

Eliza Gayle

Submissive Secrets

A PHAZE FORCE HEATSHEET BY

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Taken By Tarot

### CHAPTER ONE

The familiar rush of cool air enveloped Carli as she opened her front door and walked inside. The warming scent of fresh baked apples and the soft glow of her dimmed kitchen lights welcomed her as usual. Kicking off her boots and hanging her jacket on a hook, she could think of little else besides a cold beer and a long soak in her Jacuzzi tub. Rolling her shoulders, she winced as the muscles tightened painfully.

What I need is a man, someone to help release some of this tension.

The day had not gone well. When she proved her latest client's husband to be a lying, cheating bastard, as usual, the woman had not been grateful for the news and became hysterical. Carli spent the last hour being yelled at, slapped in the face and then, to add insult to injury, had to mop up buckets of tears. *I can't believe she caught me off guard on that one*. She reached up and touched her still throbbing cheek. Sometimes it sucked being a Private Investigator.

When had her life taken such a dark turn? She felt a far cry from her days as a sniper in the Marine Corps. Her time in the military had been exciting, a real thrill a minute. Traveling all over the world, she led a group of hunky soldiers who jumped at her every command. Carli even got to play with big guns. She especially loved the big guns. Her life was perfect. Except one thing...Aidan.

She tried everything to forget him. Work. Exercise. Sex—lots of sex, but nothing could erase the memories of her sweet Aidan. Her nipples tightened, as always, when thoughts of him and his long lanky frame pressed tightly against hers came to mind. While not overly muscled, his youthful body had been firm and fit. Shaking her head, she did her best to push back the memories before she either ended up with a headache or a bleeding heart once again. Eight years passed since she'd seen him last. Walking away from him was her biggest mistake. When would she be able to forget?

"Uh..."

She froze in mid step.



What the hell was that? Someone's in my house. Damn it. I do not fucking need this right now.

Automatically she reached behind her and pulled her Glock from the waistband of her tight jeans. Slipping the safety off, she crept down the hallway in the direction of the sound. A visual sweep of the kitchen revealed nothing. Moving toward her bedroom she detected someone's light breathing.

Gun at the ready, she eased into her room looking for her intruder. The gentle snoring became louder and as she glanced to the bed in the corner she caught sight of a glorious full moon shining up.

# Holy Shit! There's a naked man sleeping in my bed with the finest ass I have ever seen.

As she stepped closer to the bed, even more of his naked body came into view. The deeply tanned skin and corded muscle indicated he spent a great deal of time working outside. His jet black hair fanning across her pillow appeared a little too long. The soft light spilling from the bathroom bathed his body with just enough illumination for her to see plenty. That amazing ass connected to huge muscular thighs and for a split moment she thought about what it would be like to have those hard muscles pressed against her body.

Get a grip. He's a complete stranger. An intruder in your home and you're fantasizing about his legs?

Gripping her gun tighter, she opened her mouth to demand what the hell he was doing in her bed, when he gently rolled over on to his back. With the first glance of his chest liquid pooled in her panties. His gloriously sculpted pecs with a sprinkling of hair narrowed down to a trail leading to...

Stop! Quit thinking with your pussy and use your brain.

She shook her head to clear the fog threatening to take over and looked up to his face to see if she could identify him.

Time stopped. She couldn't breath. Her chest constricted. Her arm holding the gun went slack.

She hissed, a quick intake of breath.

The shock of seeing him in her bed after all this time rattled through her brain and before she could process what was happening, a strong hand circled her wrist pulling her toward the bed. With no time to react she quickly found herself pinned underneath him staring into his steel blue eyes.

"Jesus Christ, Carli, you could have gotten one of us killed sneaking

up on me like that."

Her airway constricted as she tried to form words. "Aidan," she croaked out. Realizing he'd put too much pressure on her lungs he shifted to the side placing more of his weight on his arm.

"What the hell are you doing in my bed?" Not that she was complaining as this is what she'd been dreaming about for so many years. Still, for him to show up after all of these years, break into her house and then crawl into her bed seemed a little over the top. "I could have shot *you.*"

"What's wrong, baby? You're not happy to see me?" The rich timbre of his voice resonated deep in her body sparking off a reaction she wasn't quite ready for. Yet, the sarcastic overtones caused the hair on her neck to bristle giving her a bad feeling. She learned long ago to listen to those instincts. They hadn't failed her yet and she didn't think they would now.

"You've got some nerve showing up after all this time and making yourself comfortable like this." She placed her hands on his chest to give him a quick shove. "In my house."

First mistake.

The velvety soft skin over hard muscle and bone made her fingers itch with the need to stroke his chest and maybe more. Placing palms flat on his chiseled chest again, she shoved. Hard. Nothing happened. His body didn't move an inch.

"Get off of me. You're crushing me. Dammit. I want you to tell me what the hell is going on here." She squirmed against him, trying to shake him lose.

Second mistake.

His cock hardened and lengthened against the inside of her thigh. The more she struggled, the more it grew. Despite her annoyance with him, her pulse quickened and her clit throbbed.

"Not yet, baby. I'm liking this position a whole lot right now." He grabbed her hands from his chest and raised them above her head, pinning her to the mattress.

Before she could even pant a token protest, he crushed her mouth with a hard, demanding kiss. His tongue pushed between her taut lips forcing her to allow him entry. His tongue tangled with hers in a fierce sensual battle. For a moment more she considered fighting him but it was too good. It had been too long. She needed this. Needed him.

His forcefulness was unexpected but welcomed. She needed...no, desired a man who took what he wanted in bed. She liked her sex a little



on the rough side anyways. Although she would have never expected this from Aidan, the pressure and intensity of his kiss quickly pushed her past her ability to reason this situation out. Her hips bucked against his hard cock digging into her thigh. She struggled to free her arms. She had to touch him. He simply tightened his hold. She wouldn't get loose until he let her.

Instead of releasing her he nestled his cock right into the vee of her thighs pressing right against her clit. She couldn't hold back the moan that escaped. This unexpected show of dominance fed her need. A few more thrusts of his cock and she experienced her first fully clothed orgasm.

