

ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO

A photograph of a muscular man from behind, wearing dark pants, spanking a woman with a long metal rod. The woman has blonde hair and is wearing a black strap. They are in a room with a brick wall.

EVANGELINE  
ANDERSON

*A Spanking  
For Valentine*

## **A Spanking for Valentine**

*Evangeline Anderson*

Valentine Nichols wants two things for her birthday—for Shane Daniels to notice her, and a taste of the wild D/s sex scene she's been longing to experience. When she sees Shane at the local BDSM club, she hatches a plan to have both and convinces Shane to give her lessons in submission.

Shane Daniels has wanted Valentine for years but as his best friend's little sister, she's strictly off-limits. But when Valentine talks him into giving her D/s lessons, he gives in to some of his darker urges and dominates her sexually.

Now they are locked in a battle of wills as Valentine pushes him for a consummation of their new relationship while Shane tries to keep himself from taking her completely. Who will win? They'll both find out when Valentine takes her spanking.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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A Spanking for Valentine

ISBN 9781419924576

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Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication February 2010

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# *A SPANKING FOR VALENTINE*

**Evangeline Anderson**

## Chapter One

Valentine Nichols couldn't believe what she was seeing. She rubbed her eyes, making sure it wasn't just the dim lighting in the club that was responsible for this extraordinary sight. But no, there he was, plain as day. And yes, he really was doing what she thought he was doing.

Shane Daniels, her big brother's oldest friend and the man who regularly starred in her most forbidden fantasies, was actually here at the Black and Blue, a nightclub that catered to the kinky in downtown Tampa. His shirt was off and there was a thin sheen of sweat on his muscular chest—a chest Valentine had felt under her cheek many times when he comforted her but had never gotten to see bare before. In fact, all he was wearing was a pair of tight black leather pants and boots to match. In his hand was a whip—*no, that's a flogger*, Valentine thought, feeling slightly giddy at the sight. It had many long black leather tassels that would feel soft and sensuous when dragged lightly over bare skin but would sting like fire if it was wielded with a strong arm. Or so she had read and hoped to experience soon for herself.

Shane appeared to be wielding the flogger with both skill and strength—if the moans of the half-naked woman who was tied to the whipping post were any indication. Bass music was thumping through the converted dance floor that served as a platform for the punishment arena but Valentine could still hear her cries as Shane's muscular arm rose and fell. She didn't sound like she was in pain—more like she was about to come and she couldn't help the sounds she was making. But it wasn't the woman Valentine was interested in. She watched as Shane half turned his head, giving her a quick look at his face. There was an intent expression on his chiseled features and an intensity in his coal black eyes she'd never seen there before.

Hair that matched his eyes was skull-cut close to his scalp. How often had she fantasized about running her hands over that bristly black hair as he kissed her? So many she couldn't even count. Only lately her secret desires had taken a sharp left turn. Even now she was imagining herself tied to the whipping post, taking the place of the woman whom Shane was punishing so expertly. Valentine could imagine the stinging kiss of those leather tassels, the sound of his deep, gravelly baritone telling her to hold still unless she wanted a worse punishment. Just thinking of it sent a shiver of delight down her spine and made her pussy damp with desire.

Up until this moment, she'd assumed there was no way to make her fantasies come true. Finding out that Shane was into her secret kink—deep into it by the look of things—put a whole new spin on the situation. This definitely required some thought.

Valentine kept watching as she mulled the situation over. She was standing behind a pillar, peering out at him and making sure she was out of his line of sight. God knew what Shane would do if he caught her here. He'd been her unofficial protector for years—ever since her big brother, Peter, had left for the Marines. Their parents had been killed in a plane crash when Valentine was seventeen and her brother was twenty-two. Peter and Shane had been inseparable in high school and college and when Peter took over as Valentine's guardian, Shane had too—in an unofficial but very real sense.

Valentine was sure that Shane was the only reason her big brother had felt free to follow his heart and join the Marines. He knew she was safe with his best friend, the cop, watching out for her. And she *was*—sometimes *too* safe. Shane never approved of any of her boyfriends and he insisted on taking her to dinner or meeting for lunch at least once a week so he could keep tabs on her. In the past, Valentine had resented that but she'd never refused to meet with him—how could she when she'd been secretly in love with him since the first time Peter had brought him home?

Of course she knew all her fantasies were just that—fantasies. Shane was never going to lay a hand on her, no matter how pretty she was. And she didn't do too badly for herself in the looks department. She was five foot nine with shoulder-length curly

blonde hair and green eyes that had an exotic little tilt at the corners men found fascinating.

Despite her height she wasn't fashion model skinny but Valentine was proud of her curves. And besides, she happened to know that Shane *liked* plus-sized women—at least when he dated anyone for any length of time, he did. Redheads, blondes, brunettes—he didn't seem to have a preference but all the women he went out with did have one thing in common—they all had dress sizes in the double digits. Valentine had often thought that knowing Shane liked a woman with a little junk in the trunk had given her a better body image growing up. Why would she starve herself to be skinny when the man who was her masculine ideal loved women of size?

But now that she was about to be twenty-four, she had other concerns besides how she stacked up in the body department. And new desires that couldn't be satiated by the same boring, tired old sexual routine she'd been familiar with since college.

Valentine couldn't say when it was that her interest in discipline, domination and submission began but she knew exactly when it had taken off. She'd read a few books that sparked her interest in college and then pretty much forgotten about the whole thing until, about a year ago, she'd borrowed a DVD from a friend when she was bored and wanted something to watch. The movie had been about a secretary with secret submissive tendencies. She didn't know about her feelings herself until she was hired by a dominating boss who punished her sexually and made her understand what she needed.

Valentine watched the entire movie, entranced, and knew that *this* was what she had been missing. No wonder sex seemed boring and blah and the same old, same old no matter who her partner was—she was doing it wrong. Or rather, it was being done to her wrong. What she needed was someone who was willing to explore her desire to submit as well as her desire to be punished. But finding someone who was ready, willing, and able to dive into the world of D/s with her turned out to be a lot harder than she'd imagined.

At first Valentine had turned to her then-current boyfriend, Gavin. He was a nice enough guy and since she'd resigned herself to never having a shot at Shane, she'd decided that he might even be the one. However, the minute she'd tried to introduce the tiniest kink into their bedroom, Gavin had been completely freaked out.

"I'm sorry, honey, but I'm afraid I'm hurting you," he'd told her when Valentine complained that he wasn't paddling her hard enough.

"That's the *idea*," she'd told him, thoroughly frustrated. "To hurt me—at least a little."

"But I don't *want* to hurt you," he'd protested. "I want to love you. Can't we just forget about this and do it the regular way?"

Unfortunately the regular way was missionary position in the dark and Valentine was so bored with it she could cry. She'd begged Gavin to try again but the results were pretty much the same—a halfhearted whipping that felt more like love taps than a genuine punishment. It didn't do a thing to heat either Valentine's bottom or her libido.

Though she had hoped he was just slow to warm up to the idea, it soon became apparent that her boyfriend was never going to make the perfect Dom of her dreams. Whenever he tried to spank or paddle her it was clear his interest was elsewhere and he didn't like role-playing either, which was one of the things Valentine really wanted to get into. She loved to pretend she was someone else—the naughty nurse, the naughty schoolgirl—pretty much the naughty anything. But Gavin would always spoil it by asking why they had to act like they were other people. He said he loved Valentine just the way she was so why would she want to be anyone else?

It was all very sweet but extremely uninspiring. Valentine needed something more and she knew it. Finally when Gavin told her to choose—her new sexual interests or him—she'd decided to cut him loose and take the path into the dark. There was something big out there, something incredible and life changing and Valentine could feel it calling to her. She just needed a guide to show her the way—but to her mounting frustration, no guide seemed to be available.

Until now.

She watched as Shane finished flogging the tied submissive and stepped to one side. A man who was almost as tall as Shane stepped forward and helped untie the girl who had been whipped. He thanked Shane who nodded and said something that made the other man smile and nod back. Then he put an arm around the girl, who Valentine imagined must be his submissive, and gently led her away. Shane stretched out his whipping arm and took a deep breath.

Almost immediately another couple came forward, a female dominatrix and her male sub. But Shane was shaking his head. Either he was done for the night or he didn't whip other males, only females. Valentine wondered which it was and then she wondered what it would feel like to be tied up and helpless for him, completely at his mercy.

Well, maybe it was time she found out.

*Do I dare?* she asked herself as he walked past her, only a foot away from the pillar she was hiding behind. The answer came at once—not tonight. But soon. Tomorrow night was their weekly dinner date and Shane was taking her to LeFronge as an early birthday present. She'd been born on Valentine's Day—hence her not-too-creative name—and it was always a pain in the ass to go out on the actual day because of the crowds. So she'd gotten into the habit of going out the week before and then staying in on her actual birthday, which could really be more fun sometimes.

This year it could be a *lot* of fun but Valentine knew she would have to work up to it slowly. Silent as a shadow, she slipped from behind the thick pillar and headed for the exit of the Black and Blue.

She had a lot of planning to do.

Shane couldn't figure her out. Valentine was looking beautiful tonight but that was nothing new. She'd had a heartbreakingly gorgeous face since he'd first met her and then she'd grown a curvy, plus-sized body to match. So the fact that she was positively

mouthwatering as she sat across from him in a little black dress that looked like it had been painted on was no surprise. But there was something else about her – some inner radiance that he couldn't figure out.

"Val, sweetheart, you all right?" he asked, reaching across the spindly little table to touch the hand not holding her spoon. She'd been quiet all night though several times she'd opened her mouth as if to say something and then shut it again. Shane hadn't missed those moments of hesitation or the fact that their conversation was mostly one sided with him supplying almost all of it. "You have something on your mind?" he asked her.

"You could say that." Valentine toyed with her spoon, licking a tiny bit of crème brûlée from the back of it with her dainty pink tongue.

The sight of her lapping cream with that soft little tongue made Shane's pants feel suddenly way too tight. He reminded himself sternly for what seemed like the hundred thousandth time that Val was strictly off-limits, wondering as he did so if she had any idea of the effect even her most innocent gestures had on him.

"Well?" he said, his voice coming out raspy and abrupt. "What is it?"

Valentine hesitated. "It's something I saw. Something I want."

He laughed. "If you're angling for another birthday present you're too late—I already picked something out for you and you can't have it until your actual birthday."

A look of mild annoyance flitted across her face. "Honestly, Shane—I'm not twelve anymore."

*Don't I know it!* He smiled at her ruefully, wishing she was. If he could have somehow frozen her back at the innocent age when he'd first met her, back when he and Peter were still in high school and Valentine had been in junior high, things would be so much easier. He was sure he would never have had the improper desires he had to battle every time he was near her now, desires that had only grown sharper over the years of denying them. But there was no help for the situation—Valentine was Peter's little sister and as such she was completely, totally, and forever off-limits. Shane would

have sooner reached into a fire and grabbed a hot coal as he would lay a hand on her. Peter was his dearest friend and there was no way Shane would betray the trust he'd put in him, no matter how tempting his little sister might be.

And she was pretty damn tempting, with that halo of pale, soft blonde curls that made her look like an angel and those tilted green eyes that said there was a little bit of the devil in her too. Right now those eyes were flashing at him and Shane had an idea he was about to find out what exactly she had wanted.

"It is something I want for my birthday," she said now, giving him a playful smile. "But it isn't something you can buy me. And it's not something I can get for myself—I know because I've tried. God knows I have."

Shane was mystified but intrigued. It wasn't unusual for Valentine to talk in circles. She was extremely intelligent as her degree in biochemistry proved. Shane had always thought her sharp mind was a turn-on—she turned every dumb blonde joke he'd ever heard on its head—but it did take a little while for her to get to the point sometimes.

"I'm waiting," he said, smiling. "Are you going to explain that or do I have to guess?"

Valentine smiled nervously. "Sorry. I want...what I want are lessons."

He frowned. "Lessons? Like guitar lessons? Language lessons? You want to learn Farsi or Japanese all of a sudden?"

"No, I told you—it's nothing I can do or get for myself." She took a deep breath. "I saw you, Shane. At the club—the Black and Blue. I was there last night and I saw what you did."

"What?" Only one thing registered with him. "You were at the Black and Blue? Do you know how dangerous that is? Were you there with someone?"

He didn't know what he wanted the answer to that to be. On one hand, the thought of her being by herself in such a dangerous place was very upsetting. But on the other hand, he couldn't bear the thought of some other man making her submit—making her his.

"What the hell were you doing there?" he asked again, frowning.

"I was...I was looking for someone to show me about that world. The lifestyle."

"You don't belong there," Shane told her.

"Where? In the club or in the D/s lifestyle?" She was beginning to look pissed but Shane didn't care.

"Either one," he told her fiercely. "It's too dangerous, Val. You need to stay away – stay out."

"So you're allowed to be there, doing what you want—flogging people—oh yes, I saw you, don't think I didn't—but I can't?" Valentine glared at him and he glared right back.

"That's right."

"And why is that? What makes you so much more deserving than me?"

Shane opened his mouth to say, *I'm an adult*. Then he closed it again. She was about to be twenty-four—she was more than legal. There was no way he could stop her if she wanted to go back to the Black and Blue. But God, just the thought of her wandering around, looking innocent and fresh and attracting every piece of bottom-feeding, low-life scum in the entire club made his skin crawl.

"I need this, Shane." Her voice dropped, becoming less angry and more pleading. "And I need a guide to show me the way. I tried to get Gavin to help me but—"

"Don't." He held up a hand to stop her. The last thing he wanted was to hear about her sex life. To imagine her with another guy. Some loser who didn't deserve her.

"I was just going to say that he wasn't into it. And..." Her voice dropped. "And I think maybe he thought it was kind of sick that I was. That I wanted to be, anyway."

"There's nothing wrong with the lifestyle," Shane said automatically. "It fulfills needs—desires some people can't come to terms with any other way." Then he closed his mouth—why was he giving her the lecture he usually reserved for girls he was dating who found out what he was into?

“That’s what I’m trying to tell you. I have those needs—those desires.”

Shane frowned. “You may think you do but you’re probably just curious. Most people are. Then they find out a little about what really goes on behind closed doors and their curiosity dies pretty quick.”

“I’m not just curious,” Valentine said softly. “I know what I want. I’ve looked into it—read as much as I could find about it.”

Shane felt a surge of relief. “So you’ve just been reading about it, huh? What books?”

“*SM 101: A Realistic Introduction. Erotic Surrender: The Sensual Joys of Female Submission. Screw the Roses, Send Me the Thorns.* Just to name a few.”

Inwardly he groaned. “That last one—it’s practically the submissive’s bible. Is that what you’re interested in? Submission?”

“Among other things.” Valentine put down her spoon and took a sip of her rose dessert wine.

“What else?” Shane felt his throat go dry as he spoke. The thought of her naked and kneeling at his feet, ready and willing to submit was hard to shake.

Valentine licked her full pink lips nervously. “Punishment. Spanking. Role-playing. Sensation play.”

“My, my. You *have* done your homework.” He kept his voice dry, trying not to let her words form pictures in his head. Valentine tied to his bed or bent over his knee, her gorgeous heart-shaped ass high in the air for a spanking. Valentine dressed in various costumes. Valentine naked and helpless as he touched her, tasted her, pushed her limits one at a time until she gave herself to him without reservation...

She nodded without a trace of irony. “I have. But I’ve decided I can’t learn any more from books. As I said, I need a guide. And after what I saw last night at the Black and Blue, I think you’re the one to guide me.”

He didn’t even have to stop and think about it. “No, absolutely not.”

"Why not?" she demanded.

"You know why not. A lot of what you're asking crosses the line and you know it, Valentine."

"What line? Why does there have to be a line between us?" She leaned forward and covered his hand with hers, touching him the same way he'd touched her earlier. "I want to submit, Shane. More than that, I *need* to submit. I need to have my boundaries pushed. Need to give myself completely to someone I can trust, someone who knows what they're doing. You fit the bill on both counts."

"I can't do that with you." Though God knew his cock wished he could. Just the thought of turning his little Valentine over his knee and spanking her until she was wet and hot between her thighs, of hearing her moan and cry while he punished her tight little pussy with his cock was almost more than he could stand. "I can't," he said again, his voice gravelly with suppressed need.

"Fine." She leaned back and crossed her arms over her full breasts. "I'll go back to the Black and Blue and find someone who will."

"You do that and I'll tell Peter what you're up to." It was the worst threat he could think of but unfortunately it fell flat.

"Maybe I'll tell him what *you're* up to then." She arched one delicate blonde eyebrow at him. "Does Peter know about your...proclivities?"

"This isn't about me."

"It's about both of us. Are you going to help me or not?"

Shane shifted angrily in his chair. "Threatening to put yourself in an unsafe position when you know I have to watch out for you and saying you're going to give away private information to get your own way — you know what we call what you're doing in the lifestyle?"

She smiled happily. "Topping from the bottom. I'm pretty good at it, don't you think?"

