

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

Ciana Stone

RIDING  
RANGER

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Riding Ranger

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# ***RIDING RANGER***

**Ciana Stone**

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## **Chapter One**

She didn't twitch or so much as bat an eye as the deep bong of the grandfather clock in the library alerted her to the lateness of the hour. Had there be anyone present in the dark room she might have appeared to be nothing more than another of the many works of art scattered throughout the penthouse. Standing motionless in front of the window, she peered through the eyepiece of the telescope, her attention completely focused on the view afforded her by the ocular device.

The man had no idea he was being watched. Sitting on a deck chair on the small balcony, his feet propped on the iron railing, his attention was on the small leather-covered book in his hand.

She admired him from her lofty perch. Despite his continued efforts to brush his dark brown hair back from his strong forehead, it persisted to fall forward toward thick elegant eyebrows and piercing near-black eyes. His was a face of strength. Not handsome in the classic sense, he had a vaguely hawkish appearance. There was definitely something of the predator in his eyes. Something that excited her.

He opened the book and settled back in his seat. The change in position drew her attention to the long lean lines of his shirtless torso and bare arms. It was clear that he took care of his body. She knew that came from the physical activity he devoted himself to. He was an avid swimmer, runner and biker, played an aggressive game of handball, and enjoyed occasional games of weekend rugby.

She smiled as she considered his chagrin at discovering how much she knew about him. From her observations of him it was clear that now he realized he was being investigated and researched every bit as much as he was investigating and researching the new professional obsession in his life — namely her.

As she watched, he took a long pull from a bottle of imported beer then flipped back to the beginning of the leather-bound book and started to read.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I spent my childhood dreaming of and fantasizing about being a superhero. That marvelous miraculous being who would swoop in and save the day, foiling the evil villain, righting the wrongs, protecting the innocent and being universally recognized for my greatness.

What I never imagined was that my wish would direct me to becoming one of the more notorious (and successful) crooks in the world and on the Top 10 of every list from the FBI's most wanted to Interpol's.

Not that my picture has ever been splashed on a television screen or printed in a newspaper or even appeared online. No one has a clue who I am. I'm that good. And that's not a boast but a mere statement of fact. If I were not that good I wouldn't be sitting in the comfort of my own surroundings leisurely penning this little tome for the stalwart yet thoroughly delectable Special Agent John Williams who has been working so diligently over this past year to apprehend me.

Yes, John, I know you're looking for me. If you weren't then half of the fun would be gone. And I do enjoy the dance we're engaged in. It's so...arousing.

But back to my story. I wanted more than anything to be a superhero. But since I never found the miracle potion that turned me from mere mortal into superbeing, I kind of gave up on those dreams as I matured. At least I thought I had. Then one day I picked a lock on a door I wasn't supposed to enter and that door opened to reveal everything I needed to be a superhero. All I needed was a wrong to right.

Thanks to the deluge of information slamming our senses at every turn from radio, television, internet and print, the wrong I sought found me. In fact it had been right there in front of me for the longest time. I was just too blind to see it.

But now my eyes were opened and I knew what I had to do.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

John paused and reached for his beer sitting beside his chair on the balcony. He'd read the journal dozens of times, sure every subsequent reading that a clue he had overlooked would jump off the page at him. If it didn't soon then his ass was really going to be in a sling.

He had come into possession of the journal six months earlier when he came within minutes of catching the Lone Ranger, as the Bureau had labeled the Unsub. Until the journal, the bureau had assumed the Lone Ranger was a man. That they were dealing with a female put an entirely new slant on the profile. Actually the journal turned things upside down. The Lone Ranger was not like anything they had encountered before.

They believed her to be a woman in her mid- to late-thirties, a college graduate, middle income, with a low- to mid-level management job, probably divorced or widowed, who harbored a deep-seated resentment and envy of those in higher income brackets and those with higher-ranking professional positions. They further theorized that she would be average in appearance or possibly less and that her envy of the "beautiful" people of the world could possibly exceed her envy of those in positions of power or wealth.

John disagreed, but he wasn't sure if that was based on professional objectivity. He would never admit it aloud, but something about the Lone Ranger really got to him. When he read about her escapades he couldn't visualize a bitter, jealous woman. There was too much life in her, too much enthusiasm, curiosity and humor. And there was also a boatload of sensuality and uninhibited sexuality. That didn't spell "I can't get a date" to him.

He'd thought about her so much that he had come to develop a real hard-on for her. While his other male friends fantasized over the latest supermodel or actress, John spent more solitary nights imagining the Lone Ranger than he cared to admit even to himself. Many a night he'd jacked off to fantasies of her.

Which, he realized, was a sad testament to his sex life. He consoled himself with the excuse that an FBI agent focused on his job had little time for a social life, much less an active sex life. John knew that was a lame excuse, but it was all he had and so he clung to it during those long nights when self-doubts rose to rob him of sleep.

And unless he got some solid leads or figured out something from this damn diary, sleepless nights were going to be a permanent part of his life. Along with professional failure.

John polished off his beer and turned his attention back to the journal.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

As you may have figured out by now, my illustrious career began with what I like to call the “Buff in the Rough” chapter. All artists tend to be sentimentally attached to their first creation, and in that respect I’m no different. It may not have been the most elegant of my creations, but after all, I was a newbie.

I got my idea, as I mentioned earlier, from the media in a little tale called Smiley v. Citibank. Okay, all you law enforcement folks, run to your computers. If the FBI doesn’t have this in its database then they are woefully inadequate in listing the real criminals in our country.

Before 1978, there were thirty-seven states that capped interest rates and fees on credit cards for the customers in their states. Most were at less than eighteen percent APR. But two court cases effectively invalidated these state usury laws. The first case was in 1978, *Marquette v. First Omaha Service Corp.* and the second was *Smiley v. Citibank* in 1996.

In short, *Marquette* held that national banks could charge their credit card customers the highest allowable interest rate allowed in the bank’s home state, as opposed to the customer’s home state. Now what this did was have major banks move their “home” to states like Delaware and South Dakota where there were no usury ceilings on rates.



Smiley effected the same outcome for fees, which, like interest rates, were originally regulated at the state level. Before Smiley, late fees averaged sixteen dollars. After Smiley it was thirty-two or more. Not much to be smiley about for millions of Americans.

Now at the same time the credit card companies were being given the legal right to stick it up our collective ass, if you will, they were also approving massive amounts of credit cards with high credit limits to people who would never be able to repay the debt if they used the credit limits they were given.

But many of them did and that started a snowball from hell that had this country seeing in the 1990s a historical all-time high record in the number of cases of bankruptcy being filed.

Obviously, I could go on at length about this situation but the gist of it is, people got in trouble and the deeper in debt they got, the higher their interest rates climbed, making it impossible for them to make their monthly interest payments on their credit card debt.

It really pissed me off. And I wanted to get back at big banking. Thus was born Buff in the Rough.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

John shifted in his chair and paused to look out over the lights of the city. He couldn't help but admire Ranger's indignation and her desire to change the system. He did not support her methods, but could still respect her for caring enough to try and make a difference.

*Red alert*, his inner voice prompted and he reminded himself for what was sure to be the hundredth time that Ranger was not a folk hero but a criminal. Why was it getting so damn hard to think of her that way? And why did he get a raging hard-on every time he thought about her?

*You're fucking insane is why*, he mentally answered his own question. Rubbing at his eyes, he rose to go back inside the apartment. He tossed his empty bottle into the trash, grabbed another beer from the refrigerator and headed back to the balcony.

From her secure vantage point she watched as he reclaimed his seat on the balcony and tipped the beer bottle up for a long drink. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes. After a few minutes she thought he'd drifted off to sleep, but then his hand moved to his groin, drawing her attention to the evident bulge.

Excitement flared bright and hard inside her, making her sex wet and her pulse rate increase. Watching him readjust his erection, she imagined it was her hand on him, squeezing him through the thin fabric of the low-slung cotton pants he wore. Of freeing him from the confines of those pants and watching his cock throb in her hand as she stroked him to within an inch of orgasm.