### CHAPTER TWO

He'd known Carli finding him naked in her bed would likely unnerve her, but he didn't expect this much reaction.

God, she felt good.

He didn't want to stop. He wanted to tear her clothes from her athletic body and force his throbbing dick up her juicy pussy. Releasing Carli's mouth he trailed his lips along her jaw and neck nipping at her sensitive skin as he went. When he reached her breasts he rubbed his cheek against the cool silk of her shirt feeling her distended nipple. Carli arched her back into his touch begging for more.

Maintaining his grip on her wrists with one hand, Aidan reached underneath her shirt pulling the fabric out of his way exposing her bright rosy nipple. Instead of laving her gently with his tongue as she anticipated, he bit her nipple with a quick sharp bite. She didn't protest his roughness, but instead surged against him, pleading for more.

Unfortunately, looking back up at her face, flushed with her arousal brought Aidan's memories crashing back down. He remembered the last time he'd seen her and the pain of his heart splitting in two when she told him, just before their wedding, that she needed something more. Needed to travel. Needed to get away from him for a while. In the end the anger of her betrayal had won out and he'd opted to leave town.

Rifling through her personal belongings when he entered her home had brought out a need in him he thought long buried. As much as he wanted to fuck her mindless, he couldn't do this. Couldn't screw Carli now without thinking of the girl back then. The girl who crushed his heart, leaving him behind as she went to explore the world. As his lust subsided, cold anger took its place. He released her arms and stood. He had a job to do and reliving old times with Carli would only fuck that up.

He turned his back on her as he reached to the floor for his discarded jeans. Quickly pulling them up not even bothering to button them before turning back around to face her. The expression on her face remained blank but her eyes sparked with repressed emotion. "I can't do this, Carli." His gut tightened at the pain he saw flicker across her face.

She looked up at the ceiling and tunneled her fingers through her long chestnut locks, probably trying to get control of her body just as he did.

With a pronounced sigh she nailed him with a steely stare. "Why are you here, Aidan? What brings you back to my bed after all these years?" she bit out, her voiced laced with cold sarcasm.

Boldly lying back against the pillows, she crossed her arms behind her head, further baring her breast to him and waited for his answer.

"I'm here on assignment. I need your cooperation." He paused waiting for her reaction that never materialized.

*Oh, she's good. Very good at keeping her cool when it counted.* 

Aidan knew Carli had tried several times over the last couple of years to find him as his organization kept tabs on that kind of information. But, he didn't want to be found. If not for this mission, he would never have returned to this old town. Aidan didn't need the physical reminder of where he came from or the circumstances in which he had left. The sooner Aidan got the information he needed from Carli the sooner he would be out of here. In the meantime he had no intention of letting her get to him. No one got to him anymore. Her leaving him taught him how to build barriers to shield his heart. At least he could thank her for that.

\* \* \* \*

Carli waited. Waited for Aidan to reveal the real reason for being in *her* house. Over the years she perfected the art of patience. It was what made her so good at what she did—both as a sniper and now as an investigator. To further throw Aidan off, she struck a more casual carefree pose by tucking her hands behind her neck and crossing her ankles. She could wait him out.

Looking over at him standing in front of her dresser, she couldn't help marvel at the changes in his appearance. Gone was the tall lanky nineteen-year-old who stole her heart. Replaced with this tall, powerful, very muscled, devilishly handsome man. She wondered what else about him had changed.

"I need your help locating someone." His long pause led her to believe he was definitely avoiding telling her more. What could he be up to that would be hard for her to handle? His reluctance a clear sign that he didn't trust her. Then why come to me? Why not get someone else, anyone else to help him.

"Why me? If you don't really want to be here with me why not find someone else to help you?" Sensing she wasn't going to like his answers, she braced herself for the other shoe to drop.

"It's—It's your brother, Carli. I'm here to gather some information that will help me find him. He is wanted for treason against the U.S. Government."

*Thunk.* The shoe dropped.

"What? Are you crazy?" Sitting up, her body tensed. Anger flushed her face and she expected him to back away. He didn't. "My brother has been serving as an intelligence officer in the U.S. Navy for over six years. How dare you make such crazy accusations?" She stepped forward getting right in his face. "You better explain yourself right now."

He smirked. He couldn't help himself. Her eyes sparking with anger was even more arousing than before. He relished the thought that she might tackle him and kick his ass. Aidan would love to take the time to get down and dirty with her and teach her a lesson or two. Lessons she would never forget. He hadn't. He still harbored a lot of resentment toward her and would love to take the time to have it out with her.

But, he had a job to do and do it he would. He couldn't afford to get wrapped up in the past even if it came in a tight body that screamed *fuck me* with every move.

"A couple of days ago we intercepted a message between your brother, Cliff and a top terrorist leader. Twelve hours later Cliff disappeared." He didn't try to soften the blow he knew this news would create. Aiden needed to see and analyze every reaction Carli had to assure himself she wasn't somehow involved. "We know how close you and your twin are, so we expect either you already know where he is or he will be contacting you soon to let you know something."

His gut told him that no way would Carli be involved in anything like this. Hell, he was even surprised her brother Cliff would be. Her face paled from the shock of his words confirming his instincts. She knew absolutely nothing of this. Cliff had somehow managed to not only get himself involved in an international incident, but keep the news from his twin sister. *Interesting*.

She staggered back and he snaked his arm around her waist to

steady her. Taking some deep breaths to calm herself, Carli managed a whisper. "This is a mistake. Cliff would never do anything like this. He must be in some sort of trouble. I have to help him."

She grabbed his shoulders trying to shake him. Make him see the truth in her eyes. After all they had been through, how could he suspect her own flesh and blood of treason?

"Wait a damn minute!" She backed away from him. "Why are you really here? Do you think I have something to do with this? Am I a suspect?"

He hesitated.

So that's how it is. She was under investigation along with her brother. Blinded by anger, she scooped up her gun from the floor and aimed it dead center on his chest.

