Red Sage Presents Lynne Logan



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Addiction

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Addiction

* * *

by Lynne Logan

To My Reader:

I've always wondered what tips a person into areas they would normally never cross in their life. Holly quickly finds out her tipping point. Two men and her own curiosity have her delving into taboos and past boundaries into a world of self-discovery. I hope you have fun following Holly's journey. I sure enjoyed discovering just how far she was willing to go.

Addiction: Chapter 1

Transfixed, Holly Donovan stared through the one-sided mirror. She clutched her half-empty glass of iced tea as she stood in the darkened room and watched the profile of three people on the bed. Black carnival masks covered the upper portion of their faces to obscure their identity. The masks were one of the requirements needed to step into the secluded mansion on the outskirts of Phoenix where any sexual fantasy could be had. The only other requirements were a battery of tests to clear a person of having a sexually transmitted disease, and money, of course.

On the other side of the plate glass, a woman knelt in the middle of the circular mattress. Her brown hair hung in waves past her shoulders. Damp tendrils clung to her neck and brow. Leather straps from the ceiling bound her wrists and lifted her hands above her head. Legs splayed, completely naked, she squirmed between two men, one blond and the other black-haired with skin the color of cinnamon.

The darker, leaner of the two men gripped the woman's hips in both hands and fucked her from behind. The thick length of his cock appeared briefly again and again as he drove in and out of her. The other man, his blond hair glowing platinum beneath the overhead light, had one hand between her legs and another massaging her breast. Head dipped, he kissed the woman's upturned mouth in a long, sensual kiss.

Ecstasy, hunger and sweat coated each face. Groans filtered from the speakers above and into the room and inside Holly's head. "It's hard not to get turned on, isn't it?"

Holly glanced to the right at the man who had stopped beside her. A black robe covered his body but did nothing to disguise the breadth of his shoulders, his six-foot-plus frame or the hard muscles beneath. The black mask added a dangerous, sensual air, but Holly sensed the danger related more to her body's reaction to him than any real threat.

She quickly looked back at the trio on the bed. Their straining

bodies amplified her awareness of the dark, masculine man beside her.

"This club really knows how to fulfill any person's fantasy. The one-way windows, the ability to hide your identity with a mask." His deep, husky voice draped over her. "Is that one of the reasons why you joined, or is it because you like to watch?"

"That's my business." Holly couldn't give her retort the sharpness it needed. She shifted, struggling to get enough oxygen into her lungs. Her toes curled against the plush burgundy carpet as she slid her glass against her brow and cheek to cool her heated skin. The action didn't stop her breasts from growing heavy with longing.

She had to get a grip. She was here to search the place, not to give in to her desire for a masked man and some illicit action. So she turned her back to him and deliberately surveyed the club. Several rooms with one-way mirrors circled the octagon area on the second floor. Burgundy velvet chairs sat in strategic places for those people who liked to watch instead of participate. Matching drapes bracketed each window, adding a decadent air to the atmosphere.

But Holly had already looked into each room and hadn't found her sister. She should have walked away then, but the *ménage* à *trois* held her captive. And now, with this man right next to her, she found herself drawn back to the window.

She shouldn't be aroused by the activity in Phoenix's infamous sex club for the rich and reckless. She shouldn't find the whole act sexually charged, not when she'd come here specifically to search for her sister. She'd quickly figured out that the place was a cesspool of dark, twisted desire, and it troubled her that her sister had been seduced by this lifestyle. Holly's shoulders slumped with disappointment. Valerie had been missing for a week now, and Holly feared she wouldn't get answers from this place.

By God, she'd lost her focus and found the straining bodies, the slap of flesh, grunts and moans seeping into her pores, consuming every sane thought until only desire hummed through her body.

She downed the rest of her iced tea. The cool, sweetened beverage did nothing to quench her growing hunger. Her silk robe was increasingly confining. Yet another requirement from the club—a black robe or nothing at all. Modesty had forced her to choose the robe, but now she struggled to fight back the urge to claw the material from her body. With a trembling hand, she skimmed the drink across the silk from one breast to the other, the chilled glass tightening her nipples even more, and realized the masked man was watching her.

My God. She'd never felt this way in her life. She thought of herself as having an average sex drive. She'd had a boyfriend these last six months until he'd walked away two weeks ago. The sex had been okay, enjoyable but nothing to brag about. So her body's reaction right this moment didn't compare to what she considered normal.

Holly couldn't believe she'd stepped into this place, even for the sake of her sister. This evening she had swallowed her nerves, her fears. and forced herself through the front doors, never imagining how the scent of sex and gyrating bodies would unnerve her, turn her mind from revulsion to fascination, and pull her into a vortex of need.

On her right, someone stepped toward her and clasped her upper arm. "There's a room available next to them. It looks like you're ready to have some fun."

Stiffening, Holly turned. It wasn't the man who had spoken to her before, but someone else, a tall man with sloped, narrow shoulders. He was completely naked and fully erect.

She pulled at her arm in alarm. "No, thank you."

She glanced away, only to have her gaze collide with a couple in a chair in the middle of the room. The woman gripped the back of the cushioned chair and straddled the plump man beneath her. The man dug his fingers into the woman's ass, grunted, and urged her to fuck him faster.

The very naked man tightened his grip on her arm. "Then why the drink?"

"What do you mean?" Holly frowned down at her glass.

Before he could answer, the tall man who had spoken to her earlier stepped behind her to pull the other man's bony fingers from around her arm. "She's with me." He then slipped an arm around her middle and caught her up against a hard chest. "And I don't share."

Body growing rigid, Holly opened her mouth to argue, but shut it as his palm burned through the silk of her robe. She fought off the temptation to clutch his hand and drag it lower until his fingers dipped between her legs and rubbed against her flesh.

Oh, God. What was wrong with her?

The naked man shrugged and backed away. "Well, sounds a little boring to me. But hey, whatever yanks your chain."

With relief, Holly watched him disappear into the shadows. She needed to get out of here. She needed....

The stranger's hand slipped from her stomach, eliciting a sigh of regret from her lips. Her body burned to have a man between her legs. Never had she craved sex like now, never had she wanted to shatter all her principles and let her body rule her mind.

It wouldn't take much for her to cave.

"Are you all right?"

"I...." She shivered.

"Here." He took the glass from her hand and set it on a small table by an empty sofa. "You better sit down. Watching all this isn't doing you any good. On my way in here I noticed a private room that's currently unoccupied. No one will bother you there, including me."

He placed a palm on the small of her back, his body inching closer to her own as he looked down at her. Thick black shaggy hair framed a face filled with harsh angles. The man's near-black eyes searched her face as his heavy brows drew into a frown. The mask didn't hide the concern etched across his features.

His heat enfolded her. Holly wanted to sink into his flesh, ignite a hunger in him to match the one raging inside her. Horror and embarrassment scalded her thoughts but did nothing to ease this insane need.

He urged her past the couple and through a hallway to a room. "You don't know, do you? In that drink, there was an aphrodisiac. The most potent one the club has to offer."

Appalled, she glanced back at the empty glass. "I thought it was just iced tea!"

His lips curled up at one corner. "Iced tea with a distinctive kick."

"I had no idea," she said, sounding far more inane than she intended. But no wonder her body was acting completely beyond her control. The knowledge, however, did nothing to soothe the burning urge to pleasure herself or have a stranger do it for her. She suppressed a moan as they slipped into a room.

The muted groans from the couple in the hallway floated after them. She could see a large, circular bed glowing blue-white beneath a black light along the ceiling. Chains glittered silver and hung from a wall that looked as if it were draped in soft fur. Images of herself shackled, dragged off her feet and fucked against the wall flew through her mind.

Holly stopped short, staring at the bed. She grew aware of the weight of her breasts and how her nipples rubbed against the silken material of her robe. Her breath quickened. She gripped the belt of her robe as the muscles between her legs clenched with need. She didn't dare let go of the material. She feared that once she did, her hands would ease the building pressure in her pussy.

With two quick strides, the man shortened the distance until only an arms-breadth separated them. He towered over her and made her conscious of his strength and her femininity. The black mask added an air of recklessness and temptation to his maleness, all of which sent a shiver of longing sweeping across her flesh.

He lifted a hand as if to touch her, but dropped it back to his side. "Are you in pain?"

Pain. She supposed it could be called that. "Yes."

"It should ease in a couple of hours."

"I can't take a couple of hours of this," she said through

clenched teeth. She hated the admission, her weakness, particularly in front of a man she knew nothing about.

"How about I give you some privacy, and then you can—

"I don't want to do that." Her fingers curled around the belt. The shaking. It wouldn't stop. "I need."

She pivoted away from her rescuer and his perceptive eyes, but found herself facing the bed instead. Not a good idea. Inwardly groaning, she turned back to her rescuer.