*Soon*, she promised herself. From her months of observing him she was confident that despite his professional stance, personally he had as bad a case of lust for her as she did for him. All that remained for her to discover was whether his hard-on superseded his devotion to the job. In short, what did he want more? To take her in—or take her? Depending on what happened this night, she would have the answer. Despite the titillating action taking place on that far balcony, at the moment she had a very important errand to run.

She set the digital recorder connected to the telescope to record, grabbed her shoulder bag and headed out into the night.

John considered going to bed and taking care of business. His dick was rock-hard and hungry. But that would almost be anticlimactic. Despite knowing exactly what the journal contained, he had to reread it again. Adjusting to get more comfortable, he returned his attention to her words.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

In order for Buff in the Rough to succeed I needed a high-level stooge, someone with access and clearance. It took me a month to locate, investigate and select the perfect candidate. Once I knew my target, the rest was a picnic.

I made first contact with him on the golf course of a prestigious country club. While I'm quite adept at the game and enjoy playing a round now and then, I did not even bother to play the front nine. What I wanted resided on lucky number 13.

I had to plead a twisted ankle and let a couple of parties play through before my target appeared. As soon as I spotted him, I pulled my cart closer to the tee box. As his cart stopped behind me, I got out of my cart and walked around to the back where my rented clubs were stored. I saw him checking me out, just as I had hoped. With my new tousled honey-blond wig and quite an expert makeup job, topped with colored contacts, I hardly recognized myself. But I had taken no chances of revealing anything of my true identity. I'd even had my pussy completely waxed to prevent my true hair color from being revealed.

My target, who I'll call Jack to protect his identity, exited his cart. "Playing alone?" he asked.

"Unfortunately," I pouted. "I was supposed to have a lesson today but the course pro called in sick so I thought I'd get in a round just to practice. How about you? Are you waiting for the rest of your party? I can let you play through. I'm afraid I'm pretty slow."

"No, no," he countered, his eyes glued to my braless chest inside the tight white top I'd worn beneath my golf shirt. "As a matter of fact, I'm alone today, too. I was supposed to be playing in a party of four but none of the others showed up."

"Sorry to hear that. You can still play through if you want."

"No, you go ahead. I don't mind waiting."

"Well, okay, if you're sure."

"Positive."

I gave him a smile, grabbed my driver and approached the tee box. Thanks to the very short skirt I'd slipped on after leaving the clubhouse, when I bent over he was rewarded with a bird's-eye view of my thong-clad ass.

I addressed the ball, swung the club and missed entirely. "Damn!" I groused with another pretty pout. "I just can't get the hang of this."

"Maybe I can help." He literally jumped forward with the offer.

"You sure you wouldn't mind?"

"My pleasure." He came up behind me and wrapped his arms around me, positioning my hands on the club with his on top. I suppressed a grin when he pressed a little tighter than necessary up against my backside.

"Now remember, let your left arm do the work. Don't push with your right. A nice smooth swing and keep your eye on the ball."

He went through the motion with me twice. Each time before the swing I wiggled my ass against his groin as if getting my position. The second time I detected a definite bulge pressing against my ass.

He seemed hesitant to move away, but I assured him that I thought I had it so he stepped back and with beautiful precision I swung, connected and hit a perfect slice right into the rough.

"Darn!" I daintily stamped my foot in pretend frustration.

"It's not so bad," he consoled me.

"But I'll never find my ball in all that!" I whined.

"Don't worry, we'll find it. You did just fine."

"You are just so sweet," I cooed.

Jack teed up and sliced his drive too. "See?" he grinned. "It happens to all of us."

I giggled, got in my cart and headed down the cart path, stopping in the general area where my drive had entered the rough.

Now when I say rough, I do mean rough. It's one of the reasons I selected the course. And one of the reasons I selected Jack. Hole number 13 had everything I was looking for.

I knew exactly where my ball was, but I wasn't about to let Jack know that. Instead I led him into the rough where a stand of trees surrounded by scrubby bush shielded us from view.

I bent over, swatting at the undergrowth with my club. "Any luck?" Jack asked as he came up behind me.

"I know it's here somewhere." I cut a look over my shoulder to find his eyes zeroed in on my ass. "I'm sure it's in this mess somewhere."

He walked up behind me and peered over me into the brush then pretended to stumble so that he had to reach and put his hand on my back to steady himself.

"Sorry," he apologized but did not remove his hand.

"No apology necessary." I gave up all pretense of looking for my ball and bent forward a little more, thrusting my ass up a bit higher. "Like what you see there, Jackie?"

"Oh, I wasn't—"

"Sure you were." I reached back and moved his hand from my back to my ass. "It's okay. That feel good?"

"Oh yeah." He grinned and gave me a squeeze.

"You want to see more?" I asked huskily.

"Oh yeah," he responded immediately.

I made a show of sliding my thong down and stepping out of it, then bent forward, legs spread with my hands on my shins. "How about this?" I wiggled my ass provocatively.

"Oh yeah." Jack's vocabulary had diminished to those two words. His eyes were glazed, his face was red and there was a sizable bulge in his pants.

I ran one hand between my legs, stroking myself from clit to anus. "Want a taste, Jackie?"

"God yes." He fell on his knees behind me, grabbed me by the hips and plunged his tongue up my pussy.

"Oh yes, oh god, Jack, that feels so good," I moaned breathily, even though the reality of it was that he had no talent at all in the oral aspects of sex. He was eager but his skills were sorely lacking. Not that I was disappointed. I had not planned on enjoying myself. This was just phase one of my plan.

He groaned and stabbed his tongue up my ass. "Oh. Oh, oh!" I groaned and let him continue to probe and lick my ass and pussy. "Oh...no...no more..." I panted. "Oh god!"

Providence provided the ending I needed in the form of a chubby man beating his way into the rough yelling, "Hey, you need help?"

I quickly pushed away from Jack and grabbed my club just in time to turn and face the would-be helper. "Thanks, I have it now. Why don't you go ahead and play through."

"Okay, thanks!"

I turned to Jackie as the man left. "You are a very bad boy, Jackie. That was too close for comfort. I don't know about you, but my husband would take me to the cleaners if he got wind of this."

That brought him to his senses and he stood, looking a little embarrassed and ill at ease.

"I want to see you again." I stepped over close and ran one hand from his chest to his cock.

"You name the time and place and I'm there," he agreed.

"Hmmm, let's see..." I pretended to consider. "How about Tuesday for a...long lunch? The uptown Westin?"

"Tuesday?" he paused. "Yeah, Tuesday is good. Say, around one?"

"Fantastic. Listen, I think I'll head for the clubhouse and get...cleaned up. See you Tuesday. Room 413," I said and started for the green.

"Hey wait!" he called out. "I don't know your name!"

"Buffy," I replied with a grin. "But my friends call me Buff."

"Buff." He grinned lasciviously. "I can't wait 'til Tuesday."

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John blew out his breath, closed the journal and stood, looking out into the darkened city. His eyes moved over the familiar sights but his attention was on the scene playing out in his head — of the entry he had just read. Only in his mind, the man was him and the woman calling herself Buff was not pretending to enjoy what was happening.

*You need to get laid*, he told himself. Staying up half the night and fantasizing about a criminal was not healthy, or sane. He told himself to forget about her, to go along with the rest of the people assigned to the case and visualize her as someone who was vindictive and cunning and a menace to society.

But he couldn't do that. Somehow along the way she'd crept into his head and taken up residence and he didn't know how to evict her.

John began summarizing the facts of the case in his mind, to divert his attention from his nearly painful erection.

Fact: The woman who called herself Buffy had not only seduced the man she listed as Jack, but she had used him to get high-level access to one of the largest banks in the world.

