

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



Mardi Gras

LACEY ALEXANDER

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Lacey Alexander

Mia Sanderson has been in love with her boss, Ty Brewer, for years, but ladies' man Ty only sees her as a friend and even worse, a *good girl*. So when Mia and Ty are invited to the same Mardi Gras party, Mia decides to live out a fantasy. Donning a Mardi Gras mask and wig, Mia masquerades as the seductive Mistress Mina, the bad girl of Ty's dreams. But what will happen if Ty discovers her true identity? Mia's risking their friendship and her job, but for a night with Ty, it's worth it.

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Mardi Gras

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MARDI GRAS

Lacey Alexander

Chapter One

“Morning, sweet thing.”

As the plate glass door fell shut behind her boss, Mia Sanderson looked up in time to see him whisk past her desk, into his office. She smiled too late, he was already gone. “Morning, Ty,” she called after him anyway.

Oh well, it didn’t matter. None of the other smiles she’d flashed his way over the past few years had suddenly seduced him, so she was reasonably certain today’s wouldn’t have held the magic ingredient, either.

If you only knew, she thought, peering lustily toward his office door. *If you only knew how badly I want you*. From his handsome face, his dimpled chin covered with just a bit of brown stubble, to the sandy blond hair that usually needed a trim but still looked perfect on him, to the well-built, slightly muscular body that looked as if it had been made to pleasure a woman – Ty Brewer was everything Mia desired in a man.

As for his daily endearment, sadly, he’d been calling her “sweet thing” since she was thirteen. He’d been a freshman at Tulane at the time, and he sometimes came home with her older brother, Tim, in the evening or on weekends. It didn’t mean any more now than it had then – and hell, it had probably meant more *then*, now that she thought about it. At least then he’d seen something in her – something cute maybe, something worthy, something that had earned her a little playful flirtation despite the difference in their ages.

Now the nickname and the wink that sometimes came with it were both habits, she supposed. She was sure he had no idea how she gobbled up the silly, playful words every morning, or how his wink turned her lace panties wet. Ty was a friendly guy, teasing and flirtatious, especially with women he knew well. And given that he’d known Mia for – God! – eighteen years now, it only stood to reason he’d flirt a little.

Although the realization of just how long they'd been acquainted was sobering, making her slump in her desk chair. It wasn't as if they'd been in constant contact all that time, of course, but she *had* been working for Ty for five years now, which pretty much indicated that "sweet thing" meant...nothing. Because if she knew anything about Ty at all, it was that he didn't hesitate to go after what he wanted—in business or in pleasure. And he'd never gone after *her*.

Letting out a sigh, she peeked toward his door once more and began to imagine a different scenario. Her breasts felt heavy and her pussy slightly swollen as she envisioned herself being a much bolder sort of woman...

"Morning, sweet thing."

She flashed him a sexy smile, then reached out, curling one finger toward her in a motion that summoned him closer. "Come here. I have something to show you." In the fantasy, the words left her in a silky, sassy tone she'd never really used and didn't know if she even possessed.

Rounding the front counter and the desk situated behind it, Ty gave his head a playful tilt that said he was intrigued.

She stood up, revealing a short skirt and a black see-through blouse with a lacy bra underneath. Not that she would ever wear anything like that to work—if she even owned it—but this was a fantasy, so she pressed on.

"Nice," he said of the outfit, raking his gaze from her shoulders to her knees.

"Thanks, but that's not what I need to show you."

He raised his sandy-colored eyebrows in anticipation. "I'm all eyes, sweet thing. What have you got for me?"

She gave a teasing pout and glanced downward. "I hope you won't be upset."

"Well, let's find out."

Reaching down, she hooked one finger into the slit on the skirt and drew it slowly upward until her pussy was on display. "I forgot to put on my panties this morning. Very unprofessional of me. I hope you aren't angry."

When she lifted her gaze back to his, fresh heat burned in his eyes. Her nipples turned to tiny bullets against her bra.

"Not angry," Ty said, a slow, sexy grin growing on his face. "But there are consequences for girls who forget their undies when going to work."

She lifted one fingernail to her lip in faux worry. "What are they?"

"Well," he said, his voice going lower as he stepped up to slide his hands smoothly over her hips, "it's a known fact that if you forget your panties, your boss is going to fuck you."

Mia bit her lip, her body flushing with warmth. Glancing down, she could even see the reaction to her hot fantasy—her nipples had hardened not only in her imagination, but also in reality, now jutting through her bra and fitted yellow blouse.

She glanced again toward Ty's office. *Do you ever notice them? Do you know they're like that for you?* Then she sighed. *Or does it only make you think I'm chilled, despite that we live in one of the hottest cities in the country?*

She shook her head, then decided there was no reason not to sink back into her fantasy, especially since she'd just gotten to the good part.

"Kiss me," she said.

No. That was too tame. It was fine for the more romantic daydreams she sometimes indulged in, but today's imaginings were all about heat, so she changed it to *"Fuck me."*

Then she eased her ass onto her desk, parting her legs for him to step in between. As he worked to undo the buttons on her thin blouse, she reached for the snap on his jeans.

God, she *loved* it when Ty wore jeans. He ran a totally casual workplace, and most days found him in long, baggy shorts, but colder winter weather often brought out his blue jeans, and fortunately, the air outside was brisk today. She'd noticed the worn denim even in just the short glimpse of him she'd caught. She adored the way they

molded lightly to his butt, and in front, to his sexy bulge. And speaking of sexy bulges...

Bending to kiss her, he pushed her blouse open, then lowered her bra straps from her shoulders so that the lace cups drooped enough for her breasts to tumble free. As he closed his hands over them, she finally got his jeans unzipped and spread wide, reaching in to pull out his big, hard cock.

"Oh, fuck me, Ty," she said again, more urgently this time. Then she shared the truth with him. "I've wanted this for so long."

His smile was warm, happily surprised. "Well, why didn't you say so, baby?"

Grabbing onto her ass, he curled his hands around her flesh, firm and sure, and drove his stiff shaft into her – wonderfully deep.

"Mmm," she purred without quite meaning to.

"You say something, Mia?" Ty's voice sounded from within his office.

She flinched. "Um, no. Just...talking to myself."

Ty chuckled softly at her – that was the easy sort of relationship they had – then the office fell quiet again...

And he was in her again. Thrusting in smooth strokes, each one packed with pleasure. Mia closed her eyes. She was unbuttoning his shirt, running her hands over his chest, then pressing her bared, sensitive breasts warm against him.

"You feel so good, baby," he was murmuring in her ear, low and sweet. "Why haven't we been doing this all along?"

"I don't know," she whispered up to him, "but it was definitely worth the wait."

"I want to make you come," he said, sliding his hands further around her ass and lifting her up off the desk. "I want to make you scream for me, sweet thing."

And, of course, he knew exactly the right angle at which to hold her and exactly when to slow his thrusts as she writhed against him, approaching climax. "Soon, lover," she cooed. "Very soon."

"Now," he demanded so harshly it stunned her – and set her skin to tingling in a whole new way as he stared into her eyes, insisting on her orgasm.

Oh yes, she could feel it gathering, getting closer and closer, climbing higher, higher, escalated by his rough command, and by his eyes, his sexy, sexy eyes, until – "Oh!" she cried out as it overcame her – the hot, almost violent spasms of release rushed through her like a river of fire, and she bucked against him, riding it out, as he murmured, "That's right, baby, that's right. Keep coming. You're coming so good for me, sweet thing, so fucking good."

The trill of the phone sent her leaping from her seat as if someone had just stuck a tack in her butt. "Jeez!" she squealed, then pulled herself together and snatched up the receiver. "Bourbon Street Messengers."

"Hey Mia, it's Brad. Is Ty in yet?"

Their tax guy. It was that time of year. "Sure. Hang on." She pushed the hold button, then called, "Ty – Brad on one."

She could feel Ty's grin as he said, "Uh, you okay out there?"

"Fine, thanks," she lied, cheerful but short. She was sweating profusely from the fantasy, and from the shock of being jarred back to reality.

Then came his familiar chuckle. "After five years of answering the phones here, I wouldn't think it would scare you so much."

And after five years of me mooning at you constantly, I'd think you'd notice by now.

But then again, maybe he *had* noticed, and just wasn't interested. She was Tim's little sister, after all, and she was pretty sure Ty wouldn't ever think of her in any other way. Which meant all her sweating was for naught.

Even now, she couldn't help recalling instances of his brotherly affection. Although he had no qualms about dating every wild woman in their wild city, he was always quick to give his opinion if he thought *she* was dating someone who wasn't good enough for her, or who "seems a little rough for you, sweet thing", or "has one too many tattoos, if you ask me".

It always made her laugh, precisely because everyone knew Ty was no angel, yet he assumed *she* was, and he seemed to like her that way.

But those rough guys with tattoos, it turned out, were more her type than she'd even known, and they'd taught her quite a bit about fun, and sex. She might not own a see-through blouse, and she might not have ever left her apartment without panties, but on the inside, she definitely hovered on the edge of being a bad girl.

Ty would never believe it, of course. He'd probably have a heart attack if he found out. The truth was, she supposed, that they'd just known each other too long. He had certain ideas about who she was, what she was about—ideas that had been true for a very long time—but what he didn't realize was that she'd grown up. For God's sake, she was thirty-one years old.

Yet Ty, she knew, still saw the silly, playful teenager she'd once been, the girl who was good for some laughs and a little harmless flirtation. And she guessed he also now saw her as a competent receptionist and accountant—she was pretty much his Girl Friday at the bicycle messenger service situated in the heart of the French Quarter, where bike traffic often moved a lot quicker than vehicles. But when it came to sex, she was certain he thought she was a much nicer girl than she actually was, not to mention a much nicer girl than she wanted to be. And that was definitely her loss.

Just then, the front door opened again, admitting Ty's best friend, Jack Wade. Jack ran a P.I. business just a couple of blocks away. "Hey there, Mia."

"Hey," she returned with a smile. She'd known Jack nearly as long as Ty, since they'd both hung out with Tim back in college. Jack's dark good looks complemented Ty's sandy beach boy image perfectly. She'd even heard rumors among common friends that Jack's recent bride, Liz, had let the two guys share her one night early in their relationship. The very thought made Mia's pussy hum with desire.

"He in?" Jack pointed toward Ty's office.

"On the phone," she said, "but he shouldn't be long."

Jack lifted his elbows to the counter and leaned over. “Well, while I’m waitin’, I can tell *you* what I came to tell *him*. Liz and I are ringin’ in Mardi Gras with a big party Saturday night, and you’re invited. You bring the mask and the beads, we’ll provide the jambalaya and the alcohol. Think you can make it?”

A party at Jack’s place? Where Ty would almost certainly be in attendance? It wasn’t the first such occasion—Jack liked to throw parties from time to time—but even knowing nothing new would transpire between her and her sexy boss, it was still an invitation Mia couldn’t resist.

She smiled up at Jack. “Sure. Sounds fun. What time?”

“Starts at eight.” He grinned down at her. “Liz’ll be glad you’re comin’—she thinks you’re sweet.”

Mia resisted the urge to roll her eyes. Even Jack’s wife—who by all accounts had been a prim and proper lady before meeting him—thought she was sweet? She was doomed. But she forced a smile. “It’ll be nice to get to know her a little better.”

Just then, they both heard Ty hang up the phone, so Jack made his way into the office.

“Well, if it isn’t the old married man come to pay me a visit,” Ty greeted him with a laugh, and Mia decided it was time she do something constructive—for the first time so far today.

Rising from her desk, she tried to ignore the slight swell of her cunt as she leaned in the office door. “Ty—Dan and Annie are out on early runs, but Bobby’s not here yet and there’s a delivery due at Jackson Square by ten. Since it’s quiet, I’m going to walk it down there before it’s late.”

Her boss nodded. “Thanks for taking up the slack for him, sweet thing. You’re the best,” he concluded with a wink, and as usual, her pussy surged.

* * * * *

"You ever think about settlin' down, gettin' married?" Jack asked in response to Ty's greeting.

Ty drew back with a slight laugh. Up until a year or so ago, that question wouldn't even have appeared on Jack's radar screen. But marriage had changed his best friend—at least in some ways. "Me?" he asked. "No way, compadre."

"Come on now, *ami*, it's not like I got the plague or somethin'. In fact, you well *know* what I got—a beautiful, sensual woman who loves to fuck as much as I do. Not exactly a life sentence or anything."

Oh yeah, Ty knew what Jack had in Liz, all right. And if *he* could find a girl like Liz—well, who knew, maybe the "M" word wouldn't sound so terrible. But as it was, he just didn't think it was in the cards for him.

"Besides, you're gettin' just as old—just as fast—as me," Jack added.

True enough. He'd just turned thirty-six. Hard to believe, given that his libido felt like it belonged to a kid of nineteen, but he knew his mother and sisters back home in Michigan had just about given up on getting him married off. Which was just as well, the way he saw it. "You know how it is with me and women," Ty replied.

Jack leaned back slightly, quirking a grin. "No, *ami*—how exactly is it?"

Ty put his feet up on his desk, stretching out as well. "I know a lot of women who like to fuck and who do it damn well. But I've yet to meet one who..." How to explain? "...has anything more to offer."

Jack blinked. "Not sure what you mean."

"Just that I never have any trouble connecting with chicks *sexually*, but in my experience, girls who like to party aren't girls who make me feel...well, anything more than a stiff dick."

Jack tilted his head. "I thought that once, too, but then Liz walked through my door and changed everything. Just takes findin' the right one is all."

Ty gave his head a shake. "You got lucky, but that doesn't mean there's a Liz for every guy. The girls I meet are either a hundred percent cute and sweet, or a hundred percent down and dirty. I can't live without the down and dirty, so I *have* to live without the cute and sweet."

"Quite a sacrifice," Jack quipped.

Ty flashed a light smirk. "Believe it or not, the lack of substance gets a little old."

This time, Jack let out a hearty laugh. "You're so full of shit. You forget, I was exactly where you are until a year ago. Findin' the right woman is the greatest thing on earth, but either way, you can't tell me hot sex gets old."

"Maybe I'm just reaching a point you never reached," Ty suggested. He shook his head, half laughing at himself along with Jack, but still trying to figure out what he was attempting to convey. "I'm just...kinda bored lately, I guess. I mean, it's same old, same old after a while. Different girl, same experience."

"What exactly is it you're not gettin' that you want so bad?"

Ty lowered his feet back to the old hardwood floors beneath him and cocked a slight smile toward his friend. Given the direction the conversation had taken, he was glad Mia had stepped out for a few minutes so he could speak freely. "Have you ever been...tied up by a woman?"

