



**TAYLOR
TRYST**

SPOT

C a r n a l R e u n i o n s

G-Spot

A Carnal Reunions Tale

By Taylor Tryst

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Table of Contents

<i>Chapter One</i>	5
<i>Chapter Two</i>	10
<i>Chapter Three</i>	18
<i>Chapter Four</i>	23
<i>About the Author</i>	33

Chapter One

To: lsutherland@minneapolis.pd.mn.us

From: SikorskiK@WIndiU.edu

Hello to all of Gracie's Girls, class of 1999. Once again, thanks to all of you for the flowers and phone calls after my aunt Gracie's passing last winter. You all meant so much to her, and to me.

As I'm sure you all know, our tenth college reunion is coming up this summer. Since I now have Gracie's big rambling house all to myself, I'd like to extend an invitation. If any of you are coming back for the reunion, you're more than welcome to stay here, in your old rooms. Gracie quit taking in college students several years back, so there's no one here but me, and I'd love to have some company while I'm getting the house ready to put on the market. So what do you say? One last time as roommates? It would be great to see all of you again.

Hugs,

Karen

* * * *

Detective Lily Sutherland walked into her old bedroom in the aging Victorian, her skin on fire, her body aching to be touched, the blood just beneath the surface surging through her veins, driven hard by her raging heart.

She wanted to feel Dakota Reese's hands on her skin, soothing the ache with hungry fingers that would explore and ravage.

All it had taken to release ten years of caged desire was to stand in the doorway of the room that she and Dakota had fucked each other silly in on numerous occasions throughout their senior year in college.

She took a deep breath, her thong panties damp between her thighs, her pussy throbbing like an aching muscle. She glanced toward the window, thinking about the single bed that she'd set-up beneath it during her senior year in college, dozens of images filling her mind.

Moonlight streamed in through the gauzy curtains and danced over his long, muscular body. She straddled his hips, and he buried his cock deep within the sheath of her pussy. It was as if his body had been made to fuck only hers, every inch from the bulbous head to the thick root fitting so tightly inside her she'd thought she'd burst.

Eventually she did, multiple times, orgasm after orgasm tearing through her insatiable body. His touch spurred her on, his eager kiss, and the feel of his muscular arms wrapped tightly around her waist, pulling her down onto his rod as she rode him into glorious rapture.

She smiled, her freshly glossed lips lifting slowly as she crossed the threshold of the doorway and stepped into her old bedroom, practically feeling Dakota's hands working her body, his fingers deft and agile, probing the damp crease between her thighs.

He could always find the nub of her clit immediately, his mouth latching onto hers. He'd tongue fuck her slowly and erotically while toying with her sensitive button, playing her like a jazz musician might his instrument—thoroughly and all night long.

Running the tips of her fingers over the miniature rose wallpaper, her heeled boots tapping against the worn hardwood floor as she moved, she stopped at the window. She reached out and tugged on the sheer curtain that covered the glass and gasped in disbelief.

"Dakota," Lily whispered, the sound of his name echoing in her mind as she spotted him standing at the window of the jock house, known unofficially as The Wet Spot, as if the moment was a memory played out in time.

She couldn't read his expression, but she watched him raise his hand to his chest, place it just over his heart, then reach out and palm the glass.

How many nights had he made the same motion?

My heart belongs to you.

She closed her eyes and held back tears. Joy, happiness, longing and regret were only a few of the emotions she experienced.

It had been ten long years since they'd seen each other, five of which they'd each spent working on bad marriages that ended in nasty divorces...the blood and guts, rip-your-heart out type of divorces that left one bitter, angry and alone.

Ten years of never forgetting that she'd married the wrong man, that she'd chosen a career and a sweet-talking police recruiter for the Minneapolis Police Department over Dakota, the love of her life.

She licked her dry lips, and couldn't help but wonder if he still kissed like a wicked demon. She placed her palm between her breasts and touched the cool glass, her nipples tightening beneath her dress, becoming marble peaks of need.

Even with ten years between them, the pain of their mutual separation, marriages and disastrous divorces disappeared, lifted like a heavy burden absolved.

She took a step back from the window and let the curtain fall into place. She turned and took off at a near run, headed for Chloe's bedroom down the hallway.

She and Chloe had been best friends since college, and though they hadn't seen each other in years, some things just never changed.

Laughter rang out from the living room below, all of Gracie's girls reunited in the old Victorian for one last get together.

"Come in, doll."

She smiled at the sweet sound of Chloe's voice, and pushed the door open, an odd sense of déjà vu settling over her when she saw Chloe sitting at the antique mirrored dresser putting on her face.

Chloe had a beautiful daughter, had lost her husband, and though she looked tired, she had grown into a gorgeously strong woman with a fierce love for her child. How could Lily not respect that?

"You're wearing that, darlin'?" Chloe asked the minute Lily crossed the threshold.

Yes, Lily thought with a laugh and an exaggerated roll of her eyes, some things never changed.

Dakota Reese stood in a bedroom window at The Wet Spot, a sane man amid the utter chaos of his ten-year college reunion. It was Ace Banner's room, but Dakota had crashed there

after partying with the jocks on many occasions. Not to mention, it had allowed him to be close to Lily. It had always been about Lily.

Hooking his thumbs into the pockets of his jeans, he lifted his gaze to the grand Victorian a few houses away.

“Easy Reese,” Dakota whispered when he saw movement in the window of Lily’s old bedroom, his heart double tapping his ribcage, his body reacting like a machine.

Cock hard, blood racing, he blinked, his brain cautioning his heart not to leap, though it was too late for such precautions.

He dove off that cliff ten years ago, and Lily Sutherland had haunted his dreams ever since. He saw her face in every stranger’s on the street, at the grocery store, and in the countless women he’d interviewed throughout his career as a federal agent—all of whom had refused to be labeled a victim.

He told himself a million times that it wasn’t Lily he saw, though his blood heated at the very possibility, the very chance that he might connect with her again.

He never forgot the nights they’d spent together, their limbs entangled like vines, his cock buried deep inside her sweet-as-a-peach pussy, pulsing and throbbing, her cunt a hot, wet sanctuary molded to the length of his cock.

Resting his hands on the window ledge, he took a depth breath, trying to rid himself of the hard on bulging against his boxer briefs. Remembering how responsive she was didn’t help matters. She was always eager to fuck, and she’d been the one to initiate their first sexual encounter. She was never shy, never timid.

Not his Lily.

She was white hot, the curves of her body dramatic. He’d memorized those curves the moment he’d probed her body with his tongue, and mapped it with his fingers.

Her breasts were firm and ample, not too large, but big enough to satisfy any red-blooded man. Her nipples were quick to harden and so sensitive he could make her come by pinching them gently with his thumbs while he ate her sweet pussy.

“Fuck, Reese.”

He was disgusted with himself. Lily wasn’t even in the same house, and he could barely keep his throbbing cock in his pants. How in the hell was he going to spend an entire evening with her at the reunion party without embarrassing himself?

He wanted her now; he'd wanted her always, but he'd let her walk away.

They'd both walked away to pursue their careers.

"Not this time, Lily." He turned and crossed the room with a determined purpose, trying to talk his cock into submission. "Not this time."

Letting Lily go had been the biggest mistake of his life, and Agent Dakota Reese didn't make the same mistake twice.

