



Stripped

Celia Kyle

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A Handcuffs and Lace Story

By Celia Kyle

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Chapter One

Tequila wasn't the only thing that made a woman's clothes fall off... Vodka did, too. And amaretto mixed with a bit of sour mix. And a shot or two of whiskey the same way. Hell, pretty much any alcoholic beverage in large enough quantities could heat things up.

Jazz stumbled down the barely lit street, feet catching on this and that while she made her way toward home just a few blocks away. *Stumbled* being the operative word. Two steps from her best friend's door, she decided that her shoes were the cause of her bumbling walk. They were cute ones with delicate black leather straps that crisscrossed over the top of her foot. She couldn't recall the brand, but she did know that she'd gotten them on sale. "Score!" She kicked them to the side, heels thumping on the well-manicured lawn.

"Jazzy! What *are* you doing?" Her best friend and partner in crime screamed from the doorway.

"Bitch, quit your yelling. I'm *right here*."

"You quit your yelling."

"No, you."

"You, ho."

"Did you just call me a yoohoo? Whore, you've had way too many," her friend stated and downed another shot of... something.

"Naw, not enough." Not nearly enough. "See ya. I'm goin' home before I get *really* drunker."

Ten or so feet from her friend's driveway and she realized that it was actually her panty hose causing all the trouble. They were expensive JC Penney exclusive la-di-da, hoity toity panty hose that she'd splurged on last Christmas, but she couldn't risk busting her ass in the middle of the street.

Wait. Was she walking in the middle of the street?

She stopped and swayed a moment, gaze shifting this way and that, eyes landing on the overturned garbage cans and broken streetlights while she tried to remember where she was... what she was doing. Oh, right, middle of the street... She looked around again and leaned against a pole beneath the soft light.

Pole!

There were no poles in the street. She was on the sidewalk. "Score!" She pumped her fist in the air and toppled to the left, catching herself on the fence lining the sidewalk. Damn.

Content that some drunk-assed drunk driver wouldn't run her down, she hiked up her skirt, hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panty hose and wiggled the bits of expensive spandex down her thighs, over her calves and off her feet. Damn, but she loved those pantyhose. She tossed them over her shoulder. She couldn't be wearing them to work if they made her stumble. That just wouldn't work at *all*.

"Whew." She sighed and waggled her skirt back over her hips, ready to finish her trek toward home. At the corner of 5th Street and Main, she leaned against the stop sign. This was just *not* working. Something was wrong with everything. This time, she was convinced it was her panties.

She wiggled her skirt up once again and shimmied out of her panties. Her favorite thong, her sexy thong. It was bright red with little hearts all over. Bigger than most gal's and smaller than some, but Jazz loved the cute things. She'd hunted them down at Lane Bryant and fell in love at first sight. How many thongs in the world were made with a plus-sized woman in mind? Not many. Not many at *all*. It was a travesty.

Okay, thong discarded, panty hose gone, shoes thrown to the wayside... She could totally get home unscathed now.

Except...

Halfway across the street she tripped over the road and fell to her knees, micro-braids falling in a curtain around her face. "Well, that sucked. Damn skirt." She grumbled.

Jazz rolled to her feet, rocking back on her heels when she got to standing. "Fucking road. They need to straigh'en this shit out. Flatten the mo'her fuck'er."

Between her skirt and the road, she'd never make it home. E-V-E-R.

Well, she couldn't do anything about the road.

Right there, in the middle of the street, she unzipped her cute little skirt, that cows had died for, and wiggled her ass this way and that until it fell to the ground in a heap of black leather. Macy's, on sale after Christmas. Total score, but a danger to her health. It had to go.

It made her ass look big anyway. Her girlfriends said so. She thought they were just jealous.

Bitches.

Other side of Main and she realized she was nekkid from the waist down. That would just not do at *all*. With fumbling fingers, Jazz tugged and fiddled with the buttons of her ecru—ecru, not off-white—blouse, yanking when the button wouldn't go through the holes and finally just popping buttons like they were snaps and not faux ivory carved flowers. There went her post Easter sale blouse.

That was better. Couldn't be wandering around half-dressed. Her momma always said so.

Jazz's bra strap slid off her shoulder and it dawned on her that she was *wearing* a bra. That would not do. Not at all. She reached behind her for the clasp, and reached, and reached, and reached. She spun around like a dog trying to catch its tail, yanking and pulling on the lace, searching for the latch that kept her locked in the darned thing. This she had not bought on sale or even at a discount store. This was a bona fide Victoria's Secret bra. One of the nice ones with lace demi-cups and clasps that did not want to be found. Evah.

Finally, she slipped the straps down her shoulders, elastic digging into her arms and wiggled the thing down to her waist, past her thighs, and it slid down to the ground with ease.

There. Nothing to keep her from getting home now. She just had one block left and then she'd be able to sink into her big comfy bed and sleep off all the drinks she'd had.

Perfect.

Then, blue and red lights surrounded her, filling the driveways and yards all around. She didn't think it was December... She'd have remembered the sales. Totally.

The flashing lights made her dizzy, her head felt as if it were spinning like a top, or that stupid Disney ride with the Mad Hatter and the cups. Stupid cups with their stupid spinning—and why was the ground so wavy? Unable to stand any longer, Jazz plopped down on the lawn of... somebody. The dew-covered grass sent a wave of cool shock through her that woke her up enough for her to realize that the blue and red lights came from a police car.

Good. Maybe they could take her home.

Someone got out of the car, bright flashlight shining in her eyes and she couldn't figure out if the cop was a man or a woman. Didn't matter; anyone could understand her dilemma.

"Cuse me, Officer person... Can you take me home? The ground is all *wavy*. Did you know that the city had wavy sidewalks? It's a travesty. I do not pay taxes just so—"

"Ma'am?"

Ooh, a man. Maybe she should hold out her arm for some fun police lovin'. They could play cops and robbers! Or good cop/bad cop and the bad cop could fuck the memory of her shitty Friday right out of her.

Now, *that* was a plan.

"Yes, Mr. Officer, sir. Officer. That's a little repetitive, don't you think? Officer sir. Cer, sir, sir..."

The cop sighed. Honest to God sighed and the flashlight dipped a little. "Ma'am? Where are your clothes?"

"They made me trip. Two, no three, maybe four times. I can't remember." She waved her hand in the general direction from where she'd come. "They're back there somewhere. Don't go looking for them though, they make you trip over your own feet."

"Uh-huh. Ma'am? What's your name? I'm going to need some sort of identification."

"Jasmine Wright. Miss Wright, the one your momma's been telling you about for years." She snorted and let out a guffaw. "Get it? Miss Wright?" She chuckled. "I've been saying that for years. No Mister Right though. Maybe Mr. Right-now. You wanna be Mr. Right-now?"

"Jazz?"

"That's me." She poked herself in the chest and winced when her fingernail dug into her breast. Damn, but everything was going wrong for her tonight.

The cop dropped his flashlight, the black metal casing pinging and bouncing on the blacktop, the white light intermingling with the red and blue coming from the top of the police cruiser.

"Jazz Wright. Damn it." The cop muttered and scooped up his flashlight before turning to her, light extinguished. "Don't. Move."

She didn't intend to. The ground was warming up and she might just lay back and take a quick nap before she finished her walk home. She hadn't remembered it taking so long before, but she didn't think the ground had ever been this persnickety either.

Legs straight out in front of her, she leaned back onto the cool grass, uncaring about the dirt and grime that could—would—get in her hair. She had an appointment tomorrow, today, whenever, to get it redone and the braids were getting old. Maybe she'd shave her head like Britany. That girl had been crazy, but it took serious balls to go that nuts.

She needed to go nuts. Bust out and have some fun. Fuck her parents expectations or her job's stupid politics or the fact that mixing liquors was making her a little nauseous. Fuck it.