Or was he?

Sexual tension shimmered in the air. Awareness glittered in his eyes. Holly sensed his interest in the corded muscles of his body, in his shallow breathing. Her gaze skimmed over black silk, stretched taut over a wide, hard chest, then lowered. She sucked in a ragged, painful breath. His cock pressed against his robe. He was hard, and ready.

What little control she had over her raging desire cracked wide. If she asked, Holly knew he'd fuck her.

One word from her.

One simple request.

One whispered plea.

And he'd be in her arms and between her legs.

Sweat broke across her brow. The chill of it sent gooseflesh racing across her spine.

"Touch yourself," he demanded.

"What?"

"Fuck yourself with your fingers." A pulse worked along the edge of his jaw. "Make yourself come. It will help."

For a brief moment her grip tightened on the silk belt. Then she untied it with a quick yank. Cool air rushed across her flesh as she shrugged and let the garment flutter to the ground.

The man sucked in an unsteady breath. His obvious excitement sent heat pooling low in her belly and set her cunt to pulsing. Sweat broke out across her skin. A groan slid past her parted lips. She didn't want to lose control in front of this man who stared at her as if he wanted to eat her whole. But she couldn't fight the

temptation to pleasure herself. The need was too much, too powerful, too painful to withstand.

To hell with it.

All that mattered was getting rid of this hunger. Holly sank onto the edge of the bed, opened her legs and leaned back on one elbow. She wondered if he could see her slide her finger across the wet folds of her sex and dip inside her vagina. She wondered whether he wanted to replace her fingers with his own. Or better yet, his cock.

"That's it." His deep, harsh voice wrapped around her as he stood a few feet from the foot of the bed. "You've got the prettiest little pussy. All creamy and wet."

Breath quickening, Holly worked her thumb faster. His hot black gaze stoked her lust and drove her closer to an orgasm. She couldn't banish the image of his cock inside her, and the picture sent lust beating that much harder along her pussy. She slipped one finger deeper inside, then two. It wasn't enough, not with the idea of having his cock thrusting in and out of her. She skimmed a thumb across her clit.

Oh, God. It was heaven and hell. The pressure was unbearable. She jerked her thumb across the hard nub and slipped her fingers deeper, surrendering to sensation. After sinking completely down on the bed, she swept her other hand roughly across her stomach and pelvis and ran a finger along the underside of one breast.

"I can smell your desire, see it in your face." His voice drew closer. "Your tits are perfect. The size, the shape. Just right to fit in a man's hand."

Jesus.

"Touch your tits. Wet your fingers and play with your nipples."

Holly did what he asked. She cupped one breast and caught the
photograph a thumb and finger while her other hand worked her

tip between a thumb and finger while her other hand worked her cunt, her fingers growing faster, harder. Her breath hissed in and out of her lungs. Heat rushed into her breasts, her pussy, every pore of her body and face.

An orgasm rammed into her body, ripping the air from her

lungs and arching her off the bed. She squeezed her legs closed and jerked against her hand as cream dripped onto her fingers. A burning wave of pleasure pierced every nerve ending in her body. Gasping, she sank back against the mattress.

From between her legs, she eased her hand and rubbed her wet fingers against her stomach. Her cunt pulsed, still aching. She shivered. The hunger hadn't disappeared. Coming once hadn't been enough. Lust escalated, throbbed, twisted her insides.

Holly's gaze caught on the thick muscled legs of the man standing beside the bed. His robe had parted, revealing his cock. It thrust up from his pubic hair, thick, dark and large.

Holly shifted restlessly on the bed.

No one would know what happened tonight. The mask shielded her identity. She would never meet him again. Birth control wasn't a problem. She hadn't stopped taking the pill after her last relationship.

And her body. Her cunt burned, throbbed with a lust that drove her heart against her ribs and her mind into a mindless shell. Holly needed release. Now. Her body couldn't withstand the pain. Using her hands hadn't been enough. Her body craved the feel and pressure of a man's cock inside her.

Her gaze stumbled over his penis, then skated across miles of hard muscle to rest on the masked face of the man towering over her. His gaze seemed to burn into her mind and peel back all barriers to the fears and insecurities she so desperately wanted to protect.

Holly had a good idea he knew what she was about to say, but she opened her mouth and spoke the words aloud anyway. "Fuck me."

Addiction: Chapter 2

Carlos Hernandez stared at the woman draped across the bed. At her husky, sensual tone, lust surged through his limbs and snaked through every muscle of his body. His cock, already hard, thickened and turned more rigid.

This woman had the most sensual lips he'd ever seen. Images of that mouth on his body pulled at his balls and impeded the oxygen to his lungs.

Tonight he'd had no intention of participating in any sex games. He'd just come here to observe and get an in-depth story for the local newspaper—nothing more. He wanted to know what drew people here again and again, other than the obvious. He never counted on getting caught up in his own desire or with the woman who spurred a myriad of sexual fantasies and a thirst for gratification.

"Please." Her hands dug into the mattress and twisted the sheet between her fingers as she shifted across the bed.

To block the erotic image, he squeezed his eyes shut. Carlos swore his heart leaped inside his chest. He took several steps backward, thinking for a wild second that distance would diffuse the lust blazing through his body. The distance didn't do a damn thing. Not with the thought of parting those lush, long legs wider and sliding into her pussy.

He opened his eyes and gazed at temptation. His fingers curled into fists. She was gorgeous. Breasts, the pale pink tips hard for his touch. Golden hair that fanned across the bed and begged for his caress. A slender waist and slight flair of hips. Legs, long and lean and perfectly shaped. She'd parted her thighs wide enough for him to see her sex. He wanted to dip his fingers, then his cock into her vagina. Then he wanted to lick, suck at her clit. He wanted....

Why not? Why the hell not?

The woman wanted him to fuck her, after all.

When she rose from the bed and moved across the short distance, he tensed. Her fragrance—flowers, musk and desire— whis-

pered along his senses.

He gripped her arms but didn't push her away. Her nipples grazed his chest. When his hold on her arms eased, she pressed closer, rubbing her stomach against his straining erection. The heat of her body scorched through the silk of his robe and burned his already overheated flesh. But the expression in her eyes melted his resolve more than any touch. Hunger, pain and entreaty flared from their depths and twisted his insides, promising the fulfillment of those forbidden fantasies.

"The aphrodisiac you took." His voice deepened with lust and the struggle to remain impassive. "It might be making you act differently than you normally would."

"I don't care. I want you."

He swallowed. Shit. Why the hell was he trying to be noble? For God's sake, this was a sex club hidden beneath the pretext of a private residence. People came here to have sex, not to talk over dinner. The woman in front of him wasn't any different.

Carlos tossed out the last of his convictions. He'd fuck her. She wanted him to. Nothing was holding him back except his own misplaced principles.

He dipped his head until an inch separated their lips. "What's your name?"

"Why?" Her breath with a hint of mint tangled with his.

"I want to at least know the name of the woman I'm going to fuck."

She drew in a shuddering breath. "It's Holly."

"Holly," he murmured against her upturned lips. "I like the name. Makes me think of Christmas and that I'm going to get the best damn gift I've ever gotten."

Carlos kissed her. To hell with preliminaries. He went deep, used his tongue and ravaged her mouth. She met him all the way, her mouth hot, insistent, her tongue equally demanding

His hands eased from her arms and swept over the taut skin of her waist and hips and around to grip her ass. Squeezing and molding her butt with both hands, he ground his erection against her stomach.

Shuddering against him, Holly twined both arms around his neck and broke off their kiss to nip at his ear lobe and along his jaw. "Fuck me good."

"Oh, I will. I'm going to have you dripping all over this bed. When you come, you'll buck and scream."

"That's what I want to hear."

The shock of her palm, sure and deft, slipping beneath his robe to grip his cock, ripped a moan from his lips.

Holy shit. As her fingers dipped and whispered across his balls, he thought for a second he might embarrass himself and come right there and then. Taking in a rattling breath, he stilled her hand and jerked the robe from his body.

He couldn't wait. Before losing what little control he had, he swept her up into his arms. Two, three large steps. Then he draped her gently across the mattress. The black light caressed Holly's skin, threw shadows across the hollow between her hip and stomach, along the underside of one breast.

"You like what you see?"

The lighting didn't shield the lust radiating from her blue eyes. She cupped, squeezed and lifted both breasts, offering them for his mouth or touch. As if that wasn't enough to get his attention, she shifted and parted her thighs wider to expose her cunt.

"Oh, yeah. Beautiful," he whispered in awe. "Absolutely beautiful."

With a distinct tremor in his legs, Carlos edged closer and found himself mesmerized by her pussy. With one finger he traced a random pattern around her clit, over her labia and down to the crease below her opening, then up again to dip that same finger inside her vagina.