Fact: Using that access she had successfully diverted over thirty million dollars back to people who had been gouged by the bank with raised interest rates on their credit cards. And she had erased over one hundred million dollars of debt. Erased. No trace of the people involved ever having had a credit card with the bank, no record of charges

with any merchant and credit scores that showed as fair to good credit with no history to prove otherwise. The icing on the cake was that she had so completely doctored the bank's records and even its history files that it was impossible to determine which of its customers had benefited from her crime. In short, the bank had no recourse but to eat the loss. Which made the Lone Ranger the single most successful bank robber in history.

Fact: As yet no one had been able to figure out how she managed it. It was just too monumental a task for one person. Yet there was nothing that led to an accomplice. It was all a mystery that did not seem to have a solution.

Fact: While she had numerous law enforcement agencies—local, state, federal and even international—trying to unravel the “Buff in the Rough” crime, she had struck again, and so had that many again trying to unravel the knots in her close to seventy million-dollar insurance scam.

John rubbed his tired eyes and picked up his empty beer bottle. He went inside, deposited the beer bottle in the trash then started for the bedroom. Maybe he would spend another hour sifting through the journal. Turning off the lights, he retraced his steps to close and lock the balcony door then made his way in the darkness to double-check the lock on the front door.

As he stepped in front of the door, his bare foot made contact with paper. Reaching for the wall switch, he flicked on the light. On the floor was a large manila envelope with his name written in bold handwriting.

John's first thought was to reach for his weapon, but being in pajama bottoms he didn't have the gun on him. Leaving the envelope where it lay, he hurried into the bedroom for his handgun then made his way through the apartment, checking behind every piece of furniture and opening every closet. The place was empty.

But someone had been there. There wasn't room to slide the envelope under the door, and there was no mail slot on the door so the only way it could have gotten there was for someone to have unlocked the deadbolt and left it for him to find.



He went into the kitchen and rumbled around for a pair of salad tongs his sister had given him and used them to pick up the envelope and take it to the kitchen table. Using a paper towel to keep from transferring his fingerprints to the envelope, he cut it open with a steak knife and dumped the contents on the table.

Printed pages spilled out. Careful not to touch them with bare hands, he arranged them on the table. He remembered having plastic page sleeves in his desk and went to the living area to look for them.

It took several minutes to get all of the pages secured within the plastic sleeves, but once that was done he stacked them up then picked up the phone to call down to the front desk and ask the guard on duty about anyone and everyone entering the building the last two hours.

Not satisfied with the answers he received, John dressed and went down to the security office to view the video logs of the entire evening. Every person entering the building was identified by the time he left, which left him back at square one. How did someone get in without the camera detecting them?

Calling upon his position, he directed the chief of security that the tapes fell under the heading of a possible felony and confiscated them. Next he had the chief promise to have the entire system checked and a report sent directly to his attention at the bureau.

With that done he was able to return to his apartment where he gathered up all the pages and took them into the living area where he turned on a lamp and sat down on the couch to read.

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Hi, John,

Right now you're asking yourself how I managed to get into your apartment without being detected. In case you haven't been paying close attention, let me clarify. Just like you, I am good at what I do and getting into your apartment really wasn't much challenge at all.

I have to say that your choice of evening attire was very stimulating. Those low-slung pj bottoms cling nicely and reveal just enough to make the imagination run wild. Of course, you may want to rethink the plaid.

But discussing your fashion sense is not why I dropped this off for you. I want to make you an offer. A one-time, take it or leave it, offer. Close the case on the Lone Ranger and then let's you and I meet in person and discuss where we go from there.

I know I intrigue you, John. And I know that despite not knowing exactly how I look, you want me. Your...condition while you were reading my journal stands as testament to that.

Now don't be embarrassed. I'm flattered. And more than that, I'm just as turned on by you. Why, just this evening I was imagining what it would be like if we got together. Shall I tell you how I imagine it?

It's late. Your apartment is dark, with only the lights of the city filtering in through the blinds. You're lying on the couch in those yummy worn jeans you're fond of wearing, the ones with the hole in the left knee.

I drop in on the balcony and slide open the door. You see my shadow—just a shadowy dark form against the dim light. Immediately you reach for your weapon. Unlike many times when you leave it on your bedroom dresser, this night it's on the coffee table in front of you. You pull it free from its holster as I part the blinds and cross the threshold.

"Freeze," you order in your best bureau voice. "Hands where I can see them."

"Whatever you say," I respond and spread my arms out wide to my sides.

You rise from the couch and approach me warily. As you draw close the fine shafts of light penetrating the spaces in the blinds fall across you. I can see the set of your jaw, the intensity in your eyes. The tension in the muscles of your arms and torso.

You stop in front of me, your gun leveled at my head and I smile. "Hello, John," I say.

"Who are you?" you ask, even though I suspect you know the answer.

"It's me, John. I'm here, just like I promised."

Your eyes give you away, your surprise that I'm really there in the flesh, your suspicion that I'm not who you think, but someone who is playing with you, and your excitement that maybe this is indeed real.

Your eyes rake over me, from the top of my black ski-masked head, down the lines of my black Lycra-encased body to the soles of my black shoes. One quick pass before your eyes return to lock with mine.

"Are you going to shoot me, John?" I ask and step closer, into the fall of light so that my eyes are revealed to you.

You step back from me, demonstrating your mistrust and wariness and for a few long moments we simply stare at one another. "How do I know it's you?" you ask in a harsh whisper.

"You know, John," I reply. "Who else would...drop in on you this way? Who else has occupied your mind and interrupted your sleep for the last year? What would you have me do to prove myself to you? Shall I remind you of my first little caper? Would you like to meet Buffy? Shall I reveal myself to you at last, John?"

"Yes," you say in a voice that is tight with tension and mounting excitement.

"Have a seat," I suggest. "And turn on a light, John."

You back over to the couch and take a seat then fumble for the light on the end table. Dim light brightens the room.

I move my arms from their widespread position to reach up and pull the ski mask from my head. My hair spills free. Your eyes widen in surprise. I'm not what you expected, not what any of them suspected. But it's obvious that you like what you see so I smile and drop the mask.

Your eyes follow the movement of my hands as I slowly unzip the tight bodysuit from neck to groin. With slow seductive movements, I wiggle the top half from my body. My nipples pucker at the cool air from the overhead ceiling fan.

I turn so that my back is to you and work the tight material down over my hips.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

John's cock jumped to life as he read her words and his balls ached. The woman was determined to kill him. With a curse, he stripped off his pants, grabbed his dick and started to stroke himself as he read. The scene took shape in his mind and the visual played itself in his mind's eye.

He watched her turn around and work the tight material down over her firm hips and a full rounded ass. She bent forward to peel the suit down her legs, affording him a view of her tight ass and shaved pussy.

When free of the suit, she cast a look back at him. "Is this what you want to see, baby?" Her hands moved between her legs to part the folds of her sex, dipping a finger into her tight channel then rubbing herself with the glistening juice.

John's breath came faster, his pulse accelerated and his cock throbbed in anticipation. She smiled and straightened to turn and face him. Her breasts were lush and full with slightly dusky nipples that begged to be sucked. Her pussy was slick, swollen with excitement.

She sauntered slowly to the couch, stopping in front of him, letting him rake his eyes over her and smiling at the sight of his engorged cock. She leaned forward, placing one hand on either side of his head on the sofa. Her breasts swayed enticingly in front of her face.

"Am I a disappointment to you, John?"

He shook his head, not trusting his voice. The woman was a fucking witch. From her luxurious mane of hair and bewitching eyes to her sexy voice and wet-dream body.

She had him in a spell he had no desire to be released from. Everything else be damned. All he wanted was her.

"Do you want me, John?" She leaned forward a bit more, tempting him with those tantalizing nipples.

"Yes," he managed to speak without groaning. "God yes."

"Then take me, baby. All you want, however you want."

John's eyes clamped shut as his dick pulsed and shot cum all over the back of the sofa, the plastic-encased pages and himself.