Suddenly, she went blind, covered by some dark, scratchy animal. "Aaah! Help!" She screamed, limbs flailing and hands clawing at the monster on top of her. She finally got free, pulling the beast off her head and found herself staring into some gorgeous baby blue eyes.

"Oh, *hello*."

"Jazz? You don't remember me, do you?" The cop had a deep voice, nice and smooth. Good bass.

"No, but I can remember eventually. Why don't you refresh me?"

He sighed and snatched her hand and the monster at the same time, tugging her to her feet. "Wrap up in this and I'll take you home."

"Your home?"

"No, yours."

Jazz wrapped herself in the blanket, it was a blanket not a monster, and followed the cute cop back to his car. She snuck up behind him and tugged the cuffs from his belt. "Excuse me, Mr. Officer, sir... I think I've been a very bad girl. Don't you think I should be cuffed?"

He sighed. Again.

Maybe he had a breathing problem...

"Jazz, give me the cuffs and get in the car so I can take you home."

"Can't." She giggled, shiny silver cuffs dangling from her hand, the other holding the blanket firmly around her breasts.

"Why?"

"Cause I don't have any keys."

He closed his eyes and inhaled slowly, blowing out the breath at the same tempo. “And you don’t have any keys because?”

Jazz threw her arms wide, dropping the blanket to the ground in one quick movement, cuffs still hanging from her fingertips. “Cause I don’t have any clothes! Whee!”

She took off running down the street, giggles and laughter trailing behind her just as her clothes had moments before.

Chapter Two

Ian was going to hell. Do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars—just proceed directly to the land of lost souls.

He didn't have it in him to cover all of that sumptuous flesh up again.

Damn. Jazz Wright. His long time love, lust and need all rolled into one and here she was, running down the street buck assed naked with his police issue blanket trailing behind her like a cape, and his handcuffs dangling from her fingers, metal glinting in the glow of the streetlights.

Double day-um.

He bent down and picked his flashlight up from the ground, banging it against his palm when the thing wouldn't light back up and then turned toward the direction Jazz had run, shaking his head. He'd have to go after her, couldn't let her run around the neighborhood with her goodies bared for all and sundry to see.

His radio squawked. "Unit 117, this dispatch, do you copy?"

He tilted his head to the side, and depressed the button on his radio. "10-2, this is unit 117. I've got a 314 in progress, going 10-6."

"10-4" the dispatcher replied. Ian returned to his squad car, killed the lights, turned off the engine and then locked the doors. He still had to chase down his prey for the night and then figure out what to do with her. He couldn't arrest her, but he didn't want to leave her home alone either.

Of course, not wanting to leave her had nothing to do with her safety and everything to do with wanting her close by.

Car secured, Ian pointed his flashlight in the direction she'd run and started off down the sidewalk. It didn't take him long to find his blanket. He tossed it over his shoulder and kept on trekking, searching for Jazz.

The woman never could hold her liquor.

Two blocks down and he still hadn't spotted the nude woman lounging anywhere, even though he could hear her singing.

"We are the champions... We are the champions... We are the champions..."

Woman still hadn't learned the words to the song, but it was her favorite to sing when she was shit-faced.

Ian turned down a stone paver driveway, the intricate design catching his eye while he approached the front step to the house. It was a small cottage, completely in line with the other surrounding homes if a tiny bit smaller than the others were. It was a pale, pale blue with white shutters and a bright red door.

Wow. His Jazz had done it. She'd always said she'd own a blue house with a red door, her own house, not a rental or a run down trailer, but a real house.

He found her sprawled across the front steps, legs akimbo and leaning back on her hands, head thrown back as she belted out the words to the song.

"WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS... WE ARE THE..." She caught sight of him and stopped singing. *"Hello. Again."*

Yeah, she definitely didn't recognize him and he couldn't figure out if that was a blessing or a curse.

"Ma'am." Best to stay professional. In a minute.

Ian took a moment to look her over, seeing where time had changed her from the tiny little bit of nothing he'd fallen in love with all those years ago to the voluptuous woman laid out before him.

She wore the braids she'd always wanted, micro-braids that took hours to put in and cost a small fortune. He remembered her being jealous of the popular, rich girls that could afford them when they were growing up, and here she was with them woven into her hair. And she was right: they looked gorgeous on her.

Her eyes were closed, but he could still imagine the pale green color twinkling in laughter and fiery with anger. She had the longest lashes he'd ever seen on a woman and with those eyes... she nearly knocked him dead every time they had been together.

Jazz also had the most adorable nose, pert and stuck up, as if she belonged with those popular girls and not in the trailer park where they'd grown up.

It was the lips, though, that got him every time they got close. He wanted to suck and nibble on them, learn and relearn and relearn their taste again and again. Thick and full, berry delicious, and all around perfect for him.

The long line of her neck beckoned him and he took a step forward, ready to lick his way to her lips and then back down again to her breasts. They called to him. They were bigger than he remembered. She'd been a small "A" cup when they were growing up next door to each other, barely a handful, but he didn't care. The first time she'd let him touch them he'd nearly creamed his jeans. It was a feeling he experienced again just looking at her.

Her stomach was nice and rounded, not concave like a model's or overly muscled like most of the women on the force. She was a woman, a real woman, with a real woman's curves. Her hips were wide and his cock ached with wanting. He wanted to get behind her, pound into the sweet ass he'd seen jiggling as she ran away from him. He wanted to take her six ways from Sunday and then travel back through the week once again.

The juncture of her thighs beckoned him, the small curls shading and shielding her pussy from his gaze, but he remembered the taste as if it were yesterday. The two of them, naked in the back seat of his beat up old Ford and her laid out before him, thighs spread and hips rocking against his mouth. She'd screamed his name when she came and he vowed to love her like that every chance he got from that day forward.

Now her thighs... They'd been scrawny and thin all those years ago, but now... Now he wanted them wrapped around his waist, his head, any part of his body. They were thick with corded muscle underlying the layer of mocha skin and fat that declared her a real woman who deserved a real man.

This was his chance, the one he'd been praying for since he'd lost Jazz all those years ago. She didn't know who he was right now, but come morning, she would. He'd make sure of it.

"Jazz..." Soft voices and soothing sounds worked better than yelling at her when she was this far gone. He remembered. Vividly.

"Hey there Mr. Officer, sir, sir, sir. Come to get your shiny bracelets?" She dangled the cuffs from one finger. "They're not cheap. Why don't you come a little clos'r?" She crooked her finger at him, cuffs swaying and glinting in the porch light with each flex of her finger.

He reached for her then, sliding the handcuffs from her grasp. “Come on, Jazzarella, let’s get you out of here, okay? Into a nice comfy bed?” His bed if he had any say in the matter.

“Jazzarella? I had a friend who used to call me that...” She sighed and he reached for the cuffs. She let go of them without a fuss. “He was so sweet and sexy and such an asshole... You remind me of him, Mr. Officer, sir. Did you know Mr. Asshole?”

Ian winced, remembering the details of their breakup and her disappearance. He didn’t blame her for still hating him. He just hoped some of the anger had faded enough to give him a second chance.

“No, can’t say that I did. What do you say to wrapping up in this blanket for me?”

Jazz rolled to her feet, just as graceful as she’d ever been, and closed the distance between them. Bold as she pleased, she stood before him naked as the day she was born and looked right into his eyes. Sweat popped out on his forehead and he wondered if she was suddenly going to remember him, remember what they’d had.

“You are gorgeous. *Your* momma made one pretty baby. I made a pretty baby once, Mr. Officer, sir. Did you know that?”

Yeah, he did. And he still remembered the tears streaming down her face and the hate filling her gaze that day. He wouldn’t forget it for the rest of his life.

