



Whipped Dreams

Cuffed & Spanked

*Laura Guevara &
Shara Azod*

Cuffed & Spanked

by

Laura Guevara

And

Shara Azod

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Cuffed:

Janie Flores was new in the small town of Hartford, Texas. All her family is back in San Antonio, several hours away. So when she hears noises coming from her downstairs she calls the local police department to come investigate.

Hartford Police Officer Jackson Ryan and his partner are almost off duty when they get called to a possible break-in. Jackson is enraged to find the sexy woman he saw at the grocery several days earlier. While waiting to take her statement he notices some of her books that have him thinking of cuffing her to his bed.

Spanked:

Daire had always wanted Shelby, but their friendship was too important to risk complicating things. But there was no way in hell he could ever allow some other man to claim her. So when Shelby came to him asking for advice about a Dom she was considering, Daire knew he couldn't wait any longer. It was time to show Shelby he was the only man for her.

Shelby always considered Daire her very best friend. He was the one she always came to for advice when it came to men. The last thing she expected when she confided her interest on a man with the same fetish Daire had was to find herself tied to his bed and completely at his mercy. Who knew how good it felt to be spanked?

Cuffed

by

Laura Guevara

One

OH.MY.GOD. There it was again. Janie wasn't imagining things, she had heard a noise. It was coming from somewhere downstairs. After finally falling asleep, she was awoken by a strange noise. At first she thought she was dreaming but then after the third time, she knew that something was making that noise. And being that she was a deep sleeper it took a lot to wake her up. If there was someone downstairs, they were not very experienced. There was no one else in the house to send downstairs to investigate. Reaching over she picked up the phone only to come up short. Who the hell was she going to call?

Janie was in a new town, away from her family and friends. She didn't know anyone here. And right about now she did need someone to go check out the noise downstairs.

She should just call the police department and have them check things out. But then she didn't want to have them waste their time to come out if it was nothing. She didn't want to look like a fool, like a frightened little girl. Clear footsteps and something falling over sent her diving for the cordless phone. She was not going to take any chances. She would rather look a fool than be another statistic. Grabbing the phone, Janie ran into the restroom, locking herself in.

Her fingers were trembling as she called the police department.

"Hartford Police Department," the clipped voice answered.

"This is Janie Flores at 125 Iowa Street," she paused as she heard another thump, "Ohmygosh, I think someone has broken into my house. Can you send somebody over?"

"Where are you right now, ma'am?"

"I'm locked in my upstairs bathroom."

“Stay right where you are, we are sending a car over right now. Did you see the intruder?”

“No, I was asleep when I heard the noise. I didn’t want to go downstairs in case there was someone. I just keep hearing thumping and footsteps.”

“Just stay in the bathroom until an officer knocks on your door.

“I’m not going anywhere.” And it was true. While Janie was no shrinking violet, she didn’t know who was down there and didn’t want to take a chance. If the intruder made his way upstairs then she would defend herself but she was not going to go downstairs looking for trouble. Hanging up the phone she heard the sirens of the approaching police car. Thank God for small towns.

Looking around the bathroom for a weapon, she got a pair of scissors from her vanity. She heard movement downstairs, then the backdoor in the kitchen being flung open. Going to her window she saw someone run out. Seconds later they were being followed by a police officer, yelling at the burglar to stop. No such luck, the intruder jumped over the fence. The officer following suit. Janie remained glued to the window but she couldn’t see any movement in the dark. Ten minutes later she almost came out of her skin when she heard a knock on the bathroom door.

“Ma’am, it’s Officer Ryan, are you ok?”

Composing herself Janie went to the door, the scissors still in her hands. She redialed the police department.

“What’s your badge number?” She asked since there was no way she was opening the door unless she was absolutely sure he was who he said he was.

“Jackson Ryan, T1207.” She repeated the name and number to the operator, who confirmed his identity. Feeling somewhat safer, she unlocked the door, and cracked it

open just a bit to see the man on the other side. When she saw he was in a police uniform, she let out a sigh of relief and opened the door. Janie knew him. She had seen him couple of days ago at the local grocery store. They had not spoken, only nodding their heads in acknowledgment. Tall, with his dark blond hair and dark green eyes the uniform never looked any better. He was the reason why women lusted after a man in uniform. She just wished they had met under different circumstances.

“Janie Flores, I saw you run after the guy from the window. Did you catch him?”

“Yes, ma’am. The suspect is cuffed in the car. If you would please set the scissors down and get dressed I will wait for you downstairs to take your statement.”

Janie looked down at herself and slammed the door shut, mortified at being found in her nightie. How the hell could she had forgotten to put something on was beyond her. And the scissors! Janie had forgotten all about it. Uncurling her fingers from it, she set them down on the vanity.

Jackson adjusted himself as he made his way back downstairs, giving her time to dress before taking her statement. When Janie opened the door wearing that sinful see-through scrap of material that hid nothing of her lush body, he had to bite back a groan. From her long dark tousled hair to her small perky breasts to her toenails painted a vibrant red, Jackson missed nothing. He was trained not to. Standing at 6’3, her head barely reached his badge on his breast pocket. Ever since he had seen her at the grocery store several days ago, he had been captivated by her.

Checking in with his partner who was outside taking down the suspect’s information, he waited for Janie to come downstairs. There were boxes everywhere in the living room and hallway leading to the kitchen. Some of them were opened, others

toppled over as he ran after the guy rummaging through them. A deep gut wrenching rage burned inside him. If she had not awoken to the noise, things could have turned violent. A book caught his attention as he turned to door. Jackson was drawn to it, picking it up for a closer inspection the cover showed the back of a woman dressed in black panties, her hands cuffed in black leather cuffs. He quickly scanned the back blurb of the book. Picking up several other books that had fallen out of the box, he saw that they all had a BDSM theme. By the look of the well worn spines, he assumed that Janie really enjoyed reading about the lifestyle. He wondered if she just liked to read about it or if she was willing to do some exploration. Putting the books back into the box, he began plotting. He had a pair of handcuffs similar to the one on the first cover he saw, which he had not used yet. First, he had to make sure that she was safe.

Jackson began to inspect the locks on the doors in irritation. They were cheap pieces of shit that wouldn't stop a child. Going over to the opened window, he also noticed that there were old flimsy locks on the windows, which is why the asshole had no problem breaking in. This was how the intruder came in. Jackson turned to the stairs to see Janie coming down dressed in jeans and t-shirt. A part of him was disappointed that she had covered up but he needed to stay professional. There would be a time and place for him to ask her out, but tonight was not one of them. The faster he cleared this mess up and kept her safe, the sooner he could get to know her.

