



Published by Phaze Books



This is an explicit and erotic novel
intended for the enjoyment
of adult readers. Please keep
out of the hands of children.

www.Phaze.com

Taboo

Two erotic shorts by

SCARLETT SANDERSON

Taboo © 2008 by Scarlett Sanderson

All rights reserved under the International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

This is a work of fiction. Names, places, characters and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead, organizations, events or locales is entirely coincidental.



A Phaze Production
Phaze Books
6470A Glenway Avenue, #109
Cincinnati, OH 45211-5222
Phaze is an imprint of Mundania Press, LLC.

To order additional copies of this book, contact:
books@phaze.com
www.Phaze.com

Cover art © 2008 Debi Lewis
Edited by Alessia Brio

eBook ISBN-13: 978-1-60659-107-9

First Edition – January, 2009
Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Warning: the unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in prison and a fine of \$250,000.

Decadence

Taking a slow sip of red wine, Cameron looked over the rim of the glass with hooded eyes.

She looked at him.

Vince stood in a dimmed corner, talking and laughing with some slut. Occasionally, he would glance at Cameron, smirk and turn back to the woman. He would touch her. His hand rubbed her arm; his fingertips stroked her cheek.

Every caress sent ribbons of jealousy surging through Cam's system. Deep down, she knew it was all a game meant to drive her insane, to add spice to their relationship. He played it well and often. Her usual response was to leave, throw some jealous fit and end up starting a heated argument. The make-up sex would be violent and wild. Just the way they both liked it.

Tonight was different. Cameron had a plan of her own.

Shifting her gaze across the room, she stared at Noah. He was talking to Rachal. She and Rae were best friends. She found it highly ironic they'd also ended up dating best friends.

Leaning down, Noah put his ear to Rae's lips, moving closer to hear her above the music. Cameron watched color rise in her friend's cheeks at his closeness.

Smirking, Cam turned her attention back to Vince. Oh, yes, she definitely had a plan.

Setting her glass down, she stood and padded over to her lover. The trashy slut scowled at her as she lightly caressed Vince's arm. He looked down at Cam, his midnight blue eyes sparkling with amusement. His lips curved upwards into a smile.

"Can I get you something, babe?" The coy grin widened to a smirk.

Reaching up, Cam curled her fingers around his bicep. The muscles flexed beneath her hand, and she smiled to herself. Standing on tiptoes, she rimmed the shell of his ear with her

TABOO

tongue. The scent of musk, alcohol and pure man assaulted her senses. His taste lingered on her tongue, tantalizing her taste buds.

“Actually, I’ve got something for you.” She jerked her head in the direction of Rachal and Noah. Noah had entwined his fingers with Rachal’s and was leading her towards the stairs.

Cam was never usually this bold. Truthfully, the nerves danced somersaults in her stomach, but she’d already talked to Rachal. They’d set some ground rules about how the evening would proceed. Group sex was complex, but it was something they wanted to experiment with. Something they wanted to share as friends. Bringing up the idea hadn’t been an easy one, and thinking about that conversation made Cameron chuckle. How do you tell your best friend you want to have sex with her and her man?

Cameron licked her lower lip, silently asking Vince’s approval. His response was to lean down and capture her lips. His kiss seared her skin and sent a sliver of desire down to her clit.

Vince took her hand and led her to the stairs. He didn’t speak; they didn’t need words. He knew instinctively what she was telling him. She knew he and Noah had done this before. This time, she wanted it to be her and Rae. She loved Vince, as Rae loved Noah. Half the time things were perfect, but she saw the need and hunger in the men’s eyes. A hunger that needed to be sated for all their sakes.

Standing outside Noah’s bedroom door, Vince took her hands in his and raised them to his lips. He placed feather-light kisses on her knuckles. “Are you sure?”

Whatever nerves or doubts she had, she put aside. He wanted this. She knew he found Rae attractive. She was a stark contrast to Cameron with her long, honey blonde hair and piercing blue eyes. She’d seen the appreciative glances from Vince but felt no jealousy. She felt the same way about Noah—the Greek Adonis with skin the color of heated caramel.

Swallowing hard, swallowing her doubts, Cam nodded. “Yes, I’m sure.”

Taking her hand, his fingers curling around hers, Vince turned the handle and pushed open the door slightly.