“Yeah, I’ve heard that before.” He held the blanket open for her. “Now, can I wrap you up and take you home?”

“I am home.”

“My home.”

“Your home?”

“Yeah.”

“Is it Christmas? I would have remembered the sales if it was Christmas. Maybe Santa came early this year and brought me you.”

Ian shook his head and chuckled. “Maybe. Now, come on Jazz and let’s get home.”

She snuggled forward into the blanket and he wrapped it around her back. She nuzzled his neck, a soft sigh fanning over his cheek, and the only thing separating him from her luscious curves was a God-awful uniform and a damned scratchy blanket. He didn’t want anything separating them. Nothing. Now and forever.

“You smell good. Like home.” She sighed again and slumped forward, passed out.

Ian enjoyed holding her close for a moment, pulling her body toward him until barely a millimeter remained between their bodies. Seconds turned into minutes while he held her, remembering and trying so damned hard to forget the last time they'd seen one another, had a conversation.

It all boiled down to one cold, hard fact: she'd been pregnant and then suddenly she wasn't, never telling him or explaining exactly what'd happened.

But teens weren't meant to raise babies—at least, that's what his momma had said. And her parents had agreed

Two days later and he'd learned that she'd gone to live with her aunt, and she didn't want to have anything to do with him ever again.

But he had her in his arms now and he wasn't about to let her go. Rock hard cock aside, he loved this woman with every cell in his body. It was a bone-deep love that couldn't be washed away with the sands of time. It only grew stronger as the years went by.

This woman was his. She just didn't know it yet.

Ian's radio squawked and it dawned on him that he was still on the clock.

"Unit 117, come back."

Ian depressed the button on his radio. "This is unit 117; I'm going 10-7Beta. Send unit 193 to the area, dispatch. Copy."

"You got it Sheriff."

Sometimes, it paid to be the boss.

Chapter Three

Bleary-eyed, with crust coating the corners of her eyes, Jazz raised her swollen eyelids and stared at the popcorn treatment on the surface above her.

This was not her ceiling.

Her head pounded in time with the beat of her heart and her stomach rolled with the spinning of the floor. Of course, she wasn't entirely sure the floor was spinning. It could just be her.

Memories of the night before came to her in flashes, like a movie playing in reverse. A guy had brought her home and put her to bed. There was no telltale stickiness between her legs so he was either a clean comer, wore a condom, or they didn't get to bumping uglies.

Thank you, Jesus.

Next, she remembered streaking down her street, ass wagging and boobs bouncing while she wore some kind of cape. And... something was jingling and jangling as she ran. She groaned. Handcuffs. She'd met up with a cop and run from the law.

Great.

She could hear her momma now: "You'll never be anyone's Miss Right if you are always acting so damned WRONG." Well, she wasn't in cuffs, so that meant she wasn't arrested, but why not?

Maybe the cop and she... Naw, she didn't even feel rode hard and put up wet.

Then again, he could have been really, really, *really* small. Really. She did kegel exercises regularly, so her va-jay-jay was tight as a virgin bride's and she didn't feel the tiniest bit stretched. Oh yeah, if they got it on, cop was mini me's mini me.

She also recalled singing her favorite drunk-bitch song at the top of her lungs while sprawled across her porch, legs spread for the world to see. She didn't want to be around when her momma found out. Nuh-uh.

She'd basically gotten drunk, tried to walk home, stripped, almost got arrested, stole a cop's cuffs, streaked and then went home with said cop and didn't get any. She lived a sad, sad life.

Scents from the kitchen pulled her attention away from the previous night's debacle. From her spot in the bedroom, she could smell eggs and bacon, and the nectar of the gods: coffee. No, not just coffee... she inhaled, bringing more of the heavenly scent into her lungs... Starbucks, freshly ground, original roast coffee. It was hoity-toity shit she only bought herself for special occasions or when it was on sale.

You could take the girl out of the trailer park, but you couldn't take away the memories of going hungry. She made good money, damned good money, but she scrimped and saved and sale shopped just in case that good money dried up someday. She'd never live in a trailer and go hungry again. No sagging, moldy walls, four kids running around a singlewide day in and out, spilling things and breaking things. Her drug addict momma had been best friends with the white woman next door, the two of them doing drugs all hours of the day. Food came from momma's "friends" and eventually from Jazz's wages once she was old enough to hold down a job.

Then things had changed. Three hundred dollars from that bastard of a man and she'd run, taking her baby and the rest of her life with her.

A loud clang followed by a muffled "damn it" filtered through the room and she figured she'd better go face the man who'd brought her home... and hadn't touched her.

He must be totally gay.

Inch by inch she eased her legs to the ground, blankets sliding from over her legs, up her thighs, revealing her va-jay-jay. No panties. *Damn it.* She should have figured that the cop wouldn't have hunted down her clothes at nearly two in the morning. She was bare assed nekkid in some stranger's home.

Perfect. She yanked and tugged on the sheet, pulling it free of the mattress while she pushed herself standing. She swayed a moment or two, brain catching up with the rest of her while her stomach settled and she got her bearings.

Her stomach grumbled in response to the heavenly smells coming from within the house, but a bathroom break was in order first. She toddled toward the open door to her right, tile peeking from beneath the door letting her know that most likely the bathroom lay within. She

stepped over more clothes on her way—shirts, shorts and underwear littered the ground. Cop was a slob.

The bathroom wasn't any different. She folded the sheet, placed it on the cleanest area of the counter and glanced at the toilet. Was it safe to sit or would she have to assume “the stance” that was normally reserved for the local super store and the mall—two place notorious for having some questionable cleaning practices. Jazz looked at the toilet once again and decided that “the stance” was the best bet.

Jazz straddled the porcelain toilet, one leg on each side of the bowl and squatted down, legs shaking with the effort of keeping her badonkadonk from touching what had to be a disgustingly virus infected surface. She stood there, thinking of flowing water, rivers and streams until finally her bladder let loose, the remnants of her night partying leaving her body in a steady stream.

Relieved, she took care of tidying up her business—including a quick gargle with mouthwash, ‘cause morning breath? Ew! She then rewrapped her body in the stolen sheet. There. At least she could meet her semi-savior / captor without peeing on herself.

Jazz shuffled through the mess of a room once again and poked her head out of the bedroom door, nose sniffing, looking for the direction of the food. *Left.*

She turned down the hallway, noticing the cherry hardwood floors, the small framed pictures and the fact that the house seemed a hell of a lot cleaner than the bedroom she'd occupied for the night.

She turned right at the end of the hallway, her nose for food never steered her wrong, and froze.

Full stop.

Now she remembered the cop. The hunkalicious, fuckable, “do me baby”, cop.

He stood barefoot in the kitchen, pale skin practically glowing in the glaring morning light. He wore faded blue jeans that hung low on his hips, almost revealing the crack of his very bubbly, bounce a quarter off it, ass. It was full, round, and just made for nibbling and biting and licking and kissing. Just as most men loved her ass, she loved a man's ass as well. Something about having flesh to grab on to while being fucked senseless appealed to her.

Her gaze traveled further up his body and she noticed the trim waist and hella-wide shoulders. The muscles of his back flexed and moved beneath the taut white skin and she

salivated even more. With as trim and fit as his back was, she could only imagine his front. She hoped he was cut, with thick pecs, a six-pack and those little dips of carved muscle at his hips.

She wanted this man and she hadn't even seen his front yet. Her pussy ached with desire, growing heavy and wet and wanting for this man. Didn't matter that she didn't know his name. Mr. Cop had it going on from the back and she wanted a taste.

She lowered her voice, nice and husky from sleeping and not using it much, she gave the cop a nice good morning. "*Hello.*"

He froze a moment and then shook his head with a laugh. "Jazz, you've been saying that since last night."