"I think you're biting off more than you can chew, little girl." He could feel the anger building in him and the words came out as a growl.

Valentine's tilted green eyes widened and for the first time she looked scared. *Good, she needs a scare thrown into her if she's acting like this.*

"You know my reputation around the scene?" Shane leaned closer, looking into her eyes.

Slowly, she shook her head.

"I'm a Dom who doesn't take any shit from his subs. They do what I say or I cut them loose. And it's strictly nonsexual. Nobody gets fucked—at least not physically." He deliberately made his words crude, watching with grim satisfaction as she flinched. Valentine was used to being treated like a lady and that was fine—in everyday life. If she really wanted to be a submissive she'd have to learn to submit—which appeared to be a skill she hadn't quite mastered.

Was there a flicker of disappointment in her face before she nodded? Surely not. Shane knew she'd had a crush on him back when they were kids together but he had no illusions about how she felt about him now. He was just another big brother, like Peter. Probably the only reason she was asking him to do this was because she trusted him to stay in control for exactly that reason.

"No sex, just submission. I got it," she murmured.

"Master."

"What?"

Shane took her chin between his thumb and fingers, keeping his gaze locked with hers. "If we do this, from now on you call me Master. Got it?"

"Got it...Master." She trembled under his touch, her eyes wide and scared.

"Good. Now, are you sure? Because once we start, there's no going back." Shane was hoping to scare her so badly that she'd back down.

But she only nodded. "Yes, Master."

Damn—apparently he'd have to try a more drastic approach if he wanted to put her off the D/s lifestyle permanently. And that was exactly what he needed to do, he realized suddenly. In fact, Valentine was giving him a golden opportunity. If he could throw enough of a scare into her during their "lessons" he could erode her interest in kink. Then he wouldn't have to worry about her going into some BDSM meat market like the Black and Blue by herself and getting hurt. It was the perfect plan.

"All right." Shane nodded, letting go of her chin. "Be at my house tomorrow night and be ready for a punishment. After the way you acted here tonight you deserve it."

## Chapter Two

Valentine smoothed her short blue and green plaid skirt down and tried to calm the butterflies in her stomach before ringing Shane's doorbell. She was actually pretty impressed with herself that her old Sacred Heart uniform still fit but it made her intensely anxious to be standing outside in public wearing it. Well, if you could call the quiet neighborhood that housed Shane's subdivision public.

*I look fine*, she reassured herself for the forty-seventh time. *More than fine – hot*. She knew she was right because she'd spent two hours in front of the mirror getting ready. She was the perfect Catholic schoolgirl from her starched white shirt down to her black Mary Janes – with a few exceptions. For instance, the shirt she was wearing was a little too small and it was stretched tightly across her full breasts. Breasts that were obviously on display since Valentine had accidentally-on-purpose forgotten to wear her bra. There was no way Shane could miss her hard nipples pressed against the tight, white fabric and she couldn't wait to see his reaction to her appearance.

Leaving her bra at home was Valentine's most obvious wardrobe oversight. But there were other clues that she wasn't quite the virginal schoolgirl she appeared to be at first glance. For instance, if someone should flip up the plaid skirt, which she'd had altered to be almost indecently short, they wouldn't find the plain white cotton panties one might expect a schoolgirl to wear. Instead, Valentine had on a tiny white lace G-string so small it barely covered the slit of her pussy. Just knowing that she had on such naughty panties under her outwardly demure skirt was making her so wet she could barely stand it.

Shane had told her there would be no sex but that didn't mean Valentine couldn't do her best to change his mind – which was exactly what she planned to do. She didn't

just want to be his submissive, she wanted to be his lover too and she was determined to stop at nothing to get him.

It wasn't just that she'd had a crush on him since junior high or the fact that he had the most incredible body she'd ever seen outside a muscle magazine either. Valentine wanted Shane as her man because of his fiercely protective and loyal personality and his good heart. She would never forget the second anniversary of her parents' death when he had come over to her dorm room to comfort her. Peter had been in basic training and couldn't come home and she had spent the entire day trying not to think of it. But when Shane showed up at her door, she hadn't been able to help herself anymore. The tears had started to flow as he gathered her to him and put her head on his chest.

"It's all right, sweetheart. I know it hurts, let it out," he'd murmured in her ear. Then he'd lifted her as though she weighed no more than a feather and carried her to the couch. After she'd stopped crying, they had talked about the good times, remembering her parents for the fine and decent people they had been. Shane had ordered a pizza and the rest of the evening had been devoted to reminiscence. Still, later on when they were watching a movie on the couch, Valentine had felt the grief take over again. Without saying a word, Shane had put an arm around her and held her close while silent tears leaked down her cheeks and wet his white T-shirt.

It was that exact moment, Valentine often thought, when her schoolgirl crush had blossomed into full-blown love. She'd know then, in her heart, that Shane was the only man for her. The only one who could truly make her happy. And that was even before she'd known his interests lay in the same sexual arena as her own. Tonight she had the opportunity to prove to him that she was more than just that sad, scared little girl he'd comforted all those years ago. Tonight she could show him she was a woman with a woman's needs and desires. It was a one-in-a-million chance and Valentine didn't intend to waste it.

She lifted her hand to ring the doorbell again but before she could, the door swung open and there was Shane. He was so tall he made her feel short—which was rare because of her height. Valentine liked that she had to look up to him, even though the expression on his face was extremely forbidding just now. Tonight he was wearing the tight black leather pants she'd seen him in at the Black and Blue and a black T-shirt that left his massive arms bare. Even better, he was holding a riding crop in one large hand. Valentine's stomach did a nervous flip-flop when she saw it. Was he really going to whip her with *that*? Oh God, maybe he was right and she *had* bitten off more than she could chew. Could she really go through with this?

"Shane? I mean, Master?" she corrected herself hastily.

His eyes flicked over her outfit. "Get in here. I don't want the neighbors seeing you like that."

"Like what?" She hurried into his house, which was a split-level ranch and scrupulously neat. Shane wasn't one of those guys who couldn't pick up after himself—he liked things in order and everything in its place. Come to think of it, Valentine couldn't understand why she hadn't picked up on his Dom tendencies earlier. Besides the neatness he was also a cop, which meant he would be very good at discipline. She wondered if she'd ever get to feel his handcuffs around her wrists and shivered.

"You know 'like what'. Stand there." Shane pointed to the center of the living room.

Valentine was disappointed but she went and stood where he'd indicated. "I thought we'd be in the bedroom."

"Now why would we go there? Didn't I tell you no sex? Although it doesn't look like you dressed with that in mind." He stalked around her, looming over her as she stood trembling, waiting for his next move. "What is this outfit you have on?"

"It's my old Sacred Heart uniform—do you like it?" She stood up straight, thrusting her breasts out so he would be sure to see her hard nipples through the thin white material of her shirt.

"I don't remember the skirt being that short. Or the shirt being that thin and tight." He lifted the riding crop, tracing one of her nipples with its handle. Valentine's breath caught in her throat as a throb of desire went through her.

"Master, I—"

"Where's your bra?" His voice was low and dangerous.

"I-I forgot it." She studied the carpet, afraid to look him in the eye while she lied.

"Is that right? You *forgot* it? And why did you do that, Valentine?"

"I-I wanted you to see me. To see that I'm not a little girl anymore."

"Oh, I've known that you were all grown up for some time, sweetheart. After all, not many little girls have your generous assets." The riding crop traced her other nipple now, making a slow circle around her sensitive point.

Valentine gasped. "Oh God, Shane..."

"Master," he snapped. "And I don't know that I like this shirt on you, Valentine. How many people saw you like this?"

"Only you. This is all for you." She swept a hand over herself, indicating not just her shirt but her entire outfit, her whole body. *All for you if only you'll take it. Take me.*

"You're practically falling out of it." Shane's mouth was a white line of disapproval.

"But...I'm supposed to be. I'm the naughty schoolgirl—get it?" Valentine looked at him hopefully.

"Did I ask you to come dressed in a costume?" he barked. "This isn't Halloween, little girl. If you think all the lifestyle consists of is dressing up and playacting you can walk out the door right now."

Valentine took a deep breath. *He's shouting at me. He's never shouted at me before!* "I-I know there's more to it than that. But you told me to come dressed for a punishment and I thought, well, I thought if you decided to whip me this skirt would be the perfect thing." She gestured at her blue and green plaid skirt and lifted her chin defiantly, looking him in the eye.

"It does appear to give easy access." Shane studied her abbreviated skirt that barely reached the tops of her thighs. "What do you have on under it?"

"Panties." Valentine smiled at him innocently. "Just a pair of little white panties."

"Let me see. Raise your skirt."

Valentine arched an eyebrow at him. "Front or back first, *Sir*?"

"Back," he snapped. "And don't get smart or I'll give you a few licks to get you in line before we even get started."

Valentine thought of saying they appeared to have already started but the stern expression on his face shut her up. Instead she bent over slightly from the waist and flipped the back of her skirt up, baring her naked backside.

"I don't see any panties. Just your bare ass." Shane's voice was flat. "Did you lie to me?" There was a high-pitched sound and suddenly there was a line of fire across her exposed buttocks.

Valentine yelped. *He whipped me! Oh my God, he actually used the riding crop on me!*

"Well?" he demanded.

"No...no, Sir," she gasped, trying to restrain herself from rubbing the spot where the crop had landed. "They're just small. You can see them better in the front."

"All right. Raise your skirt in the front."

Valentine straightened up and smoothed down her plaid skirt in the back. Then she raised the front of it, holding it out of the way so that Shane could see what was between her thighs.

"Hmm. Come over here." He led her closer to the couch so that he could sit down while she stood in front of him. "Spread your legs," he commanded, still staring between her thighs intently.

Valentine felt as if her heart was trying to beat its way out of her chest. Taking a deep breath, she did as he commanded, hoping that he liked what he saw. The tiny white triangle of lace was no bigger than a quarter and it started at the top of her slit,

leaving her mound of neatly trimmed blonde curls bare. From there it only got narrower until the point of the triangle and the string attached to it disappeared between her plump pussy lips.

"So this is it? These are your panties?" Shane traced the lacy white triangle with one finger very, very slowly as he spoke.

Valentine gasped and bit back a moan. "Yes, Sir."

"They're not very big."

"No, Sir. I thought...thought you'd like to have me as bare as possible for the...the punishment." She could hardly get the words out. His featherlight touch was driving her insane. He had yet to make contact with her bare skin but the feel of his finger through the lacy white fabric was making her so wet she could barely stand it. She wondered if he could tell what he was doing to her and if he liked it.

"I don't think that's why you dressed that way at all, sweetheart." Shane looked up at her from his seated position. "I think you came dressed for a seduction. Didn't I tell you no sex?"

"Yes, but...but the way you're touching me..."

"If you're going to be my sub, you need to get used to my hands on your body. All over your body. Understand?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. So I think this is a good time to talk about your safe word. I assume you understand what I'm talking about since you've been doing your homework."

"Yes. I thought...Peter's name."

He nodded. "A good choice. If you say your brother's name we'll stop, no matter what."

"O-okay," she stuttered. He was tracing the slit of her pussy, his blunt fingertip sliding up and down, spreading her just a little wider with each trip as he pressed the thin fabric of her panties into her slippery folds. She could feel him brushing against her

clit now, massaging the sensitive little button through the white lace. And still he wasn't touching her bare skin.

"Tell me, Valentine, how does it make you feel for me to touch you like this?" His voice was low, almost hypnotic as he continued to stroke over her panties, teasing her throbbing clit through the thin material.

"Good," she admitted breathlessly. *"Really good."*

"Does it make you wet? Does it make your pussy slippery and hot?"

She bit her bottom lip, suddenly embarrassed at his blunt question. Shane had never talked to her like this—he'd always acted more like a big brother. Why the sudden change?

"I asked you a question." There was an edge in his deep voice that made her jump.

"I-I don't know," she whispered.

"Yes you do. If I looked at your pussy right now, would you be wet?"

She was ashamed to admit the truth. Ashamed to admit how quickly and completely her body responded to him. "No," she whispered, knowing it was a lie.

Shane frowned and sat back, withdrawing his hand abruptly. "Take them off."

"I-I don't—"

"Take them off or say your safe word. Now." His deep voice brooked no refusals. Either she did as he said or everything ended right here and now. Valentine didn't want it to end.

"Yes, Master." Feeling clumsy, she fumbled with the elastic strings that made up the sides of her panties and pushed them down to her ankles before stepping out of them entirely.

He sat forward again. "Now spread your legs wider."

Valentine did as she was told, conscious of the intense scrutiny she was under. Her knees were trembling and she just hoped they would hold her up until he was done doing whatever it was he planned to do.

Shane looked up at her. "I'm going to touch you now. Not in a sexual way, just to spread you open and see if you're telling the truth."

Valentine's heart was beating in her throat, making it hard to swallow. She bit back a moan as his big, warm hands connected with her inner thighs and his thumbs rested on her naked pussy lips. Then, slowly and carefully, Shane spread her open, revealing the glossy pink interior of her cunt.

He leaned even closer, his black eyes sweeping over her inner folds and the throbbing bud of her clit. She could feel his hot breath against her thighs and the inside of her pussy and it made her almost faint with need. God, if only he would touch her inside, would taste her...

Shane looked up at her. "You lied to me, Valentine. You *are* wet."

"Yes," she admitted, biting her lower lip. "I'm sorry, Master. I-I was embarrassed."

"There's no need for embarrassment. From now on your body belongs to me, to do with as I see fit. You should have no more shame about having my hands and eyes on you than you would have about touching or looking at yourself. Do you understand?"

"I...yes. Yes, Sir."

"Very good." He sat back, dropping his hands to her intense disappointment. "Two lies, Valentine—that isn't a very good start. First you tell me you're dressed for a punishment instead of a seduction and then you tell me you aren't wet when you are."

"I'm sorry," she whispered, feeling genuinely contrite for trying to deceive him.

"Sorry isn't good enough. In this house, punishment pays for your sins, not apologies." He stood abruptly, looming over her. Valentine took a staggering step backward and would have fallen if he hadn't caught her arms and pulled her close. "Two spankings, Valentine. One for each lie. Sound fair?"

"Yes." She nodded contritely, prepared to take her punishment. Shane was right—this *was* about more than role-play. In the past when she'd asked Gavin to spank her it hadn't really meant anything. Now, however, she knew she genuinely deserved the

whipping that was coming her way and she welcomed the chance to redeem herself through pain.

“Bend over the arm of the couch and raise your skirt,” Shane commanded.

Valentine did as he said without a word of protest. She shivered as the cool air in the room hit her naked backside but she held still and steady, waiting for the first blow to fall. Soon enough, it did.

“Ouch!” she gasped as the riding crop fell once more against her unprotected bottom. This blow made the one Shane had given her earlier feel like a love tap. Apparently this whipping was for real.

“Three more like that, Valentine,” he rumbled behind her. “This whipping is for the first lie because that one was the worst. Coming here dressed like this, trying to manipulate me when I specifically told you no sex, is the *worst* kind of topping from the bottom. And I *do not tolerate* that kind of behavior in my subs.” The riding crop rose and fell three more times as he spoke, coming down on her throbbing ass to emphasize his words. Valentine jumped each and every time.

“Yes, Master...” The words came out in a sob and she realized that hot, salty tears were stinging her eyes and running down her cheeks. God, it stung! She hadn’t realized how much a real whipping from someone who knew what they were doing would hurt.

“It’s all right. It’s over now.” Suddenly Shane was gathering her into his arms and holding her on his lap on the couch.

Valentine put her face against his neck and sobbed. Not just for the stinging pain in her bottom but because she felt such a sense of release. There was peace, true and total peace in putting herself in Shane’s capable hands and trusting him to do whatever he thought was best for her. Her parents had died when she was still so young, forcing her to be strong and independent in ways she hadn’t been ready for. It felt good to let down her guard, to let someone else take control for a while. Maybe this was something she’d been needing for years, Valentine didn’t know. All she was sure of was that she didn’t want it to end.

"There, there, sweetheart. The first one was the worst," Shane murmured gently. Leaning down, he raised her chin and kissed her wet eyelids. "Do you understand why I had to do that?" he murmured. "I'd be a bad Dom if I let you get away with lying. It's very important that you always tell me the truth."

"I understand." She'd managed to stop sobbing now and all she could think about was how close his face was to hers and how, deep down in the depths of his black eyes, she could see little flecks of gold. Would stealing a kiss at this point count as topping from the bottom again? She was afraid it might but God, she wanted to kiss him so badly. Shane had never given her more than a brotherly peck on the cheek before and she'd often wondered what that full, sensual mouth of his would taste like.

"What do you want?" He was scanning her face, reading her easily as he always did. Valentine wondered if she was really that transparent or if he just knew her so well he could tell what she was feeling.

"I want...I want to kiss you," she said in a rush. "I know I shouldn't want that and it will probably make you mad that I asked but, well...you wanted to know." She shrugged, biting her lower lip and hoping her words hadn't just earned her another spanking.