Chapter Two

Wearing basic black from her head to her toes, Lily turned to her right and checked her Jimmy Choo Peep-Toe Slingbacks. Though her shoes were fabulous, she frowned at her staid reflection. Maybe she should have listened to Chloe and gone with a bit of color?

Dazzling red would have brought out the vibrant gold flecks in her hazel eyes, and the bright blue dress that she'd bought but had never worn would have accentuated the blond highlights in her hair—highlights that she maintained with a monthly visit to the salon despite the fact that she'd been divorced. Hell, she hadn't gone on a date since she'd dropped enough weight to slide into her skinny jeans without having to lie down on her bed.

Meeting a man was an impossible task when you were a woman who carried a gun. Fellow cops only wanted a quick piece of ass, and she just couldn't get comfortable with dating some stranger she'd picked-up off the street or at the local bar.

Hell, at least she didn't have to run a background check on her vibrator. Good ol' Dick was safe and commitment free. Some would consider her paranoid, but when one dealt with the dead for a living, it was hard to trust the live ones.

Wine glasses floated past her shoulder, and she turned to snag one from the tray. She smiled in response to the server's greeting, but hesitated, something in his voice familiar. She focused in on the man in the black sports coat and perfectly tailored dress slacks. He flashed a smile that nearly knocked her outta' her ridiculously expensive Choo's.

Wasn't it something that they'd both chosen to wear solid black, Lily thought, returning Dakota's smile with one of her own. You'd think they were both funeral home directors.

"Hey," Lily said, looking Dakota up and down. Her gaze halted on the bulge at the center of his slacks. Well, he still dressed to the left, she thought, licking her lips, which suddenly seemed incredibly dry.

She swallowed a sip of wine, and forced her gaze to move upward until she met his bluer than blue eyes with her own. Hell, she thought, her pussy fluttering in response to his erection, he had always been...gifted in the cock department.

He wasn't porn star huge, but his cock was long and thick, and he knew how to use it. She imagined that his skill had only improved with age and practice.

"Hey yourself," Dakota said, depositing the tray of drinks on an elegantly decorated table beside them.

He moved in close, but she held her ground. His solid arm rubbed against her skin, setting fire to her flesh as if he'd struck a match, but then his touch had always burned.

"You look incredible."

"Thanks," Lily said, biting her bottom lip. He looked eat-me-with-a-spoon yummy and he knew it. He'd always known it, and that hadn't changed a damned bit. God, why did she find that so hot? "You look pretty good yourself, Agent Reese."

"Thank you, Detective Sutherland."

Well, she thought, they'd each kept track of the other's career.

"Congratulations on catching The Creeper," Lily said, in true awe of his accomplishment. He had led the Creeper Taskforce, and was instrumental in the identification and apprehension of California's most notorious serial killer.

"I'm in Arizona now, working on a case."

She squared her shoulders as he edged closer, moving into her personal space. It was an intimidation tactic. A total cop move, and even though she'd rather die than admit to it, his cool attitude and in-your-face strategy intimidated her a little bit.

Her nipples responded to his proximity like tiny pieces of metal drawn to a magnet, hard and standing upright, as though they would poke through the clingy fabric of her little black dress.

It was insane for her to have this reaction after so many years had passed, after so much pain had been inflicted during their breakup.

"And you've closed the most homicide cases in the city of Minneapolis." Dakota raised his glass of wine, his magnetic blue eyes locking onto hers. "Congratulations."

Lily tapped her glass against his, her hands trembling. He was too close and not close enough. She swallowed the fabulous Bordeaux, not tasting a bit of it as it cleared her lips and slid

down her throat. She'd never be considered a wine aficionado, but she knew enough to appreciate the quality of a fine Bordeaux.

"We should really finish this," he said.

She watched as he picked up the half-empty bottle and poured more wine into their glasses, hesitating as his gaze roved her body. "God, you look amazing, Lil."

Lil. He'd called her, Lil.

I love you, Lil.

Fuck me, Lil. Fuck me.

Her heart stuttered, that one little endearment her undoing. It took her right back, as if there had been no time between them.

Before she could respond, he took her by the arm and led her across the dance floor, cutting through the crowd as a cop might a riot in the streets. She tried to keep her cool, but her body was betraying her big time.

Her panties were so wet she imagined he could smell the heady scent of her juices. Just the thought made her heart race and her breath catch in her throat.

"Thank you." Lily emptied her glass, hoping desperately to catch a buzz that might help ease the tension in her body.

It wasn't going to happen, Lily realized when he gently rubbed her hand with his thumb, making tiny circles on her skin, circles that left a trail of tingling nerves and sent goose bumps up her arm and down her spine.

There was only one thing that would ease the tension in her body, and that was sex with this man.

Damn.

"So," Lily snapped, angry at him and not quite certain why. "Is being a G man, all you thought it'd be?"

Dakota winced. He stopped near the swinging doors that led into the kitchen and poured the remainder of the wine into their glasses. He slid one arm around Lily's waist, the bottle still in his hand.

"Guess I deserved that," he said, backing her up a step or two.

Lily felt like an ass. Her comment was a low blow and they both knew it. "I'm sorry," she said. "It's been a long time."

“It’s okay,” Dakota said thoughtfully. “I’ve asked myself the same question from time to time.”

She had always respected his honesty and drive to succeed. Yet, it had been those very qualities that had driven the final wedge between them.

After graduation, Lily accepted a job with the Minneapolis Police Department and Dakota followed his dreams to Quantico, Virginia. He never considered the fact that she might not want to travel with him to the east coast—that she might want to settle down and grow roots, to stay in one place and focus on her own career.

“It has its moments,” he said simply. He tossed back the rest of his wine and gave the bottle a shake. “Empty,” he said, a thick eyebrow raised wickedly as he looked around the room for a waiter.

He spun on her so quickly that she jumped and backed into the wall. She held her wine glass in one hand, and her tiny handbag in the other, thinking that she should have brought her gun.

“I’ve missed you,” Dakota said, edging even closer. His face inches from hers, their lips nearly touching, he locked hips with hers, his cock rigid against her belly. “I’ve never stopped, Lil.” He brushed his lips over hers in a kiss that was nothing more than a whisper.

“Never stopped what?” Lily kept her eyes focused on his, not for a moment letting her gaze drift away or her lids fall closed. She wanted to hear him say it. To look into his eyes and face the truth once and for all, so that they might get past it.

“Never stopped wanting you,” he said. He kissed her gently, his powerful jaw relaxing, his lips pliant.

The heady aroma of his cologne enticed her to close her eyes. She recognized the scent and decided it smelled like heaven. It was the same fragrance he had worn in college. Like an exotic aphrodisiac, it made her pussy flutter, dripping wet and aching for his cock.

She slid her arms around his neck, and leaned against him fully, from breast to abdomen and everywhere in between. His cock pulsed against her, and the hell of it was that they still fit together perfectly, their bodies seamlessly in line, her curves giving way to the mass of every muscle, every firm, hard edge.

“Never stopped needing you,” he said. His lips roamed over her cheek, her nose, her forehead, his hands squeezing her waist, running up and down her sides, his fingers skimming the sides of her breasts. “Never stopped loving you.”

She closed her eyes, taking a few moments to absorb his words, and his lips came down firmly on hers. Their mouths touched slowly at first, but then the caress grew frantic as they turned their heads and kissed again.