He lifted a pan from the stove and placed it on a nearby trivet, muscles bunching and shifting with each movement. The man bent over and retrieved something from the oven and she nearly moaned aloud, pussy clenching, wanting to pounce on him from behind like a cheetah. He deposited the pan that contained cinnamon rolls onto the counter and wiped his hands on a nearby towel before he turned to face her, bright smile on his face.

His smile never faded while she looked her fill. Close-cropped dirty blond hair proclaimed his profession in law enforcement. His startling blue eyes were filled with the smile on his lips, and his nose had a small bump on it as if it'd been broken a time or two. She imagined it'd happened on the job, but she wouldn't know until she asked... After they'd had sex and were having post-coital conversation. Sex first, questions later.

His jaw was strong and square, but it was those full lips that drew her attention now. Nice and juicy, a pale pink that called to her, begged to be kissed and sucked on while she rode him to completion. Damn but she ached.

Jazz's attention shifted to his wide shoulders, muscled pecs and perfectly sculpted abs complete with those little dips at his hips that she'd been hoping for. And the bulge at the juncture of his thighs... she was one black woman in white boy heaven.

She took one step forward... then two... then the floor was getting closer while the tail of her impromptu toga wrapped around her ankles. She shrieked and threw her hands out, ready to catch herself, when two large hands and well-muscled arms wrapped around her and tugged her back to standing. The sheet was trapped between them and all that separated their groins was a thin piece of 300ct cotton and a pair of blue jeans that'd seen better days. And the cop was more than happy to see her. Like, a lot.

She stared into his eyes, smile tugging at her lips and she felt the weirdest hint of déjà vu. As if she'd seen him somewhere before...

"You were always a little clumsy, Jazzarella."

It slapped her in the face then, cold water dousing the flames of arousal his appearance had wrought. "Ian Blackwell."

His smile softened at her tone and he released her, holding her arms until she backed out of his embrace. "I wondered... You didn't recognize me last night. I'd kinda hoped..."

"What?" She snapped. "That I wouldn't recognize you at all and you could weasel your way into my pants again, get me pregnant so I could run away to raise my—" She snapped her mouth shut. She'd already said too much, much too much. Last night had been a celebration of her baby girl's graduation from college, the end of worrying about getting her child through school and the beginning of her worrying about getting her through life.

"Raise your...? Jazz, you ran, not me. Are you telling me you had a baby? Our baby?"

She could lie, should lie. She'd lied to her baby girl for her entire little life, what would the truth do to her daughter now?

It'd destroy her. Problem was, Jazz had never been a good liar. At all.

She sighed. "Yes. A girl"

Chapter Four

Ian's legs couldn't hold him up. He fell back against the counter and slid down the smooth surface, back scratching against the handles, but he didn't feel the pain.

A daughter.

An honest-to-God daughter.

His.

Tears burned his eyes, thoughts of all he'd missed shooting through his mind at twenty miles a minute. What did she look like? Did she have his eyes? Her mother's smooth as chocolate skin? His build or Jazz's? Did she laugh like him? What about her nose? What about...?

"Why?" He blinked back the pain and anguish he felt. This mattered more than his pain. The *why's* mattered. "Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you find me?"

She slid down opposite him, his off-white sheet still wrapped around her like a protective shield.

She snorted. "Let's remember, shall we? Our parents didn't want us to get married *or* have a baby, your parents most of all." She stared off into the distance, anywhere but at him. "I wanted my baby and I don't regret it, Ian. Not for one second."

"You should have found me."

"And said what?" She snapped. "Hey, guess what? I ran away, had a baby without telling you, and started a new life? Puhleeze. I worked through the pregnancy to support us and went back to work within days of giving birth. I put myself through college, and scrimped and saved for my house. *I* did it, Ian. We were too young to do it together and I didn't want to ruin your life that way."

"I would have wanted the baby, Jasmine. I would have wanted my child. I always wanted you. We could have made it work."

He would have. He didn't know where his life would have ended, but he would have loved and cared for his daughter with everything he had. He would have loved them both.

"What's her name?" His voice was barely above a whisper, too much emotion coursing through his veins. "What's my daughter's name?" He said, a little louder this time.

"Madeline." Jazz still wouldn't look at him, but tears gathered in her eyes. He ached to reach forward and hold her close, tell her it would all be okay. Regardless of what she'd done, he still loved her, always would. "Madeline Jane Blackwell."

That shocked him to his core. "After my mother? Blackwell?" She'd given his daughter his mother's name and recognized him as the father. "Why keep her from me if you're going to give her my last name? What did you tell her?"

Jazz looked at him now, ice in her gaze. "The truth. Her daddy tried to buy her life for three hundred dollars, but regardless of his stupidity, it wasn't right to deny him. So, Jane is for your mother because she always cared for me, and Blackwell was for you because no matter how much I hated you, you were her father."

"Hated?"

She sighed and closed her eyes, head falling back against the wooden cabinet. "Yeah, Blackwell, hated. Past tense. I got over it the first time she asked me why she didn't have a daddy. Hard to hate the man when his blues are staring you in the face."

He tried hard to breath, chest tightening at news of his daughter's appearance. "She's got my eyes?"

"And your ability to kick ass at anything that involves sweat unless it's girly. Child can't dance for shit, but got a scholarship to college for softball."

He wrapped his arms around his knees. "What else? Tell me everything there is to know about her."

Jasmine smiled. "She's got your eyes, my body and your height. She got stuck with my hair, but I kinda figured she would. You don't even see mixed babies with your dirty blond hair, but I'd hoped. I wanted something to remember you by." Tears streamed down Jazz's face and he fisted his hands, fighting the urge to pull her into his arms. "She's a bulldozer like you are. Little girl walked all over me for years before I grew a backbone. Now, I just act mean and she plays along to make me feel better. She's a good girl, just went off to college, hence the binge."

She smiled one of those sad smiles. "I'll be all alone now, but that's okay. She'll be at school where she belongs and will come home for holidays."

He did take her into his arms then and she went with him whether willingly or not, he didn't know. She was pliant, sliding across the tiled floor with ease and he nestled her between his legs, her plump backside nestled against his groin. He felt a stirring in his cock and he willed the mindless beast to soften. This wasn't about making love, but just plain loving.

"You're not alone." He pressed a kiss to her temple. "You've got me."

She shook her head. "You can't turn back time, Ian. We had our chance."

"Who's to say we can't give it another shot? Make it work?"

"I won't date you. I won't let myself love you again just because you want to get to know Maddie. You can visit with her whenever you want as long as she agrees, I don't have to be involved with you for that to happen."

Ian bit back his growl of frustration. "I don't want to just date you, Jazz. I've loved you for nineteen years and I'll love you another nineteen if you'll let me. Just give me a chance. Let me prove it to you."

She half-turned in his arms. "Ian, it's been nearly twenty years. I'm covered in stretch marks and more flab than I know what to do with. And we're different people now. This..."

He shut her up with a kiss. He hadn't planned on it or even considered it a moment before, but her words, her rebuttals were hitting too close to home and hurting too much to hear any longer.

It started soft, just a quick kiss of lips against lips. He brushed his lips across hers, reveling in the tiniest wisp of her scent as it filled his lungs.

She gasped into his mouth, the minty-freshness of her mouthwash flavor bursting on his tongue. "Ian."

He didn't give her a chance to say no. He slanted his mouth over hers, lips open, tongue delving into her with a hunger he hadn't felt in almost twenty years. He needed this, needed her, more than anything he'd ever known. Again, he entered her mouth with his tongue, licking and tasting every inch of her—the roof of her mouth, her inner cheeks, the back of her teeth... everything. He slid his tongue against hers, undulating and licking.

