



HEROES & HARLOTS

Nadia Aidan

EVERY DESIRE

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Every Desire

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *total-e-burning*.

Heroes and Harlots

EVERY DESIRE

Nadia Aidan

Chapter One

Redemption, Nevada, 1883

"You have two days to close down your whorehouse or else I'm throwing you in jail."

Madam Montgomery LaCroix's kid boots kicked up a swirling cloud of dust as she stomped all the way down Main Street towards the Sheriff's Office.

Clutching the offensive letter in her hand, she was so mad that she barely noticed the townspeople of Redemption openly gaping at her. As the Madam of the only brothel in town, she was either on the receiving end of barely veiled disdain, or openly perverted lust, which was the main reason why she kept to herself and rarely ventured into town. Today she had no choice. The new sheriff had declared war on her and her establishment leaving her no other option but to defend her livelihood.

When she reached the Sheriff's Office, she saw the wooden panelled door was slightly ajar, and she didn't even bat an eye as she kicked it in, sending it slamming against the wall.

The two deputies on duty jumped out of their seats, their hands cupping the revolvers that hung low on their hips as they stared at her in wide eyed confusion.

"I need to speak with Sherriff Kincaid right now, boys!" Her gaze darted between Deputy Reynolds and Deputy Scott. They stood there shivering in their boots at the anger that radiated from her petite body like steam off a pond on a hot summer day. Both deputies were frequent visitors to her establishment. She wondered how they felt about the new sheriff coming into town and trying to shut her down.

"Good mornin'. What can we do for you Miz LaCroix?"

"Reynolds, there's nothing you can do for me except take your hide into the back and drag that no good sonofabitch you call a Sheriff out here."

"M—miz LaCroix. Please calm y—yourself. The Sh—"

"Reynolds. Don't make me ask you again," she snapped at the stuttering man. She almost felt sorry for him. Everyone knew she had a helluva temper, and she knew the young deputies didn't want to tangle with her when she was mad enough to spit nails. She also

realised they didn't want to upset their new boss either by throwing him to her mercy when she was as mad as she was.

Taking pity on the poor boys, she decided to just skip the middlemen entirely.

"Oh, forget it. I'll go find him my damned self." She lifted her long skirts and marched around them before they could stop her. She then stomped her way towards another room in the back of the office where she knew they kept the jail, but drew up short when a hulking giant of a man stepped through the doorway, effectively blocking her path.

"Reynolds and Scott, can you give me and the lady the room?"

While the deputies scurried from there like wild mice, Montgomery tilted her head back to get her first good look at the new sheriff. *Good Lord!* She'd heard whispers from her girls that the man was handsome, but she'd let those same whispers roll off her back. Handsome men were a dime a dozen. And most of them were cruel, selfish men, who didn't much know a damn about pleasing a woman even if they wanted to. Still, the man that stood before her was so far beyond handsome that it should've been a holy sin. His raven hair hung like a sheet down his back, framing the harsh planes of his gorgeous sun-bronzed face. Half white and Indian, the sheriff was the perfect embodiment of his mixed heritage, and she stood there drowning in his sea green eyes as a slow heat ignited between her thighs to fan out across her skin.

"You must be Miz LaCroix."

She nearly shot up outta her boots when the deep timbre of his voice snapped her back to the present, reminding her why she was there in the first place. A fresh wave of anger roiled inside of her. Men were manipulative bastards. Long ago, she'd learned that the hard way and that thought was enough to cool her budding desire like a bucket of ice water being dumped over her head.

"What can I do for you ma'am?"

"Don't play the fool with me, Sheriff," she seethed as she lifted her fist that held the crumpled letter and threw the slip of paper at his broad chest. "You have no authority to issue such a threat to me or my business."

Wayne Kincaid folded his muscular arms across his chest, and she fought hard not to trace the lines of his corded muscles that strained against his dark blue plaid shirt.

"I realise how upsetting this must be, but I was elected Sheriff because the people are looking to clean up their image in order to attract more residents. As a businesswoman, I'm sure you can appreciate that."

"Don't try to patronise me, Kincaid. I did not become the wealthiest coloured woman in all of Nevada because I was stupid. Try to shut me down, and I'll sue your ass for every measly penny you own."

The sheriff's face hardened and he stood up straighter, if that was even possible. She didn't flinch when he stepped forward, his muscular chest within an inch of her breasts that were thrust out by her low cut bodice.

"Do not threaten me, Miz LaCroix or you'll find yourself in jail before your two days are up —"

"Oh, just go an' fuck yerself! In the three months you've been here, you've never once set foot into *Every Desire*, yet you come in here with your high and mighty morals trying to close down something you know nothing about —"

"Oh, I can imagine what goes on at that little brothel of yours." He snorted. "If you've fucked one whore, then you've fucked them all. It's all the same Miz LaCroix. Nothing special about what you and your girls do out there."

She steeled herself from visibly cringing at his derisive tone and harsh words. She'd been called worse many times before. She closed the small distance that separated them, her breasts flattening against the solid wall of his chest. A thrill of triumph surged through her when he drew in a sharp breath. All men craved the same thing, even when they didn't want to.

"You know you can't shut me down, just as I know you plan to harass me until you do, so why don't we make a little deal. Come visit *Every Desire*, and spend some time with one of my girls, on the house. Then let me know if you still want to close me down." Her voice was low as she said the words on a soft purr, and to her delight she was treated to the feel of his delectable cock brushing against her waist as it began to stir to life.

Grasping her shoulders with both hands, she expected him to shove her away, but to her surprise he drew her even closer, nearly lifting her off her feet.

"A tempting offer, Miz LaCroix —" Her body tingled where he touched her and she valiantly fought to tamp down her arousal. What in damnation was he doing to her? She was a professional — trained in the art of seducing men. They almost never had an effect on her.

Still gripping her shoulders, he set her away from him then and she almost groaned in protest.

“ – very tempting indeed, but that’s one offer I’m going to have to pass on.” He stepped around her and she followed his every movement until he reached the door, tugged it open and stood off to the side. “You now have less than two days, Miz LaCroix. I suggest you either start thinking about new job options or how you want to spend your time locked up in my jail.”

Sheriff Wayne “Ravenclaw” Kincaid released the breath he didn’t realise he was holding when Madam Montgomery LaCroix stormed out of his office.

He wished he’d had the strength to hold his breath a little longer because the scent of her jasmine perfume hovered in the air and filled his aching lungs, which caused a curious stirring of his cock within the confines of his jeans.

LaCroix certainly lived up to every rumour – and then some. She was a feisty, foul mouthed, smart as they came, little whore, and she was probably the most beautiful woman on this side of the Missouri.

As the image of her ripe, full breasts spilling over her obscenely low bodice flashed in his head, a strangled moan tore past his lips and his cock grew even harder. She was way too ornery to be so deliciously tempting. The moment he laid eyes on her, he wanted to bend her over his desk, raise her petticoats and discover if she was as hot a ride as every man in Redemption swore she was.

As erotic as that picture was, the thought of every man in Redemption having her was enough to cool his lusts – somewhat.

He’d heard that she didn’t take customers anymore. That is if you weren’t wealthy and willing to pay a king’s ransom for just one night with her. He could easily see why a man would sell every parcel of land he owned for one night in her bed. To possess the wanton temptress, with skin the colour of a fading sunset and the body of a luscious goddess would probably be as close to heaven as any man could ever get and still be alive.

Had this been another time, before life had dealt him a raw deal, he would have sampled the delights that she and *Every Desire* offered. But not now. He knew all too well how the pleasures of the flesh could corrupt even the noblest soul, and he was far from noble.

He'd been brought to Redemption to help erase the blight on the town's reputation. Founded in 1842 by a group of ex-convicts, Redemption was heralded as a haven for all those searching for a place where they could redeem their souls. At first, the town had attracted many of the outcasts of society, but now it was changing, and more and more people were coming to Redemption in search of gold in the West. With the influx of people from all walks of life, the town was starting to evolve in many ways, and unfortunately Madam LaCroix's business stood in the way of that progress.

Despite his threat to close her down, he really didn't mind her keeping her little whorehouse, but she had to move it outside the city boundaries of Redemption, which was something that Montgomery LaCroix had no intention of doing.

He understood her position, but he was only doing his job. He had no intention of backing down on this either. *Every Desire* could not stay where it was now. So she really only had a couple of choices. She could either move her whorehouse or he would close her down, right after he made her a permanent fixture in his jail.

* * * *

"You got to be shittin' me!" Montgomery was certain steam was pouring from her ears as mad as she was.

"I'm sorry Miz LaCroix, but the Sheriff is in the right. According to the town ordinance, no establishment can operate within the city limits that is larger than one and a half acres—"

"But it's only two acres! Not even that if you just count the manor house."

Winston Delanger twisted his hat between his wrinkled fingers, as he tipped his head back to keep his looking glasses from toppling off his face. "Yes, the main house sits on just a scant bit of your property, but with the ranch and the farm—well..."

His voice trailed off causing Montgomery to let out a long hiss as the weight of Delanger's words settled over her. He didn't even need to finish. They both knew what this meant. The sheriff had won.