She pulled back before they lost control in the middle of the hotel ballroom. She gave him just enough tongue to know that she was game, but that this game wasn't going to be an easy one for either of them to win.

He groaned low in his throat, his gaze falling to her mouth. “Jesus, that was better than I remembered, and I remembered it well.”

Lily popped open her Bliss clutch, and reached inside, her knees feeling as if they might buckle beneath her weight, but Dakota's body supported her.

God, what a body it was.

“Some things never change,” she said, easing back. She wiggled her fingers, two condom packages sandwiched between them. “But maybe we should test that theory? For old-time's sake”

“Hell yeah,” he said with a nod and that wicked smile, the cleft in his chin deepening. He pulled her away from the wall and headed for the double kitchen doors. He pushed his way through them, a wave of heat hitting them in the face.

“Where the hell do you think you're going?” Lily stumbled behind him, trying to keep up, nodding at the man in the chef hat behind the line. “Are you drunk?”

“Agent Reese,” the chef said, giving Dakota a nod and a mock salute. “Something special tonight?”

“Indeed, Jacque. Indeed.” Dakota pointed to a door leading out of the kitchen, catching her hand with his. He held up the empty wine bottle, tilted his head and with all seriousness said, “We need more wine.” He set the empty bottle on the metal countertop and took a step toward the cellar. “I'm thinking something rare and expensive. Something for a very special occasion.”

“Help yourself, Agent Reese. Just let me know which bottle you choose. My compliments,” Jacque said, winking at Lily.

She never thought she could be so embarrassed, but she turned three shades of red as he reached for the door and urged her down the staircase, the entire kitchen staff breaking into laughter as the door closed behind them.

“Are you insane?” she gasped when the motion-sensor lights above activated. Their path illuminated, he didn’t so much as slow down.

“Are you serious?” Laughter bubbled beneath her words. “In the wine cellar?”

“It’s close, it’s dark and it’s isolated,” he said, ripping off his jacket. He pulled her toward him and kissed her square on the mouth, backing her against the wall.

She gasped as he fondled her breasts, his thumbs targeting her nipples. He shoved his tongue into her mouth, past her lips to spar with hers. She drove her tongue against his, fighting for control, tasting the succulent grapes from their wine on his tongue and giving it a sucking motion. He moaned, growled low in his throat and ran his hand up her thigh, taking her clingy dress with it, exposing her red thong panties.

“Jesus,” he said. “Oh, Jesus.”

She lifted her leg, raising it up and hooking it onto Dakota’s hip. One of his hands cupped her ass cheek and he lifted her off the ground, up onto her tippy-toes. Her hips tilted and her pussy pressed into the bulge of his cock.

He broke the kiss and slid his tongue down Lily’s neck to her cleavage, palming her breast. He massaged the flesh in his palm and toyed with her nipple. He grabbed the stretchy fabric and pulled it down, her breast popping out of her matching red bra, exposing her nipple to his hungry lips.

“Yes,” she hissed. She ran her hands up his back and into his thick, dark hair. “Oh, that’s it. Don’t stop. Don’t stop.”

“Never. Jesus, I missed you. I missed your breasts, your fine ass and your tight pussy.”

She reached down and cupped his balls in her palm. His cock was so hard she thought he would cum in his pants. It flinched in her hand; she wanted to fall to her knees and suck him off, to swallow his cum. “Let me taste you.”

“Not yet.” He took her by the hips and lifted her. “I need to be inside you.”

She fought with his button and zipper then shoved his pants and boxers briefs over his hips. He lifted her into the air, and backed her into a shelf. Several bottles of wine jostled, and one crashed to the ground, exploding.

Too involved with their activities to care, he used his fingers, dipped them inside her wet cunt. He cursed when he found her dripping pussy with his fingers. “So fuckin’ wet, Lil. You were always so wet.”

She tensed in his arms, her pussy spasming around his fingers, which he’d sunk deep, his thumb circling her swollen clitoris. She clutched his shirt, fisting the material, opening her mouth to scream. Dakota swallowed her cries with another kiss, his mouth open, his tongue feeding off hers.

She didn’t expect the first explosion. Not quite so fast, not quite so hard. Her muscles tensed, starting from the inside and moving outward, but he held on, using his fingers, keeping her against him, his tongue buried deep in her mouth.

“Fuck me, Dakota.” She clung to him, her body still pulsing with need. “Please, fuck me.”

He pulled the crotch of her panties to the side and nestled the head of his cock in her sweet cunt. He winced as he pushed inside her. “Jesus, I love your pussy.”

Lily opened her thighs wide, her eyes closed tightly as he sank his cock into her, the walls of her cunt squeezing him like a glove might a hand one size to large.

“So tight.” Dakota spread her ass cheeks apart. “You’re going to make me come.”

“So big,” she whispered, crying out each time he thrust and withdrew his cock, only to thrust into her again and again.

Deeper. Harder. Faster.

“Open up for me, Lil. Open your pussy for me,” he demanded, pumping his hips faster, taking her legs and putting them up over his shoulders, opening her cunt wider for each pivot of his hips.

She cried out, gasping with each plunge of his cock into her pussy, her thighs open wide, and her legs up over Dakota’s shoulders, his mouth all over hers.

He kissed her deeply, tonguing her teeth, sucking on her lips. He drew her tongue into his mouth and sucked it while he pounded into her with his cock.

“I’m going to come, baby. I’m going to come.”

She shoved her hands into his hair, and held on, pinned to the wall. Her body and mind exploded as one. Her pussy squeezed his cock as he plunged deeper, hesitating with his staff buried to the hilt.

“I’m coming,” he groaned. He drove deep, and exploded, cum filling her tight tunnel. He slid his hands into her silky hair, kissing her tenderly.

Chapter Three

Dakota held her up with his hands cupping her ass, his cock semi-erect inside her tight pussy. He kissed her softly on the lips, slowly, as if not wanting to break contact. She held on tight, running her fingers through his thick hair.

“Hey,” she whispered, looking into his eyes before she buried her face in his neck, licking his skin, which tasted salty and wet with perspiration.

“Hey,” he said gently. He laughed, kissed her breasts and sighed when she pushed against his chest, knowing she wanted to be released. “I’m not letting you go.”

Lily laughed, “Who said you had to?” She kissed him quickly on the lips and he released her, their hands lingering as their bodies parted. She landed on the ground and righted herself, straightening her dress. She watched him stuff his shirt into his pants and button up, already wanting to fuck him again.

“Oh my God,” she said, kneeling down to pick up the broken bottle of wine. “Chateau Latour, nineteen ninety-nine. Do you know how expensive this is?”

“When did you become such high maintenance?” Dakota asked, letting out a long whistle as he reached for the broken bottle and glanced at the label. “This was an awesome year,” he said with a grin. “Shit.”

She covered her mouth but couldn’t stop laughing. “I’ll split the cost with you.”

“I’ll pay for the wine,” Dakota said. He picked up the chunks of broken glass and tossed them into a garbage can. “That’s why I get the big bucks. But I’m not beneath receiving sexual favors.” He pulled her against him with one arm wrapped around her waist. He kissed her neck, nipped and bit, licked his way to her ear.

“You’re hard again,” she said, planting her hands on his chest and pressing her tummy against his cock.

“I was always hard for you,” he whispered into her ear. “Let’s get to my room so we can do something about it.”