Finally, she responded in kind, mouth sucking on his tongue, fighting for dominance in their dance as old as time itself. He absorbed her very essence into his cells, savoring the taste

and scent of her with each passing heartbeat. Love poured from him in waves and he hoped that she felt the same as he did. This went beyond attraction and wanting into the realms of things he hadn't felt in so long.

He loved this woman, years separating them be damned.

He pulled away from her for a moment, tearing their lips apart. "Jazz?" He'd stop if she wanted him to, but he couldn't go on kissing her if she wasn't entirely sure.

"Don't stop. Don't ever stop."

Ian captured her lips with his once again, arms wrapping around her shoulders, gripping her tightly. She turned toward him and he resisted the urge to palm her breasts, discover the changes the years had wrought on her body. He ached to lick and taste every delectable curve, exploring every dip and mound.

His tongue danced and curled around hers, teasing and tempting with each passing second and she moaned into his mouth, breasts pressing against his chest, hardened nipples pushing against the cotton sheet and burning into his chest.

His cock ached, full and hard, balls filling with his seed and dragging up tight against his body. He wanted release, to spread his cum all over her beautiful breasts, her stomach and hips. He wanted nothing more than to sink into her moist heat and love her to completion, nothing more than to simply love her forever.

Realizing the direction of his thoughts and actions, Ian gentled the kiss, pulling their lips apart with infinite care as the seconds passed, not wanting to douse their desire with a bucket of cold water.

Finally, with a groan of frustration, he eased his lips from hers. "Jazz..."

She chased his lips down for another tender kiss.

"Jazz..." He tried again.

She kept going.

"Jasmine." He pulled away from her questing lips. "Jazz, we have to talk."

"After."

"After what?" *Please don't say it. Please.*

"After we fuck."

Now *that* was a shower of cold water. He most definitely didn't want to *fuck* her.

"Jasmine, this isn't going any further. At least, not until we get to know one another again."

“Seriously? You’re going to be the girl right now? When you have a hot, willing woman?”

He chuckled. “Yes, I’m going to be the girl.”

“Fine,” she grumbled. “But I’m totally getting dates and you have to meet Maddie first. You’re not out of the doghouse yet either. But…” she sighed and he saw evidence of the same love he felt. “We’ve always had that something, haven’t we, Ian.”

“Yeah, baby, we have.”

Chapter Five

“I could have walked home.” Jazz slumped down into the seat of the police cruiser, hiding behind the door and slinking lower with each person they passed.

Ian just chuckled and kept on driving down the street, navigating the roads with ease. “Sure you could have.”

Jazz harrumphed and crossed her legs, slit at the front of the boxers gaping wide. *Damn it.* She tugged on the shirt she’d borrowed, an oversized Dolphins t-shirt that smelled earthy and musky and just like Ian. She’d be creaming her panties if she were wearing any. As it was, she felt hot and bothered and a little worried that she’d leave a wet spot on the seat. Boxers weren’t exactly known for their absorbency.

“I could have.” She uncrossed her legs and propped her bare feet on the dashboard, borrowed flip-flops forgotten on the floorboard.

Ian turned the car down Main Street toward her home at the corner of 3rd and Main. “Like I said, I’m sure you could have, but I didn’t feel like coming out to arrest you—again—for indecent exposure. Once in twenty-four hours is enough, don’t you think?”

“Fine,” she grumbled while he turned into her driveway. “But you’re not getting out of the car and you’re not...”

The rest of her words were lost behind a squealing, jogging, obnoxious teenager, come twenty-something, also known as Madeline Jane Blackwell.

Well, damn.

“Momma! Is that you?” Maddie darted around the moving car and followed the danged vehicle up the driveway as Jazz slumped down deeper into the seat.

“Well, you wanted me to meet her...”

He looked smug. And teary-eyed. He looked like a smugly teary-eyed daddy who’d never even laid eyes on a picture of his daughter, let alone a screeching, laughing, obnoxious version of her.

Jazz sighed. She knew when she was beaten. “All right. But if she decks you, it’s not my fault. It’s my nephew’s. He wanted her to be able to protect herself from white boys who liked to get frisky.”

“Ouch.”

She shrugged. “Yeah, well, not everyone in the family is as forgiving and forgetful as Maddie and I. We just want to live a happy life and that meant dropping the bad.”

Maddie yanked on the door handle, face pressed against the glass. “Momma, tell the hot man to let you out of this car right now.” The girl flashed a smile complete with the cutest set of dimples Jazz had only ever seen one other place—her father’s face. “*Hello* Mr. Officer, sir.”

Ian shook his head and laughed. “If I wasn’t sure if she was yours before...”

“Yeah, well, just wait.”

“Momma! What did you do to get arrested? I found your clothes from here to Auntie Nicole’s....”

Jazz glanced at Ian out of the corner of her eye. “Might as well get out. She’ll just carry on a conversation through the glass, one-sided, until you or I answer her.”

It was the truth. From the moment Maddie had learned to talk she’d never stopped. At times, Jasmine regretted not having another child for Maddie to interact with, but the child seemed perfectly content with amusing herself for hours on end. Hours. And hours.

Ian hit the locks and the door flew open, taking Maddie and her fuzzy slippers with her until her daughter landed in a heap in the grass alongside the driveway.

“Ow.” Her daughter complained, rubbing the ass she’d inherited from Jazz.

Jazz reached down and helped Maddie to her feet, yanking and pulling while the young’n complained about being abused. “You’re fine, ya big baby.”

“Okay, fine, but you disappeared and even Auntie Nic didn’t know where you were. Didn’t we agree that we were all old enough to spend the night out, but that *everyone* would call or text in?” Maddie looked past her and glared at what she could only imagine was Ian’s smiling face. “Just cause he’s a cop, and hot, doesn’t mean you don’t call.”

“First of all, I’m the momma.”

“Agreed. Sometimes.”

“Madeline.” Jazz stomped her flip-flopped foot and glared up into her daughter’s eyes. Sometimes she wished her daughter had inherited her five foot six inch frame instead of her daddy’s nearly six feet in height.

“Fine. I was just worried and Nic couldn’t even remember when you left and Jerome...”

Oh. “Excuse me? Did we not agree that Jerome was a no good, piece of shit player who would ruin your life?”

“You agreed.” Maddie smiled and looked past her. “Hello again, Mr. Officer, sir. You know, that’s a bit repetitive.”

“So your mother has said. Repeatedly. Now, who’s Jerome?”

Jazz spun around to find Ian with his arms crossed, cop mask in place, inscrutable and immovable in his demeanor. “Maddie, honey...”

“He’s just someone I needle momma with. He’s a nice guy once he realizes that home runs are unobtainable.” Jazz’s attention shot back to Maddie and she caught her daughter’s wink. “Now, for you...”

“Whoa!” Ian threw up his hands face blanched white.

“Madeline Jane.” She gasped. “Quit teasing.” She took a deep breath. “Maddie, this isn’t how I wanted this to go, but--”

Maddie snorted. “Momma, is this the ‘he’s your father’ talk?”

Jazz’s mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water. “How...?”

Her daughter wrapped an arm around her shoulders, laying her head down with a sigh. “Momma, that is the worst kept secret since he moved here and became Sheriff. You really don’t pay attention to the billboards, do you? The pictures in the house look *exactly* like him. Not a big surprise.” Maddie giggled, the laugh of a toddler more than that of a nearly grown woman, and dashed into the house. “I’m making breakfast! Come eat once you two finish whatever y’all were doing!”

* * * *

Ian leaned against his cruiser, heart in his throat, chin dragging on the ground and eyes bugged out of his head. “How—?”

“Same way I did, when I was sober.” Jazz slid alongside him, leaning against the car. “You look the same as you did years and years ago, Ian, just a little more filled out here and there. Still just as handsome and those dimples are a dead giveaway.”