Another chuckle echoed toward the ceiling, an easy grin gracing Jack's face. "Sure. Liz and I play around with that sorta thing sometimes. We play around with *everything*."

"Does it get you off?"

Jack flashed an *are-you-serious?* look. "It's Liz. Everything Liz does gets me off."

"What if it were somebody else?"

"Who knows. Can't say."

Ty leaned back in his chair once more. "I guess I've just been thinking about that kind of stuff. Believe it or not, I've never been with a woman who was into the bondage thing, and I suppose I'm looking for something new to keep sex interesting."

Jack sat up a little straighter in his chair. "Well, you know, there *are* bars you can go to, places to meet women who are into that."

He nodded uncertainly. "I know. But I'm not sure I'm into the whole gagging, nipple-clamping thing. Nothing hardcore. I just wanna...you know...experiment a little."

"Sounds like you need a wife, *ami*," Jack said on a chuckle.

"What?"

"Get yourself a wife and you can experiment with anything you want."

But Ty shook his head. "No, get myself a wife like *Liz* and I could do that. But I don't think *all* wives are that accommodating."

And the truth was, Ty had been dating strictly naughty, sexy girls for so long—he didn't even know what he would look for if he were able to switch his attentions to sweet girls. That perfect combination Jack had found in *Liz*...well, he figured that was once in a lifetime, that she was one of a kind.

And besides, sweet girls and him? It just didn't add up.

Take *Mia*, for instance. She was about as sweet as they came, and he loved hanging out with her, working with her, bumping into her at a bar or a party, but when it came time for intimacy, well...he was just too accustomed to hot, wild sex to want to give it up, and any good girl worth her salt would probably faint if he said he wanted her to tie him up and fuck his brains out.

"Speaking of *Liz*," Jack said, "that sort of leads to why I stopped by."

His voice drew Ty back to the conversation. "Oh?"

"My lovely wife and I are throwin' a party Saturday night to kick off Mardi Gras. Eight o'clock. The usual suspects, plus some people from *Liz's* office."

"Did you invite Mia?"

Jack nodded. "Of course. Why?"

He shrugged. "She's fun to hang out with."

Jack gave his head a speculative tilt, and Ty could almost read his thoughts before he spoke them aloud. "Now that's who you oughta ask out. Mia's a sweetheart."

Ty simply laughed. "Are you deaf, Jack? I just told you, sweet girls and me are like oil and water. It would never work. And besides, she's Tim's little sister. I've known her since she was a little girl. It wouldn't feel right if we got anywhere even *close* to sex. Not to mention that she's a great employee and I wouldn't want to risk fucking up our working relationship."

Jack sighed. "Well then, maybe you'll get lucky and hook up with somebody else at our little *fete*."

"Does Liz have any hot girlfriends who like to play with whips and chains?"

Jack grinned. "You'll have to find that out for yourself, my *bon ami*."

* * * * *

Mia stood frozen in place at her desk. When she'd returned to the office for her purse, Ty and Jack had been laughing about something and hadn't heard her come in.

They very *clearly* hadn't heard her.

Because they were talking about *fucking*, and being *tied up*. Her entire body had sizzled with shock...and arousal.

The conversation she'd overheard had certainly confirmed *one* thing. Ty had no interest in her whatsoever as a lover. As she'd suspected, he just didn't think of her that way – apparently *couldn't* think of her that way.

The part that really caught her attention, though, was when he'd told Jack he wanted to be tied up. Her blood ran hot just envisioning Ty, naked and bound, at her mercy. Until this moment, she hadn't been aware that she wanted to experiment with bondage, either, but the heavy pulsing of her pussy said she did.

As she stood there, quiet, purse in hand, not quite sure what to do next—or how to sneak back out without them hearing the door—an idea flashed in her mind. A really *naughty* idea.

Could she, the infamously sweet Mia, ever pull off such a thing?

If she wanted to try, it would take some work.

First, she'd have to hit her favorite craft store down on Royal—they stocked tons of great glitter and feathers this time of year. And as luck would have it, her latest craft project was making Mardi Gras masks. It had started as a way to help her fifth-grade niece with an art assignment for school, but now she suddenly realized the craft could have a much more personal—and satisfying—benefit. She'd have to do some other shopping, too, of course, but if she was seriously considering this, maybe she should start by making a special mask and letting that be her guide.

To her shock, the longer she stood there, the more concrete the idea became. Turning into something she would definitely do, something she *had* to do, in fact.

Because Ty had confirmed her suspicions. He thought women were either nice girls or naughty ones, with no in between. It was a shame, but not a surprise. She was crazy about Ty, but he was sometimes a very typical guy's guy. Clearly Jack had been enlightened by Liz, but Ty remained in the dark.

She knew now that Ty would never see her as anything but a good girl. And the truth was—given how long they'd known each other, and that he still kept in touch with her brother in New York, and that he seemed to like and even *value* her sweetness—she just didn't think she could ever bear to disillusion him and risk his high opinion of her.

But now that she understood all that—and knew that, sadly, nothing romantic would ever take place between her and the object of her affection—she was going to give herself a really big gift this Mardi Gras season.

She was going to have Ty, once and for all.

He just wouldn't quite realize it.

She felt a wicked little grin unfurl across her face, anticipating her plan.

"Well, I'd better get back to work. My cases aren't gonna solve themselves," Jack said, giving Mia just enough time to duck down behind her desk as he exited Ty's office.

"Hey, you making your world-famous jambalaya Saturday?" Ty called behind him.

"Wouldn't be a party without it, *ami*," Jack said. "See ya then."

"Okay, dude. Later."

Trying her best to think fast as Jack pushed through the door, admitting a *whoosh* of chilly air and the vague sounds of traffic and a honking horn somewhere in the distance, Mia popped up from behind the desk, let out a sigh, then slammed a desk drawer.

A few seconds later, Ty leaned through the doorway. "Mia? When did you get back?"

"Just now. Passed Jack on the way in—he held the door for me." *Which is why you only heard it open once.* "Forgot my purse," she added, holding it up. "See?"

He looked puzzled. "I...didn't hear you say anything to Jack."

She blinked. "We...exchanged nods."

"Exchanged nods?" He was looking at her as if she might belong in a mental ward.

"Yeah," she said, dropping her gaze to her purse and the two small packages in her arms. "Gotta go. Don't want these to be late," she said, then rushed past him and out the door onto Bourbon, where she finally breathed a sigh of relief. Sheesh, that had been close.

But she couldn't be sorry it had happened.

Because of what she'd just overheard, she was going to make her dreams come true. Well, not *all* of her dreams—there wouldn't be a wedding, or a honeymoon, or two-point-five children and a dog with Ty. But she was going to make her *sexual* dreams come true, and in the process, she was going to give Ty a night he'd never forget.

Chapter Two

Mia's skin prickled as she stood before the floor-length mirror in her bedroom.

Her plan had worked even better than she'd hoped or imagined. If she didn't know she was looking at her own reflection, she'd never have recognized herself.

She'd hidden her pale brown hair beneath an auburn wig of long curling locks, and she'd disguised her blue eyes behind contact lenses of forest green. She'd applied her makeup much heavier than usual, highlighting her eyes with lots of liner and mascara, and accentuating her lips with a warm shade of red.

She didn't think Ty would recognize her from the neck down, either. She might not have owned any sexy, see-through clothing before, but one daring shopping trip had changed that. As in her fantasy the other day, she donned a lacy black bra under a transparent black blouse. Below, her black mini possessed every element from the fantasy except the sexy slit. And under *that*... She felt positively sinful in the black lace thong and matching garter belt that attached to black, lace-edged stockings.

Reaching to the dresser beside her, she snatched up two long strands of onyx beads and slipped them over her head. She doubled them, pulling down until one loop choked her neck and the other draped her breasts.

To top things off, she added the *pièce de résistance*—sliding a lush, sexy mask of black and silver on, so that only the vibrant green of her eyes shone through. Two thick, downy feathers jutted provocatively from one side of the glittery black mask, its edges lined in sparkling silver cord. Three silver sequins highlighted the outer point of each eye.

"You are a sex kitten, baby," she said to her reflection in the slightly lower voice she'd been practicing, making sure to enunciate her words more than usual. "And Ty will never know it's you."

* * * * *

As Mia strolled up the old sidewalk at what was usually the quiet end of Bourbon Street, music and voices drowned out the click of her high heels. Clearly, Jack and Liz weren't the only people throwing a party tonight, as the scents of spicy food and hot grills filled the air. Rock, jazz, and Zydeco vied for sound supremacy, along with the notes of a lone saxophone being played somewhere in the distance.

She passed two young boys with taps attached to the bottoms of their tennis shoes, dancing for tips, and a court jester on stilts walked along as if he were any other person headed out for a night of debauchery on Bourbon. Her gaze was drawn to the opposite sidewalk, where two girls were lifting their tank tops, flashing their breasts for beads. The group of guys surrounding them whistled, adding comments like, "Nice, baby," as they surrendered the shiny necklaces. Judging from how heavily laden the girls' necks were, they'd already been very busy tonight.

Mia's pussy swelled a little more with each step she took. Not only due to the sensual sights around her, but because beneath her sexy clothes, her lace lingerie hugged her tight, and her garters rubbed against her thighs and ass with every move. And despite all the color and people and breasts to behold on the street, more than one set of male eyes had perused *her*, as well, adding to how sexy she felt.

"Want some beads, darlin'?" a man in a cowboy hat asked as she approached him on the sidewalk. He stared hungrily at her chest, but she didn't mind—he was handsome, in his mid-thirties, and she was so on fire that the suggestion only added fuel to her flames.

"No, but thank you," she said with a smile in her new lower, more sophisticated voice.

Every balcony along the historic street was strung with streamers or beads of purple, gold, and green, and most were filled with partiers. Every balcony she noticed, looking up, except one. The sight brought a sinful smile to her face.

The quiet, dark, wrought iron balcony she spied was less than a block from Jack's place, and the apartment attached to it belonged to her Aunt Sophie. Her aunt—the sort of chic, refined woman she hoped to be by the time she reached her fifties—was a jewelry collector and the proprietor of a pricey store on St. Peter, which she made a habit of closing during the few weeks preceding Mardi Gras. It was too loud and crazy for her taste, both at work and at home, she always said, so she used the time to head to the Caribbean with her longtime lover, Morris, every year.

And she always invited Mia to use the apartment while she was gone, given its prime location on Bourbon, but since Mia's own apartment was only a couple of blocks away on St. Phillip, she'd never taken her up on the offer—until now.

Get ready, Ty, because here I come.

Straightening her shoulders and pushing out her chest, she walked tall and proud up the street and through the archway that led to Jack's apartment. Disguised as she was, she thought she should have been nervous, but instead, she felt more confident—and more sexy—than ever before. It was as if the mask and the wig gave her some sort of permission to do all the things she wanted with Ty, without any worries. No worries about it changing his opinion of her. No worries of it messing up their relationship or her job. The only thing worrying her at the moment was wondering how she'd stand the wait until she could get his clothes off and have her way with him.

She'd waited until after ten to arrive, and as she'd hoped, the party appeared to be in full swing. As she climbed the outdoor stairs to Jack and Liz's place, she found partiers—some masked, some not—who had stepped outside to smoke. Jaunty Cajun music came from inside the door that stood wide open. Leave it to the Cajuns, she thought, to make the accordion sound sexy.

She couldn't have been more pleased to step casually through the door to find a large crowd in a low-lit room. Some people were decked out in Mardi Gras regalia of the obligatory purple, gold, and green, while others chose regular everyday clothing. She blended in perfectly, without even trying.

Much of the crowd stood back around the edges of the room, forming a circle around Jack and Liz, who performed a sexy version of the two-step. Mia had never seen Jack look at any woman the way he always looked at Liz — like she lit up his life.

Some of the guests moved to the music themselves, but it was clear this dance belonged to the host and hostess. Liz smiled into her husband's eyes, and Mia could see the sparkle in her gaze, even through the red mask she wore. She wasn't sure she'd ever seen two people more into each other.

God, I want that with Ty.

She flinched when she realized what she'd just allowed herself to think.

Because she couldn't *have* that with Ty. What she *could* have with Ty was hot sex. And friendship. Independent of one another. And that was all.

When the sizzling Cajun song came to an end, the crowd gave a smattering of applause, and Ty suddenly appeared, stepping up to slap Jack lightly on the back. "You almost make him look like a good dancer," he said to Liz with a laugh.

"Whoa there, *ami*, I'm the one who's been doin' the teachin' here."

When Ty raised his eyebrows, Liz replied, "It's true. Jack's been taking me out to a place on the bayou for barbeque and two-stepping every Friday night for the past couple of months."

"Gotta get some Cajun in her soul," Jack added with a grin.

"I'll just take some Cajun in my arms instead," his wife said, pulling him into a steamy embrace Mia envied.

But stop envying Liz and Jack. In fact, stop thinking. And start getting into your game.

Fortunately, watching Ty from across the room made that easy. Since spotting him, everything inside her had tightened with excitement, and with the knowledge that tonight she would finally have him. Her cunt went wet remembering what she'd come here to do.

It was high time she slake her lust with this man, once and for all.

* * * * *

Ty checked his watch for the fifth time in the last hour. Where was Mia?

Not that it really mattered, but she'd said she'd be here, and she was usually punctual, and it worried him if she didn't show up someplace she was supposed to. He'd known her for so long, he just kind of liked to look out for her when he could. As a favor to Tim, and because she was a friend, he told himself. That was all.

As Liz passed by, a few empty plates in her grasp, he lowered a hand to her arm. "Have you seen Mia?"

She shook her head. "Now that you mention it, no. But Jack said she was coming."

He gave a slight nod, then let Liz go on her way.

Yet he couldn't stop a wayward pang of envy for his best friend. Liz had it all. In fact, he'd gotten the opportunity to get a taste of Liz in bed back when she and Jack had first met—they'd wanted to experiment with a threesome, and who was he to stand in the way? Fortunately, things had never been awkward after that. He'd understood it was a one-time experience and from that point on, he'd been happy to get to know Liz as a friend and Jack's future wife. But as he'd implied to Jack earlier in the week, he often found himself wondering how Jack had gotten so lucky to have his soulmate walk right into his life when he wasn't even *looking* for anything like that.

Hell, maybe he did want to settle down. If not, then why was he so jealous of Jack's happiness lately?

He was having stupid thoughts, that was all. And if he was smart, he'd quit dwelling on those stupid thoughts and do what he'd planned to do at this party—find some lovely, wild woman who wanted to cut loose and have some Mardi Gras fun.

It was at that precise moment he saw the lady across the room. Even behind her mask, he felt her watching him.

A redhead with a smokin' body. They made eye contact and she slowly licked her upper lip. Sexy as hell.