“Sounds like a plan, Agent Reese.” Lily turned and headed for the staircase,

“Wait,” Dakota said. He picked up his jacket, tossed it over his arm, and snagged her hand before she could escape up the staircase. He turned her around and clutched her waist, squeezing, his fingers molding to her curves. “I have something I want to say.”

“You don’t have to say anything.” The last thing that she wanted was for him to grovel. “The past is the past. We are adults now. Enough said.”

“You know,” Dakota said, looking into her eyes and flashing a killer smile, the cleft in his chin softening his jaw and making him seem less intimidating. “There’s a remote possibility that you could be pregnant.”

“Holy shit,” Lily said with a gasp, wobbling on her heels. She grabbed for the rail and his outstretched arm. “The condoms...we forgot to use a condom.”

“Yep.” he tilted his head to the side and cupped her face with his palms. He kissed her lips, tugging her bottom lip with his teeth before releasing her, and smiling. “I’d always imagined us with two kids. Boy and girl. ”

“Are you insane?” She leaned back, and shook him away. “That isn’t even remotely funny,” she said, chastising him for even the suggestion. “I’ve only been a detective for a few years. I can’t just quit my job to be barefoot and pregnant. Do you know how hard I’ve worked to get where I am today?”

“That’s just one more reason why we should get married. Tomorrow. No waiting,” Dakota said easily. He kissed her cheek, and pushed a strand of hair away from her face to gaze into her eyes. “Will you be my wife, Lil?”

“Damn you.” She was near hysterics. She pushed him back, trying to break contact. When he touched her she couldn’t think straight.

“This is just like you,” Lily bit at him. She needed a drink. She looked down at the wine pooled on the floor and thought about dropping to her hands and knees and licking it up. It wasn’t beneath her at the moment.

“You haven’t changed one damn bit. How can you expect me to walk away from my career, my home? To leave everything I’ve worked for to move to California with you?”

“Virginia,” Dakota corrected. “Though I’m in Arizona at the moment.”

“Whatever.” she closed her eyes and touched her fingers to her temple, swearing she could feel a headache coming on. “This is just like back in college. You expected me to give up

everything I'd achieved to follow you around while you worked your way up the ladder at the FBI—”

“That’s why I’m putting in for a transfer.”

“I have some time off coming, but—” Lily hesitated. His words sank in but she couldn’t believe what he’d said. She shut her mouth and frowned.

“You heard me,” he said. “I’ll put in for a transfer.”

She eyed him carefully. “You’re serious?”

“Of course,” Dakota said. He took her fingers into his and lifted them to his lips, kissing the back of her hand ever so gently. “I’m not letting you go this time, Lily.”

“Just like that?”

“First thing,” he agreed. “I’ll put in for a transfer to the Minneapolis field office.” He lifted her to her toes, standing tall, nearly eye to eye with her now. He ran his hands up her waist, stroking her lower back and ribs. “I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Whatever it takes to make that happen, I’ll do.”

She chewed on her bottom lip, thinking it all over, but her mind not comprehending it all.

“This is too fast,” she whispered, her hand against her mouth. She didn’t know whether to laugh or cry, to scream or break down into tears.

He was all she’d wanted ten years ago, and now he was giving up everything to be with her? “This is a huge step. I can’t ask you to make a decision like this on the spur of the moment.”

“You aren’t asking me, God damn it. I’m asking you.” Dakota cupped her chin, his gaze tearing into hers. Eyes held, jaw set, all seriousness, he said, “Marry me, Lily Sutherland. Be my wife.” He kissed her lips when she didn’t speak, pulled back and smiled. “My life has never been the same since the moment you headed off to Canada.”

“Minnesota,” she corrected.

“Whatever,” he said, laughing deep in his chest and seeming to relax. He kissed the corner of her mouth, her lips, and her cheeks. “We could be having a baby, you know. You’re stuck with me one way or another. You may as well just give in.”

“Did you do that on purpose?” She shoved her hair out of her eyes and glaring at him, trying not to smile because this was absolutely not funny, though she was about to break into laughter at the teasing tone in his voice.

“Honey, I forgot what planet I was on, let alone suiting up for the game.”

“You’d really request a transfer to Minnesota?” Lily leaned back, trying to get him to be serious. He moved in to kiss her again, but she held him off, her palms flat against his chest. “For me?”

“I let you go once, and I’m not doing it again.” He raised her hand to his lips and kissed each finger, her knuckles and her wrist. He nodded at the broken bottle of wine. “Besides, you owe me six fifty and I intend to collect.”

“Thirteen hundred bucks,” she gasped, her mouth agape. “You’re shittin’ me.”

“I’d never.” Dakota lifted her into his arms, laughing when she squealed like a girl. “Time to pay up, wench.”

God, she loved how he manhandled her. He was such a brute, and had always made her feel like such a girl.

She toted a gun for a living, fought for equality in a man’s world, and was trained in self-defense. Feminine was the last word she’d use to describe herself, but he made her feel like a lady and as sexy as hell.

“Jacques,” Dakota called out to the chef when they stepped into the kitchen, placing Lily on her heels with his hand in the small of her back to steady her, guiding her toward the doors. “Bill me for the 99 Chateau Latour.”

She heard the chef calling out in approved tones, having no idea, she was certain, that his Latour had ended up on the floor instead of savored by their palate.

They stepped into the ballroom, where the cocktail party seemed to be in full swing. Lily followed behind him, admiring his perfectly round ass. Even after ten years, he still had the bod of a God.

Tight buns and wide shoulders, not buff so much as eye candy.

She crossed the room, weaving in and out of the crowd, stretching her legs to keep up with Dakota. She searched the faces around her, but didn’t catch one of Gracie’s Girls.

Apparently they’d all gotten lucky, she thought to herself, wondering if anybody else was engaged. She put her hand on her abdomen, thought about the possibility that she and Dakota might someday have children and smiled.

She followed him to the elevator, which he was standing in front of impatiently. He jabbed at the button a few times, pulling her up against his side and running his hand up and down her back.

“I’m on the second floor,” he said after the elevator stalled on one of the top floors.
“Screw this.” “Can you walk in those things?”

“I can do a lot of things in these shoes.” She let him take her hand and followed him into the stairwell. “Easy, big guy. We have all night.”

“I’m still hard for you.” He stopped at the top of the staircase, and spun her around, planting her back against the door. Cradling her face in his palms, he pressed his mouth to hers, the kiss was fast and deep.

Swept away, Lily was lost to the world, her only thought being that she wanted to climb on top of him and fuck him until they both passed out and then spend the night in his arms.

There was something so familiar and comforting about being with him, like two old friends reuniting after many years apart, yet they’d both changed so much that kissing him, touching him, wanting him, felt new again. She felt alive for the first time in years.

She put her hands on his shoulders and pushed him away. “Better hurry.”

Dakota jerked open the stairwell door and patted his pockets in search of his plastic key card as they came to a stop outside his room.

Impatient, she shoved him against the door. She leaned in and bit his earlobe, smiling when he groaned in pain, and pleasure, his lips upturned in a wicked smile.

He removed the key card from his interior pocket and held it up between his fingers. “I like it when you play rough.”

Chapter Four

“Rough?” Lily pressed her body against Dakota’s, using her hundred and forty-pound frame to pin him in place, her breasts crushed against his sculpted back. He was a hell of a lot bigger than she, at five-seven in three-inch heels, but she’d been taught to use her size as a weapon and did so ruthlessly. “I’m just getting started.”

