



Caitlyn Willows

# Magic Man

## MAGIC MAN

...“May I touch you...Master?”

“Very good, Gaby. That’s exactly correct.”

“Good. So...may I?”

*Hell, yeah.* “Yes, you may.”

She bent down and flicked her tongue over the bead of flesh. He felt the shock in his balls and sucked in a breath through his teeth.

“Damn it, Gaby.” He stabbed his hand in her hair and pulled back her head. “I didn’t say with your tongue.”

“You didn’t say not to either,” she purred.

She had him on that one. “You have a boyfriend?”

Gaby drew back. A tiny line marked the space between her eyebrows. “Do you think if I did I’d be doing this with you?” She hooked her foot behind his leg, and he knew she intended to flip him.

“Do it and no safe word in the world will save your ass.”

War backlit her gaze. The choice was hers. Nick meant what he said. Finally, she dropped her gaze and released the last two buttons.

“Good.” He took a step backward and pressed his hands to her shoulders. “On your knees. I presume you’re familiar with the position.”

Defiance reared its head again. “What—”

“The submissive position, not doggy style position, or standing on your head.”

Gaby knelt and placed her hands on her thighs, eyes

downcast.

“Now...unzip my trousers and release my cock. Don’t touch it...with any part of your body or anything else.”

He sensed her anger growing by the second. Gaby was a strong, dominant woman. He’d be lucky if she didn’t snap off his dick and shove it up his ass, then use his testicles to shoot pool...

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# MAGIC MAN

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BY

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MAGIC MAN  
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# CHAPTER 1

Gaby Keating stared at the lights all ablaze at her father's mansion. She should have called first. Under normal circumstances she would have, but this was critical. She couldn't give her father a chance to say no. He had to understand how very important this was. Another woman was dead, and their only suspect was a man who frequented closed circles. Places her father knew well. He was her entry into that community. It was the only way to catch a killer. But no one was more nervous than Gaby.

She laughed without humor. They were all nervous, and her father would be even more so. The assignment she'd proposed was beyond dangerous. She might be familiar with

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the BDSM community; her father was a major player. Her mother as well. But these were secrets the two always held close to their chests. They'd answered her questions those times she asked, even allowed her to watch from a distance when they were not directly involved in a scene, but there was never an invite to join. That request had to come directly from Gaby, at which point she would most likely be guided to a different circle that did not mesh with theirs. Until this moment, Gaby never dreamed she be considering it. But lives were at stake, their choices few.

Now she'd run smack-dab into one of her father's parties. The killer she sought could very well be inside, stalking his next prey, camouflaged under the guise of safety with a hidden agenda all his own. Gaby couldn't very well go through the front door. No one attended Marvin Keating's parties uninvited, and it was fairly clear from her jeans, boots, and navy T-shirt that she wasn't a part of their crowd. Her father would be alarmed at her unannounced arrival, the calm sophistication he needed to carry out his role tonight shaken. Back door was best.

She eased her car down the driveway and took the side road to the rear of the grand old house. Sodom and Gomorrah, her grandmother called it. She'd blamed the house and its owner a thousand times over for her daughter's "downfall." Cursed every day Gaby's mother was associated with Marvin Keating. Seethed that the man took his obligations as Gaby's father very seriously. She'd wanted something to hold against him, someone to blame for what she called the ruination of her



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only child. Their lifestyle was all she could target and she attacked it viciously. Gaby had resented her attitude more than her parents did, who merely shrugged it off. Once Gaby joined the police force and found *her* career choice under attack, she finally understood. Shrugging off the resentment was the only option. The old woman would have a coronary if she discovered her two greatest evils were about to merge.

*If only.* Gaby snickered, then scolded herself for the harsh thought.

She parked beside her father's Lexus on the garage apron. The man never parked inside the garage, said he didn't like the closed in feeling even with the door open. Claustrophobia was his Achilles' heel. Gaby wasn't too fond of it either.

She unclipped her badge and removed her shoulder holster, securing both in the locked console between the bucket seats. All she took was the folder with the crime scene photos—her ammunition to help convince her father to help her.

So far she hadn't been detected. This area was darker, the perfect spot for a rendezvous, but it looked like the main action was still centered within the house. Boot steps marked her stride toward the kitchen entrance, keys to the Keating kingdom clutched in her hand. Red brick, forest green tile, stainless steel, and cast iron glowed ahead. Barely dressed servers sauntered in and out in a constant stream, trays perched high, while the cook served up one treat after the other.

Gaby's stomach rumbled. Nobody's cooking could hold a candle to George Preston's. The man could make Cheerios a

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gourmet treat.

As if he sensed her thoughts on him, George glanced up from his work. His dark eyes lit with recognition. The hint of a smile curved his mouth. And just like that he masked the emotion and glared at the servers hovered about.

Gaby grinned. She couldn't hear the words, but judging from George's scowl and the way he shoed his hands at the people, it was clear he wanted them gone, and now. She blessed him for giving her the chance to sneak in undetected. The instant the kitchen door swung closed, he was at the back entrance, opening it, his arms wide.

"Gabrielle, what a joy!" He wrapped her in a suffocating bear hug Gaby loved. "It's been forever."

She laughed and let him rock and squeeze her. "A month at best."

"Two. And I am counting." He held her at arm's length. His bald head reflected the light overhead. "But not the best of times for a visit."

"So I see." She patted his arms and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "But it was unavoidable. I have a work situation I need Dad's help with."

"Someone after you? Someone hurt you?" He wrapped his fingers around the handle of his most lethal butcher knife. "I'll cut his heart out."

She laughed again and touched his fingers. "Which might explain why I have so few dates."

"Hmph. You have so few dates because you're too wrapped up in your work." He shook his head with his tsk.

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“Just like your parents.”

“You’ve got no room to talk.” She tapped his bulbous nose. “It’s a police matter I need Dad’s help with. A private issue I wanted to discuss in person, not on the phone. Urgent.”

“You go up.” He steered her toward the back staircase. “I’ll tell your father you’re here.”

“Thanks.”

“Wait.”

She’d barely gotten one foot on the stairs.

Glancing over her shoulder, she watched George pile a tray with sandwiches, fruit, and treats, especially treats. Chocolate confections that made Gaby’s mouth water. How did George always know exactly what she needed?

“You eat.” He shoved the tray into her hands, then tucked two bottles of spring water into a canvas bag and handed it to her. “Go.”

“Thanks, George. I’m starving.”

She propped the tray on her palm, her evidence folder flat beneath it, and tossed a piece of homemade fudge into her mouth as she trotted up the stairs before George could spew out his normal litany: *skin and bones, need more curves, work too hard*. His unique way of saying I love you. He’d been a fixture in her life for as long as Gaby could remember.

By the time she reached her father’s suite of rooms, Gaby had polished off at least a half-pound of fudge and was well on her way to finishing the remainder. Sheer will forced her to considered one of the finger sandwiches. She eyed the two-bite morsel as she shouldered the door open.

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*Cucumber...yuck.*

A chocolate-covered cherry made the cut instead. She bit into the shell and twined her tongue around the goo and cherry inside. Bliss...complete and utter bliss. About the only thing that would top it was a glass of merlot to wash it down.

Gaby sat the tray on the oak end table and sank into the long sofa. The cushions cradled her in comfort, inviting her to kick her boots off and rest. She'd always loved her father's rooms—deep clarets with cream colors woven throughout. It was quieter here than the rest of the house, cooler. *Sanctuary*. A comfort she'd never been able to reproduce in her own meager decorating efforts.

She eyed the glimmering bar in the corner of the room. The bottle of merlot called her name. Again she fought the urge down. Gaby wanted to be clear-headed when she talked to her father. She placed the folder on the coffee table, a match to the end table. He'd be furious over the pictures, not at her but at the beast who'd done such a thing. He might even want to take care of the matter in-house. Gaby hoped to appeal to his belief in the justice system. Fear for his daughter's welfare and the monster loose in his private community could very well tip those scales when weighed against his years as a powerful attorney.

Gaby left the folder closed and uncapped a bottle of water. She'd seen the pictures so many times she had every horrid detail memorized. Maybe her father had already heard rumors and rumblings and they could close the case now rather than risk her going undercover. Gaby knew she was hoping for the

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impossible. If Marvin Keating knew of such a thing, the doer would be behind bars.

She slugged down the water and eased into the cushions. God, she was tired. Scared, too. The thought of ending up like these women...

The door swung open. The alarm on her father's face yanked her guilt front and center. Worry deepened the subtle lines in his handsome face, paled his tanned complexion and made his white hair stand out.

