

A romantic close-up of a man and a woman about to kiss. The woman has long blonde hair and is looking up at the man. The man is shirtless and has his hand near the woman's face. The background is dark and moody.

**TESSIE
BRADFORD**

Training
RANDI

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

Training Randi

A Carnal Reunions Tale

By Tessie Bradford

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Training Randi

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Thank you to my author friends for your expertise and encouragement.

Thank you to my family for your unfaltering support.

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Chapter One

To: randigirl@miranda.com

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

* * * *

Miranda Ellson stood on the sidewalk, staring up at the stately Victorian house that she had called home while at Western Indiana University, and drew in deep breaths of the warm, fresh air. She immediately recognized the voices of both Lily and Karen as their laughter floated

out of the open windows. They were probably hanging out in the living room, eating snacks and catching up. Vivid memories of marathon study sessions, pizza and gossip in the kitchen, and late night, pajama clad conversations flooded her mind. Six girls had started out as strangers, bonded over the trials and tribulations of growing up, and ultimately set out to pursue their own dreams.

She was the one who had left telling anyone in earshot that she was going to make her mark on the world of interior design and never look back. Ten years, five job changes and three boring, failed relationships later, Miranda stood in the same spot where she'd started, trying hard not to vomit as another wave of nerves assaulted her.

Reunions were the type of events where people bragged about their perfect marriages, or their stellar career successes or showed pictures of adorable, dimpled offspring or, in the worst-case scenario; all of the above. She had no husband, no ex-husband and no dependants. She was financially secure, which was easier to accomplish without the afore-noted complications but she didn't consider her lack of tenure in any one spot a comfortable subject of discussion.

The idea of re-connecting with her roommates had sounded good when Miranda had first read Karen's email. She hadn't kept up with the girls with any kind of regularity over the years and the thought of some female camaraderie had been appealing. She was pretty light in the friends department.

Oh, who was she kidding? The possibility of hooking up with Jeff Briggs while in town had been more of the reason for coming than anything else, despite the fact that she hadn't heard from him in a couple of years. In her mind, they had unfinished business. He was still her fantasy of choice when spending quality time with her favorite toys.

As the reunion approached, she had convinced herself that if they met up, she would throw caution to the wind and honestly confess her desires. Her plan had seemed provocative, tantalizing and irresistible in the privacy of her condo, but with her dubious track record in the man department, she was having some serious second thoughts. He was probably happily married, or affianced or otherwise spoken for. Did she really want to come face to face with that reality? What the hell had she been thinking?

Miranda crossed the street and walked quickly over to a bench on the far corner. It was probably for the best if she just got back in her car and headed home to Chicago, but it was a long drive and she should rest first. She dug around in her purse, finding her cell phone and the

list of hotels that the reunion committee had sent, and started dialing. By the time she hung up with the last hotel, still hearing the clerk laughing at her request for a room during one of the busiest weeks on campus, tears clouded her vision. Maybe she could nap in her car?

Not paying the slightest bit of attention to her surroundings, Miranda jumped up from the bench and collided with an immovable object.

“Whoa, impressive hit.” Strong hands gripped her hips. “If you’d lowered your right shoulder a bit, I’d be flat on my ass.” Lord that voice. The deep baritone mixed with the southern drawl sent butterflies dancing in her tummy. How many nights had she imagined him whispering all of the naughty deeds they were going to do together? Miranda squealed in surprise when he lifted her off the ground and hugged her tightly.

“Jesus, Jeff. You startled the crap out of me,” she wrapped her arms around his neck and hugged back. How freaky good was this? A faint scent, spicy and familiar, instantly sent a rush of heat to her pussy. “It’s not nice to sneak up on a girl, you know.” Her fingers inadvertently tightened on the corded muscles of his shoulders when he set her down. Maybe it would be okay if she held onto him for a second longer?

“You were so lost in your thoughts I’m pretty damn sure I could have parked my pickup right here on the sidewalk, and you wouldn’t have noticed.”

“Point taken,” she laughed. “It’s good to see you again, Jeff.” Her pulse rate sped up when his hands moved to lay scandalously close to the upper swell of her ass.

“Ah, Miranda, it’s a whole bunch better than ‘good’ to see you. What are you doing out here plowing into innocent pedestrians? Shouldn’t you be hanging out with the other Gracie Girls, getting caught up on ten years of goings on?”

“They don’t know I’m in town yet. I never exactly committed to when I was going to get here or where I was staying. I was kind of working up the nerve to go in when I bumped into you.”

“You were starting to run down the street in the opposite direction, darlin.”

“Oh you noticed that, did you?” She glanced down at the ground while nervously shuffling her feet.

“It was hard to miss.” Jeff chuckled, lifting her chin with a finger. “Why the sad eyes, Randi?” The look of concern on his face was heartwarming. “Tell your old buddy what’s going on. We used to be able to talk about anything.” Jeff stared down at her with a crooked grin and a

raised eyebrow. “If I remember correctly, we would have done a lot more than just talk if you’d had your way,” Heat instantly infused her cheeks.

During the two years they had been neighbors and friends, they’d spent countless hours studying together, solving the world’s problems with high-spirited political debates and talking about their plans for the future. They had also spent a great deal of time and energy not dealing with the serious sparks of sexual tension that arched every time they were in the same room. Miranda had shamelessly used every trick in the book to seduce him, but despite her most fervent efforts, he always gently refused her advances with soothing compliments and vague explanations of her not understanding what a relationship with him would mean.

“It’s not very gentlemanly of you to remind me of that, Jeff,” she admonished with a grin. “I was young and inexperienced, and with you being so much older and wiser than I was; well I was just bowled over by your manly goodness.” Miranda stared up at him with mischief dancing in her eyes.

“There’s the Randi I know: sharp tongued and sexy as hell.” She gasped in surprise when he hauled her up against his solid frame and planted a kiss on her forehead. “What do you say we take a walk and get reacquainted? Maybe if you start out with me it won’t be such a big deal to meet up with the others.” He let her go, took a step back and held out his hand in invitation.