To her surprise, Shane laughed instead, an amused rumble that came from deep in his chest and seemed to vibrate every part of her body as he held her.

"It's all right to ask for things you want, sweetheart," he told her, an amused light in his black eyes. "I might not always give them to you but it's okay to ask."

"So I *can't* kiss you but you're not mad at me for asking?"

"I didn't say you couldn't." His expression was suddenly serious. "As your Master I can give out rewards as well as punishments."

"Rewards?" She looked up at him in surprise.

He nodded. "Sure. And I think you did very well just now during your first whipping. You really opened yourself to me and took what I was giving you with a good attitude. Therefore, you've earned a reward. Is that what you want—to kiss me?"

"Yes, please." Valentine gave his sensuous mouth a hopeful look. "May I?"

"You may." He was smiling just a little as she leaned up and brushed his lips with hers. They were warm and surprisingly soft and before she could stop herself she darted out her tongue to taste them, just a little. He was slightly salty and wholly delicious. Valentine moaned softly and kissed him harder.

Shane shifted on the couch but didn't try to stop her as she became bolder and nibbled teasingly at his lower lip. She thought she felt something hard and hot under her ass that had to be his cock but no matter how much her kiss was turning him on, he didn't respond. Instead, he held still and let her do what she wanted without moving.

Finally she stopped. "This is no fun – why don't you kiss me back?"

Shane grinned at her. "That's another reward for another time. If you wanted me to kiss back you should have said you wanted *me* to kiss *you* instead of the other way around."

"I don't see what the difference is." She crossed her arms over her chest, frowning.

"The difference is, you're still topping—or trying to, sweetheart. You need to submit and wait for me to give you what you need instead of trying to take it."

"All right, but that was very disappointing. If you knew how long I've been waiting to—" Valentine stopped abruptly, her cheeks heating with embarrassment. There was no point in letting Shane know exactly how much she wanted him—it would make her seem sad and desperate.

"Waiting for what?"

"Nothing." She looked away.

"Valentine, answer me when I ask you a question. What were you going to say?" There was a warning tone in his deep voice that she chose to ignore.

"Nothing, I told you." She sat up abruptly and tried to get off his lap but Shane clamped one muscular arm around her waist and kept her in place.

"Just when I think you're making some progress you give me attitude. Which reminds me, it's time for your second spanking."

Before she could protest, Valentine found herself manhandled into a totally different position—facedown on his lap with her ass in the air.

"Wait—I'm sorry," she protested as Shane raised her short plaid skirt again, baring her backside.

"Too little, too late, sweetheart. And besides, you had this one coming from before. You didn't think I'd forget just because you were kissing me, did you?"

"No, but I... Are you going to use the riding crop again?" Valentine couldn't keep the fear out of her voice.

"No, the second lie you told wasn't as bad. So I'm going to use my hand. Now hold still and take your spanking."

*God, she has a luscious, spankable ass,* Shane couldn't help thinking as Valentine writhed in his lap. He loved a woman with a heart-shaped ass and he fully intended to make hers as red as a sunset before he was done.

He brought his palm down hard on her vulnerable cheeks and was rewarded with a little gasp and a jump from Valentine. Shane felt his cock surge as her soft curves brushed against his hardness. He really needed to keep control of himself here but who could have predicted she would be so damn responsive to his touch? Earlier when he'd been examining her pussy she'd been so turned-on she was hardly able to stand and her reaction to his riding crop across her ass had been more than satisfactory too.

There was no doubt about it—Valentine was something special. Shane hated to admit it since he was trying to steer her away from a D/s lifestyle but to be honest, he'd never seen anyone better suited to be a sub. Not because she had extremely submissive tendencies—she didn't. But she was eager to learn and easy to train and there was something else about her—a streak of stubbornness that made her what was sometimes called a "brat". She was someone who would have to be punished often and well and

he would have to keep on top of her constantly to keep her in line. Which could be extremely pleasurable for both parties.

Not that he would ever take her as a permanent sub, Shane reminded himself as his hard hand connected with her soft ass again. He was only giving her these lessons to scare her off and convince her that the D/s life wasn't for her. The only problem was, so far he didn't seem to be having much success with that.

He'd tried being stern with her but that hadn't put her off so he'd decided to try pain. The first whipping he'd given her had been seriously painful though not at all dangerous. He'd chosen the riding crop for its effectiveness at dealing out stinging blows without leaving bruises or breaking the skin. But Valentine had stood up to that too without showing signs of running for the door. In fact, the only time Shane had seen her hesitate or look uncomfortable at all was when he'd asked her if her pussy was wet and told her to take off her panties.

Well, maybe that was it—maybe he needed to let things get a little bit sexual to scare her away, Shane decided, spanking her again. She was yelping frequently now and her ass was turning a very satisfying shade of red. He could tell already that she wouldn't be sitting down without discomfort for some time.

*Should I really do that? Touch her to try to scare her?* For a moment he thought uneasily of Peter—currently stationed overseas and trusting Shane to keep his little sister safe. But that was the thing, Valentine could get into all kinds of trouble if she went wandering around the Black and Blue by herself, not to mention some of the other, rougher clubs in the Tampa Bay area. By that token, he was justified in doing almost anything he had to in order to make her lose interest in the lifestyle.

*But there has to be a line,* Shane told himself sternly. *A line I won't cross. I'll touch her but that's all. No tasting and sure as hell no fucking.*

He finished the spanking, feeling better about the entire situation. Once he escalated the sexual tone of their time together, even just a little, he was sure Valentine would bow out of their lessons voluntarily. Shane had always treated her like a little

sister—if he started treating her like a sex slave instead she was bound to get freaked out and run the other direction. Which was exactly what he wanted—wasn't it?

## **Chapter Three**

Valentine moaned and writhed in his lap as Shane's hard hand connected with her soft ass over and over again. The pain wasn't as sharp as it had been when he was using the riding crop on her but it was still enough to make her gasp and bring tears to her eyes.

She thought of the halfhearted spankings Gavin had given her and would have laughed if another stinging slap hadn't landed on her ass just then. There was really no comparison. Shane knew exactly what he was doing and wasn't going easy on her at all. Even though it hurt and her backside felt like it was on fire, Valentine knew she would cherish this memory later. Because even though the spanking hurt, it felt good at the same time.

Part of it was the fact that she was in such a vulnerable position with her skirt pulled up and her ass completely bare in the lap of the man she loved. And part of it was the fact that even though he'd told her there would be no sex, she loved the blatantly sexual element of what they were doing. Her blouse had popped open, releasing her full breasts to hang down as she writhed against him. With each blow of his hand Valentine could feel her bare nipples getting harder and her pussy getting wetter. And she knew Shane was feeling it too—his cock was like a bar of hot lead under the tight black leather pants he wore. Surely he wanted her as much as she wanted him—didn't he?

She got her answer when the spanking finally stopped. Thinking it was over, she tried to get up, only to have Shane hold her firmly in place.

"Not done yet, sweetheart," he murmured, stroking her burning ass cheeks gently.

Valentine whimpered softly at his soothing touch. As turned-on as she'd been getting, the last part of the spanking had been really quite painful and she was glad it was over. Or she hoped it was, anyway.

"Are...are you going to spank me some more?" she asked hesitantly, hoping and praying the answer was no.

"Not right now. And not any more tonight if you're good and do as I say." Shane stroked her back under her shirt and then his hand moved down again to cup her stinging buttocks.

"I'll be good," Valentine promised brokenly. "So good. Just tell me what you want me to do, Shane...Master, I mean. And I'll do it."

"I just want you to hold still for right now. And answer a question."

"All right." Valentine nibbled her bottom lip nervously. Was he going to ask her again what she'd almost said after she kissed him? She really hoped he wasn't—she didn't want him to know how much she wanted him when he obviously didn't feel that way about her and never would.

"The spanking I just gave you." Shane's voice was soft but intense. "Did it turn you on? Did being punished give you pleasure or did you just want it to be over with?"

"I-I don't..." She didn't know how to answer him. What did he want to hear? Would he think she was sick if she told him the truth, that the pain he'd inflicted on her *had* turned her on?

"Valentine, look at me." Shane pulled her up and suddenly she was sitting on his lap again. Only this time she was straddling his lean hips, facing him. Her breasts were still out and on display and the new position made her feel incredibly vulnerable and open. But it was her face he was looking at. "Answer me," he said, staring at her intently.

"I..." She swallowed hard. "I don't know what you want to hear."

"I want to hear the truth. Only and always the truth from you." His deep voice was stern. "Earlier when I looked at you, your pussy was wet and hot. Are you wetter now than when I started spanking you?"

"I guess I...I'm not sure." She looked down at her hands.

"Lift your skirt again." It wasn't a request and she didn't take it as one. Reaching down, she lifted the short plaid skirt, baring her pussy to him for the second time that night. Only this time, her thighs were spread wide to straddle him which gave him a much better view.

Valentine was afraid to look down and see what he was seeing but she knew that her pussy was throbbing with need. She felt swollen and hot both from the spanking and from being on display for him. God, it was so embarrassing and so erotic at the same time to sit helplessly on his lap and let him examine her so intimately. She wanted it to be over and to never end at the same time.

Shane made her sit back a little so he could get a better view. "Look at this," he said, directing her eyes down to the area between her legs. "Look how wet you are, Valentine." The blunt pads of his fingertips slipped over her inner thighs first and then slid higher, to trace her outer pussy lips. "Cunt honey everywhere," he murmured. Then he looked up at her briefly. "Spread your pussy lips for me, sweetheart. Let me see inside."

"I..." Valentine shook her head mutely.

"Do it." Shane gave her a hard look. "Do it or say your safe word."

She didn't hesitate any further. Keeping her skirt raised with one hand, she slid the other down her abdomen and used her first two fingers to spread her pussy lips apart for him.

"Good girl." He nodded approvingly. "Now look how slippery your little clit is." He traced it as he spoke, touching so lightly and teasingly that Valentine wanted to scream. Shane looked up at her. "If I put my fingers inside you would I find more of the same? Are you as hot and wet inside as you are here?" he demanded.

"I guess so." She bit her lip, ashamed to admit it.

"You guess so? You're not sure?" Shane gave her a stern look. "Do I have to finger-fuck your pussy and see for myself?"

"I...don't know." Valentine could feel the breath catch in her throat. God, she couldn't believe he was touching her this way! It felt good and hot and scary all at the same time.

"All right then, if you can't give me a better answer than that..." Slowly, two thick fingers slid down to find her entrance. She moaned as he breached her pussy, entering her slowly as he looked into her eyes. "Watch me, Valentine," he growled softly. "Watch me finger your soft little pussy. This is your punishment for not telling me the truth."

"Yes, Master." The words came out in a breathy moan as he reached the end of her channel and pressed. God, he hadn't been exaggerating—he really was fucking her with his fingers, pulling out and thrusting in deep and hard exactly as if they were his cock.

Just the thought of that, the thought of his thick cock filling her, fucking her, was almost too much. Valentine had been on the brink for what felt like hours and now she could feel herself tilting slowly but surely over the edge. Part of it was the intense pleasure he was giving her—in addition to the slow and deliberate finger fuck he was also rubbing her clit with the pad of his thumb and shooting sparks of ecstasy through her entire body. But part of it was that it was Shane who was touching her, Shane who was watching her so intently while he stroked into her open pussy. God, how long had she fantasized about something like this? And now it was finally, *finally* happening and she never wanted it to end.

"Do you feel like you need to come?" His deep voice was rough with suppressed emotion.

"Yes...yes, please," Valentine gasped, squeezing her eyes closed. "Please, Master. I need to come so badly."

"I'm going to let you come for me," Shane told her, still thrusting deep into her pussy. "But I want you to open your eyes and look at me when you do. I want to watch you when you lose control."

Valentine forced herself to do as he said though it was hard to have eye contact with him while he was touching her in such an intimate way. She was pressing down to meet his fingers now—fucking herself on them as he thrust up inside her. She couldn't help herself, couldn't seem to stop. The orgasm was so close, hovering just over her head like a wave about to break and all she could think of was that she wanted his mouth on hers when it happened.

"Kiss me," she gasped as they worked together toward her peak. "Please, Shane. For real this time."

She didn't have to ask him twice. He pulled her forward with the hand that wasn't touching her and twined his fingers in her hair. Then he took her mouth in a kiss so savage it pushed her right over the edge completely.

Valentine gasped into his mouth, crying out as she felt the pleasure crash over her. She could feel herself spasming around his fingers as he pumped into her, could taste his tongue in her mouth as he kissed her while he took her. Forgetting she was supposed to be holding her skirt up, she dug her fingernails into his shoulders and worked herself against him shamelessly, loving the feel of him making her come but wishing at the same time that it was his cock and not his fingers she could feel buried in her cunt.

Shane rode out her orgasm, so lost in her pleasure he barely knew what he was doing until she pulled away, gasping. Then and only then did he realize what he'd done. He'd only meant to add a little sex to the mix to scare Valentine away but somehow the scenario had gotten away from him. Instead of just kissing her or teasing her a little, he had her spread out on his lap and he'd just fingered her to orgasm. God, what was wrong with him? This wasn't some girl he'd picked up in a bar for a night of

fun — this was Valentine, his best friend's little sister and he'd sworn to protect her — not molest her.

His thoughts must have shown on his face because Valentine was looking at him with concern in her green eyes. "Shane?" she asked hesitantly. "Are...are you okay?"

"Fine." He withdrew his fingers even though he didn't want to stop touching her. God, she was sexy with her full breasts exposed, her nipples hard and pink from the orgasm he'd just given her. Shane wanted nothing more than to carry her into his bedroom and finish what he'd started. But there was no way he was going there — not with Valentine. Not ever.

"Are you mad at me?" She was still looking at him with that uncertain, vulnerable expression on her face. Shane had seen that look before when he comforted her after the death of her parents. Just the thought that *he* had put that look there this time was enough to snap him back to the here and now.

"Not mad at you, sweetheart," he told her, stroking her cheek. "Mad at myself is more like it."

"Why?" She leaned forward, her bare breasts brushing his chest and he felt his cock surge again.

*Have to get her off me before I lose control and do something else I shouldn't.*

Shane gripped her arms above the elbows and pushed her back gently. "You need to get dressed, Valentine."

"Oh." She looked down at herself. "I thought you liked me like this."

"I do. More than I should." Then he cursed himself for letting her know. "The lesson is over," he said, trying to make his tone formal. "You need to go home."

"But...but you still haven't taught me about submission. And you made me come but you're still in a bad way yourself." She slid off his lap and dropped suddenly to her knees. Positioning herself between his thighs she rubbed her cheek against his cock encased in the tight leather pants. "I thought maybe I could submit to you in a way that

would help. You could order me to suck you." She looked at him hopefully. "Please, Shane, let me touch you the way you touched me."

Shane was incredibly tempted but he knew things had to stop right here and now. If he let Valentine get her gorgeous pink lips wrapped around the head of his cock he would take her to bed and taste her and fuck her and never let her go. And that could never be.

"Still topping from the bottom, sweetheart." He pushed her away, a little more roughly than he'd intended. "I'll let you know when I want you to submit. In the meantime, we're done here."

He could see the hurt in her eyes and it made him feel like an asshole. But what could he do? If he let her stay he wouldn't be able to stop himself from taking her. He'd wanted her for so long and here she was practically offering herself. He had to get her out of harm's way – and in this case he was the source of the harm.

"I'm sorry if I did something wrong," she said stiffly as she climbed to her feet and buttoned her blouse.

Shane sighed and ran a hand over his head. "It's nothing you did. It's just me."

She straightened her skirt, smoothing it down over her thighs, and retrieved her panties. "I guess I should go now."

"Yes, you should." He saw her to the door, wishing every minute that he could pull her back in for another kiss. That he could take her to bed and spend the night making her come. But that was impossible.

Valentine turned before he shut the door, a look of pleading in her green eyes. "Shane, at least tell me...are we going to have another lesson?"

He closed his eyes for a minute, trying to think around the headache that was building. "I don't know at this point, Valentine. I'll let you know," he said at last. "I'll call you."

"Will you really?" The hurt in her voice was so palpable he opened his eyes.

"Of course I will. Don't I always?" It was true they talked at least once a day, the same way they met for lunch or dinner at least once a week. He felt responsible for Valentine, which was one reason what he'd done was so wrong. "You'd better go," he told her, noticing that she was beginning to shiver. Even in Tampa it got chilly in February and the outfit she had on wasn't exactly the warmest in the world.

"All right." She looked at him uncertainly for a moment and then leaned forward impulsively and kissed him on the mouth. "I wanted to do that one more time," she whispered. "Just in case."

"In case of what?"

But she didn't answer. Instead she headed for her car. She got in and gave him a little wave before backing out of his driveway. Shane watched her go with mixed emotions. She was so beautiful and sweet and desirable...and he was such a bastard for wanting her.