He shoved the door shut behind him and hurried her way, arms outstretched. "Gaby...sweetheart...what's—"

"I'm okay, Dad. Nothing's wrong." She met him halfway, hugging him tight. "I need your help on a case. I don't know where else to turn."

Tension eased from his muscles. He let out a breath and led her back to the sofa. "Of course. Are you here officially or unofficially?"

"Officially...sort of." They sat side by side. "I told my people I had someone who might be willing to help, but I didn't divulge who that person was." She picked up the folder and handed it to him. "Warning...the photos are gruesome."

He'd seen a lot in his profession over the years, but Gaby still wanted to warn him. His barely perceptible flinch when he saw the pictures made her glad she had.

"Fire play gone bad," she told him.

"Are you sure?" His tone begged her to tell him she wasn't.

Gaby dropped her hand to his knee. "Both women have

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ties to that lifestyle. Both frequented the exclusive clubs. The suspect is six feet tall, bald, muscular, wears a lot of leather, and doesn't seem to have any body hair as far as we can tell."

His nostrils flared with his intake of breath. "Then lock him up." He flicked the folder closed and tossed it back to the table.

"Unfortunately, we lack a name, fingerprints, forensic evidence. He doesn't seem to be a regular, yet manages to hookup."

"Maybe he's snatching the victims from outside the clubs."

"In both instances it appears as though the women left willingly with him from inside the clubs. No surveillance. Both women had a reputation as no-holds-barred subs."

That widened his eyes. "Then they were as crazy and stupid as he is."

"And now very dead. Burn patterns show he took his time, too."

He scuffed his hands down his face. "You want me to put feelers out? I can do that."

Gaby rubbed her hand over his back. "I hate showing up here out of the blue, Dad, especially when you're entertaining. But we think we know where he might hit next."

"Good. You can stake out the place and nab him when he leaves. I'll make sure others are watching to see he doesn't slip the noose."

She braced herself for the imminent explosion. "That's not exactly what we need right now. We want to make sure the evidence is solid. We want to catch him in the act...more or

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less.”

“Good God, Gaby! Endangering another woman—”

“Not just any woman. An undercover cop. Me.”

He vaulted to his feet. “Have you lost your mind?”

Gaby flipped the folder open and spread the photos over the table. Women violated and burned to death after slow, methodical torture. “Someone you know could be next.”

“And it damn sure isn’t going to be my daughter!”

Gaby matched his steely blue-eyed gaze with one of her own. *This* DNA clearly had passed her way—his determination and resolve. She’d learned from the master.

“God, Gaby...you’re going to do it whether I help you or not, aren’t you?”

A single nod replied for her. “Now...do I go in there safe, with all the skills I need to pass muster, or go in at risk?”

“Young lady...” He snapped a scolding finger in her face. “That’s a damn dirty tactic. If you think for one minute... If your mother...” He dropped his hand and squared his shoulders. The stance shot her back to her teenage years. Dread slithered down her spine.

“Fine,” he replied calmly. “You’ll do what I say, when I say, with the people I designate. Understood?”

“Yes, sir.” The ease with which she’d won spawned suspicion.

“Wait here,” he said. “I’ll be right back.” He strode toward the door. “And you might want to swish the chocolate off your breath in the meantime.”

Gaby waited until he shut the door, then stuffed another

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chocolate-covered cherry in her mouth. A small act of childish defiance, but it felt good.



## CHAPTER 2

“I have to admit I’m pretty much spent.”

Nick Tristan agreed. He and Reid Hansen had just engaged in the most intense foursome either of them had ever experienced. And they had experienced a lot. This was different. This involved their siblings, now cuddled under the covers in the room behind them. This involved the beginning of love. No one had seen that coming, yet no one could deny it, especially the new couple.

Nick smiled. It felt right, perfect, and tugged at his heart.

“I could use a drink.” Nick finished buttoning his black silk shirt, then stuffed the tails in his black trousers. “And a shower.”

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Reid finger-combed his dark brown hair, then smoothed his blue shirt, a dark shade that matched his eyes. “I hear you on both counts. The shower might be doable here, but you know Marvin won’t crack open the liquor cabinet for anyone during one of his events.”

True enough. Marvin was a stickler for rules and protocol at his gatherings. High on the list was no alcohol served. Anyone who broke that rule left—immediately—never to return again under any circumstances.

“I doubt we’d be breaking any etiquette protocol if we left.” Nick jerked his head toward the room they’d just left. “Caz can catch a ride with Brooke, so I don’t feel bad about taking the car.”

“She wouldn’t leave him stranded.” Reid flashed a megawatt smile. “Well, she might have before tonight, but now I’m pretty sure those two will be joined at the hip.”

Nick grinned. “And other places, too.” He clapped Reid on the shoulder. “My place or yours? Gotta warn you, my place is overly crowded with family at the moment.”

“Then my place it is.” They fell in step as they walked toward the stairs leading up from the converted basement playrooms. “I have a spare room. You can stay the night.”

“Sounds like a plan.” He and Reid had always gotten along well. Nick liked his company, which was a good thing since they were pretty close to being family now that Caz and Brooke had hooked up.

“I hope Marvin won’t take offense over our leaving so early,” Reid said as they trotted upstairs.

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Nick laughed. "He's been dangling so many strings and has so many irons in the fire tonight he'll probably be glad of two less people to worry about." Nick motioned to the room they'd just left once more. "You realize he's responsible for that."

"I suspected. For a man who likes to make matches, he's a pro at avoiding one for himself."

"Ah, well." Nick shrugged. "When the time's right..."

"It'd take a clever, determined individual to catch our silver fox," Reid said.

"Might be a fun chase to watch."

"I agree. You bring the popcorn."

Laughing, they topped the stairs and ran right into the object of their discussion. Stern lines tightened Marvin's mouth. Nick's heart stuttered in fear Marvin had overheard and taken offense. Reid had gone stock-still beside Nick.

"Marvin...we were just look—"

"I need you both. Now. Come with me." Marvin pivoted and strode away, leaving them little choice but to follow.

Nick expected they'd be escorted back to the main event, or another private playroom, or even tossed out on their ears. Nothing surprised him more than when Marvin turned up the staircase to the private rooms upstairs.

He exchanged a confused glance with Reid as they followed. Deep pile carpet absorbed the sound of their footsteps. The colors at the top matched the powder blue and ivory wainscoting below, but the quiet, the loss of echo against the walls, faded to nothing. The first floor was the

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public showcase; the second was the heart of the home.

Marvin lengthened his stride, his target apparently a door at the far end of the hallway. It was all they could do to keep up. Nick's deep frown mirrored Reid's. Once they reached the destination, Marvin wrapped his hand around the handle and faced them.

"Know that I trust you two more than words can say." With that, he opened the door wide and swept his arm before him.

Nick jerked to a stop at the sight of the woman who snapped to her feet. The resemblance to Marvin was striking—the firm determination etched in her face, those snapping blue eyes. Light brown hair was caught in a ponytail that swung to her shoulders. She wore a dark blue T-shirt that hugged her curves and accentuated her full breasts, while not being too indiscreet. Her jeans also complemented her assets, but didn't bind. Black boots capped off the attire.

Nick could almost feel her heart pound...or was that his? He dared a step forward, wanting to smell her, see those eyes close up. Her gaze locked to his, refusing to back down. He liked that...a lot.

Marvin shut the door with a resounding thud. "Gentlemen, my daughter Gabrielle. Gaby, Nick and Reid. I'm sure both are familiar to you. They will be *guiding* you in this endeavor."

So that confirmed the relationship Nick suspected. He wasn't sure what surprised him more: that Marvin actually had a child, or hearing next that Gaby was a cop. The real shocker

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came with the subsequent news. Nick's skin crawled to know one of their own was preying on women.

"Gaby's come for my help infiltrating one of the private clubs to catch this man." Marvin clearly wasn't happy about it either. Each word came out through almost clenched teeth.

Nick knew exactly how he felt.

"To my knowledge, she's a novice when it comes to our lifestyle. Is that still so?"

Nick glanced up in time to see Marvin glaring down his nose at his daughter.

She held her own with him. "Yes, Dad."

Nick drew a breath to protest. Reid beat him to it.

"I must question the sanity of such an action."

Marvin snorted. "She's my daughter, through and through, and determined. She's her mother's daughter, too—stubborn to a fault. She's going in whether I help her or not." He took a position between Gaby and them. "That's where the two of you come in. Teach her. Make sure she's fully indoctrinated on all aspects of what she's set on doing. I don't want anyone making her for a fraud. And when I say everything, I mean everything. Her old rooms are at the other end of the hall, ready and waiting as they always are for her. Anything you need to help"—he spread his palms out—"is yours. You know how well-stocked the facility is. I'll advise the staff you're to be accommodated."