As he felt the first hint of a reaction in his cock, he decided that maybe his wish was coming true—the redhead must be a friend of Liz’s and she looked *exactly* like a woman who wanted to get together and get naked.

If his experience held, they’d have a good night or two—or five, or ten—of sex, and then it would be over, but that was okay. Despite his brief moments of wife-envy, he’d pretty much accepted that having sex without romance was just part of how his life worked. And if he’d needed a sign to prove it, the sexy lady in black and silver was it.

Even now, with her gaze intent upon him from behind that alluring mask, she dipped her finger into her glass of wine, then sensually slid it into her mouth, sucking it dry. His chest went warm and his groin tightened further. *Very nice, baby*, he thought, and hoped like hell she could read the response in his eyes.

Just then, someone bumped into her—a guy, someone else Ty didn’t know. The dark-haired corporate type began talking to her, making her smile, and an unbelievable, and unreasonable, ire rose inside him at having their silent flirtation interrupted. It made his cock go even harder, made him want her even more, feeling as if Mr. Clean Cut over there had just invaded his territory.

Just as he was contemplating walking over and finding some way to stake his claim without seeming like a madman, the guy moved on. Looking after him, the lady in the mask switched her glass from one hand to the other, and in the process dropped her cocktail napkin. It fluttered to the floor at her feet.

To Ty’s surprise, she cast a quick glance in his direction. To make sure he was still watching her?

Then she turned away from him and bent over at the waist, going down, down, making her skirt rise so far in the back—past the sexy, lacy tops of her stockings and well up onto black garters stretched tight—that he stood waiting to catch a glimpse of the mound between her thighs. The skirt didn’t quite go *that* far, but by the time she retrieved the napkin and stood back up, he was so stiff it almost hurt.

Just then, a piece of silverware tapped against a wineglass, and the buzz of voices filling the room went quiet, leaving only a slow Cajun waltz in its place. "There's plenty more jambalaya in the kitchen for anyone who wants it," Liz announced.

Standing beside her, Jack added, "And if you're ready for dessert, we've got fresh beignets and, even though it's a little late in the season, a great big king cake."

"Never too late for king cake!" someone yelled in a heavy Louisiana drawl.

Traditionally, the king cake was supposed to be served on January sixth, the *epiphane* and official start of the Mardi Gras season. A plastic baby, to symbolize the new year, was baked into the cake, and whoever got the piece with the baby had to host the next *soiree*. But, tradition aside, king cake was a pretty common treat right up through Fat Tuesday—it wouldn't be a Mardi Gras party without one.

Turning his attention back to the hot redhead, Ty found she'd left her spot to move toward the dessert table. He decided to hang back and avoid the crowd for the moment—he'd approach her when there weren't so many people around her.

Looked like she'd volunteered to help hand out the cake as Liz cut it—he watched as she picked up two purple paper plates topped with cake and took a few steps into the room until two partygoers relieved her of them. The same scenario repeated three times until it hit him that he was totally caught up in staring at her. But he couldn't help it. He was getting intoxicated by her lush cleavage and that sexy see-through blouse, and her black strappy heels were so hot he thought he might like to feel one of them digging slightly into his back. *Oh yeah.*

Just then she grabbed up another slice of cake and started weaving through the crowd until she reached...him. She held up the plate with a come-hither smile. "Hungry?" she asked in a low, drop-dead sexy voice.

He felt the question in his cock. "Very," he replied, peering down into warm green eyes.

"Enjoy," she said as he accepted the cake, then she turned and sauntered away, the sway of her hips entrancing.

As Ty bit into the sugary-sweet confection, he found himself thinking, *Hell, who needs a meaningful relationship when you've got this – a super-hot woman ready for what promises to be a fun night ahead.*

That was when he realized he was chewing...paper.

Reaching into his mouth, he drew out a tiny slip of crumpled yellow paper. It said in sharp black letters, *Want to fuck?*

His cock threatened to burst from behind his zipper at any second. He lifted his gaze to find the redhead back across the room, still handing out cake. Lowering his plate to the nearest table, he made a beeline for her.

As she bent to scoop up two more plates from the dessert table, he leaned in close behind her, letting his body graze hers from the waist down.

She flinched lightly, but didn't move away – only straightened and turned to look over her shoulder.

"Yes," he breathed low in her ear. "And I want to do it hard."

Maybe he shouldn't have been a hundred percent certain *she'd* sent the note, but he was. He just knew – without a shred of doubt. He moved half an inch closer, so she'd feel his hard-on pressing into the crack of her ass.

Setting the plates back down, she turned, handily extricating herself from between him and the table, and grabbed his hand. "Follow me."

Just the touch of her fingers added to his heat as she led him across the floor, around a corner, and into the bathroom, currently candlelit. He shut the wooden door firmly behind him and spun to look at her.

Her eyes blazed with the same fire that burned hot in his veins, and her ample chest heaved slightly, begging for his touch. A pouty mouth painted with dark lipstick made her look all the more like a mysterious piece of forbidden fruit. And he was ready to take a bite.

They stepped toward each other at the same time, moving into each other's arms. His settled around her waist and hers circled his neck. "What's your name?" he asked, his mouth hovering an inch above hers.

She hesitated slightly, then licked her upper lip. "Mina."

"Nice to meet you, Mina. I'm Ty," he said, then lowered a kiss onto that dark, sexy mouth.

She responded with eager pressure, hungry and willing, just the way he wanted her. She tasted sweet, like the cake he'd just eaten, as he eased his tongue between her lips. Her breasts pressed firm against his chest and his cock molded perfectly with the indented slit he could feel beneath her skirt.

Her skin was warm to the touch, and her movements against him filled him with longing. Damn, he couldn't remember a time when he'd gotten this hot this fast. He'd wanted her badly enough before, back out in the crowded room, but his desire had skyrocketed since stepping behind a closed door with her.

Her tongue circled his in kisses that grew slower, but more heated. He could hear them both breathing heavily as his hands roamed her back and she ran her fingers through his hair. When he drew one hand around to her breast, it was like heaven and sin colliding in the palm of his hand. The feel of her lush flesh, even through her blouse and bra, made him thrust at the soft spot between her thighs, the move almost involuntary.

She moaned when he raked his thumb across the hardened nipple he could feel through the thin blouse and the lace underneath.

"Want your breast in my mouth," he breathed as her lips left his, venturing downward. He leaned his head back as she rained kisses across his neck and onto the top of his chest through the "v" in his shirt.

"Mmm, I want my *pussy* in your mouth," she purred between kisses.

He groaned. What a dirty girl. He was wild about her already.

When she raised her gaze, drawing her splayed fingers down his chest, he reached to take off her mask. He wasn't sure why—he hadn't even planned it. He guessed he just wanted to see her better—this hot, sexy woman who was kissing him senseless. He wanted to see who he was about to fuck.

Biting her lip, she stopped him, holding the mask in place. "No."

He didn't argue. Instead he went for the next best thing, the button between her breasts. Flicking it open and reaching inside, he curved his fingers around the lace cup of her dangerously low-cut bra.

She let out a sexy sigh at his light, sensual kneading, but quickly pulled his hand away, grabbing both of his wrists to keep him from going further. "No," she said, firmer this time.

He didn't know what to think. Even as she held his wrists at his sides, he leaned down to rake a hot kiss across her lush mouth. "I thought you wanted me to fuck you," he said, his voice coming out raspy. "Did I do something wrong?"

She shook her head, her eyes just as passion-filled as before. "But I don't want to hurry, baby. I want to make the pleasure *last*."

Something about the way she said it heightened his lust, straining his zipper even more than it already was. He leaned his forehead against hers, delivering one, two more small kisses designed to entice. "What did you have in mind?"

She let go of his wrists and flashed a hint of a sexy smile. "Follow me."

She was already reaching around him for the doorknob when he grinned and said, "Didn't we already do this part?"

"This was just warm-up, lover," she said in that husky voice that made him lust harder. Opening the door, she glanced over her shoulder at him, that sexy, concealing mask still framing her eyes with dark glitter. "For what I want to do to you, you'll have to take your chances and see where I lead you. Are you coming?"

Placing his hands on her shoulders, he leaned down to whisper in her ear as a guy moved past them into the newly vacated bathroom. "You haven't made me come just yet, but I have a feeling you will."

He felt the words travel through her in the sexy stretch of her shoulders, the forward thrust of her breasts.

"I'll go wherever you want me to, honey," he added. "Just lead the way."

* * * * *

Mia's skin tingled with heat by the time she led Ty up Bourbon Street toward her aunt's apartment. The mood outside only added to her excitement. People milled about, girls were still flashing for beads, and a party atmosphere permeated the warmer-than-average February night.

She was still quaking over the name she'd told him—Mina. She'd feared she'd given herself away even as it left her lips, but he'd seemed to accept it without thought. Thank God she'd never told him Mia was short for Mina, which was short for Wilhelmina—a great-grandmother on her father's side. Apparently, Tim had never had occasion to mention that little bit of trivia to Ty, either, for which she was now eternally grateful.

She'd also nearly fainted when he'd tried to take off her mask. Thank goodness he hadn't persisted. Everything depended on keeping her sexy mask *on*, and her face hidden.

She didn't look back at him as she walked—she didn't dare. She was too amazed that this was really happening, really working. She'd been confident, but maybe she hadn't been truly *prepared* for how it would feel to have his hands on her, his mouth on hers. To finally kiss the much-lusted-after Ty had been at once magical and the most natural thing on earth. He kissed exactly like she'd imagined, with a soft, insistent heat and a slow urgency that could drive a woman insane. She'd almost thought she could

come just from kissing him. And when his perfect and delightfully large hard-on had pressed into her – mmm, her cunt had nearly melted from the flames he'd ignited there.

Now her anxious pussy hummed with desire. But she had a long way to go before she'd actually have him, his cock, inside her. She had plans for her man. Plans for an evening he'd always remember.

Chapter Three

She drew him across the street and through a group of twenty-something guys, aware they were staring, aware that her blouse remained unbuttoned past her bra. She decided she must be an even naughtier girl than she realized, since she didn't mind being displayed for them, didn't mind that it was probably very clear she was about to seduce the man following behind her.

Leading Ty through a wrought iron gate, she climbed the stairs to Aunt Sophie's second-floor apartment. She couldn't help wondering if her ass was in his face with each step she took, and if perhaps he was tempted to reach out and push up her skirt, and go after her right here and now. If he did, she wasn't sure she'd have the will to stop him.

But you have to stick to your plan, she reminded herself. If you want to give him a night to remember, you have to take it slow and do it right – get him where you want him. Get him where he wants to be, too.

When they arrived on the landing, she reached into her bra, sliding her fingers across the soft lower curve of her left breast, and pulled out the key.

Raising her gaze, she found he'd been watching.

"That's damn sexy," he said in a low, pointed tone.

She replied in her super-sophisticated voice. "I like to travel light."

He grinned, his eyes all fire and anticipation.

When she unlocked the door and pushed it open, she didn't reach for the light switch, instead letting the glow shining through the front windows guide them through the apartment.

Only when she stepped into what Aunt Sophie referred to as her front parlor, just off the balcony, did she turn on a lamp—one operated by a dimmer switch. She kept it low, both to protect her true identity and create a seductive mood.

Next, she walked to the French doors that led onto the balcony. As much as she wanted to be alone with Ty, she also regretted having to leave the infectious decadence of Mardi Gras behind. On impulse, she opened the doors wide, admitting the sounds of music—snippets of Dixieland, jazz, and Zydeco all emanating up from the street below. With it came the vague static of voices, laughter, and the wafting aromas of sweet pralines and any number of spicy Cajun delicacies. It all drifted inside, seeming to inhabit the room with them.

She'd dropped by the apartment on the way home from work yesterday to situate everything just the way she wanted it. Turning to see the kitchen chair she'd placed in the middle of the parlor floor reminded her that—with her passion already at a fever pitch—she'd best put her strategy into play before he grabbed her and started kissing her and the whole plan was forgotten.

"Sit down," she said. Not too harsh or bossy. Just a request.

He moved toward the sofa that rested against one wall.

"No. There." She pointed to the wooden chair.

He lifted his gaze. Grinned slightly, uncertainly. "Uh, why?"

She returned a small, pointed smile. "Just do it, lover."

He tilted his head in speculation, as if maybe he was tuning in to the idea that she was about to fulfill his private desires—then he moved toward the chair and took a seat.

Of course, the way he was looking at her now made her simply want to leap on him and decide *Screw the plan*, so she had to work to stay calm in order to go on. Still, her thighs ached and her cunt pulsed with need. Even her arms and hands felt heavy, hungry. Pure want soaked her entire body in a way she'd never quite experienced before.

“What now, baby?” he asked in the sexiest, raspiest voice she’d ever heard leave his mouth.

This is what it’s like to be his lover, she thought.

But, no – that hot anticipation leaking from his eyes was only the *beginning* of being his lover, the before part.

She felt herself taking steps toward him, her shoes clicking across the polished hardwood without her consciously deciding to go. Suddenly, he was like a magnet to her. Reaching him, she boldly lifted one leg across his lap, her skirt rising nearly to her hips as she straddled him.

His hands came to rest low on her outer thighs, skimming quickly upward, past the lace tops of her stockings, under her skirt, onto the thin elastic strap of her panties. A low growl left him and her entire body pulsed, heavy as the beat of a drum. Her pussy pressed against the delectable length of his cock through his jeans, setting off waves of pleasure that felt like tendrils stretching out through her cunt. *No, this is what it’s like to be his lover*. Or it was getting damn close, anyway.

“Kiss me,” she said feverishly.

Their tongues met at the precise second their lips did, in a warm, sensuous connection that felt natural and right, the sensation melting through her like ice cream left out in the hot Louisiana sun.

She never made the conscious decision to begin unbuttoning his shirt, but the buttons slipped free beneath her fingers, one by one. His hands left her hips, then grazed her sensitive breasts as he worked at her buttons, too. Each kiss grew more intoxicating until she was finally pushing his shirt from his shoulders, running her hands over the muscles there, splaying her fingers across the broad, sexy expanse of his chest.

He shrugged out of the shirt before finally undoing the last button on her blouse and urging it off her shoulders as well. She didn’t bother taking it off completely, letting the sheer gauzy fabric fall about her upper arms in a way that felt lightly – deliciously –

binding when she moved. Besides, it was too much trouble to pull her hands away from his finely sculpted body, half of it now bared for her.

His kisses trailed from her mouth over her jaw, onto her neck. She arched against him, pressing her hungry cunt harder into his erection, leaning her head back to welcome his barrage of kisses. His mouth soon sank to her chest, the upper swell of her breast. Her pussy tingled and her pulse raced.