He had to get her out of his head. Had to let go of what had happened tonight so it didn't ruin the rest of their relationship. But, God, it was hard, so hard to watch her drive away and not call her back.

"Yup, this is her all right." Clemens shook his head. "Damn shame."

Shane had to agree with his partner. The remains they'd found were over a year old and badly decomposed but there was no missing the tangle of blonde hair that still clung to the skull in the shallow grave. The girl was Clair Thomas, a local college student not that much younger than Valentine. She'd last been seen leaving a club in Ybor City with a man who had later been identified as a convicted sex offender. He'd been caught and pinned with some other crimes about six months after he'd done her and now he was using the resting place of her body as a bargaining chip to take the death penalty off the table.

"Sick bastard," Shane muttered, comparing the sad remains to the picture of the missing girl in his hand. The man who had killed Clair was in custody and never

getting out but there were always more like him out there—sexual predators just waiting to pounce on the innocent.

*Valentine is like that. So damn eager to try something new she rushes into it without thinking.*

Shane turned away, letting the lab techs do their work. He'd gotten a call from her only that morning but he'd let the message go to voice mail. He honestly didn't know what to say to her—didn't know how to act now that they'd crossed the invisible line that had always been between them. Getting his phone out of his pocket, he flipped it open and listened again.

"Shane, it's me," she began in a strong voice. "It's only four more days to my birthday and I wanted to know if we were doing something this year or if I should make other plans." There was a pause, as though she was debating over what to say next and then she continued. "I'm sorry if what happened upset you but it...it didn't upset me at all. No, damn it—that's not right. I'll come right out and say it—I loved it and I want more. I want...I want more of the lifestyle. I want another lesson and if I can't get it from you, well... Look, I don't want anyone else to show me the way, Shane. I want it to be you—only and always you. Please call me."

She'd hung up without saying goodbye.

Shane sighed. Damn it—not only had he *not* scared her away from the idea of a D/s relationship, he'd actually fanned her interest. And he was well aware that she was saying if she couldn't get it from him she'd get it from someone else. Some guy she picked up on the internet or in a club. Some pervert who would tie her up and rape her and dump her the way Clair Thomas had been dumped.

*I have to stop this. I have to protect her—but how when the only way to keep her out of harm's way is to violate Peter's trust in me?* It was a tough call but Shane knew he couldn't ignore it anymore. And maybe he'd been going about this whole thing the wrong way. Maybe instead of trying to scare Valentine off, he should do his best to satiate her curiosity.

He'd seen her get interested in new things before and then, when she got bored, she'd drop whatever it was and go on to something else. She'd done it with fencing and chess and astronomy and for a while she'd even been deep into making stained glass. Shane had read somewhere that particular trait was a sign of intelligence—getting as much as you could out of something and then moving on to the next bright, shiny idea. Maybe if he just helped Valentine get as much as she could out of BDSM, she'd move on and he could breathe a sigh of relief.

But helping her get as much as she wanted was bound to be an intense process and he couldn't kid himself that it wouldn't get sexual. Valentine wanted that part of it and she wasn't going to be satisfied with a few whippings and wearing leather bondage gear—not unless it was followed by some kind of sexual reward. She was a sensualist—he only had to look at her lush, curvy body to know that—and she wouldn't be happy unless he gave her what she was looking for.

*Fine*, Shane told himself, flipping open the phone again. *I'll give her what she wants. But touching only. There's no need to go any further than we went last night.* He punched the number for Valentine's work and waited while someone got her on the phone.

"Shane?" she sounded tentatively happy. "I'm so glad to hear from you. I thought—"

"Eight o'clock. My place. Tonight," he interrupted her. "This time you can wear something sexy if you want. Doesn't matter what since you'll be taking it off. Don't be late."

"I won't be."

"Good." He hung up before she could make small talk. He had a lot to think about and a lot of preparing to do.

## Chapter Four

Valentine rang the doorbell and listened to the soft *bing-bong* with a pounding heart. She tugged at her new black leather bustier, hoping it was what Shane had meant by “sexy”. At least it went well with her black leather miniskirt and the thigh-high stockings she was wearing with a black lace garter belt. This time she’d left the panties off entirely and it made her feel both incredibly anxious and deliciously bare to stand out in the open and know there was nothing on under her skirt.

She was, if anything, more nervous now than she had been the first time. Shane had sounded so stern on the phone, so unyielding. She was used to the man who held her when she cried, who kissed away her tears and told her everything was going to be all right. Deep down she supposed she’d always known there was a tougher side of Shane—actually it was probably the side that most people saw—he was a cop and a Dom, after all. But she’d never been exposed to it herself until now.

Then again, she reasoned, the man who held her when she cried was the same man who had never treated her as anything more than a little sister. So maybe it was worth it to meet Shane’s darker side. After all—he’d given her the most intense orgasm of her life the last time she’d seen him. She could live without the cuddling and kissing for that—or so she told herself. Assuming Shane continued the way he’d started.

*What does he have planned for tonight?* Valentine was almost afraid to find out. She wanted more than anything to submit to him, to give herself completely, but she didn’t know if that would happen. Shane had seemed visibly upset by the way their last lesson had ended and she got the distinct impression that he felt like they had gone too far. If only he could get over the idea of her being some untouchable porcelain doll! Valentine knew he felt responsible for her in Peter’s absence but why couldn’t their relationship

extend into another realm? Why did it have to remain platonic? He could still look out for her if they were together, couldn't he?

*Maybe he doesn't want to be together with you. Maybe he doesn't want you that way.*

Valentine pushed the thought away. *Some* part of Shane wanted her that way, she was sure. The way he touched her and kissed her during their first lesson proved it—didn't it?

Before she could get really worked up, the door opened and Shane was standing there. He was shirtless tonight, just as she'd seen him in the club, wearing only the tight black leather pants that made her mouth water.

"Come in, Valentine." He motioned her inside and shut the door before turning to give her a once-over. His black eyes seemed to burn her exposed skin and he let out a long, low whistle. "You follow orders very well."

"Is this all right?" She motioned to her black leather outfit. "You said sexy but I wasn't sure... I was hoping you'd like it."

"I do like it. Very much." He stepped closer to her, invading her space until their chests were almost touching and looked down into her eyes. "Now strip."

Her breath caught in her throat. "All the way?"

"All the way. Now." His voice was a low, commanding growl.

Fingers trembling, Valentine fumbled with the leather bustier. It fastened through a series of hooks and eyes that ran up the front of it and it had been a nightmare to get on. It was even harder to get off, especially with Shane watching her every move. She felt like she was all thumbs and her heart was beating so loudly she was sure he could hear it.

Finally he stepped forward and brushed her hands away. "Here. Let me." His voice was softer now, less intimidating and more like the Shane she knew and loved. Valentine dropped her hands to her sides gratefully and let him take the bustier off her.

When she was bare breasted, he took a moment to admire her, circling around her like a cat on the prowl as his gaze raked over her body. "Beautiful," he murmured, pinching one of her nipples gently.

Valentine moaned softly as the small pain magnified itself into pleasure that seemed to go straight to her pussy. "Thank you, Master."

"You're more than welcome, Valentine." He smiled at her. "Now take off the skirt."

The skirt was easier to get off and she was quick to comply although it felt funny to be completely naked in front of him. Valentine had the urge to cover herself but she knew he wouldn't allow it. She was about to take off her garter belt and hose too when he stopped her.

"Leave those. I like the way you look just like this. No panties this time?"

She bit her lower lip in embarrassment. "No. I...I liked the way it felt. To be bare under the skirt. To know you were going to be seeing me like this."

One corner of his sensual mouth quirked up. "Kinky, sweetheart. Very kinky."

"Isn't that why we're here?" She raised an eyebrow at him and he laughed, that deep rumble she loved so much.

"Touché. You've got a smart mouth on you, you know that?" His eyes flicked over her again and he frowned. "Spread your legs."

Valentine did as he said, feeling the heated blood rush to her cheeks. Shane knelt in front of her, studying the area between her thighs.

"You shaved." He traced the slit of her bare pussy with one finger, as though to illustrate his point.

"Yes." She nodded, trying not to moan as he touched her.

"Did I tell you to shave your pussy?" He looked up at her, his black eyes unreadable.

"No, but...but I thought—"

"Didn't I tell you that as long as we're doing this your body belongs to me?" Shane rose in one fluid movement and stood over her.

"Yes, Master. I-I'm sorry," Valentine whispered.

"Don't be – this time." He gave her a nod of approval. "I like you like this."

"Do you really?" Feeling suddenly daring, she stepped up to him and pressed the length of her body against his. The hard planes of his chest felt warm and smooth against her bare breasts and the growing lump in his leather pants pressed against her shaved pussy in just the right place.

He stayed still as a rock, only moving at the last instant when she tried to kiss him. "Did I tell you to kiss me?"

Valentine sighed in frustration and stepped away. "No, Sir."

"Then what are you doing?"

"I thought...I just wanted..."

"Get to the bedroom and lie facedown across the end of the bed with your feet on the floor. I think it's time for a punishment."

"Yes, Master." Valentine felt a flare of excitement spark all her nerve endings at once. God, another whipping. What would he use on her this time? Would it be the riding crop? His belt? She was a little alarmed to find that she was almost anticipating the pain—or maybe not the pain so much as the pleasure that was sure to come afterward. She wasn't sure anymore—she just knew that she loved the feeling of being the complete and utter center of Shane's attention, no matter what he had in mind for her.

She walked as quickly as her high heels would allow, aware of Shane following close behind her, his big body like a line of fire along her spine. God, he was driving her crazy already. How was she going to get through this? But the uncertainty was part of the pleasure and when she reached his bedroom she went directly to the high, old-fashioned four-poster and positioned herself as he had ordered.

Shane's bed was the kind that you almost needed a footstool to get in and out of so she didn't have to bend over very much to drape herself across the end of it with her feet planted securely on the floor. She kept her head turned and from the corner of her eye she could see him retrieving something from the closet. When he turned around, she saw it was a flogger—the same one she'd first seen him using at the club. It had the look of a clean and well-cared-for instrument just like his gun, the few times he'd seen it. Shane believed in taking care of his tools to keep them in optimum working order.

Valentine remembered how she'd watched him wield the flogger that first time and imagined that he was using it on her. She'd wondered at the time exactly how it would feel—well, now she was about to find out.

Shane walked toward the bed, the long black leather strands of the flogger making a whispering sound against his leather pants legs as he moved. Valentine braced herself for the first blow, expecting to feel the sting of the flogger across her back or ass.

But instead of whipping her, Shane let the long strands trail lightly over her bare skin. He drew a line down her spine and then traced her shoulder blades and hips. The thin leather strips were barely touching her, teasing her exposed flesh unbearably and yet he went on and on, apparently in no hurry to end the strange torture.

Valentine's skin broke out in goose bumps and she began to shiver as the flogger continued its never-ending journey across her body. At last she couldn't stand it anymore. "I thought you were going to whip me."

"Do you want me to whip you?" The leather strands stroked endlessly over her body. Now he was trailing them over her ass and between her thighs, making her crazy as he tickled her bare and extremely sensitive pussy with featherlight touches.

"I don't know—maybe," she said desperately. "Anything but this—you're driving me *crazy*."

"That's the idea, sweetheart. You need to learn to submit when I touch you—to accept whatever sensations I give you whether they're pleasurable or painful."

"I don't know which this is." Valentine shivered again as the flogger whispered over her skin. "I only know I can't stand much more of it."

"So you'd rather I do this?" The flogger whistled through the air abruptly, licking around to land on her vulnerable buttocks.

Valentine hissed and winced at the stinging pain. It hurt but it felt good too—felt like a punishment she deserved. It felt like love.

Shane did it again. "Do you like that?"

"I-I don't know. Maybe." Valentine moaned and bit her bottom lip, trying to endure.

"What do you like about it?" He sounded genuinely interested. "The pain itself? Or the fact that someone else is in control of your body?"

"Not just someone—*you*." Valentine twisted her head around to look at him. "I like giving *you* control, Shane."

He looked genuinely surprised and then the expression was gone and he frowned. "I'm asking because I need to know your boundaries. I need to know what turns you on more—pain or domination."

"Why...why do you need to know that?" Valentine gasped as another blow from the flogger fell on her stinging buttocks.

"So I can set the right scene. How can I dominate you properly without knowing exactly what turns you on and makes you tick?" He gave her one last lick with the flogger and then strode to the foot of the bed and put one large, warm hand on her trembling ass. "It's all right, Valentine. You took that whipping very well. I'm proud of you—you're a very good girl."

His words of praise sent a warm rush of pleasure through her and she longed to stand up and hug him. How many times had she come to him in times of stress or grief and found herself enveloped in one of his wonderful, warm bear hugs? Shane's arms were like steel bands and when he wrapped them around her she felt like there was no

safer place in the world. *But I can't do that now*, she reminded herself, staying where she was. *Not while we're in the middle of a lesson*. So she held still until Shane told her to climb up onto the bed and lie on her back.

"Now what?" she dared to ask as he fastened her wrists to the headboard with some black silk scarves.

"Now we're going to play a little game so I can learn a little more about you." He smiled at her. "Are you ready, Valentine?"

"I think so." She looked up at the scarves that held her arms securely over her head. "Am...am I going to be tied down the whole time?"

Shane raised an eyebrow. "I thought you were interested in bondage."

"I am. I just...I guess I didn't realize how vulnerable I'd feel." She pulled at the scarves again. There was no getting out of them, she could tell. A scary feeling that wasn't quite panic, but wasn't far from it either, rose in her throat. Valentine pushed it back down as well as she could. *It's all right*, she reminded herself. *Everything's all right because Shane is here. He would never hurt me or put me in a dangerous situation.*

Shane was looking at her thoughtfully. "This is what's known as pushing your boundaries and if I didn't do it, I wouldn't be a very good Dom. But if it's bothering you, I won't tie down your feet. And you know you can always say your safe word—right?"

Valentine nodded, unable to speak. Her heart was racing as she tugged against the black silk scarves. She hadn't understood, when she was reading every BDSM book she could lay her hands on, how it would *feel* to actually be tied down. Never thought how helpless it would make her feel, how naked and uncertain...

Shane cupped her cheek and looked into her eyes. "I want you to know I can tell this is hard for you, Valentine, and I'm proud of you for not letting your fear get the best of you."

Once again his praise warmed and relaxed her. And she thought of something he'd told her the last time they had been together. "Master?" she asked hesitantly. "You said...said it was all right to ask you for things. Can I ask for something now?"

He nodded gravely. "You can ask. I can't promise you'll get whatever it is."

"A hug. I just want one of your hugs." She looked at him hopefully. "Please, Shane?"

A look came into his eyes she couldn't quite define. It looked like a mixture of love and pain but it was gone so quickly she couldn't be sure.

"Of course you can have a hug, sweetheart." Leaning down, he gathered her to him, his warm arms sliding under her back and pulling her close.

Valentine sighed and relaxed into the embrace. Suddenly it no longer mattered that she was tied naked and helpless to the bed. The only thing that counted was the feel of Shane's broad, hard chest against her breasts and the feel of his warm breath against the side of her face. She was safe in his arms—always and forever safe with him and no matter what happened everything was going to be okay because he was holding her.

The hug lasted a long time but finally Shane drew back, placing a kiss on her forehead as he did. "Better now?" he asked quietly.

Valentine nodded. "So much better. Thank you."

"Any time, sweetheart." He smiled. "And now for our game. Are you ready to play?"

She took a deep breath and nodded. "Yes, I think so."

"Good. But first you have to wear this." From the nightstand at the side of the bed he produced another strip of black silk—a blindfold.

Valentine bit back a moan as her anxiety rushed back. God, this was getting worse and worse! Being tied down was hard enough, but to give up her sense of sight along with control of her body—she wasn't sure if she could do it.

Shane was watching her closely and her internal conflict must have shown on her face. "Valentine, do you need to use your safe word?" His deep voice was low and concerned.

She shook her head. "No, I...no. Just do it."

"All right." He didn't give her a second chance to think about it. Leaning over, he tied the strip of black silk around her eyes, blocking out any and all light. "Now," he said, after he'd made sure the blindfold was secure. "This game is called Kiss, Lick or Bite and I'm going to know a lot more about you when we're finished."

Shane watched her tremble as he finished tying the blindfold in place. God, but she was a sight—her lush body completely naked except for her lacy black garter belt and thigh-high hose. The belt framed her naked pussy beautifully, showing her plump outer cunt lips and hinting at the sensitive pink treasures within.

He really wished that she hadn't shaved her pussy. Seeing her soft little cunt so exquisitely exposed made it so much harder for him to keep this scenario on track. Though he had never admitted it to anyone, he found a bare, cleanly shaved pussy almost unspeakably erotic. There was something so vulnerable, so naked in the sight and it seemed to make a woman that much more sensitive to the touch.