He jerked around to Gaby and cupped her chin in a loose grip. The sternness in his eyes softened. "She's the love of my life. The princess of my heart, conceived by the grace of God

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when a condom failed. The minute she was born I had a vasectomy because I knew no other child in the world would ever compare, could ever match the love I have for her.”

Tears momentarily puddled in Gaby’s blue eyes. She rapidly blinked them away.

Marvin dropped his hand and faced them with a sigh. “I trust you both with her life. I trust you both to help keep her safe. See she learns her lessons well. If you have to dress her up and trot her around downstairs, do so. Allow no one—no one—down there to touch her. Once she’s ready, I’ll see she’s invited to whatever club her people have targeted. I’d prefer you both accompany her, if possible. I know it’s a lot to ask, but I want experienced hands at her back. I’ll be out of touch for the remainder of the evening.”

And just like that, he left.

The three of them stood there, strangers thrust into a scene none of them expected. Nick and Reid were getting a lot of that tonight. He couldn’t speak for Reid, but Nick wasn’t sure how easily he could roll into this. Gaby Keating...intrigued him. And here he thought his cock was down for the night. Nothing like getting a second wind.

Nick moved closer. His fingers itched to touch her. “It might be best if we took this to your room to discuss and evaluate matters. You might find that once you have a fuller understanding of what happens in these clubs you’ll change your mind.”

Her chin came up a notch. “Women are being tortured and murdered. Nothing will make me change my mind.”

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Reid crossed his arms and stared down at her. “The burning heat of a leather strap across your bare ass could make you change your mind quickly.”

Gaby’s cheeks flushed. For the first time since they’d walked into the room, her gaze dropped. “Whatever it takes,” she muttered.

“When had you planned to go under?” Reid asked.

She forced her eyes upward once more. “As soon as possible.”

“Then we’re in for a long night.” Nick cupped her elbow and steered her toward the door.

She didn’t budge.

Nick grabbed her other elbow. “First lesson...you are the sub, we are the Doms. Don’t balk, don’t dawdle, do what we say when we say it or we’re all screwed.”

Gaby moved then.

Nick wrapped his arm around her shoulders. She smelled of rich chocolate. His body watered for a taste. “Your father trusts us with your welfare. Now you have to trust in that, too.” He dropped his hand to her firm ass. “Now, come. We need to spend some time getting comfortable with each other.” He was half tempted to add a solid swat to punctuate the sentence, but Nick had a feeling she’d fist his balls a second later, and not in a good way.

She eyed the tray of food on the end table, devoid of all but fruit, sandwiches, and one lonely piece of fudge. Nick picked it up and brought it to her lips. Gaby hesitated, then opened her mouth and bit off half. Nick grinned and took the

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other.

“Ah, shit,” Reid groaned. “Here we go again.”

Gaby glanced from one to the other. “What does that mean?” she asked around the mouthful of chocolate.

“It means he’s being a smart ass.” Nick motioned her forward. “Your rooms?”

“This way.”

Nick watched her ass the whole way down the hall, his cock getting harder and harder with every step.

\* \* \*

Nick Tristan in the flesh, and way better looking than Gaby had ever imagined. She could still feel the heat of his talented hand pressed against her butt. It spread down to her crotch, swelling her against the seam of her jeans. Every Mesquite lyric she’d ever memorized now sounded like it was made for her, especially those that came from Nick’s lips. She felt like some sappy teenager caught in a crush of an elusive rock star. But here he was, one half of the testosterone-laden duo who were her entry into *that* world, the keys to catching a killer.

She and Reid had crossed paths at the courthouse over the years—he as an attorney, she as a witness. Though they’d never spoken directly or even in the context of their respective professions, Gaby admired Reid’s work ethic. Others spoke highly of him. Little did she realize when they’d exchanged polite nods in passing that they would be in this position. Trust him? Until the comment about strapping her ass, yes. Now?



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She forced herself to stay on course. Gaby knew she'd suffer far worse going undercover without some experience, and the fact her father asked Nick and Reid to go with her calmed her immensely. Her father trusted these men. She trusted her father.

"Please tell me we aren't walking into pink ruffles and a white canopy bed," Reid said.

Gaby rolled her gaze upward, making sure they both saw it. "Puleese. Do I look like a Disney princess to either of you?"

Nick's hand found her rear again. "If you frequently go undercover, I'd imagine you can be whatever you choose for the occasion."

Gaby didn't bother to tell him this would be her first undercover assignment. Brass wasn't too thrilled with the idea, but there were few other options available. Her father could get her in. He might not be so inclined with another officer. Hell, he wasn't inclined with her, just cornered. Gaby didn't want to imagine what repercussions were in store. Maybe he'd given Nick and Reid private instructions to wear her ass out. The thought didn't set well, made her edgy and unsure. She'd had her spills, knocks, bumps, and bruises, but she'd never been physically punished. Not so much as a hand swat over either of her parent's knees.

"Maybe we could use 'princess' as a sub name for you."

Gaby's glare at Nick told him they'd better not try. To her annoyance, he merely chuckled. She hurried ahead to throw the door open on her suite of rooms, then wanted to die on the

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spot. The décor was green and cream with plush furnishings dying to embrace one's body. But the hint of sophistication was washed away by her treasured collection of stuffed animals all lined up on the sofa where she'd left them six months ago. Heat swamped her face. She braced herself for the inevitable snide male comments.

Silence...and then the door clicked shut behind her.

"Need help putting them away?" Nick asked. "If it helps, I still have my collection of Matchbox cars."

"Me, too," Reid added. "I...uhm...have been known to play with them from time to time."

"Oh, yeah. Line them all up with my Star Wars action figures."

Gaby couldn't help laughing. Talk about a great icebreaker. "Thanks, guys. Yes, a little help would be nice. There's a walk-in closet in the bedroom."

The men cradled her stuffed friends with care. Nick even smiled when he lifted her favorite bunny, ears bare of fuzz from years of loving.

"Why here and not in your own home?" he asked.

"I don't have a good answer," she admitted. "Maybe this room feels more like home than my apartment."

"Sounds like an answer to me," Reid said, then gave her a knowing look from under his eyebrows as he picked up more animals.

"Yes, I suppose it is." Odd she hadn't realized it until now. Maybe that was why she hadn't bothered nesting in her place.

She darted ahead of their trek to the bedroom to make sure

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no strays were in residence there. The full-size bed was clear of everything except a couple of big pillows. The men respected her boundaries at the closet and handed the stuffed toys to her to place where she wanted. Gaby noticed both of them scoping out the room. She would have done the same if their situations were reversed. Once they were finished, the three of them returned to the living area. Awkwardness settled in. Should she sit? Kneel before them? What?

"I'm not good at being submissive," she said.

"We sorta noticed," Nick replied. "But then, isn't dominance an edge you need in your line of work?"

He didn't give her a chance to respond.

"It might surprise you—but again it might not—that there are many people who are dominant in their day jobs, yet submissive in their other activities."

"So I understand." Her mother was a bank executive, a very demanding job. And yet when asked, she'd told Gaby she preferred a submissive role in her afterhours. She'd never met a stronger woman than her mother.

"I presume you know about safe words?" Nick asked.

"I do." Her heart was thumping a mile a minute. It paled in comparison to her clit, which now thudded against a suddenly too-tight crotch seam.

"Have you ever been spanked?" Reid asked.

God help her, the thought moistened her panties, while it scared the hell out of her. "Never," she managed to reply.

"How soon do you anticipate us going under?" Nick asked.

*Us. So, they'd agreed.* Now, would her department agree

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to them going with her? “Within days.”

He and Reid rubbed their chins and passed gazes up and down her body. “Find a way to stain her skin?” Reid asked.

Nick nodded. “I’m sure George has stuff in the kitchen we can use.”

Gaby frowned. “You’ve lost me.”

Nick snagged the bottom of her T-shirt. “If you’re going to be a well-used sub, you’re going to have to look the part. We’ll make up your body so it’ll look like you’ve been whipped and paddled thoroughly. We’re certainly not going to do that to you.”

Her knees quaked. When Nick started to tug her T-shirt up, she snatched it back down.

“Off,” he ordered. “Or you *will* be spanked.”

*But he just said...* Why were her nipples so damn hard?

“There’s only so much we can fake, Gaby.” His thumb brushed over her bare stomach. Her body clenched with want. “We have to get used to being naked around each other.”

“We’re also going to have to have sex.”

She jerked her head to Reid. “All three of us?”

Reid pulled the elastic band from her hair, then combed his fingers through it. Her body leaned into Nick, breasts craving the feel of his hard chest.