"I'm sorry, Montgomery. When you decide to move, I will handle all of the legal proceedings on your behalf, if you wish."

She flashed him a weak smile. The elderly Delanger had been her attorney for over a decade, and he was one of the few men she actually respected. He'd taken her on as a client when no other lawyer in the city would, and she would be forever grateful to him because of that.

"Thank you, Winston," she said as she ushered him towards the front door. "I appreciate everything."

His eyes were full of sympathy as he dipped his head in a courteous nod before he crossed through the doorway and disappeared down the stairs.

Closing the door slowly, she spun around and made her way across her parlour room in four easy strides. Dropping down onto the plush settee, she released a long breath as she leaned her head back and closed her eyes.

"It's not like you to give up so easily."

A small smile tugged at the corners of her lips and she opened her eyes to meet the disapproving blue gaze of her closest and dearest friend, Cherie Launbauer.

Just two years younger than she, Cherie was one of her most popular girls at *Every Desire* with her smooth creamy skin, midnight tresses, quick wit, and bawdy humour. A rare combination of beauty and brains, Cherie understood her better than probably anyone else in the world.

"You heard Mr. Winston. What can I possibly do? The Sheriff is within the law to close us down."

Sweeping her skirts aside, Cherie dropped down onto the settee beside her.

"He's a man, and you're one of the best whores in Nevada. Use the obvious to trap him and your brain to outsmart him." A wicked gleam twinkled in her crystal clear, blue eyes as she grinned. "After all, that is what you do best."

Montgomery chuckled at her saucy words. "But I haven't worked in over a year."

"So! Doesn't mean you've forgotten how to seduce a man."

Another sigh escaped her lips as she leaned her head back again. "It's not that. I do remember what seduction entails. It's just that I don't think he is a man that can be easily seduced. To be honest, I don't think he can be seduced at all with his iron clad morality."

Montgomery's gaze snapped to Cherie at the sound of her soft melodic voice humming with laughter. "Every man can be seduced—" she held up her hand when Montgomery opened her mouth to protest, "—maybe not physically, for a select *few* that

cannot be the only lure. But every man wants something. You just have to figure out what that something is."

With the grace of an elegant courtesan, Cherie slid to her feet to tower over her.

"I need to go and get ready for a guest, but think on what I said. *Every* man can be seduced if you figure out what it is that he wants the most. And honey, if you don't want to lose everything you've worked so hard for then you need to find out what it is that Sheriff Kincaid desires the most—and then give it to him."

* * * *

Two days later, Montgomery had yet to discover what it was the handsome sheriff desired the most, but what she *had* discovered was a loop hole in the city ordinance. She reckoned that was the reason why he was banging on her front door, interrupting her supper.

At one time, she'd had a butler but she found she liked to know firsthand who was coming and going, so she let him go. As she ambled towards the door, she reconsidered that decision for the first time. It would've been real nice to have someone stall for her.

She opened the door slowly, her gaze landing on the sheriff, whose green eyes flashed sparks of lighting at her

"Finally decided to take me up on that offer, Sheriff?"

"Don't play coy with me, Madam." He raised his hand high in the air, his fist crushing a single piece of paper. "What's the meaning of this?"

"Would you like to come *inside* and discuss this?" He raised a single brow, but didn't move, and she knew immediately why he hesitated.

"Look Sheriff, unless you want to be the subject of gossip, I suggest we discuss this somewhere else *besides* on my doorstep." That seemed to spur him forward and she stepped aside to allow him in before turning to lead the way to her private chambers.

Her personal chambers included her bedroom, bathing room and a small parlour where she sometimes entertained guests.

Many expected her private rooms to be adorned in red silks and black velvet and lace—the ultimate whore's room. But Montgomery had always been partial to pastels, so her rooms were decorated in a dusky rose and soft cream. Everywhere one looked there were

images of pink roses and white lilies, even her windows were framed by drapes adorned with tiny petals.

When she heard Kincaid draw in a low breath she knew he was just as stunned as all of her other guests usually were. Although, the soft colours aroused one's sensual nature, there was nothing remotely sexual about her place of solitude. Her sanctuary was a testament to her femininity, not her sexuality.

"Now what can I do for you, Sheriff?" She asked after she closed the door to her parlour giving them the privacy she'd promised. Friday night was a busy time for *Every Desire* and the place was teeming with guests. She'd told Kincaid the truth—he would be the subject of some nasty gossip if he remained there on her doorstep.

"You're not going to get away with this."

Crossing her arms beneath her breasts, she levelled him with a hard stare. "Seems I already have. Besides, I'm just returning the favour. Doesn't feel too good to be caught unawares with a note."

He glowered at her. "You weren't caught unawares. You had plenty of warning."

Montgomery let out her most inelegant and unladylike snort. "Two weeks is not plenty of warning."

"As soon as I came here I laid out my plans for the town in the Gazette. That was months ago. You had more than enough time to pack this place up and move it elsewhere."

She narrowed her gaze at him as anger began to bubble up inside her. She hated men like him—always barking out orders for people to follow while not quite comprehending the enormity of the order. He expected her to so easily pack up her business and move it just like that. He didn't seem to realise the cost and effort such an endeavour would take.

"What did you think I was gonna do when you put that article in the Gazette? Just jump like a dog to your command, or better yet roll over like a good whore without a word? I bet you would've liked that. I guess you didn't reckon I'd put up such a fight. To you, this is nothing," she said as she swept her hand in the air to encompass the entire room. "But to me, it is everything. I have poured way too much into building this place to let you tear it down without a fuckin' bloody fight."

Wayne stared at Montgomery with a mixture of shock, awe, and even the tiniest bit of admiration. Her face was flushed a deep crimson and her brown gaze sizzled with molten fire. He respected her determination, even if it was causing him a helluva headache.

Closing the distance between them, he held her charged gaze as he spoke softly. "I have some land. It's right on the other side of the city limits, not even a quarter mile out, and it's less than a half of mile from here."

She shrugged. "Old man Patterson's property. I already knew that you bought his ranch. We're practically neighbours. So what?"

"His house is still in good condition and with my duties as the Sheriff I have no use for such a large spread. What if I sold you the land that the house is on? That would be a fair compromise, don't cha think?"

She sucked her teeth. "Why would I buy your place and move my business when now I don't have to. You know that's not a fair compromise at all. The only reason why I would even *consider* your offer is if you financed my entire move and *gave* me that land."

He gritted his teeth to keep from angrily shouting at her that she was a crazy loon. She was asking far too much, and she knew it, but she'd gone and turned the tables on him. Her silly lawyer had found a small clause in the city ordinance that allowed for a business sitting on more than one and a half acres to exist within the city limits as long as it didn't have more than fifteen workers. She had just fourteen, if you didn't count her.

"Alright, woman. I'll give you the damned land *and* finance your move if you promise to take this brothel outside of the city proper."

She arched a single eyebrow as she seemed to consider his words. She knew as well as he did that he'd offered her a good deal – the damndest good deal she'd ever get. He would get her brothel outside of the city limits as he'd promised the townsfolk, and she wouldn't have to pay a nickel to move, yet she wouldn't be so far from the city that it hurt her business. Just far enough so that *Every Desire* wasn't such an eyesore.

"It's not enough," she said finally.

"What!" He was sure his eyes bugged out of his face. She was trying to bleed him dry. He was pretty well off, but he'd be damned if he let her milk him for all he had. What else could the whore possibly want?

"Madam, that's a good deal and you know it –"

"It is a good deal. Never said it wasn't. But I want one more thing to sweeten the pot."

He could barely contain his anger as he glared at the greedy woman. "And that would be?" he bit out.

She curled her lips into a wicked grin and he knew that he was in trouble.

"I want you."

Chapter Two

“What!”

“You heard me, Sheriff. I want you – for three whole nights. You want me to move, you’re gonna have to work for it –” her eyes flashed with mischief as she grinned, “ – like good whores do.”

“I ought ta –”

“Those are my terms, Sheriff. Three nights, that’s it,” she said with the snap of her fingers.

Fury raced through his veins, but he didn’t know whether to curse her or stomp out of there as if he hadn’t heard a word. The whore wanted him to play the *whore*. It would have been laughable, had it not been *him*.

“How do you expect me to keep the respect of the townsfolk once they find out I’m out here cavorting with you?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know, Sheriff, but that’s not my problem. That’s yours.”

“And what if I say no?”

“I think you already know what’ll happen if you do that.”

He took a step towards her, bringing his body within inches of hers. “And what if I say yes? How do I know you’ll keep your end of the bargain?”

“I’ll have my attorney draw up a contract for both of us to sign. I’m a woman of my word, Kincaid. If you last three nights, then I’ll move.”

If he could last? What the hell was she up to? “Oh trust me, Madam. I’ll last,” he whispered hotly, his face only inches from hers. He took another step forward, and when she started to move backwards, he shot out a single arm to snake around her waist. Drawing her up against him, he held her flush against his body so that she could easily feel every hardened muscle of his frame. He wanted her to realise what she’d gotten herself into. She may be a skilled whore, but he was far from the boys and wimps she was apparently used to playing with and bossing around. He was a man – in every way.