And it wasn't just that he wanted to touch her there either, Shane admitted to himself. It was that he wanted to *taste* her. Wanted to spread her pretty pink pussy lips and taste the silky folds of her inner cunt. Just the thought of lapping her swollen clit until she moaned and begged and called his name was almost enough to make him come. *She'd taste like peaches*, he thought, letting his eyes wander over Valentine's inner thighs. *Peaches and cream. And she'd come so hard when I tongue-fucked her...*

He forced himself to stop that line of thought at once. Hadn't he promised himself when he'd decided to give Valentine another lesson that he wouldn't go further with her than he already had? There was no other way to keep her out of trouble than to satisfy her curiosity but that didn't mean he had to claim her completely. She was still out of bounds—still his best friend's little sister and that meant there had to be limits to

what he allowed himself to do to her. *There's not going to be any fucking tonight*, he told himself sternly as he got on the bed beside her. *Not with your tongue and certainly not with your cock. You can touch but no tasting – at least, not her pussy.*

With his self-control firmly in place, he leaned over her and took a deep breath, inhaling the clean scent of her shampoo and the warm fragrance of her skin. God, she smelled good. Fresh and delicious and juicy – like a peach ripe for the plucking.

“Have...have we started yet?” Valentine’s trembling voice reminded him that he was keeping her in what must be almost unbearable suspense. She still didn’t know the rules of the game he intended to play with her and she was probably wondering if he was about to bite her at any moment.

“Not yet, sweetheart,” he murmured close to her ear. “In just a minute. I need to tell you the rules first.”

“There are rules?”

“Of course. With any good game there are rules.” He ran a hand through her blonde curls, stroking her hair soothingly. “Just relax. None of this is going to hurt unless you want it to. Trust me.”

“I trust you. I’ll always trust you,” she whispered. And just like that, her trembling stopped.

Shane was amazed and gratified at the way she calmed down for him. This was proving to be a difficult experience for her – much more difficult than she’d anticipated, he was sure. And yet Valentine had so much confidence in him she was able to get past her anxiety and put herself completely in his hands. He didn’t know if he’d ever had a sub who trusted him so completely and he suddenly wanted fiercely to be deserving of that trust.

“You’re so fucking gorgeous, Valentine,” he murmured before he could stop himself. “Lying here like this all spread out and open, naked on my bed.”

“You really like the way I look?” She turned her blindfolded face up to the sound of his voice. “Have you...did you ever imagine me like this before?”

Shane knew he was on thin ice – after all, he could hardly let on that he'd fantasized about his best friend's little sister even before she'd basically blackmailed him into giving her D/s lessons. But still, she deserved an answer. Deserved to know how attractive he'd always found her.

"I've always thought you grew up into a beautiful young woman," he told her, caressing her cheek lightly with his fingertips. "I was always glad you never starved yourself into a skeleton like so many girls your age were doing."

She laughed softly. "Why would I do that when I knew you liked plus-sized women?"

Shane frowned. "Are you saying you kept your shape the way it is just for me?"

"Yes, well..." She shifted uncomfortably on the dark blue bedspread. "You know – I used to have a thing for you and all that."

"I know." Sometimes he wished she still did. At least it would make what they were doing a little more legitimate if he believed she felt the same way about him that he felt about her. But how *did* he feel about Valentine? It was a tough question – one he hadn't had to ask himself before. The truth was his emotions were such a snarl of protectiveness, desire and guilt that he didn't know how to label them. He only knew that what he felt was growing stronger and had been ever since they'd started this twisted little lesson plan.

"Of course, that was a long time ago," Valentine continued, breaking his train of thought. "Now I just like my crème brûlée too much to worry about counting calories."

"You're gorgeous just the way you are." Shane trailed his fingertips down the sensitive side of her throat, watching her pulse jump in reaction to his touch.

"Of course – haven't you heard? Size eighteen is the new eight." She tried to laugh but it came out sounding breathy and uncertain.

Shane knew the blindfold was affecting her. Having his hands on her and not knowing where or how he would touch her next was building the sexual tension

between them. Her nipples were tight and hard and he was willing to bet that if he looked between her thighs he would see that her pussy was getting wet as well.

But things were about to get a lot more intense.

"About those rules," he murmured, keeping his voice so low he knew she would have to strain to hear it.

"Yes?" She turned toward his voice, her entire body tight with tension.

"I'm going to rub my face along your body," Shane told her, pressing his cheek to hers as he spoke. "I'm going to take my time because I want to experience every inch of you. When I pause, you have to tell if you want me to kiss, lick or bite the area I'm at." He pressed his lips to her ear. "Let's practice. Kiss, lick or bite, Valentine?"

She nibbled her lush lower lip in a moment of indecision. "Lick," she said at last.

Shane complied, tracing the delicate shell of her ear with his tongue, ending by sucking her earlobe briefly.

"God!" Valentine shifted restlessly on the bed. "I think I'm going to like this game."

"Mm-hmm. That's the idea." The game wasn't just for her pleasure, however—it was to see what Valentine thought was pleasurable in the first place. By playing Kiss, Lick or Bite with her, Shane could learn more about her boundaries and whether she actually found pain pleasurable or just wanted to be dominated—which was something he hadn't quite established to his satisfaction yet.

He pressed his face to the side of her throat, breathing her in, waiting.

"Kiss," she said, almost immediately.

Shane pressed a hot, open-mouthed kiss to the sensitive skin of her neck. He could feel her pulse pounding against his lips and her breath was already shallower as she became more and more aroused.

"Are you hot right now for me, Valentine?" he murmured, kissing her neck again, working his way down slowly to her full breasts. "Is your pussy getting wet?"

"God...Shane!"

He loved to hear her moan his name like that. He rubbed the side of his face against the warm curves of her breasts, knowing the slight stubble on his cheeks would intensify the feeling. Working his way slowly in a circle, he took his time getting to her right nipple.

"It's time to choose, sweetheart," he murmured, knowing she would feel the heat of his breath against her sensitive flesh.

She laughed weakly. "I guess suck isn't one of my options."

Shane would've happily sucked her nipples for hours but it wasn't part of the game. "Huh-uh. You have to choose. Kiss, lick or bite?"

A look of determination crossed her face that he could read even with her blindfold in place. "Bite, then."

Slightly surprised, Shane took her pink peak between his teeth. So Valentine *was* into pain—at least a little. Of course, erotic pain was a lot different from regular, everyday, stub-your-toe kind of pain. It was on another plane and it put the sub in a very different mind space to submit to it. Opening herself to pain as well as pleasure was the ultimate sign of Valentine's trust in him.

He nipped her gently, not wanting to give her too much at once. Later on, if they continued their lessons, he would accustom her to wearing nipple clamps. He might even require her to get her nipples pierced, so she could wear a silver chain between them. A gentle tug of the chain would bring her pleasure and remind her at the same time that she was owned. Owned and cherished.

It didn't occur to Shane that he was beginning to think of Valentine as his permanent sub—just imagining her stiff pink nipples pierced and joined by a chain that only he could adjust was making him incredibly hot and hard. He moved to her other nipple and nipped it as well, a little more sharply than the first, letting her know who was in control.

Valentine's head snapped back and she moaned and arched up to him, giving him easier access to her body, accepting the painful pleasure he gave and asking for more.

Before he knew it, Shane was lapping and sucking her nipples even though he had refused to earlier. He sucked hard, taking as much of her full breast into his mouth at a time as he could and running his hands over her sides and hips as he did. God, but he loved her generous curves. She was so perfect, so beautiful, and he wanted her like he'd never wanted any woman before.

At last he made himself stop. Things were getting out of hand. He'd had subs come and go but he'd never been this tempted to take things all the way to their logical conclusion. His cock throbbed behind the black leather pants and he was glad he'd made the decision to stay at least partially dressed when he was with her. Things could easily get out of hand with her bound and helpless as she was—not to mention wet and willing—if he was nude too.

"Please...please, Shane, I need more." Valentine was gasping now, her small hands twisted into fists as she pulled at the black silk scarves that held her to the headboard. "Please, you're making me crazy."

"That's the idea, sweetheart. To make you crazy. To make you mine." The words came out in a low, possessive growl as he lowered his face to her stomach. Slowly he rubbed his rough cheek down the trembling slope of her abdomen until he reached the bare mound of her freshly shaved pussy. Her scent was intoxicating here—warm and spicy—a delicate perfume that made his cock so hard it hurt.

*No, shouldn't be here. Dangerous territory.* But he couldn't seem to stop himself. He rested his lips on the baby-smooth skin just above her slit and waited.

Valentine seemed to have stopped breathing for a long moment. Finally she moaned softly at the press of his lips. "Kiss," she whispered at last. "Just...kiss."

Shane kissed her very gently, trying to keep his raging lust in check. *No tasting*, he reminded himself. *Just a kiss.* Still, he couldn't stop his tongue from tracing the top of her slit as he gave her a soft, hot, intimate kiss, his lips covering her mound for a long moment.

He forced himself to pull back before he could go further. Before he could spread her soft pussy lips and lick and suck and press his tongue deep into her willing cunt.

“Shane...” Valentine was moaning softly, her hips twitching restlessly as though searching for something more. The lips of her pussy were swollen with need, opening like a flower to reveal the pink interior, glossy with her juices. Shane wanted in the worst way to bury his face between her thighs and taste that sweet nectar, to spread her wide and lap and suck and tease until she came for him, came all over his face. But he couldn’t do that—it would be crossing the line he’d drawn for himself.

*Have to hold firm, no matter how much I want her.* Because if he gave in to his lusts and let himself go down on her, where would it end? He was a dominant and possessive man—if he let himself get carried away with Valentine, even once, he would never want to let her go. He couldn’t just fuck her and walk away from her—he’d want to keep her with him always. And she’d made it clear she was only interested in getting lessons from him, not having a long-term relationship.

It was a difficult position Shane found himself in. He was beginning to see her as much more than the little sister of his best friend and he could even imagine himself calling Peter and telling him that he cared for Valentine and wanted a new kind of relationship with her. But there was no way he could call his best friend and say, “By the way, Valentine and I are fucking but it’s no big deal.” That would be the worst betrayal of trust Shane could imagine and he refused to go down a path that would lead to such an end. Taking a deep breath, he decided to start again.

“Shane? Is the game over?” Valentine’s sweet voice was uncertain.

He stroked her thigh soothingly. “No, sweetheart. Not quite yet. But for this next part I need to take these off.” He put a hand on her silky black thigh-high hose and tugged. He’d always admired Valentine’s long legs and now he wanted to explore them more thoroughly.

Carefully, he unsnapped the garter belt and pulled each stocking off as she lay trembling on the bed. To her, Shane realized, this must feel like a final unveiling, like

the last barrier was coming down between them. If only she knew that he had erected another, more permanent barrier between them in his heart.

He pushed that thought aside and went to kneel between her feet at the bottom of the bed. Valentine was obviously feeling nervous about his new position because she drew her legs up and squeezed her thighs closed.

"Hey now, sweetheart—it's all right." Shane circled one of her ankles with his fingers, admiring the delicate but strong bones and the graceful arch of her instep. Her toenails were polished an innocent sweetheart pink—almost the same shade as her lips. She shivered again but when he slid his hand upward, stroking over her shin to her knee, she relented and parted her thighs, just a little.

"Wider, Valentine." He put a hand on each knee, urging them apart. "I need you to open your legs for me."

She bit her lower lip. "I wish I could see you. Wish I could see what you're doing to me."

"Why? Because you're scared?" Shane was concerned. He'd thought she was over her fear of the situation now.

"No, because...because I want to watch. You don't know how many times I've imagined how it would be—" She stopped herself abruptly. "I'm sorry."

He was intrigued. So she'd fantasized about them together before? He supposed it really wasn't that surprising, considering the fact that she'd had a pretty big crush on him when she was younger. But still... "I've imagined it too," he found himself telling her.

"Really?" She turned her blindfolded face toward him. "I mean, you imagined doing this to me?"

*This and more. A hell of a lot more,* Shane thought. But things were getting out of hand again. "Sure, you're a very pretty woman, sweetheart—I'd have to be blind not to notice. And any red-blooded male is going to get a few ideas from time to time." He tried to make his tone nonchalant.

"Oh." Valentine sounded disappointed. "Well, okay. But you still didn't say if I could watch."

"Maybe. In a minute." He wanted to keep her in suspense for a little while longer. To draw out the tension between them a little more. "Just relax for now and spread your legs a little more."

"All right." Reluctantly, she allowed him to part her legs.

Shane ran his hands up and down her inner thighs, caressing her silky skin, soothing her. "It's all right, Valentine," he murmured, placing a soft kiss on the top of her right knee. "Everything's all right and you're such a good girl for spreading your legs for me."

"Master..." she whispered, parting her thighs a little more, opening herself for him completely.

Shane had to bite back a groan when her hot, swollen pussy came into view once more. She was so wet her honey was coating the insides of her thighs. Impulsively, he reached down to trace her slit with one fingertip. Valentine jumped and moaned his name as he brushed over her clit. The need in her voice made his cock throb behind the zipper of his leather pants.

He pulled his hand away before things went too far. "Ready to play again?" he asked, determined to concentrate on her legs and forget about her incredibly tempting pussy.

"Y-yes," she stuttered. "I guess so."

"Good." Leaning down, Shane rubbed his cheek against the inside of her knee. "Kiss, lick or bite?"

"Lick me," she whispered. Her hands clenched into fists again as Shane did as she asked, lapping at the sensitive inside and underside of her knee. God, her skin tasted good—salty and sweet and fresh. It made him wonder again how her pussy would taste.

He tried to push the thought away but then something else occurred to him. She was wet—so wet her inner thighs were glistening with her honey. He could taste her there as part of the game, could put his mouth right there and lap up her juices without violating the contract he'd made with himself.

The temptation was too great to resist. But first, he had to do something. Leaning forward, he reached for the blindfold around Valentine's eyes. She wanted to watch him and he wanted to be watched. It was sexy and hot to tease his lover but there was something even hotter, something incredibly erotic, in making Valentine watch as he did things to her she had no control over.

"What..." Valentine blinked at the sudden light.

"You wanted to watch," Shane growled. "So watch." Leaning down but keeping his gaze locked with hers, he licked a long, slow trail up the inside of her right thigh.

"Oh...God." The words fell out of Valentine in a sigh. "What...what are you going to do to me?"

"That depends." Shane nuzzled his slightly scratchy cheek against her inner thigh. "What do you want me to do?"

Valentine surprised him. "Bite," she whispered. "Mark me, Shane. I want to look at myself later in the mirror and know you've been there."

Her words sent a bolt of pure possession through his entire body. *Mine. She wants me to mark her as mine.* Opening his mouth, he placed his teeth carefully against the tender flesh of her inner thigh. He could taste her honey against his tongue—as sweet and creamy as he'd known it would be—and he could feel his cock throbbing for release. God, he wanted her!

"Do it." Valentine's passionate whisper forced him to action. Carefully, he closed his teeth, using just enough force to mark her, giving her both pain and pleasure to remember him by.

She moaned and tensed under him, her body tightening up with her obvious need. It seemed clear to Shane that she was right on the edge. That just a tiny little nudge would send her tumbling over. More than anything he wanted to see her come again.

Slowly he released her and lapped gently at the spot to soothe the pain of his bite. The imprint of his teeth was clear on her creamy flesh, a mark of ownership as plain as though he'd signed his name across her skin. Then he licked the other thigh, the one he hadn't bitten, cleaning away her juices eagerly, savoring her taste.

And then somehow his lips were hovering just over the slit of her pussy. Shane knew he should stop. Knew he was in dangerous territory. But when he looked up and met Valentine's wide green eyes he could see desire and fear and need in her gaze that wouldn't let him go.

"Lick," she whispered, even though he hadn't asked her, though he'd never intended for the game to go this far.

Shane couldn't help it. *Just once*, he promised himself. *I just want to taste her once*. And then he was spreading the lips of her pussy to reveal the pink pearl of her clit, opening her so that he could take what he'd been craving for years.

Valentine's eyes were trained on him, her gaze locked and unable to look away as, starting at the bottom of her slit, Shane lapped upward. She gasped as his tongue slid over the sensitive bud of her clit and then he felt the muscles of her inner thighs tremble and knew she was coming.

"God, oh God! *Shane*." She bucked upward, a mute appeal for more, and he knew he was lost. He could talk to himself all day about not crossing the line, about keeping his friend's trust. But there was no way to stop what was happening between him and Valentine. He wanted to make her come again, wanted to tongue-fuck her and feel her trembling all around him as she gave it up completely. More than wanted—he *needed* it and there was no stopping himself now.

He curled his arms around her thighs, locking her open for him and then, with a low, animalistic growl, he lunged forward, pressing his mouth to her pussy, lapping and sucking her inner folds, tasting her as he'd always wanted to.

## **Chapter Five**

Valentine cried out and trembled beneath his onslaught. God, she'd never had a man go down on her with such intensity—such single-minded determination to make her come. Gavin's approach to oral sex had been much like his approach to spanking—halfhearted. But it was obvious that Shane was as committed to tasting her as he had been to spanking her.