“We might be required to do so at the club. You don’t want any surprises.” Nick slid the T-shirt up, brushing his fingers over her hard nipples through her bra. She could just as well have been naked. The feeling was electric.

## MAGIC MAN

Reid pressed against her back, wedging her between them. They were both hard, big men. *How in the hell...*

Nick whipped the T-shirt over her head. Instinctively, her hand slid over his shoulders to draw him nearer. She pressed her ass against Reid. He unbuttoned her fly, unzipped, and tugged her jeans down. Gaby flinched. Nick's hot hand slipped into her panties and spanned her butt cheek. The jeans came down the rest of the way. Her boots trapped them at her ankles. Her panties followed. Nick slid his fingers between her slick labia. Gaby arched into Reid and lost her bra a second later. Her boots bound her in place. Reid twirled her nipples between his fingers. Nick rocked her clit under a relentless caress.

"We're going to make you come." Nick's voice rumbled against her ear. "Then you're going to get your first spanking."

She squeezed her thighs around the hand wedged between them. "No, please." Cream trickled down her thighs.

"I saw a hairbrush on the dresser." Nick pinched her clit. "Not wooden, but it'll do. Reid, could you get it now? One orgasm and she's over my knee. It'd be cruel to make her wait."

"My pleasure." He thrust his erection against her, then left.

Gaby shook her head. "No, no, please don't."

Nick nailed her ass in place with one hand, while the other worked her clit and thrust into her pussy. She was coming. God help her, she was coming! Gaby fought it, knowing that

## *MAGIC MAN*

with the climax she'd find herself facedown over Nick's lap. And still she humped his hand.

He traced the cleft of her butt cheeks, delving toward the hole in back. And orgasm burst free. She shook with the force, then sagged in his arms. An instant later she was looking at the gray-green carpet. She gasped with the feel of the cool hairbrush rubbing over her ass.

Gaby squirmed for freedom, hair tumbling over her face, blinding her. "No, no, no!"

Reid squatted down to her level, raked her hair into his fist, and pulled her head up gently. "In this world, no doesn't mean no. You say no and you're going to get it. Think, Gaby. Focus. What do you say when you really mean no."

She'd just had a blinding orgasm, so how could she focus on anything?

"Safe word, Gaby, or you're going to feel it good." Nick tapped her ass with the brush.

Her clit swelled into the barely-there hit. She wanted and didn't want. She'd never been so conflicted.

"This isn't a game, princess," Nick added. "This is life and death. There's no time to play."

The words sank into her haze. "Red light," she gasped out.

Both men released her.

"Good girl." Nick turned her until he could cradle her in his arms. Reid moved to her feet and removed the boots.

Nick caressed her side, dotting kisses to her forehead. "Now...you and I are going to take a shower while Reid

## *MAGIC MAN*

scrounges what we need.”

Gaby cuddled against his shoulder, then nodded. She doubted her heartbeat would ever return to normal. The rush of adrenaline was...sweet.

## CHAPTER 3

Nick loved how Gaby had come so quickly under his hand. Her juices drenched him, her scent oozing into his pores. *So beautiful. So perfect. So trusting.* Too trusting, considering the situation into which she was about to enter. His duty was to see she was informed and protected. Under any other circumstance he'd consider her trust a treasured gift. But not now when her life depended on him teaching her all he could in the short span of a day or two.

It scared the hell out of him. He wanted to bask in her, to spend hours, days, weeks, months learning her body over and over again. To memorize the feel of her pussy clenched around his cock. To feel her lips surround him, her fingers



## *MAGIC MAN*

cupping his balls while she did so. And maybe...just maybe...to earn enough of her real trust to take it all to a higher level.

He waited until Reid left, then helped her stand. Her legs quivered, threatening to topple her. He didn't know if it was because of passion or fear, and he wasn't about to ask. Gaby had to be the best she could be, at top form for this assignment. If he had to make her come a thousand times to settle her into the job, he'd do it, even at the expense of his own balls bursting.

He wanted to love on her, not play the Dom/sub game. Still...it was about survival.

"When we're in that situation, you have to obey without question." He cleared his throat. "The slightest hesitation will tell. You don't leave our sides. Lean into us at all times. Eyes downcast. No speaking until you're given permission to do so. You'll address us both as 'Master,' nothing else. If you disregard any of those things, I'll have no choice but to discipline you."

She shivered. All Nick wanted to do was wrap his arms around her.

"Unbutton my shirt, princess."

Gaby stood before him, eyes focused on her task, breath wafting over his skin as she slowly bared him. She pressed her lips together at her first glimpse of his chest and started to reach for his nipple. She paused, fingers hovering over her goal. Sweet blue eyes glanced up at him.

"May I touch you...Master?"

## MAGIC MAN

“Very good, Gaby. That’s exactly correct.”

“Good. So...may I?”

*Hell, yeah.* “Yes, you may.”

She bent down and flicked her tongue over the bead of flesh. He felt the shock in his balls and sucked in a breath through his teeth.

“Damn it, Gaby.” He stabbed his hand in her hair and pulled back her head. “I didn’t say with your tongue.”

“You didn’t say not to either,” she purred.

She had him on that one. “You have a boyfriend?”

Gaby drew back. A tiny line marked the space between her eyebrows. “Do you think if I did I’d be doing this with you?” She hooked her foot behind his leg, and he knew she intended to flip him.

“Do it and no safe word in the world will save your ass.”

War backlit her gaze. The choice was hers. Nick meant what he said. Finally, she dropped her gaze and released the last two buttons.

“Good.” He took a step backward and pressed his hands to her shoulders. “On your knees. I presume you’re familiar with the position.”

Defiance reared its head again. “What—”

“The submissive position, not doggy style position, or standing on your head.”

Gaby knelt and placed her hands on her thighs, eyes downcast.

“Now...unzip my trousers and release my cock. Don’t touch it...with any part of your body or anything else.”

## MAGIC MAN

He sensed her anger growing by the second. Gaby was a strong, dominant woman. He'd be lucky if she didn't snap off his dick and shove it up his ass, then use his testicles to shoot pool.

"It's very likely you'll have to do this in front of others, Gaby." Maybe the reasoning would calm her. "Reid and I will do our best to prevent it, but if this man makes contact, you could very well find yourself in that situation."

Her shoulders lifted on a deep breath, like she was centering herself, reinforcing her resolve. She eased open the fly button, then slowly pulled down the zipper. Long fingers reached for his erection, then hesitated.

"Through the boxers, Master, or completely down?"

He swallowed the knot that suddenly formed in his throat. God, she was beautiful, lips a breath away from his crotch. "Down," he managed to say.

She wrapped her fingers in the waistband and tugged.

"Raise up," he said. "Closer. I want to feel my cock fall between those gorgeous breasts."

He watched her nipples harden all the more. Lips pressed together, then the tip of her tongue licked them apart. She brushed her breasts against his thighs, her cheek against the erection, then moved up until her mouth touched his navel. Trousers and boxers slid free. She gasped when his erection freed. Eyes closed, lips parted. She shoved the clothing downward and brushed her fingers up the backs of his thighs. Upper arms squeezed her breasts into a deep cleavage that wrapped around his penis.

## *MAGIC MAN*

Nick gasped and cupped her head. Her breath heated the tip of his cock. He glanced down; blue fire looked up at him. As her Dom, he knew he could demand she suck him, but...

"If it was just me and you, no agenda, what would you do right now, princess?" he asked softly.

"I'd swallow your beautiful cock whole," she replied without hesitation.

"You may...indulge." He could barely get the words out.

"Thank you...Master," she whispered, and closed her lips around his cock.

His knees buckled. Body trembled. She dug her short nails into his ass and licked him from tip to root and back again. He pumped into her mouth with the vigor of a virgin sixteen-year-old, not the seasoned grace of a well-trained Dom. Her tongue felt like wildfire, quick and hot, engulfing him before he could catch a good breath. It wasn't enough.

Nick wanted her under him, over him. Wanted to be buried so deep inside her that a nuclear blast couldn't rip them apart. Breasts rasped against his thighs, hard nipples furrowing the hair there, implanting seeds he knew would erupt passion in his deepest dreams. He tried to rein in control, to keep his thrusts shallow. Each time, Gaby sucked him so deep Nick swore he felt her vocal chords.

Balls hugged his body and tried to crawl out his cock and into the pleasure of her mouth. He couldn't hold back and didn't want to. They might be facing life and death reality soon, but soon wasn't now. He could lose control, let her suck him dry if that's what she wanted.