Miranda didn’t hesitate. She placed her hand in his, allowing him to guide her toward the southern end of campus. His grip was strong but the pace he set was slow and comfortable. She glanced over at him and smiled, taking her first good look at the man he’d become. He hadn’t gotten any taller, not that he needed to at probably six foot three or four inches. His deep brown hair was cut short now, his face a bit fuller and there were little personality lines around his piercing green eyes. The black t-shirt he wore did nothing to disguise the muscular physique beneath, and did everything to accentuate his perfectly defined biceps. The faded, snug blue jeans sitting low on his hips further accentuated the fact that physical fitness was still a big part of his life.

Images of him pumping iron, shirtless and glistening with perspiration assaulted her, and she clumsily stumbled over a piece of uneven pavement. Jeff released her hand and drew her against his hip without breaking their stride. She felt the heat of his palm right through the thin cotton material of her skirt. Oh yeah, this was going to help her pay attention to where they were

going. They entered one of the many small parks that edged the campus and sat down at a picnic table secluded among thick bushes and towering trees.

“So how’s business, Jeff?” she asked, trying for casual and hoping he didn’t interpret her breathlessness to her being out of shape. “The last time we emailed, you were thinking about opening your own gym, right?”

“I own and operate two private gyms now, and I’m still on staff with the athletic department of the university.”

“Heartwood has enough exercising people to support two different facilities?”

“I think you just insulted both my business ability and anyone in the area who wants to be physically fit,” he laughed.

Miranda fought to stifle a groan of embarrassment as she wrung her hands together in her lap; so much for starting the conversation off with witty banter. “I guess I haven’t changed much, Jeff. You know when I get nervous something stupid is bound to tumble out of my mouth.”

“Nervous? What’s there to be nervous about?” Miranda practically jumped when he set his hand on her thigh. “Jesus, darlin, did you have extra caffeine or something today?”

“Actually I did.” She chuckled, tearing her eyes away from where he touched her once she decided the electric jolt she’d felt wasn’t visible. “I’ve been on the road for a long time.”

“You drove straight through from New York?”

“Chicago,” she corrected with a shy smile.

“Apparently we have lots of things to catch up on,” he noted with a grin. “When did you move again?”

“Two years ago. I’m a manager for a company that specializes in designing office spaces.”

“Are you happier there than you were in New York?”

“The pay’s great and I live only a few blocks from work, which cuts way down on the wear and tear on my car.”

“A poor attempt at evading the question, Randi. ‘Re-connecting’ requires honesty don’t you think? Without out it, we’re just two people trading bullshit.”

Leave it to Jeff to cut right to the quick of the matter. Miranda had always instantly responded both physically and emotionally to him when he exerted his natural ability to take control of a situation. Back in the day, whether he was breaking up a drunken brawl, putting one

of his friends through a vigorous work out or patiently explaining to her where she was getting off track with her studies, Jeff had exuded an intensity that never failed to send her libido into overdrive. She squirmed a bit on the narrow bench, trying to ease the ache already building between her thighs.

“I’m not *unhappy*; Jeff. Things are good in my life, just different from what I had pictured as a wide eyed co-ed.”

“Did what’s-his-name go with you?”

“Ralph? No, of course not.” She shook her head quickly. “Why would you think that?”

“Before you stopped answering my emails it sounded like you two were getting pretty tight.” She didn’t miss the admonishment in his tone.

“I’m sorry about not keeping in touch, Jeff.” Miranda was well aware that she was the one who slowly severed their online communications without much of an explanation—except for the bullshit “life is really busy right now” lines. He deserved more. “It started to feel kind of inappropriate to talk to you about certain things.”

“Why? What things?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” she fidgeted nervously, “I felt like I was always rambling on about my relationships or my job or...just me stuff.” *And always wondering how it might be different if we were together.*

“I liked hearing about your ‘stuff’, Randi. I kind of thought I was a good sounding board, and maybe even helped you out a time or two.”

“You did, Jeff, I just, oh hell, enough about that. What’s going on in your world these days?” This whole scenario of being with Jeff again had unfolded much more comfortably when it had occurred in the privacy of her mind. How could she explain her fantasies, her questions of what could have been between them?

“I’ve been in a constant state of excitement since reading in the reunion newsletter that Miranda Ellson was coming back to town.” He scooted an inch closer and draped an arm across her shoulder.

“Now who’s bullshitting?” she asked as casually as possible, hoping he couldn’t see her nipples snapping to attention through her white blouse.

“Not me. That was smart-assy, but I would never lie to you, Miranda. You have no idea what memories have been keeping me up at night over the last few weeks.” His playful leer sent her pulse into overdrive.

“Enlighten me.”

“Okay, here’s a fun one: my second week living in The Wet Spot you came over with a cherry pie you’d baked.”

She smiled, remembering how young and silly she had been. She’d grilled one of the other guys in the jock house next door to Gracie’s for information, and learned that Jeff had transferred in from a community college in Northern Kansas, was a couple of years older than she was and kind of a loner.

“You wore a pair of cut off shorts that were two inches too short, a top that hugged you in all the right places and strappy little sandals that showed off your fire engine red toenails.” She blushed furiously at that particular visual. “You were better than any fantasy girl I had ever been able to conjure up. And then you smiled, announced that we were next door neighbors and launched into a bubbly conversation about how you would be thrilled to show me around and help me adjust to life at WIU.”

“I was bubbly?”

“Bubbly, gorgeous and brimming with fresh-faced innocence. That’s one hell of a dangerous combination. I fell hard for you that instant, Randi.”

“But you *never*...I tried to...I wanted...” Her ability to construct full sentences had completely vanished. Her mind raced in so many directions she couldn’t keep up! If he felt that way, why hadn’t they set some sheets on fire? When his fingers tightened on her shoulder, moisture flooded her pussy.

“Want to hear another favorite of mine?” he asked quietly, leaning close to her ear.

“Yes please,” she whispered.

“One afternoon I was putting Dakota Reese through his paces in the weight room and you were sitting in the corner supposedly studying. Because he wasn’t in the mood to give me his all, I was riding him pretty hard to keep him focused. I was finishing my pep talk about the benefits of pushing to the limits of pain tolerance when I glanced over at you. Your book was lying in your lap, your cheeks were bright red and you were slowly running your tongue along your

lower lip. When our eyes met, you flew out of that room as if the devil himself was nipping at your heels, and I almost came in my shorts.”

Miranda closed her eyes, remembering that day as if it were yesterday. She had raced into the house at a dead run and come close to knocking Chloe down the stairs on the way to her bedroom. It had taken only the lightest touch to propel herself into a mind blowing orgasm, but the mortification and embarrassment she felt at her reaction had lasted for a long time afterwards. What normal girl got turned on by the image of her guy inflicting a bit of pain?

