling. She shifted her gaze from Brad's green eyes and took in the room and all the "toys". It was a nice room that could easily have been a place where he kept a pool table, air hockey and any number of guys' games. It was all polished oak, forest-green carpeting and green leather "furniture".

But instead of a pool table, there was a table with straps and cuffs on each corner, obviously meant to secure someone. She'd been to an elite lingerie and sex toy store before, so she figured out what some of the things were that laid on an oak credenza alongside one wall. And no doubt that black sling hanging from one corner was a sex swing—she'd heard of those. She recognized the huge X as a Saint Andrew's cross, but she wasn't sure why that would be in a BDSM room—until she saw chains and cuffs extending from all four parts of the X.

The more she looked, the hotter her cheeks grew. There were more things, including chains hanging down from a ceiling, that told her this guy was serious.

Her eyes met his. "Brad...I don't know about this. I only met you a few hours ago." Three, tops? "And this looks pretty...pretty intense."

He cupped her face with both hands and his palms felt so warm against her face. His expression was sensual, the look in his eyes promising he'd give her a night she'd never regret. How she could read so much just by meeting his gaze, she had no idea.

Must have been the hot sex in that ladies' room.

"Trust me." He brushed his lips over hers. "You have so far."

True. "Okay," she whispered against his mouth. "But what if you want me to do something I don't feel comfortable with?"

"You pick a safe word." He pressed his large, hard body to hers and she felt his rigid erection against her belly. She remembered how big he'd been inside her, and more moisture dampened her thong. "If you say it, we stop and I'll take you home."

For a long moment he held her gaze with his. "Piñata," she finally said.

He raised an eyebrow, amusement in his eyes. "My niece just had a party and they had a piñata." She couldn't help a smile of her own. "It's the first word that popped into my mind."

"From this point on, you'll refer to me as Master." Brad stepped away and his look became serious. "If you don't, you'll just earn another punishment."

She opened her mouth then closed it. Her whole world seemed to be tilting sideways and this was happening to someone else. Not her. Not Lisa Peterson with the boring two-door life.

He folded his arms across his chest. "How do you respond to me, Lisa?"

She frowned. "I don't know."

"Yes, Master," he said. "Whenever I tell you to do anything, whenever you respond to me, that's what you say."

Ooooookay... Lisa swallowed. "Yes, Master."

Brad rewarded her with a sexy smile before turning serious again. "Strip for me. Slowly. But leave your heels and your thong on. And don't forget how to address me when I give you a command."

"Yes, Master." The words actually came easy to her—it must have been the way he was looking at her. The way he had taken total control of her sexually from the moment he walked into that bar.

Lisa eased her silk blouse over her head, taking her time like he'd ordered her to. She dropped it on the floor as his hungry eyes followed her every motion. The fact she could see how much he wanted her gave her a feeling of empowerment. She brought her hands up to cup her small breasts, then ran her palms down, along her sides, until she reached her flouncy skirt. Hooking her fingers in the stretchy waistband of the skirt, she shimmied a little so that it eased over her hips then dropped to the floor.

Lust flared in his eyes as she stepped out of her skirt and she was only in her blue heels, matching thong and bra. Keeping her movements slow and deliberate, she brought her hands up and unhooked the front clasp of her blue lace bra. She let it fall open and allowed the straps to slip down over her arms, to her wrists, and then it dropped to the floor. Her nipples were tight, hard nubs and she thought she could scent her own musk.

"Damn, you're gorgeous, baby." His husky voice sent shivers throughout her. "Have you ever been butt-fucked?"

She widened her eyes. "No—no, Master."

"Don't move." He turned his back on her, and she barely resisted folding her arms across her chest.

Nerves twisted her belly as she watched him. She wasn't sure she *wanted* to be butt-fucked, but to be honest with herself she'd always been kind of curious.

He moved with such masculine grace, his jeans molded to his taut ass, his large body so powerful beneath his shirt, his biceps flexing as he picked up what she knew was a butt plug. He took a tube of what had to be lubricant and squeezed some on the black rubber before spreading the layer of the gel.

Her belly twisted a little more as he turned and approached her again, holding the plug in one of his big hands. His eyes were so green, his gold-shot brown hair trimmed in a way that accented his well-cut features. His lips were sinfully gorgeous and his tanned skin made him even sexier.

When Brad reached her, he took her by one of her hands and led her to the green leather table. "Brace your palms on the edge and bend over so that your ass is in the air. Legs spread wide as you can."