Her eyes widened as her full lips parted slightly and he knew the moment she realised that maybe she’d bitten off more than she could chew.

"You have a deal, Madam. For three nights, I'm yours. We'll see who can last 'til the end."

Montgomery stared at the doorway of her parlour long after Sheriff Kincaid's broad back disappeared through it. *What had she gotten herself into?*

Her skin still tingled everywhere his body had touched hers, leaving her breathless. She fanned her face, trying to keep the heat from spreading all over her. It was no use. Her body throbbed and ached everywhere.

Sinking onto her settee, she ran her hands across the soft suede, enjoying the feel of the material caressing her fingers. She wondered if Kincaid's skin would feel like this beneath her hands, firm and hard, yet soft as kid leather.

Heat swirled in her belly at the thought of the handsome sheriff, with his roughened skin, and sparkling eyes, and she parted her thighs beneath the layers of her full gown as sticky wetness gathered at her core.

Pushing up her gown, she slid her hand down her body and slipped it inside her drawers. As she began to softly stroke the tiny bud at the centre of her pussy, she knew then that she was in trouble. No man had ever left her body in such a state of heightened arousal that she thought she would die if she didn't find immediate release. Her ex-husband had been a skilful lover, but even he hadn't possessed this type of power over her body, and she'd been wildly in love with him before he'd turned into a bastard. The knowledge that she wanted Kincaid so fiercely sent a sliver of fear down her spine, but that wasn't enough to make her reconsider their bargain and certainly not enough to cool her lusts as a searing bolt of lightning sizzled across her skin.

A sharp moan tore past her lips, and she closed her eyes as she imagined the Sheriff's hands all over her burning flesh. Lost so deeply in her fantasy, she could almost feel his callused hands cupping her breasts and teasing the nipples to hardened peaks before he would dip his head to draw her sensitive flesh inside the moist, hot cavern of his mouth. She arched her back as she strummed her clit faster, while her juices poured from her swollen slit.

Her breath began coming in choppy pants as her spread legs started to tremble. A wave of heat surged through her and she nearly exploded in orgasm when the image of a gloriously naked Kincaid materialised behind her closed lids. She saw him so vividly hovering above her, his muscles straining as he positioned the steel length of his cock at her wet opening. He thrust his hips forward then, burying his hard flesh inside her aching cunt,

stretching her as he filled her completely. She cried out as the first tremors of her orgasm jolted her back further off the settee, and she arched upwards.

In the deep recesses of her lust-fogged mind, she vaguely wondered if just the simple act of him entering her could bring her to climax. She knew that if it did, he would curl his lips into a cocky grin full of male satisfaction. There was something about that handsome grin that turned her on even more and she found herself tumbling over the edge as she gave in completely to the overwhelming rush of her orgasm.

Tendrils of warmth fanned out from her pussy to tease every sensitive nerve in her entire body. Not one inch of her was left unscathed as her nipples tingled and her fingertips went numb from the onslaught of sensations pulsing inside her.

She came for what felt like forever, as liquid heat gushed from her pussy to stain the delicate fabric beneath her buttocks. Shudders rocked her small frame for a long time after the euphoria of her orgasm faded.

When she finally opened her eyes all she could do was stare up at the ceiling with a mixture of shock and trepidation.

If her fantasies of the sheriff were this hot, then what would he do to her in the flesh? Her body ached to know exactly, but her sharp senses told her the sheriff would turn out to be nothing but trouble.

Big trouble.

* * * *

The desert could be harsh and unforgiving during the day with its scorching hot sun, and arid, parched earth, but the nights were no better. As soon as the sun set, bone chilling cold would descend on the unwelcoming land that could freeze a man to death in a single night. A person had to be tough to survive in the western frontier, because the land showed no mercy.

Wayne shivered as he stood on the other side of the door to *Every Desire*. As cold as it was outside, he wanted to blame his goose bumps on the weather, but he knew the truth. It was the woman inside that had his gut twisted into knots.

He'd signed her little contract that morning and now he was hers for three whole nights. It had been so long since he'd taken a woman to his bed, he should've been rejoicing

that he had a willing woman who wouldn't pester him for marriage when the deed was done. He knew most men would kill to be in his boots, but he wasn't most men.

Montgomery may be the Madam, but he'd been party to enough wanton behaviour in his thirty-three years to last him a lifetime. Montgomery reminded him too much of the women from his past, a past he wanted to leave buried. As much as his body craved the exotic temptress, his mind screamed at him not to go down this road again. With a woman like her, he couldn't be certain if he would be able to control his nature, and that's what scared him. His baser urges had nearly cost him his life and he promised himself if he survived he would never give in to the temptation again. He never expected to find himself entangled with a woman such as Montgomery again, but here he was.

He raised his hand to clasp the brass knocker, but before he could grab it, the door swung open.

"What are you waiting out here for cowboy? I saw you ride up long time ago."

Removing his Stetson, he nodded politely as he stepped inside, trying to keep the smile off his face. He had a feeling the Madam wasn't a patient woman. He wondered how long it would take before she came looking for him.

As soon as the door closed behind him he noticed how quiet the place was.

"Where are all your customers?" He asked as he followed behind her towards her private chambers.

She shot him a saucy grin from over her shoulder, before she twisted back around. "It's Sunday, Sheriff. Even the most unholy sinners respect the Lord enough not to visit a whorehouse on this one day."

"Yeah? So what does that say 'bout me?"

She stepped aside to let him enter her parlour room, before she closed and locked the door behind them, with a mischievous smile on her face.

"I don't think you have to fear the Lord today, Sheriff, because you don't have to pay for what I'm offering. For you, cowboy. It's free."

He bit his tongue to keep from reminding her that it was the other way around. Today it was *her* that was getting him for free.

"Before we get to the good part, I wanna go over some rules."

Rules? He arched an eyebrow, but didn't say a word as he waited for her to continue.

"First, if I say stop, you betta' stop. I won't have you doing anything to me that I don't want, understand?"

Oh, she was in for a surprise. He wagered she was used to barking out commands, even to her paying customers. He wondered if she even knew how much pleasure could be found in giving up control.

He kept his mouth shut though as he simply nodded. He couldn't *tell* her any of what he was thinking because she would automatically resist. This was something he would have to *show* her.

"Second, you do what I command you to do. Don't go gettin' creative. I know what I like and what I don't like."

Oh, this was going to be even more fun than he'd first imagined. They would see how much she liked his brand of creativity.

"Anything else?"

"Yes. No kissing."

That was unexpected. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me, Sheriff. Kissing is about love. This here has nothing to do with love. This here is about fuckin'."

"You mean to tell me you never kiss your *guests*?"

"No. If they want to be kissed they can go to someone else. I've never had any complaints before." A wicked gleam lit up her chestnut brown eyes then. "Besides, there are so many other pleasurable places on the body to kiss. Who really misses the mouth?"

"Fair enough," he said with a slight nod as he set his hat down on a nearby end table. While he didn't agree with Montgomery's last rule, he understood it completely. A real kiss, done right, could completely subdue a woman. He'd subdued many women with just a kiss, and he planned to do the same with Montgomery, but not now. That would have to be the last thing he did. By the time he was done with her, she would be begging to feel the press of his lips against hers.

"Now that we're clear on the rules—I want to see you naked."

"Take off your clothes, Sheriff," she said when he didn't move fast enough.

He hesitated for just a moment longer, before he dipped his head slowly. She fought for her next breath as one by one his strong, lean fingers undid the buttons of his shirt to reveal a perfectly defined, broad chest, with just a sprinkling of dark hair.

She bit back a gasp when he pulled the shirt from his pants and let it slip down his arms to fall to the floor. Everywhere she looked she was treated to the sight of bronzed muscles. He was a man used to hard work and his body was a testament to this.

She was so fixated on the sight of his chiselled torso and taut middle, that she didn't even realise he'd undone his jeans until he pushed them down his long, hard legs and kicked them aside.

"Oh, Lord. You're not wearing any undergarments." At the sight of his large, proud cock jutting out from its nest of dark, curly hair, she nearly swooned. Her fantasies had certainly not done him any justice.

"Why bother with long johns when I knew I was just going to take them right off." The dimple in his left cheek winked at her as he sauntered in her direction wearing nothing but a wily grin.

"What are you doing? I didn't tell you to move."

Despite her words, he didn't stop until he stood before her. Irritation flared inside her. Didn't she just tell him the rules? This wasn't going to work if he refused to listen to her.

"Already, you're breaking the rules, Sheriff. That doesn't please me."

"You have no idea what will please you, but I plan to show you."

There was something about the way he said those words and the look in his eyes that made her feel as if he was the predator and she his prey. She took a step backward, but only put an inch between them before he whipped his arm out to curl around her waist and drag her body against his. She was so stunned by how effortlessly he seized control of the situation that she just stood there open-mouthed.

"You have your rules, and I have mine. And one of em' is that you will stop calling me *Sheriff*. You can call me either Wayne or Cade, doesn't matter. When you're coming and you can't help but scream out my name, it better be one of those two. Do *you* understand?"