She did, damn it. It had taken years for her to understand what she was looking for in a sexual relationship, and then she had made a complete mess of things by hooking up with men who had no clue of how to satisfy her.

Miranda’s eyes flew open when Jeff firmly grasped the back of her neck.

“Kiss me, Miranda.”

It was an order she’d been waiting ten years to hear. She leaned in, wrapped her arms around his middle and tilted up her chin. Miranda prayed the low, rumbling growl was his not hers as their lips met.

And then she didn’t care about anything at all.

She whimpered as he teased and tormented her with little nibbles and caresses. When she couldn’t stand it another second, she raked her fingernails across his back and opened her mouth wantonly. Jeff pulled her tightly against his chest and deepened the kiss. His tongue sparred and parried with hers, ran along her teeth and tickled her cheeks. She met him in kind, crazed to taste the man she’d dreamt about for so long. When lack of appropriate oxygen caused spots to dance behind her eyelids, Miranda regretfully pulled back.

“Wow, Jeff, I’m umm...sorry, actually maybe not...I,” she gasped for air and released her death grip from his torso, “well, crap. How is it that you’ve rendered me practically speechless twice in a matter of minutes?”

“Talent, darlin, sheer talent.” He winked, but his hand visibly shook as he raked it over his forehead. “What about we swing by Santucci’s, grab a pizza and head out to my place for a bit?”

Chapter Two

Jeff checked his rearview mirror for the umpteenth time, making sure that Miranda was behind him. He was still calling himself every kind of moron for rushing things in the park. What the hell had he been thinking?

His anticipation had been building for weeks. The woman who'd haunted his fantasies for ten years was coming back, and he would have seven days at best to coax her into his bed. He'd asked Karen to let him know when Miranda arrived at Gracie's, and the fact that he'd received no call by today had twisted his stomach into knots.

When she'd plowed into him on the street, he figured he was about the luckiest guy on the planet, until he noticed her pretty hazel eyes were glittering with tears. She looked so sad and lost, but then she'd pressed her luscious curves against him, returned his hug and, oh yeah, there was his problem: he'd stopped thinking with his brain. It was a fifteen-minute drive to his house, plenty of time for him to regain his normal control over both his body and his actions.

In college, Miranda was a force to be reckoned with—pretty, intelligent, and funny as all get out. She was driven to attain her dream of finding success and excitement as far away from Heartwood as she could get, while his plans were vastly different. Jeff had understood that a relationship beyond friendship would have been disastrous.

He'd grown up dirt poor in a tiny town in Northern Kansas that made Heartwood seem like a giant metropolis. His family had no heat, no indoor plumbing and many times, little to no food. By the age of nine, Jeff had decided that he would do anything, work until his body ached, scrimp and save every penny to have a better life. He was the first member of his family to attend school beyond the eighth grade. He'd enrolled in community college, taking classes at night and holding down two jobs during the day. A life-altering incident in his second year, something he'd never confided to anyone, led him to transfer to WIU.

The dorms had all been full, but with him majoring in sports medicine, he'd been allowed to move into The Wet Spot, the jock house next door to Gracie's. He'd immediately bonded with the rowdy bunch, despite the fact that many of the guys lacked purpose and direction. Almost instantly, he took on the roles of unofficial house manager, personal trainer and overall voice of reason for the group. He liked being in charge and was damn good at it. He loved the town and the university and knew that Heartwood was where he was going to stay.

He and Miranda became instant friends, sharing an all-consuming desire to succeed. He refused to allow their attraction to each other to get in the way, so he had honed an iron control over his sexual cravings during those years.

Coming to a stop at the last traffic light before heading out of town, Jeff checked the mirror again and watched as Miranda finger combed her hair and applied lipstick. "Completely unnecessary, darlin'," he said to himself as the light turned green. "Your hair is about to be completely messed after thrashing around on my pillow, and those lip are gonna..." Jeff adjusted himself in a futile effort to decrease the pressure of his zipper against his raging hard on.

While laughing and catching up over a deep dish, double pepperoni pizza, Jeff had come to a couple of very important conclusions; he as very good at reading people. Miranda oozed sexual frustration. Each time he'd tried to steer the conversation toward her personal relationships, or lack thereof, her cheeks had blushed a pretty pink and she'd glanced around the room to see if anyone was paying attention to them. A couple of times he thought she was about to ask him something, but then she'd changed the subject. Well, they weren't kids anymore, and were about to be completely alone. He was going to find out once and for all if Miranda shared his sexual appetites.

Jeff parked in the driveway. "So much for getting my shit together," he mumbled, glancing down at the bulge in his jeans. "Maybe I can use it as a conversation starter?" He carefully got out of his truck. Miranda was the only woman who'd ever been able to turn him on by the simple act of existing. He tried to walk normally as he went to her.

"Nice place. You weren't kidding about your gyms being a success, were you?" Jeff watched with pride as she took in his large brick home and perfectly manicured grounds.

"What is it with you implying I'm less than honest?" He swept her into his arms without preamble and kissed her hard. She was a few inches shorter than he was but they fit together perfectly. He held her tightly enough to feel the gentle poke of her hardened nipples against his

chest. He slid one hand down to her lower back and pressed her firmly against his erection. No more beating around bushes. He was going to make love to this woman until she couldn't remember her name.

"Let's go inside, Miranda," he whispered against her ear when he broke the kiss. "My driveway is not where I want to be at the moment."

"Agreed."

His cock twitched painfully when he stared down into her passion filled eyes.

Once inside the house, Jeff motioned Miranda to sit on the oversized leather couch that dominated his living room. He remained standing. "I need to tell you something, Miranda."

"I was kind of hoping to communicate with you in a non-verbal, horizontal sort of way." Her flirty tone and sexy as hell pout was almost his undoing; almost.

"Oh I plan on doing plenty of that," he grinned. "But there was a reason I never made love to you and it sure as hell wasn't because I didn't want to. Just give me a second to explain." He waited until she nodded for him to continue.

"I'd been dating a girl for over a year back in Kansas when I figured it was high time we took things to the next level. I thought we were in love, so I told her exactly what I wanted to do with her in the bedroom. She freaked out and told her father, who just happened to be on the board of trustees at the school we attended. In a hot minute, he made my life a living hell on that campus.