"Christ!" he groaned, riding the climax until it left him spent and sweaty. He was right, the woman was a bona fide fucking witch. Tormenting him with the escapades in her journal was not enough. Now she was turning up the heat with this damn letter.

With a curse, he got up and took the plastic pages to the kitchen to clean them up. As soon as he'd cleaned off the sofa, he headed for the bathroom to clean himself up. He left his damp towel on the floor after his shower, went into the bedroom and fell down on the bed. With sexual release came a measure of relaxation. He drifted off to sleep with thoughts of his mystery woman filling his mind.

Perched with legs spread wide and her eye glued to the eyepiece of the telescope, her fingers stroked, pulled and rubbed at her swollen clit. When John threw back his head, closed his eyes and shot off, her own climax exploded, making her quake and then quiver with the receding waves that followed the initial eruption. Cum wet the brocade cover of the chair on which she sat, but she ignored it. Her focus was on John. When he rose and disappeared from view, she leaned back, blew out her breath and grabbed the glass of ice water at her feet.

*So far so good*, she told herself. The letter had definitely taken things to a new level. Now it was definitely personal. The question was, how strong was his desire? Now that he had shot his load would he be able to do what the job required and turn the letter over to the bureau? Or would he not be satisfied until he'd sampled the genuine article?

That was what she had to find out.

\* \* \* \* \*

John woke to the feel of a sharp sting in the side of his neck and reached up to swat at the spot, thinking that a spider or some insect had gotten into his bed. His hand never reached its destination. He was out cold.

When he woke, his first thought was that he had gone blind. He couldn't see. Groggy to a degree that was unnatural, he tried to sit up. It was then he realized that he couldn't move. His arms were stretched over his head and fastened in place with something tied around them. His legs were slightly spread and likewise secured by something tied around each ankle. The blindness was due to a blindfold over his eyes.

Fear sprang instant and bitter to the forefront, driving away the fog that clouded his mind and he started to struggle against his restraints.

"Don't be afraid, John," a soft feminine whisper sounded close to his right ear. "I promise I won't hurt you...unless you want me to, that is."

"Who are you?" he demanded. "Do you realize the penalty for assault on a federal agent? Untie me this instant."

A soft laugh preceded movement on the side of the bed. John felt a featherlight touch on his chest as fingers stroked him gently. "Not just yet, John. We haven't even had time to play."

"Play? What the hell do you mean? Untie me!"

"Now, John," she said as her fingers traced over his skin, down to his abdomen. "You're not being a very good sport. And after the good time I showed you with my letter."

"Ranger?" His voice shrank to a mere whisper and his cock surged to life.

"Now there's my boy," she crooned as she took his dick in her warm hand. "I guess you do want to play after all."

"Untie me and I'll show you how much," he said with a tug on the restraints.

"Ummmm, no. I don't think so." Her voice was low and sultry and her hand was stroking him with just the right amount of pressure to make his hips arch up involuntarily. "I think I like it like this. I do like to control the shots, you know."

"At least take off the blindfold so I can see you."

"Well, that would spoil it too, don't you think? This way all of your senses are attuned to what you feel, not adulterated by sight."

"Easy for you to say."

She laughed and released his cock. "Well, if you're a very good boy maybe next time I'll let you bind me."

"Who says there's going to be a next time?"

Laughter accompanied a shift of weight on the bed. John felt warm moist air on his balls just before something equally warm and wet stroked between his balls, moving up to the base of his cock.

Warm hands wrapped around his cock a second before a wet mouth enveloped him. John struggled not to react, not to give in to the delicious sensations her mouth was creating that were coursing up from his cock to pool in his belly.

Over and over her lips stretched around his dick, her tongue flicking and stroking at the head before she took him deeper into her mouth. Slow and even, stretching out each motion until he was quivering, his body taut and his head pressed back in delicious agony.

"Hmmmm..." She rose from between his legs, leaving his cock throbbing with need. "Nice. But we have other delights in store for us tonight. Let's see, what's next? Oh, yes. I know."

Her weight shifted on the bed. John heard what sounded like a zipper. A few moments later something thick and cool spilled onto the base of his cock, running down between his legs and puddling beneath his ass. A delicate scent rose in the air.

Her hands quickly fitted a condom in place. She added oil, dribbling and rubbing it on his balls and into the cleft of his ass then moved away. John wondered what was next when he felt something firm pressing at his anus.

"Uh, no," he protested.

"Trust me," she argued. "You'll love it."

With that she pushed the object into his ass.

"Come on, baby, loosen your ass," she cooed as she pushed the object deeper. John's body tensed as one then another bulge stretched his sphincter then moved deeper inside him.

He could not suppress a grunt, nor could he stop the way his cock jumped as the final bulge lodged inside the circle of muscle, stretching him wide.

With a quick shift of weight she was straddling him, guiding his cock into her wet center. The moment she was fully seated, the object inside him expanded and started to vibrate.

John groaned and she started to ride him, slowly at first, rising up until just the head of his cock was inside her then lowering down until he was hilted in her tight pussy. One slow steady plunge onto his cock after another. The muscles of his abdomen began to quiver as an orgasm approached and she stilled all motion.

The object in his ass deflated slightly and the vibration stopped. "Let's slow down a bit, shall we? Don't want the party to end too soon."

John's nerve endings danced when she stretched out on him. Her skin was damp and hot. Her breasts felt full and lush, the hard nipples a direct contrast to the softness of the breasts that pressed against him.

She licked at his lips, parting them with her tongue to explore his mouth. John wanted to wrap his arms around her, pull her deeper into the kiss, but he was at her mercy.



For several minutes she devoted herself to the plunder of his mouth, her tongue a weapon of exquisite torture. When she sat up, pressing down on his cock to take all of it into her hot sex, the device in his ass suddenly cranked up again, swelling and vibrating.

John actually shouted, the feelings were so intense. She rode him with divine skill, taking him to the edge of release only to slow and prolong his eventual release. For what seemed an hour John was her captive, his body the instrument that she played to a symphony of sexual torture that was more erotic, more exciting than anything he had ever dreamed.

John's body was wet with sweat, his muscles fatigued from all the straining at his bondage. His dick felt like a time bomb, one he wanted to explode. He'd never needed to come so bad in all his life.

She read him like an open book. "You ready to come for me, John?"

"Yes!" he gasped.

"Then beg me, baby."

For a moment John resisted. But the need was too strong. "Let me come. Please."

Her tempo increased, along with the thrumming vibration in his ass and the pressure of the device swelling even more. John groaned loud and long as his balls tightened and pumped cum upward, his body arching up, tense and rigid as he shot off.

His body pulsed long after the cum was released. She moved off his limp cock, deflated the device in his ass and eased it out. John had no energy to do anything but lie there, breathing hard. He was barely aware of her moving on the bed until her lips met his for a soft kiss.

"Thanks, John," she whispered just before he felt the sting of the needle and the burn of the drug in the side of his neck. "Don't—" was all he had time to say before darkness claimed him.

## **Chapter Two**

John woke with a jerk to realize that he was no longer bound. A quick glance at the clock told him it was almost six p.m. He cursed and got up to check the apartment. She was not there. Damn, what did she give him to knock him out that long?

And how had she managed to get in? He didn't have a clue. He knew he should pick up the phone that moment and call in, have a team dispatched to go over the building with a fine-tooth comb. But he couldn't. He was not prepared to admit to anyone that Ranger had gotten into his apartment undetected, or that she had tied him up and tortured him with one of the best sexual experiences of his life.

Just thinking about it had his cock immediately rising to attention. The woman was going to drive him completely out of his mind.

No longer sleepy, he went into the living area, flopped down onto the couch and stared up at the ceiling. Unbidden images rose to the surface of his mind and he fell into the fantasy.

She gazed through the eyepiece of the telescope and smiled. John really should learn to close his blinds. Thanks to the enhanced features she had paid dearly for, she could see him walk into the living area and plop down on the couch. For a minute he wore an extremely disgruntled look on his face. Then his expression changed and with the change, his eyes closed. She had watched him enough that she knew the look. John was fantasizing. Which meant it was time to go for broke.