## MAGIC MAN

Gaby's groan hummed along his dick. Sparkles burst behind his eyes. He felt like an animal rutting, and growled like one, too. Hips snapped forward, muscles locked with tension, and every ounce of fluid in his body shot from him. Gaby gulped it down, easing the pressure as the sensation waned. She didn't let go until he grew flaccid and then released him slowly with kisses against his cock, balls, and groin.

Nick didn't know how his legs still held him. He was conscious of petting her hair, of the warmth glowing inside and swelling his heart. Now he knew how his brothers felt. Trouble was, Nick didn't have a clue where to go from here.

Shower, his conscience nudged. He found himself nodding in reply.

Catching her arms, he gently tugged her to her feet. "There's a shower calling our names."

She rested her head against his shoulder. "Are you pleased, Master?"

The term soured his stomach. He wanted *his* name on her lips, not that of a role he sometimes assumed.

"Very much so, sweetheart." He kissed her forehead, rubbed her ass, and turned them toward the bathroom.

\* \* \*

*Sweetheart.* Gaby couldn't remember when she'd ever heard the endearment uttered with so much reverence. Tucked under Nick's arm as he led them to the shower, nothing felt more right. Emotions skipped around her. She felt...giddy,

## MAGIC MAN

light-headed—and it wasn't from the killer orgasm. Something else was going on here.

*Probably a crash from the sugar rush.*

Gaby ignored her internal nag. She knew her feelings weren't part of the scene, but she sure as hell wasn't going to pick it apart to analyze right now. Unfortunately, she didn't have time to savor the moment either.

She placed her hand on his chest. "Let me put out an extra set of towels."

"I'll get the water hot."

He kissed her then, short and sweet, but with so much affection all the chocolate in the world couldn't compete. Her heart tumbled into her stomach and bounced back up again. Butterflies, rainbows, and sunbeams. And here she thought her life was nothing but collars, perps, and victims.

She pulled the towel set from the small linen closet and clutched it to her chest as she watched his silhouette behind the glass shower door. Sculptors carved monuments to men with bodies like his, but no work of art she'd ever seen matched Nick's attributes. He took care of his body, too. She'd seen cops who spent half their lives working out and didn't look a quarter as fit.

Gaby laughed to herself. Other than the penis wedged against her back, she'd paid little attention to Reid at all. And that was just fine with her. She'd apparently found what she was looking for. Whether Nick "found" her back...well, she'd worry about that later.

"I've never showered with someone else before." She

## MAGIC MAN

draped the towels over the bar and tossed the washcloth over the top of the door for him. He snagged it mid-air. "Unless you count other women at the gym or academy."

Nick froze. "Uhm...yeah...it counts...in my fantasies."

"I thought it might." Gaby grinned. She twisted her hair and secured it on top of her head with one of the barrettes she kept in the vanity drawer. "I won't destroy the illusion by telling you nothing happened."

"Thanks. But maybe you could embellish the tale into visions of grand orgies and girl-on-girl action?"

Gaby's grin widened. She really liked this guy...in more ways than one. "I'll think about it," she said with a laugh and opened the door.

Damn, he was gorgeous. A perfect peach-shaped ass, narrow waist that fanned up into broad chest and shoulders, a light smattering of chest hair that darkened the lower it went and pointed the way to nirvana. Even at rest his cock looked yummy and tempted her to see how quickly she could awaken it.

Gaby yanked her wandering attention to a halt. She was here to prepare for a job, not indulge her lust. "So, what's the purpose of showering together? I do know my way around a handheld shower, by the way."

Nick lifted an eyebrow her way. "You're killing me, you know that?"

"Don't worry. I use my powers for good, not evil." She twisted her washcloth and snapped his ass.

Nick gasped and grabbed her wrist. A hot gaze devoured

## *MAGIC MAN*

her, weakened her knees, and churned the juices in her crotch. “Be careful what you start, princess.” He yanked her close, his semi-hard penis between them, and gave her a sharp whack on the ass.

“Ow!” She glowered at him, despite the fire racing to her pussy.

“Life and death, Gaby,” he said. “Yours, mine, and Reid’s. I honestly don’t think you can pull this off. You’re too much a dominant. That quality oozes from your pores.”

She drew breath to defend herself. Nick snapped his palm up to stop her.

“Point one...I find that quality very attractive. Not that it matters to you, I’m sure. I have women throwing themselves at me constantly. That rush wore off years ago. In this environment, the women want to take a submissive role, and while it’s enticing, that rush, too, is fading. There’s no substance. It’s sex by rote. You are substance.”

How did she respond to that? What exactly was he saying? He was getting her emotions off-track again, setting her heartbeat to thudding against her ribs. He had to feel it racing since there wasn’t enough space between them for a water drop.

“Point two,” he said. “Your dominance fits you well in your job. You have to be strong and confident. This is an undercover job, just like any other you’ve ever done. You have to be the person you say you are. This isn’t scoring a drug buy or playing a hooker. This is hunting down a killer. One slip and we’re all dead.”



## *MAGIC MAN*

Gaby tore her gaze away from him so he wouldn't see the lie in her eyes. He caught her chin and forced her to look at him.

"Oh, my God! You've never done this before!"

Too late. Caught and hoisted. Gaby couldn't muster a denial.

Nick grabbed her shoulders and gave her a little shake. "Have you lost your mind? Does your department even know you're doing this?"

"Of course they know," she snapped. At least she'd found her voice. "Do you think I'd risk not sending this guy to jail because I fucked up a collar and didn't go by procedure?"

He loosened his hold and put a few inches between them. "And yet you're willing to wind up in the morgue."

Gaby placed her palm against his broad chest and closed the gap. "Nick, that's my job. I'm at risk every time I put on that uniform, every time I go out on the street."

He closed his eyes and turned his head away. His shoulders rose and fell on slow, measured breaths. Finally, he looked at her once more, hands fisted loosely at his sides.

"Perhaps it would be best if we trained your partner to go in with you."

Gaby scrunched her face. "Ewww. I don't want Nestor seeing me naked. And I sure as hell don't want to see that bear of a man nude. Never mind the fact he's married and his wife would kill him."

Nick's grin was back. "I think you managed to knock the girl-on-girl shower scenes out of my head." Just as quickly his

## *MAGIC MAN*

humor faded. “Then, my lead from this point on. If you don’t, I will purposefully sabotage your efforts by spreading the word throughout the community of what you’re trying to do. By the time I’m finished, you won’t be allowed on the same block as one of those clubs, much less over the threshold.”

Now that pissed her off. “You’d let a murderer go free?” If she was in a better position, she’d clutch his balls in a vice-like grip that would have him blubbering like a baby.

Nick caught her wrists and hauled them over her head, as if he’d anticipated her intent. “Princess”—he nailed her wrists against the tile wall with one hand and slid the other down her body—“I’d do whatever it takes to keep you alive. Understood?”

When she didn’t answer, merely glared, he swooped his hand to her breast and tweaked her nipple. “Understood?”

God help her, she gasped and arched into him. She clamped her lips tight, determined to win. Nick moved so quickly it made her head spin. Gaby found herself draped over his thigh, her ass in the air. Her wrists were captured in his steely grip at her lower back.

“Gabrielle...” His voice warned her. The cool plastic brushing over her ass added more weight. He’d grabbed the shower brush.

Her heartbeat roared in her ears. Her skin tingled from the shower spray. She lifted her legs to brace against the wall and shove him off balance. Again, Nick anticipated the move and sank to the bottom of the stall. He locked his legs around hers and anchored her hands to her lower back.

## *MAGIC MAN*

Gaby squirmed until she was in biting distance.

“Do it and I swear I’ll tie you to the bed and give you a strapping you’ll never forget.”

“You wouldn’t dare. I’ll have you arrested for assaulting a police officer.”

Nick rolled her over, wedging the shower brush between her legs. “And what are you going to do when we go under, Gaby? When the choice is to take a spanking or give up your cover? You learn to take it now, just like you learn to be comfortable with me and Reid. Like you learn to be comfortable with the sex. Trust me, you’ll be dealing with enough surprises. Let’s handle those we can anticipate now.”

The fight went out of her. Nick had a very valid point. “Understood,” she replied, her voice soft, and rolled facedown.

Nick’s hold loosened. He rubbed his hand over her ass, then followed with the brush bristles over her bottom, down her thighs and up the insides. Gaby parted her legs for more.

“Know that I never give punishment spankings unless a women specifically requests it, princess,” he said, nestling the brush against her clit. “I don’t care for them. I’m all about the pleasure. Between the two of us—the three of us, I suppose—I can make it look like you got the beating of your life. That illusion will save our skins.”

“So...you were bluffing now?” She peeked over her shoulder.

“Perhaps yes, perhaps no.” He flipped the brush and rubbed the back into position over her ass. “Odd that not once

## MAGIC MAN

did you utter a safe word.”