His hands found the two sensitive mounds of flesh just below, lightly cupping the outer curves as he brushed his thumbs across her lace-covered nipples. A slight whimper escaped her as his kisses spanned the valley between, then traveled up onto the other rise. Her breasts had never felt so sensitive, like a gift she wanted to give her man.

He dropped his touch back to her hips, her ass, helping her, because without quite realizing it, at some point she'd begun to move against him, grinding against the irresistible column of stone beneath his jeans. Oh God, at this rate, she would come soon, before the action even really got underway, which she didn't want—but how could she resist?

Her body was in charge now, writhing against him of its own volition.

He nipped at the hard peak of her breast through the lace that barely covered it, and she cried out. The delectable sensation shot straight to her pussy and nearly pushed her over the edge. She moved harder against him, wanting more, more.

His palms roamed her body oh-so lightly, his touch at once a tease and the most wonderful stimulation. She heard herself panting—him, too—and looked into his eyes to find the same fire as before, only burning hotter now. "You're so sexy, baby," he murmured. "So fucking sexy."

He framed her face with his hands and drew her in for a deep kiss that reached all the way to her soul, just as he slipped his fingers beneath her mask and began to remove it over her head.

She pulled it back into place, yanking his fingers away. "No," she snapped.

It killed her mounting pleasure, and the orgasm that had felt so near... But that was actually *good*, despite the frustration roaring through her body. Because she'd clearly forgotten her plan, gotten off track.

Time to get back on.

"Why?" he asked. "I want to see you. I want to see your face, Mina."

She shook her head, and then—as painful as it was—extracted herself from his lap.

The move racked her body with loss, but that, too, was worth it, since his attempt to remove her mask was a wake-up call. No more letting her own desire get the best of her. Time to take control. Completely.

"What's wrong?" he asked, rising to his feet.

She pressed her palm to the center of his chest and pushed him back down. "Sit."

"What?" he murmured, looking confused.

"You've been a bad boy," she said, moving to the shopping bag she'd placed just a few feet away on her previous visit to the apartment. She pulled out one length of the heavy white rope she'd purchased and walked behind his chair. "Give me your wrists."

He cast a brief glance over his shoulder, clearly surprised, but then his expression softened as he shifted his arms behind him, through the lowest opening on the ladder-back chair.

Mia drew in a deep breath as she placed his wrists one over the other, then began to tie him up. She purposely avoided tying him to the chair, wanting him bound but still able to move around at her will. A dart of dark pleasure pierced her chest as she wrapped the rope, tightly, over and under, wondering if it was biting into his skin, wondering if he was enjoying that.

Even after her initial delight at hearing Ty and Jack's conversation in the office earlier in the week, she'd never truly expected to derive any deep thrill from taking on the role of dominatrix, but already, she could tell she'd been wrong. She liked tying him

with the rope far too much, each twist of it around his wrists filling her with a sense of forbidden heat.

When she'd knotted the rope and walked back around in front of him, his expression hovered somewhere between aroused and amused. "You know I can't touch you like this?"

Yes, she knew. A sacrifice, but one worth making. "That's all right." Then an idea hit her, a slight amendment to the plan. "Maybe I...should do it for you."

With that, she walked to the stereo system and pushed the play button to start a CD she'd brought over the day before. The speakers boomed with a super-sexy song that always got her hot. Above a slow, throbbing rock beat, the singer urged a woman to be his lover, promising to show her his dark secret.

Mia had never stripped before, and even with the plethora of men's clubs to be found just a couple of blocks away, had never seen a stripper perform live. But she was going to try to be one now, for Ty, and she was already so excited that her arousal squelched any fear.

Turning away from him, she began to sway her hips sensually back and forth with the driving rhythm. Then she arched, leaning her shoulders back to let her transparent blouse slide from her arms and drop silently to the floor.

Revolving, she rested against the wall, one knee bent, her arms stretched up over her head. Slowly, she drew her hands down, letting them skim sensuously over the round globes of her breasts, the flat plane of her bare stomach, then she splayed her fingers as both hands pushed down her thighs.

"Damn, that's hot, baby," he said, sounding totally spellbound.

Curling her fingers around the hem of her skirt, she met his gaze as she playfully lifted the fabric inch by teasing inch.

"Oh yeah. That's nice. Keep going."

When the skirt rose past her lace stockings, she eased her fingers onto the flesh of her thighs, beneath the tight black garters. Gliding her fingertips upward, she lifted the skirt to her hips. She heard Ty sigh at the sight of her mound, which had gone swollen and achy now. It was a pleasure for both of them when she slipped her middle finger between her legs for one slow upward stroke over her panties. She felt it deep inside, especially when Ty purred, "Mmm, yeah."

Reaching behind her as she resumed her slow sway to the sexy song, she unzipped the black mini and used both hands to push it down, down, until it loosened at mid-thigh and dropped to the floor. She stepped carefully free of it, very aware of how she looked now, wearing only sexy black lingerie, ultra-high-heeled shoes, and her feathered, glittery mask.

"Stand up," she said.

He rose to his feet, looking all-too-good in nothing but those pleasantly snug jeans, his hands tied behind his back. But he was about to look even better.

Stepping up to him, Mia ran her hands down his hard, muscular flesh, from shoulder to waist, where she folded the fingertips of both hands into his jeans. Sliding them to the center, she met an astonishingly hard obstacle that made her go weak. "Mmm," she said, unbuttoning the jeans, then slowly easing down the zipper. "You're so big for me."

Reaching into the open fly, she ran her palm up his erection.

He leaned his head back with a long, sexy sigh. "Aw, you're killing me here, honey."

She grinned up at him. "Good. Nothing like a little torture to set the mood."

They exchanged feral looks and he bent down to sweep a hungry kiss across her mouth as she squeezed and caressed his cock through his briefs. She was awed by how large he felt and it only added to her excitement.

Moving around behind him, she hooked her thumbs into his jeans and underwear and dragged them down to his knees. She nearly shuddered at the sight of his tight, round ass, his wrists roped just above it.

As he kicked off his shoes and began maneuvering out of the denim, she ran her hands around him from behind, caressing his hard chest, his hips, the tops of his thighs—everything but the cock itself.

He leaned his head back in frustration. "Please, baby."

"That's right, lover. I want to hear you beg. Beg me."

He hesitated a moment, letting out a small growl, then said, "Please—touch me," adding, "Come on, honey. Do it."

She withdrew her hands.

"What?" he asked, clearly disturbed.

"That sounded more like a demand than begging." She purposely sounded miffed.

By the time he spun to face her, she'd returned from another trip to her shopping bag, from which she'd retrieved a black leather riding crop. She stood sternly slapping it into the palm of her free hand as she gave him a look meant to quell any arguments.

He raised his eyebrows. "You intend to use that thing on me?"

"You've been a bad boy. Clearly, you need to be disciplined."

He stood looking uncertain, as if perhaps he was having second thoughts about wanting to be dominated. But given all the trouble she'd gone to, arranging all this, she'd be damned if he was going to back out now. Lifting the fringed end of riding crop to her shoulder as he watched, she slid the length of the tool along the swell of one breast, the leather braiding that circled it creating a pleasant sensation as it passed over her skin.

As she'd hoped, the fire returned to his eyes. "Does using it turn you on?"

She nodded. "Very much."

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, seeming ready to acquiesce.

“Do what I say and only that. Don’t question me or argue with me. Take what you’re given and like it.”

She sensed the exacting command sinking into his arousal, making him want to obey.

And for the first time in the midst of her attempted discipline, she noticed his cock. It was even bigger than she’d imagined. Certainly the largest specimen she’d ever had. The sight of it made her bite her lip with hunger as she reached out with her new leather toy. Sliding it behind his erection, she pulled it forward a bit, then removed the crop, letting the shaft slap softly against his abs. He let out a soft, quick moan.

But she couldn’t let herself be sidetracked by his hard-on, no matter how colossal and beautiful it looked, so it was back to business. “Turn around and lean over the chair.”

She watched Ty take a deep breath, then pivot, bending slightly at the waist, his wrists still bound behind him. “Like this?”

“Yes, that will do. Now tell me you’ve been a bad boy.”

He hesitated, so she took the opportunity to snap the crop lightly against his lovely, masculine ass, surprised at the pleasure the strike delivered...to her. “Say it,” she commanded.

He sighed, still looking reluctant. “I’ve been a bad boy.”

She smacked his ass with the crop again, slightly harder this time.

“Oh *God*, I’ve been a bad boy.”

Mmm, yes, that time it sounded like her little spanking was starting to feel good to him.

Her cunt throbbed when she slapped the crop harder across his flesh, this time leaving a pink mark. He moaned.

Each successive strike of the riding crop elicited another groan from Ty, each sounding deeper, deeper, until she asked him, "Do you like your whipping from Mistress Mina?"

He nodded vigorously, even if he looked a bit spent with desire. "Yes."

"Mmm, that's a good boy," she purred, her pussy humming with delight at his submission. "Now, sit back down."

He obeyed, and when she next saw his eyes, she knew she had him utterly excited, and ready for whatever came next.

"Do you want to see more of me?" She drew the riding crop sensually through her legs and up her pussy in case he needed some inspiration.

He answered deeply. "Oh yes."

"Beg me."

He didn't hesitate this time. "Please let me see you, Mistress Mina. Let me see your breasts, let me see your pretty pussy."

Oooh, she liked him this way—so much so that it increased the pulse in her cunt and she could barely wait to *let* him see more of her.

Abandoning her riding crop on the couch behind her, she reached up to curl her fingers into the cups of her bra, slowly pulling them down to reveal taut pink nipples, standing thick and erect. The beads she wore fell between her breasts. He let out a low groan and she ran her hands over them, tweaking the rosy tips.

"So pretty," he murmured.

"Beg to see my pussy some more," she instructed him.

The request brought fresh heat to his expression. "Please, Mistress Mina, show me your pussy. Show me your hot, pink cunt. I want to see how wet and open you are."

Mmm, just what the dominatrix ordered. Like before, his begging upped her excitement, getting her even more turned on than she already was.

She turned, putting her back to him, then slipped her fingers beneath the elastic at her hips. She drew her panties down over her garters and stockings, bending at the waist to give him a hot view from behind. When the panties were at her ankles, she stepped free and turned to stand before him, exposed.

"Oh God," he breathed, his gaze glued between her thighs.

"You like it, lover?" she asked, reaching down to run her fingers through her damp slit. She glanced down at it herself, aroused at the sight, because she'd shaved away all of her pubic hair except for a narrow swath above her cunt.

"Fuck yes," he growled, sounding as excited as she was.

Following her instincts and highly aware that he loved watching her autoerotic touches, she sat down on the couch and parted her thighs wide.

"Unh..." he breathed.

Biting her lip, she reached for the riding crop, then began to run the leather-fringed tip over her clit and inner lips.

"Oh God, honey, that's so damn hot. Let me fuck you now."

Mia couldn't quite believe how wonderful it felt to rub the leather crop through her slit while Ty's eyes drank it all in. She'd never touched herself for a guy before, and like everything else that was a first for her tonight, the rawness of the act thrilled her almost more than she could understand. "You like watching me play with my pussy?" she purred.

"God yes, baby." His voice was a low, hot rumble. "But I need to fuck you now."

She lowered the crop to the cushion beside her and squared her gaze on his. "Are you being a bad boy again? Trying to take control when you know it belongs to *me*?"

Ty looked like he was ready to come bounding off the chair at any second, but at this, he collected himself. She saw him take a deep breath. "No. Whatever you want, Mistress Mina. Whatever you say."

"Good." She smiled. "Now, get down on your knees and come over here."

Their eyes met. His seemed to say he wasn't sure he liked this part of the game. She kept her gaze steady, though. Commanding.

Finally, he left the chair and dropped to his knees, his hands still firmly tied behind him. He began to move toward her, placing one knee in front of the other.

Ty looked amazingly sexy coming closer to her, his hard cock jiggling with each move, his eyes hungry, his hands still trussed. Knowing he was willingly following her demands only made it better. She parted her legs farther—as far apart as possible—as he neared her, pleased that his burning gaze had fallen back to her cunt.

"Now, eat me," she said, when he was kneeling between her thighs.

Without a second's hesitation, he lowered his face to her pussy, closing his mouth over her engorged clit. She cried out at the instant pleasure. Hissing as he began to suckle, she realized her joy ran deeper, much deeper, because the man who mouthed her was Ty. *Her* Ty, the guy she'd had a crush on for most of her life. And now they were suddenly playing naughty sex games and he was licking vigorously at her slit, getting her wetter and wetter, making her think *yes, yes*, and making her *know* that disguising herself to be his secret lover was the best thing she'd ever done.

"Oooh, yes, lick my pussy," she cooed over him, watching as he dragged his tongue all the way from her opening up over her clit. "Oh God, yes, baby, that's good."

She lifted one high heel to the couch, her knee bent, to give him even better access, beginning to raise herself toward his ministrations. All the while, she caressed her breasts, gently massaging, lightly twirling the nipples, her black beads clicking together lightly as she thrust at him.

When he looked up, his eyes going glassy at her self-caress, she upped the heat by pushing one breast as high as she could with her hand, then bending toward it—just barely able to rake her tongue across her own nipple. She felt a shudder run through him and cast a sexy smile. "Don't stop," she told him. "Lick your Mistress Mina's pretty pussy."

Mia's body was on fire. She wanted to raise the temperature in the room even more, though, so when she caught sight of the riding crop next to her shoe, she took it up and began to swat Ty's ass in time with her light lunges against his oh-so skilled mouth. In one way, she hated to think of all the other women she knew he'd been with over the years, but in another, she couldn't have been more pleased to have a man of such experience between her thighs. She moaned as the pleasure grew and grew—glad she hadn't climaxed before when he'd been in the chair, glad she'd saved it up for now, because she suddenly wanted, more than anything, to come in his hot, sexy mouth.

She whimpered as she drove at him, her Mardi Gras beads snapping together harder. She soon stopped hitting him with the crop, instead reaching past his bound hands to slide the tool up and down the valley of his ass. The new sensation made him moan deeply, so she kept it up, thinking of the leather braiding passing back and forth across his asshole as she got closer and closer to orgasm.

She lowered her free hand to his thick, sandy hair, thrilled by the simple sensation of running her fingers through it, but soon enough she was using it to guide him, to force him, to make him press himself deeper against her as she fucked his mouth. "A little more, baby, just a little more," she murmured, pulling him to her pussy while she stimulated his ass with the crop.

Both of their moans filled the sultry air, drowning out the CD of sexy songs she'd made, as well as the noises from outside. She wondered briefly if anyone beyond the balcony could hear them, and she hoped so. She hoped all of the French Quarter could hear them making each other so hot.