He stopped, his body filling the doorway and blocking what awaited them.

Anxious to see what had stilled him in his tracks, she peered around his huge frame and raked her gaze hungrily over the scene in the bedroom. Noah sat with his back to her, naked from the waist up. His torso rippled and glistened in the candlelight. Rachal straddled him, her legs wrapped around his waist. His mouth worked her nipple, laving it with his tongue as Rae thrashed her head in pleasure. Her eyes closed in erotic rapture. The only sound was the suction of his lips.

The contrast of their skin, dark against light, was a beautiful sight. The muscles in his back worked and moved like a symphony as he touched her.

Cam's breathing became ragged as they stood watching Noah. Rae's sighs and breathy moans of pleasure sent moisture coiling low in her body, coating her pussy lips. Her cheeks flamed with embarrassment. She chided herself silently. She shouldn't be feeling so...turned on by watching her friend being suckled.

Vince pulled her gently in front, encasing her in a bear hug. She could feel his erection pressing into her back.

"You like that? You like to watch?" His hot breath tickled the shell of her ear. His hands worked beneath the fabric of her cotton shirt, caressing the heated skin.

His hands stroked higher, skimmed the swollen mounds of her breasts, stoking a fever in her body with light, erotic movements. She was so wet. Her thighs clenched and released as she tried to ease the delicious ache building in her pussy.

She swallowed a moan, not daring to disturb the couple on the bed. Somehow it didn't seem right to intrude. Vince pinched her nipples roughly through the satin material of her bra. She gasped as bursts of white-hot pleasure lanced through her. He chuckled into her ear as her nipples peaked against his rough hands.

Her gasps drew Noah's attention. He turned and looked at them. The hungry smile on his face built the need inside Cameron. Her gaze flicked to Rachal. At that moment, her friend opened her eyes and stared directly at Cam. She saw the same doubt, the same fear of the unknown in her eyes. Would this

TABOO

change their relationship? In the future, would it come between them?

Cam frowned at the questions barreling through her mind. She blinked and smiled weakly at Rae, silently asking her best friend's approval. All she had to do was say no, and it was over. The same went for Cam. They had promised each other if neither of them felt comfortable, it would stop.

Rae gave a slight nod and returned Cam's smile. Cameron grinned. Her pulse sped up; her heart slammed wildly against her rib cage as the carnality of the situation ripped through her. Group sex was a taboo, a forbidden fruit, and she was about to take a bite.

Realizing the women had just given them an informal go-ahead, Vince walked Cam into the room.

Forward, forward, towards the bed. With every step, each breath came more roughly than the previous one. Her body was intensely aware of the scent of sex and arousal in the air. It tightened her nipples to the point of pain.

Noah lifted Rachal into his lap, spooning her against his hard body. Smiling up at Cam, he entwined his fingers with Rachal's and reached up, fingering the buttons on her shirt. Vince held her tightly in a bear hug. His strong, dominant hands stroked and caressed her thighs. The intensity of different hands working her body was too much. She bit down on her lower lip, letting out a deep moan before leaning her head back against Vince for support.

Three sets of fingers undressed Cameron. As skin came in contact with skin, the sensations threatened to overwhelm her. Rough, callused fingers of Vince. Long, sleek fingers of Noah. Tender, smooth fingers of Rachal. The different textures strummed her nerve endings to a point where she nearly exploded.

Opening her eyes, she battled a groan and looked down at Rachal. Her brow was furrowed in concentration, and a blush covered her cheeks. As though sensing Cam's gaze, Rae looked up. Shame and doubt coursed through Cam until she saw desire flaming in her friend's eyes.

Vince regained her attention by cupping her chin and capturing her lips. His tongue slid against hers, and they kissed

with a languid passion. He tasted of alcohol and pure male arousal. With Noah's hand guiding Rachal's, they closed their palms over Cam's breast, kneading the flesh, grazing her already hardened nipple. Vince swallowed her moans into his mouth.

Taking Cam's hand, he led her around to the opposite side of the bed. He unbuttoned the rest of her shirt and eased it off her shoulders. A heated flush rose in Cam's cheeks as Rachal and Noah turned expectant gazes on her. Vince snapped the clasp of her bra. As he eased down the straps, he placed feathered kisses on her collarbone. Her breasts tightened as cool air washed over her fevered skin.