His tongue seemed to be everywhere, lashing her clit one minute and then pressing deep, as though he was determined to taste every bit of her. He was fucking her with it, thrusting in and out of her as if he wished it was his cock filling her instead.

Valentine wished it too. She gasped and moaned his name, twisting and yanking against the black silk scarves that tied her to the headboard as the pleasure built inside her until it felt like she would explode. She wanted desperately to touch Shane, to have contact with him while he ravaged her with his mouth. But there was no getting loose. His broad shoulders split her wide, making her feel naked and utterly helpless and his muscular arms held her in place, ensuring that she wasn't going anywhere until he was finished with her.

"God, Shane! Oh God, please!" She didn't know what she was begging for, only that she would die if she didn't get it. His mouth on her was so hot, so insistent, as he sucked her clit one minute, teasing it sweetly with his tongue, and then licked deep inside her the next.

Her cries seemed to have some effect on him because he looked up, ceasing his assault for a split second, his mouth wet with her juices. "Come for me, Valentine," he said, his deep voice a hoarse growl of need. "Come for me now—need to feel your sweet pussy coming while I eat you."

His words sent her tipping over into a second, much deeper orgasm than the quick one he'd given her earlier. As he pressed back between her thighs, lapping her and sucking her swollen clit, Valentine gasped and writhed with abandon. She bucked up to meet his tongue shamelessly as the pleasure rolled over her in a wave so deep it felt like she might drown in it.

God, she'd fantasized about Shane forever but she'd never imagined it could be like this. She'd never had a sexual experience so intense, so emotional and erotic at the same time. This wasn't just any man going down on her—it was Shane, the man she'd had a crush on for literally years, the man she wanted to give herself to completely.

The man she loved.

*Tell him – tell him how you feel,* urged a little voice inside her. *Surely some part of him feels the same way for you. No man is so focused on giving pleasure to a woman he doesn't care about.*

"Shane," she whispered as he slowed his lapping, giving her a much needed rest. "There's something I need to—"

"Valentine." Suddenly he was on top of her, his big body heavy and warm as it pressed her into the mattress. "God, sweetheart, you're so beautiful when you come." He kissed her hungrily, sharing the taste of her on his tongue, rubbing her lips with her own juices.

She moaned at the erotic flavor of her nectar on his mouth and gave herself completely to the kiss. Between them she could feel Shane doing something but she wasn't sure what until she heard the rustle of leather and felt something hot and hard against her lower belly.

*His cock – God, he took off his pants and he's going to fuck me for real!*

Sure enough, the heated ridge of his shaft moved down until she felt it part the lips of her pussy. Shane was holding himself in one hand and supporting his weight above her with the other. "Need you so much," he murmured, kissing her again as the broad,

plum-shaped head of his cock stroked up and down her slippery folds, sliding over her clit in an agonizingly delicious way.

“God, yes. Need you too. Fill me up, Shane. Please just *fuck* me.” Valentine kissed him back, giving as good as she was getting. She couldn’t wait to feel him buried to the hilt inside her. Couldn’t wait to feel him filling her completely.

But just as she was tilting her hips to receive him, aching to have his thickness deep in her open cunt, Shane pulled away.

“Shane?” She looked at him in alarm as he rolled off her and sat on the side of the bed with his head in his hands. “Shane? Is everything all right?”

“Hell, no it’s not all right,” he growled, sparing her a glance. “None of this is right.”

“But...but what...” Before she could find the words to finish her question, he had turned and was untying her roughly. “Shane, what’s going on?” Valentine sat up, rubbing her wrists and looking at him uncertainly.

“What’s going on is that you need to leave. Now.” The tone in his voice made it clear he wasn’t asking—he was telling. He wanted her to get out, to leave—and just as they had finally been about to make love.

Valentine slid off the side of the bed and stood stiffly, frowning at him. “You want to tell me what the hell’s going on?”

“No.” He got off the bed and began gathering her clothes. Valentine trailed behind him uncertainly.

“Well, are we at least going to have another lesson?” she asked as he hooked her into the bustier roughly and shoved her skirt at her.

“No more lessons.” Shane’s voice was an angry growl. “No more of any of this for you, Valentine. As of right now, tonight, you’ve had enough D/s to last you the rest of your life.”

She pulled on her skirt in stiff, angry movements. "What are you saying? That you've decided I've had enough so you're cutting me off? I have news for you, Shane—you're not the only Dom in town."

"Don't you dare." He took her by the shoulders and gave her a short, fierce shake. "If I ever and I mean *ever* catch you in another one of those clubs or find you trying to get some other guy to give you lessons I'll make you sorry you were born. And that's a promise, sweetheart."

"You don't own me, you know!" Valentine shouted, anger overcoming her common sense. She'd never seen Shane look so angry but she was angry herself—and hurt too. What the hell was he so upset about? Why was he kicking her out when they had been just about to make love? Why was he making all these crazy threats and ultimatums? Only minutes ago her entire life seemed to be falling into perfect harmony and now nothing made sense anymore.

"I know I don't own you." Shane's black eyes were suddenly bleak. "I never did. I was a fool to think I could."

"Shane, what—?" But before she could finish her question, he was pushing her toward the door.

"Goodnight, Valentine. And goodbye."

"What do you mean 'goodbye'?" Panic was rising in her chest. Surely he couldn't mean what she thought he meant.

"I mean we shouldn't see each other anymore." Shane was opening the door and pushing her out in the cold now.

Valentine felt like her heart was freezing over. "You mean we shouldn't have any more lessons, right? You don't mean we should never see each other again ever—do you?"

Shane sighed and ran a hand over his face. He looked haggard suddenly, like a man ridden by demons he could no longer control. "I don't know, sweetheart," he said in a voice that was probably meant to be gentle but just came out sounding tired. "I

just...the way I feel right now, I don't know when I can see you again. I mean, we almost...*I* almost..." He trailed off, shaking his head. "It's better we have some time apart. Maybe a long time. I don't know."

"I've known you since I was twelve and you've been there for me for years. Shane, you're part of my life—don't do this." Valentine knew she was pleading but she couldn't seem to help herself. His goodbye sounded so horribly final and it had all happened so *fast*. Worst of all, she still wasn't sure *what* had happened to set the whole ugly chain of events in motion in the first place.

But Shane was shaking his head. "I'm sorry I can't explain, sweetheart. But it's just better we don't see each other. You should go."

"Can't we just talk?" she begged—but she was talking to his closed front door. Valentine stood there for a minute, staring in disbelief at the unyielding wood, willing it to open. Willing Shane to be standing there on the other side smiling and telling her it was all a joke, all some kind of submissive test that she'd passed with flying colors.

But that didn't happen. After ten long minutes, Valentine realized it wasn't going to happen. Ever.

She trudged to her car, feeling like someone had tied bricks to her feet. What had she done to make him so upset? Why did he hate her now? Was it that he didn't want to make love to her? Maybe he felt like she'd tricked him into it somehow? But he was the one who'd set up the scene so how could she possibly...

Her mind went on and on in an endless loop of misery as she drove home. But when she let herself into her apartment, she was no closer to solving the mystery than she had been when Shane had first shut the door in her face.

She took a hot shower and crawled into bed, wishing she could have the last two hours to do over again. But even if she did, she had no idea how she'd fix whatever it was that had gone wrong.

As she closed her eyes, hot tears slipped down her cheeks. Shane was gone, out of her life. And it didn't look like he was ever coming back.

Shane could count the number of times he'd cried on one hand. It was difficult for him to let go emotionally – almost impossible in fact. And yet, as he sat on his couch with his head in his hands, he could feel something hot and wet prickling just behind his eyelids.

*God, Valentine. So sorry...I'm so sorry...*

He felt like shit, kicking her out like that – but what else could he do? He'd come within a hairsbreadth of fucking her and it had taken every ounce of his self-control to stop because he wanted her so badly. His need for her was raging like a fire, like an inferno threatening to consume him and burn his common sense to ashes. Sending her away was the only way to avoid temptation. Even as she'd been walking – very unwillingly – out the front door he'd had to fight with himself not to pull her back and take her then and there against the wall.

*What's wrong with me? I've never felt this way about a sub before. Never lost control like this...* But this wasn't just any sub, he reminded himself. It was Valentine. The sweet little girl who had tagged along with him and Peter wherever they went, the girl he'd comforted after her parents died when her brother wasn't there to help, the girl he'd cared for and looked after and watched over for years and years.

The girl he loved.

Shane's head snapped up as he recognized the truth. Earlier he'd been trying to define his feelings for her and coming up with no very clear answer but now that she was gone and he wasn't half crazed with lust he could see it was true. He loved Valentine. Hell, he'd loved her for years. And now, when he'd finally realized that fact, it was too late to do anything about it.

He stood and paced around the house, ending up by the bedroom door. The dark blue bedspread was still rumpled from where he and Valentine had lain and the black silk scarves still dangled from the headboard. Shane was tempted to go touch the spot on the bed where she'd been, to see if it was still warm but he restrained himself. "God,

I'm such an *idiot!*" In a fit of pure frustration, he punched the doorframe as hard as he could.

He only succeeded in bruising his knuckles but they weren't nearly as bruised as his heart. Having just realized that he loved Valentine—and had probably been in love with her for years—he also realized something else.

He could never have her.

Not just because she was the little sister of his best friend. Shane was fairly sure if he called Peter and told him he was in love with Valentine and wanted to be with her forever, his friend would understand. No, the reason he couldn't have Valentine was that she didn't want him—not the way he wanted her, anyway.

Because Shane didn't want a one-night stand or even a standard D/s relationship. He needed Valentine for the rest of his life. Forever—which was a long, long time to a free spirit like Valentine who flitted from hobby to hobby like a butterfly in a field of flowers. If only he'd realized what he felt back when she was feeling it too—when she'd had a crush on him so many years ago. Of course, they couldn't have had a relationship then because she'd been underage. But still—it looked like he had missed the only window of opportunity he was ever going to get with her.

Because Valentine didn't feel that way for him anymore—she'd made it abundantly clear that her crush on him was in the past and she was over it. Now he was just a good friend and a convenient way to find out about D/s. She'd even threatened to run right to the arms of another man if she had to in order to keep getting her "lessons". How much could she care about Shane if she thought he was that interchangeable with some other Dom?

Just the thought of her with some other man made him curl his hands into fists. God, he couldn't stand it! *But I'll have to*, he realized with a dull, thudding certainty. *She's gone now and she's never coming back. Not that I blame her after the way I acted.*

But despite his anger at himself, he still didn't see what else he could have done. Making love to Valentine would have been like letting a beast out of a cage. A very

possessive, dominant beast that refused to share with anyone. If he'd gone ahead and taken her tonight, he would have wanted to keep her for always and never let her go.

*Valentine doesn't want to be kept that way. Doesn't need what I need or want what I want.*

Shane shook his head and lay down on the bed. He could still smell the scent of Valentine's sweet, floral shampoo on his pillow, could almost feel her warmth wrapped around him as she'd begged him to take her, to fuck her...

*Forget it. Just try to forget it. Forget her. That's all you can do now.* It was true because there was no going back to the way things had been between them before. No more lunches and dinners and movie nights when they just stayed home and ate popcorn and watched the latest stupid horror flick. All that was over. Shane knew himself well enough to understand that he couldn't be trusted around Valentine anymore. Now that he knew his true feelings for her, he would be tempted to take her every time she was near. He'd have the irrational caveman urge to drag her off somewhere and make love to her and chain her up so she could never leave. And while as a modern and evolved man he might be able to fight the urge off, it would be pure torture to endure time alone with her.

*What about her birthday? We always spend it together and damn it, I already got her a present.* Well, he could forget spending time with her and he would just have to mail her the damn present. Right now the idea of an evening alone with Valentine when he knew he couldn't have her and didn't dare even touch her sounded about as much fun as an evening in a wine cellar would sound to a recovering alcoholic.

Shane decided he might as well face it—his friendship with Valentine was going to have to be over. There was no way he could be near her without wanting her, without endangering her with his need. He would have to let her go.

His temples were throbbing as he turned over and buried his face in her pillow, breathing in her sweet, fresh scent one last time. God, it hadn't been an hour yet and he already missed her so much he felt as if his heart had been ripped out. How was he going to get through the rest of his life without her?

## Chapter Six

Valentine was tired of feeling horrible. In the days following their last lesson, Shane didn't call, write or text her at all. So apparently their long friendship was over. With no warnings or explanations she suddenly found herself without the most important person in her life.

God, she missed him.

The worst thing was that her birthday fell on a Saturday this year and she had been planning to have Shane over for a home-cooked dinner, a bottle of wine and a movie. It was their normal routine, one she'd grown to depend on, the same way she had depended on having him around when she needed someone to talk to, someone to watch out for her. There were so many ways he was vital to her existence she couldn't even count them. For instance, she'd never bothered to sign up for any kind of roadside assistance program because whenever she had a flat tire, Shane would come and change it for her. And if she was lonely and needed someone to talk to, she could always call him and he would never brush her off. And when—

*Oh, stop being so mooney and pathetic,* she scolded herself as she dragged herself outside to check the mail on Saturday morning. Maybe she'd get a Valentine's Day/birthday card from Peter to cheer her up. If only her big brother wasn't so far away—if only she could talk to him maybe he could shed some light on the trouble between her and Shane. Of course, the idea of telling him what had almost happened between them was a little uncomfortable—Peter probably wouldn't be too happy with the idea that she'd nearly had sex with his best friend. In fact, he'd be royally pissed at both her and Shane. Peter had practically entrusted her safety, security and happiness to his best friend the day he left town for basic training and if he found out that Shane had almost...

"Duh!" Valentine stopped in front of the row of mailboxes and slapped her forehead. "God, sometimes I can be so *dense*."

"Well, if you say so dear." Mrs. Rosenblatt from the apartment below her gave her a doubtful look as she perused the packet of mail clutched in her bony hands.

Valentine gave her a distracted smile as she unlocked her mailbox. "No, it's true," she continued, not even caring that she sounded crazy. "Shane isn't upset with me—he's mad at himself. He probably feels like he let Peter down by nearly having sex with me."

"Excuse me?" Mrs. Rosenblatt put a hand to her skinny chest, obviously offended.

"I never really thought about it seriously before but he must consider me *seriously* off-limits. So when I blackmailed him into give me those bondage and D/s sex lessons—" Valentine broke off abruptly. Not because her elderly neighbor was staring at her in horror—because there was something from Shane in her mailbox.

It was in one of those padded envelopes that are hell to get open but Valentine attacked it with the edge of her house key and before she knew it a long, narrow velvet box was sliding out into her hand. She opened it with trembling hands to see a silver chain with a heart-shaped marquise locket dangling from it.

"Oh, my." Mrs. Rosenblatt leaned forward, peering at the locket nosily, Valentine's offensive sex talk apparently forgotten.

"Oh my is right." Valentine lifted the chain clear of the box and found the hidden catch that held the locket closed. There was a small picture inside, one that had been taken years ago at her high school graduation. Peter had taken the picture and it was of her and Shane. She was wearing a black cap and gown and Shane had an arm around her and both of them were grinning like idiots. Valentine remembered how he'd kissed her on the cheek and whispered she was gorgeous just before the camera snapped. She'd felt lighter than air that whole night, reliving the feel of his lips against her skin and his deep, gravelly voice telling her she was beautiful over and over. It had been a wonderful moment.

Why would Shane choose this particular picture to put in the locket? Was he trying to tell her something? Trying to remind her of what they used to be to each other before she'd muddied the waters of their friendship with sex?

Biting her lip, Valentine felt around in the envelope again and pulled out a single sheet of paper. On it, scrawled in Shane's spiky handwriting, was a short note.

*Valentine,*

*Happy Birthday. Hope this reminds you of better days.*

*I'm so sorry.*

*Shane.*

"That's lovely, dear," Mrs. Rosenblatt said softly, making Valentine jump. She'd forgotten that her elderly neighbor was still standing beside her in front of the bank of metal mailboxes.

"Thanks." She tried to sniff back the tears that suddenly stung her eyes and didn't quite manage—they came rolling down her cheeks anyway. "But I don't...don't think I'm going to see the guy who sent it to me ever again."

"That would be the Shane person who gave you sex lessons?" Mrs. Rosenblatt raised one pure white eyebrow at her and Valentine blushed.

"Yes, that's the one. Only I pushed him too far. I think he thinks we can't be together because it would make my brother mad. But I really think Peter would understand if he knew we loved each other. Except we don't. I mean—I love Shane but I'm pretty sure he doesn't love me."

"Oh, I don't know about that." Mrs. Rosenblatt looked at her sharply. "That's a lovely gift, obviously chosen with care. I don't think a man who doesn't love you would take the time and trouble to find something like that. Do you?"

"I don't know." Valentine frowned. "Do you really think he cares? But then, why would he kick me out the other night just when we were about to...uh..." She suddenly remembered who she was talking to. "Sorry, Mrs. Rosenblatt."