"Is that where he came in? Because I remember locking all the doors and closing all the windows before I went upstairs. I make a habit of it every night." She stopped on the last step looking around, taking in the mess.

"Yes, he came in through the window. You are going to have to replace all the locks around the house with more secure ones."

“Yeah, it’s on my to-do-list. This is an older house and so there are lots of repairs that I have to do.”

Jackson nodded his head in agreement. While the old Tudor house was charming, it was going to need lots of hard work to bring the house back to its original glory. He wondered if she knew what she had gotten herself into. Once he got her into his bed, he would help her with the renovations.

Putting a stop to his train of thoughts, he got back to the business at hand. He brought out his notepad and began asking questions, writing it down for his report. Satisfied that he had all the information he put his notebook away.

“Do you have a hammer and nails?”

“Uhm, yeah somewhere why?” Jackson saw the surprise on her face.

“Because I am not leaving until I nail down all the windows down. Then I will come back and help you replace all the locks.” Jackson didn’t know where that last part came from but now that he had said them he meant to follow through. He needed to make sure that she was safe. It was his duty as an officer of the law to make sure all the citizens he swore to protect felt safe in their own homes. *What a bunch of bull*, his conscience laughed at him.

“Oh. You don’t have to do that. I can do it myself.”

“It’s no problem. I want to make sure that you are safe before I leave.”

“What about the guy in the car?”

“Another patrol car took him in for processing. My partner is outside taking a look around the house to make sure everything is okay.”

Jackson saw her eyes go wider in surprise. He took his job very seriously. And if he was honest with himself, he wanted to make damn certain that nothing like this

happened again to Janie. Even though she seemed cool and in control, he knew that waking up to hear someone downstairs was a terrifying experience.

“Where do you have the hammer and nails?” That got her moving. She went to the kitchen and he followed. There was a hammer on the table. When she bent down to poke around for some nails he almost swallowed his tongue. Those jeans showcased her sweet rounded ass to perfection. He wished he was in anything but his uniform. Hell, he wanted to be naked because that meant she would be too. And seeing her naked was something he really needed to see.

“Here you go.” She stood up and gave him the nails. Taking the hammer in his other hand he went back to the living to nail down the windows. Twenty minutes later he was done. Jackson even bolted down the windows located on the second floor.

Janie could only watch as Officer Jackson Ryan went around her house nailing down the windows. And then if she had heard him correctly, he was going to come back to install new locks. To say she was shocked was an understatement. She just gave him what he needed and stood back. She had already decided that she was going to make sure all the windows were nailed down before she fell back to bed, if she could fall back asleep that is. The adrenalin was still coursing through her body. After Officer Ryan left, Janie was going place a chair under every door handle until she could change the locks on those too, which would be bright and early tomorrow morning as soon as the stores opened for business.

Once he was done, she walked him out to the front door. His partner, another giant, was waiting by the patrol car parked in her drive way. Seriously, what did they feed their police officers up here! Because whatever it was she wanted some it. Janie could

most certainly use the extra inches. She watched as Officer Jackson pulled out a business card and scribbled something on the back of it and then put the pen back in his shirt pocket.

“Here is my cell phone number. Call me if you need anything. And Ms. Flores, call me when you get those new locks. I need a couple of hours of sleep after I get off my shift but I can go to the store with you to pick them out afterwards.”

“Thank you for the offer, but I am going to get them installed as soon as I can. I’m going to the hardware store as soon as it opens. You’ve already done so much.”

“It’s no problem. I just want to make sure that you’re safe.”

He left after instructing her to place a chair under the door handle. That pissed her off but she kept her mouth shut. He did help her after all and what she wanted to say was not going to be nice.

Back in her room, she undressed and got back into bed. But not after she tripled checked that everything was closed and secure. The clock on her bed side table said it was 2:38 AM. Setting her alarm for 8 AM she pulled the covers up and said a prayer of thanks for her safety and that nothing major happened. The last thing she remembered when she closed her eyes was the deep green eyes of Officer Ryan.

Two

"Since when do you go out of your way to help secure someone's house," Jackson's partner, Brian Garrett, asked him as he got into the car.

"Fuck off," was the only response that Jackson had for him. "I've gone out of my way to help others before."

"Not to volunteer to come back the next day to help. But since I too, want to make sure the little lady is safe, I'll help you out tomorrow."

"You come anywhere near this house tomorrow and I'm going to be in need of a new partner. It would be a shame to lose one hell of an officer and friend." Jackson didn't respond to his friends taunting laughter.

The blaring of the alarm scared Janie awake. Reaching for it, she shut off the noise. Stretching, she relaxed in the bed running through her to-do list. She came up when she remembered the events of last night. Somebody had broken into her house. Needing confirmation it wasn't all a dream, she walked over to the window and found it nailed down. Moving quickly she went through her morning routine and was dressed ready to go buy her supplies. She remembered the sexy officer offering to help her but she was capable of doing it herself. No matter how mouthwatering that man was!

The local hardware store was open by the time she arrived. Armed with her list she made her way inside. She was greeted by the several people as she made her way down the aisles grabbing what she needed and putting it into her cart. It was just like her to have something she needed located not only on the top shelf but all the way back she needed to extend her arms an extra six inches to reach it. Climbing onto the last shelf she went on her tiptoes but she still couldn't reach the damn box.

“Let me get that.” Janie froze as she recognized the deep gruff voice behind her. She held her breath as he leaned in and reached for the box she was trying to reach. Janie bit back a groan, fighting the urge not to press back into his big body. “Is this what you were looking for?”

“Yes,” she said a little too breathless for her liking. Janie waited until he moved back before stepping down. He didn’t move back far enough because she brushed against him as she turned to face him. He was dressed in an old grey t-shirt that stretched across wide chest. Janie had to force herself to look up into his face. As a woman, she knew it was rude to stare at someone’s chest, even with her small and unimpressive breasts men still stared. There was nothing small about him though. He was built on a massive scale. Finally reaching his face, she saw the knowing smirk on his face.

“I was waiting for your phone call this morning.”

“I didn’t want to bother you. I knew you would be tired this morning,” which he didn’t look like it. He looked like he got his recommended eight hours of sleep. She on the other hand was not looking like her cute usual self. At 31, she discovered she needed her beauty sleep. “Besides I can shop all by myself.”

“That’s not the point. I gave you a specific order to call me.”

Janie couldn’t believe what she just heard. Did he just say he gave her an order? She wasn’t sure if her tired brain was playing games with her. His next words confirmed it.