"Whoa, Carli." He threw his hands out in surrender. "There's no need for that. I don't personally suspect that you are involved in anything. I'm just here to gather information and wait to see if your brother contacts you."

"Why should I believe you?" Tears were welling in Carli's eyes, but she would be damned if she allowed them to fall. All these years she waited for him to return so she could beg his forgiveness and instead he shows up here with a charge of treason, ready to arrest her brother and possibly her, too.

"Believe me? Why wouldn't you?" he frowned. "Have I ever lied to you?" No, he hadn't lied. Just disappeared and left her frustrated and confused for far too long. Too much had happened and too much time had passed. She couldn't tell him now that she had come back six weeks later prepared to beg his forgiveness for leaving him, only to find him gone without a trace. The only man she's ever loved was standing in front of her. He wasn't nineteen anymore, and it was clear he didn't have feelings for her.

She lowered the gun. "I don't trust you, Aidan."

"Not a problem, sweetheart. You don't have to trust me. Just cooperate with me. The sooner you do, the sooner I'll be back on my way to Washington and back out of your life just like you want."

A flash of wild grief ripped through her, gripping her in panic and fear, at the thought of him leaving her again. Despite everything, she craved another chance.

\* \* \* \*

Aidan finished dressing and joined Carli in the living room. She had

changed into a tank top and running shorts and now lounged on the couch with her eyes closed. He took this time to appreciate her long tanned legs. Despite what happened between them in the past, he wanted those legs wrapped around his waist as he plunged his cock into her tight, wet pussy. His already half hard dick stiffened at the images that produced.

Spending time with Carli would be harder than he'd originally thought if he didn't get his sexual urges for her under control.

Carli shifted slightly on the couch leaving a small bare patch of silky skin on her belly exposed that beckoned to him. Moving to the couch he loomed over her considering his options.

"Stop staring at me as if you want to bite me." She'd opened her eyes while he'd been staring at her naked skin. He did want to bite her. Maybe even spank her. Definitely fuck her. She stirred some longing deep inside him that he refused to think about it. He couldn't. No, wouldn't give her or any other woman the chance to hurt him again. If he took her now, it would just be sex. He was in control.

His gaze dropped from her eyes to her shoulders and traveled down to her breasts. Her nipples peaked under the thin cloth and unable to resist he reached down and pinched one between his thumb and forefinger. A quiet moan escaped Carli's lips, quickening her breath. Aidan couldn't ignore the blatant invitation in her eyes as his control faltered and he reached down ripping the tank top from her body.

Carli gasped. Her womb clenched and her pulse pounded. Pure male lust adorned his face as he stared at her exposed breasts. She knew he wanted her, but something was holding him back. Determined to completely break his control she fondled her own nipples, rolling them tightly between her fingers. The sensations rippled along her skin leaving her panting. Performing for him turned her on and he clearly liked it as evidenced by the fabric of his jeans pressing tightly across his engorged sex.

"Take your shorts off. Now." The husky sound of his demand stoked her need.

Her pussy flooded with moisture as she grabbed the waistband of her running shorts and rolled them down her legs leaving her completely naked. He remained fully clothed. The air against her bare cunt did nothing to cool her body. She was more enflamed than ever. She inched her thighs apart wondering if he liked a shaved pussy.

Now she ached to see him naked. To memorize the changes in his

body. "I want to see you."

He stood so close the heat radiating from his body scorched her.

"Not yet. Not until I say so."

A quiver surged through her veins realizing he planned to make her beg. Already her clit throbbed for his touch. It wouldn't be long and she would beg him to make her come. Scooping her up from the couch, Aidan carried her back to the bedroom putting her down next to the bed. He could have just as easily laid her on the bed but she suspected he had a different plan for her. A test of sorts.

"Get on the bed." He ordered her.

Despite her penchant for dominance, her first instinct was to tell him to go to hell, but his rough demanding voice gave her chills at the thought of what could be coming.

He reached for the nightstand and panic rose up in the back of her throat.

"Wait!" she screamed at him. Afraid of what he would think or say if he knew everything she kept in her drawers.

"It's too late baby, I've already seen what you keep in there. I know what you really want. I'm more than man enough to handle it and then some."

"What do you mean you already know? You snooped through my house when I wasn't here?" Anger coursed through her veins, feeding her arousal. She was furious with him but at the same time if he didn't fuck her soon she was going to go insane.

He threw her a look that he knew told herhe was done talking. Now she would just have to wait and see what he did next.

"Lie back down on the bed and spread your legs for me." She hesitated unsure of how far she wanted to take this with him. "If you don't do it, I will tie you down." He growled at her indicating that he hung onto his control by a thread.

Carli slowly crawled up the bed wiggling her ass at him before rolling onto her back and spreading her legs wide. But instead of waiting to see what he would do she slid her hand down to her pussy and ran her fingers along the slit, coating herself with her juices. When she pinched her swollen clit with her fingers her body jerked in reaction. Slipping two fingers inside she began pumping them slowly in and out, setting her body aflame with need.

"Oh God, Carli. That has got to be the hottest thing I've ever seen." His voice was a hoarse whisper. Aidan quickly undressed and settled

himself between her thighs watching her pleasure herself. "Tilt your hand to the side just a bit, baby."

She followed his orders, thighs quivering in anticipation. He brought his mouth down to her pussy and flicked her clit with his tongue.

That was all it took for her control to completely shatter and she begged. "Aidan please, you've got to fuck me. Hard. Right now."

Before he could answer, the exquisite torture his tongue performed became too much and her body exploded. Her muscles clamped down on her own fingers as the release continued under the onslaught of his tongue.

Bringing his cock to her opening, he moved her hand and parted her sensitive folds with his fingers. In one swift move he slammed his shaft all the way to the hilt, tormenting her quaking flesh. Without hesitation, he continued thrusting his cock in her cunt as she screamed her pleasure begging for more. Grabbing her nipples, Carli squeezed hard adding the pleasure pain sensation she loved to his cock, slamming into her sweat soaked body.

