



OBEYING MR. RIGHT

By Marie Harte

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The problem with always being right, Joely Richards thought as she stared wide-eyed from the closet, was that it was sometimes hard to say “I told you so” to the unfortunate souls who refused to see reason. The crack in the shuttered closet door gave her just enough of a view to see her future brother-in-law pull out of his lover in all his naked glory. *Eww.*

“Fuck, Scott. I can’t believe you’re giving this up for Sherry.” Tim Orton shuddered and rose from his bent over position against the hotel room’s table. He accepted the washcloth Scott handed him and cleaned himself, then gave his best friend a lingering kiss as he began to dress. Scott ducked into the bathroom, returning moments later.

“Who says I’m giving it up?” Scott chuckled, again perfectly dressed as always in tan slacks and a cream-colored, button-up shirt that cost more than the shoes Joely wore. “Sherry’s not the innocent she pretends.”

She sure the hell is. Joely wanted to storm out of the closet and shake the jerk determined to marry her younger sister. Hadn’t she told Sherry there was something off about Scott? Something a little sinister and not quite trustworthy in his pale blue eyes? Hell, he’d made a pass at *her* after just meeting her, a month after announcing his engagement to her sister.

“So you’re going to call me as soon as you get back?” Tim sounded less whiney than usual, a core of strength coming through the blond man that took Joely by surprise. The last three times they’d been in the same room she’d sensed something not quite right

about him as well, but never would she have imagined him to be into men, not with his own wife tucked at home just a few miles down the road.

“Yeah, I’ll call you,” Scott said. “I’ll be back from Miami with Sherry next Monday. The diamonds will be in Manuel’s hands an hour after we touch down. I’ll expect you to clean things up at the office. No evidence left behind, nothing to lead that dickhead Dawson to you or me. God knows I don’t want Grant Richards suspecting anything.”

“Shit. The old man is almost as in love with you as I am.” Tim smiled, a sickening display of affection Joely wanted to wipe off his face. “Just think, when my wife kicks off in six months, you can spend as much time consoling me as you need to.” The man’s voice thickened, his tenting trousers a disgusting testament to his rising excitement. “And when poor Sherry dies next year, you can play the grieving widower. Richards will love you forever, his one and only son-in-law.”

“True. I don’t see Joely marrying anytime soon, if at all. Too bad she’s such a bitch. She’s hot, much hotter than Sherry. All that red hair, those full lips just begging to be dominated by a man’s cock.”

Tim grinned. “Think she’d mind being tied up and spanked?”

“It’s the aggressive ones who want it the most.” Scott snorted. “She’s the type who’d get off on it. Now if only Sherry would loosen up.” He looked grim. “God, this year is going to be so fucking long.”

Tim stroked Scott, pulling the taller man in for a hug. Incredible as it seemed, Scott and Tim appeared to genuinely care for one another. The two lying, murderous scumbags looked to be in love.

Tim pulled back from the embrace. “Don’t worry, babe. We’ll make it work. But

first thing's first. Let's go grab our take. Good thing it's your bachelor party, because no one's going to think anything about us hitting Dominion's tonight. It's been a while since we've done anything involving leather."

Scott licked his lips. Joely had a hard time imagining that tongue anywhere near her sister. "You left the stash in our room, right?"

"Yeah. It's all locked up and hidden inside, where we normally put our stuff. We'll probably have to mingle a while before we head downstairs, though. Richards insisted on inviting a few of the guys from work to make it a man's night, but his involvement actually makes our stay at Dominion look legit. No one will suspect that Sherry Richards's fiancé attends a sex club regularly." Tim grinned. "Tonight, let's find a willing sub and fuck the shit of her and each other, then you take off with the diamonds. Your plane leaves right after the wedding?"

"Yeah." Scott grabbed a keycard off the table and shoved it in his wallet. "Sherry wants to start the honeymoon right away." He sighed. "I wish I had my leathers, but it might look odd if we blend in too much."

Leathers? Dominion? Joely racked her brain at the familiar name and realized that Scott and Tim were headed to a popular, upscale *adult* nightclub. *To find diamonds neither man could possibly afford.* Finally! Proof Scott was selling company secrets. Even Parish would have a hard time ignoring this.