“God *damn* you—”

A solid whack cut her off. Gaby swallowed a protest. It stung and burned...but not only in the places she'd anticipated. She lay across his lap, shower spray beating down on them, waiting, wanting. An erection swelled against her hip. His knee found its way to her crotch and wedged in. Gaby's pussy lips kissed it.

“Your pussy is hot, sweetheart. Your clit hard as a pebble. Everything is swollen and ready to come. And I promise you, it'll feel damn good when you do. Hold onto the feeling; let it warm and absorb you. You might need to draw on it later.”

“Am I...going to have to do with this Reid, too?”

“Over my dead body.” He rubbed the brush over her bottom, then landed another smack.

Gaby groaned and clenched her thighs around his knee. “Are you going to spank me until I come?”

“Am I...or will I?” he asked.

Gaby swallowed another groan with the next smack and rocked into his knee. “Will you?” she gasped. “Please.”

“I will.” Two more smacks rained down.

Hands braced against the bottom of the stall, she arched into the spanking. With each stroke she rode him harder, wishing she could get his knee inside her pussy. Nick was slow, methodical, building the fire higher and higher as he covered every inch of her backside. He let her hump his knee, matching her groans with phrases that fired her up all the more.

## MAGIC MAN

*That's it, baby.*

*Fuck me.*

*Make yourself come.*

*Let it go.*

*Feel the rise.*

*Sweet, isn't it?*

"God, Nick," she gasped. "I never..."

"But aren't you so glad you did?" The bristles ran down her thighs and back up. "Come, sweetheart. And after you do, I'm going to carry you to your bed and taste your sweet pussy, make you come all over again. And then I'm going to fuck you. Feel how hard my dick is?"

"Yes," she cried out, and groaned and rolled with another smack.

"Imagine how it'll feel clenched inside you."

"Yes," she gasped. "Oh, yes!" She could imagine it very, very well. "Nick...I... Oh, Nick!"

He spanked her through the rolling orgasm that shook her body. She slumped over his lap, sated and spent. He braced her against him, rubbing bath oil over her warmed bottom, dipping his fingers into her ass, promising with his touch what his words had told her would happen next. Gaby let him play, let him explore her, content in his arms, safe, wanting so much that she couldn't put into words.

She scooted until she was astride his hips and that glorious cock tucked into the natural cleft of her body. Lips parted, she leaned in. Nick's mouth covered hers without hesitation. Hands spanned against her back pulled her closer until her

## *MAGIC MAN*

breasts were crushed into his chest. It still wasn't close enough.

His kiss touched her from head to toe and everywhere between. Thorough, demanding, yet somehow tempered. Like he wanted to lay her out and pound into her, but was determined to tame the cave-beast in him...barely. One shift and he'd impale her. Neither of them let the rising passion overtake their senses.

Nick pulled his lips from hers, but the kiss continued in the look as his eyes passed over her face. Holding her close, he stood, with her legs wrapped around his waist.

"Turn off the water, baby," he said.

A twist of her wrist followed through. A second later he opened the shower door.

Nick set her onto the bathmat and snagged a towel from the bar. He blotted her dry, gaze admiring what lay hidden under the water drops. Then he unclipped her damp hair and did the same there before wrapping the towel around her and grabbing the second one. She expected he'd scuff the towel over himself. Instead, he handed it to her.

Gaby shivered. The things he did to her body, her heart. Most men were in, out, and gone by breakfast. No one took time for more. No one took time to...make love. Crazy as it sounded, she knew that's what Nick was doing. This wasn't about her learning anything. This was about a man wanting a woman, wanting her.

She danced the towel over his body, wondering if the water cried out at having to be parted from him. Gaby knew

## MAGIC MAN

she would. She hated the distance now and it was mere inches.

She glanced down at his cock, full, proud, and hard. Droplets clung to his dark pubic hair. She wanted them on her, wanted their bodies linked. Hungered to feel him spreading her wide and making her his.

“I’m going to carry you to your bed now, princess.”

His low voice pierced her fog.

“No condoms.” She shook her head and tried to clarify. “I have none.”

“I have one,” he said. “Reid will bring more.”

The other man’s name hit her cold. Gaby flinched. Nick cupped her neck and kissed her. “I don’t like it either...now. I don’t like anything you’re planning to do. But I will do anything and everything to make sure you’re safe, Gaby. Even share you with another man if that saves your life.”

She closed her eyes against tears and sank into his kiss. How could she have fallen so hard, so fast, for a man she’d just met? But she sure as hell didn’t deny the emotion. Apparently Nick didn’t either. She broke the kiss and butted her forehead against his.

“I love a man who doesn’t play games.”

Nick kneaded her butt. “And I love a strong woman who knows what she wants.”

“I want you, Nick,” she said in a rush of breath.

“I want you, too. I *need* you.”

He scooped her into his arms. Gaby bit back a protest that she was too heavy. Nick Tristan could do anything, and if he wanted to carry her to the ends of the universe and back, she’d

## *MAGIC MAN*

let him. She rested her head against his shoulder, feeling very much a princess as he carried her into her old bedroom. He placed her in the middle of the full-size bed with little effort, then covered her body with his and sealed their lips.

She hooked her legs around his and writhed into him. Nick moaned and deepened the kiss, thrusting his erection against her belly.

He yanked his head up. “God, I could fuck your belly button.”

Before Gaby could respond, he latched onto her neck, kneading the tender muscle up and down with his lips. She released what little control she possessed, gliding her fingers through his wet hair and cradling his head. Her body felt more alive than it had in years. His touch was beyond any adrenaline rush. Lips and fingers ignited her core, yet still managed to raise goose bumps along her skin. The contradiction made her laugh. Mouth suckling her nipples changed it to a moan he repeated.

“How can you keep from fucking me?” The words came out a whimpered plea.

Nick lifted his head, dark brown eyes burning. “It’s not easy. Knowing I’m seconds away from tasting your pussy makes the wait worth it.”

He crawled down her body, licking, nipping, pausing long enough to twirl his tongue into the well of her navel and make her writhe. Then he cupped her hips and wiggled lower. His shoulders nudged between her thighs, silently demanding she draped her legs over them.



## *MAGIC MAN*

Gaby stared down, knowing the hunger in his eyes matched her own. His breath tickled her pubic hair. “Am I pretty there?”

Nick glanced at her pussy. “Absolutely beautiful.” And then his tongue dove into her pussy.

Gaby jerked into the caress, balling the thick bedspread in one hand, while she grasped his head with the other.

“That’s it, sweetheart,” he said, “fuck my face.” He dove in again, gliding his tongue through parts of her Gaby never imagined could be erogenous. And ignoring the one part of her she knew was.

He milked her labia. Traced the valleys and peaks. Licked her cream. Mindless pleas tore from her throat, begging him “More,” and “Please,” and “Oh, yes!” Grunts responded, firing her up all the more. Gaby couldn’t bear the wait, but never wanted it to end. Then his fingers found her anus, and his thumb tunneled into her pussy. She clamped onto him, quivering because she knew what he’d do next.

A wall-shattering moan left her mouth when his lips closed over her clit. He suckled gently, teasing the climax to him while he finger-fucked her hard. Thinking of his cock inside, knowing how great he could make her come...

Gaby couldn’t catch her breath, couldn’t think beyond the swelling below. Each flick of his tongue urged her higher, each nibble of his lips drew the sensation out. She jerked upright as best she could, shoving his mouth right where she needed it.

Nick glanced up, face wet from her juices. “Not have

## MAGIC MAN

enough spanking?”

A flush heated her body. She flopped back down and spread her legs wide.

“What will it be next time, sweetheart?” His thumb danced over her clit. “Wooden hairbrush, paddle, a belt? Remember how it felt to come under a spanking?”

She did! God, she did! And wanted it.

“Imagine dildos in your pussy and ass. Vibrating away, while that pretty little bottom gets hotter and hotter and your clit swells to bursting.”

Gaby whimpered and wiggled under him. The words and images they spawned were enough to make her come. *So close. So close.*

“I want to make you come, Gaby. But you feel like a furnace. Do you know how much my cock wants inside you? I know the ache is bad. Mine is, too. I want to feel you come around me. Can you do that, sweetheart? Can you wait long enough for me?”

Emotion clawed for freedom. “Yes, Nick. Yes! Please. I need you inside. That’s exactly what I need.”

He eased his fingers from her and dropped a kiss to her clit. “I promise I’ll be right back. Keep your fingers away from this jewel until I get back.”

“Or you’ll spank me for coming without you? Right?” She couldn’t believe the words came out of her mouth.

“That’s right, baby. Enough to make you come a thousand times more.”