"Awfully presumptuous of you to think you can make me come, She—Cade."

He quirked his lips into a cocky grin. "I wouldn't be here if you thought I couldn't."

She had a saucy retort on the tip of her tongue, but before she could even part her lips he lifted her into his arms, carried her into the bedroom and then dumped her onto her bed in a flurry of skirts and petticoats.

“What the fuck —”

Her next words stuck in her throat when he pushed her legs apart and shoved her skirts to her waist.

“Ahh, no undergarments either? Perfect. That makes my job easier.”

She wanted to snap at him, that calling her a *job* wasn't much appreciated, but all thought flew from her head when he lowered his head between her thighs and stroked his tongue through the already moist folds of her pussy.

Closing her eyes, she groaned low in her throat as he slowly teased her by sliding his tongue back and forth between her slit, before plunging inside her wet core. Over and over he did this until she was nothing but a quivering mass of limp noodles.

Every nerve in her body was charged with energy as she hovered on the precipice of climax. She thought he would hold her suspended there, keeping her just out of range of orgasm, but then his hot lips latched on to her clit and he sucked hard.

“Oh, Cade!” She screamed as she tangled her hands in his silky hair, holding his face imprisoned between her thighs. He was merciless as he sucked on her tiny nub, easily dragging her to the brink of orgasm, before abruptly releasing it, sending her body once again retreating from the edge. “Cade, I need you to make me come.”

She shivered when he chuckled softly, the tiny vibrations sweeping over her.

“I can make you come, but you have to beg me. Beg me to make you come, Montgomery.”

She lifted her head to glare at him. “No.”

He held her angry gaze as he flicked his tongue out to play with her stiffened bud. It was the most erotic sight she'd ever seen — to watch him as he pleased her with his mouth. That was almost her undoing, but she found the willpower from some place inside of her to resist his demands.

“I do not beg for anyone. You're here to please me as I command.”

He seemed unfazed by her words as the stroking of his tongue grew rougher, applying more pressure to her clit. She bit back a moan, even as her legs began to quiver.

“Beg for it, Montgomery. You know you want to —”

"No," she said on a strangled moan. *What was he doing to her?* He had her so wound up that she was even tempted to give in.

"Ahhhh!" She screamed out in frustration when he pulled his mouth away.

"You will not come unless you beg."

White hot fury sliced through her and she instantly saw red. She knew men like Cade. He couldn't get off unless he was controlling a woman. Well, she wasn't keen on being controlled.

"Get out."

She grew even more incensed when instead of moving he simply grinned at her before diving back in.

"Ohhhh. No. I—told—you—to—leave," she said on breathless pants as he devoured her with his skilful mouth.

Hot, sticky wetness rushed from her and she felt her climax building inside her again as he rotated her clit between his lips.

"Cade!" She cried out in a mixture of tortured pleasure when the first wave of her climax hit her at the same time he pulled away.

"Beg me." He growled out.

Something dark and dangerous flashed in his gaze and she knew then that he would never give her the release she craved if she didn't give in. She also knew that she could tell him a thousand times to leave and he would never make it to the door because he would simply fuck her with his hot mouth until she changed her mind. She'd never felt more trapped in her entire life and she cursed herself for not recognising Cade's true nature before she'd invited him into her bed.

"Beg, Montgomery. I want to hear you beg me."

"Fuck you, Cade!"

Instead of answering her, he resumed his sweet torture. She knew she wouldn't last the night if he kept this up. Warmth churned in her belly as she felt herself once again respond to his masterful touch.

"Damn you," she cried out on a hoarse moan as she finally accepted that she would have to give him what he wanted if she was to get what she wanted.

He seemed to realise he had her, because he tugged harder on her clit, sending slivers of heat skimming across her sweat slick flesh. Her legs began to shake again, and she knew if he pulled away this time she would surely die.

He spread her thighs even wider and buried his face deeper between her legs as he ate her pussy like a starving man.

She gripped the back of his head with both hands, her fingers twisting in his soft mane. She was so close, she could feel it, and she knew he did too.

Before he could move away from her again, she found herself saying the last words she ever expected to hear coming from her mouth.

"I need to come, Cade. *Please*, make me come." The words were barely out her mouth when he nipped gently at her clit. Every inch of her was one big nerve ending and the slight pressure was enough to send her body hurling over the edge.

She screamed out his name as violent shudders coursed through her until she exploded. Her orgasm was so strong that she swore she saw golden fireworks when she closed her eyes. Spasms shook her entire body as she poured her essence into his mouth. He drank from between her thighs, lapping up her juices long after she collapsed against the bed, spent.

While she struggled to drag in a breath of fresh air, Cade continued to play with her swollen pussy as he stroked his tongue along the seam and circled her clit with the tip. He did this for a long while before he finally stood to his feet to tower over her.

She stared up at him, her mind still clouded from the haze of her climax.

"What?" She finally asked, when he just stood there wearing a smug grin.

"Was that so hard after all?"

She knew what he was referring to, but she didn't speak on it, instead she said, "I should kick you out."

"But you won't."

"How can you be so sure?" She wanted to wipe that self-satisfied grin off his face, but she couldn't because in some way he deserved to boast just a little. That was by far one of the strongest, most memorable orgasms she'd ever had.

"You won't kick me out because you're a woman of your word. Besides, don't you want to find out who's gonna last 'til the end?"

She rolled off the bed to stand to her feet as she furled her lips into a small smile. "Oh I already know who's gonna last 'til the end."

"Oh really?"

"Uh huh."

"Don't be so sure of yourself, Madam. You may find yourself pleasantly surprised."

Chapter Three

A secret smile teased the edges of her mouth and he wondered what thoughts were brewing in her head as she turned her back to him.

She hadn't been pleased that he'd forced her to beg, and he had no doubt that if she got the opportunity she would turn the tables on him, but he had no intention of letting that happen. Whether Montgomery realised it or not, he'd started them down on a single path and there was no turning back now.

"Undo my corset," she whispered seductively, her voice wrapping around him like velvet.

Without a word, he undid the hook and eye closures of her black corset, letting it fall to the floor when he was done. With her back still to him, he followed her every move as she wriggled out of her skirt and then her petticoat.

Wearing nothing but her chemise and black stockings, she started to spin around but with his firm hand at her waist, he held her still. Sliding his hand around to rest against her belly, he stepped forward at the same time he nudged her backward, so that her entire body pressed against his.

He bit back a low groan at the feel of her lush backside against him. He ached to smack his palm against her cheeks until they glowed a fiery red, but she wasn't ready for that just yet. But later.

Dipping his head to the curve of her slender neck, he slid his finger beneath the skinny strap of her chemise.

"Allow me," he said in a hushed whisper.

She hissed out a low breath at the same time she nodded slowly. A small smile tugged at his lips. She wanted him again. He could feel the heightened energy around them as the scent of her arousal hung in the air.

He twirled her around slowly and backed her towards the bed. When the backs of her knees connected with the edge, he released her so that she could sit down.

"Scoot back. Further," he added. He waited as she positioned herself until just her feet hung over the edge. "Now lean back on your elbows and bend your legs—"

"When did you start giving the orders, cowboy?"

He fought back his grin when she did exactly as he commanded even though she protested.

He wanted to tell her that he'd been the one giving the orders all along, she just didn't realise it, but instead he said, "Do you have a problem with anything I've asked you to do?"

She snorted. "Besides commanding me to beg?"

He forced himself not to roll his eyes at her surly pout. "Yes, besides that. I'm talking about right now. Is there anything I'm asking you to do that you don't *want* to?"

"Well, no –"

"Then trust me." He said quietly, his eyes never leaving hers. He needed to know that she trusted him. She had to believe that he would never do anything she didn't want him to do for this to work. When she nodded slowly, he finally released a low sigh of relief.

Without another word, he slid his hands along the length of her shapely legs, encased in sheer black stockings. He ran his hands all the way to her upper thighs, bunching the chemise near her hips, before he slowly dragged his hands back down to carefully roll down one stocking until he was able to slip it from her small foot. Setting the stocking aside, he did the same with her other leg.

His pace was unhurried, and he delighted in the sound of her soft sighs as he teased his fingers across her bare skin.

Setting the other stocking down on the bed, he stroked his palms along her legs until he reached her hips. With aching slow movements, he pushed the garment past her rounded belly, and over her breasts until it couldn't go any further. As if on cue, she lifted her arms and he quickly pulled the chemise from over her head and flung it aside.

A few tendrils of her dark, curly hair escaped her bun, framing her lovely face like a halo. He grinned at that thought. She possessed the brain of a cutthroat businesswoman, the body of a whore, but the face of an angel.

He raked his gaze over her body then, further confirming his last thought. Unencumbered by the corset, her lush breasts spilled forth to tempt him. Raising himself up on the bed he covered her lower body with his, and held himself up by his elbows as he dipped his head to draw one of her tempting peaks into his mouth.

She let out a long moan as soon as his lips closed around her sensitive flesh. Lifting the weight of her other breast in his hand, he massaged the soft fullness, until her other nipple

stiffened. He transferred his attention to that one, sucking at the hardened flesh as he kneaded her other lush mound with his hand.