Snatching the plastic card, she slid it through the reader and opened the door. She took him by the shoulder of his shirt, and pulled him into the room.

It was dark inside, save the amber lights from the parking lot that shone through the parted curtains and reflected off their skin like moonlight.

Backing him against the bed, she worked the buttons of his shirt, her fingers fumbling, their mouths locked in a hard, fast kiss. With unchecked desire and out of control need, their tongues clashed, their heads moving in effort to get closer, to find just the right angle.

She tugged his arms out of the cuffs of his shirt, and dropped it on the floor beside his jacket. She ran her hands over his Pecs, her fingers molding to the muscle like an artist’s hands to clay.

“This is a great dress, but I like you wearing nothing,” Dakota said as he moved his hands over her shoulders and to her back, finding the zipper, “at all.” He lowered the zipper slowly, brushing his fingertips down the curve of her spine.

She gasped, biting her lip as he slid his hands up her arms to her shoulders, gathering the fabric of her gown with his fingers. She pulled her arms out of the sleeves and dropped her dress to the floor.

“God, you look amazing.” Dakota hooked her panties with his thumbs, and lowered them past her thighs, crouching as he moved, stroking her flesh with his fingers and making her quiver. Standing, he reached out, cupped her face in his palms, and pressed his mouth to hers in a soft kiss. He moved his over her body, one to her hip to pull her close, the other finding her wet, swollen clitoris with the pad of his finger.

Unable to wait, she unbuckled his pants and shoved them down, taking his cock in her hand and stroking it from tip to root.

“Oh, yeah.” He locked his hands on her hips, sat on the bed, and pulled her down with him.

She palmed his chest and pushed him back, straddling his hips. “Not so fast.” Lily snatched his wrists and pinned him to the bed, her breasts just above his face. She lowered her torso, and gasped when he took her nipple into his mouth, biting and sucking.

He broke away, and covered her breasts with his hands, his fingers hardening each nipple into tiny pear-like nubs.

Lily reached down and took his cock into her hand. She ran her finger over the head, which was wet with pre-cum. Drawing her fingertips over the tip, she raised her hand to her lips and slid her fingers into her mouth, their gazes locking.

He gasped and she leaned over and circled her tongue around the apex of his cock. She fisted him and slid his cock into her mouth, sliding the head against the roof of her mouth.

Sucking hard, she pulled back, sliding her tongue around his cock. She bobbed her head up and down, up and down, taking him deep into her mouth, her throat, swallowing him until he was groaning like an animal and writhing beneath her. She showed no mercy.

“I’m not ready to come—” Dakota took her by the arms and pulled her upward until she was once again straddling his waist. “I want to be inside you.”

Lily parted her legs, and lowered herself until his cock was seated fully inside her. She stopped moving and let her eyes drift closed, savoring in the moment. Her body filled to capacity with him, surrounding him, his hands touching her, stroking her hips, her breasts, her thighs.

Dakota locked his hands onto her hips. He ground her against him, pushing his cock into her and rolling her hips. He flipped her over, put her against the mattress and rammed his cock deep, moving faster when she moaned and call out his name.

“Harder.” She cupped his fabulously tight ass with her palms. “Harder, please. Harder.”

“Like that?” Dakota asked as he eased out of her slowly and rammed his cock into her, making her gasp in pleasure as he increased his speed and the depth of his thrust.

Clawing at his back, she rammed her hips against his, faster and faster, matching his rhythm with her own.

“I’m going to come.” Dakota pushed his cock into her, his elbows pressed into the mattress on either side of her head.

Lily wrapped her arms around his back, nuzzling her head against his neck, and holding him tightly. She cried out as her body clenched in orgasm just as he came inside her, taking them both over the edge of the cliff and into a sea of pleasure. Her pussy milked his cock for every drop of cum, turning his body into a quivering mass of muscle and bone.

She’d never had an orgasm so powerful. God help her, but she was still in love with this man. Hell, she supposed she’d never stopped loving him.

Not even when she’d married another man.

“It’s always been you,” she whispered when she caught her breath. She kissed him and smiled when he swiped at the tears running down her cheeks with his thumb.

He kissed her cheek, her lips, her neck, “And it never stopped being you for me, either.”

“Aren’t we a pair?”

“As a matter of fact, we are.” he pulled out, turned onto his back and pulled her close.

She curled up next to him, resting her hand on his chest, smiling. Her muscles were sore and achy, muscles she hadn’t used in...well, forever.

“Bathroom,” Lily sat up in bed, still holding him.

“I’m not letting you go.” Dakota ran his hand up and down her spine, his fingers tracing the arch of her back, the curve of her buttocks

“I certainly hope not.” She smiled and kissed him quickly. “But, I’ll be right back.” She almost jumped out of bed, trying to be quick about her escape, but didn’t quite make it. She yelped when he smacked her ass, laughing as she moved to get out of his reach.

“Just remember, I have a gun,” Dakota mumbled, his voice rough, as if he were on the edge of sleep. “And handcuffs.”

“Oooh,” Lily said as she worked her way toward the bathroom light. “A big gun, at that,” she said with a laugh. “And I’ve got a few places for you to holster it.”

“God, you’re bad. I love it.”

She laughed as she worked her way through the room. She managed to find the bathroom sink, slid her hand up the wall and turned on the bathroom light. “Nice,” she said when she

realized that his bathroom was split up into two sections, sink, towels, mirror, and a door leading into the commode and shower.

She looked into the mirror and eyed her reflection.

“Dear Lord.” She ran a hand through her mussed hair. She was a hot mess. Her makeup was smeared, and her hair looked like spent the night at an 80’s party.

Thank God that whole big hair decade was before her time.

She swiped her fingers beneath her eyes in an attempt to fix her smeared eyeliner, and turned one shoulder, cocking her hip so she could look at her ass in the mirror. Her bottom was red from where he’d smacked her ass, but she couldn’t help but smile. He’d had never liked it rough before and it was a huge turn on, because neither had she, until now.

She slipped in to do her business, and after flushing, turned on the light and pushed back the shower curtain. It wasn’t until that moment that she saw the wall behind the door.

“Jesus.” Lily backed up and almost ended up sitting on the toilet lid. Composing herself, she covered her mouth and stepped forward, reaching up and touching one of the photos that Dakota had taped to the bathroom wall.

“Drink?” Dakota poked his head around the corner, looked through the open door, and winced when he saw what held her rapt attention. “Brought you a luxurious hotel robe.” He came into the bathroom and handed her the cotton robe. He forced a smile, running a hand through his hair. “Sorry about that. I forgot to take them down. I didn’t want the hotel maid running out and reporting me to the local PD.”

She shoved her arms into the robe and tied the belt. She shook her head in disbelief.

“Why are you doing this to yourself? I thought this was a vacation?”

“I—” he shrugged his wide shoulders as if he didn’t know what to say. He looked from her face to the wall and sighed, his chest rising and falling with each breath. “Jesus, Lil. It isn’t that easy. This case, it—haunts me.”

He reached up to remove the crime scene photos, but Lily grabbed his arm to stop him. She’d heard stories about cops who drove themselves over the edge of sanity with a case, living it, breathing it, losing their families over it, and sometimes ending their career.