"Yes, Master." Lisa's legs trembled as she followed him. Cool air brushed her naked skin and goose bumps prickled her arms.

When she reached the table she obeyed him, grasping the side of the table, bending over and spreading her legs wide. She couldn't help squeezing her ass cheeks together as he moved her thong aside and nudged her anus with the lubed plug.

"Relax, baby," he murmured as he slowly pushed past the tight ring.

"Yes, Master," she said even as she gritted her teeth and her eyes prickled with moisture from the pain. But try as she might, she couldn't relax. Her hole burned as he continued forcing it into her ass.

"Good girl." He thrust the plug the rest of the way in, causing her to gasp.

The sensation was strange. It hurt yet it felt good too. It filled her in a much different way than Brad's cock had filled her pussy. The conflicting sensations of pleasure and pain made her ache to be fucked again. Just like when he had spanked her.

"Mmmm..." He leaned over her back and palmed both of her breasts before squeezing her nipples hard. She moaned and he said, "How does that feel?"

She squirmed from the sensations of her nipples being pinched, his big clothed body bent over hers, and the plug inside her. "Different," she managed to get out.

"Different..." he said as though prompting her.

Thinking was nearly impossible at that moment, but then she realized what he was trying to get her to say. "It feels different, *Master*."

"That's better." He kissed the curve of her neck, making her shiver again. "I know exactly what you deserve for your punishment for climaxing without permission."

Lisa's heart started a pounding that was almost as loud in her head as the music in the bar had been. Brad helped her stand straight again and she almost squirmed at the feel of the plug inside her. It felt strange walking – no, make that bizarre – as he guided her to the chains hanging from the ceiling.

She held her breath as he took one of her arms and brought it high over her head then clamped a velvet-lined handcuff around her wrist. The pounding of her heart grew impossibly faster as her other wrist was cuffed.

"Spread your legs," he ordered and she looked down to see a pair of D-rings attached to the floor.

Her heels wobbled as she moved her feet apart and let her breath out in a harsh gust. "Yes, Master," she said almost as an afterthought.

"Almost earned another punishment." He secured one of her ankles with a velvet-lined ankle cuff. "I'm surprised at how good you're doing, Lisa." He moved to her other ankle and fastened it to the D-ring before slowly rising up behind her, his calloused hands running up her legs, over her bare ass and up to cup her breasts. "The moment I met you, I knew you were a born submissive," he murmured in her ear and she shivered.

She raised her chin and couldn't help the bit of irritation in her tone. "How did you come to that conclusion—Master?"

He moved around to face her, his expression a little darker. "Watch how you speak to me. I *am* your Master now. You're at my mercy. Mine to do with as I chose to. You turned over control when you gave me your safe word. If you want to change your mind, you'd better say the word now."

Spread out the way she was, her arms stretched high overhead, her legs splayed apart, a plug up her ass, and being basically naked in front of this fully clothed man—she was too turned on to think straight. All she knew was that she wasn't ready to end this. To let go of what the night might bring. She'd already felt his thick cock inside her once, and she wanted him again.

"I'm sorry, Master," she said and instinctively lowered her eyes.

He caught her chin in his hand and forced her to look at him. "I knew...just by the expression on your face when you came to my side. The way you stumbled over your words and the blush of embarrassment on your face. And how easily you obeyed me. I've trained plenty of women in the fine art of being dominated. But you—you were born to be a submissive."

Chapter Four

Lisa didn't have time to respond to Brad's statement that she was a born submissive. He had already turned away from her by the time all of his words had sunk in, and was walking toward the oak credenza that had too many unusual items on it to count.

When he picked up a paddle, she automatically jerked against her restraints. He was going to paddle her? Her breathing elevated as he approached and she saw the tough, black leather stretched across the paddle. When he reached her, though, she saw that the opposite side was lined with what looked like soft fur.

"Which would you like to feel *first*, Lisa?" His palm caressed the hard side of the paddle and then he flipped it over and ran his fingers through the fur on the other side. "Soft and sensual...or hard and painful?"

A sheen of perspiration broke out on her skin and she bit her lower lip as she stared at his hand and the paddle.

His expression firmed as he stood within a couple of inches of her. "Lisa...?"

She swallowed down a burst of fear—and excitement of all things. "Soft. Please, Master."

"Soft it is." He smiled and ran the furry side over each of her taut nipples and she moaned. "I love how perky your breasts are." He caressed one nipple with the fur and dipped his mouth down to suckle the other nipple.