His chest tightened. "You're all wet and creamy. Ready for my cock."

"I hope you know what to do with it," she teased between deep, ragged breaths. "I'd hate to have something that big disappoint."

"Oh, Holly. You haven't a clue." He tried to match her teasing

tone, but his voice came out dark with need. "I'm going to work that pussy of yours until you'll only want my cock. You'll find out any other will be a pale comparison."

She slipped her hands from her breasts, arched a brow and raised up on one elbow. "You sound far too confident."

"Just wait and see."

With one quick motion, Carlos swooped. He placed his hands on the mattress on either side of her. Latching onto her nipple with his lips, he laved the tip before pulling it into his mouth to start a deep suckling motion.

Crying out, Holly dug her fingers into his shoulders.

He loved her reaction, the quick intake of breath, the shiver that raced across her body as he moved to her other breast and sucked her nipple into a hard little nub. After a moment he moved higher, flicking his tongue over the column of her throat, then nibbling along the sensitive skin below her earlobe.

Her hands roamed over his shoulders, his back. Their trembling touch felt desperate, hungry, impatient. They swept lower over the small of his back as he rubbed his erection against the slick heat of her cunt.

One quick shift of his hips and Carlos would be inside her and fucking her. He stilled. Self-control. Had he completely lost it? Of course. The second she'd demanded he fuck her. What guy wouldn't?

With her fingers digging into his ass, she wiggled beneath him until the tip of his cock grazed her opening. "I want you in me now. I can't take any teasing. Not tonight."

Her words sent his heart thundering and a chill of sweat across his brow. To hell with self-control. He'd worry about that another time. "No teasing. I promise."

He surged into her. Wet heat enveloped him. Pure inundated pleasure.

She lifted her legs, squeezing her thighs around his hips and pulling him even deeper.

Slowly he eased out and back in. She took all of him, her inner

muscles devouring his cock with each sure deep thrust.

Settling his elbows on either side of her, he kissed her damp brow, the arch of her neck as he slowly rode her. The taut tips of her breasts glided across his chest.

Holly moaned, matching each thrust with her own as she kneaded and molded his ass. "You feel so good. All thick and hard. So very hard. I could do this all night.

He groaned and kissed the corner of her mouth. "Shhh."

Then she slipped a hand between his legs from behind and caressed and cupped his balls with deft fingers.

"Shit," he growled, jerking hard into her. His pace quickened, his strokes hardened. The slap of flesh, the whimpers and moans of Holly urged him faster.

She ground her cunt against him as her legs tightened, binding him to her, making each thrust deeper. Then she cried out, her inner muscles milking his cock.

"Oh, shit."

Right there. Now. An orgasm rushing hell-bent at him. He shuddered as he came into her. It went on and on, ripping the breath from his lungs, turning his muscles into melted wax.

Before he crushed her, he shifted and pulled her on top of him. Her hair fell forward and framed his face. She blinked and stared at him with languid eyes. He wanted to slip the mask from her face but dared not. He sensed she'd run.

He brushed a strand of blond hair from her brow. "You okay?"

She cupped his face and kissed him, a slow brushing of lips and

ngue. Fasing back, she slid a thumb across his lower lip. "Thank

tongue. Easing back, she slid a thumb across his lower lip. "Thank you."

This time he blinked. "Don't thank me. I'm just glad you're okay with what happened."

That beautiful mouth of hers broke into a smile that caught at his chest. Shit. He couldn't be falling for this woman, not this soon. Lust. Lust at first sight. That had to be it.

Holly's lips thinned. She slipped from his body to lie on her back and stare at the ceiling. She hugged her arms across her stomach.

"What's wrong?"

"The hunger." She swallowed "It's still there."

"Let me help." Sympathy thickened his voice. The pain on her face was undeniable.

Carlos knelt on the floor by the bed, caught her calves and tugged. Her breathing screamed of anticipation as she wriggled closer until he caught her up to the edge of the mattress and draped her legs over his shoulders.

At the scent of her sex, his nostrils flared and once again excitement blazed a new path through his body to center on his groin. Carlos nuzzled her pussy, then sucked her, wrapping his lips around her clit until she arched off the bed and came against his mouth. Her cream clung to his lips.

Somehow he found enough stamina to fuck her again. Hell. He had it all wrong. She was the one doing the fucking. With him flat on his back and her legs clamped against his hips, she rode him like he'd never been ridden before. He loved the sway of her tits, the way they bounced above him as she pumped up and down on his cock.

Carlos caught them in his hands, loving their weight, their pink, tight nipples. Next he played with her clit until she was whimpering, crying out, then shuddering above him. This time he lasted longer and managed to have her come two more times.

Two hours later, Holly's lids fluttered closed in obvious exhaustion. She slumped across the bed and snuggled into the circle of his arm. Strangely touched, Carlos raised up on one elbow and slid a damp tendril from her brow. The mask hid her upper features, but he'd seen enough of her face, caressed enough of her body that he wouldn't forget. Carlos would know if he crossed paths with her in a crowd. Her scent, those lips. Yes. He'd know.

"When will you be here next?" Carlos traced a pattern along the shadow beneath her jaw. "I want to see you again."

She stiffened against his chest. "Tonight was a mistake. I had no intention of having sex with anyone."

He sucked in a breath, shocked at his disappointment. From the moment he'd stood beside Holly, he'd tossed all thought from his mind of the newspaper and his story. He'd gone to the club for research. Period. Nothing more. Instead he'd had sex with the most gorgeous woman he'd ever encountered. What the hell had happened?

Carlos wanted to do it again and again. Obsession? Maybe. Hell. He didn't care other than convincing her to see him again. "If coming here tonight was a mistake, then why did you?"

Adjusting her mask, Holly eased from beside him, then slipped from the bed to pick up her robe. Once she shrugged into the garment and tied the belt, she sank again onto the mattress with her legs curled up beside her. "I came looking for my sister."

"Why's that?"

"This place is one of her favorite haunts."

Carlos stilled, sensing a possible story behind her words. "Is she in trouble or something?"

Holly opened her mouth, hesitated, then said, "She's been missing for several days now. I thought I'd find her here. She comes here with two very wealthy men. Davidson is the name of one of them. I don't know anything else about the other. You haven't heard of someone with that name here, have you?"

Hearing the uncertainty in her voice, he caressed her splayed hand against the mattress and caught her thumb in his palm. "No. I'm sorry. Tonight was my first night. Did you contact the police?"

Sudden tension radiated from her as she drew a random line across the glowing sheet with her other hand. "They didn't consider her a missing person. Not with her history. You see, Valerie's disappeared several times before and always shown up two or three days later. This time, though, I haven't been able to contact her for a week and I'm getting worried."

"Did you talk to the owner or the manager in charge?"

"Yes. They wouldn't give me any information. Against company policy." A mix of anger and bitterness laced her voice. "Who would think? They let anyone with money participate in almost any

sex act imaginable under this roof, but they won't answer a simple question."

"What about other patrons? Have you talked to anyone inside?"

For a brief moment she nibbled on her lip and he thought she might not answer. Then she cleared her throat. "One or two downstairs, but when I stepped on this floor, saw the rooms, the men and women...."

"I can imagine. It's hard not to be turned on. All those twisting, gyrating bodies on display. The scent of sex, the ability to fuck someone and not worry about repercussions." Smiling gently, Carlos stretched out his legs. "I saw you watching that trio. You wanted to join them."

"You're crazy."

"Am I? You didn't deny it. That says something. So I must be close to the truth."

She slipped her thumb from his hand. "It was the aphrodisiac."

"Really?" He searched her face, the full responsive lips, the fierce vulnerable eyes.

He fisted his hands on the bed as he fought off the urge to slip the mask from around her head again. He wanted to see not just her delectable body but every centimeter of her face. He wanted to understand what made her tick, what had really drawn her here.

Carlos had a good idea it was more than her sister, and he suspected she hadn't figured that one out yet.

"Of course. I was drugged. It was my fault, of course, no one else's."

"Can you blame everything you did tonight on that?"

Even the mask couldn't disguise the doubt that flickered across her face.

"I bet you anything I could convince you to fuck again without any stimulus, just you and me, fully aware and completely naked. Less than fifteen minutes ago, you were screwing me like a rabbit."

"That's enough." She lifted her chin and glared at him. The light didn't disguise the flush that rose up her face from either anger or embarrassment. "You're right." Shit, her insistence that the drug and not any attraction toward him had made her want sex was making him act like a complete ass. "That was crass. I'm sorry, but I want to see you again."

"That's impossible. I'm not coming back here."

"Because you liked it too much?"

"Of course not!" She jerked off the bed.