John jerked awake from the sex-filled dream at the knock on the door, grabbed his gun and checked the clock as he headed for the door. It shocked him to discover how late it was. It was the middle of the night. Certainly not a time he was accustomed to

company. On bare feet he padded to the door and looked through the peephole. A twenty-ish man with a big brown paper shopping bag stood outside the door.

John opened it just enough to see. "Yes?"

"Delivery for John Williams," the young man said.

"I didn't order anything. How did you get past security?"

The fellow ignored the question and pulled a receipt order from his pocket. "Says right here, John Williams, apartment 6-D. You want it or not?"

John didn't know what was going on, but he was curious why he would be getting a delivery in the middle of the night. "Who do you work for?"

"You want the package or not?"

John made a mental note to give the security company for his building a call first thing in the morning. This kid should not have made it past the front desk. But he had, so John was going to play along and see what the game was. "Okay, kid, how much?"

"Nothing. Bill and tip's all been taken care of."

"Fine." John accepted the bag and watched the young man turn and leave.

He locked the door and carried the bag back to the living area where he took a seat on the couch and placed the bag between his feet. He began to pull items from the bag and place them on the coffee table.

Inside was a 1990 bottle of Roederer Cristal Rose Champagne, a pair of Montano Lucino black silk pajamas, a pound of Knipschildt chocolate truffles, a bottle of Kama Sutra Oil of Love, cinnamon-flavored, a box of condoms and a large flat box wrapped elegantly.

John tore off the paper and opened the box. Inside were a variety of sex toys, restraints, lubrication and a black T-shirt. He pulled the T-shirt out and held it up. Completely black, it bore two words on the front in bold white letters—"Got Sex?"

"I do," a sultry feminine voice came from behind him.

John's heart leapt into his throat as he dropped the T-shirt and fumbled on the couch for his weapon.

"Don't move." He finally got the gun in hand and trained on the trespasser, who stood in the shadows behind the couch. "How did you get in?"

A low sexy laugh came from the shadowy form. "As I've repeatedly told you, I'm *very* good."

"Move where I can see you," he directed with his weapon.

"Gonna shoot me, John?" she asked as she complied and stopped in front of him where the light from the windows illuminated her features.

John was struck mute. Standing before him was a woman who surpassed all of his fantasies. Auburn hair cascaded over her shoulders and spilled down past her breasts in shining waves, framing a face that would have launched a lot more than a thousand ships. Cat-green, almond-shaped eyes set in thick lashes glittered at him in amusement as he stood speechless, staring at her. Her full pouty mouth broke into a sexy smile as his eyes traveled lower.

She had dressed to impress. A black sheath hugged her shapely body, molding to her like a second skin. On many women the dress would have appeared slutty. On her it was visual sex. Stopping at mid-thigh, the dress was the perfect lead-in to a pair of spectacular legs that ended encased in fuck-me, stiletto-heeled slingbacks.

But the biggest shock of all was that he recognized her.

"You can't be..."

She laughed. "The Lone Ranger? But I am, John."

"No."

"No? Why?" She suppressed another laugh at his shock.

"Because you...you're... Your father...your mother..."

She shook back her long mane of hair. "Yes, my parents."

"But how could you..."

"You seem to be having trouble finishing a sentence, John. Perhaps you should sit. Don't worry, I promise I won't try to escape." She moved to the coffee table and picked up the discarded T-shirt. "I must admit to being a bit imitative here. This is definitely not an original."

"Huh?" John had no idea what she was talking about.

"The slogan. My favorite publisher uses it in their advertising."

"They use 'Got Sex' as advertising?" he croaked.

She laughed and turned the T-shirt around so that the words "we do" were visible to him, along with the company's name – Ellora's Cave. "You really need to move into the new millennium, Johnny. Maybe I should have included an EC gift certificate in my little package. Their books are very...arousing."

"What is all this?" John's wits were trying to return.

"This?" She waved one hand gracefully over the items on the coffee table. "Why it's for our first date, darling."

"We don't have a date."

"Oh yes, we do."

"No, we don't," he argued.

She circled the table to him, moving close enough that the barrel of his weapon pressed into her flesh just above the swell of her breasts. "Have you ever tasted nine hundred dollars a bottle Cristal on a woman's breasts, John? Or eaten a three hundred-dollar chocolate truffle from the curve of her hip? Haven't you ever wondered what it would be like to fuck the daughter of one of the most powerful men in the world? More importantly, isn't the most memorable night of your life the night you were fucked by the Lone Ranger?"

"You cannot be her!"

"Hmmm..." She bit her bottom lip thoughtfully. "I suppose I could tell you about the little toy I used on you while I fucked you blind then sent you night-night."

That did it for John. He lowered his weapon, thumbed on the safety and let his hand fall to his side. It was her. As unbelievable and impossible as it was, she really was the Lone Ranger. Amber Hardwick, daughter of the Director of the CIA, Aaron Hardwick, and the Vice President of the United States, Amelia Weston Hardwick, and granddaughter of Henry Weston, one of the top ten richest people in the world. Amber Hardwick—one of the most successful criminals in history, and the woman he'd dreamed of for more nights than he could count.

It boggled his mind. "Why?" he asked. "You have everything."

"Not everything." She reached out and ran one finger from the center of his chest all the way to the waistband of his pants.

He stopped her hand from moving lower. "No."

"No?" she asked, and when he did not reply, she shrugged and turned away. "Then I suppose I'll say goodnight."

"No!" He grabbed her by the arm and turned her back to face him. "You'll stay. But this is one time you don't get to call the shots."

She smiled and moved a step closer. "Have it your way, John. I'm all yours."

"You sure about that?"

"Absolutely."

John looked at the opened box of sex toys. "Okay, then," he said as he put everything back into the shopping bag. She'd had her fun. Not that he hadn't enjoyed it, but now it was his turn and he'd be damned if he would waste it. "Let's take this to the bedroom."

"Whatever you say." Amber gave him a sexy smile and proceeded to the bedroom, leaving him to follow, watching the sexy sway of her ass.

She took a seat on the bed, crossing her legs. John put the bag on the chair next to the nightstand and rummaged through it. His hands emerged with a set of restraints. After reading the instructions, he approached the bed.

"Lift your hair," he directed.

Amber lifted her long hair and held it up as John fastened a soft padded leather collar around her neck. He stepped back and she let her hair fall back to her shoulders.

"Stand up," John ordered, half expecting her to laugh at his command.

But she didn't. She stood, waiting as he crossed the room to the entertainment center to get his iPod. He walked back to the bed and lay down on his side. "What's your favorite music to strip to?"

She smiled and cocked her head to one side. "Hmmm. How about 'Hollywood'?"

He smiled at her selection and selected the track from the latest Daniel Powter album. The wireless surround-sound speakers projected the music as soon as he hit the play button.

Amber began to sway and pump her hips to the beat. The moment the vocals started she began a grind and step that had the hem of the short dress riding up to reveal the lacy thong she wore beneath it.

She turned her back to him, lowering one strap then the other, all the while shaking her ass at him. When she whirled to face him again, the dress was dipping dangerously close to sliding off the tips of her breasts.

With a sexy, come-get-it smile, she lifted her arms over her head then lowered them, her hands caressing their way down her body, lowering the dress so that her breasts sprang free. She cupped them with her hands, her hands splayed out over the firm globes, her body undulating so that the dress shimmied down to her hips where it lodged.

John's cock strained at his pants. No stripper he'd ever seen could match her moves or her looks. With a sexy pout on her face, she moved her hands down to lower the dress one tantalizing inch at a time. When she stepped free of it and was clad only in her barely there thong and sexy stiletto heels, she moved closer to the bed to grab the bedpost.