"I was still freaked out and confused when you sashayed into my life. As we spent more time together, it became obvious to me your hot as hell efforts at seduction increased in intensity when I was in any situation that required me to take charge. I started to test my theory with little scenes like the one with Dakota, and it wasn't long before I realized you were at your sexy best when I was pushing people to their limits, causing a bit of pain." He hesitated, waiting for her to call him a pervert or run screaming from the room in horror. When she ran her tongue along her lower lip and wiggled her ass on the couch instead, he struggled not to let out a whoop of victory.

"I knew you weren't ready to deal with those feelings back then and I refused to repeat my mistakes. You need to be honest with me now, though, Miranda. Do you get off on a little pain with your pleasure?"

“I think so,” she whispered so softly it was barely audible, but he heard her. He joined her on the couch, gently pulling her onto his lap.

“But you don’t know for sure? You’ve never experienced the ecstasy that can only be found in the hands of a skilled Master?”

“Jeff, *please*,” she groaned quietly while shifting in his lap.

“Answer my question, Miranda.”

“I’ve never experienced ecstasy at anyone’s hands except my own,” she finally responded with a chuckle. “The ability to find the most unsatisfying relationships on the planet is one of my greatest talents. I’m beginning to wonder if maybe I’m just not a very passionate person.”

“That’s the biggest load of shit I’ve ever heard. You’re on fire right now, from your swelled, beautiful breasts, down to those luscious thighs that you keep desperately trying to reposition.” He slowly stroked a finger up her leg, sliding her skirt above her knees. “I’d bet my last dollar that your pussy is wet and aching for my touch.” He massaged the back of her neck while locking her gaze to his. “You need to be honest with yourself and your lover, Miranda. Tell me what you want from me.” Jeff applied gentle pressure along her neck when she tried to turn away from him. “Now,” he ordered. He watched her expression change from questioning unease to lustful mischief.

“I want you to take control of my body and push me to my limits. I want you to punish me if I’m bad and reward me when I’m good. I want you to be *my* personal trainer, Jeff. Will you show me what I’ve been missing all these years?”

“With pleasure.”

Jeff had her off his lap and onto her back in a flash. He slid her up along the leather cushions until her head touched the arm of the couch and removed her sandals, caressing her feet and ankles, savoring the smoothness of her skin. Rising up onto his knees, he wedged himself between her legs, opening them, not stopping until he loomed above her with his knee pressed firmly against her sex. The damp heat of her pussy warmed his leg, despite the combined barrier of her panties and his jeans. Consumed with the need to taste her, he ravaged her mouth first, leaving no part untouched. When she sucked on his tongue, he imagined how incredible it was going to be when she gave the same treatment to his dick. His balls tensed instantly, an almost painful demonstration of how easy it would be to lose control, take Randi hard and fast. *No way!*

Jeff kissed a trail down Miranda's slender neck and over the hollow of her throat until his tongue met the edge of her shirt. He made short work of opening the buttons and was thankful to discover her bra had a front clasp. With one flick, her breasts spilled free to fit perfectly in his waiting palms. Her dark red nipples puckered to hard nubs, begging for his attention. He licked and suckled carefully until Miranda grabbed onto two handfuls of his hair and applied downward pressure on his head. "*Hell yes,*" echoed through his mind as he latched onto her nipple with a vengeance, tugging and pulling at it hungrily. Her high-pitched mewling sounds were such music to his ears that he almost missed the frantic motions of her hips, grinding her pussy against his knee. He jerked his head up.

"There are rules to this kind of play," he panted while staring down at her flushed face. "You have to understand them before any real training can begin." He pinched her nipple roughly. "As your trainer, I decide whether you whimper in frustration or scream out your release. I'll teach you how much your body can take, push you until you let yourself experience all of the intense sensations I choose to demonstrate. I am in control of your orgasm, Miranda, and I haven't given you permission to come. Breaking that rule will always result in punishment."

"Bring it on, then, because I'm apparently a very bad student," she whimpered as she tossed her head back.

Jeff fondled her breasts, held his leg still and watched in awe as she grabbed onto his thigh, lifted herself and gyrated through the most glorious orgasm he'd ever witnessed. He continued to caress her until her body stopped trembling.

"I've never gotten off like that in my life," she purred when he moved his leg and helped her to lie down again. "Thank you."

"You're more than welcome, but I'm the one who should be thanking you."

"Why? This must be incredibly uncomfortable."

He smiled as she traced her finger along the outline of his rigid cock.

"Without a doubt," he agreed wholeheartedly. "And I'll continue to savor the intense, painful sensation of my dick throbbing like an open wound while I'm punishing you for your disobedience."

Chapter Three

Miranda stretched like a satisfied house cat and rolled over onto her side. A giggle bubbled up in her throat but turned into a gasp when Jeff swatted her ass with authority.

“What was that for?” she asked.

“A reminder that we’ve barely gotten started with your training.”

Her clit throbbed with anticipation. For ten years she’d imagined what might happen if she and Jeff ever got an opportunity to explore the unspoken tension between them, and she had one hell of an active imagination. She took a few deep breaths but it didn’t help.

“It’s an incredible high, isn’t it? Waiting and wondering what’s coming next?” He trailed a finger down the side of her neck, and along the ultra sensitive swell of her breast, before firmly rolling her nipple between his thumb and forefinger. “Are you familiar with the concept of a safe word, Miranda?”

“Yes, I am,” she replied confidently.

“Explain it to me.”

“I choose a word that I wouldn’t say in regular conversation, and I can use it if I want you to stop doing something.”

“So you can say the safe word each time I push your boundaries in order to control the situation?”

She grinned up at him. “That would kind of undermine the whole you being in charge part, wouldn’t it?”

“Indeed.” He raised an eyebrow and smirked. When he didn’t say anything more, she continued.

“I may not have real life experience in this kind of play, but there are books and movies, you know. I’ve had a ton of lonely nights to familiarize myself with the subject matter. If I use the word, we’re done playing; period. It represents the power that I never give up despite being

the submissive. I trust you completely, Jeff. I wouldn't be here if I didn't." She took his other hand and squeezed for emphasis. He squeezed back.

"Pick one." His tone was low, authoritative.

"Broccoli."