Carlos swore he saw guilt flash briefly across her face as he lunged, caught her wrist and tugged her back. Kneeling, he was still a good inch taller with her standing a mere foot away. "Don't go."

Holly stiffened, but he didn't ease the pressure of his hand. He needed to convince her he was a good thing, that they were a good thing. He also had to persuade her to come back.

"Meet me here again Saturday night," Carlos insisted. "I have a friend. I'll introduce you to Mark. He's a regular and might know this Davidson or have seen your sister." Mark, another reporter from work, was actually the person who gave him a heads-up on the private sex club, but that wasn't important. Right now, Carlos didn't think he could follow through with a story, not when he was getting this involved with one of the clients. "I trust him."

"I don't know. Right now I'm too confused to think straight. I've got to go," she said in a choked whisper.

Holly ripped her wrist from his grasp and rushed across the room

Shit. He hadn't convinced her. He surged off the bed, grabbed his robe and followed her. Two steps into the hallway and he'd caught up to her. Just then another door to the right opened and a man in a similar black robe stepped into the hall with them.

She stopped abruptly. "Something doesn't feel right."

Carlos stumbled up against her back. He caught her shoulders with gentle hands before shrugging into his robe. "What are you talking about?"

Not answering, Holly slipped through the adjacent doorway with Carlos right behind her. They stepped into a narrow corridor.

Against one wall, a button glowed. She pressed it. In complete silence, a panel slid open and exposed the room they'd been in previously.

"I thought you said the room we were in was private?" Oh, shit. "I thought it was. I swear. I had no idea."

Holly stepped toward the panel and pressed a hand against the glass. She stared into the room as if transfixed. "That man was watching us fuck. I wonder how many others stood and did the same."

Her words sent his heart crashing. All this time they'd been screwing, they'd had an avid audience. Sudden desire rolled through his insides as his cock hardened and thickened again. He shouldn't be getting so fucking excited, not when Holly was clearly upset.

He stepped behind her and gently placed both hands on her shoulders to try and comfort her.

"No." She jerked out from the circle of his arms.

"No one knows you," he insisted in a husky whisper as he stepped toward her. "Your identity's completely safe. You don't have to worry."

"Worry?" She laughed without humor. "You have no idea what's inside my head."

Carlos moved closer.

"Just keep away." She backed into the hall. "I need to think, and I can't when you're this near me."

Carlos stopped, knowing when he'd pushed too far. She pivoted and disappeared. Rooted to the floor, he yanked the mask from his face and stared at the empty hallway.

The estate and surrounding land were heavily secured with cameras and guards. Knowing Holly would be safe didn't help the sudden emptiness that crawled into his stomach

Yes. He had let her go, but he sure the hell hoped it wasn't a mistake.

Addiction: Chapter 3

Saturday night Holly stopped her car in front of the wroughtiron gates. By the estate's entrance, she slid the key card through the electronic box with a trembling hand. A domed lamp to the right illuminated the car and the surrounding area in a soft halo of light, hinting at eucalyptus trees and desert shrub. She squeezed the steering wheel with both hands and waited, nerves swirling low in her belly.

She didn't see any other option but to return to the sex club and question Carlos's friend. What was his name? Mark. Her sister was still missing. Holly had called the police, but no leads had materialized, and with a crime spree hitting the headlines this last week, the newspapers hadn't found her sister's disappearance newsworthy.

The gates glided open on well-oiled hinges. After taking a fortifying breath, Holly guided the car through the stone pillars and drove up a long sweeping driveway marked with lantern-type street lights.

Memories of the other night filtered into her head and a wave of acute longing rolled through her body. Breath quickening, she shifted in her seat. She couldn't shake the image of Carlos above her, his hands, his mouth on her, and the way the muscles in his back and ass rippled with each thrust.

"Enough." She shuddered. Carlos might not be here tonight, and even if he was, she'd come for answers, not for the heat of his mouth and the touch of his expert hands.

She pulled to a stop directly in front of the entrance of the two-story estate. A brute of a man stepped from his position at the club's entrance and opened the driver's door. Before stepping out, she double-checked the rearview mirror and found her black mask still in place. Her eyes stared back with uncertainty.

She would get answers. With luck, Carlos would introduce her to Mark, who would know her sister's whereabouts. There was no alternative.

Before she could change her mind, Holly hurried into the build-

ing, quickly undressed in one of the private, opulent bathrooms, and slipped into a robe. She passed a few masked people in the hall but didn't make eye contact. When she failed to encounter Carlos, she climbed the plush carpeted stairs to the main floor. Her fingers kept wrapping themselves around her body, revealing her mounting tension. She curled them into fists.

The moment she stepped through the doors of the upper chamber, soft muted cries filtered from the speakers. Awareness shivered across her flesh. Her breasts tightened, their weight growing uncomfortable with returning need.

Four people occupied the large, circular room, none of them her sister. Shadows clung to the room's outer edges, while hazy lighting from the center of the ceiling illuminated a man seated amid several overstuffed chairs and a sofa. When his light brown hair identified him as someone other than Carlos, Holly's shoulders dipped in disappointment.

To the left of the lounging area a couple, their backs to Holly, watched two men having sex through one of the large glass panels. Straining muscles glowed beneath the soft blue light. Groans of pain and pleasure pulsated through the hidden speakers.

Body growing hot beneath her robe, Holly quickly looked away. A man stood to the right of the circular room, his dark skin and hair melding with the deeper shadows.

Carlos stepped forward. Holly's heart lurched. The black robe covered strong wide shoulders and stopped at mid-thigh to reveal long muscular legs. The muted light cast his features into angular lines. The hard sweep of jaw, the slash of cheekbones all added to his physical appeal.

My God. He was beautiful. The black mask added more danger than a man had a right to.

From as far back as she could remember and no matter who played the character, Holly had found the fictional Zorro sexy as hell. But Carlos with his thick black hair swept away from his hard uncompromising face and his tall formidable body diluted those old fantasies. She didn't understand how one man could obliterate

all thought from her brain and leave her body shivering with naked lust.

He stepped toward the lounge chair where she'd noticed another occupant earlier. The other man rose. Well over six feet and a few inches taller than Carlos, he said something to Carlos that Holly couldn't decipher. Dressed in an identical robe, this man seemed bulkier and far more intimidating. He exuded a raw sexual power she couldn't ignore.

Sensing his sudden predatory interest, Holly dug her fingers deeper into her palms to stop herself from playing with the ties of her robe.

Carlos moved toward her, stopping a few feet away. His gaze raked her face as his thick and smoky voice enveloped her. "I didn't think you would come."

"My sister. She still hasn't turned up. I was hoping—"

"Mark." Carlos moved to her side and nodded to the other man. "This is the woman who wanted to talk to you."

"Hello." Her gaze swept over Mark's cleft chin, strong jaw and dark intense eyes. She thought about lifting a hand in greeting, but kept it awkwardly at her side. It didn't seem right to shake a man's hand while heavy breathing and moans of people having sex filtered into the room.

He didn't seem to notice her shyness. "Carlos told me you were gorgeous, but hell. Imagining and seeing are two different things." Mark's even white teeth flashed.

The better to bite you.

Ouch. Her bare feet curled against the luxurious carpet. She'd thought Carlos sexy, but when it came to keeping her brain lucid, this man was equally dangerous.

Frowning, she made herself focus on the problem instead of the distracting and half-naked men. "I was hoping you might have seen my sister here this last week."

"What does she look like?" Mark asked, his voice growing sober.

"She has blonde hair, blue eyes and weighs about 125 pounds."

Mark's lips firmed as he shook his head. "That could be any number of women. What else can you tell me about her?"

"Let's see." She cleared her throat, desperately trying to block from her ears the quickening gasps of a woman amplified by the speakers on her right. "She's in her mid-twenties, slender. Her name's Valerie Donovan."

"That doesn't really help either. On a given day or night, half the women will use whatever name they feel like using."

"Oh. I thought maybe—"

"What about identifying marks on her body?" Mark asked, his gaze sharp. "Tattoos? There must be something else."

"She has a birthmark by her left hip bone. It's about an inch in diameter. Does that help?"

"Ah, yeah. Most definitely. The birthmark's more than enough." A slow smile widened Mark's generous mouth. "We call her Sex Kitten. She's got a pair of claws and she likes to use them. I've known her to tear up a guy pretty bad."

Hope expanded in Holly's chest. "Are you sure?" Mark nodded. "Hair that goes down to her waist, right?" "Yeah."

"She's one of the kinkiest women I know, and a regular. I see her here all the time."

"And recently...? Have you seen her?" Holly was afraid of what he'd say.

Mark's expression shifted, his eyes turning predatory as his gaze roamed her body. "Maybe. That all depends."

"Depends on what?" Unease whispered across Holly's spine.