Noah gave her a predatory look. Rachal glanced at her naked body and quickly averted her eyes. Noah smiled and buried his nose in her neck, nipping at the delicate skin before soothing the red mark with his tongue.

"Nothing to be ashamed of, Rae. It means nothing in the bigger picture."

He slipped his fingers past the waistband of her open jeans. Down. Down. Until Cam saw him curl them inside her. Her eyelids fluttered shut, her head fell back against his shoulder, and her tongue snaked out and swept against her lower lip, leaving a trail of moisture in its wake.

Desire flooded Cam's body, the juices flowed from her cunt and coated her thighs. She wanted to lean down and lick the moisture from Rae's lips. But she didn't—instead, she watched with bated breath.

"Get on the bed," Vince whispered huskily, gently placing a hand on the small of her back, easing her forward.

She knelt on the bed, her ass held high as she waited for Vince to join her. He was busy stripping off his tank and boots and unzipping his pants. A hand in her hair diverted her attention from the sight of Vince's glorious body. Two pairs of eyes bored into hers. One light blue. One deep, deep brown.

Noah's hand tightened in her hair, pulling her towards Rachal. "Kiss each other."

Cam shifted her gaze to her friend's. She blinked, silently asking her approval. Rae's answer was simply to smile and run the pad of her thumb over Cam's lips. She parted her lips and suckled the pad of Rae's finger into her mouth, twirling her

TABOO

tongue around it suggestively. The soft skin tasted of roses and chocolate. Rae moaned, a deep sigh of pleasure that sent ripples of lust through Cam. She felt wicked, wanton, like Eve taking her first bite of the apple in the Garden of Eden.

The bed dipped as Vince slid his body behind hers. He moved her hair over her shoulder and rested his chin there. "Kiss her. Let us watch."

His words and Noah's lustful gaze were all the encouragement Cam needed.

Leaning forward, she cupped Rae's cheek with her hand, bringing her lips closer. She saw Rae's chest heave up and down as she inhaled roughly. The anticipation was palatable in the air.

Tentatively she touched her lips to her friend's. They were soft, like silk, yielding under her exploration. Cam almost gasped. Her lips were like velvet stroking against Cam's. Her taste was something she had never experienced. When Rae parted her lips in invitation, she slipped her tongue into her mouth, touching the tip with her own. Rae groaned, either from her kiss or because of something Noah did with his hands. Cam wasn't sure. At this point, she didn't even care.

Emboldened by Rae's small whimpers, she explored her mouth with her tongue, sweeping along the edge of her teeth, her palate. Her feminine taste drove Cam's senses into overload. Desire coursed through her body, and juices gushed from her pussy. She had never been attracted to women. Under normal circumstances, she probably never would be, but this was different.

Rae mirrored her actions, swiping her tongue against Cam's. Seeking. Searching.

Cam pulled back, smiling at her friend. She wore the same satisfied look Cam did. Staring past her, she met Noah's gaze. From the smirk he wore, she was certain he had enjoyed the almost innocent show. His fingers were inside Rae, while Vince was still resting his chin on Cam's shoulder.

"Wasn't so bad, huh?"

She smiled at Vince's words. "No, wasn't so bad at all." Cam dared not admit how enjoyable she'd found the contrast of kissing another woman.

Noah was busy kissing Rachal with a furious passion as his

fingers worked a steady rhythm inside her. He'd shifted their position and pushed her back onto the bed, removing his fingers and licking her juices from him. Cam sat transfixed as he peeled her jeans from her legs, while kicking off his own jeans. Rae was clad only in a pair of white cotton panties that Cam found highly erotic.

Noah stood naked at the side of the bed, his cock hard and ready. Cam swallowed hard. Noah was amazingly beautiful. The coarse, dark hair surrounding his balls was a stark difference to the rest of his smooth, tanned body.

Once again, he settled himself over Rae. Cam watched as a look of pure pleasure danced across Rachal's face before Noah plundered her mouth. She wrapped her legs around his waist, urging his body closer to hers. Cam's breathing hitched. She stared as Noah pushed inside Rae's tight, wet pussy. The lips parted slowly, glistening with her arousal. It was one of the most erotic things Cam had ever seen.