She scooted quickly into an upright position when Jeff bounded off the couch. In one swift motion, he removed his t-shirt. His chest was magnificently sculpted and lightly dusted with caramel-colored hair. He fixed her with a heated stare as he tossed the shirt into the nearest chair and toed off his tennis shoes.

"You will address me as 'Master' during this session, Randi. You will follow my directions without question and answer me immediately when I speak to you. Do you understand?"

"Yes...Master." She hesitated slightly before uttering the title, at first concerned that she would feel silly using it, but discovering quickly that it rolled easily off of her tongue. It fit how she perceived him, the role that she wanted him to take in their lovemaking and a rush of desire shot through her system.

"My bedroom is down the hallway, second door on the right. Feel free to freshen up and make yourself comfortable. I'll join you in a few minutes."

Miranda clamped her teeth tightly together, fighting down the urge to babble. It was her nature to chat incessantly when she was excited or nervous but rules were rules. Why wasn't he coming with her right now? What level of fresh and comfortable was he looking for if she only had a couple of minutes? She hopped up from the couch and scurried down the hallway.

Jeff's huge bedroom was furnished sparingly with one comfy-looking armchair, a small nightstand, a king-sized four poster bed and a stunningly beautiful, obviously antique, armoire. Sliding glass doors on the far wall framed a beautiful view of the back yard. The connecting bathroom was the size of her kitchen, dining area and powder room combined. She quickly took care of business, not wanting to leave Jeff waiting.

Ten minutes later, if the clock on the wall was correct, she stood in the middle of his room, getting more anxious by the second. Where the hell was he? His definition of a few minutes left a great deal to be desired.

She paced the floor, curling her toes in the plush carpeting before finally stopping in front of the armoire. Magnificent metal hardware stood out boldly against the light finish of the wood.

Miranda reached out, touched the intricate pattern on one handle and jumped back when the door opened a fraction.

She shot a glance over her shoulder to ensure that she was still alone in the room before cautiously swinging the armoire door open. Nine large hooks lined the velvet-covered interior, each one supporting some very interesting equipment. She ran her hand over two sets of handcuffs. A red ball gag hung on a hook next to a leather mask. She was pretty sure a set of nipple clamps dangled from another hook but she'd only read about those. A couple of the other items were a complete mystery. It was the bottom three hooks that drew her attention. Hanging from one was a fur-covered paddle. Next to it dangled a short riding crop. Draped over the last hook was a black, thick-handled flogger. She tentatively ran her fingers through the fronds before lifting it and testing the weight in her palm.

"A favored training tool of mine. I can't wait to see your ass glowing pink from its strokes."

She spun around quickly, shocked and embarrassed at being caught snooping. She stared in horror at the flogger dangling from her trembling hand before meeting his eyes.

Jeff stood in the doorway with his arms crossed over his chest. "Bring it to me."

"I'm sorry," she demurred, walking up to him and presenting the flogger. At his stern frown, she lowered her eyes. "Master." The sound of the flogger snapping through the air caused her to flinch and look up.

"I want you standing here," he pointed to a spot in front of him. "You have thirty seconds to get naked."

With shaking fingers, it took far longer than it should have to remove her still-opened blouse and unfastened bra. She'd had more than enough time to either put herself back together or get naked, but she refused to dwell on the fact that she had done neither. Catching Jeff checking his watch, Randi quickly shrugged out of her bra and pushed both skirt and panties down together to pool at her feet. Embarrassment over showing herself to him for the first time began to well up, until she saw the unabashed hunger reflected in his eyes. Had any man ever looked at her with such raw passion? With feminine power and confidence blooming, Miranda slowly cupped her breasts.

"Arms at your sides. I didn't give you permission to touch yourself."

“Sorry, Master.” She dropped her arms and lowered her eyes, hoping that she appeared the perfect submissive. Liquid fire flooded her pussy. She watched Jeff’s bare feet come toward her and she sucked in a ragged breath when the handle of the flogger brushed against her pubic hair.

“You are the most beautiful woman I have ever laid eyes on.” Miranda forgot to breathe when he slid the handle between her thighs. He pressed it gently against her clit before moving it with agonizing slowness over and around her pussy lips. When he angled the tip to tease against her puckered rear entrance, she moaned softly. The very thought of her first anal experience being with Jeff had her instantly teetering on the edge of orgasm.

“Have you ever had a cock buried in your ass, Miranda?”

“No, Master.”

“You will today.” He continued to stroke and tease her sex.

As she struggled to keep her balance on trembling legs, Miranda wondered how much trouble she’d be in if she crumbled to the floor in a heap. How long was he going to torture her? Why couldn’t they fall into bed, taste every inch of each other and then fuck like randy teenagers?

Because that’s not how this game is played, a little voice echoed in her head.

“Your pussy, your mouth, your virgin asshole; my cock is going to fill you up where I want as many times as I want.”

“Yes, Master. Thank you, Master.”

“Very good, Miranda,” he complimented at the same time as the flogger was removed from her crotch. “Look at me.” She lifted her chin. Jeff placed the toy against his lips and ran his tongue against the damp, glistening handle. “So sweet,” he murmured, closing his eyes. “You’re so sweet and warm and wet for me. Are you desperate to have my tongue and my cock inside your body?”

“Oh yes, Master, *please*. I can’t take this any longer, I need you now,” she begged, reaching out to him.

“I’ll decide what you can take.” Jeff took her by the elbow and walked her over to the armchair. “Kneel on the seat with your ass raised in my direction, and hang your arms over the back.” Miranda looked from his face to the flogger and back again but didn’t move. “Either I

hear the word 'broccoli' come out of that sexy mouth or you do as you're told immediately. Those are your only two choices."

That was it in a nutshell. The time had come to either play by the rules, or forfeit the chance to explore her darkest fantasies. Miranda climbed into the chair.

"Spread your legs, lean them against the arms of the chair." Jeff put his hands on the inside of her thighs and pressed outward. "Jesus, darlin, your thighs are coated with your juices." He leaned against her back and held his hand to her face. "Taste yourself."

She laid her tongue against his palm and swirled it around a few times before eagerly taking two of his thick fingers into her mouth. She sucked greedily, rhythmically, mimicking what she wanted to do to his cock. Jeff rubbed his erection between the cheeks of her ass. He groaned loudly when she closed her teeth around his fingers.