Aidan moaned and roared as his semen spurted inside her womb. Frantically pumping her pussy against his cock, with one last deep thrust her second orgasm burst free.

Finally he had come home.

Despite all the years of pain and suffering she knew she loved him with her heart and soul and didn't think she could let him go...again. As their bodies trembled together she worried whether she could find a way to make him stay.

## **CHAPTER THREE**

*Damn, Carli had the hottest cunt on the planet.* It had only been an hour since she had given him the best goddamn orgasm of his life, but as she stirred next to him, rubbing her soft ass against his dick, he wanted her again.

She mumbled something he couldn't understand as she continued rubbing against him. Slipping his hand between her thighs he found her pussy slick and hot. Grasping his hard cock and settling it at her slit, he slid home, deep into her tight sex. Carli jerked in surprise at the initial invasion but then relaxed allowing him to set the pace. This time he took her slow and easy, loving the sounds of her pussy trying to suck him back in every time he withdrew. Her muscles gripped him like a vise.

Her soft moans turned to loud pleas as she neared her release. He couldn't resist running his fingers through the crack of her lush ass tenderly probing the tight rosebud of her backside. He wouldn't be able to hold back much longer but wanted to feel her muscles clamping down on his cock as they both came. Aiden's fingers slid forward and lightly pinched her clit, sending her over the edge where he quickly followed.

As his softening cock slipped from her sex, she turned and faced him. Her eyes glowed with an emotion he couldn't dare speak as she pressed her full lips to his.

"You are an amazing lover. I can't believe how much I have missed it." He stiffened at her words. Her referring to their past was like dousing him with a bucket of ice water. He quickly reminded himself that he was here to perform a job and this was just sex between two consenting adults.

Albeit mind-blowing, toe-curling, amazing sex.

He couldn't afford to let emotions for her sneak up on him. Instead of responding to her compliment he quickly changed the subject to less intimate issues.

"Carli, when was the last time you spoke with your brother?" Watching her face for any tell tale signs of lying, he found nothing. Her

eyes went from gazing at him in sweet adoration to a carefully blanked mask in a matter of seconds.

"Last Sunday. We talk every week on Sunday night," she managed through clenched teeth. She rose from the bed and stomped over to the dresser grabbing some items from the top. "You just want to talk about Cliff? Fine. But not until I get cleaned up. I've had a long, trying day and the least I deserve before my interrogation is a shower."

He started to tell her, he wasn't interrogating her, but she slammed the bathroom door before he had a chance.

Well that's one way to get us back on track.

He hurriedly dressed himself and headed for the kitchen. Images of her rubbing soap over her naked breasts and flat belly nearly drove him to the bathroom to fuck her all over again. He wondered again if the next few days were going to be enough to get her out of his system once and for all.

\* \* \* \*

Carli walked in the kitchen to find Aidan cooking at the stove. She leaned against the door jamb and watched, her body relaxed, nonthreatening. Without even realizing it he had set the perfect domestic scene. A man cooking for his woman..

Only this wasn't their home and he wasn't taking care of her, he was questioning her.

He had dressed in his jeans and left his feet bare. His broad shoulders tapered down to a lean narrow waist, where his jeans cupped his gorgeous butt. Having her hands on his body again had been like a totally new experience. She remembered him from their youth, but their changes brought a whole new level of heat to their sex together. It would be wonderful if they could just pick up where they left off before she ruined everything. But eight years was a long time.

People change.

Feelings change.

Right now she had as many questions for him as he probably had for her. Starting with-*Where the hell has he been for these last eight years?* 

She'd searched for him for two years before giving up. Although not completely. Every year on the anniversary of her dumb ass mistake, she spent a day or two searching again. Nothing. It was as if he had dropped off the face of the earth.

Now here he was in her kitchen. Every wish fulfilled. Except he wasn't here for her. He's looking for Cliff and apparently prepared to use

any method available to get what he wants from her.

He turned slowly from the stove, catching her examination. Their gazes locked and his tight expression relaxed into a smile. Try as she might, she couldn't hold out against that. Releasing an audible breath she allowed the tension to ease from her body as she slid into the chair across from him.

"This looks great. I'm starving." She dug in scooping a large forkful into her mouth. As she savored the spicy sausage dish a low moan escaped her lips.

"Babe, I'll take that as your approval of my cooking," he teased. "But keep moaning like that and I'm likely to have *you* for dinner." The smile in his eyes promised erotic fun as images of what they had just done flashed through her mind. Her nipples tightened in anticipation and she was sorely tempted. Shoving those thoughts aside she knew it was time to face the elephant in the room. She needed answers and needed them now.

"Nice try, Aidan. But it's not going to work. Before I cooperate with you any further, you have to answer a few of my questions." She watched his expression change to serious and wished there were another way.

"Fine. I'll answer as much as I can without compromising myself. Carli, you have to know that a lot of what I do is on a need to know basis." She took a deep breath thinking back to all the times she'd come up empty in her search for him.

Why would he disappear like that?

"Who do you work for?" When he didn't answer, she wondered why. It was a simple question, requiring a simple answer.

He shifted in his seat, resting his arms behind his head. "I work for a private government organization. Before you ask which one," shifting again, "I'm not at liberty to divulge that information."

She slammed her hands down on the kitchen table. "Is this how it's going to be? I'll ask a question, any question, and you'll tell me you can't say? How about this? What exactly has my brother done and what evidence is there against him?

"There is some important intel your brother recently found that is now missing from his office along with him."

She waited for him to say more but instead he sat there with a tight lipped closed expression.

"What kind of intel?"

"You know I can't tell you that. All I can say is that it is of utmost urgency to national security."

"This is bullshit and you know it." She rose in one fluid motion taking deep calming breaths to recapture her composure. As casually as she could manage, she asked, "Where have you been these past eight years?" To her dismay, her voice broke.

His eyebrows shot up in surprise. Clearly that wasn't the question he had been expecting.

"What? Why? What difference does it make?"

"It makes a difference to me, that's why," she heard her voice, and cringed. She sounded so desperate.