And then his lips clamped tight around the swollen bud of her clit, and she thrust at him harder, and—oh God—it broke over her like a tidal wave, more consuming and overpowering than anything she'd ever experienced. She heard her own screams without being fully conscious of making a sound. The pleasure pulses were wild, drenching, filling her ears, her whole body—every limb seemed to vibrate with the intense waves.

She lifted, attempting to pull her pussy away from his mouth because it was too much, she couldn't take it, needed to let it pass and then recover—but Ty wouldn't release her, following after her cunt until he was pressing her into the back of the couch to keep sucking at her clit. His insistence should have been something to be punished, but it dragged her orgasm out, longer, harder...*better*. Mmm, yes.

So when the flood inside her finally calmed and he drew back to kneel before her, she didn't say anything about discipline. In fact, she could barely move. She felt limp and heavy, thoroughly fucked without having been fucked yet. Amazing.

Even more amazing was that Ty sat patiently waiting between her knees for his next instructions, suddenly her obedient little sex slave.

"Was it good?" he asked, looking as if he very sincerely hoped he'd pleased her. His face glistened with her wetness.

She nodded, still trying to come back to herself. "Are you ready for more?" she asked, maintaining her sultry voice.

"Oh *yeah*, baby. I'm ready for whatever you want, Mistress Mina."

She couldn't keep a wicked little smile from spreading across her face. "My, my, aren't you just a good little boy now? Maybe I should reward you."

His eyes sparkled with fresh anticipation. "How?"

"Go back to your chair, and maybe I'll suck your cock."

Chapter Four

Ty could barely breathe by the time he sat back down. His entire body felt on edge. God, even his ass, from the way she'd rubbed him with the riding crop. He'd never felt anything like that. Had never even thought he'd want to. But Mistress Mina was teaching him a thing or two—just when he thought he knew everything there was to know about sex.

She slowly got to her feet, her fuck-me-now shoes accentuating those long, silky legs, leading up to her sweet little pussy, shaved so smooth. He didn't think he'd ever been with a woman so incredible.

As for the bondage stuff—he'd been right, he liked being tied up. But he hadn't even thought about issues like *discipline* coming with that, and that part...well, it wasn't easy, but he'd decided to give himself over to it as much as possible, just for this one night. After all, he'd wanted this, hadn't he? And like an answer to a wish, here was the mysterious Mina, bringing his fantasies to life and adding to the mix with her hot little commands and that sexy riding crop she used so well.

She walked toward him, her lush lips gleaming with the hint of a smile, and it was only then that he realized she must have reached into her bag of goodies when he wasn't looking, because she held more rope in her hand. His stomach tightened with strange arousal to wonder what she was going to do with it, and to know he was pretty much at her mercy. At her mercy by choice, yes, but there wasn't much a guy could do with his hands tied behind his back if he decided he wanted the game to end.

She kneeled between his thighs, looking delectable. He could still taste the sweet tang of her cunt—she'd been so wet, he felt like he was wearing her juices all over his face, and the sensation hardened his anxious cock all the more.

Pressing one of his ankles back against the front leg of the chair, she began to tie him to it. Like before, when she'd bound his wrists, the harsh rope bit into his skin, pleasurable only because she was the one making it that way.

As she began her work on his other ankle, he couldn't help asking, "I thought I was being good now. Why are you tying me up more?"

She flashed a naughty grin from beneath that sexy mask. "Just because you're being good *now* doesn't mean you won't try to take over in five minutes." She looked down at her work, circling the bottom of his left leg with more rope, pulling it snug with a motion he felt in his dick, and then raised her gaze to his again. "Besides, I like the way you look tied up."

He didn't answer, only felt his cock swell more.

As he watched her work, he thought about that mask of hers, wishing like hell she'd take it off, wondering why she was so adamant about not letting him see her. Must be part of what turned her on about this hot little game, he decided.

He wasn't sure why seeing her face mattered so much, but when she kissed him... He couldn't explain it to himself, but something about her felt so familiar, almost as if he knew her. But he didn't think he'd forget having met Mistress Mina, so he dismissed the idea.

"Beg me to suck your cock," she commanded.

At first, he'd felt weird about that—begging. But he'd grown more used to the discipline now, and even though he didn't think he'd want to do this all the time, begging her to lower those lovely lips onto his erection wasn't a challenge. "Please, Mistress Mina, suck my cock with your pretty, pretty mouth. Please suck me."

Kneeling low between his thighs, she surprised him by licking his balls, then dragging her moist tongue up his length. When she reached the tip, she hungrily licked off the heavy accumulation of fluid at the end. "Mmm," she said. "Delicious."

He could have come right then, given all he'd endured so far, but no way was he ready to let himself go just yet. He had a feeling that sexy and mysterious Mina was just getting started on him.

"Tell me again," she said.

"Please, baby, suck me. I want to be in your mouth so bad. I want to feel your sexy lips on me."

Rising up slightly, she rested her elbows on his knees and slid her splayed hands upward on his thighs until her bared breasts came to rest around his hard-on. "Oh God," he said on a moan.

"How about these?" she asked. "Would you like to feel these on your cock, too?"

They were delectable, round and lush with the prettiest mauve nipples, which he couldn't believe he hadn't managed to get in his mouth yet. On his cock, though... That was even better. "Mmm," he said, barely able to talk as he looked down at the titillating vision of the two soft mounds curving around his hard shaft. The stiff lace of her bra abraded his balls. "Yes, please."

She lifted her hands to the round, white globes of flesh, pressing them more fully around his erection, her beads caught up and intertwining with her long, tapered fingers. As she began to softly slide her breasts up and down his cock, he shuddered and groaned—again so close to coming that he wondered how he was managing not to. He was generally in firm control over that, but being with Mistress Mina changed things.

"Does that feel good, baby?" she purred, peering up at him.

"God, yeah."

"Mistress Mina likes to please you when you're a good boy."

"Can I thrust?" he asked, fearing that if he did it without asking, it might suddenly put him in bad-boy land again, which he didn't want at the moment. He was enjoying her attention too much.

"Lightly," she said, her voice a mere lilt, and he immediately began helping her, pushing his hungry cock up through her gorgeous breasts. Damn, what he wouldn't give to have use of his hands right now, so *he* could be the one holding her mounds around him. But he wasn't complaining. Her pretty, tapered fingers, their nails painted a sexy blood red, looked hot as hell curving around her breasts. And this whole game had turned out to be even more arousing than he could have imagined.

"Now," she said in that sexy voice of hers, "how bad do you want me to suck this big, hard cock?"

He looked down at the vision before him. His aching erection being pleased between her beautiful breasts, her hot eyes glimmering through that sexy black mask, her pouty red lips teasing him with the possibilities. He let out everything he was thinking. "I want it *so* bad, Mistress Mina. So bad I can hardly breathe. I want to watch you suck me. I want to see how much of my cock you can take. I want to fuck your mouth the same way you fucked mine on the couch. Please suck me, Mina. Please."

Her eyes never left his as she rewarded him with a wicked little grin and poised her lips at the head of his erection. She licked a hot little circle around the tip, again taking the bead of moisture from the end and making him utter, "Oh yeah, baby."

Then she lowered her lovely lips over him, smooth, swift, taking an astounding portion of his length. He was well over eight sturdy inches and she'd just swallowed most of them. He could feel the tip of his hard-on touching the back of her throat, wet and warm as she held him there, as if showing him exactly what she could do with his cock.

Finally, after a breathtaking moment, she pulled back and began to move her mouth up and down on him, taking him almost as deep each time.

"That's so good, baby."

He let himself lift slightly, fucking her mouth just as he'd told her he wanted to. She didn't object, or even flinch, and he loved her boldness, loved how much she enjoyed what she was doing.

She continued delivering the luscious ministrations for what seemed a long and generous while, and he relished each and every second. More than once he tried to reach for her, to run his fingers through her hair, or to draw her down on him harder — only to remember his hands were bound behind his back. He strained helplessly at the ropes, both frustrated and pleased by the harsh rub of them against his skin. But all the while she kept working over him, sucking him so thoroughly he thought he'd die of pleasure as he pumped up into her wet, lush little mouth, and by the time she released his shaft from the moist passage, he felt more enamored of the sensuous masked woman than he could easily understand. He wanted to tell her what a bad girl she was, and how much he loved that, but as her submissive slave tonight, he knew it wasn't the time, so he held his tongue.

Finally pushing to her feet, she said, "Now it's time for you to pleasure *me* some more."

He gave her his most wicked grin. "Want me to lick that pretty pink pussy again, Mistress Mina?"

She shook her head. "No. I'm going to ride you instead."

With that, she lifted one leg over the chair, giving him an incredible view of her cunt, then circled his shaft with her fist, and lowered herself onto it with shocking ease.

They both moaned at the smooth, deep entry.

"You have a marvelous cock, Ty." She leaned in to brush a sensuous kiss across his lips.

"You have a warm, wet, sweet little pussy," he returned.

She bit her lip at the dirty compliment, sinking onto him a little farther, and he groaned.

"A very *deep* little pussy," he added.

"Fortunate for you, yes? So that I can accommodate this very lengthy erection."

"Does it feel good inside you?"

She gave a languid nod. "So big and hard. You're filling me."

"Are you gonna fuck me now, Mistress Mina? I mean, *really* fuck me? *Really* ride me? Hard?"

He could have sworn the question turned her beaded nipples a little firmer before his eyes. "Is that what you want, Ty? To be tied up and fucked hard?"

He simply nodded. That's what he'd wanted before tonight, but now he wanted it more than he'd ever known possible. And he wanted it with her. His dominatrix, Mistress Mina of the Glittery Mask.

"Then I'm going to give you what you want, baby. I'm going to give it to you so good, going to make you come better than you ever have before."

"I believe you," he said. And he did.

Mia felt nearly undone. Still in control of the situation, yes, but on the inside, she was drowning in a passion so thick that it was all she could see, all she could feel. Taking his cock into her mouth had been more fulfilling than with any other guy, ever, and although it had never been an activity she minded, with Ty, she could have kept going all night, just pleasuring him that way, just feeling the stretch of her mouth around his hardness and the way he'd slid himself in and out, so deep.

As for how far she'd managed to go down on him, it wasn't that she was unusually skilled, only that she was so hot for him. And it was also because he was Ty—*her* Ty—and she'd simply wanted to take every ounce of his perfect cock inside her in some way. Then...and now, too.

Lowering herself onto him just now had been more than incredible, an experience she'd literally awaited her whole life. Now, as she thrust downward, her arms around his neck, her clit meeting the flesh just above his erection, it felt...like coming home. Possibly the corniest thought she'd had since high school, but there it was. It seemed at once new, yet familiar, like a thing that was supposed to happen, a place she was meant to be.

She looked into his eyes and got even hotter, rubbing her clit against him as she rode him in tight, heated little circles, his cock doing just what she'd told him—filling her, so very well.

"I wish I could touch your breasts," he said, and they both peered down at her pearly nipples. The globes of flesh felt heavy, achy, and she wished he could touch them, too.

"Suck them for me," she whispered, their foreheads softly meeting.

He moved in for a hot kiss on her mouth, and then she arched for him, her Mardi Gras beads falling around the breast he sought as he bent to capture the pink nipple between his lips.

She let out a whimper at the added pleasure. As she moved on him, bucked against him, offering her breasts up to him, she felt wild, dirty, alive, free. Her beads bounced lightly on her skin. The tight lace of the bra that still framed her moved against her with each rhythmic stroke. The garters, too, stretching taut down her thighs and across her ass, provided more sweet, hot friction as she moved against Ty.

"Fuck me," she whispered. She didn't plan it, wasn't being demanding Mistress Mina anymore. It just came out spontaneously, was simply what she wanted, needed.

His thrusts came harder in response, his mouth's grip on her breast more intense.

"Yes," she murmured, "yes."

Everything inside her was rubbing together just the right way, and though she wasn't normally a multiple orgasm sort of girl, she knew that tonight she *was*, and she also knew the second would be even better than the first, by the mere fact that he was inside her, the way she'd always fantasized. Of course, the mask and the ropes were *new* parts of the fantasy, but the lovely hard cock and the sucking of her breast, and the blond hair she ran her hands through—all that was the same. Only better. So much better.

"Yes, fuck me," she whispered urgently. "Fuck me more. Don't stop. Don't stop."

This time the orgasm rose slow and steady, until she reached a point when she knew it was upon her, and she said, "Yes, now. Now, baby." And it rocked her against him, filling her body with electricity at every hot lunge, vibrating through her like live wires whipping about. She cried out—loud, screaming cries—until finally the climax began to wane, leaving her to look into his eyes as he lifted his head from her breast.

Just as she'd anticipated, coming was even better that time. With him inside her. *Because you waited for it so long*, she told herself. *Because you've had a crush on him most of your life*. That's the only reason it had felt so...fulfilling, so profound. She had to believe that.

He continued to pump up into her and she could see, sense, that he was on the edge, too, and she wanted to feel Ty come in her, wanted to make him climax just as hard as she'd promised.

Of course, she'd already said lots of very dirty things to him, she'd already tied him up and made him obey her, she'd stripped for him, she'd gone down on him, she'd played with herself for him—what could she do to make it better for him, too, better than ever?

Following her instincts, she simply brushed against him, grazing her firm nipples across his chest as they moved together, before lowering her hands to stroke *his* nipples with her thumbs. Then she bent to kiss his neck—soft little kisses, like raindrops on his skin.

His moans had begun low, but now grew louder, more intense with each tiny kiss and touch she delivered, and she heard herself murmuring against the tender skin of his neck, "Come. Come for me."

"Oh God," he breathed above her. "God, yes, I'm going to. I'm going to. I'm...ahhhhhhhh," he yelled as he thrust up into her hard and deep, lifting them both from the chair. Once, twice, three times, then four—he raised her entire body with his cock, pumping, pumping, and she loved knowing he was emptying inside her, that

she'd made it happen. She'd brought his fantasy to life, but for her, being with Ty was more than mere fantasy – it was a dream coming true.

As they slumped together, recovering, she instantly felt weird. She'd not thought about the after part, still having to keep her mask on after they finished, but certainly she had to. No other choice.

Still, she didn't want the moment to end. She sat pressed against him, their chests molded together, her arms around his neck, her head on his shoulder. She thought she could stay like that forever.

Finally, though, his mouth quirked into a wan smile.

"What?" she asked.

"Are you going to untie me now, Mistress Mina? Or am I stuck this way?"

Biting her lip, she dismounted from him, sorry for the loss when his cock left her, but wanting to free him from his bindings. The truth was, she'd sort of forgotten about him being tied, but now that she remembered, she felt bad, suspecting his arms were probably sore.