"That was so much more than a taste." Jeff yanked his fingers out of her mouth and pulled off of her body, leaving her empty and panting. She muttered a curse and wiggled her hips in a wanton display of sexual frustration. "You're obviously hell-bent on challenging my authority, knowing there are consequences to this kind of behavior." His still-damp hand landed hard on her ass. "I think you're eager to have your bottom warmed. Am I right?"

"Yes, damn it." She tried to turn her head, but he clamped his hand tightly around the back of her neck, restraining her. When the ends of the flogger brushed down her spine, Miranda struggled under the conflicting sensations. Her movements caused her breasts to rub against the soft fabric of the chair, adding more fuel to her internal fire.

"That's 'yes, damn it, *Master*,'" he reminded her with what sounded to Miranda like a barely veiled chuckle. He ran the soft leather over the curves of her ass and down her legs. He released her neck and pressed firmly between her shoulder blades, pinning her upper body. Miranda's hips bucked wildly.

"Now things are going to get very interesting, Randi."

The first stinging blow of the flogger had Miranda clutching at the chair and crying out in earnest. It hurt like a bitch while shooting exquisite arousal through every nerve in her body. She squeezed her eyes closed and waited for him to continue... and waited. And waited.

"Master?" she finally asked with a quivering voice. *Whack*, the next blow landed on her other cheek.

"And what do you say for getting what you want, Miranda?"

“Thank you, Master.” Two swift, alternating swats were her reward. Okay, she’d read a book with a scene quite similar to what was happening now and had masturbated frantically for hours while re-reading it. This was very interesting, indeed. “I’m sorry I disobeyed you, Master. May I please have more?” She infused her voice with every ounce of innocence possible.

“Fuck, yes,” Jeff growled behind her. “You were very bad to come without my permission earlier.”

“I need you to teach me how to behave, Master.” Once, twice, three times, the leather fronds heated her flesh. Tears stung her eyelids. “Thank you, Master.”

“You questioned the sincerity of my desire for you.” He caressed her backside.

“I questioned my worthiness, Master, not your desire. I apologize.” The swats resumed on her ass and increased in intensity when they moved to sting along her thighs and calves. At the first, lighter flick against the soles of her feet, Miranda almost flew over the back of the chair. That area of her person was freakishly ticklish and apparently, incredibly erogenous.

“Master!” she cried out as her entire body began to tremble with anticipation. “Please let me come.”

“No, Miranda.” A soft thud let her know he had dropped the flogger on the floor. Jeff helped her off the chair and thankfully kept his strong hands on her hips, steadying her. “Kiss me.”

Miranda threw her arms around his neck and kissed him with the desperate urgency of a woman left dangling on the edge of release. Knowing that the slightest touch to her swollen clit would take care of her frustration, she tried to rub her pelvis against him but Jeff held her hips back and broke the kiss.

“On your knees, Randi. I need those lips on my cock.”

She was on the floor and had the buttons of his jeans popped in record time. Hooking her fingers in two belt loops, one swift yank was all it took to move the worn denim down his legs. Reality was living up to her fantasies when his magnificent penis sprung free. He wasn’t wearing underwear; his cock jutted out proudly, long and thick. The swollen head was shiny with pre-cum. Her first instinct was to dive on and torment the shit out of him, but she was reasonably sure there was a rule against that. She nibbled her lower lip and gazed up at him.

“See how easily you take on the role of a sub, Miranda? You’re a natural, just as I’ve always imagined you’d be. I’m the luckiest man on the planet.” He stroked her hair.

“Thank you, Master.” Her heart fluttered at the compliment.

“Suck my cock, Miranda, slow and easy.” He guided her head forward.

Miranda cupped his heavy balls carefully and wrapped her fingers as best she could around his width. She ran her hand slowly up and down, marveling at the contrast between soft skin and steely hardness as she tasted the smooth, damp crown. Moaning with appreciation when his spicy flavor assailed her senses, she relaxed her jaw and lowered her lips around the mushroom head.

“Oh God, *yes*.” His penis throbbed in her mouth. She took more of him, pressing her tongue down the underside, sucking greedily. “That’s it take me deep, Miranda, all the way.” He punctuated the groaned out directions with a thrust of his hips. When he touched the back of her throat, she fought the urge to gag by swallowing rapidly. Jeff held her head in both hands and drew her slowly upwards. She let her teeth scrape lightly on the journey back up his length.

“Jesus Christ, that feels amazing. Hold onto my legs. I’m gonna fuck that wicked mouth of yours.”

Miranda wrapped her arms around his muscular thighs and gave herself into Jeff’s care. He was a Master at playing her body like a fine instrument. Her nipples beaded and her juices ran down her legs as he moved her head in time with his pumping hips. She marveled at his ability to not give her more than she could handle, to know when she needed a breath or was ready for him to fill her completely. His cock swelled shockingly bigger in her mouth a second before he pulled out with a growl.

“Enough.”

Miranda licked her sore lips and pouted at him when he jerked her up off the floor. He stared down at her with hooded eyes and a sinister grin as he picked her up and cradled her against his chest as if she were light as a feather.

In a few long strides, they were at the bed. Jeff laid her down on the mattress. Miranda couldn’t hide her smile as she watched him fumble in the bedside table drawer and pull out a condom that he then had a great deal of trouble opening.

“May I help you, Master?” she asked with as much seriousness as she could muster.

“It’s a punishable offense to laugh at your Master.” He rolled the latex over his erection and climbed onto the bed to kneel between Miranda’s outstretched legs.

"I'll keep that in mind," she whispered, holding her arms out to him in invitation. Jeff took his sheathed cock in hand and rested it against her heated opening. Miranda's pulse pounded in her ears when he gripped firmly at the juncture of her hips.

"You're my wildest wet dream come to life, Miranda. Your lips are red and swollen from my cock. Your cheeks are flushed and your eyes are black with lust." Miranda let her knees fall open even further when Jeff's piercing gaze traveled down her body.

"You have perfect breasts." He leaned down and captured a hardened nipple with his teeth. The movement caused the head of his penis to almost enter her. Miranda thrashed her head on the pillow.

"No more teasing. *Please*, Master; fuck me!" She fought against his hold on her hips, struggling frantically to impale herself.