“Next time I expect to be obeyed. There will be repercussions if you don’t. What else do you need to get?”

“What do you mean repercussions?” Janie was pretty sure what he meant but she needed to make sure they were talking about the same thing.

“You know what I mean Janie, but perhaps I should’ve said punishments.”

he stepped closer to her, pushing her back against the shelf behind her. “I can give you a spanking or better yet I can cuff you to my bed and explore you at my leisure. Would you like that,” he whispered into her ear.

Janie was panting by the time he finished talking. She couldn’t believe that he just said he would spank or cuff her in the middle of the hardware store where anyone could hear them. She should be embarrassed but truth be told she was so aroused she would need a change of panties when she got back home. All she could do was nod her head.

“Are you done shopping, sweetheart?” Jackson needed to get her back home. She was breathing hard, a beautiful flush spreading across her face and neck. He wanted to know how far it spread.

“Yeah, this was the last thing I needed.”

“Then let’s go, we have plenty to get done today.” First on his list would be to get her naked. After going home last night he went in search of the cuffs and found them tucked away in his closet, still in the original package. They were in his truck right now.

Unloading the items at the checkout counter, he approved of the locks she had chosen. Jackson had also packed his tools this morning. He noticed that she kept stealing glances at him, licking her lips. She was perfect. She came out of her daze when he took out his credit card to pay.

“What are you doing? You can’t pay for my things.”

“Put your money away. I am paying.” When she resisted he added softly so the cashier wouldn’t overhear, “Remember what I said about punishments.”

“Let’s get one thing straight. Just because I am willing to let you dominate me when we have sex, doesn’t mean I am going to let you do that in every aspect of my life,” she fired back just as quietly and rapidly.

Jackson conceded. It was something that she was not going to back down on and he respected that. Putting the bags back into the cart, he followed her out to her truck.

“I’ll follow you home,” he held the driver’s side door open for and couldn’t resist getting a quick taste of her lips. Keeping it brief he pulled back and closed the door. Walking over to his truck he got in and followed her home. Seeing the brown bag next to him, he couldn’t wait to use them on her. He should wait until after they installed the new locks but impatience was riding him hard. The nails would wait until later today or tomorrow at the latest. Jackson was not worried about tonight because he was spending the night.

Three

By the time she parked her truck in the drive way, Janie had gotten control of herself. Going from aroused to mad as hell was hard on a girl. Stepping out, she saw Jackson pull in right behind her. She took a couple of bags and went around through the back door in the kitchen. As she opened the door, Jackson was right behind her with the rest of the bags.

Setting the bags down on the counter, she continued to ignore him. She was still a little mad and needed time to get over it. They needed to talk about whatever was going on between them and they needed to set some ground rules. She was new to the scene and was still learning about the lifestyle. She first came across dominance and submission through her books. Intrigued about what she read, she did more research. While she considered herself to be a submissive or sub, she was not sure if she wanted to completely immerse herself in the life. Janie still wanted to keep her freedom and independence yet at the same she also wanted to feel the dominated in others areas. And before things got further along, she needed to make that clear with Jackson. He was leaning against the counter, arms across his chest, bulging muscles on display. Damn, the man was built like a linebacker.

"I got something for you. When I first saw them I bought them because they would make the perfect accessory for the right woman. But I stored them away because there wasn't anyone in my life I wanted to use them on, until last night."

Janie took the brown paper bag and pulled the package out. She pulled out a box containing cuffs. They were wide bands made of genuine leather the box advertized. Small links on each band could be used to connect them together or connect to something

else. Janie looked up at him in amazement. They were the same kind that were on the cover of one of her favorite books.

"I saw your book last night. It fell out from one of the boxes in your living room. The cuffs on the woman were the same ones that I bought several months ago. You would make the perfect sub for me Janie."

"A dominant. You're a dom."

"Yes, and I want you to be mine."

Janie had fantasized about this moment since first coming across those books by her favorite authors. This was the perfect time to tell him what she wanted but she was couldn't seem to get the words out.

"Talk to me sweetheart, tell me what you're thinking," he encouraged her.

"I do want this Jackson, but I don't want to live it 24/7 where you control every aspect of my life or take it to the extremes. I want someone to dominate me sexually for my pleasure, our pleasure." Janie stopped and took in his reaction.

"I promise that we will take things slow, Janie. I won't rush you into anything you're not ready for or comfortable with. There are precautions. We will decide on a safe word you can use at any time to stop what we're doing. I can't promise I won't try to dominate you outside the bedroom because it's in my nature, but I am willing to try. So if you're willing to try too, wait for me at the center of your room like the woman in the cover of the book. Leave the cuffs on the bed. I will put them on you when I join you upstairs."

"Now," she asked surprised.

"When I give an order, I expect you to comply. I won't repeat myself again and I won't be second guessed. You have fifteen minutes."

The steel tone in his voice had Janie practically running from the kitchen and up the stairs. Closing the bathroom door behind her, she leaned back to catch her breath. Remembering his edict that she had fifteen minutes she got moving. Taking off her t-shirt, pants, socks and shoes, she was standing in her bra and panties. Going back out to the bedroom, she went over to her chest drawer to look for the black panties he requested. Janie had several black panties and thongs, but she was looking for a particular one. It was sheer and sure to drive him wild. Finding it, she went back into the bathroom to prepare. Looking at the clock she saw she had eleven minutes left.

Jackson used the fifteen minutes to go over the locks again. He wanted to make sure that they wouldn't be interrupted. He had big plans for her, but first he needed to remind her that she would be punished if she questioned him or didn't do as he said. Taking his time, he made his way up the stairs. The door was ajar, giving him a glimpse of her bedroom. She had a large bed covered in dark rich colors, the headboard made of wrought iron, perfect for tying up your lover.

Pushing the door open he stepped inside. Standing in the middle of the room stood Janie, her back to the door. He took a minute to take in the beautiful site before him. She stood with her head lowered. Her long locks flowing all around her. Hands behind her back, she was wearing the tiniest, sheerest panties he had ever seen barely covering the satiny looking lush curves of her bottom. Looking down to her feet he smiled at seeing her barefoot. Turning to the left, he saw the cuffs on the bed. She followed his directions to the letter. Closing the distance between them, Jackson stopped to collect the cuffs from the bed before moving to stand behind her.

“This is your last chance Janie. Do you still want to continue?” Jackson gave her one last chance to back out because after he cuffed her, she was his forever.

“Yes, cuff me already.”