She pressed her mound against the post, then bent her knees and worked her way down the post. She wiggled her way back up, arched back and swung around, letting go to spin on her toes to the center of the room, her enticing ass to John.

He watched her work her panties down and step out of them, then she spread her legs and bent forward, reaching between her legs to stroke her hands from her ankles up to the vee of her legs, her fingers trailing along the sides of her sex.

The sight of her bent over, exposed to him was enough to make him reconsider his idea to give her a taste of her own medicine and just throw her on the bed and ram inside her. But he wanted more than a quick fix. He wanted to do things to her that he'd been dreaming of all these months, hear her pant, moan, beg and scream.

"Come here." He was surprised at the roughness of his own voice, but did not let on to her that he was unaccustomed to being quite so dominant and demanding.

She straightened and walked to the bed as he rose and took restraints from the shopping bag sitting on the chair. "I think it's time for these, don't you?" he asked.

Amber smiled and reached for the restraints. "Well then, maybe you better get rid of those pants, John."

"You got it all wrong, sweetheart. This time I get to tie you up."

Amber felt her first glimmer of unease. It was one thing to tie him up. That left her in control. To let him bind her meant not only a loss of sexual control, it also meant running a huge risk that he might decide to restrain her and then call his buddies at the bureau.

She had a decision to make and she had to make it fast. Could she trust John not to compromise her freedom? Was his lust stronger than his sense of duty?

"What's the matter, Ranger?" He moved closer. "Scared?"

Amber tossed her head in defiance. She might be a little scared but she'd never admit to it. "Of what, John? Are you planning on hurting me?"



"Only if you want me to," he replied, sending a spike of excitement straight to her pussy.

She smiled and held out her arms to him. He secured the padded restraints to both wrists then knelt down to fasten similar restraints to each ankle. "On the bed," he said as he stood.

While she lay back on the bed, he fetched the rest of the restraints from the bag. Amber felt her skin grow warm and perspiration break out as John pulled her arms up above her head and secured them to the headboard.

He fastened nylon straps to the ankle restraints and pulled her legs up and back toward her head, forcing her to bend her knees as he secured the ends of the straps to the bedposts at the head of the bed, raising her ass up and leaving her splayed out and completely vulnerable.

It was a feeling that made her anxious and excited at the same time. John got off the bed and went to the closet. When he returned he carried a dressing mirror on a stand. He positioned it at the foot of the bed then moved to the head of the bed to look at it.

Amber looked and saw herself, legs bent up nearly to her chest and pulled back so that her pussy and ass were raised and spread wide. Panic bubbled in her stomach. "Hmmm, just one minor adjustment." John lifted her head to put a pillow beneath it. "I want you to be able to see everything I do to you."

Her pussy clenched at the gravelly tone of his voice and the hunger on his face. She said nothing but watched as he got off the bed to get the shopping bag and dump its contents on the bed.

"Let's see..." He climbed on the bed, looking at the assortment. "These look interesting." He held up nipple clamps. "But do they work as well as this?" He lowered his head and ran his tongue around the areola of one nipple, circling then flicking the nipple, over and over until Amber began to squirm.

He moved to the other breast, giving it the same treatment while he used his thumb and index finger to pull and pinch at the nipple his mouth had nice and wet with saliva.

Amber felt the burn, welcomed it, but after a few minutes the pleasure began to be tinted with pain and she protested. "No, please."

"Can't take it?" John raised his head but kept one nipple prisoner, pinching and rolling it with his fingers.

"Uhhh." She bit her lip, wanting him to stop, yet feeling a measure of pleasure from the small pain.

John grinned and reached for the clamps. Amber gasped as he fastened one to each sensitive nipple. It created a ribbon of sensation that ran through her, culminating at her pussy and making it weep with longing.

"Baby, you are so hot," John whispered as he ran his hand to her pussy and plunged two fingers inside her. "But not as hot as you're going to get."

"Ahhh," she moaned as he stroked her, his fingers sinking deeper each time.

"Uh-uh, not yet." He removed his fingers as she started to cream. "No coming yet. Not 'til I say so. Remember, this time you're mine."

He picked up a tube of lubricant and coated a beaded anal probe then smeared lubricant from her clit to her ass, spreading her lips wide and loading her with the slick substance.

"Look how your pussy opens for me." He seemed transfixed on the sight. "So soft. So wet." He inserted two fingers inside her. "So hungry."

Amber switched her gaze from his face to the reflection in the mirror. John's fingers moved in and out of her pussy, each stroke making her cream so that it ran out of her pussy and trailed to her ass. Watching as the sensations raced through her made it even more exciting and she wiggled against his probing fingers, wanting more.

He looked up at the mirror and grinned. "Not yet. I have a little something for you."

She knew what was coming but still was not quite prepared. The anal probe was six inches long and had a series of beads, each larger than the other. John squirted a

generous dollop of lubricant on her anus and smeared it around, probing his finger insider her tight hole.

“God, you’re tight,” he commented, sinking his finger up her ass to the first knuckle.

She moaned at the invasion. She’d been on the giving end of this kind of play several times but the receiving end was another matter and one she’d avoided for the most part.

“Have you ever been ass-fucked, baby?” he asked, moving his finger in deeper.

She shook her head back and forth, not trusting her voice at the moment.

“Virgin ass.” He turned to grin at her. “You gonna let me be the one who breaks you in, Ranger?”

“It appears so,” she gasped, her traitorous body already tuning in to the sensations, making her pussy run wet.

“As someone once told me,” he grinned again, “loosen your ass, baby.”

“I’m trying!” she moaned.

John withdrew his finger and ran the end bead of the probe around her anus, finally pushing it in. Amber gasped and strained at her bonds, but her pussy opened wider, making it obvious that she was excited.

One bead at a time, he slowly inserted the probe, Amber’s moans increasing with each bead. He was less than halfway when his free hand moved to her clit, spreading her pussy wide to expose it.

Amber sucked in a breath as he ran his finger back and forth over her clit, then down to sink into her pussy, all the while pushing the probe in deeper. “That’s it, baby. Take it,” he crooned. “One more, one more.”

With his hand alternating between tormenting her clit and finger-fucking her pussy, and the probe stretching her ass, going deeper and deeper, Amber finally surrendered

control. "Ahhh, John!" she screamed as he stroked his fingers fast inside her, taking her to the edge of climax.

"Nooooo!" she protested when he stopped, but left the probe in her ass, making her feel stretched and full.

John shifted so that he could lean down and run his tongue down one side of her sex and back up the other, then again, nibbling on her lips, sucking them, and then moving up to her clit.

He began pulling the probe out, very slowly, one bead at a time, all the while licking her pussy, sucking on her, lapping at her cum. When the probe slipped free she relaxed then moaned as he sunk a finger up her ass, his knuckle rough against the sensitive muscle.

"Never gonna be able to fuck you up the ass if we don't get you loosened up." He raised his head long enough to watch in the mirror as he withdrew his finger and gave her another squirt of lubricant. Amber cried out when he used two fingers, her tight anus protesting against the invasion and yet welcoming it.

John watched, one hand stroking her pussy from clit to opening, spreading the lips, stroking and pinching them, then somewhat roughly pinching her clit and rolling it between his thumb and finger, all the while ass-fucking her with his fingers, pressing deeper inside her to the first knuckle.

His fingers spread, earning a scream from Amber that was either of pain or supreme pleasure. She wasn't sure. It all seemed to be mixed up, combined. All she knew was that her nipples ached from the clamps, her ass burned and her clit felt the size of a basketball.

"Oh god, John!" she moaned as he began focusing on her clit, rubbing up and down, circling and stroking. "Please, please, please."

"Please, what?"

"Please, I want it."

"Want what?"

"To come!" she screamed.

"Then beg for it. Beg me to fuck your tight little ass and lick your sweet clit."

"Yes, please."

"Please what?" He toyed with her, all the while stroking and probing, feeling her nearly vibrate with hunger.

"Please fuck me. Fuck me! Just let me come!"