If she could get her hands on that evidence, she'd show both her father and his arrogant head of security she'd been right. The thought of making Parish Dawson eat his words had her grinning, that and watching Scott leave his bachelor party in handcuffs. She frowned, realizing he might be leaving in handcuffs anyway. Dominion. What did

she know about sexual dominance and the clubs that catered to them?

Joely glanced down at her black cocktail dress and wondered if she'd pass for a club-goer. The thought of Scott actually marrying her sister convinced her she'd have to. Since no one would take her seriously about her future brother-in-law, Joely would do what she did best. Prove to others she was right. Now to get out of the blasted bridal party tonight...

An hour later, standing inside the dark recesses of Dominion's dance lounge, Joely wondered at her sanity. She could see Scott and Tim, as well as a handful of men whom she recognized from the firm. The small lie that she'd come as a surprise for Scott's party had guaranteed her entrance past the security guards. Now she just had to pass the guards inside.

"Welcome to Dominion." A tall woman with long, black hair and curves to-die-for smiled coolly at her. "I'm Donna, your hostess. Who's your sponsor?" Donna wore a black leather bustier and garters over a red silk thong. Her smoky stockings ended in four-inch heels, which had to be killing the woman's feet. But the Elvira look-alike seemed comfortable as she waited for Joely to say something.

Joely pasted a bright smile on her face. "Hi." She deliberately looked into the club and neared Donna, lowering her voice. "I'm here for Scott Daly's bachelor party. I'm a surprise from his future father-in-law." *Was she ever.* "My clothes are in his room, along with the rest of his thrills for the night." Joely gave the woman a grin meant to imply something naughty. At Donna's blank face, she wasn't sure she'd succeeded.

"Hold on a minute." Donna walked away and Joely panicked, worried the hostess

planned to confirm her story with Scott. Instead, Donna returned with a warmer grin than she'd initially given. "Scott's over by the bar with his friends, enjoying his last night of freedom. I didn't say anything." She nodded conspiratorially and pointed to a slim woman wearing a sheer nightie that made Joely fight a rising blush. "Eden will take you to his room. The rooms are secured, so she'll let you in, but Scott will have to let you out."

Crap. That Joely hadn't counted on. But anything was better than waiting up here to be recognized. Despite the darkness in the place, it wouldn't take long before one of the horny men working for her father approached her. She'd figure a way out of this mess after she found the evidence to incriminate Scott.

Walking quickly behind a silent Eden, Joely made her way to the basement and walked along a hallway filled with doors. The area was surprisingly quiet, and Joely figured the rooms were probably soundproof. Perfect for a club that catered to fetishes and outlandish sex.

Nervously, Joely waited while Eden ran her card through the door lock. Eden nodded when the door opened, and Joely thanked her before entering the pitch-black room. Unfortunately, the door shut before she'd seen a light switch, so Joely wasn't surprised to stumble over something before finding her feet again. The flash of light that illuminated the room blinded her. She wasn't prepared for the cuffs that suddenly encircled her wrists and strung her arms high, or for the man who'd put them there.

Parish Dawson, all six feet, four inches of arrogant, green-eyed male stared down at her with a dark look of amusement. His chestnut-brown hair had been cut recently, the short style making him seem more intimidating than the rakish, shoulder-length style he'd worn before. He wore jeans, no shirt or shoes, and the gleam of tan skin over his muscular chest had Joely's mouth drying at a rapid rate. God, she fantasized about him nightly, but never had she dreamed he'd look this good in the flesh.

She swallowed hard, utterly confused. "Parish?"

"Why, Joely Richards. What a surprise." He didn't sound surprised. The hard glint in his eyes made her long for the door.

She tugged at her wrists shackled over her head. He'd affixed them to something in the ceiling. "What the hell is this?" She yanked at her arms, only to find her dress rising, exposing the firm flesh of her upper thighs that suddenly captivated Parish.

"Didn't I tell you to leave Scott alone?" he asked, his voice distracted. He circled behind her. His large, menacing presence caused heat to pool between her thighs, a typical response when in his presence.