"On what you're willing to do for that information." He smiled slowly. "Let's go in one of the rooms where we can talk in more detail."

She stiffened. Mark obviously didn't plan to talk.

"That's enough," Carlos ordered.

"No. It's not near enough. I want her." Mark eased toward her, his large body crowding in on her. He inched a finger along the slope of her neck, his thumb whispering across the lobe of one ear.

"Question is, how much do you want to know about your sister?"

Carlos caught her around the waist with a strong arm and pulled her away from him. "Mark, leave her alone."

"I'm just asking her a question," Mark said. "But if she wants to know where her sister is, well, I'm not telling until I get a little action." He turned back to her, a dangerous smile on his lips. "Carlos can be there, if that makes you feel more comfortable. Hell, the guy seems to have appointed himself your personal watchdog. Hey, Holly, truth now. Have you ever done it with two men?"

"No." She stepped backward, unable to keep the shock from her voice.

"What better place to try it? And after, I promise I'll tell you what I know of your sister."

Beneath Mark's hot gaze, unbidden desire skated through her body to pool low in her belly. He edged closer until the heat of his body teased her breasts. Even as longing tightened her nipples, she found him too intimidating, too male. She stepped backward until she flattened against Carlos's chest. The warmth of his body seared through her thin robe. His rigid shaft nestled between the crack of her ass. He was aroused.

So was she.

The shock of Carlos's erection stormed through her senses. Holly dragged in a lungful of air. She wanted sex with Carlos. And Mark. My God. She wanted to screw both men. Her body craved it.

Why not? No one would know. She had already been intimate with Carlos. And Mark, sly, wicked Mark, wouldn't tell her about her sister's disappearance unless she gave in. So she could do what she wanted and perhaps find Valerie as well.

But this time she didn't have an aphrodisiac to nudge her across that line. This time she had to choose.

"We won't do anything you don't want," Mark said, seduction in the husky whisper of his breath.

"I don't know," she managed to whisper, unable to say no as moans of pleasure from the other rooms seeped into her head. Her pussy pulsed and tightened painfully. "You don't have to do it," Carlos said. "You can walk out now. Don't let Mark make you think differently."

But she sensed Carlos's interest, his fierce desire reflected in the heat and hardness of his erection. Not one word of encouragement had slipped from his mouth, but she knew he wanted to fuck her. Even now his hand glided restlessly across her stomach and waist before stilling below her left breast.

Mark shifted closer until his cock, hard and unmistakable, pushed against her belly. Carlos remained unmoving and silent behind her, his hand still tantalizing beneath her breast.

Heart crashing against her ribs, Holly gasped for oxygen, her breath growing rapid and shallow with hunger. She stood unmoving, unable to find the will to slip from between the two men.

"It's all up to you," Carlos whispered. "You can find out about your sister some other way. I don't want you to do anything you're not comfortable with."

But her sister had disappeared, and Holly needed to discover where she had gone. Struggling for the right words to tell Carlos, she managed only a throaty whisper as she surrendered to the hunger. "I want——I want you both."

Mark lowered his head and took her mouth in a slow, gentle kiss. The whisper of his thumb touched the tip of her right breast while he slowly glided his other hand along the side of her body.

Just then Carlos's palm covered her left breast. He rolled the nipple between his fingers, coercing a groan from her throat. She fisted her hands to stop herself from pressing Carlos's hand harder against her breast. She realized she didn't want to fight this ravenous craving.

Never had she been this turned on. Every pore, every nerve ending screamed with desire. Denying either man would be denying herself, and she couldn't do it. Her thirst was too strong, too consuming to be ignored. She craved more than a simple kiss or touch. She thirsted for naked flesh, a man's body beneath, on top and inside her.

Mark's kiss deepened. He slid the tip of his tongue along her

lower lip to ask for entry. Closing her eyes, she opened her mouth wider and hungrily kissed him back. A low growl rumbled from Mark's chest as Carlos glided a hand up her thigh, beneath the silk of her robe and between her legs. His fingers slipped across her wet folds.

"My God, you're wet," Carlos whispered, his breath fanning rapidly against the back of her ear.

Mark eased from her lips. "Let me see."

She shuddered against both men. One, she didn't know who, slipped a finger into her vagina while other fingers gently rubbed her clit. She widened her trembling legs and clutched Mark's arm as she opened her eyes and met the scorching heat of his gaze.

"Please," she begged in a ragged voice. Feeling vulnerable beneath Mark's penetrating eyes, she looked away. That's when she noticed two robed men on her right. They sat on two lounge chairs several yards away, their faces directed toward the three of them. From this distance she could not see their eyes, but she knew they watched by the stillness of their bodies. Across the short distance, intense interest and suppressed hunger radiated from both of them.

Holly didn't care. She welcomed their regard and the avid gazes stoked the need raging through her body. She was beyond caring who witnessed her growing addiction as she kneaded Mark's neck and his shoulder with urgent, desperate hands. She kissed the underside of his jaw and the strong sweep of his throat. Her hand slipped between the folds of his robe to cup his balls.

Mark's indrawn breath hissed into his lungs. His obvious excitement tightened the lust in her belly. She wanted to climb up his body, wrap her legs around his hips, and fuck him now. She wanted to do the same with Carlos.

"I want...." The deep, husky voice sounded unlike her own. When both men's hands grew more inquisitive between her legs, a groan erupted from her mouth. "Oh, God. I can't take this anymore. Your hands. They're doing so much, but not enough. Fuck me."

At her words, Carlos and Mark stilled. She sensed a sudden

alertness, a suppressed energy animating from both men.

From behind, Carlos swept her into his arms and carried her into one of the rooms. Lavender light spilled out from several domes in the ceiling. One illuminated a section of wall approximately six feet above the floor where several chains glittered and dangled. Another light pooled across a large circular bed covered in shimmering sheets and topped with mounds of plump pillows.

The moment Carlos set her down beside the bed, he kissed her deeply and thoroughly, the wet warmth of his tongue sliding into her mouth. After quickly shrugging out of his robe, he stripped the silk material from her body. Three robes pooled to the ground as Carlos cupped both breasts and rolled the nipples between index finger and thumb, then plucked the tips again and again.

From behind her, Mark gripped her ass, massaged and kneaded both cheeks with strong, sure hands, the tips of his fingers sliding across the crease and lower to dip into the wetness of her sex. He sank a finger into her channel, swirled it, withdrew and did it again as he rubbed a slick thumb over her clit.

Widening her legs, Holly moaned into Carlos's mouth and jerked her body against Mark's hand as he continued thrusting. She scraped fingers across the hard muscles of Carlos's chest, lower over his flat belly and still lower. She clasped the base of his erection, swept upward and down again.

Carlos broke the kiss and crushed her to his trembling body, his cock quivering beneath her fingers.

She said urgently, "You need to get on the bed now. Mark."

Still behind her, Mark caught her upper arms and inched her until their legs bumped against the edge of the bed. Then he swept a hand around her middle, his fingers trailing a wet path along her hip and stomach as he caught her up against his body. Pulling her down on top of him, he lay across the length of the bed with the hard contours of his chest and erection pressing against her back and bottom. With his ankles, he caught her and widened her legs, opening her sex for Carlos's hungry gaze.

Holly clutched at the silken bed sheets on either side of Mark's

hips, feeling exposed, vulnerable and hungry at the same time. The desire in Carlos's eyes as he looked between her legs made her cunt tighten and quiver. Oh, God. She wanted more than his eyes on her. She wanted him to—

Mark thrust along the seam of her ass with his penis. His warm and rapid breath fanned her nape and teased the shell of one ear.

Stiffening, she tried to close her legs, but Mark's iron hold on her ankles kept her fully extended. "I don't want you to—"

"Shhh." Mark swept her hair from her neck and laved the pulse below her ear. He cupped her breast and tweaked her nipple with cool, damp fingers. "I'm not going to take you in the ass. I'm just going to play with your body while Carlos fucks you."

At his words, Holly shivered and stopped struggling. As Carlos eased between their legs, her cunt throbbed with anticipation. She waited, unable to turn away as Carlos gripped the base of his thick, engorged cock. He arched between Holly's legs, thrusting into her vagina until he was fully embedded in her body.

Mark caught both her hands, pinned them to the bed and somehow managed to spread her legs even wider with the iron strength of his ankles. She couldn't move, couldn't touch. All she could do was take Carlos's shaft into her body as he gripped her hips and anchored her in place.

She glanced at the two-way window and knew someone out there watched, enjoying the tableau of the three of them. At the idea, excitement rolled through her body and limbs. Tonight, this moment, she'd savor having sex with both men and forget about tomorrow.

Carlos eased slowly out until only the thick, rounded tip of his penis touched her opening. The cream of her body coated the rigid shaft. She squirmed. Mark's finger's locked on her wrists, the pressure of his erection swelling against her ass.