He continued to feast on her breasts, until she was panting and writhing beneath him.

He lifted his head for just a second to drink in the sight of her beautiful face with her eyes shut tight, her lips parted slightly and her cheeks stained a deep cherry red. He'd always enjoyed the sight of a woman in the throes of passion.

Cupping one fleshy globe again, he massaged it slowly, while he slid his other hand down the side of his body where he left her stocking.

In one smooth motion, born out of years of practise, he seized her wrists in a single hand, wrapped one end of the stocking around them four times, and secured the other end to the brass headboard with a tight knot.

He knew the moment she emerged from her haze of lust because she let loose a string of curses that would have singed the hairs off a lesser man's chest.

"What the hell do you think you're doing? Untie me this instant!"

She twisted frantically beneath him as her cheeks grew redder. He expected her to be angry. What he never expected was to see fear in her eyes.

He reached out a hand to cup her face, dragging her full attention to him.

"Montgomery," he said softly. She stilled then, apparently hearing the tenderness in his voice. "I need you to trust me."

"You never said anything about tying me up. Besides, I don't trust *any* man, Cade. You included."

"You may not completely trust me, at least not *now*. But you know I would never hurt you, right?"

He ran his thumb back and forth across her full lips as he waited for her to answer him. He glimpsed the thunderous storm raging in her dark gaze. He figured being tied up made her feel powerless, vulnerable even. And he was sure at some point in her past, some man had taken advantage of her vulnerability and abused his power. But he sensed she *knew* he was not that kind of man. He could tell she *wanted* to trust him, but it was fear that held her back.

Lowering his head to the crook of her neck, he trailed his tongue across her soft skin, as he inhaled the scent of jasmine in her hair.

"Let me love you, Montgomery, as you should be. A man who hurts a woman, is not a real man. I would never hurt you. Trust me, and I'll show you how sweet it can be to give up control to a *real* man."

Her body shuddered beneath his and when she whispered his name, he didn't mistake the small note of surrender he heard in her voice. It was barely there, but it was there nonetheless.

He rewarded her sweet surrender by raining kisses all over her body, tracing a pathway from her neck, all the way down to her toes and then back again until she was moaning beneath him, begging him to fuck her.

Holding himself above her on one elbow, he shifted to that side, to glide his fingers through the folds of her womanhood. When his fingers came away slick with her juices, he knew she was ready.

Settling between her thighs, he lifted her legs until the backs of her knees rested against his shoulders. Leaning over her, he positioned his stiff erection at her opening and slowly pressed his length inside her.

They locked gazes as he entered her body for the first time. He ached to lower his head and kiss her, but he knew he could only push her so far in one night. Instead, he settled for the intimate look that passed between them as he buried his cock inside her tight sheath.

"Are you alright?" he asked when he was nestled completely inside her.

He groaned when she nodded her head, causing her body to rock against him. It had been so long, and he'd denied himself release while he pleasured her with his mouth so every movement was torture. He knew he wouldn't last long, despite his wish to stretch this moment out for as long as he could.

He held himself still for several minutes as he let her body adjust to his size before he jerked his hips in a steady back and forth motion, sending his hard flesh tunnelling inside her on slow, deep thrusts.

Moans escaped her lips as she clenched her lids shut, and arched her back, thrusting her breasts higher into the air. The sight of her bound before him, her body his to do with what he pleased, sent shivers of heat roaring through his veins and he moved harder and faster against her, stroking inside her at a wild pace.

Her moans escalated into hoarse cries, as he pounded his length deep within her pussy, pushing past the tight walls of her sheath. Wet warmth surrounded him, coating his

dick as he thrust into her faster. His movements grew frenzied, and sweat dripped from his body onto hers, to mingle with the droplets that already dotted her dark caramel flesh.

“Cade! Oh Lord!”

He slammed into her harder, the sound of their sweat drenched skin echoing off the walls. His balls began to draw up closer to his body and his thrusts became animalistic as he pounded inside her, causing the bed to creak and the brass headboard to bang against the wall.

Closing his eyes, he clenched his teeth together as his climax welled up inside him.

“Montgomery!” He roared out her name at the same time he heard his own name tumble from her lips. Then he heard nothing else as blood pounded in his ears and he gave himself over to the power of his orgasm. A violent tremor jolted his body and he stiffened at the same time his cock erupted, pouring his seed deep inside her pussy. His essence completely drenched her channel until some spilled forth to trickle to the bed. He knew she came again when the muscles of her sheath tightened around him, drawing his climax out even longer as the evidence of their lovemaking blended together.

When he could no longer hold himself up, he released her legs and collapsed against her breasts. Sweat coated their bodies as their breathing came in short, harsh pants.

It was a long while before either one of them could move. He was the first to stir, mainly because he was the only one of them not bound. He lifted off her and easily untied her hands, leaving the stocking dangling from the bar. If he had his way, they would definitely need it again.

As soon as he released her wrists, he settled back down beside her and pulled her small frame into his arms. Already half asleep, she snuggled into the curve of his body. Holding her against him, he reared his head back just a fraction, to stare down into her sleeping face.

He felt a strange warmth pool in his belly at the same time an invisible fist closed around his heart. *What the hell!* He hadn't been expecting that. But he couldn't deny there was something about this woman that drew him in. He'd felt it the day she'd marched into his office, cursing up a blue streak.

The Madam was as tough as they came, but Montgomery was a vulnerable woman who carried deep scars from her past. The Madam and the woman, both intrigued him, but it was the latter that he'd seen tonight. She'd tried to be the Madam when he first arrived, but

she'd ended up revealing the woman to him, and now, foolish as it was, he wanted her to reveal more.

* * * *

Montgomery sat at her vanity, twisting her long hair into a single plait until it fell across one shoulder.

When she was done she stood and donned her gown, readying herself for bed.

"You did the right thing," she muttered to the empty walls of her bedroom. She knew she'd done the right thing, so why did her body curse her with every step she took towards her lonely, empty bed?

She'd had one of her girls deliver a note to the sheriff, just before supper, informing him that he was released from their contract. In the note, she promised to hold up her end of the bargain, and move *Every Desire* outside the city limits. She also indicated to him that her attorney would meet with him first thing Tuesday morning to go over the details.

Everything was all squared away. The sheriff would get what he wanted, and she would be free to cower inside her room away from the desires of a man who was apparently a true master at sexual dominance.

She'd been with men who pretended to know how to wield sexual power over a woman, but she'd exposed them for the frauds they were and in the end it was she who wound up in control. Cade was no fraud. Everything about him, from his skilful touch to his deep voice was a tool he wielded effortlessly as he commanded her body. She'd never been interested in giving her power over to a man in the bedroom, and at thirty-two years of age, she had no plans to start, no matter how good the sheriff was.

Cade had left her with no other choice but to terminate their contract. She could already see where this was headed. He'd already tied her up on the first night. Lord only knew what else he would do to her if she let him. A chill raced down her spine at that thought. Her needy body wanted to find out exactly what he would do, but her mind ignored the demands of her flesh. It was better this way. Better to get out now before he completely consumed her with his brand of lovemaking.

Montgomery moved towards her bed, all set to retire for the night, but stopped in midstride as the hushed sound of angry voices echoed on the other side of her parlour door.

Turning towards the door, she marched across the room and stuck out her hand to grasp the knob, but before she could grab it, the door crashed inward, banging against the wall.

A furious Cade stood there, his eyes flashing with anger, while Cherie stood behind him wearing a similar expression.

Montgomery was so stunned she couldn't even get a word out as Cade pushed his way inside with Cherie at his heels.

"I told the Sheriff you didn't want to see him."

"It's fine, Cherie. I'll handle him."

Cherie arched a single eyebrow as she shot Cade a wary look. "Are you sure? I'll shoot him if he hurts you."

"He's the Sheriff. That wouldn't be such a good idea," she said with a small grin.

"Don't matter. I hear one scream that don't sound like pleasure and he'll wind up with a bullet in his back." Cherie levelled Cade with a long hard stare, letting him know that she meant business, before she gathered her skirts in her hands and stomped out of the parlour, slamming the door behind her.

"Charming woman."

"She's only trying to protect me," she said, ignoring the sarcasm in his voice. "What are you doing here? Did you not get my no—"

"Your note?" He held up his right hand and flung the crumpled sheet of paper to the floor. "I got your note, but you ain't gonna get out of this that easily."

"Look cowboy, I made this bargain, so it's mine to break. Besides, I'll move like I promised you I would—"

Her next words died in her throat when he shot his hand out to drag her up against his firm, hard body. She let out a sharp gasp as her wanton body began to respond the warmth of his hard flesh.

"What happened to you being a woman of your word, huh?" He whispered huskily, his warm breath wafting out to caress her face.

"*I am* a woman of my word," she croaked out, feeling light-headed by the intimate contact. "I'm moving my brothel—"

"Right now, I don't care about where you move your damned brothel. I want my three nights with you like you promised—"

"Cade—"

"You promised," he said softly, his hushed words striking a chord somewhere deep inside her. She heard the longing in his voice, making her wonder if he now wanted this just as much as she seemed to.