Vince's hand crept under her skirt, distracting her from the erotic scene. His hand inched across her thigh towards her dripping cunt. Reaching behind her, she took his cock in her hand, running it up and down the rigid length, pressing her thumb roughly across the tip. He groaned his approval, and Cam smiled.

He slipped two thick fingers inside her cunt, and the smile fell from her face. Her mouth gaped open. She was so wet, her juices coated him, running down his fingers onto his hand as he pumped furiously, grazing her clit. Her eyes locked on to the writhing couple, watching their erotic ministrations as Vince fucked her.

The bed shook as Noah pounded into Rae. His deep, baritone voice whispered erotic things into her ear that Cam couldn't quite hear, but her friend's moans and whimpers resonated through her body. Her clit throbbed with need, desperate to be touched, suckled.

Turning her head, she captured Vince's lips, plunging her tongue into his mouth. Shifting her body, she scrambled into his lap. Freeing his cock, she guided him towards her wet pussy. As she sank down onto him, they groaned in unison.

"Fuck me. Hard." She bit his earlobe before soothing the

TABOO

tender flesh with her tongue. Vince's reply was to grip her ass and move her slowly up and down his cock. They slid together easily. Moving his hand between them, he flicked at her clit, pressing his fingers roughly against the already hardened nub.

She heard Rachal scream, and Noah grunt and moan in reply. As the orgasm ripped through Rachal, Cam turned her head to watch as the blush covered her friend's body. She looked...beautiful. Noah collapsed on top of her, kissing her forehead before both of them fixed their eyes on Cam.

Her breasts bounced as Vince fucked her. When he pressed his thumb to her clit, she moaned as her orgasm hit and coated his cock. Vince followed her over the edge, pumping her pussy full of come. He pulled her body to his and kissed her, splaying a hand on her back.

Lying down next to Noah and Rachal with Vince behind her, Cam smiled. She stroked a few strands of wet hair from Rae's face. Noah draped an arm over Rachal's body and tweaked her nipple.

"Anything else you ladies wanna try?" Cam could hear the satisfaction in Vince's voice.

She flushed. There was one more thing she wanted. One more thing she'd been eager to try but hadn't been able to bring it up with Rae. She bit her lip and turned her head, burying her face in Vince's chest.

"No secrets. Not tonight." Noah grabbed a handful of Cam's hair gently and turned her to face them.

She swallowed again and looked intently at Rachal.

"It's okay, Cameron."

Would she think so in a few minutes?

She licked her swollen lips. "I wanna taste you while Noah fucks you."

The blush rose in Rae's cheeks.

Cam's own embarrassment flared. "Forget it." She turned her head into Vince.

Rachal touched her arm. Turning to face her, Cam stared intently at her friend.

She gave Cam a coy smile. "Really, it's okay."

She heard Noah chuckle. Vince let out a few choice words. She could already feel his cock beginning to harden at the

thought of his lover eating out another woman.

Noah pulled Rachal so she kneeled on the bed, her ass proudly on display. Vince stroked Cam's thighs as they watched Noah position himself behind Rachal. He placed soft kisses up and down her spine before plunging his cock into her. She tensed and hissed in pure pleasure.

As they began to move, Vince rimmed the shell of her ear. "Go on, baby. Taste her. Lick her pussy."

Tentatively, Cam slid towards the couple, sliding beneath Rachal. She placed her hands on soft, rounded hips and pulled her closer to her mouth. This was a completely different experience for Cam. She could see Noah's cock pounding into the soft, feminine flesh. She could smell Rae's musky scent of arousal, could almost taste the spice on her tongue.

Using her fingers, Cam parted Rae's pussy lips. Gently, she touched her tongue to the hardened clit. Rae's body jerked, but Noah held her in place. Levelling out her tongue, she began long, deep strokes along her lips, dipping inside and occasionally brushing Noah's cock. Rachal moaned and writhed underneath the double ministrations of her body. Feeling bold, Cam reached up and tweaked her nipple roughly, rolling it around her fingertips.

"Jesus Christ!"

When Rachal choked out those two words, Cam smirked. Heat radiated from Rae's cunt, and she could feel her walls clenching around her tongue as she suckled her. Over and over she licked, vaguely aware of Vince's tongue between her own thighs. Cam let out a deep breath, blowing the cold air onto Rachal's heated cunt. She whimpered.