Her heartbeat crashed against her ribs. Gooseflesh rose across her damp skin. "Carlos. Please. Don't tease. I want—I want—"

"What?" Carlos asked, his voice thick and shaky, his fiery gaze locked on hers. "Me inside you? My cock all the way in?"

"Yes."

He plunged into her again, his thickness stretching the lips of her vagina, his length pushing into her until he filled her completely. The cords along his neck strained. Sweat gleamed off his muscled body as he drove into her with sure, measured strokes.

Only then did Mark release her hands to cup and caress her breasts, swirling random patterns along the outer swell of each mound. He squeezed, molded them beneath his hands, relentlessly pinched their pink tips. Heat arrowed downward and set her sex to throbbing.

"That's it, baby, come for me. Come for us," Mark whispered at her ear as he swept a hand across her stomach, through the light dusting of curls at the juncture her legs to swirl a finger around her clit, then stroke the little nub faster and faster as Carlos's pace quickened.

The walls of her vagina tightened, then spasmed as Carlos continued to pump into her, his pace quickening, his hips jerking between her legs. An orgasm arched her off Mark. It went on and on, pulsing through her body with an intensity that ripped a cry from her lips.

She slumped against Mark as Carlos eased from between her legs, still fully erect. Seeing him wet from her body, thick, rigid and dark brought a new wave of excitement racing through her limbs. The idea of licking and tasting him until she brought him to his knees and lost all control was better than any drug she might have taken. "I want you in my mouth."

Addiction: Chapter 4

At Holly's husky voice, a sigh rattled through Carlos's frame, and he curled his hands into fists at his sides while tension and hunger roared through his veins and into his groin. The heat in her eyes seared through his skin. His balls tightened painfully. He wanted that exquisite mouth wrapped around him and that tongue. His thoughts flamed at the idea of what she could do with it.

Carlos watched Mark nudge Holly's chin to the side with one large hand and shift from under her body and to her right. Mark kissed her, tracing his tongue along her lower lip, delving into her open mouth. Carlos mentally groaned. He wanted to be the one tasting her full, sensual lips, touching her pearl-like skin.

But Carlos shouldn't be doing any of this. He should have encouraged her to keep away from Mark. Carlos didn't trust the other man, not with Holly. He'd wanted to protect her from Mark, but in truth he needed to protect her from himself. Vivid memories of being with her from the other night had sabotaged any good intentions he had. The hunger to possess Holly again obliterated all thought. Later he'd worry about his actions, but right now he didn't give a damn.

Easing his lips from her mouth, Mark cupped her mound. "It's my turn. You can suck Carlos all you want so long as I've got my dick inside you."

Holly lowered her gaze, but she wasn't quick enough to shield her expression. Even through her mask, Carlos managed to catch the look of excitement that swept across her face and the way her body shuddered with anticipation. His chest tightened. Hell, she was gorgeous. Nothing in the world matched up to a woman aroused and quivering with sexual awareness.

Carlos's nostrils flared. The scent of sex hung heavy in the air. He climbed on the bed, ignoring how the mattress dipped as he caught Holly around the waist and pulled her onto her knees and away from Mark. He wanted to be the one to make her cry out his name, to make her come, to make her think of nothing but him. Not

Mark.

With one hand Carlos swept his fingers through her hair and arched her backward over one arm. Then he latched onto one of her nipples with his lips. He laved the tip, sucking it into his mouth and drawing the peak deeply, almost harshly. All the while he rubbed his hair-roughened leg between the juncture of her thighs and across her wet folds. Shit. She was soaked. The wild beat of his heart skipped, then charged forward.

When she cried out and dug her fingers into his skull to press his face harder against her breast, a smile of satisfaction curled his lips. This is how he wanted her, panting and quivering in his arms.

He flicked his tongue over her nipple one last time before easing backward from her body. Mark rose onto his knees behind her and gripped her hips. Carlos edged farther away, giving Mark enough room. With one quick jerk, the other man pulled her backward. The unexpected motion sent surprise flashing into her eyes and her body sprawling forward. She pushed up from the bed until she was on all fours, her face mere inches from the tip of Carlos's erection.

One move and her mouth would be on him.

Holly glanced up. A dangerous glint sparkled from her eyes as she met his gaze. She shimmied closer. Her tongue darted out and flicked across the crown of his penis.

Carlos groaned aloud, his erection jutting painfully from his body. With a distinct tremor in one hand, he pulled her hair back from her face and grabbed the base of his shaft with the other hand. Then he shifted closer and traced her lower lip with the tip of his cock before nudging her lips open. Her breath washed across his flesh, warm and moist and with the power to drag him under.

"Suck me," he ordered, unable to mask the urgency in his voice as one of his darkest and most exciting fantasies unfolded before him. "Show me how amazing that mouth of yours can be."

"Watch and see." She greedily took Carlos into her mouth, lifting one hand from the mattress to nudge his hand away from his erection. Then she wrapped her fingers around him and glided them up and down his shaft, the wet liquid of her tongue making

her fingers slick on his flesh.

Shuddering with pleasure, Carlos closed his eyes and arched his neck. Jesus. Never had a woman pushed him to the point where he didn't care who was the seducer.

Suddenly a moan rumbled from Holly's throat as she devoured him, taking him far deeper than before. Carlos opened his eyes and looked to the ceiling and the mirror that revealed the scene playing out before him.

Mark, his hands latched onto Holly's hips, had driven into her cunt. His shaft briefly appeared each time he withdrew from between her legs. Seeing him fuck Holly, his ass flexing with each quick jerk of his hips, stoked Carlos's hunger to new heights. But nothing compared to seeing his own hands, dark against Holly's rumpled and golden hair, urge her faster on his cock. Her head bobbed against his body, quicker, swifter.

He was only half aware of Mark straining over Holly, groaning out his release as he came into her, and of her answering cry as she sucked Carlos even deeper and harder into her mouth.

Shit.

Balls tightening, Carlos grunted, unable to control the way he clung to her as he jerked and squirted hot cum deep into her mouth. She lapped it up, sliding her tongue along the slit, swirling the pink tip around the crown and taking one last deep kiss before easing from his body.

Limbs melting into a liquid mass, Carlos tumbled into the thick down pillows and dragged Holly with him. Mark flung himself on the other side of Holly. Carlos wrapped a leg over her thigh and cupped her breast with one hand. He glanced up at the mirror again. Holly lay sandwiched between the two of them, blonde and pale, a stark contrast between two hard-muscled and dark-skinned men. Even with the mask that shielded much of her expression, she looked flushed, dreamy and thoroughly fucked.

Nuzzling her neck, Mark said something in her ear that made her smile and Carlos's jaw tighten.

"I'm not going to be able to let her go," Mark said loud enough

for Carlos to hear. Again Mark nipped at the slope between her shoulder and neck. "She's perfect."

"I know that." Jealousy banded around Carlos's chest.

Earlier, Carlos thought he'd find sharing Holly with another man arousing. But a strange, inexplicable protectiveness reared up in him. He shouldn't be jealous. After all, he barely knew her. Yet he craved more. He wanted to learn what drove her, what excited her and gave her pleasure. He wanted days, weeks, even longer to discover the woman beside him.

Hell, he was completely obsessed with Holly. Before she showed up tonight, he'd been jumpy and irritated at the smallest mishap. Then he'd seen her walk into the room, a black mask and robe shielding her identity and her body beneath. He'd found her beautiful, sensual and exuding a strange sense of innocence in a room full of decadence. And he'd just let another man enjoy her too.

Carlos had already done some research on the sex clubs in and around Phoenix, and Holly didn't fit the clientele here. He sensed that she found everything fresh and exciting but at the same time terrifying. She was out of her element compared to many in the rooms.

As if restless, she shifted between them. "Okay, Mark," she said in a suddenly hard voice. "You got what you wanted. Now it's my turn. Tell me what you know of my sister."

Mark shrugged. "You can stop worrying about her," he said carelessly. "She hasn't disappeared. She's here all the time. You just happened to miss her when you showed up."

"Oh." Holly frowned. "I don't understand. You say she's here all the time, but the monthly fee is astronomical. She can't afford it on a hairdresser's salary."

Mark grinned. "I'm sure she's got some guy paying her fee. If not one, I know there'd be a number of men willing to hand out the cash if it meant her showing up here."

"So she's a prostitute," Holly said, obvious hurt thickening her voice.

"Oh, I wouldn't call her that. No one pays her for sex. Like everyone else, she likes the anonymity of this place. It gets under your skin, becomes addictive." Mark bent closer and whispered, "Last night she was in one of the viewing rooms with two women." Mark's lips lingered along her neck. "She had the whole crowd watching hot and bothered as she went at it with both of them. I know I wanted to get in there, but no guys were invited."