"I don't like a man who needs to control me beneath the sheets, and that's what you want," she said finally, in answer to the question in his eyes.

Instead of being angry, as she'd expected, his green gaze twinkled like rare emeralds, before he lowered his head to the curve of her neck. She moaned low in her throat when he nipped at her neck before sweeping his tongue across the sensitive skin.

"I figured that's why you wanted to call this off, but it's too late to back out now." She didn't realise he'd backed them into her bedroom until she found herself sprawled across her bed. Why were her senses always so clouded around him? She knew he was half Indian. She wondered for the first time if maybe he'd put a spell on her.

"Cade, I'm not into being dominated," she said when he began to remove his clothes.

He didn't speak until he was completely naked, although she barely heard him over the pounding in her ears as she devoured him with her hungry gaze.

"What did I tell you last night?" he asked as he crawled onto the bed to cover her with his body. "I told you that a real man never abuses the power that a woman gives him in bed."

He lowered himself onto her, and then went to tugging down the straps of her night gown.

"Whether you realise it or not, you gave your power over to me the moment you begged me to make you come."

She could scarcely make out what he was saying as he pushed the gown from her body and tossed it aside.

"Now you just have to trust that I will use my power over you to give you pleasure."

"Cade." She called his name again, making one last ditch effort to stop him, although she knew she was far from convincing as she laid there naked and panting.

"Shhhh, darlin'. I won't hurt you and you know it."

There was something about the way he looked at her as he said those words that made her believe him. Although her mind still resisted, her body ached to completely submit to his dominance, and in the end it was her body that won.

Like a flame igniting, Cade seemed to know the moment she relented because he waged a full on assault on her senses as he loved her body like it was what he did for a living.

He rained kisses all over her flesh, kissing her everywhere, except on her lips. He purposely kissed the corners of her mouth, taunting her with the temptation of those perfect lips. She almost begged him to kiss her fully, but at the last moment she came to her senses. Kissing him would mean the ultimate surrender and he already had far too much control over her. She refused to give him that last inch.

Kissing a languorous trail down her body, he settled between her thighs and stoked her clit with his tongue. She instantly melted as she arched her hips off the bed, straining towards the release only he could give her. Unlike the night before, he did not bring her to orgasm this time. He brought her just to the brink of climax, before he slithered back up her body to cover her with his heavily muscled frame.

Resting the weight of his body on one side, he let his fingers finish what his mouth had started.

Her engorged clit grew harder as he flicked his finger back and forth, playing with the tiny nub until she thought she would explode. Gripping the sheets beneath her, she arched against his hand as her head fell back and she shut her eyes.

"Cade," she groaned out as heat radiated from her core to engulf her entire body.

"Look at me," he rasped out, his thumb stroking her clit harder and faster.

She lifted her head and met his intense gaze at the same time he shoved two fingers inside her dripping wet cunt. She screamed out his name as she fought to keep her eyes trained on him. With the practised motion of a skilled lover, he rotated her hardened bud between his thumb and forefinger at the same time he pumped two of his other fingers back and forth within her.

"Look at me," he growled out.

She was so far gone that she could barely think as she pried her eyelids back open. As her body began to slip deeper and deeper into a well of pleasure, she found herself straining to hold his gaze.

"C—Cade." Her breath came out as ragged pants. "I—I—"

She screamed out her climax at the same time she gave up trying to keep eye contact. Her head fell back again as she clenched her lids tight.

Lost so deeply in the throes of her orgasm, she didn't realise Cade had flipped her over onto her stomach and raised her up onto her knees until she felt the end of her stocking wrap around her hands. She'd planned to take it down before she went to bed, but Cade had barged in before she got the chance.

Still shuddering from the intensity of her orgasm, she twisted her head around to stare up at him, but then stars exploded right before her eyes when he entered her on one smooth stroke and she came again.

"Ohhhhh," she cried out and like a rag doll, her head fell limply to the bed as her climax roared through her.

Guttural moans tumbled from Cade as he slammed his cock into her with brutal thrusts, ploughing through the spasming walls of her cunt.

She felt her head being gently tugged off the bed as Cade wrapped her long braid around his hand. Leaning over her, he trapped her between his large body and the bed, as he continued to fuck her deep and hard.

Everything about him was rough and primal and she found her body responding once again to his wild lovemaking.

"Cade," she gasped out when he rotated his hips, causing the tip of his hard length to graze against that rough sensitive patch inside her, nestled at the entrance of her pussy.

"You like that, don't you?" He whispered hotly against her ear as his thrusts became faster, more frenzied.

"Oh, shit, yes!" She screamed out before she could stop herself. At this point she didn't care if he became cocky or not. All she cared about was the orgasm building up inside her once again.

Jerking her hips off the bed, she met his hard thrusts, sending his cock burrowing deeper inside her.

With his hand still wrapped in her hair, he slid the other one to her waist, taking over the rhythm as he yanked her backwards, at the same time he propelled his hips forward.

"Oh, Cade," she screamed out in orgasm as tiny shocks of energy thundered through her and hot, wet liquid gushed from her sheath. He pummelled her pussy with his hard length, riding her body through yet another climax until he succumbed to his own sweet release.

He roared out her name at the same time she felt him harden and swell inside her. Seconds later he stilled completely as warmth flooded her insides. A grunt of completion rumbled from deep inside his chest before he collapsed on top of her, pressing her deeper into the bed.

As if mindful of his heavy weight, he rolled off of her. Reaching up with one hand, he undid the stocking so that her hands hung free.

Warmth flowed through her entire body, and with a lazy smile she turned her head to the side to look at him. But as soon as she met his gaze, the look on his face caused her to stiffen and her smile quickly turned into a frown.

It was that dreaded expression on his face that had always kept her from taking a lover. She hated the probing questions that invariably came after a night of lovemaking.

"Oh, no cowboy. I can already see where this is headed," she said as she sat up in the bed, but before she could roll off he trapped her at his side with his heavy arm.

"You don't have to tell me what happened," he whispered as he stroked his palm down her cheek. "I already know some man must have hurt you real bad to make you fear being vulnerable in bed."

She tried to avert her gaze, but he seized her chin with his fingers and tilted her head so that she was forced to stare into his eyes. "I have never hit a woman, at least not out of anger —"

A derisive snort came out before she could stop it. "What other type of hitting is there?"

"There are many other types. Sometimes pain can bring pleasure, if the one causing the pain only means to bring pleasure *and* if he knows what he is doing."

"I take it you have experience in that area." She already knew he did, but she was curious as to how he'd gone from being that person to the one that was now lying in her bed, because both men seemed to be complete opposites.

As if reading her mind, she watched a haunted look cross his face. Then a long sigh fell from his lips as he sat up with his back to her. Clutching the bed sheet against her breasts, she sat up too, but she didn't touch him. Instead she sat there quietly, staring at his back as she waited for him to open up to her. Several minutes ticked by and she thought he would just sit there in silence, but then he finally spoke.

"Before I came to Redemption, I was a deputy in Dallas. I never broke the law or nothin' but I did some things that I wasn't proud of —

"Sexual things. You like to control women in bed, I know that —"

He glanced at her from over his shoulder. "It was more than that. I gave women what they craved, what their husbands couldn't give them. Many came to me wanting to be controlled, to be dominated and I gave that to them..." He turned around then to stare at her bedroom wall.

"Until?" She asked when his voice simply trailed off.

He let out a ragged breath as he shoved his curtain of hair off his face. "Until one of the husbands found out. He didn't appreciate that some other man had spanked his wife. She was so afraid of her husband and what he would do to her if he discovered the truth that she accused me of rape. I was almost hanged before she found the courage to come forward with the truth, but by then my reputation was in shreds. I was labelled a pervert and ended up just leaving before the townsfolk found a reason to run me off."

It took a few seconds for his words to take root, but when they did, she finally understood.

"That's why you want me to move *Every Desire*. You fear the temptation."

The bed dipped slightly as he shifted around, to stare at her. "Not personally. That person is long gone." He shook his head then. "No, I wanted to move *Every Desire* because I've seen what temptations of the flesh can do to people, to marriages, to families. I watched several women become addicted to the power I wielded over them to the point where they neglected everyone and everything. It was sad, and I have no desire to see that again, if I can help it."

She promised herself, she wouldn't touch him, but the look in his eyes pulled her so strongly. This was just supposed to be just about fuckin', but she couldn't help but try to quiet the storm that raged in his gaze.

Lifting her hand, she slid her palm down his cheek, across the rough stubble of his jaw.

"You can't blame yourself. I certainly don't blame *myself*. The people that lose their souls here were already lost long time ago. The same can be said for the women you knew. If not you then it would have been somebody, or something else."

"Don't you feel somewhat responsible for what happens to your customers when they return home to their wives, their families, having spent their weekly wages on one of your girls?"

She knew what he wanted her to say, but as she levelled him with a hard look, she could only tell him the truth.