Rachal let out a loud groan, and Cam took her clit between her teeth, twirling her tongue around it as she had done earlier to the pad of her thumb. The orgasm ripped through Rae, coating Cam's face with her juices. She lapped them up. Rae tasted like sweet feminine spice, so different from the salty taste of Vince.

She and Noah collapsed over to one side, his body covering hers, cradling her.

As Vince suckled at her own clit, her juices flowed, covering his hand and nose. He lapped at her weeping cunt until the shockwaves of her orgasm subsided. Crawling up her body,

TABOO

he lay by her side, spooning her body to his.

Everyone was sated and had some form of a smile. Noah and Vince had huge, shit-eating grins on their faces, while hers and Rachal's were more understated.

Like they had experienced something wonderful.

Cam stroked Rae's cheek. When she smiled at Cam, she knew that this was something special, something they had shared with each other that they would share with no other. They had trusted each other.

Smiling back, Cam nodded, telling her silently she understood. Turning away from her friend, Cameron snuggled against Vince.

Maybe a little decadence wasn't so bad after all.

Darkness

Mia waited in her darkened apartment. The only light came from slivers of moonlight shining through the windows, casting eerie shadows that threatened to consume her. She sat nestled on the couch, knees drawn up to her body.

She waited for him.

There was no doubt in her mind he would come. Their doctor-patient relationship meant nothing. The connection ran much deeper. On some level, she believed he was what people referred to as a ‘soul mate.’

Closing her eyes, she focused her thoughts, picturing him in her mind.

Dylan Benjamin. The blond, blue-eyed criminal.

Three months ago, he’d been sent to her for rehabilitation. The system labelled him a habitual thief. From jewellery to large bank heists, it didn’t matter what the goods—if he could steal it, he would. He got caught when one of his team members turned state’s evidence after they’d robbed a Federal Reserve. One thing that emerged during her time with him was his advanced IQ. His intelligence was off the charts, yet he chose to live a life of crime. It baffled her at first, but with time came understanding, even sympathy.

And that was when it happened. Boom. She fell in love with him. A convicted criminal and a criminal psychologist. Yin and yang. Two parts of the whole.

Ahhh, but he’d never killed anyone. Or maimed them. He didn’t destroy lives. He didn’t deserve to be locked away with the most notorious killers on the planet. That’s how she justified it to herself.

She glanced at the clock. Five hours ago, she’d planted a computer virus in the jail’s mainframe. Five hours was a long time, almost eons to an escaped convict. He could be anywhere.

TABOO

He could be on his way to some new life.

She knew he wasn't.

Dylan was coming for her, coming to claim what was his. Yin to his yang. Just as he was the only one who truly understood her, she was the only person who understood him. He'd told her once about the beast inside herself, about the darkness inside the soul. The darkness was passion and anger, rage and violence. She'd laughed, denying his fucked-up psychoanalysis as a mind game.

His words were true. Everyone held the darkness. She'd proven that. Mia knew she should feel some kind of guilt for throwing the prison into chaos, for allowing dangerous inmates a chance of escape.

Swallowing, she contemplated her actions. She felt no sense of remorse.

The men who ran the jail were no better than the criminals they watched over. The only difference was a glossy veneer powerful men wore like a mask. Since Dylan, she had been allowed to see past the human exterior, into the dark side of the human psyche. It was a blessing and a curse.

The air stirred. A subtle change in pressure alerted her senses.

Shifting on the couch, Mia stiffened. Awareness washed over her. Blood pulsed through her body. Her nipples tingled; her clit began to throb. "Hello, Dylan."

"Waiting for me, Dr. Simon?" He moved out of the shadows behind her. "That's a bad sign, Doc, for someone who claims to hate me."

She smiled into the darkness. "I never made that claim."

Dylan curled his fingers around the back of her neck, moving her hair over one shoulder. His palm was warm against her cool skin, and his calluses scratched the tender surface. He moved his fingertips back and forth, and Mia sucked in a deep breath. Her whole body became a sensitized mass of nerve endings waiting to be caressed.

She knew what he had come for. To claim her. To claim his mate.

"Dylan..."

He leaned down, inhaling the scent of her hair. "'Dylan'

what, Mia?"