Jackson did and then moved around to face her.

“I’m so proud of you sweetheart. Too bad you will have to be punished for questioning me downstairs and sassing me just now.” To her credit she didn’t move or say anything. Jackson’s grin spread wider. “Look at me, Janie.” She lifted her head, her gaze locking with his. “Your safe word is castle. If at any time you don’t feel comfortable and want to stop just say the word and we’ll stop immediately. Say the word, sweetheart.”

“Castle,” she repeated without hesitation.

“Good.” Jackson reached out to take a nipple between his fingers, slightly pulling on it. Her breasts were small, perky, and would fit perfectly in his large hands. He concentrated on her nipples for a couple of minutes, teasing her, loving the feel of them. Janie stood still as he continued his torment, her sexy eyes on his. He needed to see her lose her composure. It was time for her punishment.

“Spread your legs wider. Don’t stop looking at me.” His hands were still playing with her breasts as she did as he asked. “We’re going to have to get you more of these panties. I love them.” One hand reached down and flirted with the edge of the elastic. Without warning his hand dipped inside, making her gasp. “You love this, don’t you, sweetheart? You’re so wet.” His hands easily glided over her vaginal lips. Slipping inside, his wandering fingers found her already swollen clit. With sure small strokes he soon had her swaying, moaning as he strummed her clit with expert fingers.

“Ahhh, Jackson, yes...” she groaned out.

"Don't come without my permission," he warned. She nodded at him, her eyes never leaving his. As his fingers picked up the pace, her breathing increased, her panting more audible. Her face was now cherry red, the color spreading all the way down to her breasts. "You're so wet, Janie." Jackson continued to murmur sweet nothings to her, wanting her to know how she affected him.

"Jackson, please, I'm so close," she gasped.

"How close?"

"Really, really, close," she managed to say, her body was shaking with the need to come.

Jackson stopped, pulling his hand out from between her thighs. Bringing it up to his mouth, he sucked off the juices coating his fingers.

Seeing Jackson lick his fingers clean almost sent Janie over the edge. If she could she would've clamped her thighs close, but she was sure it would earn her another punishment. The man looked so damn good she wanted nothing more than to jump him where he stood. Instead she took deep breathes trying to keep the impending orgasm at bay. She didn't know how far he was going to go with the punishment but she wasn't going to disappoint him by coming without his permission.

She was glad she wasn't wearing heels because her wobbly legs wouldn't have supported her weight. She kept her eyes on him as he took off his t-shirt, finally revealing the muscular body she knew was underneath. Hard, well defined six pack abs she couldn't wait to kiss and touch. By the time he stood naked in front of her, all the deep breathes in the world wouldn't be able to calm her down. Seeing him standing proud and erect was almost too much for any woman to take. Janie wanted to ask what he had planned next but remained silent, knowing that he wouldn't appreciate it.

“Let’s get these panties off.” They came off easily with his help. She stood still, as he walked behind her. Janie felt him undo the links on the cuffs, setting her wrists temporarily free. “Keep them at your sides.”

She did, her hands clenching at her sides, waiting to see what he would do next. Jackson moved back to face her. One hand went around her neck, pulling her up to his mouth. Janie stood on her tip toes as his hot hungry mouth descended on hers. He laid claim to her mouth like no man had ever done before. His tongue and lips demanding, devouring her mouth, his stiff erection pressing against her belly. She needed to touch him, wrap her arms around him but she kept her arms at her sides. Needing oxygen, she pulled back, her eyes opening, clashing with his. Janie saw the same desire that was burning in her eyes was also burning deeply in his.

“Pull the covers off the bed and then lay down, your arms above your head.”

Janie walked on unsteady legs to the bed, pulling the covers completely off before settling down on the middle of the bed, her arms above her head. Jackson was soon there, connecting the links together so that she was cuffed to the headboard.

Looking down her body she saw her small breasts were pushed out, waiting to be sucked on. Jackson did just that as he moved down her body. He used his lips, tongue, and teeth to driver her crazy. She was writhing and begging him for more before long. Janie needed him moving inside her but he just took his time, moving between one breast and the other. Soon, he kissed his way up to her neck.

“I can’t wait any longer sweetheart, wrap your legs around me,” he ordered hoarsely. Moving into position, Janie wrapped her legs, locking her ankles against his lower back.

Without warning, he entered her in one deep thrust, her head falling back against the pillows in rapture. This was just what she wanted. Jackson began moving in deep slow measured strokes, meant to tease as he brushed against her clit.

"Keep your eyes on me Janie, don't stop looking at me. Remember don't come without my permission."

Janie brought her eyes back to him and nodded her head in understanding. "Yes, just please do something," she tried to tell him with her eyes that she needed him to move faster but he just shook his head. So she wrapped her legs tighter around him, her lower body coming off the bed, moving faster against him, trying to spur him to move faster too.

It worked. Jackson picked up the pace.

"I'm only giving into your demands this one time because I need to feel you fall apart in my arms. I can't wait much longer. But then it will all be by my terms, sweetheart. Next time I won't give in. No matter how much or how loud you beg."

"Yes, whatever, next time. Just let me come now," she sassed him. Janie knew she probably shouldn't have said that but she was so close.

Jackson stopped moving altogether, raising an eyebrow in question.

"*Nooooo!*" she wailed wishing she could take back her words.

Jackson waited several long agonizing seconds before moving again. He knew he should probably pull back and assert himself, letting her know who was in charge but he couldn't do it. He needed this as much as she did. Picking up the pace, he grunted in pleasure as she was right there with him, moving against him. Her hands pulled against the restraints in a futile attempt break free. Coming down onto the bed on his forearms, Jackson quickened the tempo to match their harsh breathing. The slap of their bodies as

they crashed against each other was music to his ears. Soon, even that was drowned out as Janie continued to scream louder and louder as she got closer to orgasm.

“You feel so good, so tight. Almost there sweetheart, just a little longer,” Jackson repeated over and over to her. When he finally gave her permission to come her eyes widen in surprise but quickly did as he commanded. Her hands pulled even harder on the cuffs as the orgasm coursed through her body, her voice giving out as Jackson continued to move harder and faster against her. His last coherent thought before the pounding orgasm hit him, was that he needed to make sure that cuffs didn’t leave marks on her wrists.

Dropping his head down to her chest, he was still balanced on his forearms, keeping his weight off of her. As soon as he could manage it, he was going to reach up and undo her hands. But first he needed to regain his equilibrium. Jackson knew it was going to be explosive when he first laid eyes on her and he hadn’t been disappointed. He wasn’t going anywhere and neither was she. Finally knowing that he wasn’t going to disgrace himself, he sat up and undid the cuffs. Jackson took her wrists in hands and took the cuffs off. There were faint red marks on her skin.