She gripped the bedspread and counted the seconds until he

## *MAGIC MAN*

returned. Gaby could barely see him through the door. Her heart ached for the loss of view. Her body chilled. Nick was back in less than a minute, engorged cock fully sheathed and sniffing her out.

He crawled onto the bed between her open legs. Gaby reached for him and he fell into her arms. Gazes locked, heartbeats thudding against each other, he seated himself in a solid thrust.

They sucked in a simultaneous breath and held it for what seemed eternity before letting it out. He felt like magic...like love. She feathered her hands over his shoulders, down his back, memorizing everything about him. It wasn't that he filled her body. Nick filled her heart.

He combed tendrils of her hair away from her face, then lifted her arm and brought her fingers to his lips. He kissed each one before he sucked them into his mouth one at a time. And when he'd completed the circuit, Nick shoved her hand between them right to her clit.

"It's gonna be quick," she warned him.

He grinned. "Yeah, real quick."

She pressed her clit into him. Nick's eyes rolled a second before bliss closed them. Gaby wanted to watch the pleasure absorb him when he came. His thrust cancelled any thought but them reaching the goal together. She nailed her heels into his ass, absorbing every pounding stroke he slammed into her and demanding more, more, more.

Her bed creaked under the impact. Sex sounds bounced off the walls and beyond, surely rivaling anything coming from

## MAGIC MAN

anyone else tonight. Gaby loved his stamina, the feel of his weight on her, his muscles flexing in time with hers.

“Damn, you’re tight,” he spit out.

“Damn...you’re hard,” she managed to reply. “You’re...perfect.”

Nick’s eyes flashed open, jaw clenched. “And you’re mine.” He pushed hard, grinding against her. “Come, Gaby. Come now. I can’t hold out much longer.” He pushed even deeper, dragging her clit with him.

Gaby let go, grappling for his shoulders as if it could bring them closer. His cock felt like steel, molten hot steel. “I never want to let go. I want to fuck you forever.”

Nick’s groan rumbled through his chest. His body shook from the effort to hold on for her. Gaby nudged his lips with hers. He shook his head, then gave in and clamped his mouth over hers. Tongues flailed, then froze. Muscles locked. They jerked lips apart on a simultaneous cry and exploded in what had to be *the* best orgasm of Gaby’s life.

Nick stabbed a few shallow strokes into her, then plunged in deep again. Then again. Until the moment ebbed and they lay panting in each other’s arms.

Words. Something as wondrous as this deserved words. Gaby let gentle kisses and long caresses over his shoulders say with her touch what she couldn’t utter.

Nick remained quiet as well, combing her hair, dropping kisses to her cheeks and neck until their heartbeats slowed to normal. Then he drew breath to say something.

Reid’s return brought reality crashing down. “I’m back.

*MAGIC MAN*

Sorry it took so long. You two ready to do this?"

"Yeah...sure." The look Nick gave her contradicted him.

"Whatever it takes to keep you safe. Understood?"

Gaby nodded. "Understood."

## CHAPTER 4

“How do you feel?” Nick brushed his hands down her bound arms.

Gaby glanced over her shoulder at him. “Like a specimen on display.”

He and Reid had tied her spread-eagle in the doorway. Soft leather cuffs surrounded her ankles and wrists. Nothing was left to anyone’s imagination. The position was necessary for them to get their body marks correct when they painted her. The stain would wear off eventually.

“It might come to that once we’re there.” Reid stirred a small paintbrush in a little cup.

His scavenger hunt in George’s kitchen had apparently

## MAGIC MAN

netted him gold. He'd returned with enough food coloring, paintbrushes, and assorted mixing cups to paint the entire house. He'd also paid little attention to her body since he walked back into the room and found her and Nick in bed. He respected Nick's unspoken rights. Gaby liked that about Reid. Liked him even more for ducking into the shower to give them extra minutes to recover. That helped now. He studied her with the eye of a gem cutter, wondering where to strike first.

He cocked his head to one side, gaze on her crotch. "The pubic hair needs to go."

"No," Nick said before she could utter a word. "This man's going to want a challenge. I noticed from the crime scene photos he targeted areas with hair. If she has none, that'll make her less tempting. He wants the lure of burning the hair off."

Gaby lifted her eyebrow. "You're a profiler now?"

Nick checked her circulation in hands and feet. "Knowledge is power. I've tried to learn all I can about everything. The entertainment world is a fickle mistress. I like to be prepared for when we're no longer at the top of the charts." He shrugged a shoulder. "Maybe even turn to writing."

She snickered. "Talk about a fickle mistress."

He grinned. "Yeah, but it'll give the voices in my head an outlet."

"Where in the world are your people going to hide a wire?" Reid question jolted her.

"I...I'm sure they'll figure something out."

## MAGIC MAN

“Hmm... Ever had anal sex?” Reid asked.

She felt her body flush with heat. “Yes.”

“Good. There won’t be any way we can fake it if we get in that situation.” He set the cup down and prepared another. “The best we can do tonight is learn one another so we can function better as a team.”

“And what *will* we be able to fake?”

Nick wrapped his hand around the flogger Reid had purloined from the basement playrooms. “Whipping. I’ll be controlling the follow-through to ease the stroke, but you’ll need to time the perfect reaction to it or they’ll know we’re faking.”

He ducked under her arm and stood behind her, brushing the soft leather strands over her nipples and shoulder as he did so. “The second it hits you, suck a gasp between your teeth and arch away. If possible, go up on your toes.” He pushed her hair over her shoulder. The ends tickled her nipples.

Gaby knew it was for show, that Nick wouldn’t hurt her, but that didn’t stop her heart from racing or her juices from pooling. They were all nude. She’d have no telltale whisper of clothing tonight to let her know the stroke was coming. In the club, voices and music would also mask the sound. This was a good rehearsal.

“Eyes forward,” Reid told her. “Always. Listen. You might think there’s no sound, but there is. Seek it.”

Gaby closed her eyes and strained her ears. *Yes...there...Nick pulling the strands through his fingers, letting the ends fall as one.* He did it three times. Then the



## *MAGIC MAN*

flogger fell over her back. She hissed and arched away.

“Damn,” Reid muttered.

She dared a peek at him. His cock was fully charged, rather than semi-awake.

“Good job, sweetheart.” Nick tickled the ends over her backside. “After three or four, you can add a moan. I’ll be as light as I can. It’s up to you to put on a show, distract them with your reaction and that gorgeous body.”

“Don’t be afraid of hurting me if you have to.” Gaby hadn’t expected the words to be this difficult to say. She’d taken punches in martial arts, in training, in running down perps. Come home with bruises so bad it was a wonder she hadn’t broken something. This was all so different, personal.

Nick stepped to her front and cupped her neck. Fingers massaged the side, thumb traced her jawline. “Too late. All of this makes me more afraid than I can stand.”

He kissed her hard, thrusting his tongue deep into her mouth until she melted into his lips. His hard-on nudged her stomach, leaving a trail of pre-cum tattooed on her skin. He jerked away and turned to Reid. Her body chilled at the loss of his heat.

“Let’s get this over with,” he told Reid.

Reid jerked his head toward the cups he’d prepared. “You’re all set. You take the back. I’ll take the front. It’ll help Gaby and me get better...acquainted.”

Nick clenched his jaw and grabbed a cup and paintbrush. He didn’t meet Gaby’s gaze when he walked behind her. She wanted to reassure him, but didn’t have a clue where to start or

## *MAGIC MAN*

what to say. She was the one who'd put them on this course. Nick was just seeing she had the skills necessary to carry the job through to a safe conclusion, whether he liked her choice or not. He was letting her do her job, helping her even, despite his reservations. She suspected it might be one of the few times he'd agree. Some part of her was almost sorry he did now. In hindsight, her plan didn't seem the wisest of choices.

Reid finished mixing and started her way. One phrase would stop it all. The evidence folder on the far table kept Gaby from saying it. A murderer on the prowl, and she was seemingly the only hope to find him. Nick would keep her safe. He'd promised. She trusted that.

Cold soft bristles touched her back. Gaby gasped and instinctively pulled away. The movement pushed her breasts in Reid's direction. Reid didn't hesitate. A jerk of his hand slashed a thin, purple line over her nipple. A moan passed her lips. Both men sucked in a breath, yet had the respect to remain otherwise silent.

Gaby closed her eyes and soaked in the sensations. Reid slashed marks over her breasts, stomach, and thighs. Quick, like the whip presumed to have made them. Nick took his time, measuring the strokes he crisscrossed down her back and buttocks. Her breath heaved. Whimpers and moans had a will of their own. Gaby let the pleasure imprint on her memory. She'd draw on that in the hell sure to come when a madman could hold her life in his hands and her only chance of survival was what Nick and Reid gave her now.