“Why’d you create a murder board in your hotel bathroom?” She turned her body toward his and took his hand. She lifted it to her mouth and brushed her lips over the back of his knuckles.

“Christ.” He swiped a hand over his brow.

She knew that he’d always hated to be under scrutiny and it looked like hadn’t changed, FBI or no FBI. He cupped her chin, and their gazes locked.

“I just can’t get this case out of my head. I can’t stop thinking about it, about these poor innocent souls.”

“So you taped their crime scene photographs to the bathroom wall?” Her heart hurt for him, ached for him because she understood the all-consuming desire to close a case; the hunger. Not for glory, not for career advancement, but so that those who died too young could have justice.

“I was soaking in the tub,” Dakota sounded defensive as he motioned at the oversized bathtub in the corner of the room. “Having a few beers and thinking about these two cases. Trying to link the murders. Though I don’t have the evidence to back it up. It’s circumstantial at best”

She looked at the tub. She noted five empty beer bottles on the white tile floor, the last unopened bottle remaining in the ice bucket, the cubes having melted and leaving it in standing water. “That was a long soak,” she said, nodding at the empty beer bottles.

“It’s a complex case.”

“Well,” she began, her attention returned to the photographs. “He likes blonds. I mean, physically, the victims look similar.” Lily stared at the two young women in the photographs. She folded her arms over her breasts, and hugged herself tightly; a chill running through the length of her body. Even as a Minneapolis Homicide Detective, she’d never seen so much carnage.

“They were dumped in remote areas of the desert, over a hundred miles apart.”

“The locations are a perfect irony, don’t you think?” She pointed at each photograph. “The ground dry, the earth and sand cracked and brittle from lack of rain. Stark and ugly compared to the lively, innocent beauties left there to rot and dry out like mummified corpses.”

“That’s true.” He nodded his head.

“These locations are isolated. How were the bodies discovered?”

“Hikers found Aston Marsh, and our second victim, Gabriella Stanton was located by teenagers out on the dunes.” Dakota reached up and took the photographs off the wall. He headed out of the bathroom and across the room to a writing desk in the corner.

She followed, but sat on the edge of the bed. She took a long pull from the beer and tried to clear those images from her mind, which was nearly impossible. In her line of work, she saw things that would always be there, in the dark recesses of her subconscious, ready to return any moment in her nightmares.

“The remains of each victim were clean, almost sterile. No semen, no body fluids, so no DNA. There’s no physical evidence to link their deaths, not even COD.”

“What’s the cause of death in each instance?” Lily watched his face as he sat on the bed beside her. She waited for him to open his eyes, because he’d closed them for a second, as if having to gather his thoughts before he continued.

She realized that this case was bothering him, that it was eating him up, and she wanted to help somehow.

“Aston’s COD was exsanguination from exactly 100 stab wounds. Gabriella died from blunt force trauma to the head and torso—she was beaten to death. Both victims had been raped repeatedly, the bruising and tearing an indication that the rapes were premortem.”

“But no DNA?”

“Both bodies were literally washed clean, and our UNSUB must have used a condom.”

“Or was unable to reach ejaculation,” she added. “So, we have two instances of major overkill, suggesting rage. No to mention, the absence of evidence on both bodies. That’s two points of evidence or lack of, which link the cases.”

“If only you were my superior.” Dakota said, leaning forward and resting his knees on his elbows, his fingers interlocked.

Lily stood, walked to the desk and reached into his briefcase. She picked up the photograph of a pixie-faced girl who looked like she’d just gotten rid of her braces. “Gabriella Stanton is a bottle blond, see her roots?”

“Huh,” he said, looking at the photograph as if for the first time. She held it up between her fingers. “I do now.”

“So, maybe something else is connecting them?” She returned the photograph and removed a manila folder.

“They went to different universities,” he pointed out when she opened the file and began reading and flipping pages of information. “They had different friends, different professors, and

their families were unfamiliar with each other. I haven't found a link between the two young ladies or the two cases. Period."

"It's there." She closed the lid to his briefcase. "God, they were both so young." Gabriella was the oldest at seventeen." He stood, removed a beer from the mini-fridge, and sat down beside Lily on the bed. "Each victim is quite special, actually"

"How so?"

"They were both taking advanced college courses and had graduated from high school at least a year, or in Gabriella's case, two years early."

"So, if these young ladies are so smart...how the hell does this guy abduct them?"

"Both victims were still living at home with her parents. The UNSUB grabbed each victim, as well as their vehicles. We've also found the vehicles first, and then their bodies, in separate locations."

"So, does he kill them inside their own vehicles?"

"I don't think so," Dakota said. "There has been blood found in both cars, but not enough to ascertain that the UNSUB murdered them inside their vehicles. Otherwise the vehicles themselves have been wiped clean. No hair, no prints, not even the victims' prints. No, he takes them somewhere else. Keeps them till' he's done..."

"How long?" Lily put the folder on the bed and turned to look at him. "How long does he keep them?"

"Look," he reached out and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, "why don't we order room service, get a little food, and a great desert." "I don't want this case to monopolize our time together."

"Hate to point this out," she said, "but it already is, and now it's too late to take it back. So tell me how long he keeps them?"

"He kept Aston a week." He took her hand and interlaced his fingers with hers. "But he kept Gabriella alive for approximately fourteen days."

"What made Gabriella different?"

"That's the million dollar question, my love." Dakota kissed her hand, but still held onto her as he swallowed the last of his beer. "Gabriella had the higher IQ, the best grade point average, and the strongest work ethic because she held down two part-time jobs while attending school. She was a classic overachiever."

“They were both highly intelligent, yet Gabriella lasted a week longer.” Lily sighed. “I think I need another beer.”

He stood, removed a bottle from the six-pack in the fridge, and handed one off to her. “Just how much beer did you buy?” she asked.

“Hey, I’m on vacation.” He sat beside Lily and ran his hand over her back, using his finger to make tiny circles at the base of her spine.

“Are you okay?” She leaned against him, rubbed her face on the smooth flesh of his shoulder.

“I’m fine.”

She could see the raw emotion that played over his face. He’d been tormented by this case, and she was worried about his psyche.

She sat her beer on the table beside the bed and cupped his face with her palm, kissing him tenderly on the cheek. Her heart was filled with so much love and admiration for this man; feelings that had never dissipated.

“Can you work this case from Minnesota?” She picked up the file and glanced through it. She found photographs of both victims’ family homes. They were so alike it was frightening. Large yards, heavy shrubbery, big treed lots. They bespoke of money with their three-car garages and marble pillars, and the playground equipment behind each house of family.

“I’ll hand the case off to my partner. I’ll request a transfer to the Minneapolis Field office. They have a Major Crimes and Violent Crimes Division. Or, I could work as a consultant.”

“You’re serious?” She looked at him then, really looked at him, the firm jaw, the determined gaze, his strong, powerfully wide shoulders that looked like he could hold the weight of the world upon them, and her eyes filled with tears.

He would have to make such an enormous sacrifice to be with her, and she’d refused to do the same for him ten years ago, despite the fact that she’d loved him. Who was the hypocrite here?

“Maybe I didn’t make this clear enough, but I love you and I’m not losing you again.” Dakota turned to face her, pulled her into his arms and held her tightly. “It took ten years of wanting you, of thinking about all of the what if’s, and telling myself that I made the right decision then, when I knew then and now, that it had always been the wrong decision.”