"Why would my whereabouts make a difference to you after all this time?" His question was stilted and bitter.

She backed away from the table, her jaw tightening. She had gone too far. She couldn't bear the thought of him knowing she had been pining for him all these years. Sure, she dated other men, but as long as she had hopes of finding Aidan one day, none of those men could get past the first date.

Hell, if she hadn't been so desperate for hard sex now and again she probably wouldn't have dated at all. Could she help it if being dominated sexually by a man was such a thrill? It was the one thing about her that she'd always been afraid to tell Aidan. She'd been two young to face her dark desires openly and instead ran away from his love in search of something more, hoping it would fill the need. It didn't.

Aidan grasped Carli's elbow and pushed her against the wall. His breath caressed her ear. "What aren't you telling me?" The full length of his body crushing against her backside, his erection pressed between the cheeks of her ass. The heat of his cock burned straight through the thin material of her shorts. Her senses were overloaded and she couldn't find the words to answer.

"Damn it, Carli, tell me. If you don't tell me what you're hiding, I will spank it out of you."

Her pussy flooded with her cream at his words. She hated to admit, even to herself, how much his aggressiveness aroused her. She tried to get a grip before she lost complete control.

"I was just curious is all," she lied.

His muscles flexed in his biceps as he gripped her tighter. She struggled against him, trying to break loose.

"Are you lying to me? Cause I think you are."

His lips nuzzled her neck gently then without warning, he bit her. Not a little nip but a bite that would leave a mark. The pleasure pain sensation coursed through her heated blood as she wiggled her bottom against his hard erection.

"You like that, don't you?"

"No," she pushed out through heavy pants.

"Well, then, I guess you'll really hate this." Releasing one of her arms he pushed her tighter against the wall with his body to hold her firmly in place.

Grasping the waist band of her thin shorts he yanked them down around her knees. Plunging two fingers into the passion swollen folds of her slick cunt, he pulled a cry from her trembling body.

"Tell me, now!" He pumped his fingers, edging her closer to her release. She thrust her hips, riding his fingers hard on the brink of her orgasm. Slowing his pace, Aidan slid a third finger into her pussy coating it with her juices. Easing the third finger along the seam between her pussy and her ass he roughly pressed the lubricated finger against the tighter opening.

She whimpered. She pushed her bottom against his hand begging for penetration, but Aidan held back waiting for her answer.

"Carli, baby, tell me what I want to know or I stop right now."

"Please—don't—stop." She gasped. "I'll tell you."

In response, he pushed his finger in just to the first knuckle. And waited. Her body was on fire and she couldn't let him stop now. She wiggled and thrashed trying to get him to move his fingers, to satisfy her aching body. He held strong and firm, barely allowing her to move.

"I've been searching for you every year since you left."

He stilled again.

The waiting was killing her. She was too close to the edge. "Please, Aidan, fuck me."

"Why, baby? Why have you been searching for me?" He eased his finger in a little more. She bucked, needing more.

"Because I still love you!" she bellowed, as he slid his finger all the way to the hilt scraping against tender flesh causing her body to explode. Pussy and ass gripping his fingers.

# CHAPTER FOUR

Aidan sucked in a breath, his heart hammering in his chest. He felt restless and irritable. His cock burned with a fever to plunge into her body. He needed her so badly. But she had lied to him. Even in the midst of a punishing orgasm she cunningly told him what she thought he wanted to hear.

Too bad she was wrong.

He had accepted long ago she didn't love him. They were young and had a great time together, but she had been grasping for more. More of what, he hadn't understood then, but was starting to get an idea at the way she responded to his urges to control her. Not to mention the toys and books he'd found in her bedroom.

Easing his fingers from her sated body he gently released his hold on her and stepped back. She looked briefly over her shoulder before quickly pulling herself together. Not knowing what to say he shook his head and walked back to his seat at the table.

Could it be? Was the answer right there in front of him every time he fucked her?

Or is this all about her brother?

He began analyzing what her possible motives could be, at least as much as his throbbing cock would allow. *Was he wrong about her and her brother? Could she know more than she let on?* His gut still told him he wasn't wrong but he also wasn't a fool so he would take it into consideration and keep a closer eye on her actions and reactions. She probably either knew where her brother was or at least a very good idea of where he could be. He would have to work on that.

But first he needed to figure out why she was looking at him eyes wide in shock, with such a horrified expression. She had barely moved since he sat down. She just kept glaring at him as if he had done something wrong. He exhaled a sigh of relief when she collected herself and sat back down.

"Do you still want to know where I have been these past eight

years?" reaching across the table he clasped her hand in his, absently rubbing his thumb back and forth across her palm.

Her closed expression softened just a bit as she nodded her head.

"One week after you left for the Corp, I traded in my truck for a bike and took off for the open road." The memories flooded his mind as he thought back to his ignorant self back then. "As much as I had planned to settle in this town forever, as soon as you left I couldn't wait to get away."

Actually the pain of her leaving him had torn him in two and he couldn't bear to be in their town without her. He couldn't tell her that. Wouldn't bare that much of his pain to her again.

"After a few months I hooked up with a gang of bikers, started getting into trouble."

The things he had seen and done had changed him forever. The drugs, the violence and God—the women. He'd done his best to erase her from his mind by fucking a different woman everyday.

"I'm lucky I didn't end up dead or in jail."

She did her best to avoid eye contact, but he saw the moisture pooling in her eyes as he told her what he'd done.

"About a year later we holed up in this great little town down in Texas and something there clicked with me and I decided to stay. After two years of intense physical and investigations training with a local P.I. a client propositioned me about working for an elite government agency."

"Black Ops," she whispered. He didn't respond. Couldn't. He had already told her too much. "That's why I could never find a record of you anywhere in the U.S. Your records have all been erased as if you never existed."

"That's all there is to my story. Now it's your turn. Are you going to cooperate with me?"