"I've waited ten long years to have you squirming in my bed, begging me to fuck you." Despite the fact that her pussy was as slick and wet as it had ever been, Miranda cried out when Jeff surged into her with one powerful thrust. The exquisite pleasure of finally having him inside mixed with the near painful stretching of her inner muscles was beyond anything she had experienced before. She wrapped her legs around his waist when he was fully seated, holding himself above her on powerful arms, his balls nestled against her ass. He didn't immediately start moving, so she raked her fingernails across his shoulders and pressed her heels down in encouragement.

"God, so fucking tight," he mumbled raggedly. "It's like being held in a fucking vice." His forehead dropped to rest on hers. "Give me a minute. I'm barely holding on here, Randi. I don't want to hurt you." She heard his honesty and his concern for her. It thrilled her to no end that she could drive this powerful man to the edge of his precious control.

"You won't hurt me, Master. I trust you to know what I can take and what I need."

Jeff reared back on his arms, emitting a guttural sound that was just shy of a roar. Miranda grabbed onto his arms as he proceeded to piston into her body. This was more than making love. She felt claimed, possessed, conquered on an elemental level. He would take care of her, protect her and see to her every need. Sparks of light danced behind her tightly closed eyelids.

"Now, Miranda. You will come now." He moved harder, faster; unbelievably deeper. She exploded so violently that she shook with the force of it from the top of her head to the tips of

her toes. Jeff's cock throbbed spasmodically deep in her milking channel. The shout of his own release was music to her ears.

They rested together in a tangle of arms and legs, stroking each other absently as their breathing settled down to normal. Much too soon for her liking, Jeff slid slowly from her body. She let out a little whimper of protest.

"I'll be right back, Randi." He smiled, kissing the tip of her nose. "This bed, with you in it, is the only place I want to be."

Miranda admired his broad back, tight ass and long, muscular legs as he went into the bathroom. He was a fine specimen to be sure, but there were far deeper things swirling through her mind. She was utterly satisfied for the first time in her life—both physically and emotionally.

Gathering one of the plush pillows under her chin, Randi snuggled into the covers. A twinge of sensitivity along her backside, glaring evidence of the spanking that she'd begged for enflamed her senses. She'd just experienced one of her favorite fantasies with a man she hadn't seen in ten years and it felt *right*. There was no embarrassment, no regrets; only wild images of what they might do next. Miranda rolled onto her side, covering her face with the pillow to muffle her laugh of delight.

Chapter Four

Jeff moved silently across the plush carpeting to stand at the side of his bed. Miranda was turned away from him, bunched up and obviously laughing into the pillow covering her face. Her perfectly curved ass was still pink from their play, and at this particular angle, he was able to catch a glimpse of her swollen pussy lips. His cock twitched in appreciation.

“Aren’t you just as pretty as a picture,” he drawled, running a finger from the back of her knee up to the curve of her butt cheek. She squealed and flopped over so quickly the mattress shook and the pillow went flying. Her creamy thighs fell open wide as she landed flat on her back and stared up at him.

“Perfect positioning, darlin.” Jeff spread her leg out farther while brushing the warm washcloth he’d brought with him over her vagina. He took his time, cleaning her slowly, gently, loving the little quivers of her body when he touched the right spots. “What do we have here,” he asked quietly, laying his thumb against her hardening clit. “Beautiful, Randi, you’re so beautiful and responsive.”

“Just what do you think you’re doing down there, mister?”

“Getting you ready for our next session.” Jeff circled the tight bud, meeting her playful gaze when she lifted her head to watch. He opened the drawer of the bedside table, pulling out a condom and a tube of lube before getting back onto the bed. “Remember the rules, Miranda,” he warned quietly as he lowered his head.

He nuzzled her soft curls, breathing in her intoxicating scent. He pressed and held her displayed for his perusal, deliberately torturing them both with exquisite anticipation. He’d dreamed of making love to Randi so many times over the years, and he was going to savor every moment of the experience, make it perfect for them both.

At the first sweep of his tongue along her outer lips, Jeff tightened his grip and pressed her jerking hips down into the mattress. His pulse pounded as she ground herself up into his mouth. She was magnificent in her abandon.

“Oh my God, yes, yes, yes,” she chanted, clutching roughly in his hair.

He licked and nibbled her pussy lips, alternating between short quick strokes and long, slow caresses. He swirled his tongue around her hot channel, coaxing forth more of her honey before delving deep to taste her in earnest. Jeff made sure to stay away from her clit, reading the signs from her body, knowing if he touched the sensitive nub, she’d explode. As much as he wanted her to come in his mouth, he decided she’d taken enough punishment for one day.

Letting go of one of her trembling thighs, Jeff gathered her juices onto a finger and teased her puckered rear entrance. When Miranda shifted her ass, allowing him better access, he carefully pushed past the resisting muscles. Her inner walls immediately started milking both his tongue and finger and he fought to keep from coming on the sheets. The idea of having Randi in his bed for more than just a few days, of building a life, a future with her slammed into him like a ton of bricks. They could make this house a real home, maybe fill it with a couple of kids and definitely a lot of loving.

“Let me make love to you in a way you’ve never experienced before, Randi,” he whispered, rising up. God she was beautiful with her wavy hair spread out on his pillow, her eyes drowsy with passion. “Trust me to take care of you.”

“Yes, Master, thank you.” When she started to turn, Jeff cupped the side of her face.

“Just Jeff, I don’t want us to be playing games right now.”

Jeff kissed her with such tenderness, Miranda was afraid she might burst into tears. She had come back hoping to be with him for a little while, play out a few fantasies, have some no-strings-attached fun but her heart already ached with wanting more. Oh hell, she’d figure that out later.

“No games,” she agreed breathlessly. She couldn’t focus on anything but the need to have him inside of her, loving her. She trailed her nails down his chest and squirmed. “Please...” His slow, sexy grin was her reward.

“Roll over, Randi.” He punctuated the sensual command with a nudge on her hip. Miranda turned over and allowed Jeff to quickly arrange her the way he wanted her. She watched

him grab the lube and condom before laying her forehead down on her crossed arms. Her anticipation grew as she listened to the foil packet tear but at the tiny popping sound that could only be the tube being opened, she couldn't stop the shiver that skittered along her skin.