"No, because like I said, if it wasn't a whorehouse, they would gamble their nickels away or spend it on moonshine. Should we ban gambling and moonshine too? If a person wants to lose their soul, they will find a way to do it, Sheriff, with or without me and my brothel."

He reared back, his eyes wide as if he was seeing her for the first time. He probably was. She let her hand fall back to the bed and a weary sigh escaped her when he stood up and began dragging on his clothes.

"Are you upset with me because I refuse to be responsible for all the poor souls that cross my doorstep?" She finally asked, when he moved to walk out without a word.

"I'm not upset, Madam. Can't even say that I'm surprised. You're a greedy woman who cares only about herself."

She shrugged. "Greed has nothing to do with it but I won't pretend that I care about people who couldn't give a damn about me."

He stared at her for a long time, before he shook his head, his eyes full of pity. "That's your problem. Maybe you *should* care, because then someone might actually care about you." He would never know how deeply his words cut her. She wanted to tell him that Cherie cared, that her girls cared, but somehow she knew that wasn't what he was talking about.

When he turned away again, she didn't say a word. She just let him go. There was no point in arguing with him when she knew they would never see eye to eye on this. Besides, what could she expect? He was the sheriff after all, whose goal was to move her out of town. That's what she got for tangling with a lawman who had too many morals and far too much honour for his own damned good.

Chapter Four

Two days had passed since Cade had stormed out of Montgomery's home in a fit, like an old widow with her drawers twisted up in a knot. It had been two days, but all he cared about was that one night—about to be two nights if he didn't get his ass in the saddle and just head back over there and apologise.

He chastised himself for going off on her the way he did. Just because he carried around his own scars, didn't mean they had to be hers to bear. She had her own wounds, and he couldn't fault her for carving out a life that would keep her from being hurt again. If he'd been a man about things, he would have asked her about her own past, but instead he'd acted like a jackass, and he'd done something he'd promised her he'd never do. He'd hurt her.

That thought tore at him like a knife. He would never believe it if it hadn't happened to him, but he now knew it was possible to fall for someone at first sight. That's what it had been. He'd been taken with Montgomery from the moment he laid eyes on her, and it hadn't become clear to him until he glimpsed the look of raw pain in her eyes when he accused her of being a lonely woman with no one who cared for her. The anguish on her face had nearly dropped him to his knees. He cursed himself for not taking it back as soon as he said it, especially since it wasn't true. *He* cared about her.

A sharp knock at the door rose over the sound of the quarrelling in his head, dragging him back to the present. Ambling to his feet, he crossed the small living room in his home to open the front door.

It took him just a moment to realise that this time he wasn't dreaming and that Montgomery was in fact standing on his doorstep. He did his best to hide it, but the sight of her standing there caused the fist around his heart to squeeze even tighter. If he didn't think so before, he knew now. He had it bad.

"Well, are you just gonna stand there gawking or are you gonna let me in?"

He bit his cheek to keep from grinning as he stepped aside. Same ol' Montgomery.

Closing the door, he spun around to see her sweep her gaze around his sparse living room.

"Haven't quite gotten around to decorating."

"I see," she said with the quirk of her brow. "Well, do you at least have a bed?"

This time he didn't even try to hide his smile as he crossed the room to stand before her.

"I do, but we won't be needing it right now."

With hands on hips, she shot him a hard look. "Why not? Don't tell me you're still mad about the other night. I gave you some breathing room so that you could cool your heels. Besides, you still owe me one more night."

"You'll get your night, and then some more." He grinned as he wound his arm around her waist and pulled her into his arms. "But there is just one thing I need from you before we get to that."

Her eyes widened. "What?"

"This," he murmured before he dipped his head to capture her lips in a soft, warm kiss.

She was so shocked that she let out a sharp gasp, leaving her lips parted for him to sweep his searching tongue inside her mouth. She stood there stiff as a board, and he half expected her to push him away but then something clicked inside her and he found himself being treated to the most sensuous kiss he'd ever experienced. Twisting her arms behind his neck, she deepened the kiss, her tongue flicking out to duel with his. He groaned against her mouth as heat furred in his gut and his cock began to twitch with anticipation. Grinding his hips against her, he mimicked the questing rhythm of his mouth. She shuddered against him, letting him know her body was just as primed and ready as his was. Despite the urgency of the kiss, he lifted his head slowly, drawing his mouth away from hers.

He chuckled when she let off a soft mewl of protest. "We have all night, there is no rush."

"No rush? Speak for yourself." She fanned her face, as red splotches darkened her cheeks. "Good Lord. I haven't been kissed like that since..."

He felt the change in her the moment the words fell from her lips and where she was once soft, warm and pliable, she was cold and stiff.

"Since when?" He asked as he lifted her chin.

She shrugged, the gesture meant to be nonchalant, but he knew there was nothing casual about what she had to say. "Since my ex-husband."

"You were married?" he blurted before he could stop and think.

She didn't seem to take offense as a wry smile crossed her face. "Hard to imagine, but yes, I was married a long time ago."

He didn't want to dig too deeply, too quickly. He had no desire to scare her off, but he sensed she was open to talking about it so he pushed just a little. "What happened?"

"Not much. He was a drinker and a gambler who sometimes liked to hit me when he was all out of spirits and money. When he was feeling real good, he sometimes liked to hold me down and take me, when I wasn't willing. He thought it was fun." She snorted.

Blinding rage surged through him at the thought of some man putting his hands on her and he vowed if he ever crossed paths with her ex he would rip him apart limb by limb. The intensity of his anger was so powerful that for a moment it shocked him. That's when he knew he *definitely* had it bad.

Apparently glimpsing the dark fury on his face she said softly, "It's all right. I didn't need to stay with him long to know where things were headed. As soon as I got enough money, I hopped on a train west. I wound up in a brothel in Tempe which was where I met Cherie. We worked there for a few years before we took a chance and came out to Redemption. Guess you can say the rest is history," she said with a shrug.

"That's why you fear being restrained. Why you're afraid I'll hurt you during love play."

She chuckled softly. "We're quite a pair, aren't we? I fear giving up control and you *have* to have it."

Reaching up a hand, he tangled it in her hair, which she'd worn loose this eve, and tilted her head farther back to look her square in the face.

"Let's get this straight. I enjoy having control, but I don't crave it. And you don't fear giving up control to *me*. You've done it before because you know that I would never abuse my power over you. I am *not* your ex-husband," he said the last words quietly.

"I know," she whispered as she coiled her lips into a small smile, her arms clasping behind his neck. "I wouldn't be here if I thought different. Now kiss me again, cowboy before I get real impatient. You already made me wait a whole two days."

He didn't need another invitation as a broad grin broke out across his face before he dipped his head once again to drink from her lips.

How they wound up naked and in his bedroom would forever be a mystery to him, all he remembered was tumbling on top of his bed in a heap of naked arms and legs.

The soft giggle that came from Montgomery was so unexpected that he almost didn't believe it was she who made it.

"What, cowboy?" She said when he just stared at her.

"You giggled."

She lifted a single brow. "I did now?" Snuggling deeper into his arms, she said, "Well, that would be another first in a long time."

"I'm glad," he said softly. "I hope I can give you many more things to giggle about."

A smile teased the edges of her mouth as something flashed in her eyes. He saw it, and it caused a hard lump to stick in his throat.

Unable to speak as the intensity of his emotions left him choked up, he did the next best thing and told her how he felt with his body.

Lowering his head, he seized her lips in a slow, languorous kiss and then ran his tongue along the seam of her mouth. He dipped it inside to taste her sweet nectar before slowly pulling it out. Over and over, he teased her with his mouth until he built her arousal from a tiny flame, to a raging wildfire, as she writhed beneath him, clawing at his back.

"Fuck me, Cade," she cried out as she wrapped her legs around his hips.

He chuckled low in his throat as he gently disentangled her legs from behind his back.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm not ready to take you just yet." He flashed her a teasing smile as he slid down the length of her body. "I think I want to play first." He then settled his face between her thighs, dragging a long, hoarse groan from her lips as he latched onto that tiny nub at the mouth of her womb.

Flicking his tongue across the small bud, he teased it until it was completely stiff before he captured it between his lips and sucked on it hard. He fucked her with his mouth, drawing the essence of her arousal from that well inside her.

"Cade," she rasped out, her thighs clamping around his head at the same time she dug her nails into his scalp.

He knew she was close to coming when the muscles of her pussy began to vibrate against his mouth, as her body trembled against him.

With her legs draped over his shoulders, he eased two fingers inside her and replaced his mouth with his other hand as he pinched her clit between his thumb and forefinger.

The onslaught of sensation was just too much for her and he watched between her spread thighs as she came with wild abandon.

"That's it darlin', come for me."

With her head back, and incoherent moans spilling from her lips, she continued to coat his digits with her slick heat until the tremors eventually subsided.

Sliding his fingers from her honeyed cunt, he licked them clean, savouring the sweet taste of her. Then while she was still limp and satiated, he rolled her onto her stomach, and tugged her to her knees.

"Are you going to tie me up again?"

He smiled at the anticipation in her voice. His little vixen was turning out to be quite the wanton submissive.