“I’m sorry sweetheart. I will buy another pair with better padding,” he promised as he kissed her wrists.

“Hmm...okay,” she murmured sleepily. Jackson smiled in arrogance. Janie had no idea what he was talking about. Lying back down, he pulled her against and closed his eyes. The locks would have to wait until later. Right now, with Janie’s soft body curled against him, she was safe and he would keep her that way.

Spanked

by

Shara Azod

One

Shelby chewed on her bottom lip, her heart doing a wild tap dance inside her chest. He was here. She heard the distinctive sound of his car driving up her driveway. She stopped breathing for a second when she heard the slamming of the car door. Unable to hold back she dashed to the door, holding it open as he approached. He saw her standing there shifting from one foot to another and slowed his pace. He always did things like that, knowing how impatient she could be when she wanted something. It had become a little game between them to see how long she could last without stamping her foot and complaining. It never worked in hurrying him along but they both got a good laugh out of it.

She didn't give in today though. She was wound too tightly for games. He must have recognized it because he paused, his usually sensual mouth compressing into a straight line. By the time he was close enough for Shelby to see his face clearly a tick had formed in his jaw. He was starting to get worried because of her obvious agitation. She tried to get a handle of her wayward emotions, breathing deeply and attempting a smile. It didn't work. He could read her as surely as if he were a psychic. Now he was frowning fiercely, looking for all the world like the Viking warrior she always teased him of being.

Daire Harldsson was one hell of a good looking man. His hair was every shade of blonde from wheat to snow white worn in wild loose curls cascading to his shoulders. His eyes were usually ice blue, but now they had darkened noticeably as he drew close. Every muscle on his six foot five frame was tightly wound as if he was ready to strike. He looked as dangerous as his name implied on the best of days, but for her, there was always a warm, open smile and a twinkle in his eyes. Today he looked ready to kill.

Oh shit! He thought there was something wrong. Her fault entirely; she was never this agitated unless there was a major problem, and that wasn't why she'd called him. They had been best friends since her freshman year in college. As a senior, and therefore more worldly, he had taken on a big brother role since the day she'd met him. They had clicked immediately and for some reason, Daire thought it his personal mission in life to protect her. Shelby loved that about him. She was an only child to older parents who had given up all hope of having children before she came along. It was nice having someone to lean on and watch over her.

"Who is he, and where can I find him?" Daire's voice was menacing as he came to a halt directly in front of her. Aggression radiated of him in waves, making Shelby shiver in sympathy at the hypothetical man he was working himself up to destroy.

"No, no this isn't about some guy." She was rushing to calm him. Daire was hell on wheels when he was pissed, and nothing pissed him off more than some jerk hurting her. It was really sweet, but at times it could put a serious cramp in her dating life. He could be worse than a father on prom night. "Well, it is about a guy, but not in a bad way."

His body relaxed though the frown didn't go away, nor did his eyes go back to normal. As time went by, it seemed he was running out of patience with the men she said she was dating. She guessed after ten long years of watching her back he was getting tired of her picking world class losers. Which was what today was all about. For the first time ever she was pretty sure she had stumbled across a keeper.

Brooks Masters reminded Shelby a lot of Daire. They were both strong, powerfully built, and devastatingly handsome, but that was just the icing. Brooks was serious about everything he did. He was honest to a fault, loyal, and he actually listened when she

spoke. He never forgot anything she told him. And he was a gentleman. He was so much like Daire, they could have been related. And they were both Doms.

That's why she needed Daire. She had zero experience dealing with someone into an alternative lifestyle, but the idea didn't repulse her. Frankly, it was fascinating. She had been reading about D/s relationships since learning about Daire. The thought with being with someone as demanding and controlling as her best friend turned her on in ways she wasn't sure she understood. She had studied just about everything she could get her hands on dealing with the whole BDSM scene, but she knew there was really no way of ever knowing about that kind of thing unless she either experienced it herself, or asked someone she trusted. There was no one in the world she trusted more than Daire.

"Here." He thrust her favorite drink, a large mocha frappacino, in her general direction and strode into the house. He wasn't mollified in the least. Some of the tension that had eased was back. Turning around after he had entered her house he actually glared at her. "Are you going to tell me, or what?"

Geez, who pissed in his Cheerios?

Daire was grinding his teeth in a futile attempt to get a hold of his temper. It didn't matter that his anger wasn't logical. Shelby could date anyone she wanted. And truthfully, he was relieved she came to him when she did settle on a new guy. He just hated each and every last one of them with a mad passion. He couldn't have her, he knew that, but that didn't mean he liked watching others try.

The truth was, he had been in love with Shelby since the moment he first saw her. Unlike most freshmen, she had moved into an apartment rather than live in the dorms. Her apartment was right next door to his. He had pulled into the complex and noticed a

gaggle of frat boys staring up at a window. He thought they were looking into his apartment so he stopped to look too and damn near had a heart attack. Shelby was blasting French lounge music, but as bizarre as that was, it wasn't what had snagged everyone's attention. It was the moves she was putting to that music, coupled with the cut off shorts she was wearing. They all stood there transfixed by the sway of her hips, the teasing glimpses of lush brown cheeks hanging out from behind. Pole dancers wish they had moves like that. And to French lounge music? Who did that? Daire's reaction had been immediate and soul deep. MINE! Honestly, it wasn't the incredibly sensuous moves she was showing to anybody looking that did it either. The tiny braids pulled into a lopsided pony tail, the French music, the glasses, and the complete unawareness of the picture she presented combined to make a devastating package. Talking to her only reaffirmed it. She had been like a little old woman in the body of a goddess, yet she had the sunny disposition most lost after eight-years-old.

He had flown up the stairs with one thing in mind, taking her. At the time he had been in training to become a Dom. He hadn't considered making her his sub until she swung the door open wide to his pounds. She had looked so sweet and innocent, it nearly knocked him on his ass. And she was way too trusting. Instead of coming on to her, he found himself stomping to her window and closing the blinds before lecturing her about putting on a show.

That had been the beginning of their weird relationship where she thought of him as a brother while he silently burned for her. He had always planned on making Shelby his one day, but as time went on, it became apparent she really did think of him as her best friend. At first he thought she just wasn't into white men, but Shelby really had no preference when it came to dating. She just really depended on him as a friend. She

looked to him for guidance, trusted his judgment. He just couldn't bring himself to come on to her. He valued what they had too much. So he stood silently in the background watching her date one certifiable ass after another. The strain was starting to wear on him.