"I am leaving him alone." *Liar*. She tried to free her hands again, but the velvet lined cuffs were a hell of a lot stronger than they looked. "I'm ah, just here to--"

"Don't tell me this is your scene?" Parish seemed to be laughing at her as he rounded to face her again. His firm lips quirked at the ends, and the deep rumble of his laughter caused her nipples to tighten, desire riding her hard. "Who would have guessed the assertive Joely Richards is actually a sub?"

She gritted her teeth, both annoyed and more than a little uneasy in front of this man she'd always considered a predator. "I'm *not* a submissive. I'm just here to congratulate

Scott on his nuptials.” Okay, that made no sense. She’d be seeing Scott tomorrow at the wedding. But what could she say? She hadn’t planned on explaining herself to *Parish*. The man she’d been half in love with for the last six months. The man she constantly lusted after. The man who’d never looked twice in her direction.

“Really?” Parish crossed his arms, and the muscles of his biceps bulged. If she wasn’t mistaken, there was also a growing ridge between his thighs that hadn’t been there before. A sure sign of arousal in a male that had never shown her the least bit of interest, to her lasting regret. “Because I had the distinct impression you hated Scott’s guts. That he wasn’t good enough for your little sister. That you didn’t want him on your team because you didn’t trust him.”

Joely bit her lip, trying to think of something to say. Parish, however, sucked the breath out of her by touching her lips with his finger.

“No, baby, don’t bite. That’s my job.”

“Parish?” She cleared her throat, impossibly turned on. Impossibly bewildered. “Why am I cuffed? What are you doing here, exactly? And where is your shirt?” she ended weakly.

He stepped closer, leaning toward her, his breath fanning her face. His kiss, when it came, was so light it might have been nonexistent but for the heat blazing in her womb.

“Mmm. So good. I knew you’d taste like peaches and cream. Almost as good as you’ll taste down here.” He shocked her by cupping her crotch, which had grown embarrassingly wet under the silk of her panties. “Ah, my little closet hedonist finally comes out to play. You’re on the pill, right, baby?”

She nodded before the thought came to question how he knew that. Then the brush of

his pelvis against her hip reminded her of his arousal, obliterating all thought. Her nipples added to her torment by standing stiffly at attention, grazing through her lace bra and dress to rub against his hot, firm chest.

He kissed her again, his lips more commanding this time. The passion between them grew, and when he ran his tongue along the seam of her lips she instinctively opened her mouth, wanting more.

“Good girl,” he murmured, thrusting deep. He licked the roof of her mouth, stabbed her with his tongue, and nipped at her lips before letting her go. His chest rose and fell with increasing frequency, his desire clear, if not his motives.

“Parish, stop.” She sounded too needy to be taken seriously, which he wasn’t. The dratted man was teasing the raised hemline of her skirt, lifting the fabric off her legs as he ran his hands over the outside of her upper thighs.

“Uh uh. I told you before, Joely. I’m taking care of Scott. Your father even told you to forget about him. But you didn’t listen to either of us, did you?”

“Look, Scott’s going to--”

“*Did you?*” His hands gripped her thighs tight, his thumbs rubbing circles over her skin that made her dizzy with want.

“No, I didn’t listen.” She dragged a deep breath and let it out slowly. God, she couldn’t think with him touching her. And why the hell was he touching her when he’d never made the slightest attempt to show her he might be interested? Not that she would ever encourage a relationship with someone who worked for her father’s company. She’d worked hard to be taken seriously, as more than the boss’s daughter. She had no intention of being bounced on like a corporate call girl.

Work and sex didn't mix, as she'd seen time and time again. Joely desired Parish; what woman wouldn't? But she constantly denied her arousal, needing to show both Parish and herself that he was just another employee in the firm, and not the male who made her sex pulse with his nearness, her heart race with his presence.

"*Parish.*" She nearly exploded when his fingers crept between her thighs, his thumbs now gliding through her slit, perilously close to her clitoris.

"You need to be punished."

"My sister... she... Scott..." Joely couldn't focus and needed to. She'd come here for a reason. Scott's room, the diamonds...

"It's all taken care of. This is *my* room, baby. Not Scott's. He's busy right now with his lover Tim and a few of your father's friends from work. Not to mention my undercover security team on the sidelines, men who'll be taking the bastards in just as soon as your father gives the go-ahead."