A whimper rose up in her throat at the sensual feel of the fur and his hot mouth at the same time. He bit down on her nipple and she cried out and jerked against her restraints. The pain traveled through her chest, but as he licked the spot he'd bitten the pain expanded into pleasure that she felt all the way to her pussy and the plug in her ass.

Brad switched sides, suckling her other nipple while running the fur side of the paddle over the opposite one. Again he bit her, and again she gave a cry from the pain and then a moan at the pleasure that followed. He raised his head and kissed her as he slowly stroked her flat belly with the softness that notched up the desire in her body.

When he broke the kiss, he began to stroke her everywhere, the fur caressing her arms, her shoulders, her cheeks, her collarbone. Slowly and sensuously he lightly ran the fur along her sides to her belly, and then over her cloth-covered pussy. He knelt in front of her and nuzzled her mound, and she whimpered to have his mouth on her folds and licking her clit.

"This has to go." He set the paddle down and he gripped one side of her thong with both hands and yanked the seam apart with a small ripping sound.

"Hey, these are my favorite—" she started, but he'd already ripped the other side, pulled the cloth off her pussy and tossed it aside.

He gave her a hard look as his eyes met hers. "You just earned another punishment, baby."

"What?" She stared at him. "You just ripped *my* thong."

"Are you going for a third?" He slipped one of his big fingers between the lips of her pussy and all thought fled her mind. "You neglected to refer to me with respect both times."

Uh, yeah. Just put your mouth where that finger is and I'll agree to anything.

"Yes, Master," she said as he slowly stroked her folds. Words would barely come to her as she added. "I won't do it again."

"Good girl." He slid two fingers into her pussy and rammed them inside, causing her to gasp. "Maybe I'll go easy on your next punishment—after we're through with this one." He pulled his fingers out and they glistened with her juices as he brought them to his lips. His chest rose as he inhaled and then he slipped his fingers into his mouth. Moisture made her folds even wetter as he tasted her on his fingers and she wanted his mouth on her so badly she wanted to scream.

A teasing glint sparked in his eyes as he picked up the paddle and stroked one of her legs with it, down to her high heel. She bit the inside of her cheek to keep from begging him to lick her clit as he caressed the inside of each one of her thighs with the fur.

Instead of doing what she wanted, the bastard nuzzled the trimmed curls of her mound before easing around her so that her back was to him. She shivered and tensed. Was he going to use the leather side of the paddle now to swat her? Just the thought brought forward the slight soreness of her ass from her earlier spanking.

But he gently ran the fur up each of her legs and inside her thighs again. She tilted her head back and relaxed into the sensations. Her arms were sore from being stretched up high over her head for so long, and her wrists ached a little from the cuffs even though they were lined with velvet. She was so exposed, her entire body naked now that she was only wearing her heels. The desire to come was so intense that she could imagine climaxing with him just touching her the way he was.

Brad brushed the fur against each ass cheek, crossing over the butt plug as he moved from one side to the other. She shivered as the fur tickled her lower back and her spine as he worked his way up to her back and shoulders. He pushed her blonde hair over her shoulder so that her neck was mostly bared and he stroked her there, too.

Lisa closed her eyes and relaxed into the feel of him running the fur-covered paddle over her skin. He took it up her arms again then brought it down her back again. She moaned softly as he brought her body to new heights. She had to come so bad it was killing her.

The leather side of the paddle struck one side of her ass so hard it jolted her out of her haze of desire and she screamed. "Time for your punishment," he said just before he spanked her other ass cheek with the paddle.

Again Lisa cried out and again. In between each strike of the paddle, he brushed her bare skin with the fur, then spanked her again.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as the combination of pain and pleasure fought for domination inside her. It hurt. Really hurt. But at the same time it was turning her on, making her pussy wetter, her nipples harder, her orgasm closer. She had to fight to keep from coming. She didn't want a third punishment. No way in hell. She knew she could shout her safe word at any time, but she didn't want her time with Brad to end. She wanted him inside her. And soon.

Abruptly he stopped spanking her and tossed the paddle onto the floor. It gave a muted thump as it landed on the forest-green carpet. Lisa sagged against her restraints, relief pouring through her body along with the heaviness of her desire.

Take me now, take me now! she begged in her mind.

As if in answer, she heard the scrape of Brad's zipper and a crackle like he was tearing open a package. She looked over her shoulder in time to see him roll a condom over his erection.

She expected him to plunge into her pussy, wanted it, needed it. But to her surprise, he drew the butt plug out of her ass and flung it aside. She didn't have time to think before he drove his cock into her ass.