He had no idea whether or not Shelby could accept a Dom/sub relationship. He had told her about his lifestyle in the beginning, more to prepare her than to share secrets. She had asked a few questions, but other than that, she'd showed no real interest. There were subtle things she did that made him believe deep down, his little Shelby was a natural born submissive, but she never showed any inclination to explore it, so he never pushed.

Now he had to wonder had he made the right choice? He didn't know if he could stand much more of Shelby dating. He wanted to pound into the ground every man that even looked her way. In fact, he had beaten the shit out of a few. Not that she knew that, he waited until after the break up, which was always the guy's fault. That way it looked like he had an excuse. He was careful to never let her find out about it.

"Out with it," Daire snapped dropping heavily into his chair. It may be Shelby's house, but she had made space for him here. He had a bed and bath here for his exclusive use, some clothes, toiletries, and even his favorite foods. He spent far more time here than Shelby did at his place. The woman seemed to think she was going to slowly start living her life without him, putting subtle distances between them. He had to snort at that thought. Like he was ever going to allow that to happen.

Shelby faced him now nervously chewing her bottom lip. Shit, this was about a dude. He wasn't going to like it. She was too nervous. He was going to have to squash this one early.

"I met a guy."

Daire rolled his eyes at that one. "Yeah, I gathered. And?"

"Well, he's not like the guys I usually date."

Alarm bells blared inside Daire's head. Her voice might be slightly above a nervous whisper, but there was steel behind those words. She was bound to stumble on a keeper sooner or later; Shelby was one hell of a woman. She was unconsciously sexy; her body a perfect hour glass figure, her russet skin smooth, clear and soft, and the biggest most guileless brown eyes he had ever seen. Shelby was sunshine in a voluptuous package. She was insanely intelligent, not given to simpering or playing games to get her way. She was the perfect female for anyone smart enough to notice.

He noticed. And apparently so had some other man.

"His name is Brooks Masters," she rushed on in light of his silence. "He works in-"

"Brooks Masters? Tall, black hair, weird eyes?" Daire's head began to spin.

"You know him?" She did not just say that like it was a good thing.

"I work with him."

"I thought you might, which is why I called you. I mean, I know the NSA building is huge so I couldn't be sure. But you are both into, well that Dom stuff, so..."

"You know what Masters is into?" From bad to worse. She had no idea how much she was pushing him right now. She was half a heartbeat away from his hand against her bare ass, and his cock buried balls deep in her sweet little pussy.

Shelby had the gall to look at him as if he were insane.

"Yes, Daire, he told me. That's why I need your advice."

"Advice?"

"You know about what to expect. I mean, he said he would ease me in slowly, and he promised he wasn't into sharing or anything like that. But despite all the research I've

done, I really don't know what to expect. I mean, am I supposed to act all submissive all the time? Brooks said he wasn't into slaves or pets, like I know what the difference is, but I am still a little hazy on the rules. Are there hard and fast rules? I don't think I could be submissive out of bed though..."

"Shelby, stop talking."

Two

Shelby snapped her mouth shut. What the hell was wrong with Daire? He was glowering at her like she did something wrong? As much as she wanted to ask, he was notably pissed and she wasn't about to push him.

"Come here." Swallowing a knot of trepidation, she did as he told her. This was Daire after all, her best friend.

As soon as she approached, he pounced. In one swift, fluid movement she didn't see coming, he was out of the chair, wrapping her braids around his fist. Yanking just enough to elicit an exquisite burn, he tilted her head upward, forcing her to look into his now midnight blue eyes. Her body was pressed unmercifully against his hard, unyielding one. Lord, he was sexy like this. Wait, no, this was Daire. What was he doing?

"Not only no, but hell no." His voice was no more than a low, rumbling growl, making Shelby soaking wet as the words tickled her ears. "You will not submit to Brooks. You aren't even going to look at him from this second on. The only man you will *ever* submit to is me, do you understand me, Shelby?"

Not even a little, but she nodded anyway. Submit to him? Daire didn't think of her like that. They were buds, compatriots. Sure, she had always thought him one hell of a catch, but she never even imagined him in a sexual way. Well, that wasn't completely true. She used to fantasize about him a lot, but only in the very beginning of their friendship. She had been very young and Daire had always been incredibly handsome, what woman wouldn't? She'd given up all hope, as buried as it was, that anything would develop between them beyond what they already had by her own senior year. She just wasn't his type.

"I see you still have doubts, so let me show you."

Daire didn't kiss her. That would be far too normal. No, his lips possessed her, hard and demanding, his tongue invading like it had the right. The grip he had on her hair forced her mouth open to him, but Shelby didn't have any intention of trying to keep him out. She sank into his embrace without an ounce of fight. Damn, he could kiss. Heat blossomed over every part of her body; she was having a hard time breathing. She whimpered despite herself when their lips broke apart.

"Go to my bedroom, strip, and wait for me on the bed." Instead sounding gruff or pissed, Daire's voice was pure sex. It was the kind of voice that could make a woman melt into a puddle right at his feet. She found herself nodding and scurrying off before she even thought about what she was doing.

It wasn't until she was standing in the middle of his bedroom staring at the large walnut four poster bed when it hit her. She was about to have sex with her best friend. Wild, hot, kinky sex. She had already flung the old t-shirt she was wearing off and was in the process of unbuttoning her jeans. Wow, maybe she really was a submissive. But could she handle him? Would this ruin their friendship?

It was too late to turn back now. She could no more walk away from this than she could turn the sky purple. All her engines were revved and ready to go. But taking that final step towards that bed was hard. This was going to change everything. She just couldn't be sure if it would be for the better or the worse.

"Shelby, stop thinking about it and do it. If that sweet ass isn't in the bed when I get there, I'm going to do a hell of lot more than spank it."

How did he know she wasn't in the bed yet? Just to be ornery, she took off the jeans, but left on the underwear and went to sit in the big chair on the other side of the room. Not because she was having second thoughts; she really needed to see what he

would do. What was Daire like when he was all Dom'd out? If she was going to jump in the pool, she might as well jump into the deep end, right?

Daire knew damn well she wasn't going to be on the bed waiting. Not his Shelby. She was going to push him every step of the way. That's why he'd taken off his clothes in the living room. He wouldn't have the patience to do it later. He didn't even look toward the bed as he entered the room she had decorated so lovingly just for him. His eyes went straight to his reading chair, where he found Shelby curled up as pretty as you please, thumbing through a magazine. One of his magazines. Her eyes were all round with wonder her mouth slightly agape. His already hard cock got harder, jumping a little at the sight she made.