"That's all right, dear. You girls these days seem to have more liberal views than we did in my day." Valentine's neighbor shook her head. "But back to your problem – does this Shane person know how you feel?"

Valentine sighed. "Even if he did it wouldn't matter. Shane is so stubborn that once he gets an idea in his head he's like a dog with a bone. If he's decided that we can never be together because I'm his best friend's sister then that's it, we'll never be together. Besides, I don't even know if he feels the same way about me as I feel about him."

"Then the first thing to do is find that out. I'd say that this beautiful locket speaks volumes about his feelings but if you're really unsure, sound him out."

"How?" Valentine frowned at her, wondering how her elderly neighbor had suddenly turned into a love guru.

"The opposite of love isn't hate, my dear—it's indifference. Let him see you wearing his gift while talking with another young man. I'd say you should be able to gauge his feelings for you pretty accurately from that little experiment." The old woman nodded shrewdly. "And if he cares enough to make a fuss about you seeing someone else, tell him he'll have to get over the fact that you're his friend's sister. I dare say the idea that he's going to lose you forever to another man's arms might erode a little bit of that stubbornness of his."

Valentine clutched the marquise heart locket tight in the palm of her hand. "Mrs. Rosenblatt, that's a *wonderful* idea. How can I ever thank you?"

Mrs. Rosenblatt smiled and patted her arm. "Well, it will be wonderful if you and your young man get together but I'd rather not know all the *details* if you see what I mean—especially before I have my first cup of coffee. My old heart just can't take it."

"Of course. I'm sorry." Valentine grinned at her again. "Excuse me. I have a lot to do before tonight."

And that was how she wound up back at the Black and Blue, barely a week after her very first trip there. The club was decorated for Valentine's Day with little red

leather heart-shaped paddles and black satin hearts hanging from the ceiling. It seemed impossible that so much had happened between herself and Shane in such a short time but whatever the circumstances, Valentine was determined to bring things full circle tonight.

She waited anxiously in the shadows, hoping that Shane would show. She'd learned on her first visit from some of the regulars that he was always at the club on Saturday evenings and knowing what a creature of habit he was, she felt fairly sure of seeing him there tonight.

*What if I'm wrong? What if he doesn't show?* Valentine adjusted her new red leather corset nervously. It had been her birthday present to herself and its dark red material was printed all over with tiny black fleur de lis which made her skin look creamy and smooth. Also, it pushed her full breasts up and out in a very eye-catching way. To go with it, she was wearing a very abbreviated black vinyl skirt that was stretched tight across her ass and rose high on her thighs. Black leather boots that hugged her calves added to her height with their spiked heels and completed her look.

All in all it was an unforgettable outfit and Valentine was wearing Shane's marquise heart as a final, perfect touch. Now the only thing to do was to show herself and see what he did.

Of course, she was well aware that she was taking a big risk. She hadn't forgotten the angry light in Shane's eyes when he'd promised to make her sorry if he caught her back at the Black and Blue or with another Dom. But it was a chance she'd have to take to get his attention and make him realize they belonged together.

*Just seeing me here should be enough, though,* she thought, scanning the shadowy depths of the club and paying special attention to the area around the whipping post. *There's no need to actually find some other guy and have him parade me in front of Shane's nose. That would be crossing the line. Who knows what Shane would do if he actually thought –*

"Well, hello there, girly. You look lost."

The deep, smooth voice behind her scared Valentine so much she almost jumped out of her boots.

"Huh?" She whirled around to find a large man in dark jeans and a leather vest with no shirt standing in front of her. He had a handsome face with a knife-blade nose and hair that was perfectly gelled in place. If his body was any indication, he must spend the majority of his time at the gym and he wasn't shy about showing it off, either.

Valentine stared at him. It was hard to make out in the dim lighting but... *Is that body glitter on his pecs? Eeww.*

"I was just saying you look like a little lost lamb in a den of wolves. Or should I say, a little lost sub?" The man grinned at her, showing teeth so perfect and white they had to be caps.

"Actually, I'm just fine. But thanks anyway." Valentine gave him a cool nod but to her dismay, the man with the perfect hair and glittery chest seemed oblivious to her less-than-friendly words.

"I don't see anyone around. And in the Black and Blue if you're not claimed by a Dom, you're fair game, little sub." Quick as a flash, he reached out and grabbed her wrist, squeezing so tightly Valentine couldn't help the soft cry of pain that escaped her.

"I'm a Dom myself," she said, with a sudden burst of inspiration. "A Dominatrix. So you're barking up the wrong tree. Now will you please let me go? My friend will be here any minute."

"A Dominatrix who says please?" he sneered. "I don't think so. If you're a Dominatrix I'm a grandmother."

"I am *too* a Dominatrix," Valentine said, trying to sound stern. "And if you don't let go of me this minute I'll...I'll have you whipped."

"Speaking of whipping, I have a brand-new belt on tonight I've been wanting to try out. And I think this is the perfect opportunity." He gave her another wolfish grin and, to Valentine's horror, began to drag her away into the darkness of the club. There were back rooms behind the whipping post area that catered to special fetishes—punishment

being one of them. And who knew what he would do to her once he finished whipping her with his belt? She opened her mouth and drew in breath to scream when another hard, masculine hand clamped around her other wrist, stopping her forward motion.

"That's enough, Valentine. You're coming with me."

She looked up to see Shane standing there, wearing black leather pants and an expression like a thunderstorm.

"Shane, thank God! I was just standing here and this guy —"

"Is there a problem here?" The guy with the perfect hair turned to face Shane, a frown on his face. "This sub's taken, buddy. Get your own."

"She *is* my own. Valentine belongs to *me*." There was a dangerous light in Shane's black eyes that would have made a wise man back away. Unfortunately the guy who had grabbed Valentine obviously wasn't big in the brains department.

"She never said she was taken. And anyway, I saw her first." He stepped up to Shane, his chest puffed out and his hand still firmly locked on Valentine's wrist.

Shane gave him a pleasant smile that didn't reach his eyes. "I'll give you a choice. You can take your hands off my sub and walk away or you can spend the next six months drinking through a straw. Because if you don't let her go right now I'm not just going to punch your pretty white teeth down your throat—I'm going to *break your fucking jaw*."

At last the perfect hair guy seemed to get the message. "Hey, whatever, man. I was just showing her around. You don't have to get personal." He dropped Valentine's wrist and backed away as though he was afraid to turn his back on Shane. Valentine could understand how he felt. She had never seen Shane look angrier and his grip on her wrist was scarcely less painful than the other man's had been.

"Shane," she said quickly. "Let me explain."

"No explanation needed, sweetheart." His eyes were hard. "I can see for myself what you're doing."

"But it's not what it looks like. That guy was a jerk! He came up to me and just grabbed me and —"

"Well, he wouldn't have had a chance to grab you if you weren't here in the first place," Shane snarled. "What are you doing here when I specifically forbid you to come back?"

Valentine thought about telling him that she was an adult and he couldn't forbid her to do anything. But she hadn't gotten dressed up in her BDSM best and come all the way out to the Black and Blue to fight with him. Instead she lifted her chin and looked him directly in the eyes.

"I came because I got your birthday present in the mail and I want to talk to you."

"Didn't I tell you we shouldn't talk for a while?"

"I don't care what you said. You can't just cut me out of your life after twelve years of friendship. I won't let you."

"I'm doing it for your own good. And you need to leave—now." He grabbed her arms and started pushing her toward the door but Valentine dug in her heels.

"Oh no you don't. You're not throwing me out again with no explanation. And you're sure as hell not throwing me out of a public place."

Shane stopped moving and looked at her. "For someone who claims to want to be a sub, you're not very good at being submissive, sweetheart."

Valentine had a sudden idea. "You want submissive? I can show you submissive...Master." Sinking to her knees, she reached up and unzipped his black leather pants. Before he could protest, she had his semi-erect shaft out and was sucking it into her mouth.

Shane groaned like a man in pain and one of his big hands came up to caress her hair almost involuntarily. "God, Valentine...don't do this. You don't know what you're doing to me. What you're setting in motion."

Valentine refused to be put off. He could talk all he wanted about consequences as long as he didn't stop her from sucking him. He was long and thick and hard in her mouth and she leaned forward, taking as much of him as she could. God, he tasted *delicious*, spicy and hot and completely Shane somehow. She'd often fantasized about doing something like this to him and now she could feel her pussy getting hot and wet, both from finally fulfilling her long held fantasy and from performing such a naughty act in public. Other patrons of the Black and Blue were beginning to take an interest and she was aware that they were being watched but somehow it only added to her pleasure.

She lapped and sucked, feeling Shane's cock grow in her mouth as his hand caressed her hair. At any minute she was sure he would come and, after she swallowed every last drop, she would be able to explain to him why they ought to be together despite his guilt over Peter.

But just when she was sure he was getting close, Shane's hand tightened in her hair and he pulled away.

"No." His voice was thick with anger as he refastened his pants. "No, not here. Not like this." Grabbing her wrist, he dragged her to her feet and marched her toward the door.

"What...where..." Valentine could barely get the words out and once again she had a sense of things moving too quickly.

"Back to my place. I refuse to do this in public." There was a muscle twitching in Shane's jaw that made her nervous.

"Look, I said I wanted to talk, not —"

"Oh, we'll talk, sweetheart. You better believe we'll talk. But first you're going to take your spanking."

They drove in silence to Shane's house, mainly because every time Valentine tried to speak, she found that her mouth was too dry or she couldn't find the right words. To tell the truth she was scared to death—had she really pushed Shane too far this time?

She'd known he would be upset about her disobeying him and showing up at the Black and Blue but it had seemed necessary in order to get his attention. Now she was wondering if she hadn't been a little too hasty in deciding there was no other way to get through to him.

Before she knew it, they were pulling up in his driveway and Shane was coming around to open her door.

"Out." He motioned to her but by this time Valentine was so nervous her knees almost buckled. Shane pulled her to her feet and led her as he had at the club, her hand firmly locked in his much larger, stronger one.

"Shane, please," she managed to say as they walked in the door but he obviously was in no mood to listen.

"Go to the bedroom and take off your skirt. And so help me God, Valentine—you'd better have on panties under it. If I find out you were out in that place with no underwear on..."

"I have some on," she protested weakly. It was true that they weren't very big—but at least she hadn't left home without them and now she was very, very glad she hadn't.

"You'd better." Shane's voice was grim. "Go take off your skirt and stand facing the wall with your arms over your head."

Valentine wanted to ask what he planned to do—strip-search her? But the look in his black eyes was so forbidding she didn't dare say a word. Instead she walked to his bedroom on wobbly legs, unfastening her tight black vinyl skirt as she went.

She had barely finished peeling it off and assumed the position against the far wall opposite the bed when Shane came in with a riding crop in his hand. The sight of the long, thin flexible crop that she knew stung like fire made Valentine shiver. And yet, at the same time, her pussy was getting hotter and wetter than ever. Shane might be mad at her but Valentine's neighbor had been right—he was certainly *not* indifferent to her.

Shane lifted his arm but stopped in mid-swing. "So those are your underwear?" he asked, coming closer. "They don't look like much from here."

"It...it's a thong." Valentine hoped her voice didn't shake too much. She was glad the black lace thong she had on was at least visible against her pale skin so that he couldn't accuse her of wearing nothing at all.

"Tell me something." Shane stepped even closer, his warm breath heating the side of her neck. "Are you wet under those sexy little panties, Valentine? Did being at the Black and Blue with another man turn you on?"

"I told you already—I didn't go there with him. He was trying to pick me up and wouldn't take no for an answer."

"Speaking of answers, you haven't answered me. Are you wet?"

Valentine gave him a defiant look from the corner of her eye. "Why don't you find out for yourself, *Master*?"

"Oh, I will, sweetheart. Don't worry about that." His large warm hand was suddenly on her lower abdomen and then he was sliding his fingers into the black lace thong as he spoke. "You know, you're very close to the edge here, Valentine. If you're not careful you're going to push me too far and then you're going to be very...very sorry."

Valentine bit her lower lip and moaned as he spread her pussy lips with two thick fingers and found the entrance to her cunt.

"Just as I thought," he growled. "Dripping wet. I guess disobeying makes you hot."

Valentine looked at him. "No, *you* make me hot. And...and I think I make you hot too. Which is why I was so surprised when you stopped short of making love to me and pushed me out the door the other night." It was hard to get the words out when his touch was setting her on fire but she was determined to make her point.

"That was for your own good. And this will be too." Shane stood back from her a little but his fingers remained firmly buried in her pussy. "I'm going to whip you, Valentine. Whip you while I finger-fuck your hot little cunt. Hold still."

She couldn't have moved if she'd wanted to. His fingers held her firmly in place. "God, Shane...please!" she gasped and then the first blow fell.

The bite of the riding crop was as sharp and stinging as she remembered and she couldn't help crying out from both pain and pleasure. Because as the crop connected with her ass, the broad pad of his thumb slid over the throbbing bud of her slippery clit, sending sparks of pleasurable need throughout her body.

"That's for going to the club when I specifically told you not to," Shane rasped and another blow fell, accompanied by another stroke of his thumb across her clit. "And for talking to another Dom." Another stroke. "And for coming to see me when I warned you not to." Another stroke. And another and another.

Valentine's ass was on fire but there was a different kind of warmth rising between her legs. On one hand, the blows of the riding crop were sharp and painful but on the other hand, the slow slide of his thumb over her clit and the feel of his two thick fingers buried deep in her pussy was almost more than she could bear. Never had she imagined it would be possible to have an orgasm while she was in pain but as yet another blow fell while Shane gave her the intimate massage, she knew she was coming.

Shane must have known too—maybe he felt her inner muscles tighten around his fingers. But for whatever reason he dropped the riding crop and covered her body with his own.

"That's right, sweetheart," he murmured in her ear. "Come for me. Come for me, Valentine."

She gasped as his broad chest came flush against her back and his other hand came around to stroke the tops of her breasts. As the pleasure rolled over her in waves, she wished the corset wasn't in the way. She wanted to feel him pinching and squeezing her nipples, wanted to feel every part of him connected to every part of her.

As though reading her mind, Shane grabbed the bottom edge of her corset and gave a sharp yank. Valentine gasped as her breasts popped out and moaned as he began twisting her nipples.

"Did you like that, sweetheart?" he murmured in her ear, his fingers still stroking her quivering cunt. "Did you like the pain and the pleasure all mixed up inside you? I guess you must have since you came so sweetly for me."

"Yes." Valentine's voice trembled. "Yes, God yes—I loved it, Shane."

"Do you love it enough to live like this the rest of your life?" he demanded, pinching one of her nipples sharply. "Because that's what we're talking about here, Valentine. A lifelong commitment to the lifestyle and to me."

"I don't...don't understand."

"No, you don't. You never have. So let me spell it out for you. If I fuck you here and now, tonight, I'm never letting you go."

"N-never?" She wanted to look at him, to try to read the expression in those black eyes but he was directly behind her now, whispering in her ear as he continued to finger her pussy.

"Never. You'll be mine, Valentine. And I'll never let you go." The hard bulge of his cock pressed against her stinging ass, grinding into her, claiming and punishing her at the same time. "Now do you see what you're getting into?" he growled. "You board this train, you're never getting off. So you'd better think long and hard before you decide, little girl."

"I don't need to think about it." Biting her lower lip, Valentine thrust back against him, spreading her legs for the hard ridge of his cock, still confined behind his tight leather pants. "I want you, Shane. I've wanted you from the first minute I saw you. So go ahead and take me because I'm yours. I always have been."

Her only answer was a low, possessive growl. And then he was turning her around and pressing her back against the wall as he covered her with his bulk. Valentine moaned as she heard the low purr of his zipper going down. This time he wouldn't

stop, this time there would be no pulling away, no turning back, and she knew she was in for a wild ride.

Shane tangled one hand in the thin elastic of her panties and pulled, ripping them off her in one savage move. Then he raised one of her legs, spreading her thighs open for him and Valentine felt the blunt head of his cock slip over her inner folds and find the entrance to her pussy. She moaned breathlessly, waiting for that one hard thrust that would sink him balls-deep in her slippery cunt.

But Shane stayed where he was with only the head of his cock filling the entrance to her pussy. "It's not too late, Valentine," he murmured, looking into her eyes as he worked just the tip of his cock slowly in and out of her. "You can still say your safe word and run away. But only if you say it before I get all the way inside you."

"I-I don't want to say it. Please, Shane, you're driving me crazy."

"Not half as crazy as you've been driving me, little girl." He pressed harder, sinking another two inches into her aching pussy and continued his slow, maddening rhythm. "This isn't something you can take lightly so think hard before you pass up the opportunity to leave. Once I fill your sweet little cunt with my cock completely there's no going back. I'll fuck you and come in you and you'll be mine forever."

"That's *exactly* what I want." Valentine pressed forward, trying to get more of him than the teasing few inches he was currently fucking her with but Shane's hand tightened on her hip, keeping her in place.