“I have some vacation time coming,” Lily managed. Tears rolled down her cheeks, but she didn’t try to fight them, not this time. “I can also take a leave of absence if the case takes too long to close.”

“It took me two years to catch The Creeper in California.” Dakota wiped away her tears with the pads of his thumbs. Their gazes locked together, faces inches apart. “You can’t risk losing your job, your career...”

“I won’t risk anything if you hire me as a consultant. I can take a leave of absence, and maybe if we’re working together we can catch this SOB and put him where he belongs.”

“A consultant?”

“Sure, standard fee and expenses apply, of course. I’m good, Dakota. I know monsters like him and I can help. I want to help.

“You totally stole my thunder here,” Dakota said, looking at the case file and then pulling her against his body.

Lily smiled and kissed him again, running her fingers up into his hair. “I’ll buy a one way ticket to the deserts of hell—”

“Arizona,” he corrected.

“Right, Arizona.” She popped to her feet and began to pace. “That way I can leave at any point that either of us decide it just isn’t working out.”

“And if we don’t catch him before you risk losing your job?” Dakota stood and took Lily by the waist. He pulled her against his body, pressing his to the length of her.

“Then we go from there.” She ran her fingers up his bare chest, admiring the muscles, loving the feel of his skin against her palm. “How long between victims?”

“There was three weeks between the two abductions.”

They stood silently for a few moments, holding each other, enjoying the serenity the sanctity of being together in each other’s arms.

Dakota swept her hair over her shoulder, nudging her robe apart and finding her skin with his lips. He traced his mouth down her neck. “I’ve always loved the way you taste.”

“I’m being serious here.”

“So am I,” he whispered. He swept her into his arms and headed for the bed. He laid her on the mattress, her robe intact, and came down atop of her, her head between his hands.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulled him toward her, and kissed him soft and wet, warm and tender, on the lips.

“It’s always been you too, you know?” he leaned back and smiled, running his thumb over her bottom lip, tracing the contour. “I’ve always loved you, wanted you, and I’ve never forgotten you.”

Lily’s breath caught in her throat. She reached up and touched his face, looking deeply into his eyes, eyes that had seen so much life since they’d been apart, but eyes that would forever look as bright and vivid to her because she’d always remember the boy he was and was honored to know the man that he’d become.

She leaned up, pulled him toward her, and kissed him gently, softly, their lips parting as their bodies drew together.

It was a kiss she’d waited ten years to experience, a kiss that she’d remember until she took her dying breath, and whatever happened in between, she would love him always.

About the Author

Taylor Tryst lives in Minnesota and spends cold winter nights penning hot and suspenseful romantic erotica. Having been a correctional officer for five years, as well as a newspaper journalist, she's nose-y by nature. Taylor has a deep love for reading mysteries, suspense and paranormal romances, and writing erotic romance allows her to blend those genres with a mix of no-holds barred sexual adventure to create quite a ride for her characters, as well as her readers.

With the support of her mother and son, Taylor realized her dream of becoming a multi-published author. To find out more about Taylor and to read details about her future releases visit Taylor's website.

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Are you in the mood for another Carnal Reunion?

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IOU by Paris Brandon

The morning after her final exams, Bliss Harper woke up in her own bed wearing only her underwear. She's never remembered how she got there or why she found an I.O.U. tucked into her panties for one night of "Bad Boy Sex," signed by her favorite pizza delivery guy, Nick Santucci. But she had a ten-year plan that didn't include any more bad decisions and handsome men. But all work and no play make for a dull life and she's headed to her ten-year college reunion with every intention of collecting on a debt that's long overdue.

Ten years ago, bad boy Nick hadn't usually looked twice at shy, thrift-store fashion reject Bliss Harper. He just hadn't been able to avoid it when she'd started doing a tabletop, drunken striptease at a frat party the police were raiding. These days Nick's not delivering pizza, he's delivering deals and he's headed to his ten-year college reunion determined to negotiate one night into many with the woman who holds the marker on his heart.

Prisoner of the Heart by Anny Cook:

When Rebecca Iversen graduated from college, she headed home with nothing on her mind but wedding plans. Less than a month later her plans were in ruins when she discovered she was pregnant the same week her fiance was arrested for selling drugs. Anxious to provide legitimacy for her child, she married Tom while he was still in jail. Years later, Becky finally divorced him, resolved to make a peaceful life for her children and herself.

When the reunion invitation from Karen arrived in her e-mail, her Aunt Mary urged her to take the time to enjoy a little adult time at the reunion.

Young Joe Harris lived across the street from the old Victorian where Becky lived during college. He spent those years secretly yearning for the "older woman". Now that Becky is back and single, Joe plans to do everything in his power to convince her that he's exactly the man she needs.

Nailed by Cindy Spencer Pape

When shy scientist Karen Sikorski meets up with her college crush, Warner Beckett, sparks fly, but she knows the handsome contractor would never fall for a plain nerd like her. Warner, though, has other ideas. Smart, voluptuous Karen is everything he's ever wanted in a woman, and this time around, he's enough of a grown up to appreciate it. Now all he has to do is convince the lady he really does want her--in every way possible.

First and Ten by Fran Lee

What Fran Jamison and Jack Gerrard have in common, you could balance on the head of a pin. And to make things worse, Jack blew his chances to hell back in High School with the BBW.

Neither goes to their 10th college reunion expecting sparks to fly, but when they collide in the airport, painful old memories quickly evaporate to make way for two people desperately needing to scratch 12-year-old itches.

Jack royally blew it when he let other people's opinions stop him from pursuing the 5'11" bombshell so many years back, and by the time he realized he was a jackass and tried to apologize, a traumatized and hurt Fran had shredded his ego in public, leaving him to lick his wounds and move on.

She thought she would hate him on sight. She didn't. She thought she could walk away. She couldn't. She certainly didn't expect to find herself making out like a madwoman on the hood of a borrowed car in the airport parking ramp. But she did expect one thing...she was not going to walk away again. Not when he was so damn good at scratching those itches...

Training Randi by Tessie Bradford

Miranda Ellson graduated from college with a degree in design in one hand and a ticket to London in the other. Ten years, five job changes and three boring, unfulfilling relationships later she's back at WIU to re-connect with old friends, enjoy the campus activities and take a break from...oh who the hell is she kidding?

Jeff Briggs, former college neighbor and best bud, now successful gym owner, lives in town. He's the only guy she has ever known who could set her panties on fire by simply walking into a room and Randi is sick and tired of only hooking up with him in her dreams. This may be her only chance to discover exactly what kind of personal training he has to offer.

Smokin' Ace by Regina Carlisle

A college reunion and seeing her best 'gal pals' is just the thing widow and single mom, Chloe Wells needs to put a little oomph back into her boring, routine life. For her, those carefree years and the friendships she made with six other women in the old Victorian were unforgettable and, hey, what's wrong with revisiting a past that was fun and full of laughter? But when she bumps into Michael "Ace" Banner other memories surface. Memories of hot nights and rumpled bed sheets. Memories of the loss of the one man who burned her to ash.

Former college tennis star, Ace Banner, now a renowned sports photographer, has just one chance to regain the love of pretty, sweet, very sexy Chloe. Yeah, he blew it years ago by walking away but he's a man now and not about to let her get away again. Ace is prepared to pull out all the stops in reclaiming what he lost all those years ago. It'll take a slow hand and an easy touch but he's up for the challenge.