She snapped out of the sensual thrall holding her tight. "My father knows? And you know about Scott?"

He inched his fingers further along her moist heat, spreading her ankles apart with his feet. "Joely, I've been onto Scott for a while. Your father's known too. If you would have listened and let me do my job--"

"Your job?" Her voice ended on a high note when he thrust a finger deep inside her. "Dammit, you could have told me what was going on." She closed her eyes to gather strength, aware she was verging on an orgasm as he added another digit, hitting her G-spot with unerring precision. "What are you doing to me?"

"Loving you. I think the better question is, why are you letting me?" He kissed her

again, his mouth making sweet love with hers while his fingers stroked her toward climax. “Why are you submitting to my touch, Joely? Letting me master you, letting me run my fingers over that creamy pussy?”

She opened her eyes and gazed into an expression so hungry it made her tremble. “I don’t know.”

“I think you do.” He removed his hands and stood back. Deliberately, he took the fingers that had been inside her and licked them clean. “You taste so fucking good.”

Squirming and tired of hanging like a rag doll, Joely glared at him. “Untie me.”

Fuck me, she wanted to say, but didn’t dare. She’d been aware of Parish Dawson from the first. Her sexual frustration had only grown because she couldn’t have him, her father’s employee... that and the man never seemed to notice *her*. Now he was noticing her plenty. As much as she wanted him to finish what he’d started, she was scared of where that would leave her when he was through.

“No.” He kept his eyes on her as he unfastened his jeans and slowly slid them off. His muscles flexed as he moved, the incredible six-pack of his abs and the taut lines of his ass making her want to take a bite.

When he stood naked, he cupped his sack, emphasizing his thick, flushed rod dusted with dark hair. When he gripped himself, his cock glistened with moisture. His breathing deepened and he quickened the movement of his hand over that steely flesh as he watched her.

“This is a bachelor party,” He said in a gravelly voice, his eyes glued to hers. “You told Donna you were the entertainment.”

When she got her hands on Donna, she was going to—

“You’re going to blow me.” He held his erection in a large, strong hand. “You’re going to suck me, to lick my cock and swallow my cum when I shoot deep into that pretty mouth. Then you’re going to do whatever else I tell you. And do you know why?”

She shook her head, captivated by his wicked, sexual mastery demanding her obedience.

“Because you’re mine, and it’s about time you fucking realized it.”

Parish had been salivating after Joely Richards from day one, the minute he’d seen her at the office a year ago. Tall and curvy, with a host of imperfections that only added to her allure, the redheaded fireball made him hard every time he locked eyes with her. Golden brown and glowing, her gaze could reduce even the best of men to simpering idiots.

Her face was interesting, full of character and strong, sensual appeal. And that mouth... His hand clenched around his dick tighter as he forced himself to slow down. That mouth was going to ease him, finally.

Just seeing her hanging there, like a virgin sacrifice to be eaten by the big, bad wolf, made him want to fuck her without any more wait. But he needed it to be perfect. His own private bachelor party, the prelude to his courtship before he carried her off and made her Mrs. Dawson.

From the first he’d wanted her. Been drawn to the woman all the men at the office shied away from. The boss’s daughter breathed professionalism and never encouraged

sexual liaisons with her coworkers. She was serious about the business and equally as stern about keeping her personal life private—a life which, Parish knew for a fact, she didn't have.

Never one to back down from a challenge, Parish had baited her, deliberately ignoring the stunning woman. The tension between them had grown. Most of it stemmed from that combustible chemistry they both felt but never acted upon, that chemistry that continued to build day after day.

It had taken that prick Scott Daly to bring Joely to him. She'd never outright defied her father or him... until Daly had interfered with her little sister. Parish knew the time had finally come to stake a claim. Now she would belong to him and him alone. It had taken annoyance and frustration to push her into his arms, but so be it. Now that he had her, he didn't plan to let her go.

He took a few steps closer, pleased to see her eyes dilated with lust, her breathing rapid and shallow as she stared hungrily at his cock.

“Hungry, baby?”