Lisa cried out as he thrust in and out of her tight hole. The scrape of his jeans against her sore ass somehow heightened the sensitivity of her whole body. His thick cock filled her up, deeper and wider than the butt plug had.

"Do you like being fucked in the ass?" he asked, his voice raspy as he drove in and out of her.

"Yes, Master." And she did. God, she really did. The need to climax was so intense now that she couldn't help but beg. "Can I come now, Master? Please?"

Brad slammed into her one more time then stopped. "No, baby," he said as he drew his cock out and she almost sobbed. "That's part of your punishment." He kissed the curve of her neck. "You need to earn your pleasure."

She could just see it now. The man was going to torture her all night long, never allowing her to come.

He moved away from her, strode to a wastebasket by the table of toys and disposed of the condom. When he turned to face her, he tucked his cock back into his jeans and buttoned them.

Her ass was now stinging inside and out and her body crying for an orgasm, and she was so disappointed that he didn't strip out of his clothing so that she could view his naked body for the first time. All she'd seen was his cock, and she had no doubt the rest of him was just as impressive.

Brad walked back to her with his fluid, athletic movements. He knelt and unfastened the cuffs around her ankles. When he stood she moved her legs together and found she was sore in the crease in her thigh from being spread out so far. She moved and if her wrists hadn't still been cuffed, her knees would have given out. He released her wrists and brought her up close to him in his tight embrace.

Lisa sank against him, her sore body limp but comfortable against his large form. He smelled so good. Spicy and male.

For a moment he kept her secure in his embrace, then surprised her by scooping her up in his arms and carrying her to the large table in the center of the room. She was too exhausted, too sore, too filled with desire to care where he was taking her. She just needed him to be inside her in the worst way.

He settled her on the padded table and she gave a low groan as her sore ass met firm leather. As if reading her mind, he murmured, "Do you know how beautiful you are when your ass is all pink from my hand and my paddle? The flush on your face, the desire in your eyes. I can see how much you've enjoyed your punishment. Maybe too much?"

She bit her lower lip, but knew she had to respond in some way. "Not too much, Master."

He took her hands in his and kissed her knuckles before massaging her wrists. "One more punishment, baby, and then you'll earn a good fucking."

Chapter Five

Lisa met his gorgeous green eyes. Her thighs had grown slicker from his words—the way he said them made her feel like she could take anything he gave her. But no matter how good she felt right now, she really hoped no more spanking was involved.

Again he spread her arms and legs, strapping her to the table. Velcro straps secured her ankles and wrists to each corner. She watched him, her desire for this man increasing with his every movement. Now it seemed like she'd known him forever instead of—jeez, should she keep counting the hours?

When she was secured, he walked to the table and picked up two black silk scarves and a small red ball.

Brad pressed the ball into her hand. "If you want me to stop, drop the ball and I'll consider that your safe word."

She wrinkled her brow. *What?*

He seemed to be waiting for her to say something, so she hurried to respond, "Yes, Master," right before he brought one of the silk scarves to her mouth, raised her head and tied it securely. She widened her eyes as he gagged her and squeezed the ball in her fist hard. He took the other scarf and blindfolded her, taking away her ability to see, too.

Her belly tightened and she shivered as her other senses heightened. The cool air brushing her naked form, the soreness of her ass inside and out, the tenderness of her nipples where he'd bitten them... The scent of her musk was more obvious to her, and the smell of leather from the table met her nose. Her hearing became more acute and she heard Brad's footsteps on the carpet as he walked away. A panicky sensation rose in her chest, like a flock of birds ready to take flight.

"I'll be right back," he said, his voice sounding farther away.

Lisa only had a few moments to think about how crazy all of this was before Brad returned.

"Hi, baby." He brushed his lips over her forehead and she heard something clanking—like the tinkle of glass. "Now for your second punishment."

She tensed, her body vibrating from not knowing what he was going to do. Then she felt something icy-hot on one of her nipples and she gasped behind her gag. She gripped the ball tighter in her fist as a cold bead of water rolled down the side of her breast.

He was chilling her nipple with ice, causing her to shiver. She arched into it, her nipple so tight from the cold, but growing numb. He skated the chunk of ice along the curve of her breast to the other small globe and up to the nipple.

Lisa groaned behind her gag. Every touch of the ice cube made her squirm. The way she was strapped down kept her from moving too much, and the coldness was sheer torture.