She pulled her hand from his grasp and sat back in her chair closing her eyes as if contemplating what to do. Her chestnut colored hair was a riot of curls framing her oval face. He wanted to lick the freckles that were sprinkled across her face. Her skin scented of musk but he knew it tasted like honey.

He couldn't stop thinking about burying himself deep in her channel. He was drawn to her. Couldn't get enough of her. *Damn, what was he going to do about her? He had to get her out of his system.* 

"Aidan, it may have been eight years since you've been around Cliff

but he's my twin and you know him as well as you know me. Do you really think he is guilty?"

"It doesn't matter what I think. That's not my job. I'm just trying to locate him, not judge him."

"It matters to me."

"Carli, eight years ago I probably would have sworn I knew the two of you so well you could never be guilty of any crime. But, when you left me, you shocked me to the core. So, obviously, I didn't know you as well as I thought."

"I really don't know where he is at the moment. I never even sensed he was in any kind of trouble when I spoke to him last week. I tried calling his cell phone after I showered but just got his voicemail. I'm really worried about him since he didn't even try to contact me." She crossed her arms across her chest, closing him out. "That's just not like him. We don't keep secrets from each other."

"It's damn suspicious, Carli."

"What will you do now?"

"I have to stay here until he is found. You have been placed in my protective custody until he shows up."

"You don't trust me either, do you?" she quietly asked. The pain visible in her eyes caught him off guard. Without his consent, something shifted deep inside. He began to crack.

"It's no longer a matter of trust. It's just a job." He wanted to reach over and comfort her but she shut down.

"I've had all I can take for one day, I'm going to bed. You're welcome to the guest bedroom," she turned to leave.

"Carli, why have you *really* continued to look for me after all these years? Is there something more I don't know?"

Her shoulders sagged in resignation. "A few short weeks after I joined the Corps, I realized what a mistake I had made with you and I came back to find you, but you were gone. I've searched for you ever since."

"Wait, that's not enough, why did you really run away? If you still love me as you say, then tell me what drove you to run?"

She didn't turn back or say anything else. She just walked down the hall to her room and closed herself inside leaving him to ponder his own unanswered questions.

### **CHAPTER FIVE**

Stalking across her bedroom floor she viciously ran her fingers through her messy hair. *How could he be so damn calm and cool after what we just did*? Remembering the delicious force he had used on her, her nipples peaked and her pussy heated. She needed to get his focus off her brother and back on to their relationship but he was making it damned difficult.

She scooped her cell phone off the nightstand and put in another call to her brother. The phone rang once and then, "Hi, this is Cliff, leave me a message and Ill get back to you."

Straight to voicemail. *He doesn't even have the damn thing turned on*. She tossed the phone on to the bed and stomped across the room. She was certain whatever he was mixed up in, they would be able to clear it up. No way would he turn criminal. Now, if she could just get Aidan to listen to her. Not just about Cliff, but about them. *Maybe after I get some sleep I can deal with Aidan's attitude and my brother*.

Discarding all of her clothes, Carli slipped under the covers and curled on her side. She tossed and turned. She flipped and flopped and then tossed some more. Looking at the red glowing digital readout of her bedside clock, Carli realized she had been lying there restless and awake for almost two hours.

"Fuck this. Since when do I lay around trying to figure out what to do? I know what I want and I am going to get it whether he likes it or not."

With a self satisfied smile she walked toward her door buck naked. She was going to get her man once and for all. She wasted eight years searching and waiting for her chance to make amends and now she couldn't wait one more second.

Before she could get out of her room her phone beeped three times in quick succession signaling a text message had just come through. She anxiously grabbed the phone hitting the SMS button to retrieve the message.

Carli, my latest mission went a little off track. Due to some extremely sensitive intel I intercepted, it was necessary to remove myself to a safer location until the time is right for disclosure. Knowing Aidan is with you is a huge relief and will make this situation easier to resolve. Trust me when I say everything will be fine in just a few days. I can't tell you anymore but I know you understand. I'll call you as soon as I can. Don't do anything rash and trust Aidan to keep you safe. Love, Cliff

"A little off track? There is nothing little about this situation." Relieved to know that her brother was okay, Carli decided to show the message to Aidan.

\* \* \* \*

Slipping quietly into the spare bedroom she stood just inside the door waiting for her eyes to adjust to the darkness. When she could see, she glanced over at the bed to find it empty.

Huh.

Must have decided to sleep on the couch. She turned and headed for the living room.

Standing at the foot of the empty couch she wondered where he went. He'd been adamant about not leaving her alone so she suspected he hadn't gone far.

She headed for the balcony to get a quick look around the outside property. At three AM there shouldn't be any activity out there. She expected to see him strolling the grounds. Padding quietly over to the railing she peered over the lawn. She turned with a start when someone touched her arm.

"Holy shit, give me a heart attack, why don't you?"

He stood transfixed studying her intently. His gaze left her eyes and traveled along her shoulders and down to her breasts. Her nipples hardened to tight points under his scrutiny. Her breath quickened. A few moments later his eyes traveled down her flat tanned belly to her bare mound which had already moistened under his perusal.

"An exhibitionist now, I see." His hands trembled slightly as he brushed her wild curls from her cheek.

"I expected to find you asleep, not out here hiding on the balcony," she answered over her racing pulse. Her words hurried.

"Couldn't sleep. Hard to let go when you drop a bomb like that on me." His husky voice betrayed some of his feelings despite the regret in his eyes.

She held up the cell phone so he noticed it, rather than her body. "I

came to show you this."

"What is it?" he took the offered phone from her hand expecting her to say she got a call from her brother.

"Cliff just sent me a text message and I thought you would want to see it." She pressed the button and a message time stamped just minutes ago scrolled across the screen.

His features turned grim as he read the message illuminated on the cell. It may not give him the information he needed to complete his mission, but it did give her a measure of relief. Her brother was in control of the situation just as she had expected and more than likely in a few days he would show up at her doorstep as if nothing ever happened.

"Is this it?" he held out the phone to her, questioning. "Is this the only reason you came out here to see me? Because this could have waited until morning and doesn't really explain why you're standing there nude." He came close, looking down at her for an answer.