"Uh-uh-uh, sweetheart. Still topping from the bottom, I see. We're going to have to work on that."

"But I can't *stand* this much more. Please, Shane, I need you to fuck me!" Valentine felt as if she were going crazy. What she needed were deep, hard thrusts to push her over the edge and though he was slowly going deeper with every stroke, he still had only half of his thick cock lodged in her pussy.

"You'll get fucked when I'm good and ready to fuck you, little girl," he growled. "In the meantime you need to relax and submit to my cock in your cunt."

"But I want you all the way inside me." Valentine leaned forward and captured his mouth in a passionate kiss. When she pulled back, she looked him in the eyes. "Please, Shane, I want you. Not just for tonight or the weekend. Forever. Please."

He groaned low in his throat. "God, Valentine, you don't know what you do to me!"

"No, but I know what you do to me. Fuck me, Shane. I want you to."

"You asked for it." Slowly he began to sink his cock deeper into her channel. "Last chance, sweetheart," he murmured, locking his gaze with hers as he moved. "Say your safe word before I get all the way inside you or I'm never letting you go."

In answer, Valentine put her arms around his neck and kissed him again, opening her mouth to his seeking tongue as she was opening her thighs for his thick cock.

With a low moan that seemed to vibrate all the way through her, Shane finally bottomed out inside her, pressing the head of his cock hard against the end of her channel.

"God!" Valentine gasped, breaking the kiss. "*Finally.*" She looked into Shane's eyes to see if he felt the same way. What she saw was an all-consuming passion and possessiveness that made her stomach flutter with fear and need. He looked like a man on the brink. Like a man dying of thirst in the desert who has finally found water. "Shane?" she whispered uncertainly. But he was too far gone to hear her.

"Mine," he growled as he pulled out and thrust in again, riding her with a brutal rhythm that pushed her hard against the wall and made Valentine cry out with pain and pleasure. "You're all mine, sweetheart. From now on I'm going to suck your nipples and play with those beautiful breasts whenever I want to. And anytime I tell you to, you're going to spread your legs for me so I can sink my cock deep in your tight, wet pussy. Do you understand me, Valentine? Do you?"

"Yes, God, yes!" Valentine couldn't help moaning. He was taking her harder and faster than anyone she'd ever had, was claiming her with the sheer force of his body

working within hers. The head of his cock was pressing hard against the sensitive end of her channel as he fucked her, making her gasp, making her want it to never end.

"Never letting you go," Shane promised, looking into her eyes. "Want you under me every night. Want to fill you up and make you come until you can't come anymore."

"God, yes...yes, Master!" Valentine was losing herself in his rhythm, losing herself to the raw passion that was consuming him, forcing him to take her as hard as he could. This was yet another side of Shane, she realized through the blinding pleasure that was rolling through her. A side he'd never shown to anyone before. A possessive beast that took what he wanted when he wanted it and refused to let go of what was his.

"Gonna come in you soon, little girl," Shane told her, his black eyes blazing. "Gonna fill your sweet pussy with my cum. Is that what you want?"

"You know it is." Valentine pulled his head down to hers and kissed him savagely on the mouth. "Take me, fuck me. Come in me. And never let me go."

"Never." Shane reached down and grabbed her other thigh, pulling the leg that was supporting her up until he was holding her completely against the wall, keeping her there with the sheer strength of his thrusting. Valentine moaned encouragement and scratched his broad back, determined to give as good as she was getting, to mark him as he was marking her. She could feel another orgasm coming—a stronger, deeper one that felt like it might carry her away unless she held on tight. And since this was Shane, she never intended to let go.

He roared and redoubled his efforts, as though determined to fuck her right through the bedroom wall. And then, as Valentine felt her own orgasm rip through her, he gave one last, hard thrust as though trying to get as deeply into her as he could, and she felt something warm and wet pulsing between her legs as he filled her.

"Shane," she almost wailed. "Coming, God, you're making me come so hard."

"I can feel you, sweetheart. Come for me. Come all over my cock while I fill you up." He kissed her hard, still buried deep in her pussy and Valentine moaned into his

mouth, feeling like her entire body was melting. God, she'd never come so hard, never felt so pleased, so cherished, so *owned*. It was a wonderful feeling.

At last Shane sighed and lowered her gently to the floor though he remained pressed against her and deep in her cunt. "God, that was —"

"Amazing," Valentine finished for him. "I-I've never felt anything so intense in my life."

"And you have the rest of your life to experience it." Shane tilted her chin so that their eyes locked. "I meant everything I said, sweetheart. You're mine now and I'm not letting you go."

Valentine tossed her blonde curls and gave him a smile. "What makes you think I want to go anywhere? I've been wanting you for years, Shane. Now that I have you, what makes you think I want to let you go?"

He didn't smile back. "This is serious, Valentine. D/s isn't some hobby you can take up like chess or astronomy and throw away after you get bored of it. And I'm always going to be a Dom, which means you're always going to be my sub. Do you understand that?"

"I understand that I've just had the best sex of my life with the man I've wanted to be with since I first met him." Valentine kissed him. "And besides, how would I ever get bored? There are endless possibilities."

Shane began to smile. "And I promise you, we're going to explore every one of them. But first, I'm going to call Peter and tell him you and I are together."

Valentine felt a flash of apprehension. "Do you think he'll be mad?"

"No, not when he knows we're together for the long run." Shane stroked a stray curl out of her eyes. "He *would* have been angry if I told him we were just fucking around but that's not what we're doing, is it, Valentine?"

"No, absolutely not. Although we *are* fucking." She gave him a naughty grin and looked down to where they were still joined. Then she wiggled her hips to make him groan.

"Keep that up, sweetheart, and you're going to get more than you bargained for."

"Maybe another birthday present?" Valentine wiggled enticingly again. "Do you have anything else you want to give me...Master?"

"A hell of a lot more, sweetheart." Grinning, Shane lifted her in his arms and walked her over to the bed. "But I think this time we'll do it lying down. I want you under me."

"Yes, Master," Valentine moaned as he laid her on the bed and began to work deep inside her once more. It was the best birthday and the best Valentine's Day she could ever remember having and she never wanted it to end.

## Epilogue

"Valentine, come in here right now!" Shane used his scariest voice, knowing it would make her tremble, both with fear and anticipation. He sat up straighter at his desk, the offending piece of paper held in one hand.

"Yes, Mr. Daniels?" Valentine came in, a look of uncertainty on her delicate features. But it was the way that she was dressed that nearly made Shane lose his focus. The naughty Catholic schoolgirl skirt was riding high on her thighs and her thin white top was tied just under her full breasts. The material of the blouse she wore was transparent enough to show the two slender gold hoops that pierced her tight pink nipples as well as the thin gold chain that joined them.

Shane took a deep breath. God, it had been almost a year since that fateful night when she'd come to find him in the club and still he wanted her so much he was hard the minute she walked in the room.

"Mr. Daniels?" Valentine's sweet voice reminded him that they had a scene to play and it was one of her favorites – the strict professor punishes the naughty student.

"Do you know what this is?" Shane asked, waving the piece of paper he held in his hand under her nose. "Well, do you?"

"Um...my chemistry test from last Wednesday?"

"Exactly. And do you know what I noticed about this test when I was grading it?"

"No." Valentine bit her bottom lip and scuffed the toe of her little black, patent leather shoe on the floor.

"I noticed the answers were the exact same ones as Holly Smith's. *That's* what I noticed." Shane slammed the "test" down on the desk and stood, towering over her. "Do you know what the penalty for cheating is in my classroom, Valentine?"

"I...no." She looked at him with wide, frightened eyes but he could see the lust burning in their depths too – the longing for more.

"You can choose one of two punishments," Shane told her. "Either I can report this to the dean or you can lean over my desk and take a whipping. Now which is it going to be?"

"Oh please, Professor Daniels – don't tell the dean! I'll be expelled." Valentine put her hands together, pleading in a most convincing way. Shane thought that if the scenario they were playing out was real he might have been tempted to let her go, just because she looked so sorry for what she'd done. However, it wasn't real and it was going to be his pleasure to punish her instead. He could feel his cock throbbing in his pants as Valentine fell to her knees in front of him and pressed her cheek to his thighs. "Please, please, don't tell. I'll do anything. *Anything.*"

Shane pulled her to her feet. "What you're going to do right now is march over to my desk and raise your skirt, young lady. It's time for your whipping."

Hesitantly, Valentine went over to the solid oak desk that Shane kept in his study for paying bills and leaned over it, thrusting her ass in the air. "Like this?"

"Yes, except I told you to raise your skirt." Shane began unbuckling the black leather belt he wore.

Valentine's tilted green eyes went wide. "You're going to whip me with that?"

"Not unless you pull up your skirt right now. Since you can't follow instructions, I'm beginning to think you want me to go to the dean after all."

"No, no – I'll be good!" Quickly, she flipped up her skirt, baring the silky globes of her bare ass bisected by the scarlet lace of a tiny thong.

"Very good, Valentine." Shane walked over to her and stroked her trembling ass. "Very nice indeed. But I think you'd better take your panties off too. I don't want anything to get in the way of your punishment."

"My...my panties?" She looked at him uncertainly.

"Unless you'd like me to go to the dean?"

"No!" She slipped her fingers under the red elastic bands at her hips and pushed the tiny lace thong down to mid-thigh.

"Take them all the way off. And then spread your legs." Shane tapped the folded leather belt he held against his open palm, waiting for her to do as he said.

Valentine complied at once, stepping out of the red lace thong and bending back over his desk with her thighs spread wide. Shane's cock surged when he saw her freshly shaven pussy, already wet and hot and ready for him. God, she was gorgeous and he loved playing this game with her. Loved punishing her and fucking her in every possible way and position. But the fear and anticipation in her eyes reminded him he still had work to do.

"Very good, Valentine," he said again, stepping forward. "Are you ready for your whipping?"

"Y-yes, Sir." Closing her eyes, Valentine bit her lower lip, clearly preparing herself for the sting of his belt.

Shane didn't make her wait long. Uncoiling the black leather, he snapped it out, hearing the flat *crack* it made when the tip connected with Valentine's luscious ass.

She moaned and twitched just a little but held her position as he swung again and again. At last when her backside was as red as a sunset, she began to beg. "Please, Mr. Daniels—I can't take much more. Isn't there any other way you can punish me? A way that doesn't hurt so much?"

Shane let the belt fall from his hands. "As a matter of fact, there *is* another way I can punish you, Valentine." He stepped forward to where she was bent over his desk with her legs spread and her ass bare and exposed. Gently, he cupped one of her cheeks, stroking to soothe the sting of the belt. "If you want me to, that is."

"I do...I do want you to. Just please, no more whipping." She turned tearful eyes up to his as he continued to stroke her ass. "Please, Mr. Daniels—I'll do anything you want as long as you don't whip me anymore."

"You might not like the other punishment though," Shane warned her.

"I'm sure I will. I'm sure it can't be worse than the belt," she protested.

Slowly, he unzipped his pants. "I'll let you see for yourself and then you can decide," he murmured. "But you have to spread your legs a little wider for me to show you."

"Yes, Mr. Daniels." Obediently, Valentine parted her thighs and arched her back, giving him a much clearer view of her naked pussy. She was so wet and hot now her honey was coating her thighs and Shane had the sudden impulse to drop to his knees and taste it right from the source. But that wasn't part of the scene he had promised her so he reluctantly held himself back.

Stepping up behind her, he freed his cock from his pants and rubbed it slowly up and down the length of her hot, wet pussy. "Do you feel that, Valentine?" he asked softly, never stopping the motion.

She gasped and bit her bottom lip. "Y-yes, I do, Mr. Daniels. What...what is it?"

"It's my cock. You see, the other way I can punish you is to fill your soft little pussy with my cock and fuck you, long and hard."

Valentine looked over her shoulder, her green eyes wide and shocked. "You...you have to fuck me?"

Shane slid the head of his cock over her clit and found the entrance to her pussy. God, she was still so tight and hot! "Yes, Valentine," he murmured, pressing just the head of his cock inside her cunt. "I have to fuck you and fill your little pussy full of my cum. I find it's a very effective punishment – one that students don't often forget."

"I-I don't know." Valentine's breath was coming short now and he could feel how hot and wet her pussy was getting just from having the head of his cock in it. "I...I've never done this before," she protested, still playing the part of the virginal schoolgirl to the hilt.

"Then it's your choice, Valentine. Take my cock and my cum in your pussy, or take my belt across your backside." Shane slid another inch deeper into her. "Which do you want to do?"

"I..." She looked at him uncertainly. "I don't know. Could...could I just feel you all the way in me first, so I can make up my mind?"

"Certainly." Shane slid forward, filling her with his cock—with pleasure. He loved the way Valentine drew these scenes out between them. No one else he'd ever known could prolong the inevitable as long as she could and he was happy to take his time with her.

"God!" Valentine moaned as he sank balls-deep into her tight little cunt. "You're so big, Mr. Daniels. And so *hard*."

"I have to be hard to fuck you like you deserve." Shane stroked her trembling back, loving the feel of her tight inner muscles squeezing and caressing him. "Have you made a decision yet, Valentine?"

She bit her lush lower lip again. "Not quite. Maybe...maybe if you just...just moved inside me a little? So I could see what it's like?"

"Like this?" Shane drew back, sliding almost all the way out of her tight cunt, before thrusting forward again to fill her with his cock.

"God, yes...just like that!" Valentine was starting to lose it but she still had the presence of mind to drag things out a little more. "That feels...really good, Mr. Daniels. But are you sure you have to come in me too?"

"Listen to me, Valentine," Shane said sternly, pulling out and thrusting in again to make her groan. "If I don't fuck you hard and fill your sweet little cunt with my cum, how are you ever going to learn a lesson about cheating? How will you remember it's wrong to copy someone else's test paper unless you can pull up your skirt and see my hot cum dripping out of your slippery little pussy to remind you?"

"I-I guess you're right," Valentine moaned. "I guess I do deserve to have you fuck me and come in me, Mr. Daniels."

"So have you made your choice?" Shane gripped her hips. "Are you ready to take your punishment like a good girl, Valentine?"

"Yes...God, yes, I am. I really am." Her eyes were glazed with lust now and her pussy was wetter than he'd ever felt it. Shane was throbbing himself, dying to really fuck her. But he wanted to stay with the scene as long as possible.

"That's a good girl, Valentine," he murmured. "A very good girl to take my cock so deep in your pussy. But if you want me to fuck you I need you to spread your thighs even wider and lean farther over the desk."

"Yes, Sir." Widening her stance, Valentine opened herself for him completely. Shane nearly groaned aloud at the erotic sight of his cock impaling her tightly stretched pussy. Slowly, watching as he did so, he pulled out and pushed in again, filling her to the limit until she moaned.

"I'm going to punish you now, Valentine," he promised her, his voice grating low with need. "Going to fill your sweet little cunt with my cock until I come inside you."

"Yes, please!" Valentine moaned and pressed back against him, taking as much of his thickness into her as she could.

Shane tightened his grip on her hips, letting her know that he was in charge and she needed to relax and submit to his fucking. God, he loved the feel of her wrapped around his cock, her inner muscles milking him as though she wanted to feel every last drop of his cum deep in her pussy.

Valentine moaned again as he pulled out and the soft sound pushed Shane over the edge. Suddenly he couldn't stand it anymore—he *had* to fuck her. Had to take her as hard and as long and as fast as he could to teach her a lesson. To show her how much he loved her. How much he would always love her.

Crying and gasping his name, Valentine bucked back against him as he filled her and soon enough they were both coming. Shane collapsed against her, loving the way he could feel her heart racing against his cheek and hear her soft little mews of pleasure as she came down from what must have been a powerful orgasm.

"Did you like that, sweetheart?" he murmured, placing a kiss between her shoulder blades. "Was it the way you wanted it?"

"It was perfect." Valentine's eyes were shining as she looked back over her shoulder at him. "But next time let's try something different. What about the naughty nurse and the doctor who has to punish her by giving her an injection?"

Shane groaned but there was a smile on his face. "Swear to God, sweetheart—you're going to be the death of me."

Valentine grinned. "Well, as long as you're still alive, you can keep punishing me. And as far as I can see, we have years to play together."

"Years and years and years." Shane nuzzled her back. "I love you, Valentine."

"I love you, too." There were tears glinting under her long blonde lashes but he knew they were tears of happiness. "So much, Shane," she whispered. "I'm so glad you decided to take a chance on us."

"Me too, sweetheart." He kissed her again and promised himself he would never let her go.

## About the Author

Evangeline Anderson is a registered MRI tech who would rather be writing. And she is nerdy enough to have a bumper sticker that says "I'd rather be writing." Honk if you see her! She is thirty-something and lives in Florida with a husband, a son and two cats. She had been writing erotic fiction for her own gratification for a number of years before it occurred to her to try to get paid for it. To her delight, she found that it was actually possible to get money for having a dirty mind and she has been writing paranormal and sci-fi erotica steadily ever since.

Evangeline welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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