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Handcuffs and Lace

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***What the Cuff?* By Celia Kyle**

God really should have reconsidered making werewolves. That, or Lyssa needed to get better taste in men and stay away from those with wandering eyes—and other things. Drunk as a wolf, she stumbles to her best friend's house to sleep off her whiskey induced haze and wakes to...*cuffs?*

Caleb sees his chance and takes it. His buddies on the force ribbed him but good for buying silver plated cuffs. But with a werewolf in his bed, the woman he's yearned for since they were teens, he wasn't taking any chances. Lyssa was his. She just didn't know it yet.

***Ticket Me More* by Tia Fanning**

Hailed by the bridal flower world as an artistic genius, Meli works long nights making bouquets for women lucky enough to find love, while she herself lives a life of solitude. She yearns to share her heart and body with someone other than Bob, her *Battery Operated Boyfriend*, but acute shyness keeps her from engaging the "living" world.

However, Meli's quiet and predictable existence takes an unexpected turn when she is pulled over and ticketed by the most gorgeous cop she has ever encountered—Officer Michael Johnson. Though he doesn't seem to notice her as anything more than a traffic violation, Meli makes plans to overcome her timid nature and seize the police officer's attention...using any speed necessary.

***Handcuffs and Lies* by Bronwyn Green**

Sometimes promises to friends are the hardest to keep. Undercover police officer, Michael Tanner, promised his dying partner that he'd take care of the man's little sister. Trouble is, after

her brother's death, Doctor Tori Spinelli wants nothing to do with Michael—or any other cop for that matter.

Tori has always fought against overprotective men and deception. Forced into protective custody with Michael, she's now faced with both in the same package. Despite their differences, Tori falls in love with him, but how can she trust a man who lies for a living?

***Search Me Baby, One More Time* by Melinda Barron**

Wren Thornberry's life isn't going according to plan. She let her father talk her out of marrying Bryan Stockard, the man she loves, and moved halfway around the world. Now she's back home in Texas, babysitting her grandmother while grandma and her boy-toy work through their list of sexual exploits, making themselves the talk of the town.

But what Wren doesn't know is that things in her hometown are about to heat up even more, and it will have nothing to do with her grandmother. It seems that Bryan Stockard is still around, he wants to get back into Wren's life—by any means necessary, and now he has just the tools to do it: A police uniform, handcuffs, and the authority to make Wren *assume the position*.

***Cuff Me Lacy* by Demi Alex**

Three months is way too long to wait for some simple, low-down, straight forward sex. It's not like Officer Chrissie Hansen is asking for prince charming to offer her the love of a lifetime. All she wants is a good orgasm that she doesn't have to work for alone.

At least with "The Bull" she knows what to expect. But when Patrick MacKlick returns to her life and tempts her with new options, she discovers that lace can imprison a heart better than handcuffs can.

***Going Commando* by Catherine Chernow**

Bounty hunter Shyra Lawrence listens to her favorite radio station one morning where the DJ's are discussing "going commando" —*a.k.a* wearing no undies. Captivated by their conversation, she decides to shed her panties in favor of the freedom that wearing no underwear brings.

Enthusiastic, Shyra sends an email to her best friend, Donna, detailing the delights of panty-freedom, but unbeknownst to Shyra, she's hit the send key...to the wrong email addy!

When Derek Grayson opens his emails that morning, he discovers that his #1 employee and top

bounty hunter has sent him an erotic, enticing message about going commando. Derek has always been polite, professional, and so damned attracted to Shyra that it's almost painful. Working day in and day out with voluptuous woman has sent Derek's hormones into overdrive on more than one occasion.

Now, Shyra's shed her panties and Derek's got all he can do to contain his lust when she announces that she's... GOING COMMANDO.

Also available from Resplendence Publishing

***Scorcher* by Celia Kyle**

Phoebe's a salamander with a problem. Fire is her element, her very best friend, and the core of her nature. But she can't control it worth a darn. One decent temper tantrum and *poof!* Fire galore. Good thing she lives in the desert with nary a tree in sight. Well, there are a few bushes and such. And her house. And a few cacti...sorta. At least until she'd gotten mad over getting stuck by one of the darned things...

Brant lives by fire and dies by fire. Literally. As Fire Chief, it's his job to stamp out fires in Winthrop, making sure residents of the small town in the back woods of Arizona don't have to worry about fire taking their businesses and homes. As a phoenix, he has the ability to sense fires the moment they start. It's a handy talent that keeps the residents safe. Except for his girlfriend, who seems to be able to blow up just about everything, including the stove.

***Red: A Seduction Tale* by Maddie James**

Garnet Boudreaux is going home. Not back to her nice little apartment in New York City, but to her childhood home in the bayou. She doesn't want to go, and isn't certain what will be waiting for her when she arrives. But standing there in the voodoo shop on Bourbon Street, in the middle of one helluva party, she's told by Madame Madeleine Dupuis that she has no choice. She presses two pouches into Garnet's hands, wraps a red cape around her, and tells her she must go—and go now—to see to her grandmother.

Max LeBlanc spies the lovely redhead across the street and knows in a heartbeat that she is the one. A rougarou always knows when he's met his mate. Some may call him a lycanthrope, a werewolf if you will, but in Cajun bayou lands, he's known simply as *The Rougarou*. He'd waited several hundred years for this moment, and for her. There is nothing left for him to do but mark her and claim her as his mate. Soon.

***Oriana and the Three Werebears* by Tia Fanning**

Oriana Ricci has taken over the family business—flying cargo and rich tourists around Alaska's barely inhabited Kodiak Archipelago. When her plane malfunctions and she's forced to make an

emergency landing, she finds herself stranded in the middle of a National Wildlife Refuge. With no civilization for miles and no hope of rescue, she thinks all is lost...

Until she stumbles upon the entrance to an underground bunker.

Jack, Jordan, and Jonathan McMathan own and operate a secret intelligence firm contracted by the US Government. Hidden away in an old Cold War spy station located the middle of the Kodiak National Wildlife Refuge, the brothers are not only able to do their top secret jobs safely without fear of discovery, but are better to protect their other, more personal secret: they have the ability to shift into Kodiak bears.

Like a fairy tale gone bad, the brothers return home to find their lunch tasted—or eaten, their computer chairs adjusted—or broken, and a beautiful blonde sleeping in one of their beds. This situation poses a big problem for the brothers...

Their location is now compromised. But more importantly, what are they to do with the lady?

***Extinction* by Carol Lynne**

Professor of Environmental Science/Wildlife studies at UNLV, Jack McBain has spent his adult life trying to track a legend overheard during his youth. Born and raised in the Canadian Province of Newfoundland, Jack remembers his grandparents telling stories of a race of people eradicated by European settlers in 1829. According to the legend, the Beothuk people didn't die out as first thought, but were transformed into wolf shifters.

When Newfoundland wolves began to appear in great numbers, the European settlers began killing them under the guise of population control. In 1910, the last of the Newfoundland wolves was shot, making them one of the few extinct species of wolves in the world.

Following spotty leads, Jack begins to track what he believes are Beothuk/Newfoundland shifter wolves. His search leads him to the Lake Mead National Recreational Area outside of Las Vegas. There, on Spirit Mountain, he finally comes face to face with not only the shifter he's been looking for, but the man of his dreams he didn't know he needed.

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