"Why are you in your underwear and why are you in that chair?" He could care less about the answer. Ah, the chance to discipline her; shit, she was just begging for it.

Maybe she had for a while without realizing it. There has always been a spark of attraction between them they had both steadfastly ignored. Why? It seemed so crystal clear to him now; she was his. Always had been. He was a fool for waiting so long to claim her.

"I, uh, wanted to read."

It was a sorry excuse, and she knew it. He could tell by the glint of mischief in her eyes. Oh, the hours of fun they were going to have. The possibilities had his shaft crying for joy.

"Come here, Shelby."

She unfolded herself slowly from the chair, swaying her hips as she walked toward him. The little minx had the nerve to look halfway contrite to boot. When she was an

inch away she stopped, looking up at him through thick lashes. His cock was throbbing now, but she wasn't about to give it to her just yet.

"Take off the bra and panties." He wanted to touch her badly, but she had to be disciplined first. If he gave her the upper hand this first time, she would take it from here on out. That wasn't how Daire rolled. She needed to learn that now. He waited while she stretched it out, driving him crazy by the slow peeling of the scanty excuse of underwear. He blinked at the tiny airstrip of pubic hair left on her mound. The rest of that pretty puss was bare and smooth. Waxed. Did she do this for Brooks? The thought had him seeing red. That bastard wasn't ever coming anywhere near what was his. He would break his fucking neck if he tried.

"You know I have to spank you, don't you, baby?" Damned if Shelby didn't crack the briefest smile at that.

"I'm sorry, Daire." She didn't even sound a little repentant.

"Go lay down on your back." He had to take a step back as she did as she was told. One touch and it would be over. "Put your feet flat on the bed, legs spread wide."

That was one seriously beautiful pussy. His mouth watered as he examined his prize. Like a chocolate covered strawberry, it just invited him to take a taste. And he would, later. He ran a single finger down the seam of her slit, careful not to touch her clit. She whimpered a little, thrusting her hips up, trying to force his finger inside. He responded with a quick smack against her exposed cunt, then resumed his leisurely exploration as if nothing had happened.

"Be good or I will have to punish you again." He knew as soon as he said it, she would do it again. Sure enough, she shimmied her hips, trying to force his finger inside. He smacked her wet pussy once more, making her groan at the dark sensual sensation. So

fucking beautiful and playful, too. It was a damn good thing it was a Saturday, he was definitely going to be here all day.

What would she do if he pushed her even further? He hadn't planned on ever going this far with Shelby. He never believed she would accept it. Now that she had, Daire just couldn't hold back. "Keep moving and I will tie you to my bed." He would anyway; he was waiting for a reason. Once there, he was never letting her go.

"I think I might like that." Ah, but she was a cheeky one. "In fact, I think I might *dare* you."

Daire removed his finger, taking a step back. He had never risked allowing himself to imagine her like this. Her blackberry nipples puckered into hard little points as her chest heaved. She had a magnificent set of breasts; round, full and more than a handful. He had a perfect set of gold nipple clamps that would look gorgeous against her dark skin.

Ah, hell, he wasn't going to be able to hold out. Not looking at her shimmering slit, coated with juices he was dying to taste. Damn, not when she was looking at him like he was a coconut cream pie, her favorite dessert. With a defeated little groan, he buried his head between her spread thighs, taking a long, slow swipe at her honey.

"Fuck, baby, you taste so damn good." He was going to have to have a taste at least once a day for a good seventy years or more.

He dug his tongue deep, savoring every drop, every pleased groan. Why the hell had he waited so long to do this? The heat between them was crazy hot, he'd been a fool not to claim her before now. It took the threat of someone man enough to actually take her away to get him to see how much he wanted this, needed it. He loved the way her hips ground down on his mouth, the tug of her hands in his hair.

Moving up he sucked her clit into his mouth, flicking at it with his tongue while he sunk two fingers deep into her quim. Her taste was exquisite. She was spicy mixed with sweet, a perfect combination. He relentlessly drove her higher and higher until her body started to tremble, then he backed off. Rolling off the bed to put space between them. Shit, the woman stretched the bounds of his control. As much as he wanted to see her come, to savor her juices until he couldn't stand not being inside her another second, he had to use constraint.

"Roll over, baby. I'm going to spank that ass for trying to make me lose control, then I'm going to tie you to my bed."

Shelby was going to kill him. Right after her spanking. Who knew a few sharp smacks to the pussy could feel so damn good? If smacks to the behind felt as good, she was game. Not that she missed the point. He needed her to submit to him in this. Though her body burned with need, need only Daire could fulfill, she knew that he had to punish her for trying to push him. Which was why she did it of course. She might not know much about his chosen lifestyle, but she knew enough.

And she wanted to submit to him as much as she needed to. She wanted to place her body, her pleasure in his complete control. She had thought Brooks could be the one to scratch the itch that had been escalating over the years. All because she had never been brave enough to go after what she realized now she really wanted all along.

Daire.

The first hit sent a blaze radiating through her ass cheek, spreading to add fuel to the already raging fire at her core. With a helpless whimper, she thrust her ass up for more, and received it.

“Spread your legs a little more. Tilt up,” Daire instructed, and Shelby was quick to comply. “Yeah, baby, just like that.” This time the spanks rained partially on her cunt, sending sparks all through her. Lord, it was beyond fantastic. Her body was wound too tight, she would explode, just one more smack.

“Please, Daire. More.” There was no shame in begging for it. She felt nothing but primitive want, base need. She wanted him to overwhelm her with it.

The spanking stopped.

“You don’t get to come until I tell you can. Turn around.”

Well damn. That was harsh. A delightfully yummy thought laced with painful anticipation, but harsh. She was done pushing him though. Shelby was near desperate for release. She would do anything he told her to. Not just because she wanted to come, but because Daire said so. She passively let him cuff her arms to the headboard. Being helpless was rather thrilling, especially being helpless with Daire.

“Do you have any idea how sexy you are, baby?” His hands felt so large and warm as they ran leisurely down her body. “I’ve watched you for so long. I’ve undressed you a thousand times in my mind.”

How had she missed that?

“You don’t have to say that Daire.”

His hands froze. Shelby was almost afraid to look at him, but really, when had Daire ever looked at her before today? What she saw when she lifted her eyes sent her heart soaring. His eyes reflected a passion she never imagined would someday be hers. She could see he wanted her, but she could see something more. He loved her. This wasn’t about sex. By bringing up Brooks she had forced him to face his feelings, pressed him to do something about it.