She licked her lips, and he waited for her denial. Waited for the fight he expected to win. She surprised the hell out of him by mutely nodding. And he had to battle his need not to pull her down and fuck her on the cold, hard floor until she screamed his name in submission.

Christ, he was hard. He needed some ease before he took her to task for endangering herself tonight.

Good thing he'd had his eye on both her *and* Daly. Parish breathed out and began to undress her. He had to force his hands not to tremble as he brushed against her warm,

smooth skin. Her flat belly had a gentle curve, one he would someday see filled with his child. Her ass was full and rounded, and encased in the sweetest little pink thong...

Damn, he needed to hurry this up.

“You’re going to be naked and on your knees, suckling me until I come,” he ordered, noting the increasing arousal on her face as he spoke. He stripped off her shoes, panties, and stockings, but the dress would pose a problem with the cuffs.

Sighing, he released her from the ceiling restraint and undid the shackles. Quickly whipping off her short black dress and lacy pink bra, he couldn’t help wanting to feel her naked against him. Her breasts were *killing* him. But the press of their bodies nearly made him explode.

“Oh my God,” she moaned, her tits swelling against his chest.

His cock was pressed between them, sandwiched between their bellies as she began rubbing against him.

“*No.*” He nearly came and hurriedly shoved her to her knees. He bent over to put the cuffs on her, bringing her unresisting hands behind her back, and cursed when he felt her breath over his shaft. “Obey me, Joely, or I’m not going to let you come.” Changing his mind, he tossed the cuffs aside. “Put your hands behind your back for me.”

She moaned but leaned back, and he stared down at her in satisfaction, knowing this reality would far surpass his fantasies. On her knees, Joely looked like a siren. Flame-red hair tumbled over her shoulders and framed a face made for loving. Whiskey-brown eyes were slanted with passion, her lips full and slick from his kisses.

Her hands behind her back thrust her breasts out, her tits enough to fill his hands and his mouth as soon as he unloaded. He couldn’t go another minute without slaking his

lusts, so that he could better see to her needs.

Parish put his dick in line with Joely's lips. When she opened her mouth without hesitation, he groaned and slid inside sheer heaven. "That's it, baby, take it all." Slowly, so as not to hurt her, he added the last few inches. Damned if she didn't take him balls deep without gagging. A jealous thought nagged him, wondering at her proficiency, but then her tongue started stroking, her lips started sucking, and he was lost to the rhythmic thrusting overtaking all sense.

She moaned her acceptance, sucking like a woman dying of thirst.

"Yes," he hissed, his hands buried in her hair. "Swallow my cum, baby, because I'm going to shoot it down your throat. Then I'm going to eat that sweet little pussy 'til you scream. Over and over. I'll fill your pussy and your ass, every part of you until you know who you belong to," he rasped, on the edge.

Her hands stroked his thighs, her tongue laved his shaft. When her small palms cupped his ass, he rocked into her and lost it.

Groaning, he spewed, coming into her greedily lips that sucked harder, swallowing his every last drop.

When she'd wrung him dry, he pulled from her mouth, his erection flagging, but amazingly, not quite gone yet.

Slightly light-headed, he stared down at her, in lust and in love with the hungry look in her eyes.

"Good girl," he said again, knowing how much the phrase aroused her. Her breasts trembled, the pretty coral nipples pebbling into knots needing his attention.

He helped her to stand and lowered his mouth, sucking one nipple and nipping it with

firm teeth when she cried out. “Sensitive, hmm, Joely?” Treating her other breast to the same attention, he had her mindless and writhing.

Slowly herding her to the other side of the room, he had her in the bed before she could protest, not that she looked as if she would. Her eyes were closed, her mouth parted and her skin flushed with arousal. A picture he’d never in his life forget. Quickly, before he lost his own control and fucked her, he used the ties on the posts to restrain her arms and legs, spreading her wide.

Joely put up a token resistance, which he appreciated, but they both knew the time for battling each other had ended.

“My bed at home is set up much like this.” He nodded at her surprise, his grin full of approval as he imagined her tangled in his sheets with him. “When you’re there, you’ll be tied up often. If you’re good, I’ll let you come before I instill your much-needed discipline.”