"No." He suddenly stopped everything and sat back on his heels.

Amber screamed and thrashed around. "Damn you, John! Let me loose!"

"Oh no, we're not even close to that," he replied calmly and leaned down to nip her on the chin. "Like I said, this time I'm in control and I'm going to enjoy your luscious body all night. And when I do let you come you're going to have a half-hour orgasm and after that, no matter what you do with the rest of your life, you'll never forget this night or the man who made you come like you'll probably never come again."

And with that, he started again. The evening turned to night and night gave way to the first streaks of dawn when John's own hunger finally gave way. He licked Amber's swollen clit to orgasm and as her body started to quake, he climbed between her legs and slid inside her.

She screamed so loud it should have had a neighbor calling the police, but John barely noticed. All that existed for him was the clenching wet pussy milking his dick, taking him by the second closer to ultimate bliss.

Amber had never come so hard or so long. The climax was just subsiding when she felt John's take hold and it pushed her headlong into another body-shuddering orgasm that nearly had her eyes rolling back in her head.

John groaned and fell forward, bracing himself on his hands with his eyes closed. When he finally opened them he smiled down at her. "Ranger, I don't know what the

hell happens after tonight, but I want you to know that you're the most incredible woman I've ever met and as long as I live I'll remember this night."

"Ditto," she said with a smile. "And I'd love to put my arms around you right now, but I think my arms have lost all feeling."

John hurried to unfasten the restraints. Amber's arms tingled as circulation was restored and she pulled John to her. He wrapped around her and they both lay silently on the bed. Inside of a few minutes his breathing slowed.

She waited a few minutes more until she was sure he was asleep. More than anything she wanted to just stay there, curled up in his arms. But that couldn't be. At least not now. Regretting the necessity to do so, she got up, found her clothes and left.

\* \* \* \* \*

The persistent buzz of the intercom woke John from a sound sleep. It was then he realized that he was in bed alone.

"Amber?" he called out as he sat up.

There was no answer. John got up and went into the bathroom. She was not there. In fact she was nowhere in the apartment as he soon discovered. He finally answered the intercom to discover that his partner Tom Petersen was downstairs. John buzzed Tom up then went into the bedroom to pull on a pair of jeans and a T-shirt.

He was putting on a pot of coffee when Tom knocked on the door.

"Whoa! What truck ran over you?" Tom asked when John opened the door.

John grunted in reply and headed for the kitchen with Tom still talking. "I've been trying to call you all morning. Neither your landline or cell is working—both give an out-of-service message. What's up?"

John gave Tom a surprised look and snatched up the phone off the base in the kitchen. Sure enough it was dead. He found his cell phone in the living room, amid the leftovers of Amber's gift. It also was dead.

"So what's up?" Tom took a look around at the leftovers.

"Late night." John did not care to try and explain his personal life. Hell, there was no way he could explain last night. "What brings you here?"

"Thought you might be interested to know that the bounty on Ranger just increased."

"Why?"

"Word just came down that the boys at the top are crediting Ranger with one of the biggest...uh, thefts in history."

"What kind of theft."

"Seems like over the last year seven of the biggest insurance companies in the world have paid out over sixty million dollars to account holders who were never approved for settlements."

"That doesn't make any sense."

"Tell me about it. From what I've learned so far, it appears that Ranger was able to get into company files on denied policies and approve claims that had been previously denied by the various companies."

"And they just now realized money was slipping between their fingers?" John found that hard to believe.

"Yeah, that's what I said. But here's the thing. The accounting software was creatively altered so that none of the payouts were recorded. And here's the kicker. The checks were never issued from the actual companies in question."

"Shit on a stick!" John was amazed. "How the hell did she manage that on her own?"

"No one believes she did—at least now," Tom replied. "There's no way one person could have pulled this off. She had to have had help—and a lot of it. The question is who was in on it with her?"

John poured himself and Tom a cup of coffee. "Okay, so how exactly can we be sure it *was* her?"

Tom chuckled. "You're gonna love this. Seems like all the big insurance companies called in a team of super techs to sift through the programming with a microscope and one of them discovered a remark line buried deep in the code that read 'hi-ho, boys' – which as you know, is the Ranger's signature."

John felt a lead weight take shape in his belly. He'd had every opportunity to do what he should have done and arrest Amber. But instead, he'd neglected his duty and indulged in his desires. And now how was he ever going to be able to reveal her as the Lone Ranger without revealing his own shameful behavior.

But what really ate at him was that he didn't want to reveal her. Instead he wanted to protect her from prosecution and let the Lone Ranger remain uncovered and undiscovered.

It was not a moral dilemma he had any idea how to deal with. But he had better figure it out fast before she slipped up and got caught.

"So, you coming in today?" Tom interrupted his thoughts.

"Huh? Oh, yeah. Sorry, I was thinking about the case."

"Want me to wait around and give you a lift? We can grab some dinner after work and then I'll drop you back off."

"Sure, Tom, that'd be great," John agreed. "Give me ten minutes." Not waiting for a reply he headed for the shower. Now if he could just figure out where the hell Amber was and convince her to sit down with him and figure this mess out.

\* \* \* \* \*

She was watching for him through the telescope when he entered his apartment that evening. It had been a rather stressful day for her, waiting to see if John would turn her in to the bureau. So far it seemed he had not.

Which meant what? That he didn't want to turn her in or he just didn't know how to go about it without revealing his erotic trysts with her. She hoped it was the former rather than the latter, although in the final analysis it probably wouldn't make a



difference in terms of her legal status. There was no way anyone would ever trace any of the capers back to her. Thanks to all she'd learned at her father's feet, and through all of the contacts she'd made through him that he was unaware of, she had covered her tracks completely. She was confident that the Lone Ranger would do down in history. Maybe not as a superhero, but certainly as a folk hero comparable with Robin Hood.

And truth be told, she was ready for that phase of her career to end. It was exciting for a while but John had changed something inside her. As improbable as it was, her short time with him had her wanting a different sort of life, one with him in it.

Caught up in her own thoughts she didn't notice what John was doing until he walked over to the balcony holding a sheet of paper in front of him with big handwritten letters that read "Tonight. Come here".

She smiled and moved away from the telescope.

\* \* \* \* \*

John was sitting on the couch, staring through the open sliding door of the balcony when Amber literally dropped in. She unclipped the rappelling line from the harness she wore, tugged on it and watched it retract. After hopping down off the rail, she removed the harness and stepped through the open doorway.

"You wanted to see me, John?"

"The front door would have worked just as well."

"But far less exciting."

"Is that what all this is for you, Amber? Excitement? Something to entertain the poor little rich girl?"

"My goodness, we are in a snit tonight, aren't we? Perhaps I should come back another time when your mood is improved."

"Cut the crap! This isn't a joke. You've committed some serious crimes. You could go to prison."

"No, John, I won't. Not ever. First of all no one but you knows and you have no proof. And there is no proof for anyone to find. Besides, I'm done with all that."

John threw up his hands in exasperation. "Amber, this isn't like saying I'm giving up playing tennis. Regardless of what you do from this point forward, nothing will change what you've already done and the law won't stop looking for the guilty party. You're a fugitive from justice and you always will be."

Amber crossed the room and knelt down on one knee in front of John. "I'm not arguing with you. I agree. What's done is done. But no one will ever, ever know it was me. I've covered my tracks too completely. Not even my own father could discover the truth."

"How can you be so certain?" God help him, John wanted to believe her. One night with her and she was in his blood.

"The same way I can be certain about this..." She ran one hand up the inside of his thigh to the erection that strained at his pants.

"That's sex. Nothing more."

"Is it? Maybe for you, John. But not for me. What's happening between us is much, much more than sex. So much more that it was what made me decide to give up my...adventures."

"In exchange for what, Amber? You've already got everything—more money and privilege than Midas. You can have anything and anyone you want. So why me?"

"Is there really an explanation for love?"