Behind him, she stooped to undo the knot, and when the rope fell away, his shoulder blades spread apart and he groaned, stretching.

As he bent to work at one ankle, she returned to the front of the chair to untie the other.

Finally free, he sat up, looking down to where she kneeled before him. "So, Mina, what now?"

Come to bed with me. Stay the night. Let's make love. Without the whips and ties. They were fun, but I want you the normal, easy way, too. I want your hands on me.

She longed to say that, all of it, in the afterglow of sex. But of course, she couldn't. In fact, she could only think of one thing it made any sense to say at all. "You get dressed, and we say goodnight."

He gave a short nod, but as he bent down, reaching for his jeans, she couldn't help wondering if he'd been hoping for something else.

Just then, he muttered, "Awww...damn it," and bent his forehead into his hand.

"What?" she asked without moving from her place near his knee.

He gave her a look drenched in regret. "There's a condom in my jeans, but I never even thought...and even if I had, my hands were..." He sighed. "I fucked up."

The same regret rushed through her now, as well, leaving her unable to believe she'd forgotten, too. Somehow with Ty, someone she knew so well, it just hadn't been at the forefront of her mind like with other guys.

"Well," he said, "I'm sorry I can't tell you I'm a chaste guy who doesn't usually fool around on the first date, but I *am* always pretty careful. Up to now, I mean."

She nodded, encouraged. "Me, too. And I'm on the pill."

After cleaning up with a tissue from a nearby table, he stepped into his jeans. She pushed to her feet, as well, wondering if she should find her panties, adjust her bra, but she settled for not doing either, since as far as he knew, she didn't have to leave the apartment in order to be home. It would seem silly to cover herself for any other reason after the things they'd just done.

As he pulled on his shirt and slid his feet into his shoes, he tilted his head, peering down at her. "Let me see your face." Then he added a playful grin and a teasing voice. "*Please, Mistress Mina.*"

Bizarrely, she was almost tempted. Crazy. "No," she said.

"Why?"

Good question. "This way I'll always be your mysterious Mistress Mina."

"Why do you have to be mysterious?"

"Because...that's the way I am, the way I like it."

"Can I see you again?"

Oh God. He wanted more of her? It was a dream come true. And also a nightmare.
“No.”

He looked undaunted. “Why?”

“Well, maybe,” she amended, fumbling but trying not to let it show, wholly unsure how to proceed.

“Maybe?”

She nodded, thinking, *Please leave, Ty. Just go. I can't take this much longer.*

“When?” he asked. “Give me your number.”

“No,” she replied quickly, “I’ll call *you*.”

Looking around, he grabbed up a notepad from Aunt Sophie’s desk, along with a pen, then scribbled down both his home and work numbers before ripping off the top sheet and shoving it into her hand. She looked at them, particularly the one he’d labeled “wk”, thinking, *Little does he know, I’m the person who answers this phone for him.*

After that, he turned and walked to the door, so she followed, beginning to feel a little sheepish in her revealing lingerie and high heels now that the hot sex was over.

“Let me see you,” he said once more, sounding a bit more insistent this time.

She simply shook her head.

He gave her a long look, letting his gaze drop all the way to her feet before rising back to her eyes. “Well, honey, even if you won’t let me see your face, I can tell you this—the rest of the package is beautiful.” Then he pulled her to him in a firm embrace to lower a long, thorough kiss to her swollen lips. It traveled all through her, leaving her nearly as weak as her orgasms had.

“Thank you, Mistress Mina. It was a hell of a night.”

“A memorable one, I hope.”

He nodded. “Like no other.”

Then he pushed through the door, leaving her there with nothing but what she’d left him with—memories.

* * * * *

By the time Mia reached work on Monday morning, she couldn't believe she was actually considering seeing Ty again. Sexually. Bringing out Mistress Mina for one more spin before retirement.

But sex like that—God, she'd never *had* sex like that.

Before Saturday night, she'd thought she'd had some good lovers. She'd thought she was an energetic bed partner herself and had never gotten any complaints. But her domination game with Ty had been different. She'd been making it up as she went, knowing little more about true domination than what she'd been able to read on the Internet over the few days prior, yet whatever she'd done had clearly worked—at least for her. Her whole body had been left practically humming from the two spectacular orgasms Ty had delivered to her at Aunt Sophie's place. Even now, her pussy tingled at the mere thought of them.

"Hey, sweet thing, what's shakin'?"

She looked up to see Ty walk in with a big smile on his face. At the sight of her unsuspecting lover, her stomach contracted and her breath trembled. *Get it under control.*

"You're awfully chipper for a Monday morning," she managed to say.

"Had a great weekend," he replied easily. Rather than making a beeline for his office, as usual, he stopped and rested his arms on the counter, looking almost giddy.

"Oh?" she asked, trying to hold her voice steady. "What was so great about it?"

"Jack's party. Met a woman. She rocked my world."

It wasn't unusual for Ty to give her little snippets of his sex life this way, but this was the first time she could remember hearing about it without the news making her insanely jealous.

He tilted his head. "Hey, wait a minute. Speaking of Jack's party, where *were* you?"

Excellent question. For which she—stupidly—had not prepared an answer. She reached for the simplest reply at hand. “Met a guy,” she said with a smile. “*He* rocked *my* world.”

Ty blinked, looking understandably surprised. While he generally knew who she dated and had even met some of the guys on occasion, she *didn’t* usually allude to her sexual encounters, even in simple terms like this.

He raised his eyebrows. “Please tell me he’s someone I would approve of.”

She couldn’t help smiling. “Well,” she began, leaning her head to one side, “I can’t be certain you’d *approve*, but I think you’d get along with him.”

His eyes narrowed. “Any tattoos?”

She shook her head. “Unfortunately not. That’s his one flaw.”

“What is it with you and tattoos anyway?”

She shrugged. “Turns me on, I guess.” Then she squared her gaze on him. “We all have our little turn-ons, don’t we?”

As she’d hoped, she could almost see his thoughts traveling back to Saturday night, to rope and riding crops. Finally, he gave a short, almost-sheepish laugh. “Yeah, I guess we do.” Just as quickly, though, his eyes turned serious and protective again. “But listen, Mia, just be careful. Okay?”

“Of?”

“Guys who...well, just guys you don’t know very well. This is a crazy city with a lot of unusual people. I just...wouldn’t want you to get hurt in any way.”

“You forget, Ty, *you’re* the transplant. I grew up thirty minutes from here. I’m well aware of where we live.”

He sighed. “I know. And I don’t mean to treat you like a little kid or something. I just...you know.”

“No, I *don’t* know. What?”

“I care. That’s all.”

Her heart constricted lightly, and one of her most frequent thoughts came back to her. *If you only knew, Ty.*

If you only knew how deeply it touches me that you care, but how badly I wish you cared in a different way.

She added a new thought. *If you only knew how much of a little girl I'm not. If you only knew I was the woman who tied you up and fucked you senseless Saturday night, just like you wanted.*

"Any calls?" he asked, getting back to normal.

"Yeah, Bobby called in. He's going to be late again."

Ty responded under his breath, rolling his eyes, "Bobby might not have a job for much longer."

"And Rich from Sure-Pak called. Wants to set an appointment to show you their new line of baskets and carriers."

He nodded. "Anyone else? Like a woman with a sexy voice?"

She almost smiled, but held it in. "No, that's it."

He responded with a sigh. "Okay. I'll be in my office."

Mia watched him walk away, and again, had the burning urge to don her wig and mask one last time. In a way, it seemed crazy – she'd managed to pull it off and had given them both the night of their lives, so why risk messing it up now? Yet on the other hand, how was she supposed to resist that hungry, happy look in his eyes? Or the letdown expression that had replaced it when he'd learned she hadn't called? She was suddenly the object of Ty Brewer's affection. He *wanted* her. *Madly*. How could she refuse that?

Glancing up at his open office door, she let out a sigh of her own and answered herself.

Simple. She couldn't.

* * * * *

Ty sat in Jack's rundown old office on Royal Street, waiting for him to get off the phone. He was used to this, but...well, not this *exactly*.

He was used to waiting for Jack to get off the phone with *clients*. But lately – the last year or so – he'd been waiting for Jack to get off the phone with Liz.

You guys can't get enough of each other at home? he always wanted to ask. Apparently they couldn't. And today, for some stupid reason, it made him feel sort of...lonely.

He ignored the emotion the best he could, though, because it was likely just one more effect of riding an emotional roller coaster. The memories of Saturday night, still so fresh in his mind, filled him with a deep, glowing sort of satisfaction he couldn't ever remember feeling – or at least not since he'd been very young, getting first kisses from girls he really liked and thought would be in his life for much longer than they actually had. His masked Mina had really done a number on him.

But the dips in the ride came when he recalled how thoroughly underwhelmed she'd seemed by his request to see her again. Had he done something wrong? Had he not been good enough for her? He'd always felt pretty accomplished at fucking, but...well, this had been new. Maybe he hadn't been submissive enough? After all, that part sure hadn't come naturally. For her, he'd done it – and he'd enjoyed the results – but giving up total control had been difficult. Hell, for all he knew, maybe she'd wanted him to fight back more. He just didn't know how these games worked well enough to accurately analyze it.

And since when did he feel he had to analyze his sexual performance, anyway?

Since Mistress Mina had whisked into his life with her sexy leather riding crop, he supposed.

Finally, Jack hung up, leaned back in his chair, and crossed his ankles on his desk. "What has you lookin' so jumbled up this mornin'? And where did you disappear to so early on Saturday night?"

"Same answer to both questions. A woman."

Jack raised his eyebrows. "A woman has you jumbled up?"

Ty was less than thrilled to hear he looked "jumbled up", but decided to move past it. "Yeah, and I need to find out who she was. A redhead with a killer body in a black see-through blouse and a black Mardi Gras mask with feathers. She was handing out the king cake."

Jack blinked and lowered his feet to the floor. "I remember who you're talkin' about. But I never spoke to her, so I don't know who she is. Hang on a minute," he said, holding up one finger.

He picked up the phone again, dialing Liz back, Ty figured. Two minutes later, he hung up once more and gave Ty a perplexed look.

"Well?"

"Liz doesn't know, either. She saw her, too—helped her with the cake, she said—but she thought it was somebody *I* knew, a client or something."

Ty leaned back in his chair. "Unbelievable. The best fuck of my life, and I can't find her."

Jack sat up a little straighter. "The best fuck of your life?"

Ty nodded. "Ropes and everything."

An amused expression grew on Jack's face. "Really? And *everything*?"

Ty was beginning to feel sheepish, but given some of the stuff he'd been through with Jack over the years, he didn't know why. "Everything as in—there was a, uh...riding crop."

Jack nodded, grinned. "Weapons, now, too. Interesting."

"And she wouldn't let me take her mask off, so I never saw her face."

"Mysterious."

"Yep."

"So, was bein' tied up everything you hoped for?"

"And more, unfortunately."

“Unfortunately?”

“I want her again. Like I’ve never wanted a woman before. And I have no idea how to find her.”

Twenty minutes later, he walked back into the messenger service, no closer to locating Mistress Mina. He found one of his messengers, a college girl named Cara, sitting behind Mia’s desk. “Mia went to lunch,” she said. “I told her I’d cover the phones until you got back.”

He nodded. “Thanks. Any messages?”

“I think Mia put a couple on your desk before she left.”

Making his way into his office, he scooped up the two small pink slips of paper. One was from an architectural firm—they wanted to negotiate terms for a new account. He lowered the message next to the phone, then moved on to the other one.

His heart nearly dropped to his stomach as he read it. In Mia’s neat handwriting, it said, *Someone named Mina called. She’ll meet you Friday night at 8:00, outside the Café du Monde.*

Chapter Five

Ty nearly felt faint when he set eyes on Mina Friday night. She was a vision. She'd been alluring enough before he'd known what she could do to him, but with that added knowledge, she made him hard as a rock on sight.

Tonight she wore a tight, slinky dress of purple that showed lots of cleavage and lots of thigh. Same hot black heels, and he only hoped those stockings led to garters again—he had a serious thing for garters.

Of course, to his frustration but not his surprise, she was wearing another mask. Tonight's was covered with tiny glistening purple sequins, and three dark purple feathers fanned up from the left eye. Two strands of shimmery purple beads hung from either side of the mask, draping below her chin.

Her vibrant green gaze seemed to pin him in place.

"Mistress Mina, I presume," he said with a smile.

"You presume?" God, her sexy voice sifted down through him like warm brown sugar.

"The mask," he said, pointing. "I wasn't sure what to expect, but I suppose this means we're still playing domination games tonight."

She pursed her lips. "Does that disappoint you?"

He shook his head shortly. "No." Although that was a bit of a fib. The truth was, he'd hoped to take a little more control this time, get back into his usual comfort zone. The fantasy had been fun, if a little unnerving, but he wanted something else tonight. And now that he knew what it felt like to be tied up, he kind of had the urge to tie *her* up. He wouldn't have minded dispensing with the mask, either. Sexy as hell? Yes. But despite that, he still wanted to see her face.

She took his hand. "Ready?"

So she intended to lead him straight to her apartment and get right to the action. He wasn't complaining, but... "I'd hoped to take you out to dinner first."

"I already ate," she said, then stepped up close to him—so close that, despite all the partiers and revelers around them, no one noticed when she pressed her palm against his cock through his khaki pants. "And I want to fuck you, lover. Now."

Warmth encased his body as the hot pressure from her hand turned him even harder. He loved that they stood in the middle of a crowd, but no one knew she was touching him so intimately. "Don't suppose I can argue with that," he murmured, peering heatedly down into her eyes.

Turning, she grabbed his hand and began to guide him across the street to Jackson Square. "One thing, though," he said behind her.

When they reached the sidewalk, she stopped to look up at him. "What's that?"

"Don't tie me up this time. I want to touch you."

"You didn't like how things were last time?"

"I loved it, baby. It was...as if you read my mind." And that was the truth. "But this time I need to have my hands on you." He decided to keep it as simple as that. The last thing he wanted to do was piss off Mistress Mina by refusing to play her little game.

She gazed up into his eyes, the expression in hers pointed, almost feral, giving him the impression that she might want the same thing. "Will you do what I say if I don't tie you up? *Exactly* what I say?"

In actuality, he wasn't sure he could resist taking control if he wasn't bound. He wanted to turn the tables on this exciting, delectable woman. But he wasn't about to tell her that. "Yes," he lied. "Anything."

He sounded so earnest, so needful, it tore at Mia's heart. Part of her was tempted to rip off her mask and wig and say, *It's me, Mia*. Pure insanity, of course. But a big part of

her wished he knew she was the woman making wild love to him, the woman he was begging, wanting to touch.