Tears swelled behind her eyelids. Fear choked her throat.

## *MAGIC MAN*

Distress squeaked out.

“Gaby?” Nick’s arm slid around her waist.

“You okay?” Reid cupped her hip.

Gaby wanted to say she was fine. She was a kick-ass cop. She could handle anything. Her chin quivered. Tears slipped down her cheeks. She shook her head.

“No.” She shook her head again. “No, and it’s not the two of you. It’s him. That killer. The thought of him...”

“Shhh.” Nick kissed her shoulder. “It’s okay, princess. It’s okay.”

He held her close while Reid released her from the cuffs. The instant she was free, Nick lifted her and carried her to the bed. Reid followed and sat at her feet, massaging them. It helped calm her. Told Gaby everything was going to be all right.

Pulling in a shaky breath, she kissed Nick. He swiped away the tear tracks with his thumbs and nipped at first one lip and then the other. She managed a tremulous smile and nuzzled against him. Reid took that as his sign to leave and pushed away from the bed. He was still hard as a rock. So was Nick.

“No.” She reached for Reid, but looked at Nick. “Let’s do this one thing. I don’t need it to go undercover. I need this for...us.”

The want in his eyes snuggled in her heart. He gave Reid a single nod. Everything they needed was in place, except Reid. He hesitated, then finally sat at her feet. Nick snagged condoms from the bedside table and tossed one Reid’s way.

## *MAGIC MAN*

He caught it in one hand.

“What should I do?” she asked.

Nick smiled. “Nothing except enjoy it.”

He plumped the pillows against the headboard, then sat in the nest and pulled Gaby between his legs. When she eased into him, Nick lifted her a little higher and slid his cock deep inside her. His knees kept hers apart and exposed them both to Reid.

“Let him see how pretty you are down there, sweetheart.”

Reid’s eyes glimmered at the sight. But there was no denying it wasn’t just her pussy that got his attention. He raked his gaze from clit to balls.

Gaby sagged into Nick’s arms, her lips seeking his as he kneaded long fingers into her breasts. She captured his mouth, lashing her tongue around his, giving and taking, wanting and needing. Her breath caught when Reid’s mouth crawled up her leg. Nick twirled her nipples between his fingers, pinching, elongating. She felt every tug spark to her pussy. Gaby clenched tight around his cock, loving the feel of it pulsing inside.

Reid’s deep-throated groan wiggled up her thigh. He massaged his thumbs higher and higher, his mouth following in relentless pursuit. Nick raked his hand down to her pussy and parted her folds, inviting Reid to take what he offered. Gaby’s juices poured from around Nick’s erection and dripped down the crevice until she felt them dampening his pubis. Reid’s breath neared, but he moved no farther.

Curious, she broke the kiss. Reid glanced up at her...at

## *MAGIC MAN*

them. His gaze never faltered. In seemingly slow motion he dipped low, then licked from the base of Nick's cock to her clit.

Nick groaned and thrust himself deep. Gaby held on and rocked with him. Reid suckled her clit between his lips, then worked back down Nick's cock. Nick thrashed beneath her and grabbed her hips, urging her to fuck him. Reid stilled them both—one hand on Gaby's knee, one on Nick's.

"Take your woman's ass," he ordered. "It's only right that you do."

Nick shifted, hesitated, then slowly eased inside her anus. Gaby grappled for a handhold. Reid caught her hand and laced her fingers through his. Nick clutched her breast. Her nipple burrowed into his palm. She gasped for breath, body shuddering from the pleasure-pain. Her clit cried out for attention, her pussy begged for possession.

Reid knelt between their legs and fisted his cock. Gaby grabbed Nick's free hand and shoved it to her clit. She held her breath, eyes shut, and waited. Three groans hit the ceiling as Reid slid in. They froze, each pulling in gulps of air.

"You have a really tight pussy," Reid whispered. "I'll bet your ass is even tighter."

"It is," Nick replied quickly. "It is."

"Shut up," she gasped. "Just fuck me."

Their chuckles vibrated through her. Gaby writhed on their cocks, demanding they do what she want. Neither moved. They let her take command.

The gift empowered her. Growling, she rocked into them,

## *MAGIC MAN*

setting up a rhythm neither could refuse for very long. Nick groaned and countered with a thrust of his own. Reid shook his head, clenched his teeth, and pounded into her. Gaby started to come. Everything tightened. She dug her nails into Nick's hip and Reid's shoulder, determined they reach the peak with her.

"Come with me," she ordered. "Or do I have to use the flogger on both of you?"

They slammed into her and shot. She felt the force through the condoms. She gloried in the power they unleashed and let herself explode. Climatic waves resonated from her core to the tips of her fingers and toes and back again. Gaby didn't realize she'd come back to earth until she lay between them on the bed, their fingers dancing lazy circles up and down her body.

She'd just about drifted off to sleep when the trill of a cell phone snapped her upright. "Shit."

Combing her hair from her face, Gaby stumbled from the bed in search of her jeans. She found them in the far corner of the living room, resting much more comfortably than she was at the moment. Sinking into the chair, she fished the phone from the pocket. Her partner.

"Keating," she answered.

"You're off the hook. Thank fucking God. Stupidest thing I ever..."

"Nestor, don't rant. It's unbecoming. You don't do it to your wife, so don't do it to me. What's going on?"

"They caught the son of a bitch. The fire freak. He walked into police headquarters pretty as you please and turned

## MAGIC MAN

himself in. Someone had worked his ass and back over good. He could barely sit. Shaking like a leaf. Waived his rights and confessed.”

Relief seeped into her muscles. *Thank God.*

She glanced up at Nick in the doorway. Reid was right behind him.

“Good. One less thing we have to worry about. I’ll see you in the morning.” She disconnected and tossed the phone to the table. “You won’t believe it, but that guy turned himself in tonight.”

Nick slipped into the car behind her. “The one you wanted to go under to find?”

She wrapped his arms around her waist and snuggled into him. “Yeah. Turned himself in.”

Nick shrugged. “Stranger things, I suppose.”

“Not really so strange.” Reid stepped into his trousers, zipped up, and reached for his shirt. “Gaby, you really don’t think your father was actually going to allow you to go undercover to a sex club, do you? If you thought he might, then you really should’ve known he wasn’t serious when he suggested a very high profile rock star and well-known attorney go as your escorts.”

She sat upright. “He did this? How?”

Reid shrugged. “Can’t say. I was here with you.” He snagged his shoes and gave them a wink. “Get some sleep. You both could use it. As for me...I’ve had enough surprises for one night. Maybe I’ll go find a few of my own instead of sharing everyone else’s.”

### *MAGIC MAN*

Dumbstruck, Gaby watched him leave. “What just happened here?”

Nick pulled her against him and kissed her neck. “Oh...I’m thinking magic.”

She snuggled deep. “I’m thinking you just might be right.”



## EPILOGUE

*And then there were none.*

*In an announcement that broke hearts around the world, we learned Nick Tristan married Gabrielle Keating in a private ceremony this weekend in Palm Springs. This one came out of the blue. But that seems to be the norm lately with Mesquite. When fans around the world were reeling over the news that Brian Tristan was married with a child, Paul Tristan was engaged to Ceci Powers, and the love-hate relationship between Caz Tristan and Brooke Hansen was definitely love, this little tidbit snuck in under our radar.*

*Who is the blushing bride? Former police officer and daughter of Mesquite attorney Marvin Keating. So apparently*

## MAGIC MAN

*Nick and Gaby have known each other for a while. Proud father Marvin gave his daughter away during the ceremony at Diversions Resort. Family and close friends attended. When asked what's next for our sneaky couple, Nick says, "Maybe we'll find a quiet cabin somewhere for a little vacation. Who knows? Maybe I'll write a book and we'll fill up our house with a bunch of kids."*

*Speaking of offspring...*

*Finally, the news we've been on the edge of our seats waiting for. Yes, Paul and Ceci are pregnant! With, of course, twins! "Isn't that what all celebrity couples do?" Paul told us. Apparently not, since Brian and Lexy have a little one on the way as well.*

*So, how is Ceci going to find the time when she's busy organizing the new Tristan Foundation? It won't be with Brooke's help. She's helping Mesquite form their own production company and record label. And, Lexy, the woman whose presence started the dominoes of single-hood falling for our handsome brothers? She coyly reports she's quietly content, but we have it on good authority she's started her own interior design company.*

*Whatever Mesquite does, we're sure to be thoroughly enthralled and entertained by them...and their four little heartbreakers.*

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\* \* \*

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