Her lips parted, those ruby jewels that had just brought him so much bliss, and he leaned down to kiss her question away. “Shh. You know you should have trusted me to take care of the situation.”

“But--”

“No buts. I told you I’d handle it, and I have.”

“I didn’t know,” she breathed as he trailed his lips over her neck and down, between her breasts, over her belly and lower.

“Didn’t know how much I wanted you? How much I wanted to knock that determined chip off your shoulder? The one that tells any male within five feet of you to back away?” He lifted his head from between her legs, making her raise her head off the bed

to see him. “Do you want me to back away now?”

“No.”

“Then tell me. Tell me what you want from me, Joely.”

“I don’t know,” she panted, pushing up into his mouth as he licked at the moisture between her folds. “Oh, God, don’t stop.”

“Tell me. You want a hard fuck. You want to come. Is that all?”

“Yes. No. I don’t know.”

“You’re mine, baby. Admit it. You’re going to take me into that sweet body and you’ll do what I say. Today, tomorrow, whenever I want you. Admit you need me, that you need what only I can give you.”

“No...” She struggled against her bonds and against his persistent tongue, crying out when he left her teetering on another orgasm.

“Come on, Joely. Admit it. You want me. You have for some time.”

“Bastard.”

He grinned, the heat in her tone more from desperation than true anger. “Should I leave you, then?”

“No! Don’t stop, please.”

“Ah, begging.” He lapped her sweet cream, his body heavy with the need to cement their tie, to come inside her with force, skin to skin, and mark her with his seed. Instead he lifted his head and glanced down at the woman who’d become his obsession. “Why don’t you add a pretty little apology to your pleas for mercy?”

“Jerk,” she breathed, whimpering when he left her again. “Okay, I’m sorry I didn’t believe you’d take care of Scott.”

He kissed her tight clit, his teeth caressing the nub of flesh. “And?”

“And I’m sorry I followed him here, and into his hotel room.”

Parish froze. “You did *what*?”

“Never mind. Please, Parish, don’t stop now! You’re killing me.”

Parish shook his head, determined to get back to the topic of Joely inside Daly’s hotel room later. Now he wanted more. He wanted her to acknowledge how much she needed him. “You want me to finish you, don’t you? To give you the ease you so lovingly gave me. And it was with love, wasn’t it? Or do you normally suck off any man who asks?”

“You mean demands,” she answered harshly.

“Yes, demands. Because I own you, don’t I, Joely? I own you body and soul.”

She squirmed for relief when he began licking her again, teasing her to the brink over and over, until she begged him to stop. “Yes. I admit it. I can’t think about anything but you. I dream about you, fantasize about you... But you never noticed me before. Why didn’t you notice me?”

Parish knew she’d gone as far as she would...tonight. Needing her as much as she needed him, he rose from between her legs and eased his cock between her thighs. Resting against her wet heat, he began to push inside her.

“More,” she groaned, trying to shift her legs to hold him, but her ankle restraints held her fast. “Parish, please.”

“That’s it, sweet. Take me.” He stopped being gentle and surged into her body. The feeling of her perfection sucking him deep had him reconsidering everything he’d once thought about sex. Inside of Joely, at one with her, Parish knew a moment so pure he didn’t want it to ever end.

He fucked her hard, riding the sensitive spot inside of her that had her quaking each time he rocked into her. Her cries became breathless, and when she suddenly tensed and shuddered, her walls closing over his cock like a vise, he finally let go, jetting inside her.

After a few moments, he gently eased out of her and left for the small, attached bathroom. He returned with a warm washcloth and cleaned them both. Tossing the rag aside, he freed her restraints and lay next to her. Pulling her into his arms, he wasn't the least bit surprised at how perfectly they fit. He'd known for some time he would have her. From what he'd learned about Joely, he knew they'd suit one another to a "T."

"You never answered," Joely said sleepily. "About never noticing me before."

Parish sighed and hugged her tighter, caressing her soft back with his rough palms, delighting in their contrasts. "I noticed you the day I first started working for your father. It wasn't long before he and every damned male around you warned me away. You're a real ballbuster in the office, baby." She tensed and he continued.