He blew a steady stream of air onto the back of her neck, and her eyelids fluttered shut. "Don't."

Dylan replaced air with his velvet-soft lips. She let out a low, guttural moan and felt him smile against her skin.

"Don't what, Mia?" Trailing his lips across her neck to her ear, he sucked the delicate lobe between his lips, nipping with his teeth. The sharp sting sent a jolt of electricity down to her clit.

Something primal surged between them. Something raw and dark and forbidden.

She bolted away from him, crawling to the opposite side of the couch. Her ragged breathing came out in short, sharp pants. Need pumped through her. The pure, unadulterated need to fuck.

Tears built. She wanted him on a level that defied logic. She didn't know whether they were tears of frustration or anger. "Leave, Dylan. Don't do this."

He stormed around the couch to stand in front of her, towering above her like some dark presence threatening to consume her. He cupped her face in his hands, ran the pads of his thumbs over her lips.

"You're mine, Mia. I always take what's mine." She turned her face from him. He laughed, gripping her chin hard, and forced her to look into his eyes. "Your defiance excites me, Dr. Simon."

Mia batted away his hands and lifted her chin. "Fuck you, Dylan."

She clambered to her feet and dashed towards the front door. She wanted him to leave. She wouldn't turn him in, not to be locked away like an animal. She couldn't do that without implicating herself, but she wanted him to go. Leave and move as far away as possible. Although they would always have a connection, she didn't want any kind of physical relationship with him. If she did, there would be no going back. The life she had built for herself would be gone.

Dylan clamped a hand around her wrist. He jerked her back. Pain lanced through her body as her head snapped backwards with the force of his jerk. She whirled to face him, her anger

TABOO

surging. She launched herself at him, matching his violence with her own.

Clawing. Biting. Punching.

Her unleashed fury knocked him to the ground. Tumbling on top of him, she continued to rain blows on every exposed part of his body. In her mind, their darkness fought for dominance, ripped at each other.

Someone screamed. Mia realized the cry of frustration had fallen from her lips.

Dylan gripped her wrists again, locked his thighs around her waist and rolled them over, pinning her hands above her head. She continued to snap at him with her teeth. Leaning up, neck muscles straining, she latched onto his collarbone, sucking on the tender flesh until he hissed.

Blood rushed to the mark, forming a bruise. She fell back and gave him a coy smile. This was what she wanted, what she needed.

Him. Only him.

“You’ll pay for that, Mia.”

She jerked her hips upwards, slamming her groin into his. “Make me pay, Dylan...”

He swallowed her words with a rough, tantalizing kiss. Tongues duelled, teeth clashed. He fisted his hands into her hair. She raked her nails over his shoulders, scoring the skin. Locking her heels around his thighs, she lifted her hips, ground her pussy against his groin like a wanton whore. She tried to ease the ache that throbbed like a sensual drumbeat between her thighs.

His hands moved down until he reached the lapels of her blouse. Fisting the material, Dylan growled and tore. The material gave. Cool air burst over her feverish skin, her nipples tightened and beaded into tiny, rosy buds aching to be touched. Through hooded eyes, she watched as Dylan raked his gaze over her hungrily, stopping when he reached her scars. Mia held her breath. Reverently he ran his fingertips over the ugly, puckered skin.

She hissed at him. “Forget them.” The scars were from another time, when her childhood had been filled with violence and pain.

Dylan tilted his head to the side. “Ashamed, Mia?”

Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment. He knew all about her past. A violent childhood was a past they shared. "We've been over this."

"No, we haven't." Leaning forward, he laved her scars with his tongue, lapping at the marred flesh.

Mia moaned. Her skin heated, her pussy flowed with cream. She needed to feel his skin against hers. Finding the material of his tank top, she gathered as much as she could in her fist and ripped. When the material fell away, she heard Dylan laugh.

"Impatient, Doc?"

Ignoring his question, she growled and fumbled between them, pulling away the last remnants of his shirt. Dragging his head up, she pressed her body to his. Her breasts crushed against his chest as she captured his mouth. The tiny, crisp hairs abraded her sensitive nipples. Limbs tangled together as need surged between them.

She clawed her nails down the broad expanse of his back, drawing blood. Inwardly, she smiled. Cool, calm, collected Dr. Simon had been the first to draw blood.