Biting her lip, she looked away.

"Carli, why did you leave me, baby? I know there's more to it than you just weren't ready to settle down until you saw the world. We could have traveled together." A small hitch in his voice surprised her.

She shook her head in denial, even now she feared his rejection. He stilled her movements by gently taking her head in his hands, brushing his lips against her mouth. He kissed her surprisingly gentle considering how frustrated she knew him to be. His tenderness sparked the flame low in her belly and she was quickly engulfed with desire. Hungrily she kissed him back, covering his mouth with hers. Forcing her tongue inside his mouth she devoured him in one swift move.

Wrenching his mouth free, he released her. "Carli, I have to know. Being here with you again has brought forward all the memories of what your leaving did to me. If you have any hope of us moving past this you have to tell me the truth. Nothing short just won't do." His magnetic and compelling eyes burned into hers demanding the truth from her.

She pulled back, wishing now she'd put on a robe. She was already bare to him physically and now he wanted her to bare herself emotionally to him and risk his rejection. If he rejected her she wasn't sure if she would recover. Icy fear wrapped itself around her heart at the thought of him walking out the door never to return.

"Does this have something to do with the things I found in your nightstand drawer?"

She coughed.

How do you tell the man you love that all of her sexual desires run to the dark and painful without scaring him off? That the rough punishment he thought he'd given her in the kitchen was just a taste of what she needed from him. What she wanted. What she desired. She had learned through many adventurous nights that only a small percentage of men want to walk the fine line of her desires. They are either too much of a boy scout to provide the sexual domination she craved or were just plain mean and cared nothing for her pleasure only her pain.

"You don't understand," she choked out over the lump in her throat.

"Then tell me. You might be surprised at my reaction. I'm no longer the scrawny kid you left behind."

Carli searched anxiously for the meaning of his words as he caressed her shoulder. His touch soothing and warm. "I'm a hardened man who has experienced an adventurous life so far. Nothing you say could shock me."

Carli shook with anticipation as well as a good dose of fear.

"Aidan, when I was nineteen I didn't understand what I needed and definitely couldn't tell you. How does one kid tell another that she craved sexual domination with a healthy dose of pain. That the sex we engaged in wasn't rough enough."

She turned away, afraid to look at his eyes knowing that his revulsion would be evident despite his words. She'd come this far. She might as well keep going. She took a deep breath and continued.

"It's more than me just dipping my toe into adventurous sex now and again. This is a lifestyle for me. Something I need. The one aspect of my life where I can let go and give up control to another."

"Was that really so hard baby? I already suspected the depth of your need just based on your reactions to me today. But more than anything, I needed to hear you say it. You needed to say it." He slid his hand down her back cupping her ass. "When you came back for me, what were you going to do? Tell me what you wanted or go on as if it was never quite enough to satisfy you?"

"I couldn't have told you then, I was still too scared. I didn't understand what was wrong with me."

He let go of her ass and delivered a stinging blow to one cheek with his flat palm. "Wrong answer. We can't be together if you aren't willing to tell me the whole truth." He spanked her bottom again, this time a little harder. The bite of pain coursed through her bottom and went straight to her pussy. Eliza Gayle

"If you continue to lie to me, I will be forced to punish you. And by the way, there's absolutely nothing wrong with you."

Excitement surged through her veins. Is he saying what I think he's saying?

"Don't move. I'll be right back."

### CHAPTER SIX

Aidan hurried through the living room to her bedroom to gather a few tools. Tonight he would show her he is more than capable of fulfilling all of her wild desires. Hell, his desires, too. It has always been more important to him to control his woman's pleasure, thereby heightening both of their orgasms. But more importantly it was the gift of submission that he treasured above all else. Knowing that a sub trusts him to give them both what they need and want fueled his control. The problem for him had always been the one and only woman he ever truly wanted to control was the one woman he thought he couldn't.

Until now.

Now, she waited for him on the balcony with her lush body bared to all just waiting for him to make his demands. He shuddered as a shiver of anticipation traveled down his spine. His dick so hard he thought it might burst. He had never wanted a woman as much as he wanted her.

Tonight he would bring her to such heights of pleasure there would be no doubt how much he cared for her.

When he returned Carli was rooted in the same spot. She bit the corner of her lip showing eagerness with a touch of fear from the unknown. Good, he needed her to wonder. With her body highlighted by the light of the moon, the moisture on her sex glistened like the stars. The anticipation of what was coming next had begun to prepare her body for his.

"Aidan, we should go inside. Someone might see us." Her tongue darted, nervously moistening her lips. Oh, the ideas he had for that mouth.

"Wasn't that the idea when you came out here naked, looking for me?" He offered her a slow, wicked smile. "No, you will stay right there as I commanded." He spoke with cool authority. "I want you right here."

She watched nervously as he leaned down to the table where he had deposited her toy bag. Reaching in he pulled out the soft black Japanese bondage rope she had purchased months ago, but never had the opportunity to use. Her eyes widened at the possibilities of what was to come next. She was so hot the heat from her pussy made her take a step back.

"Where are you going, Carli? He grabbed her around the waist and roughly hauled her up against his body. Nibbling kisses along her neck and shoulder he delved his fingers between the juicy folds of her sex. "Ah, so wet."

She shuddered as he slipped two thick fingers in her channel while his thumb circled her clit. As he continued his onslaught of biting her sensitive flesh and finger fucking her, an orgasm began to build. She bucked her hips as it drew near, urging him to bring her to completion.

Aidan suddenly withdrew his hand from her pussy halting her impending eruption. Her body bucked in protest, a whimper escaping her lips.

"You are not allowed to come yet, baby."

She moaned in disapproval and before she realized what he intended to do, he had bound both of her wrists with the rope and carried her over to a small table. He pushed her onto its top and when her bare belly connected with the cool wood, she breathed in sharply in shock. He tied both of her wrists to the legs of the table and then proceeded to strap her ankles down. She was left face down with her ass and cunt at the perfect level for his cock. Spreading her cheeks she knew he was inspecting the tight hole he had fingered earlier.