“Why doesn’t she hate me? Why don’t you, really?”

She smiled ruefully. “Me? Oh, I hated you plenty for a very long time, but it didn’t do a damned bit of good when I was busy raising a child. Her? She understands. She’s a smart girl, regardless of how immature she may appear on the outside. You’ve got a daughter with an adult’s intellect and a child’s love for life right there.”

It made sense, sort of, in its own twisted way.

Music blared through the open kitchen window and Maddie called out to there. “Ya’ll coming?” Less than a second later. “Never mind! Don’t want to know!” And then sounds of cooking filled the small yard.

Ian turned toward Jazz, toward the woman he’d created that life inside with, grabbed her hand and threaded their fingers together. “Breakfast? Then maybe a little coming?” It was his turn to wink. Being with his family, his honest to god family, lifted a weight he’d been carrying around for ages. That thing he’d been looking for all of his life was now right there in front of him, just waiting to be taken and cherished. And he would, without a doubt, he would.

“Ha! You wish.”

She took a step forward and he tugged her back toward him until she landed against his chest, breast to breast and hips to hips, he lowered his mouth to hers, lips brushing and breath fanning along her skin. “You’re right, I do.”

She gasped against his mouth and he swallowed the sound, savoring her moan and the wiggle of her hips against his. His cock hardened with her closeness, filling and extending down his pant leg, tenting the fabric of his jeans. She rocked her hips against his, groaning and gasping, writhing while he licked and nipped her lips. He abandoned his hold on her hand and cupped her cheek, thumb brushing the tender skin, absorbing the warmth. He stroked her back, fingers brushing the tips of her hair for the tiniest moment before she tore her mouth from his.

He knew what she was going to say before the words left her mouth. “Don’t touch my hair.” She was panting and gasping for breath.

“Sorry, baby.” He nipped her lower lip. He shifted his hand lower, sliding over the well-worn fabric of his favorite shirt and boxers until he came to rest on the curve of her ass. “That better?”

She nodded, happy sounds coming from deep within her chest while she attacked his lips with a new fervor.

He kneaded and caressed the cheek of her ass, remembering how it once felt to bury himself deep within her pussy, her ass, stroking and touching her in places no man had touched her before. Part of him died when he realized that other men had to have come since him, but he delighted in the fact that there would be no others now that he was back in her life.

The tips of his fingers teased and tugged on the bottom of the boxers, exposing more of her flesh to his questing hands, giving him more of her luscious body to touch. He wanted her more than he'd ever wanted her. The love they shared as adolescents was nothing compared to what he felt for her at this very moment. It went beyond want and need to some ethereal feelings he'd never experienced before. He wanted to make love to her, not fuck her or get his rocks off like all of the women in his past. Of course, he couldn't exactly do that in the middle of the lawn with their daughter inside.

She rocked her hips against his, heat of her pussy scorching his dick through the layers of cloth separating them. He could practically smell her arousal surrounding them, the musky hint at how excited their closeness made her. He wanted to dip his head between her legs and taste her essence; he wanted to feast on her for hours and gorge himself on her flavor. Then, when she'd come so many times she was hoarse from screaming... then he'd ride her hard, make her come on his cock again and again and again until she cried "uncle". Then he'd do it again.

"Are ya'll going to have sex on the front lawn? Cause... I love you, but ew!" Maddie's words tore them apart and doused them with cold water in an instant. "Breakfast is ready!"

Jazz jumped back as if scalded, cheeks tinted the lightest red, letting him know her—their—daughter watched them and her words embarrassing her.

"Does this mean sex on the lawn is a no-go until she's away at college?" He smiled and winked at her.

"Ha! If you're lucky." She brushed her hair off her shoulder and spun on her heel.

"I'm thinking I'll be *very* lucky."

"As if."

Ian jogged forward and wrapped his arms around her from behind. "I plan on being lucky where you're concerned." He kissed her below the ear, the spot that used to drive her wild in an instant. She shivered in his arms and he realized his Jazz hadn't changed all that much.

"Maybe." She tilted her head to the side, giving him greater access.

"I think it's more than maybe..."

“Okay, kid in the room. On the porch, whatever.” Maddie was standing before them, dressed in a pair of shorts and t-shirt. “Breakfast is on the table. Eat it. I’m going to Jerome’s.”

Jazz fought free of his hold and spun on him. “Condom!”

He stared at her, unsure what the response was supposed to be.

“Give me your condom. Every guy carries one, now give.”

“O-kay.” He dug into his wallet and pulled out the one he carried.

“Mo-om!”

“Don’t “mom” me, until you move out of the house, the ritual stands.” Jazz snatched the condom from his hand and gave it to Maddie. “I expect it back when you get home.”

“Fine.” Maddie stomped off toward the small Honda parked beside the cruiser and within moments, she was gone.

“What was all that about?” He didn’t know much about raising kids, but he didn’t think handing out condoms was part of the usual “safe sex” talks going on these days.

“Embarrassment. Every time she goes out with a boy, I give her a condom. If she has sex, I expect her to use that one, not one some horny, young boy buys at a discount drug store.” She glared at him, he blushed, remembering how he had been the one to buy the condoms and that *his* purchase broke, resulting in Maddie. “This way, she’s protected.” Jazz took a few steps up the front stairway and looked back at him. “She brings ‘em back every time because she hasn’t used a one. We’ve got a bowl of them in the living room. Care for a look?”

He didn’t have to be asked twice.

Chapter Six

Maddie had barely made it out of the driveway, and Jazz and Ian had barely made it into the house, before they were on one another.

Ian captured her mouth in a scorching, powerful kiss that went straight to her feet and curled her toes. She devoured his mouth, tongue sliding and dancing along his, mimicking the act they would soon perform. She tasted him, the musky male, his very essence that lived within. She poured the love she still felt for him into the kiss, drugged by him. It was a devastating kiss, pulling her down to the end of her rope, arousing her, leaving her pussy clenching and pulsing—aching to be filled. She fought against the urge to demand that he fuck her against the door.

Jazz probed his mouth, searching for more than he was willing to give and then some. She moaned when his hands found her ass and damn near jumped out of her skin at the way he kneaded the roundness of her buttocks. The gentle rolling of her cheeks sent tiny shivers of pleasure through her body, raising goose bumps along the skin of her thighs and arms.

His hands shifted from her ass to slip beneath the elastic of her boxers, tugging and pulling at the fabric until she lifted her hands from his shoulders to help him. In seconds, she was bare from the waist down and his hands were back, rubbing and massaging her ass. Fingers dipped between her cheeks and massaged her asshole, the delicate skin tightening and releasing in time to his strokes.

Jazz moaned aloud, legs widening when he brought his hands around to her front, fingers dipping between her folds, finding her clit with unerring precision. She rocked her hips, riding his hand, searching for her orgasm.

She tore her mouth from his, breath coming in harsh pants and moans with each stroke of his fingers. “Yes, rub my pussy. Make me come.”

“Wanna come on my hand, baby? Come for me. Better yet, come on my face.” Ian dropped to his knees.

Her back pressed hard against the wooden door, legs spread wide, pussy exposed and open for him. Damn, but she wanted to come.

Ian dipped his tongue between her folds, tongue swirling around her clit, round and round and round. She tilted her hips toward him, giving him better access. Suddenly two fingers were fucking her while he sucked and nibbled on her hardened nubbin, her aroused flesh.

“Fuck my pussy. Wanna come, Ian. Fuck me harder.”

He obliged her, pounding into her with his fingers, adding another when she screamed. Then his fingers found that special spot within, that bundle of nerves that shot her off like a rocket each and every time she found it herself. He twisted and worked her with a “come here” motion and she nearly bucked him off with the pumping of her hips.