He raised the now small cube from her belly and she heard the tinkle of the ice against glass. The next thing she knew he took the ice and teased her lips with it before leaning in and kissing her lightly on her lower lip, warming it. She wished she could kiss him back, but the gag, of course, made that impossible.

Slowly, Brad trailed the ice from her lips, down her cheek to her earlobe. She whimpered behind the gag. Water trickled along her the path the ice had made, adding to the chill.

The next area he chose was the curve of her neck to the hollow of her throat. He slipped the ice down the line from her chest to her bellybutton and she gasped again and tried to raise her head. She clenched the ball and her belly tightened as he dipped the cube inside. It was like her bellybutton was connected to her pussy, the way a fierce ice-cold sensation shot through her, making her ache even more to have him inside her.

With her sight taken away from her, the sensations of the ice against her skin were more intense.

The ice went away for a moment, and she heard the tinkle again, telling her he was getting a fresh piece of ice. She held her breath, wondering what he was going to do next.

She groaned against the gag as he took the ice to the inside of her thigh, starting at the crease between it and her pussy. The man was drawing out her torture by taking his time dragging the ice down to the back of her knee, along her calf and all the way to the pad of her foot. She pulled against her bonds at the tickling sensation as if that would make him stop.

Amazingly, the desire storming through her grew even stronger and she ached to climax so badly she was afraid she would. She didn't want another punishment—she wanted Brad inside her again.

After he got another piece of ice, he drove her even crazier as he rubbed the pad of her other foot, tickling it at the same time he chilled her skin. Then he moved up the inside of her calf to the back of her knee and reached the crease between her thigh and pussy. She shivered all over and goose bumps had broken out all over her skin.

"You're doing so good, baby," he murmured and his voice flowed over her in a way that warmed some of the chill of her skin. Again he retrieved a fresh chunk of ice—and this time rubbed it from her mound, over her clit and through her folds.

Lisa would have come off the table if she hadn't been strapped down. She cried out behind her gag and tossed her head from side to side. Tears rolled from the corners of her eyes from the extreme pleasure and pain she felt as he stroked her pussy with the ice. He played with it all around that area, from the sensitive spot between her anus and pussy, through her folds and around her clit.

God, he was going to make her come and she didn't know if she could stop it. She held back her orgasm with everything she had.

He lightly inserted the ice into her channel and held it there before drawing it out and taking the ice away from her body. Her chest rose and fell in harsh gasps as she tried to catch her breath behind the gag.

She felt his fingers, chilled from the ice, as he ran them through her hair, to the back of her head. He took off her gag and she filled her lungs with air.

His warm lips brushed hers and she moaned against his mouth. "I think that's enough of a punishment for now. Would you like me to fuck you, Lisa?"

"Yes, Master," she said breathlessly. *Yes, yes, yes!*

She wished she could see his eyes, his strong features, but he left the blindfold on. When he moved away from her, the loss of his body contact made her feel even needier for him.

Lisa heard the rustle of clothing and her heart rate sped up, a coil of excitement building in her belly. She felt his body warmth as he moved close again and untied her blindfold.

He was naked. And so damn hot that she squirmed against her restraints again, wanting to touch him. He was the perfect male specimen, his skin tanned, his muscles flexing as he moved to one of her ankles. From the side view she saw just how taut his ass was and the power in his thighs. His cock jutted out and again she wondered how something so big had fit inside her.

To her relief, he unfastened the restraints at her ankles and wrists, then sheathed his erection and climbed up on the padded leather table, between her thighs.

"I want to feel you wrapped around me." He brought his lips to hers and kissed her lightly before drawing away. "I want to see those beautiful blue eyes when you come."

Lisa swallowed hard. "Yes, Master," she said, not wanting to take the chance of him punishing her again before she had him inside her.

He smiled and placed his cock to the entrance of her core. She could barely breathe as she waited for him to slide into her. She hooked her thighs around his hips and dug her nails into his ass and saw the approval in his eyes.

Brad leaned in for another kiss and pressed his warm body against her chest, vanquishing most of the chill from the ice cubes. Heat started to suffuse her body as he drew away and looked down at her, desire in his eyes.

She cried out as he thrust his cock inside her. Damn, he was so big, but she was so slick that he rode her easily as she adjusted to the feel of him. He reached her so deeply and filled her up so much that the orgasm she'd been perched on all night threatened to overcome her.

As bad as she wanted to, she fought against begging, afraid that he would draw away. Instead, she concentrated on the feel of him and holding her climax back. She bit

the inside of her cheek, dug her nails even harder into his ass and tightened her thighs and legs around his hips.