"I see."

Those two words tugged at Carlos's heart. He suspected Holly was learning far more about her sister than she wanted or needed to.

"Well, that's all I know." Mark drew away from Holly. "Not much. I think I got the better deal tonight. This was one of the best nights I've had in a long while at this place, and Carlos here had a good time himself." He grinned maliciously. "I think he's got the perfect lead for his article. Isn't that right, Carlos?"

Mark's question jerked Carlos from his thoughts.

Fuck.

Holly stiffened beside him. "What article?"

Gaze narrowed, Carlos stared at the other man in the ceiling's mirror. He was sure Mark had intentionally asked the question to start a rift between Holly and himself.

"Crap," Mark muttered, his hand sliding up and down her upper arm, sympathy heavy in his voice. "I didn't mean to give away your identity."

Carlos rose on one elbow and glared at the other man, sensing insincerity in every syllable. "Drop it."

"Tell me what you are talking about." Holly pushed Carlos's leg off with a knee and shoved his hand from her breast. She scooted backward across the bed and away from both men. "What does this article have to do with me?"

"Mark doesn't know what he's talking about." Carlos was going to kill him. He hated the vulnerable way she wrapped her arms around her waist

"Answer me." When both men hesitated, her voice rose. "Do

you hear me?"

Shaking his head, Mark said in a voice that lacked sincerity, "I'm sorry, Carlos. I thought you told Holly."

"Told me what?" She scrambled off the bed and grabbed her robe.

Mark pushed off the bed, walked over to Holly and helped her shrug into her robe. "He plans on writing a story for the local paper on people who haunt sex clubs. He's been obsessed with it."

"Shut up." Carlos's voice sounded vicious, but he didn't care. Even with the mask shielding the upper portion of her face, he'd seen the brief flash of hurt in Holly's eyes. "It's not what Mark is making it out to be."

"I'm sure it isn't." The other man's brow rose above the mask as he placed both hands on her shoulders and gently rubbed them. "Why don't you come with me, Holly? I'll take care of you."

"Don't," Carlos ordered. "He's manipulating you, making you take sides. Don't leave with him."

She shrugged out of Mark's grasp, tossed her hair over one shoulder with a hand and moved toward the room's exit. "Oh, believe me, I won't."

Chest expanding with relief, Carlos pushed off the bed and stepped toward her, determined to make her see Mark as an insincere fraud. The bastard didn't care about her. His only focus was in finding a way to screw her all over again. Right now Carlos was finding it hard to believe they worked for the same newspaper—or had just shared this woman.

"Don't you dare come near me!" Her lip curled in obvious disgust as she motioned him away. "You're sick. Do you know that? How could you write a story and not tell me I was going to be part of it? Especially when I'm obviously the guinea pig you decided to experiment on."

Carlos halted. "That's not it at all."

"I don't believe you." She jerked her robe closed and tied the sash with savage hands.

"Let me prove it to you."

Holly didn't reply. Instead she rushed from the room. Carlos followed, ignoring Mark though he wanted to slam a fist into the bastard's face. He grabbed his robe from the floor, shoving both arms into the sleeves as he raced down the stairs after Holly. But at the base of the stairs a thick massive man looking like a steroid addict from the National Wresting Federation stepped between him and Holly's escaping figure.

"You are to leave the lady alone."

"Damn it. Don't tell me what to do." Carlos attempted to shove past him. But the bouncer pushed right back, locking his arm on Carlos's neck in a stranglehold and slamming him against the wall. Carlos's peripheral vision narrowed as the pressure on his throat increased.

"Leave the lady alone. Got it?"

Carlos tried to speak, but the bastard's meaty arm pressed against his vocal cords. His eyesight blurred and the last of his energy seeped from his body. Shit. He was going to pass out.

With no other choice, he nodded and the bouncer removed his forearm. Grasping the wall so he didn't dive facedown onto the floor, Carlos sucked in huge, shuddering mouthfuls of air and stared past the bouncer to the empty hallway.

Shit. He'd lost her. The pain of regret and loss squeezed his chest. Shit.

Addiction: Chapter 5

Escaping into one of the private bathrooms, Holly quickly stripped and scrubbed herself in the shower. But the soap couldn't erase the feel of Carlos and Mark inside her, of their hands on her body.

She dragged in a painful breath, nearly choking as hot water sluiced over her face. How had her search for her sister brought her to this point? She'd tumbled into a lifestyle she'd once found appalling. All this after she'd tried to convince Valerie these anonymous sexual encounters with strangers were empty, meaningless, even dangerous.

Ah. It hadn't felt so empty or meaningless with both men taking turns fulfilling every dirty thought in her head. Until she learned Carlos's motives.

Embarrassment seared her face. If he used her name in his article, she'd sue him for slander. She had no option. Her job as an accountant for a local marketing firm was at stake.

She was far more disappointed in Carlos than Mark. Twice now she'd entrusted her body to the dark intense man. She had revealed her vulnerability, and he'd branded her with his body. Having him use her like a an object stung more than she wanted to reveal even to herself. It meant he'd touched her far beyond any sexual encounter.

With Mark, well, she hadn't been fooled by his innocent air. He'd deliberately set up Carlos. Because of what? Jealousy?

Holly dragged in a wobbly breath. It didn't matter. All that mattered was getting out of this place and never returning. She'd been burned and wasn't ever going to get her hand near the flame again.

She quickly rubbed herself down with one of the plush towels and shoved herself into her strapless shirt and a pair of jeans. Fully clothed but not fully in control, she slipped her black mask on and bolted out the front doors of the mansion, where she paused on the raised entryway. A hot breeze heavy with the scent of rain ruffled her hair, sent tendrils across her cheek. She impatiently brushed

them aside.

An attendant stood by her small economy car, the engine running, while a sleek black car purred to a stop behind it

She felt like a complete fraud. She'd spent a fortune she couldn't afford for a month's membership. Tears welled in her eyes. The goal tonight had been to find her sister. She'd not even come close. Yeah, she'd found out Valerie was in the land of the living. But within minutes behind the mansion's closed doors with its dark, sensual surroundings and writhing bodies, she'd forgotten her sister, forgotten everything but her own physical pleasure.

She blinked rapidly to clear her vision. The attendant opened the back door of the powerful car and a woman slipped out. Then two men followed, climbing from the leather interior and onto the sidewalk below her.

Holly sucked in a breath, recognizing the woman wearing the mask. With shaking fingers, she adjusted the top of her shirt. "Valerie?"

Valerie was climbing the shallow steps to the landing, her movements languid and graceful. But now she turned sharply, sending thick golden waves of hair over one shoulder. Her eyes widened, and even from this distance Holly saw her stiffen.

"What are you doing here?" Valerie searched Holly's face with narrowed eyes.

"I came looking for you."

"I just bet you did. You've never yet been able to keep your nose out of my business."

Holly stiffened and couldn't smother the resentment thickening inside her chest. She should have known Valerie wouldn't be touched by her sister's concern. Valerie lived in the moment and to hell with tomorrow.

Because of Valerie and her own foolish race to somehow save her, Holly had fallen victim to her own lust. She'd had sex with two men, both of whom had used her. But Carlos and his lies cut the most. She had no patience now for Valerie's ingratitude. "Excuse me. When you disappeared for over a week, I got a little concerned."

Valerie sighed, the classic lines of her face softening. "Sorry. I guess I should have called."

Then a male voice said, "Is she joining us?"

A man with silver eyes behind the usual black mask stepped alongside Valerie and raked his gaze over Holly's body. She felt his interest like a hot, intimate touch. Much to her horror her body, already well used by two men, responded as her breasts and belly tightened with awareness.

Oh, God. Wasn't what she'd done earlier more than enough?

Holly would never forget these last couple of nights or Carlos. Even though she hated to admit it, maybe she did understand her sister's fascination with this place. The club could easily become an addiction, a way to block out pain, and her sister had been in pain for years. First she'd used alcohol, then drugs, and now men.

"Join us? I don't think so," Valerie replied with distinct acid in her voice. "She's my straight-laced older sister."

Another man with lean hips and hard, corded muscles spanning his shoulders joined them. His blond shoulder-length hair framed a masked face filled with hard angles and intense blue eyes. He edged closer to Holly, lifted a lock of hair and curled it around her ear. "Maybe we can change your mind tonight? Hmm?" He dipped his head until his lips whispered across her ear. "It would be so much fun to do sisters. That actually might be a first for me."

How Holly managed to keep herself from flinching or drawing away, she didn't know.

"Behave, Dean." Valerie's lip curled, disdain coating each word. "Holly might smack you."

"Oh, I'd like that. I'm always in for a good spanking." He trailed a thumb along Holly's jaw.