"Relax, Miranda." The mattress dipped as he positioned himself between her legs. "We're going to do this nice and slow." He drizzled some of the lube at the top of her ass and the feeling of cool liquid sliding down her crack was heavenly. He caressed and kneaded her cheeks lightly before moving one hand to her needy pussy. "You're so damn wet and hot. Close your eyes, just feel me inside you." He dipped two fingers into her pussy while flicking against her clit with his thumb. She rocked against his hand. "That's it, move with me."

Miranda matched his rhythm, and with each slow stroke of his fingers, she raised herself a bit more, offering her rear to him boldly. She tried to picture what she must look like to him, her ass wiggling in the air, probably still pink and now shining with lube. Hopefully the reality was turning him on as much as the imagery was her.

"Touch yourself." Jeff's voice sounded rough and guttural. "Help me play with your pussy." She followed his direction immediately. Their fingers met at her heated core and for a moment, they fondled and stroked together. "Don't stop," he whispered, drawing his hand slowly from her pussy.

Miranda held her breath when he spread her ass cheeks, exposing her to the cool air. His thumb, thick and rough slipped easily into her greased channel and she sighed heavily. He flexed and rolled his thumb deep, pressing against her inner muscles. In and out, in and out he tortured her with the slow pace. When he added a second and then third finger, she slid her knees out farther on the mattress and pinched at her clit. Her hips bounced frantically.

"Oh God, faster, more...it's not enough, Jeff." Her pleading, strained voice was foreign to her own ears but nothing mattered except having him fuck her for real.

"Too soon...don't want to hurt you...shit, so tight..." His ragged half sentences and labored breathing were her undoing.

"If you don't fuck my ass for real, I swear I'm going to *hurt* you, damn it!" She shoved herself back violently onto his hand. "You said no more games."

"Indeed I did." Instantly, his fingers were gone and the thick head of his cock pressed against her. Reality slipped away with the mind-blowing pleasure/pain of Jeff's entry. The burning, stretching feeling of utter fullness was more than she ever conjured up in her fantasy

world. Being secure and comfortable enough with a man to offer herself so freely, without inhibitions, was staggering in its intensity. She cried out her joy when his balls pressed tight to her pussy.

“Damn, damn,” he growled out, leaning against her back and stroking the side of her face. “It’s too much, I’m sorry, Randi, so sorry.” He shifted and she clenched herself tightly around his penis.

“Don’t even think about it,” she panted. “Hard, I want it hard and fast and now!” With her free hand, she reached up and grabbed onto the headboard. Jeff’s strong hands moved to grip her hipbones.

She thought he may have muttered something in return but it was immaterial when he began to pound into her ass. Her own hand, still buried deep in her pussy, mimicked his powerful thrusts and, way too soon, she went flying into an orgasm that had her screaming his name and thrashing her head on the pillow.

“Fuck, *yes*,” he called out above her, holding her tightly against his crotch while she writhed through her release. “Yes, *shit*, grind your ass on my cock while you come.”

Miranda jerked her arm from between her legs to brace herself more firmly against the headboard and pushed herself backward. Jeff wrapped an arm around her waist and immediately yelled out his own satisfaction.

* * * *

“We have a whole bunch of things to talk about, Miranda.”

She closed the refrigerator door and turned towards him with two bottles of beer in her hands. After their marathon sex-capades, they’d taken a nap, showered and Jeff had brought in her suitcases as if she would be staying. They’d just finished making turkey sandwiches together, putzing around his kitchen as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Jeff reclined casually with an arm draped over the back of the kitchen chair. He hadn’t put a shirt on after their shower and Miranda couldn’t help but admire the view. She absently chewed on her bottom lip as her eyes traveled down to his grey sweat pants.

“You mean the fact that we should to be at the Ambassador Hotel for the reunion cocktail party?”

“If you keep staring at my crotch, wrapped only in that sexy little slip of a robe, Randi, we won’t be talking about anything except how fast you’ll be getting back to my bed.” He pushed out a chair with his bare foot. “Come over here and sit down.”

“Yes, Master,” she replied seriously, sitting down and twisting open her beer. God, she had lived her wildest fantasies, allowed herself to let go of every inhibition to find ecstasy with the man of her dreams. How could she possibly explain that she was more comfortable with him after one day than she’d ever been with any other man in her life? But he’d expressed some serious yearnings for her, too, right?

Crap, she was completely confused and overwhelmed again.

“Miranda, you and I are meant to be together.” The beer bottle clattered on the table when it slipped from her fingers. She grabbed the neck quickly with both hands, steadying it as she stared at him. “I know it sounds crazy but I’m in love with you, Miranda. Actually, *still* in love with you after all these years.”

She tried not to pass out on the table. Flashing his sexy as hell, crooked grin, Jeff reached out, prying one of her trembling hands from the bottle. “Come back here to Heartwood, to me. You and I can make our own excitement and adventure right here.”

Could it be that simple, that they were destined for each other?

Hell yes!

Entwining her fingers with his, she met his hopeful gaze with a wide grin and tears of joy.

“Did I mention that my condo lease is up at the end of the month?”

About the Author

Tessie Bradford lives in Michigan with her husband of twenty-two years, two rescued pit bulls, a geriatric cat and a freakishly personality filled Parrot fish named Fred. When her youngest went off to college, she knew that the time was right to pursue her passion for writing with the same fervor that her characters pursue their passion for each other.

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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.

G-Spot by Taylor Tryst

Lily Sutherland. No, Detective Lily Sutherland, a title she worked her ass off to earn, has returned to Heartwood Indiana for her ten-year college reunion. An ex-Lady Hawk, and a star

athlete on the volleyball team, Lily used her competitive edge to win on the court. She dove into the male dominated world of law enforcement where she once again rocked the foundation and shot up the ranks to homicide detective in record time. As far as Lily is concerned, she's just one of the boys until she reunites with Dakota Reese, the love of her life.

Special Agent Dakota Reese has always been too smart for his own damn good. Specializing in serial cases, Dakota attends his college reunion at Western Indiana University for what he believes will be a reprieve, only to discover that his life just became much harder...literally, when he sees Lily Sutherland at the grand old Victorian down the street. Dakota and Lily had split amicably ten years prior, each of them marrying for all of the right reasons. Unfortunately, they married someone else, and were now both divorced. There's a natural animosity between the cops and the feeps, but can Lily put their differences aside long enough for her 'G Man' to find her spot and rock her world, forever?

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 fiancé 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...

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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***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 MacClick 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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