He pulled away from her for a moment, hand still working her over. “Come on my face, baby. Come for Daddy.”

In a rush her orgasm washed through her, starting in her toes, the electric shock of arousal blossomed and blew up into million shards of pleasure coursing through her veins in a tidal wave of ecstasy. He kept her going, his fingers relentless, pulling orgasm after orgasm after orgasm from her body until she hung limp, her juices covering her inner thighs.

Ian finally pulled away from her pussy, her come covering his lips and chin, a smug smile on her face. “I still got it.”

“Yeah, yeah. You still got it. Now take me to bed and fuck me senseless.”

Without waiting for directions or to be led to the room, Ian roll to his feet and tossed her over his shoulder in a firefighter’s carry, leaving her ass exposed and hair dangling down. She didn’t wait for an invitation, but instead wiggled her fingers beneath the waistband of his jeans and tickled the crack of his ass, remembering how he used to love having it stimulated. They’d explored everything with each other all those years ago, and Jazz was determined to explore them all again now.

They wandered the halls of her small house, Ian poking his head into this room and that until she took pity on him. She patted his ass. “Hey, copper, that way.” She pointed down the hallway on the other side of the kitchen.

His pace picked up and she bounced against his shoulder with each step he took. “Slow it down, baby; we’ll get there soon enough.”

“Don’t want you changing your mind.”

She snorted. “Hardly.”

Wood filled her vision and she realized that they’d entered her bedroom. The cherry wood floors had been a gift to herself when she’d bought the house, and she loved them along with the matching furniture she’d purchased. The whole room was all “her” and she was glad that their reunion sex would be in the place she loved almost as much as she loved Ian.

He dropped her on the bed and she bounced against the mattress with a laugh, tugging and pulling at the fabric of her borrowed shirt with a sudden urgency. She wanted him and now she’d have him, lock, cock and barrel.

Ian stripped for her, yanking his shirt up and tossing it away. His shoes were next, kicked off to bounce against her wall. The jeans slid easily down his hips as soon as the button was undone and then he was standing before her, naked.

She took her time looking him over... his wide shoulders, sculpted pecs and washboard abs called to her. The dimples at his hips beckoned her and she salivated at the thought of licking him from head to toe. His thighs were thick, with muscles bunching and shifting beneath the taut skin as he approached the bed. He knelt on the mattress and she scooted back until her head hit the pillows. She opened her legs for him then, anxious to have his cock deep in her pussy.

“Fuck me for real, Daddy. Fuck me hard.”

Ian growled, low and deep and then he was on her. “Want me to fuck your sweet pussy? Want me deep in you?”

He entered her, the tiniest fraction of penetration, an inch and no more, just stretching her opening and she whimpered, begged for more. “Please, baby, put it in me. Fill me. Haven’t been filled in so long.”

He swiveled his hips, teasing and tempting her more. “How long?”

“Is now really the time for that question? I mean, really? Let’s put it at a long time and leave it at that.”

She must have broken his iron control then because suddenly his was in her, pussy stretching around his invasion. He drove his dick into her waiting cunt, pushing inside her like a battering ram. The pinching expansion worked to drive her arousal higher instead of dampening it. She ached to be filled by nothing but him.

Ian retreated the tiniest fraction, circling his hips before pumping back into her core. Out and in, over and over again he sunk into her waiting pussy, her flesh splitting for him and welcoming him home with every thrust of his hips.

The ridge of the head of his dick stroked her from within, finding the places that fingers could never locate and massaging them with unerring precision. She opened her legs wider, pulling her knees back and exposing every inch of her flesh to him.

“Deeper, baby, deeper.” She wanted him as deep as he could get, wanted all eight inches of his cock to meld with her, let her hold him nestled inside the walls of her pussy.

He pushed deeply inside her, and she screamed her pleasure. “Yes! Yes! Yes!”

“That’s it, baby, take me. Take all of me.” He growled and ground his pelvis against hers.

Not shy in the slightest, she kept her knee held aloft with thigh muscles she hadn’t used in ages and skimmed the skin of her belly before sifting through her short-cropped curls at the juncture of her thighs. She dipped her fingers between her folds and circled her clit with two fingers, using her own juices as lubrication.

Ian kept his pace. “That’s it. Make yourself come on my cock.”

She dropped her feet to the mattress and moved against him in counter-point, bringing her hips up with each of his downward strokes, forcing their bodies together with even greater precision and strength. Pounding, pounding and pounding together, she continued to circle her clit, pressing and flicking the nubbin time with their bodies, fighting for completion.

“Coming, coming soon.” She was. The waves of pleasure started softly, easing through her between breaths, letting her know that her body fought to rise toward the precipice. Higher and higher her pleasure climbed, easing closer to the edge of completion, easing her closer to that moment when her world would explode into a million tiny pieces of ecstasy.

“Come on, baby.” Ian urged, and she wanted so bad to give it to him just as she was sure he wanted to come for her.

Finally, finally, finally her body acquiesced. The molten sensation of total release washed through her like a tsunami, taking her breath away with its strength. Her body convulsed and tightened around him, squeezing his cock in a way that she knew he loved. Only...

“You didn’t come.”

He smirked at her. “Not yet. Where’s the lube. Taking every part of you today, baby. Making you mine.”

Oh, she wanted that. Hadn’t had that in *forever*. “Bedside table.” She licked her lips. “Hurry.”

“I’ll go in my own damned time.”

“Ian,” she whined.

He slipped out of her still-pulsing pussy in slow, achingly slow, inches until he was finally free. Within a split second, Jazz was on her hands and knees, pillow beneath her hips and ass in the air, ready willing and waiting to be penetrated.

He stroked the globes of her ass, fingers massaging and petting her and she shivered when a slick finger probed her hole.

“Good girl. Push out.”

Jazz did as she was instructed, pushing out and bearing down on his invasion, her ass letting his finger slip inside with ease.

“You took that easy enough, let’s do two.”

“Yeah, please,” she begged and she didn’t give a damn. She wanted him deep in her ass, coming in her ass while she came on his dick. Again.

She felt the single finger disappeared and now two fingers circled her hole, arousing her again, pussy and ass clenching in unison when he penetrated her, ass stretching around the assault.

Before long, he fucked her easily with those two fingers, sliding in and out of her ass with no difficulty. “Baby, your ass is eating me up; it wants me, doesn’t it?”

“Wants you bad. Wants you so bad.” She assured him.

Three fingers pushed and pulled at her hole, scissoring and stretching her, the burn intensifying with the added breadth, but she didn’t give a fuck. He slid his fingers free and she whined, whimpered and moaned, begging him without words to replace what she’d lost. His hands stroked her hole, holding it wide open and then he was there.

In slow increments, he filled her, body stretching around him and filling her in a way she hadn’t been filled in so long. He pushed inside her slowly and she bore down on him, opening her hole so that he could slide in more easily.

And then he was there, balls resting against her lower lips, dick all the way in her ass, giving her exactly what she'd desired for so long and hadn't been able to get beyond her own fingers and toys.

He was there, her lover forever.

"Ready, baby."

She nodded, head hanging low. Oh yeah, she was ready.

He withdrew and inch and then slid home again, going so achingly slow, she thought she'd kill him before she came. In and out. Inch by inch, he lengthened his strokes. First one inch, then two, then three and so on until he was pounding her with a fury she didn't know he possessed, and that she hadn't realized she ached for.

She rocked against him then, pushing back as he pushed forward, forcing him deeper and deeper and deeper still into her hole. She wanted him to crawl inside her and be a part of her for as long as she lived and then some. Her ass clenched and shuddered beneath the onslaught and her pussy convulsed, wishing to be filled. Unable to stand the emptiness any longer, she snaked a hand between the pillow and her body and shoved two fingers into her pussy.