"Not tonight, darlin'," he whispered as he stroked his hands across the soft round flesh of her backside. "But I do plan to take a couple of good swats to this delectable ass of yours."

Her entire body stiffened as she hissed softly. Leaning over her, he covered her with his large frame. Then with a gentle hand, he brushed her wild hair to the other shoulder as he dipped his head to the crook of her neck.

"What did I tell you about strikes of pain and strikes of pleasure? One comes from a place of hate, the other a place of love." He reached around to softly stroke his hand against her belly as he whispered in her ear. "You have to trust that I only want to love you, Montgomery. Do you trust me?"

"Y—you know I do," she said quietly.

He slid his hand from her belly to once again palm her backside. "That's good darlin'."

For a long while he simply ran his hand across the fleshy globes of her ass, testing their weight, stroking their softness. When the first gentle strike came, she bowed her back, as she yelped in surprise.

He cooed softly to her as if she was a small child, but he didn't stop as he delivered another hard swat.

He slapped her cheeks several more times, delighting in the sound of her long, low groans as she unconsciously pushed her bottom closer to his hand.

Positioning himself between her bent legs, he thrust inside of her at the same time he struck her right cheek with a stinging blow.

“Cade!” She screamed out, in a mixture of pleasure and pain.

He thrust wildly into her then, his strokes matching the rhythm of his stinging swats. He kept up the brutal rhythm until her creamy brown cheeks were pink and her pussy overflowed with her sticky juices.

“Your pussy is so wet. Did you enjoy my hands on your ass?”

She shook her head as if she wanted to deny it, but then she finally rasped out, “Y – yes, Cade,” between harsh pants.

The sound of her heightened arousal turned him on even more and he surged into her harder, forcing her down to the bed. “Then tell me you love it. Tell me you love my control over you – how I fuck you.”

“I love it!” She screamed out as he ploughed deeper inside her, triggering another powerful climax.

Her body convulsed all around him as the muscles within her cunt gripped him tightly and her velvety heat coated his dick. He pounded deeper inside her, burying his hard length within her as he too surrendered to his own climax.

He shouted out her name as he flooded her cunt with his seed. Lost in the abyss of her own orgasm, she continued to spasm around him as her tight pussy milked him of every drop of his cum.

Their passionate cries mingled together, along with the essence of their lovemaking until they were both completely spent.

Every one of his muscles seemed to go limp at the same time and he collapsed on the bed, dragging her lush body to rest atop his.

For a long while the only sounds that could be heard in the room were those of their laboured breathing.

When he could finally drag in a lungful of air he craned his neck to stare down at Montgomery’s face.

“Are you asleep?”

“No.” She smiled weakly although she didn’t open her eyes.

"Well then do you want to tell me what you're thinking?"

Her lids fluttered open then. "No." She grinned.

He chuckled softly. "Well, do you want to know what I'm thinking?"

"I already know what you're thinking, Sheriff."

"Really? And what's that?"

She raised herself up onto her elbows, so that they dug into his chest. "You're trying to figure out how to kick me out without hurting my feelings."

She said the words with a playful smile, but he knew her too well now not to miss the look that flashed in her chocolate brown eyes for just a second.

Flipping her over, he held her imprisoned between the soft mattress of the bed and his hard body.

"Wrong, my little vixen. I'm trying to figure out what the hell to do with you."

"Well, I have a few ideas if you're drawing a blank," she said with a wink.

He frowned down at her, hating that she was trying to ignore what was happening between them by brushing his words off with a quick laugh. "Don't joke with me right now. You know what I mean."

She didn't crack a smile this time as she stared at his chest. She tried to push him off her but when he refused to budge, she seemed to resign herself to the inevitable as she released a long sigh. "Cade, I'm an old spinster and a whore. *You* are the Sheriff –"

"So?"

"So, there is nothing good that come from such a pairing." He opened his mouth to say that something good already had, but the look in her eyes stopped him. "You're not the first man to try and save me from my life with the illusion of love –"

"When did I ever talk about saving you from your life? I never once said that I wanted to change you –"

She cut him off with a derisive snort and this time when she pushed at his chest, he let her up as he angrily rolled off her.

"How long do you think something like this would last, huh? How long do you think the people of Redemption would allow you to openly cavort with a Madam? I can tell you it wouldn't be long. It would only be a matter of time before they ran you out of your position because of me –"

Unable to take any more, he clamped her lips together with his fingers. "Damn, woman would you hush. You already got this all figured out, but you didn't once ask me how I felt, now did ya?"

When he released her mouth, he thought she would remain silent long enough for him to speak but then she went at it again. "Cade, it's better to just leave it at these three nights and —"

"And what? Forget that we're falling for each other. Don't try to deny it. I know you feel it too."

She didn't look at him as she stared off into the darkness of the room not saying a word. A sigh of frustration poured from his lips as he slid closer to her and enveloped her in his embrace. He knew Montgomery had probably been disappointed so many times in her life that she'd hardened herself to the notion of hope. Enclosing her tighter in his arms, he placed a small kiss against her hair.

"I'm not gonna try to change you, Montgomery. I know you enjoy your freedom and independence and I have no intention of taking that from you. I won't lie and say I like the idea of you being a Madam, but as long as nobody warms your bed but me then I'll just have to deal with it."

"Cade —"

"I let you speak. Now it's my turn." He almost thought she would ignore him anyway as he felt her stiffen but then she nodded slowly. "I imagine if we have children I may put my foot down about that when they get older. We both own ranches, and as you can tell by my home, I don't have the patience to run mine, maybe at some point you would consider running them both —"

"Kids? Ranches?"

She nearly severed his tongue when she knocked her head against his chin as she spun around to stare wide eyed at him.

He grinned slowly as he shrugged. "I was offered a position as a federal marshal. I was thinking about taking it once my term as Sheriff is up. I doubt anyone with the marshal office would care if my wife is a Madam. It also isn't an elected position so —"

"Good Lord. You're serious."

He would have laughed at the distress on her face had she not seemed, so, well, *distressed*.

Tugging her back into his arms, he laid back down onto the bed, with her body draped across his.

"Of course I'm serious. I knew the moment I met you that I wanted you, just didn't realise how much until after that first night."

"You're a loon, you know that? People don't rush into something like this."

"Fine. I'll court you properly if you need time to get used to the idea."

She narrowed her gaze at him. "You are awfully sure of yourself, now aren't you? How can you be so certain I even want you?"

He laughed at the churlish pout on her face. She was probably smartin' from the fact that she knew he was right, and there wasn't a damned thing she could say about it. "Oh, you want me. You more than want me. You're just as crazy about me as I am about you."

She rolled her eyes at him before she laid her head back down against his chest. "You're an arrogant sonofabitch, you know that? I knew you were gonna be trouble the moment I met you."

A chuckle rumbled deep in his chest as he stroked his hand down her smooth back. "I could say the same about you, Madam."

Silence blanketed the room then as they retreated to the sanctuary of their private thoughts. He continued to run his hands along the soft skin of her body as a breeze from the desert rustled the curtains, causing slivers of moonlight to peek through the window, bathing her skin in a silver glow.

He was almost half asleep when he felt her hair brush against his chest as she lifted her head.

"Can I ask you something?"

His eyelids fluttered open as he mumbled softly, "Mmm-hmm."

"What is it you desire most?"

"Besides you?" He said with a lazy grin.

When he saw that she was serious, he quirked a single brow as he shot her a puzzled look. "That's an odd question. Why do you ask?"

She shrugged. "It's a question I try to answer with most people. Makes it easier to figure them out. With most people it's easy to discover their heart's desire. But not with you."

"So that's where you got the name *Every Desire* from."

She nodded as she lifted her lips into a tiny smile.

She rested atop of him as she expectantly waited for him to answer her, but instead of doing just that he shot her a mischievous grin as he flipped her over onto her back to settle between her parted thighs.

"You're what I desire *most*. But besides you, well, I guess you're just gonna have to spend the rest of your life trying to discover that for yourself."

"That's a long time to spend trying to figure someone out, Sheriff."

He flashed her another wicked grin. "That's the whole point, Madam. I expect you to spend a lifetime catering to my desires, just as I plan to cater to yours."

"Mmmm, that doesn't sound like such a bad way to live," she whispered as her eyes danced with laughter. "Now shut up cowboy and kiss me again."

He didn't need to be told twice. He lowered his head to her waiting mouth as he gave himself over to fulfilling the first of one of her many desires.

About the Author

Nadia Aidan lives, works and writes on the West Coast in the United States. Under her real name, Nadia holds a PhD in Political Science and Public Policy and by day she works as an Assistant Professor. She is the self proclaimed NEW FACE OF INTERRACIAL AND MULTICULTURAL EROTIC ROMANCE and writes across all genres, from historical, to fantasy/sci-fi to contemporary.

In addition to writing erotic romances Nadia enjoys reading other authors, playing flag football, studying muay thai, working out, listening to music, scuba diving, and target shooting. Her other interests include collecting Top Cow comics, especially Witchblade and Tomb Raider. She loves professional football and soccer. Her favourite teams are the Washington Redskins and Manchester United, respectively.

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