"Love?" he asked, in his heart wishing it could be true, but in his head doubting that it could be so.

"Yes, John. Love."

"You don't love me, Amber."

"Maybe," she agreed. "Maybe what I feel right now isn't real love, but it might be—in time. Don't you want the chance to find out?"

"More than anything," he admitted.

"Then we should definitely lay the Lone Ranger to rest, don't you think?"

"Do you think that's possible?"

"Most definitely."

"And just how do we go about that?"

"Well, first we exorcise her."

"Exorcise?"

"Oh yeah."

"And how do we do that?"

She rose in one fluid motion and straddled his lap. "Why don't I show you?" Her arms circled his neck as her lips slanted across his. Their tongues battled for dominance as she wiggled on his erection.

"You sure you're ready for round two so soon?" he whispered against her mouth.

She laughed. "Well, to be honest I was hoping for something a little different this time."

"Oh?" His eyebrows rose. "And just what did you have in mind?"

"How about we take a nice long shower and discuss it?" She rose and extended her hand.

John let her pull him into the bathroom. She slowly undressed him, kissing his chest, his abdomen and working lower as she knelt to work his pants down his legs. Her mouth closed on his cock and he fisted his hands in her hair, closing his eyes and giving in to the delicious feeling.

She took her time, sucking him deep into her mouth then back out, laving the head of his cock, exploring the small opening then taking him again into her mouth, all the while gently stroking his balls and his inner thighs.

"I love your dick," she said as she came up for air.

"Not half as much as I love your sweet pussy." He pulled her to her feet and quickly stripped off her clothes.

"I can't get enough of you," he said and buried his face in her crotch, working his tongue into her folds to find her clit.

Amber spread her legs to give him easier access and he plunged his tongue into her hot sex. "HMMMM..." She held on to his hair, pressing her pussy at him and the wonderful feeling that was building inside her.

John pulled back and turned her around. "Put your hands on the edge of the tub."

She did and when she bent over he spread her wide and thrust his tongue in her ass. She grunted in protest at the penetration of her sensitive ass and he eased up, working his tongue lower to her pussy.

That fit the bill perfectly. She pressed back against his face, exulting in the feel of his tongue inside her, creating waves of pleasure that threatened orgasm quickly.

"Not yet." She straightened. "I want another turn. But I want it in the shower."

They started the water and climbed in under the spray. Amber turned her face up to the water, letting it soak her hair then switched places with John. She knelt in front of him and began to lick him, starting on the inside of his right thigh and traveling up the crease of his thigh, then under his balls. Her mouth opened and she gently sucked one testicle into her mouth, rolling it softly.

John leaned his head back, closing his head and immersing himself in the sensations of the water cascading down on him and Amber's hot mouth on him. She worked her way to his cock and licked its length, teasing the head with her tongue and teeth, then licked her way back down. Over and over, until she had him holding on to the wall for support.

Just when he felt like he would rupture from need, she rose and soaped his dick. While one hand moved up and down the shaft in slick strokes, her other palm rotated on the head of his cock, making him quiver at the electric sensations that shot through his body, making his toes want to curl.

"Baby, stop," he begged, about to come in her hand.

"Not yet." She refused to stop. "Come for me. Do it, John, do it now."

With a groan he complied, filling her hand. She rose and wrapped her arms around his neck to pull his head down. Their lips met and his arms circled her, pulling her close. "Christ, Amber, how am I going to do without you?"

"Who says you have to?" she replied with a smile.

He drew back to give her a serious look. "Baby, I'd like nothing better than for this to last forever, but as long as you're doing...what you do, we're on opposite sides of the fence and I just can't live like that."

"Well, maybe there's a solution to our problem," she argued with a mischievous grin.

"I'm not going to like this, am I?" he asked with a skeptical tone.

"Oh, I don't know. I think you might just find it...tempting."

John groaned and shook his head. "Okay, Ranger, what you got cooking?"

"Well." She walked her fingers down his body. "Here's what I was thinking..."

## **Epilogue**

From the luxurious penthouse overlooking Paris, Amber rose from her seat at the table and stretched, dropping the linen napkin atop the remains of breakfast. It was a glorious day, filled with exciting possibilities. Particularly now that she had an exciting partner, and a challenging new adversary for her adventures.

She looked over at John, reclining on the soft leather sofa clad only in a white Turkish towel around his waist while he sipped coffee and read the paper. What a remarkable man he had proven to be.

John hadn't originally liked her idea, but her offer was that he do one job with her and after it was done if he wanted to turn and walk away, they would part and he could go back to his prior life with some good memories to keep him warm on cold nights and she would leave the country. But if he enjoyed the caper then he would resign from the FBI and they would both leave the country.

And now here they were, two years later, ensconced in Paris and planning their next series of adventures. Europe was free game. That was John's rule. No more capers on home soil.

That was fine with Amber. Banks and insurance companies were old news. There were far more exciting and dangerous adventures for someone clever and resourceful. Why, just last month the Louvre was robbed. Lucky for them, the items taken were returned the following week with a note advising them to upgrade their security.

She wandered over to the window and peered through the lens of the telescope. As expected, Captain Gaspar Binoche of the French Secret Police was standing at the window of his apartment, sipping coffee and looking out over the city.

Amber admired the long lean lines of his body displayed in the towel he wore draped around his waist, the sculpted angles of his face that gave him a vaguely

hawkish appearance, and the dark brooding eyes. Ah, but he was a fine specimen of a male.

She laughed and stepped away from the telescope. John looked up at her and smiled. "You've got that look," he said. "Just itching to reel him in, aren't you?"

"You know me too well." She sauntered to the sofa and sat down beside him. John had no problem with her appetites, or her need for conquest. The last mark had provided them with a new level of stimulation. Her fucking the mark and John watching. He'd nearly fucked her paralyzed after that.

She loved the fact that he was so open to her sexual and lawless adventures. But fair was fair. She picked up the phone and made a quick call, saying only "now", into the receiver before she hung up.

"What's that about?" John asked.

"You'll see," she teased.

"Come on now, give it up." He grinned and pulled her to him, imprisoning her against him in his strong arms.

"Oh, I'll give it up." She grinned.

A tap on the door had her pushing away from John. He started to rise and she waved him back down. "Stay right where you are, big guy."

Amber opened the door to a stunning blonde woman. "Jade." Amber pulled the woman in and closed the door, then drew Jade to her for a long, long kiss.

John's dick jumped to immediate attention. Amber took Jade's hand and led her to the sofa.

"Jade, this is John. John, Jade."

John nodded to Jade, his eyes raking appreciatively over her well-built body. "Jade's here to play," Amber announced. "Right, sweetie?"

"You got it, baby," Jade agreed and grinned. "You're right. He looks totally delicious. Can I have a taste?"

Amber chuckled and looked at John. "Well? You think you're man enough to handle the both of us?"

John was certain that he'd died and gone to heaven. A big grin split his face. "You know it, sugar."

Amber made a waving gesture with her hand toward John, and Jade climbed on the sofa between his legs and unfastened the towel. As she took John's dick in her mouth, he held out his hand to Amber. She smiled and climbed on top of him, sixty-nine fashion.

John buried his tongue in her pussy, lapping and probing as Jade worked her magic on his dick with her mouth.

Amber giggled in delight. Her life might not have gone the traditional route—happily married with two-point-two children and a three-car garage, but that was fine. There were alternatives to that lifestyle, and happiness to be found in all kinds of places. You just had to know the right locks to pick.



## **About the Author**

Ciana Stone has been reading since the age of three, and wrote her first story at age five. Since then she has enjoyed writing as a solitary form of entertainment, and has just recently come out of the closet to share her stories with others. She holds several post graduate degrees and has often been referred to as a professional student. Her latest fields of interest are quantum mechanics and Taoism. When she is not writing (or studying) she enjoys painting (canvas, not walls), sculpting, running, hiking and yoga. She lives with her long-time lover in several locations in the United States.

Ciana welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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