Ripping his mouth from hers, Dylan growled.

Mia rained kisses and tiny nips on his jawbone, relishing the feel of his stubble rasping against her soft lips. "Fuck me, Dylan. You know what I need. Fuck me."

His hands cupped her face, stilling her movement. He leaned his head close to hers. Their foreheads almost touched, only a hair's breadth separated them. A smile curled the edges of his lips. "Beg."

Beg? She would never beg.

She untangled her body from his and, on her hands and knees, crawled from under him. She slithered away like a cat, swaying her ass in his direction. Goading him. Tempting him. Her skirt rode up, revealing wet panties.

Throwing him an inviting glance over her shoulder, she purred seductively. "Please."

With lightning speed, he was behind her, pushing at her skirt, running his hands over the cheeks of her ass, dipping his fingers into her dripping pussy. He tore at her panties and roughly slipped two thick fingers inside her, pumping furiously. Unable to bite back a moan, she cried out his name. With his

TABOO

other hand, Dylan reached around and rolled her nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Pinching, twisting.

Sensation crashed over her. Not just physical but emotional, the delicate balance of pleasure and pain blurred into one. Pain was something she enjoyed. In the right circumstances, it wasn't just a turn-on, it was downright orgasmic.

Reaching behind her, she fumbled with the button on his pants, flicking at it without success. Growling, she hissed at Dylan. "If you don't fuck me now, I'm gonna scream!"

He chuckled and unbuttoned his pants. Sinking his teeth into her collarbone, he pulled his fingers from her, gripped her waist and thrust his cock inside her with one violent shove.

Mia bowed her head and screamed. Her walls clamped around his cock as he stretched and filled her. Joined with Dylan in that moment, she felt complete. Yin and yang. Two parts of a puzzle fitting together.

He began to move. Hard, rough strokes.

In and out. In and out.

The air hung thick with arousal, his grunts of pleasure met her moans, the only other sound was flesh slapping against flesh.

He pushed inside, working inside her pussy until it felt like he was hitting the sensitive neck of her womb. The pleasure of such pain sent her to another level of need. Sweat prickled on her skin, making their slick bodies slide together easier, faster. Her orgasm built. He felt it. She knew he felt it, as she felt his balls tighten with the same need. Grabbing his wrist, she dragged his hand to her clit, forcing his fingers to worry the bundle of nerve endings, adding delicious pressure and friction as she climbed towards orgasm.

The muscles in her body tensed; she threw back her head in abandon.

He laced his hand in her hair and tugged, pulling her head back sharply, his lips latching onto the pulse point in her neck. "Mine, Mia."

His voice sent her over the edge. The orgasm hit her full force, and she screamed.

Dylan continued to pound into her violently as she sucked in gulps of air. She reached around and fondled Dylan's cock, caressing his balls. He grunted and spilled his own release,

gripping her hips painfully.

They collapsed together, him lying on top of her. Their dark desire sated, at least for the moment. Mia had never experienced sex like this delicate mix of pleasure and pain. She could never go back. She belonged to Dylan, as he belonged to her.

He rubbed his jaw across her back, nuzzling her with an almost catlike gesture. "Say it, Mia."

She knew what he wanted. He knew what she was thinking, he just wanted her to voice it, make the revelation real. "I belong to you, Dylan."

He placed a kiss on her shoulder, making her shudder. "Welcome to your new life, Mia."

About the Author

Scarlett writes: “I always dreamed of writing romance stories from the time I was old enough to read those illicit Mills and Boon books at the age of thirteen. An avid reader from a small age, books have always been an important part of my life. Nothing is more thrilling than sitting down, opening a book, turning the page and being transported into another world! As a reader I love to read sweeping tales of romance, fantasy, and most of all, tantalising erotica. Those are the elements I try to weave into the stories I create.

“Writing is a fairly new pastime for me. In the past I have been a nurse, librarian, and book store assistant. I’m currently working on my Masters/Ph.D. in counter terrorism. I have a burning passion for history, as well as good chocolate, fine red wine and anything supernatural (especially if it includes the hunters Dean and Sam Winchester from the TV show *Supernatural!*). You can usually find me tapping away on my computer in a small town in England.”

Visit Scarlett online at www.ScarlettSanderson.com.