Still, she couldn't. She'd gone too far into this crazy game now. She had to keep playing or she'd lose everything. Her friendship with Ty. Maybe even her job. Definitely this second night of passion. She wasn't willing to give up *any* of those things.

Taking his hand again, she led him up to Bourbon, the crowd and the excitement growing with each step toward the famed street of debauchery. Music played everywhere around them. Guys threw handfuls of beads from balconies to girls who were lifting their shirts below, baring their breasts to the cheers of passersby. Hurricanes and daiquiris and enormous glasses of beer were being drunk, or splashed, or spilled. A glance to her right found a college-aged girl purposely oozing a slushy daiquiri onto her exposed breasts while two guys licked and slurped the drink away.

Mia had never been into that sort of random revelry, even during Mardi Gras. She loved sex, but before Ty, she'd never fucked someone on the first date, and public displays of decadence on the street generally didn't affect her much one way or the other. But tonight, with a river of heat already flowing through her veins and flooding her pussy—everything around her added to her arousal, with or without her permission.

When finally they reached Aunt Sophie's place she reached into her bra and drew out the key, letting them inside. And just like Saturday night, she wanted him so badly that it was all she could do not to just leap on him. She needed to catch her breath, get control of the situation, if she wanted to play his Mistress Mina again.

Whisking into the front parlor, she opened the French doors wide and stepped out on the balcony for a breath of fresh, calming air. The weather was cooler tonight than last week. But the crowd was wilder—Fat Tuesday, the culmination of Mardi Gras, was only three days away, and you could feel the Quarter's tension building with each

successive night. This weekend would be the pinnacle of the heavy partying, all the stops pulled out. Maybe this wasn't such a good place for attempting to calm herself.

She stood there unable to think clearly, her desire rising to a fever pitch, when Ty stepped up behind her. His arms slid around her waist as he pressed his hard-on into the center of her ass. She let out a sensual sigh, and rubbed lightly against him, unable to resist.

Reaching up to pull back her red locks, he lowered a tender kiss to the ultrasensitive skin on her neck, letting the sensation flutter down through her. Then he whispered in her ear, "I don't mean to be a bad boy, but if you don't come inside and have your way with me, I'm gonna push up your dress and fuck you on this balcony right now."

She turned into his arms, her soft body raking against his hard one. Invisible sparks flew.

He drew her close against him with one hand, using the other to eagerly massage her breast. "Ooooh," she purred, thinking—*Oh God, yes*, his hands were a welcome addition to this evening already.

Without a hint of hesitation, he tugged on her bodice until one taut nipple appeared above the fabric's scalloped edge. Molding his hand beneath it, he bent to lick. She moaned in response, never giving a thought to whether anyone below could see what they were doing as she reached out and found his erection through his twill pants.

By the time he came up for air, they were both panting, hungering for more.

It was almost enough to make her abandon her plans—to just let him fuck her however came naturally, to just have normal, wild, writhing sex. There was even a part of her that wanted to *submit* to Ty, to find out what he would do to her if she let him.

But she'd liked the sense of control she'd felt last Saturday. She liked it and...well, she also thought maybe she *needed* it—to help her keep her false identity at the forefront, to ensure keeping her secret safe.

So she pushed him away. “You *are* a bad boy,” she said pointedly, no humor in her voice. She motioned toward the open doors. “Go inside and prepare to take your punishment.”

She couldn’t read his look. Disappointment or excitement?

Either way, though, he withdrew from her and went inside as he was told, and recapturing that sense of power gave her the security she needed to maintain her ruse and press forward into another evening of hot sex with Ty.

Following him inside, her heels clicking across the floor, she reached behind her, unzipping her dress. She found Ty standing in the middle of the room, exactly where his wooden chair had been located last time, waiting and watching. Hooking her thumbs through her shoulder straps, she drew the dress off, shrugging free until it fell around her ankles. Her purple lace shelf bra was cut to expose her nipples, so they were both bared now. Her matching garter belt started at her hips, extending nearly to her thighs, cut to resemble a sinfully short miniskirt that barely revealed the crotch of the tiny thong she wore underneath.

She absorbed his long perusal of her body until he finally said, “You take my breath away.”

As before, she longed to go to him, just kiss him, just fuck him, but she held her ground—and her identity. “Do you think that makes up for your misbehavior? You promised you’d do exactly as I said, yet I did *not* tell you to come out on the balcony and rub your cock against me. I did *not* tell you to kiss my breast. You’ve been a very bad boy again, Ty.”

Her pussy swelled at the harsh reprimand, even if the dark sparkle in his eyes left her wondering if he was going to acquiesce this time. As much as she relished controlling him right now, the idea that he might not allow it made her cunt spasm further.

“Strip,” she demanded.

She took a seat on the sofa and met his gaze, which seemed to silently challenge her. *He's going to fight me on this*, she thought. *He's going to fight me, and what then? Who would win?*

She had to. Because if she didn't, if she turned weak and submissive, she might do something stupid—she might act like herself, she might *sound* like herself. She might even somehow *look* like herself. He might see something in her eyes or hear something in her voice that said Mia to him more than Mistress Mina.

So she glared at him, as if just daring him to argue with her. “Strip, I said.”

His eyes narrowed and he looked almost angry, but finally, Ty slowly began to undress. He pulled his polo shirt over his head, dropping it on the floor, then discarded his pants, leaving him in only a pair of gray boxer briefs. His tremendous hard-on made a big tent in front, practically causing her mouth to water.

“All the way,” she said when he stopped there, then enjoyed the view as he pushed down his underwear and stepped free of them.

God, he was gorgeous naked. Maybe the other night she'd been too busy with her plans, or too nervous, making sure everything went just right, to really take her time looking at him like this, to just study him and savor it. But now she was doing both. “You have a fabulous body, lover.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

His eyes still shot fire as he stared at her, and she suddenly knew she needed to put this man in his place—quickly—before he decided to put her in hers. “Get on your hands and knees,” she instructed.

This time, he obediently followed the order, pleasing her. Reaching up, she absently cupped one breast, lightly twirling her nipple as she watched him. He kept his eyes on her, too.

“Now, crawl toward me.”

As he did, she observed the muscles in his arms and shoulders working, gliding—he moved toward her like a sexy jungle cat.

When he neared her, she lifted one shoe to stop his progress, pressing the inch-high platform beneath her toes lightly to his forehead. He halted, letting her hold him there like that.

“Lick the heel of my shoe,” she told him, a little surprised at the skittery reaction in her cunt. She had planned this part of it—wanting to experiment a little deeper with the notion of submission—never having a clue such an act would excite her, too.

She watched as he dragged his tongue up the smooth patent leather heel, her pussy weeping in response, and added, “Keep going. Onto my ankle, up my leg.”

A slow trail of fire climbed her inner calf, past her knee, up her thigh, past the top of her stocking, until he was tonguing her clit through lace. “Ooooh,” she moaned hotly, now fondling both her breasts, aware his gaze was glued to them.

“Now reach under my garter belt, and when you find a ribbon, pull it.”

He did, his fingers barely whispering across her skin, and when he tugged on the ribbon, her thong loosened.

“Now the other side,” she whispered. “Then pull my panties away so you can look at my pussy.”

Her legs were spread wide, so once the scrap of lace was gone, her cunt was put on proud display, looking pink and slick and lush.

“Do you want to lick it?”

He dragged his heated gaze to her face, nodding.

“Too bad.” She laughed. “Tonight that’s a treat reserved for only *good* boys. Instead, you’ll stay where you are and watch *me* pleasure it.”

Ty couldn’t believe her beautifully wet pussy was mere inches from his face and she wasn’t going to let him feast on it. Her clit protruded, swollen and needy-looking, as if begging for his tongue, and he yearned to taste her, longed to feel those soft pink inner

lips surrounding his mouth as he licked up through them and across the glistening nub of flesh. Just how long, he wondered, was she expecting him to put up with being denied like this? And just how long *would* he? Last time, she'd helped him live out a fantasy. This time, he was *trying* to indulge her dominance, but he simply wanted what he wanted, and he didn't like being told no.

He felt near to collapse when he watched her reach between the couch cushions and draw out a shiny gold vibrator. Even more so when she said, "Get it wet for me, lover," and inserted it into his mouth before he could even think of protesting.

She pushed it in slow and deep in a way that made his stomach contract, since he was unwittingly finding out what it must be like to take a cock in your mouth. She began thrusting the cylinder slowly between his lips, and he wondered how he looked doing this and if she liked it.

Finally, she withdrew the vibrator from his mouth and inserted it smoothly into her pussy in one swift action. "Mmm," she said, then turned the end with long purple fingernails, making the toy buzz to life as she began to slide it easily in and out.

Being that close made him fucking crazy. In one sense, it excited the hell out of him, but in another, he felt excluded, like he desperately needed to be involved.

And, damn it, he was *going* to be involved. Right now.

"Let me lick your clit, Mistress Mina," he said, a little more forcefully than he meant to. And he didn't wait for her to give him permission. Instead, he simply leaned in to lap at her hot, open pussy. *Oh God, she tasted good.* Her clit was like a thick, soft bead on his tongue. He drank in her pungent scent, letting it surround him, drown him.

Above, she bit her lip and whimpered with pleasure, thrilling him. Mmm, yes. His naughty Mistress Mina clearly didn't mind—or at least couldn't resist—letting him take a little control. And he was more than happy to suddenly find himself back in the driver's seat, where he liked to be.

He continued licking, matching the rhythm of her thrusting gold toy, which still vibrated just below his mouth, occasionally bumping his chin. It at once excited and

irritated him that she was pushing the hot little rod in and out of herself while he licked her—he wanted *all* her pleasure to come from him.

Reaching up, he covered her fingertips with his at the base of the vibrator. “Let me do it,” he murmured against her pink flesh.

She released the toy into his grasp without argument and he instantly pushed it in farther and deeper, harder than her own strokes, loving it when she cried out. *Yes*. He wanted her to feel it coming directly from *him*.

He fastened his mouth tight around the bud of her clit and sucked as he continued fucking her with the vibrator, delivering insistent thrusts. He didn’t want her to have any sort of soft, gentle orgasm—no way. He wanted it to hit her hard. He’d taken back control and he was going to use it for his own satisfaction.

She responded to his mouth and the vibrator, meeting the intense drives of the toy, and letting out a hot little cry at each. He drew hard on her clit and made her sob. And he was just beginning to wonder if maybe he’d gone too far, sucked too hard and actually hurt her, when he felt something at the back of his head, bracing him against her.

He looked up from his task, over his shoulder, to see she had locked him in place with their old friend, the black riding crop, placing it behind his head like a bar, holding tight to it with both fists.

“Lick me!” she demanded, pressing on the crop so that he had no other choice. He sank his face back into her wet pink folds and got lost in the work of licking and sucking at her hot nub, still pummeling her with the vibrator, only wishing it were wider and longer so he could give her more.

“Mmm, mmm, mmm,” she began to sob in a hot, rising rhythm, and he knew she was about to come. He licked and sucked her simultaneously, effectively French-kissing her clit, and she pulled the crop tighter, pressing him deeper into her. He fucked her as thoroughly as possible with the vibrator, nearly inserting his fingers up inside her along with it.

“Oh God, yes!” she yelled then. “Yes, yes, yes, baby—God, oh God, yeah!” She fucked both his mouth and the vibrator hard, pumping, pumping, filling him with so much satisfaction as she came that he rose up, shoved her to her back on the couch, and buried his cock in her in one brutal thrust.

They both let out ferocious moans and Ty didn’t move, just kept her pinned there beneath him, around him, enjoying the simple, feral pleasure of having taken back full control.

When she finally came down from the high, she looked pleasantly spent, filling him with masculine pride. “How was your orgasm, Mistress Mina?”

She gave him a scolding, angry sort of smile. “Excellent, naughty boy. But you’re going to be severely punished for your insistence on licking me.”

He lowered a soft, tiny kiss to her nipple, then gazed up at her, delivering a wicked grin. “Maybe I’ve decided I’m through being a good boy. Maybe I’ve decided to change the rules of our little game.”

He had no idea how she would react, but he could tell from her sharp intake of breath that his switch to dominance fueled her excitement.

Even so, she pushed him away and got to her feet before him, so that he was looking up into her smooth-shaven cunt. He watched her cross the room, loving the way she walked around with her breasts and pussy exposed, all the while leaving on her super-sexy lingerie and those fuck-me heels, which he thought he might be officially developing a fetish for, now that he’d actually licked one of them.

“What if I say the game is over then? Meaning the sex is over?” she snapped, turning to face him.

Ah, so she was excited, but resisting it. He knew he was playing with fire, but gave her a truthful answer, still flashing his most devilish look. “I don’t think that’s going to happen. I don’t think you can say no.”

She looked defiant. “What makes you so sure?”

"Your pussy's too wet. Your nipples are too pointed. And you might be able to hide your face from me, but you can't hide the excitement in your eyes."

"Lie down on the couch. On your stomach," she said, her voice all business.

"No."

She looked stalwart, angry, and he suddenly understood—if he took *all* her power away, *all* her control, it changed everything she was—or at least everything she'd chosen to be for him. When her expression turned into something new, giving him the idea that she felt a little lost, maybe didn't know what to do, it tore at his heart a little. He realized he needed to meet her halfway, so he spoke gently. "Tell me something, Mina."

He saw her swallow, but her answer still came strong. "What?"

"Have *you* ever been tied up?"

She hesitated, then shook her head.

"Would you like to be?"

She didn't answer.

"After you tied me up the other night, can you tell me, in all honesty, that you didn't wonder how it felt to be on the other side?"

Still no response, but her pink nipples stayed tautly erect, and her eyes glittered with passion.

He dropped his voice even lower. "Let me show you. Give me the power, just this once. Trust me."

She spent a long moment considering the request, then finally took a few steps back toward him, her sexy heels clicking across the floor. "Promise me that in the end, you'll let me...have my way."

"Define that for me, Mina."

"If I let you do what you want to me, you have to return the favor afterward."

He blinked, mulling over the bargain. If she was willing to bend for him like this, couldn't he give her a little something back in return? "Sure," he finally said. "Okay."

She gave a short nod, unsmiling, then strolled back across the room with her pretty ass partially on display beneath that lovely garter belt. She returned a moment later carrying some familiar lengths of rope in her hand, only more of it than last time. "You'll need this," she said softly.

"Indeed I will," he replied, a whole new sort of desire humming through him. He was about to tie her up, about to take her someplace as new as the places she'd been taking him.

"Lie down on the couch," he said, rising from it. "On your stomach." Just like *she'd* wanted *him*.