"That's it, fuck yourself. Fuck yourself and come for me."

"Daddy, want to come." God, she loved calling him daddy, like calling him her "big poppa". And he loved it, too. Always had.

He smacked her ass, two quick raps against her bottom. "Come for your Daddy."

Her orgasm caught her by surprise. One minute she was dancing toward the edge and then suddenly it was upon her, crashing through her like a bulldozer and dragging her along with it over the precipice. She shattered, was put back together and shattered again and again, body convulsing, pussy clenching around her fingers and ass pulsing around Ian's cock. He stiffened above her, her name on his lips and his name on hers as he pumped his seed deep into her waiting ass. He kept pumping, one, two, three times and then slumped over her, replete. She eased into the pillows, breath coming in and out of her in great billows.

Still panting, Ian slumped to the side and pulled her close, right arm wrapped around her shoulders. "So..."

Jazz shifted, until her body lined up with his, rolling to her side so that she could prop her chin on his chest and look him in the eyes. "So."

"So where do we go from here?"

Ooh. THE question. The question above all questions and one she hadn't really gotten to quite yet. "We could..."

"We could move in together. Now, today, tomorrow. This weekend."

Jazz wrinkled her nose. "That's a 'family' discussion."

He half-smiled at her. "She doesn't like change."

"Not unless it's half her idea."

There was a rustling by the door and Jazz furrowed her brow, trying to pinpoint the sound. She rolled over and saw small beige fingers shoving opened condom wrappers under the door and she rolled her eyes.

"Maddie." She turned back to Ian. "Just one sec." She shifted and scooted from the bed and padded toward the door. Bending over, she scooped up a note and the opened wrappers and turned back to Ian with a wide smile.

"If she has sex, she *has* to know who she's been with," she explained. "Part of that is that I ask that she write the boy's name and address on the back of the opened wrapper." He looked at her, skeptical. "Anyway, it's a thing. One of those mother-daughter things that we have open communication." She sighed, he still wasn't getting it, she moved on. "Because we didn't use condoms." She mock-glared at him. "She opened a few for us and wrote your name and address on the back."

Jazz tossed a few of the many wrappers toward him, the torn pieces landing on his chest. She'd already read one and waited for the truth to dawn on him.

"655 3rd Avenue. That's here." Skepticism still lined his face.

"Here."

"So... I can move in."

Maddie's voice, muffled, came screaming through the door. "You're right, momma, men are stupid."

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Handcuffs and Lace

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***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?

***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.

***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.

***Cuffed and Dangerous* by Bronwyn Green**

When a bounty claim becomes a fight of five against one, Jude Caulfield and Gideon Wells step in to help hunter, Wrenn Saunders, before she's mortally injured. Wrenn soon learns that three is a good number whether in a fight or in the bedroom. Especially in the bedroom—and that's just where Jude and Gideon want to keep her.

***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.

***Lust, Lies, and Tinsel Ties* by Mia Jae**

Bree Connor thinks she's volunteered to be a cocktail waitress at a benefit party for the homeless, donating her tips to the shelter—until the end of the night when she gets auctioned off to the highest bidder. The buyer? A man who has been giving her eyes all evening. He also happens to be the partner of the man Bree had an extremely unforgettable sexual encounter with a few months earlier, and has been avoiding all evening.

Oh, what a tinsel web we weave...

With 24 hours to do her buyer's bidding, she finds herself draped in tinsel and bound to a humongous antique bed, awaiting her Christmas Eve fate, only to find that she's been purchased as a gift for the man she's been trying to avoid. Unfortunately, her buyer orders them to 'get each other out of their systems' so they can go on with their lives...or not. Thing is, while blindfolded and securely bound, Bree is pretty sure she feels two sets of hands on her body instead of just one...

***Nuit Aux Trois* by Melinda Barron**

Quinn's two roommates, lovers Fletcher Covair and Devlin St. Giles, have the perfect idea: Quinn will accompany them on a Halloween ghost hunt at a haunted plantation. Quinn agrees, knowing there's no such thing as ghosts and thinking the time away will give her time to assess her future job prospects, and if nothing else, a chance to relax.

But the plantation's resident ghost, Alison, has other ideas. She wants help in righting a long-time wrong, and it seems that the ghost has chosen Quinn, Dev, and Fletch to assist her. While Quinn's mind is reeling from the knowledge that there are really ghosts, she comes to another shocking realization: Dev and Fletch have more on their minds than ghost hunting, and Alison isn't the only restless spirit who wants to make contact.

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?

Eight Erotic Nights by Catrina Calloway

The holiday season is a time for joy, but Laney Taylor couldn't be more depressed. She's selling the last piece of her grandmother's exquisite antique china to feed the hordes of 'new' homeless living in their cars in an abandoned parking lot on the outskirts of town. But on the way to the shop, an accident lands her in the hospital—and into the arms of the two hot, hunky Samaritans who saved her life.

Josh Goldman and Zach Brenner share a successful construction business, and a secret longing. They can't believe their good fortune when they save Laney Taylor from a freezing to death. Both men have desired Laney since high school, and made a pact that if they ever had the chance to have a relationship with the sexy, full-figured woman of their dreams, they wouldn't mind sharing.

When a winter storm gives Josh and Zach an opportunity to share the pleasures of the 'festival of

lights' with Laney, and a chance to fulfill their long-held erotic fantasies, they can hardly believe the good fortune the Hanukkah holiday has brought them. While fate and circumstance may require their eventual separation, all three are determined that they will not waste a moment of their...

Eight Erotic Nights.

Are you hot for teacher?

**Check out the *Hot for Teacher Series* at
Resplendence Publishing**

***Two Plus One* by Brynn Paulin**

College math teacher, Briony Swift, lives life on the straight and narrow. After all, one plus one always equals two. But when two of her adult male students visit her office one afternoon, she soon discovers that one plus two might be a new and better equation to explore...

***Body of Art* by Bronwyn Green**

Art professor Seth Granger has two problems—an absentee life drawing models and a case of unrequited lust. Luckily his troubles have the same answer—his colleague, Dr. Callie Sullivan.

The trick will be getting her out of her clothes and into his studio...and hopefully into his bed. However, she's intent on keeping her mind on her art and ignoring him. Now he just needs to convince her she should be his body of art.

***Sense and Sensuality* by Cara Hart**

Eleanor McLaren leads a subdued life. She hates parties, avoids social interactions, and she cannot talk to men. But within the shell of her timidity lies the heart of a siren. Afraid of her own boldness, she hides her desires. Especially from the man who stars in her dreams of passionate encounters and works in her department.

Eddie Harrington has never lacked for partners in his pleasure games. But for some reason, Eleanor is the one woman he can't get out of his head. She is definitely not the type he usually pursues. Then he sees her at a bar, looking like his wildest fantasy. And one night with her is not going to be enough. The man who never commits just might have met his match-until a mistake from his past forces her to choose between trusting him or walking away.

***Sex Ed* by Mia Watts**

Mina Lasky has a pesky crush on Biology professor, Derek Link. They've worked in tandem in the same University facility long enough that even the sound of his voice makes her hot. It's time to put the fantasy to an end. Mina signs up to be his guinea pig in a female sexuality lab for those on the doctorate track. She hopes to work Derek out of her system while enjoying some much needed sexual stimulation.

Dr. Derek Link has been itching to get his hands on the quiet, sexy Chemistry professor. He can't believe his luck when she signs up to be his lab. But one night isn't enough and Mina won't admit they can have something a lot more long term.

And when one of the students recognizes Mina, her heart isn't the only thing on the line. With her career in the hands of a blackmailer, and her heart begging to trust Derek, she's beginning to think the lab was a very bad idea.

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