He fucked her long and hard and watched her with his beautiful green eyes at the same time. They captured hers and wouldn't let go.

Tears rolled down the side of Lisa's face as she continued to struggle against her orgasm.

"Are you ready to come?" he asked as he slammed his cock inside her, hard.

"Yes, Master," she said, barely able to talk as she concentrated on holding back her release.

Brad brought his mouth to her ear, his breath tickling her and adding to the myriad sensations swirling through her body. "Come now, baby. Come for me."

The command caused an instant reaction in her body. She cried out loud and long and her whole body felt like it had fragmented. Tingles burst through her, thrumming every nerve ending. Her sight grew fuzzy and she could barely see Brad's eyes. Her body continued to jerk and her core spasmed around his cock as he rocked back and forth, fucking her hard and deep.

He tightened his jaw and she could tell he was holding back from coming as he drew out her orgasm. She quivered around him, never wanting the moment to end, yet it was so intense she had a hard time keeping from screaming at him to stop.

His hips slammed against hers, hard, and then he shouted as his cock pulsed in her core. He thrust in and out several more times, then pressed his groin tight against her pussy and held it there. He'd never stopped looking at her. Seeing his face while he climaxed had been amazing. Feeling his cock throb inside her as her core clamped down on him—it was exquisite.

Brad groaned then took her mouth in a harsh kiss. When he raised his head, he said, "You're incredible, Lisa. I might have to let you run over me again."

Chapter Six

Lisa curled her legs under her as she flipped through a decorator magazine while she waited for Brad. She was in the living room of the house they now shared. He'd said he planned to take her somewhere special tonight, and she couldn't wait to see what he had in mind. He hadn't told her how he wanted her to dress, so she was waiting until he got home from working at the construction company he was a partner in.

She'd moved in with Brad six months ago, and she couldn't get enough of the man. They didn't live lifestyle BDSM, but did Brad ever know how to play. How to drive her crazy with one look, which one crack of his whip.

Smiling, she wiggled on the couch, her ass still sore from last night's play. She still worked at the bank, but was able to afford a new car now that she'd moved in with Brad. He'd insisted—he'd been worried her car would break down and strand her someplace. He wouldn't let her pay rent, so *she* insisted on doing all the cleaning and laundry.

The front door opened and closed and she looked up from her magazine to see Brad walking into the family room. He had such a smooth, masculine stride and he never ceased to turn her on.

To her surprise, he wasn't in his work clothes. He looked like he'd just gotten out of the shower, and was wearing black jeans and a black T-shirt. *Yummy*.

When he reached her, he scooped her up off the couch and she giggled as he held her so that her legs wrapped around his hips. The magazine she'd been holding slid across the floor. He looked at her like he couldn't get enough. He made her feel so special.

"What's up?" she asked with a grin before looking down at where his erection had already firmed where her pussy was pressed up against his groin.

Brad smiled and kissed her hard before settling her back on the couch. When she was seated, he sat beside her and gave her a serious look.

She cocked her head, wondering what he was up to.

He dug into his front pocket and held something in his closed hand. He took hers and set something cool on her palm.

When she looked, she saw what it was —

A diamond ring.

Lisa caught her breath as she stared at the large, faceted diamond. A carat at least. She looked up at Brad, not knowing what to say.

"Marry me, baby." His green eyes held hers as he took the ring from her palm. Her mind spun a little as he looked down and pushed the ring on her finger, before staring into her eyes again. "I want to know this isn't just another hit-and-run. You're mine for the rest of our lives."

Lisa flung her arms around his neck and buried her face against his chest. "Yes," she said, her voice muffled against his shirt until she drew away and looked into his eyes. "Absolutely, yes."

"Good thing." Brad grinned. "I wasn't planning on taking your insurance card or no for an answer."



About the Author

USA Today Bestselling Author Cheyenne McCray has a passion for sensual romance and a happily-ever-after, but always with a twist. Among other accolades, Chey has been presented with the prestigious Romantic Times BOOKreviews Reviewers' Choice Award for "Best Erotic Romance of the Year". Chey is the award-winning novelist of eighteen books and nine novellas.

Chey has been writing ever since she can remember, back to her kindergarten days when she penned her first poem. She always knew one day she would write novels, hoping her readers would get lost in the worlds she created, as she did when she was lost in a good book. Cheyenne enjoys spending time with her husband and three sons, traveling, and of course writing, writing, writing.

Cheyenne welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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