The wild thing was that she loved him too. She'd always loved him. Not only had she pushed him to face his feelings, she forced herself to face what she was too afraid to. She loved Daire. Trusted him more than she trusted herself.

"Do you doubt my word, Shelby?"

She didn't. "No. I don't, I swear."

"You're sexy, Shelby. You are the sexiest woman I have ever seen." He dove between her legs, forcing the up, bent at the knee so she was completely open to his gaze as he loomed over her. He cupped her breasts, using his thumb and forefinger to pinch her nipples. The sharp pain went straight to her cunt. "Look at us, baby, look how good we look together." Shelby was transfixed by the sight of him. Of course, Daire could have had a normal sized cock like everyone else in America. No, his cock was thick and long, heavily veined and oh so erect. He slid it along her slit, its purplish head pushing against the dark brown of her labia. That was so fucking hot! "You make me hard just by smiling. I've waited too long to make you mine, baby, but I'm going to make it up to you."

Three

Daire wasn't prepared for his first thrust. Shelby was tight, too tight. Her pussy walls gripped him unmercifully, locking down on him. He had meant to take it slow, to draw their time together out as long as possible. There was no way he could. Especially not with the heels of her feet pressing into his buttocks, urging him deeper.

"Baby, I don't want to hurt you." It was too fucking good. Hot, wet and tight; his baby was a triple threat.

"Please, Daire, I need you so bad." Fuck, her back arched magnificently, curving her body upward into his. "I need to come. Please, Daire let me come."

"Come for me, baby. Let it go." Maybe if she came he could get control. Maybe she wouldn't hug his shaft quite so snugly.

He was kidding himself. As soon as he gave her permission, she erupted, her walls contracting unmercifully around him. "Shit!" Daire bucked, slamming inside her over and over again in a desperate drive to get as deep as he possibly could, and it still was nowhere near being deep enough. "Fuck, Shelby, baby, yeah. Suck down on my cock. Take it, baby." There was no way he could hold on. He powered inside her, erupting with a roar.

Even after he came, he couldn't find it in himself to leave her. Tiny quakes still gently rocked her quim, her legs were still locked around him. Hell, he was still rock hard. Reaching up he unlocked the cuffs without dislodging himself from her body, then rolled over so she lay on top.

"Daire? Can I ask you something?"

"Ummm?" Please don't let it be regret. There was no way in the world he was ever letting her go.

"Does this mean I have to call you Master?"

His dick jumped inside her. “No, not if you’re uncomfortable with that. I mean, uh, Daire is fine. Plus it’s a title I have to earn.”

“What do you mean earn?”

For the first time, Daire was uncomfortable with some of the rules he had lived by for so long. He didn’t want things to be by anyone else’s code or rules. With Shelby, he wanted to just...be.

“Baby, you don’t have to call me anything you don’t want to. Just be you and I’ll be me.”

“Does that mean I won’t get to wear your collar?”

Daire was thirty-three years old. There was no way he should have been able to be raring to go so soon without any kind of aid, but her words, hell, Viagra couldn’t have made him harder. Sitting straight up, he thrust upward, slamming her hips down as he did so. Fuck yes, she would wear his collar, but it wasn’t anything like she’d envisioned. Bless her, Shelby braced her feet on the bed, moving with him. Their lips met and held, tongues entwined, hair pulled.

“Fuck me, Daire, please fuck me.”

“Oh, baby, you don’t have to beg. You never have to beg me for this.”

Shelby had died and gone not to heaven, but some hedonist paradise. Daire fit her so tightly, stretching her so completely. The sweet burn felt so damn good! His big hands palmed her ass rocking her down on his cock. She was lost in a sea of sensations, threatening to drown her, and she would gladly go under.

“Yes, Daire please, harder. Deeper.” She wanted him so deep she could no longer tell the two of them apart. She wanted him to explode deep in her womb. “Take me, take me, take me.” It was more than a litany, it was a heartfelt plea.

“Hold on, baby. I’ll take you there.”

Her nipples were so tight they hurt. It was a delicious pain, all tingly and alive. It hurt so good she never wanted it to end. His shaft caressed her most sensitive spot with every up thrust, threatening to steal her mind with raw pleasure. Her nails dug into his skin as the fluttery warnings of the sweet impending explosion began in her belly.

“I need to come, Daire please let me come.”

“Come for me baby. Come all over my dick. Let me feel it.”

Biting down on his shoulder, she did just that, giving him everything she was.

Daire was gone when Shelby woke. For the briefest second panic washed over her before she caught herself. This wasn't one of the assholes she used to date. This was Daire. He would never just sneak out after getting what he wanted. That had never been his style.

Rolling over she found the note.

Had to swing by my place to pick up your collar. Be back soon.

Yours,

~D

Her breath caught in her throat. Shelby had known Daire for over ten years, and in all that time, he had never taken a permanent submissive. Oh, he played. He had his clubs and his private parties, but he’d never collared anyone.

Could she wear it? Would she feel weird? The idea had intrigued her, especially when she'd considered getting serious with Brooks. Now with the reality staring her in face, why was she getting more than a little nervous. It wasn't like she could play along until she was bored or no longer wanted to be titillated.

There was no getting bored this time. There wasn't any going back. Daire was forever.

"Thinking about me?"

She hadn't heard him come in. She was out of the bed and jumping into his arms before she could think better of it. He just inspired that kind of reaction. "No, I was thinking about one of my other lovers."

"Baby, you don't want to be the cause of a homicide," he swatted her on her ass before setting her down. "Don't try to distract me. It's time to collar you."

Put up or shut up time.

What do I do? Am I supposed to kneel or something?"

But Daire was kneeling, right in front of her. Instead of taking out some sort of leather contraption out of his pocket, he produced a small jewelry box. Shelby's heart stopped before beating double time. Oh, God, this couldn't be what she thought it was. Maybe it was a jeweled collar.

"Shelby, may I present to you my collar? If you agree to wear it, I swear to you, baby, I will spend the rest of my life making sure you are happy and protected."

It was a ring. An honest to God diamond ring.

"Daire?"

"I bought it years ago. I told myself because I liked the setting. But that was a lie. I bought it for you. It's always been you."

Blood pounded in her ears. She couldn't believe it.

"Yes! Oh God, Daire yes!"

"Consider yourself collared, baby."

Be on the lookout for next month's Whipped Dreams!