"You want me to fuck you in the ass, don't you, baby?"

She didn't answer. She couldn't. Her heart thumping so wildly her lungs tightened in response. It was all she could do to take in air.

"Soon, very soon I will have my dick in your ass so deep you will beg for mercy."

He walked around to the front of the table. When she looked up she was in perfect alignment with his crotch. He unbuttoned the tight jeans and it sprang free bobbing, an inch from her lips.

She opened her mouth eagerly awaiting his permission to taste him. He pushed forward just enough to bring the deep plum colored head flush against her lips. The velvety smooth skin so hot she needed to touch him. Wanted to grip his cock and force it in her mouth. She struggled with her bonds. She was completely helpless and would have to wait until he gave her permission to do as he pleased.

A rumble sounded in his chest as he chuckled over her ineffective attempts. He stepped back a few inches taking himself in hand. Watching

him pump his own shaft while she watched just out of reach was agonizing. Her heartbeat pulsed in her clit as she thought she might come from the beautiful sight before her. When a pearl of liquid appeared on the tip, a strangled moan sounded in her throat.

"What, Carli? Did you say something?"

She shook her head.

"Tell me baby. Tell me what you need."

His pace quickened on his cock as she gave in to his mastery. Her final doubts dissipated as her thoughts were consumed with sensations and a warm glow throughout her.

"Please Aidan, please let me taste it. Let me have your cock. Please." His hands stilled, leaning forward.

"Lick it with your tongue. Swirl it around the head."

She immediately complied laving the tip of his cock with fervor. Tasting the salty pre come dripping from his slit. He growled with pleasure and pumped his hips sliding his cock into her mouth. She suckled him deeply as she continued flickering her tongue along the length of his hot member.

Pushing his hips closer to her mouth he forced her to take his entire length to the back of her throat. Sliding his cock out, she gently scraped him with her teeth. He rewarded her by sinking his entire length in and out. Her body writhed on the table as she frantically searched for a way to rub her own clit against the hard surface. The blood rushing through the veins of his cock, pulsed against her tongue. His orgasm neared, but instead of filling her mouth with his hot semen as she hoped, he abruptly pulled out.

"Aidan, please—please fuck me, now!"

Her body was on fire as she fought with her restraints. Helpless to ease the ache in her pussy. Moving around the table he positioned the head of his cock against the lips of her cunt.

"Aidan, I can't stand it. Please fuck me hard. Now!" she pushed her hips back as much as her bonds would allow causing his dick to sink marginally into her opening.

With one slow agonizing thrust he sank his cock to the hilt in her hot, gripping pussy. His breath clogged in his throat at the sensation of her muscles clamping down on his dick. He was so close to losing it, he had to be careful or he wouldn't be able to last long enough to take her ass. And, oh how, he wanted to spear her backside with his thick dick. He wanted to hear her screams of pleasure as she fought against the pleasure-pain he would give her. Reaching down, without removing his swollen cock, he grabbed the tube of lubricant he needed.

Squeezing a good amount on his fingers he eased them between the cheeks of her bottom, spreading the lubricant around the tight hole. She gasped at the initial touch of his fingers to her neglected entrance. Slipping two fingers inside her anus he began pumping his cock and fingers in the same rhythm.

As his rhythm built so did his rising orgasm. When he thought they were both about to come, he pulled completely out.

"No, Aidan. Please don't stop. So close. Need to come." she panted, her words coming out in short gasps.

"You will baby, but not until I fuck my beautiful submissive's ass." Her body jerked at the word submissive. "That's right, Carli. Submissive, that's what you are." He began working his thick head against the tight entrance. As her backside slowly yielded, he slid his cock in to the hilt.

"That's it, baby. Take the whole thing." Her ass was so tight he was going to blow any second. She whimpered as she tried to push back. "Call me what you want to call me. Now, dammit!"

"Harder master, harder." Finally she had succumbed.

"That's right baby. You're mine. Now. Don't even think about leaving me again."

As she begged, he pumped as hard as he could knowing the friction gave her as much pain as pleasure. Her ass clenched on his flesh driving him closer to the edge.

"More," she cried out. "Please, Sir, harder."

Aidan explored the lines of her back before he tightened his hands on her waist, pulling her roughly onto his shaft. She screamed when she came. Her body and muscles quivering around his cock. As her orgasm continued he kept pumping until his own orgasm burst free and he shot his load of hot semen in her gripping ass. His cock pulsed inside her as his hips continued to thrust through all the aftershocks of his release.

A long time later he eased from her body. Barely able to stand he quickly untied her bonds and scooped her into his arms and carried her back to the bedroom and deposited her on the bed. He retrieved a warm wet cloth from her bathroom and began to bathe her body. She mumbled something he couldn't understand into the pillow with a sleepy voice.

"Carli, look at me."

She slowly rolled toward him with a shy expression on her face. Her cheeks were flushed and glowing, her hair a wild mass of curls across the

pillow. She looked more beautiful to him than ever before.

"I love you. I always have. You belong to me." He absently roamed his hands over the curve of her hip. "Will you marry me this time?" Her look of shock surprised him. Before she could respond he went on. "I'll expect you to wear my collar as well as my ring and in bed you will submit to every desire and whim I have with total obedience."

"But outside the bedroom nothing changes?" she asked.

"No, you're still tough, strong Carli, kick ass investigator. Wife, lover, and one day mother."

Her eyes moistened. She couldn't believe he still wanted her after learning how far she needed him to go. Her pussy tingled with anticipation knowing he desired to dominate her the way she needed.

"Yes, I'll marry you. I'll be your wife, submissive, and someday mother to your children." She laughed as tears of happiness fell from her eyes.

He reached over and tweaked her nipples playfully as she bit his shoulder.

When he smacked her bottom, she wondered how he felt about sharing.

Eliza Gayle

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Eliza Gayle is an author of contemporary erotic romance and co-owner of ScrapFairy Designs, creating book trailers and MySpace identities for authors.

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