"I can respect that. Hell, I admire it. But I needed a way to work around your aversion to office romance. It's not as if you and I actually work together. You work finance and I head security. We really only have your father to deal with."

"Dad stays out of my business."

"Yeah." He grinned, kissing the top of her head. "And he stays out of mine unless he's playing matchmaker. Then he's giving me advice on how to sweeten up his oldest daughter, about your lack of a love life, your current method of birth control—thank your mom for that—your favorite dinner..."

She lifted off his chest to stare down at him in shock. "What the hell? My parents wanted you and me to...?"

“Uh huh. Daly being an ass was the perfect situation for me to finally grab hold of you, as odd as that sounds.”

She glared at him, her anger making her eyes glow, and his heart landed at her feet. He was a sucker for a strong woman he could melt in the bedroom. And Joely was so damned sexy when riled. “How long were you willing to let Scott run before you pulled him in? You said you had him handled, but you never did anything to stop him until tonight. Hell, Parish. He’s supposed to marry my sister *tomorrow*.”

“That you can blame on your father. I wanted to tell you right off, but he ordered me to handle this quietly. When we found out Daly was stealing a month ago, I wanted to kick his ass out of the company. *Literally*. We played it smart, though. Followed Daly’s contacts, affirmed his ties to his lover Orton, and rounded up a ton of evidence. Your father didn’t tell your sister about Daly because she can’t keep a damned secret.”

“I know.” Joely huffed, apparently appeased by the truth.

“But your dad would never have let the marriage go through. He and your mom are right now handling Sherry. Truth be told, from what your dad said, Sherry wasn’t that into Daly anyway. More into the thought of the wedding, so she should be okay once this mess is cleared, quietly...*discreetly*,” he emphasized.

“You don’t have to tell me twice. You think I want everyone knowing my sister almost married a man in love with Tim Orton, and who was planning to kill her in a year’s time?”

Parish stilled. “What?”

“I overheard Scott and Tim tonight. Trust me when I say they’re really bad men.” As she relayed the conversation to Parish, he lay beside her, stunned.

“Hell. I wish we could add attempted murder to their charges, but your word against theirs probably won’t fly, especially since you broke into their room in the first place.”

He frowned at her. “At least we’ve got them on grand larceny and embezzlement. Those diamonds are worth a small fortune. The result of a payoff for the trade secrets they stole from the company. They’re going away for a long, long time.”

She measured him with her wide, amber gaze. “So what now?”

That was his Joely. A hard-hitter who wanted answers and plans for tomorrow, today.

“Now we do this all over again, with special attention to that finer-than-fine ass, and that little fact that you deliberately put yourself in danger by going to Daly’s hotel room, not to mention this club.”

She blushed and frowned. “We can talk about that later. No, I mean, what about you and me... after tonight?” Her rosy cheeks made it impossible for him to resist another kiss.

Finally leaving her mouth, he strove for a deep breath and some control. “After tonight, we make this a regular thing. Dates, dinners, a ton of sex. Before I’m through with you, you’ll know better than to question me ever again. It’s hell being right all the time, baby, but somebody’s got to be.”

She snorted. “You wish. I’m the queen of ‘I told you so.’”

“Then let me tell *you* something. You’re mine, Joely. I’m not a believer in sharing or giving back. In a year we’ll be married, another two you’ll probably have a bellyful.”

He smiled at the shock in her gaze, which quickly turned soft and considering as he palmed her stomach.

“Is that right?”

He rolled her under him and kissed the breath out of her. “Damned straight. So try to make things easy for me and just do what your master tells you to from now on, okay?”

“Master? You’ve got to be kidding me.”

Parish thrust inside her wet heat and groaned. “It was worth a shot. But double or nothing says in two years we’re having a boy.”

They split the difference. Two years later to the day, Joely Richards-Dawson delivered twins, two healthy baby girls to their father, with a broad grin and a tired “I told you so.”

About the Author

To learn more about Marie Harte, please visit <http://www.marieharte.com>. Send an email to Marie at mailto:marie_harte@yahoo.com or join her Yahoo! group to join in the fun with other readers as well as Marie at http://groups.yahoo.com/group/M_Hgroup. Marie is currently published with Samhain, Loose Id, Amber Quill and Whispers Publishing.

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