She jerked her face from his touch. "Don't."

The blond smiled, interest sparking in his eyes. "She's got fire in there. Does she use her claws like you, Valerie, I wonder?"

"You can wonder away, because I'm not into you or your friend." Holly glared at his too handsome face. She'd be a fool to

go back in there. Carlos might still be inside ready to confront her, and she couldn't handle that right now. His lies had left her far too raw. She needed to get away from this place, and quickly.

The man's smile didn't fade but widened. He lifted an eyebrow in amusement.

Ignoring him, Holly stepped away from both men and refocused on her sister. She clasped Valerie's hand and tugged her from the group. "Valerie, ever since you joined this club, you've lost touch with all your old friends. This isn't the place for you."

"Then what is?"

Rain started falling from the night sky, thickening the air around Holly. "I don't know, but it's not this."

"Why not?"

"Because—" Memories swept through her, of Carlos's hands buried in her hair as she sucked him into her mouth and Mark drove deep into her body. Heat crept into her face. She'd become a hypocrite, a trait she despised.

Valerie's face softened. "I know what I'm doing. You don't have to worry about me."

"But you're going to get hurt."

"You're made differently than me, Holly." A light, whimsical smile touched Valerie's full mouth. "Feelings don't come into it with me. I can have sex with anyone I want, and I can walk away."

"So can I."

Valerie laughed, but there wasn't anything mean or snide in her expression. "Can you really?"

"Well, of course." The lie felt strange on Holly's lips, especially when all she had to do was look how easily Carlos had torn her confidence and left her feeling vulnerable and uncertain.

"See? You hesitated. That just told us everything. You'd get hurt, and we both know it."

Holly stared back at her sister. For years she'd envied and hated Valerie's free-spirited lifestyle, and tonight she'd come to realize she was more like her sister than she'd thought. The sex tonight had been mind shattering. But unlike her sister, Holly couldn't bury

her hurts in the arms of multiple men and come away unscathed. Sex did involve feelings for her, and she didn't think she'd ever be able to separate the two. Tonight with Carlos proved that. Mark's little manipulation didn't really bother her. But Carlos's deception hurt.

The rain strengthened, splattering against the windows and bushes and the ground around them, sending the scent of wet earth and grass into the air. At the cooling temperature, Holly shivered and realized this was the last time she would try to fix or save her sister. From now on, Holly would stay focused on her own life.

Valerie squeezed her hand in reassurance. "I'll make a concerted effort to leave a message before I disappear next time. I swear that's a promise."

As Valerie slipped her hand free, Holly started to argue. But she closed her mouth as her sister turned and disappeared into the building with the others.

Valerie would be all right. She'd been entrenched in this lifestyle for over a year and no man or woman had touched her heart. But Holly was far more likely to get bruised. After two nights of fulfilling some of her wildest sexual fantasies, one man had pummeled her pride and her heart.

In the future, she'd be far more careful.

Holly turned and ran to her waiting car. She didn't look back. She didn't dare.

Addiction: Chapter 6

"Carlos?"

Seated outside in the company's lounging area, Carlos glanced up from the laptop on the mesh metal table. The sun's rays momentarily blinded him as he searched the courtyard nestled in the corner of the newspaper's L-shaped building. Then he blinked and saw the woman walking toward him.

He jerked up in his chair. The cup that dangled from its handle around his index finger swung wildly. Coffee sprayed, seeping through his pant leg and onto his skin, miraculously missing the computer's keys.

"Shit." It couldn't be Holly. He'd conjured a mirage from his imagination, but that thick blonde hair, those full lush lips, he couldn't be dreaming them now. Stumbling to his feet, he thrust his cup onto the table and wiped inanely at his pant leg. "Holly?"

She walked toward him in a pair of white strappy sandals and a clingy white dress that caressed her curves lovingly.

Carlos's heart drummed a crazy rhythm inside his chest. He glanced around. No one sat at the three other tables. The only sound breaking the stillness of the afternoon was the call of a mockingbird from one of the mesquite trees shading the courtyard.

"Yes, it's me." Her hips swayed gently as she moved across the cement tile on smooth, slender legs. Sunglasses shielded her eyes from his gaze. "The receptionist said I might find you here."

When she stopped by his table, he sensed her hesitation, even uncertainty. Tension coiled in his stomach. He nodded to the chair beside him. "Please sit down."

Seeing the newspaper folded in her hand, Carlos dropped onto his own seat and vainly swallowed against the sudden constriction inside his throat. He clapped both hands around the metal arms of his chair and twisted.

He searched the delicate curve of her cheek, the clean line of her jaw, features he'd touched and caressed. Yet the woman before him was anything but familiar. He didn't know what ran through her head, and the large black glasses shielded her expression from his gaze. But her hands gave her away as she ran trembling fingers repeatedly back and forth over the fold of the newspaper.

Gracefully she sank onto the chair and opened the paper to his article, "Drowning in Addiction."

Tension crackled up his spine. He'd revealed a piece of himself in his byline in a way he'd never anticipated. He'd exposed his fears and obsessions to the public, and particularly Holly, and it left him raw and vulnerable. Having her sit directly in front of him with only a few feet separating them and the sun glaring into his face, exacerbated all those insecurities.

"As you can see, I read your article," she began in a hushed, throaty voice. A brief pause followed as she nibbled on the bottom corner of her lip. "It wasn't what I expected. Did you mean what you said about the unnamed woman? That you'd grown addicted?"

Should he lie now or tell the truth and possibly face her ridicule? Hell. Why change now? Straightening, he stared back and replied without flinching. "Yes. Every word."

She dragged in a trembling breath and shifted on the edge of her chair. Her hand fisted, crumpling a corner of the newspaper. "I had no idea."

He hadn't either. Not really. Not until he'd finished the article.

Again she nibbled on her lip. Then she said, "I was furious with you when I left that night, and every day afterward I would check the newspaper and expect the worse. I was prepared to hate you, prepared to hire a lawyer. I was prepared to do a lot of things. But I wasn't prepared for what was in your article."

She slipped off her sunglasses and placed them on top of her head with a manicured hand. This time she was the one staring back, her gaze fearless.

Carlos sucked in his surprise. Solemn, soulful blue eyes. Their vulnerability caught him unaware and left him floundering.

"I never thought of myself as any man's fantasy. Not one man I can remember ever made me feel that special." She inhaled sharply. "That is, until I read your article, and...."

"And what?"

She shook her head, the soft waves of her hair glowing like liquid gold beneath the sunlight. "It doesn't matter, but I did want to apologize. This wasn't the only article I've read of yours. I went through back issues and learned that I had completely misjudged you. Your personality comes through with every single word you write."

He was surprised and touched. Gruffly, he replied, "Hell, Holly. Don't apologize. If anyone needs to, that would be me. For a person who's always valued honesty, I was sadly lacking when it came to you. Whenever you stepped into the room, I forgot everything but the moment."

"Yes, well, a fantasy is far different than reality." She rose abruptly. "I'm sure I've taken too much of your time as it is, interrupting your work and everything. I must go."

He sat stunned, unable to fathom her words for a moment. Then he jack-knifed from his chair, caught her by the wrist and whirled her around. Stumbling, she landed against his chest and in his arms. "Do you think I'm going to let you go after you've walked back into my life?"

Arching her neck backward, she looked into his face. Shadows clung to in her eyes. "But a fantasy is only a mirage, a thought with no substance. That's what the article says."

"It can become real," Carlos insisted, rubbing a hand up the sleek softness of her back. "Given time, we can make it real. In your arms, I'd never felt more *real* in my life."

She placed a hand across his chest. "I know what you mean. I think of my sister and how she buries her feelings behind a multitude of sexual experiences. Deep down she's not happy. I know that. And I also know her lifestyle isn't right for me. Don't get me wrong. I have no regrets about stepping through the doors of that club. I met you because of it, and ever since I've thought of you many a night, alone, craving for that next time." She paused and looked hard at him. "I want a next time."

Carlos smiled slowly. "Oh, I want more than just a next time.

But I've got some conditions."

"Conditions?"

"Oh, yeah. Next time, I call the shots."

A smile curved her mouth. "So what are these shots you're going to call?"

"I want just the two of us. No two-way mirrors and no third party." Passion thickened his voice. "I'm too addicted to share you with anyone."

"Addicted?" A wicked smile trembled on her lips. Her eyes cleared completely of shadows.

"Yes. Addicted to you."

About the author:

Lynne Logan has always had a love of books. Many a time you can find her with a book in one hand and a diet soda in the other. Human nature and what drives people, whether it be physical or cerebral, has always fascinated her, along with a good tale of love, sex and suspense. Lynne has won and finaled in numerous contests under another pseudonym. She lives in Arizona where the summer nights are as hot as the pages she writes.



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