Mia obeyed, then watched over her shoulder as Ty placed one knee between her legs on the couch and reached for her arms, pulling them gently behind her. She waited as he proceeded to tie her wrists tightly together, unable to deny the excitement that coursed through her at the gnawing of the rope against her skin, at the sense of being truly confined by her lover, her Ty. She couldn't quite believe she'd agreed to this, but even as helpless as she'd felt having to give up her power, she'd wanted *this*, too—wanted to just give herself over to him, in every way.

Next he kneeled beside the couch to bind her ankles together, just as firmly. A part of her began to wonder just exactly what he planned to do to her, how helpless he wanted to make her. But at the same time, she couldn't deny the bizarrely pleasurable tingle in her cunt at knowing she was totally and completely at his mercy.

"What now?" she asked, her heart beating harder than she wanted it to.

He leaned near her ear and whispered, "Now I'm going to whip your firm little ass, just like you whipped mine the other night."

Her pussy seized slightly beneath her at the threat which, at the moment, sounded more like a promise, something she *wanted*.

The first strike of the riding crop was insignificant, just a pleasant little tap on her sensitized skin. The second and third were much the same—just enough to rouse her, to make her a little wetter than she already was.

“Naughty little girl,” he murmured above her, that hot, sexy voice shooting another dart of lust to her cunt just as he brought the riding crop down on her ass once more—harder this time. She flinched at the sting.

“Did that hurt?” he asked.

She nodded against the throw pillow supporting her head. “A little. In a...good way.”

“Good.” Then he swatted her again, hard, the burn traveling all through her and settling firmly in her pussy.

She let out a small moan.

“Mmm, do you like that, naughty girl?”

“Yes,” she said, breathless.

“Well, here’s some more.”

He hit her again, and again, the hot sting flashing through her like lightning, like something illuminating her from the inside out.

Then his rhythm changed—he struck her faster, but with a steady beat, like a drum...like sex. She cried out lightly now at each hot blow of the crop, stunned at the incredible pleasure, even more stunned at how good it felt to relinquish her power to him. She lay there, content to soak it up, enjoying each intense sting of her own mini-whip.

“Mmm, I wish you could see how nice and red your ass is,” he cooed, sounding utterly turned-on.

“Me, too,” she heard herself breathe without planning.

“I should kiss it make it feel better,” he announced, just before his mouth rained kisses across her bottom.

“Ohhhh,” she purred. “That’s so good.”

“How’s this?” he asked, his breath wafting over her skin as one finger eased into her anal passage.

She clenched her teeth and sobbed with fresh delight. She had no experience in that area, but dear God, his touches felt incredible – wildly consuming, more than she could have known. Her voice came out shaky. “So good.”

He kissed her ass again, whispering, “Then you’ll probably like this even better.”

“What?” she asked a split second before she felt something bigger, more solid, nudging at the same hole.

She looked over her shoulder to see Ty easing her vibrator slowly into the tight opening. “Oh God.”

Their eyes met and he flashed a dirty smile. “Have you ever been fucked here before?”

She managed a slight shake of her head. “And I never thought I wanted to, but...”

“But what?” he prodded.

“But, God, I do. Oh, I do!”

Just then, the vibrator slipped in, deep in her ass, and the pleasure seared her. She cried out, and Ty said, “Turn back around, baby, and relax. Just feel it.”

Having little choice, she did as he instructed, not quite able to believe she’d ended up bound and being fucked in the ass with her own toy. But it was so good, in a way she couldn’t have fathomed before this moment. She lay moaning beneath him, her whole body on fire with heat and deep sensation.

She found herself pumping against it, amazed that something there could feel so overwhelmingly hot. “Oh God, I think I could come from this,” she admitted on a heated sigh, and he helped her, easing his free hand up between her legs, his fingers sinking into her moist folds.

"Mmm, yes, yes," she said as the heady delight took her to a place of swallowing intoxication. And within a few amazing seconds she was screaming her ecstasy as she drank in the pleasure delivered by both of his hands. The vibrations rocked her, rocked her...until finally they faded and she went still.

Ty eased the vibrator from her ass and bent to lower a kiss to her shoulder. "How was that, baby?"

Spent, she could only sigh her satiation, and they stayed that way for a moment, him bending over her, close enough that she could smell the musky scent of his skin as she listened to the Mardi Gras revelers outside.

Somehow, that sound reminded her—this had gone terribly awry. Or *wonderfully* awry, depending upon how she looked at it. But if she didn't get back some control here—dear God, for the first time it occurred to her that Ty could take her mask off if he wanted to and there wouldn't be a thing she could do to stop him with her hands bound!

"My turn," she said, soft but sure.

He hesitated before reaching to untie her. "Are you sure?" he said, amusement in his voice. "Because from where I sit, you handled the submissive role beautifully, honey."

She flashed a smile over her shoulder. "Okay, so I'm a flexible girl. It's your turn to be flexible again."

"About that," he said, working the rope at her ankles once her wrists were free, "I love the things you do to me, baby, but you might as well know, submitting doesn't come easy to me."

Freed, she sat up next to him. "Then I guess I should be flattered that you've given me as much power as you have."

"Yes, you should."

"And you're saying that's over now?"

His slight nod sent a stark disappointment barreling down through her. Because she wanted to do one more thing to Ty, just one more thing. He'd just inspired her, deeply, and she wanted to bend him to her will one last time.

Reaching out, she began to stroke his long, smooth cock, still standing at attention between his thighs. He pulled in his breath.

"Five minutes," she whispered. "Five more minutes of surrender and I'll take you to heaven, lover. I promise."

The combined heat and tension in the room were palpable as their eyes met in the dim lighting. "I don't think I can—" he began, but she cut him off.

"You can do *this*."

He let out a sigh.

"Pleeease." She flashed persuasive eyes through her mask.

He let out a soft chuckle. "I thought that was supposed to be *my* line."

She returned a small grin. "Unlike you, I'm perfectly willing to beg from time to time in order to get what I want."

His eyes narrowed in grim amusement. "What do you want me to do?"

"Simple. Lay down on the couch like I was, on your stomach."

He lifted a finger in the air. "I don't want to be tied up again."

She rolled her eyes playfully. "Fine."

And even despite his reluctance, Mia's soul filled with excitement as Ty rolled to lay prone on the sofa. She wasted no time, climbing onto the couch, straddling his legs, wondering if he could feel her pussy rubbing wet and open against them as she began to do what she'd done the last time they'd been together here—she slid the length of the riding crop along the crack of his ass.

"Oh God," he groaned.

"Mmm, yes," she purred in reply. Women weren't the only ones to find pleasure in ass play and she was going to give her man as much joy as he'd just given her.

She bit her lip, aroused by rubbing the leather braidwork over his asshole. Slowly to and fro she scraped the crop, sinking it deeper and deeper against him, playing him like a violin. Beneath her, his breath came hot and heavy, drenching her cunt with still more desire.

Before she knew it, their mutual excitement drove her to do something entirely new. She pulled the crop away from his ass, laying it across his lower back as she used both hands to spread him there, study him. She'd never really had much occasion to examine a guy's asshole so intimately, but given that this was Ty, her lifelong dream man, she couldn't have been more deeply thrilled. She stroked the fissure with the pad of her thumb and he moaned, something that she sensed grew from deep in his gut. A second caress produced the same effect, arousing her to her inner core, her very soul.

Drawing in her breath, glad he couldn't see the little experiment she was about to indulge in, she stroked her fingers between her thighs, getting them wet. Then she rubbed her juices in a gentle circle over his anus, watching it open slightly. He uttered a soft, light gasp that pleased her immensely.

Her heart beat faster as she repeated the motion, this time massaging the wetness in, applying more and more pressure to the hot little circles her fingers made.

"Uhhh..." he growled deeply and she knew he liked it.

Would he like what came next?

Taking up the crop again, she studied the handle—nicely rounded and covered in smooth black leather, no seams.

She drew in her breath, her chest tightening in anticipation, as she began to rub the tip of the riding crop's handle in a small circle over Ty's anus.

His groan stretched enormously, seeming to fill the room and drown out the partying and music still wafting up from Bourbon Street below.

She rubbed harder, harder, working it, pressing it gently, until the handle began to slip inside.

“Ah, God!” he yelled.

From shock or pain?

She stopped in mid-insertion, going still. Then she bent down to gently kiss his ass next to where the riding crop now entered. A purring sound left him and he lifted his ass toward her — toward the crop.

She smiled as a sense of fulfillment whirled down through her, settling deep in her pussy. She slid the riding crop’s handle in a little farther, and he began to move up and down, fucking it.

Her every sense was on alert now, every pore of her skin extra-sensitized from watching his lovely ass take the riding crop inside, from knowing he wanted it and that she was delivering it.

He moaned softly at every stroke, and she pushed the handle deeper, deeper, making him cry out louder. Soon she was fucking him harder and whispering, “Yes, baby, yes,” thrilled at her achievement.

But then she wanted more of him — *had* to have more.

So she carefully climbed down off the couch — still holding the crop in place, still gently fucking his ass and drinking in every hot moan and groan that left him — to kneel beside the sofa.

“Turn onto your side, facing me,” she said, a soft command.

He hesitated, and she could understand why, given that she was fucking him with something so long and gangly and that shifting his body might be tricky at the moment, but she said, “Do it,” anyway.

He turned slowly, and she carefully moved her tool along with him.

When she saw his face, she was filled with...God, with what? Some emotion that almost buried her, strangled her. He looked so pleased, and it was all because of her — she was giving this to him.

“This is...the most intense sex I’ve ever had, Mina.”

Her voice came out in a mere whisper. "For me, too." Then, still holding the riding crop in place, she bent to take his lovely cock in her mouth.

A ferocious groan erupted from him, pleasuring her profoundly as she took as much of him as she could, passionately sucking, working him over without reserve, rewarding him for his obedience this one last time.

She slid her lips up and down until her mouth felt stretched and achy and her hand cramped from the awkward angle of holding the crop at his ass, but his sounds of deep enjoyment spurred her on, making her want to suck his big, beautiful shaft dry.

"God, if you don't stop, I might come," he said suddenly.

She released him and met his gaze. "Do you want that? Do you want to come in my mouth?"

He looked surprised at her soft tone. But the last few minutes with Ty had drawn something from deep within her, something that demanded she be tender.

"I want to come inside you," he told her. "In your pussy."

She felt the words in her chest. Mmm, she wanted that, too.

"I want to be able to...fuck you hard, Mina. I have a feeling you like it that way, and I haven't gotten to do it to you like that yet."

Oh yes, she *loved* it hard. And she wanted it that way from him as much as he did.

"One more thing I want," he said softly.

She didn't look at him this time, because she already knew what he was going to say.

"I want to see your face, Mina."

When she didn't answer, he said, "Why are you hiding from me?"

She didn't reply, instead gently withdrew the riding crop, leaving him to sigh at the loss.

"If there's...if there's anything under your mask you're afraid to show me...don't be."

God, he thought maybe she had some sort of scarring or deformity or something. The part that pinched at her gut was the implication that he didn't mind.

She glanced up at him. "Your chivalry is impressive, but it's nothing like that."

"Then why?"

She swallowed, at a loss. No good answer existed. "Listen," she finally said, "I don't want to talk about the mask anymore. What I want is for you to fuck me. Just as hard and long as you promised. No more questions or arguments. Agreed?"

He sighed, but gave a short nod as she knelt next to him on the couch, one shoe curled beneath her stocking-clad leg. "How do you want me?" she asked.

"How do you like it?"

She thought a moment, then turned over, onto her hands and knees, facing the other end of the couch. "Like this."

He let out a groan. "That's so hot, baby."

"If you want control so bad," she said in a slinky voice as she peered over her shoulder at him, "take me."

Placing his hands on her hips, he entered her hard and swift, nearly stealing her breath. He was so awesomely big inside her, the very sensation of him there nearly consumed her. When he began to thrust hard, hitting her G-spot with each hot stroke, it made her feel as if she were going to explode, over and over again. She cried out with each fierce drive into her pussy, overwhelmed by the power of his cock.

Thank God he'd wanted to do it like this—she'd not realized what she'd been missing. Now she was filled with pleasure, filled with Ty...simply filled.

Between his groans of delight, he murmured that he wanted to make her come again, and the next thing she knew, one of his hands had snaked around her hip, between her legs, his fingers sinking into her wetness. "God, yes!" she shrieked.

Oh, it wouldn't take long, she knew without doubt. She was too excited. And his cock was so big. Part of her wanted to let him fuck her this way all night, but she

realized it was impossible—her body was too racked with pleasure already, and he'd admitted to being on the edge, too.

"Yes, rub my pussy," she prodded him, still trying to hold onto a little of her authority as she approached climax—when, without warning, it shattered over her like her body was a piece of crystal breaking into stunning shards of heat and light, and all of them were shimmering down through her as she came against his hand.

And then he was yelling, "God, me too, honey!" and his thrusts nearly skewered her to the couch, they were so deep and penetrating. Again, again, again, he pounded into her, pummeling her, burying her in sensation.

The moment he withdrew, she turned in his arms, needing to see him, hold him, needing for *him* to hold *her*. Without quite meaning to, she clung to him, bitten by that same overwhelming emotion again. She'd meant simply to kiss him, share the afterglow in an easy embrace—but instead she was clutching him tight and never wanted the moment to end, never wanted to let him go.

Chapter Six

Ty rained kisses across her lips, her jaw, her neck and chest, soon nibbling at her perfect pink nipple, still jutting beautifully erect above her sexy, revealing bra.

"Tell me something, Mistress Mina," he said, basking in the lazy serenity that followed great sex. "Are you always this wild?" He flashed a grin.

He watched her blink beneath that damn mask she still wouldn't shed for him. Then she lifted her green gaze to his. "Could be I'm normally a shy, prim little schoolteacher who wears high-collared blouses and her hair in a bun. Or...could be that you can see me nightly, stripping at Club Venus up the street, and that my specialty is hot lap dances on guys just like you."

He tilted his head, sorry she seemed to be slipping back into game mode, after the intense moments they'd shared. He'd thought maybe he'd been starting to peel back the layers of his mysterious Mistress Mina, thought maybe he'd been getting a little closer to the real her. "Which is it?" he asked anyway.

"It's whichever you want it to be," she purred, pulling him down for a soft tongue kiss. "Now, *you* tell *me* something."

"Anything," he said, attempting to prove a point. "Unlike you, I'm an open book."

She ignored the sarcasm and asked, "Ever been fucked in the ass before, naughty boy?"

He grinned. Now that it was over, he couldn't quite believe that had happened or that he'd enjoyed it so much. "Um, no."

"So I took your virginity," she said on a light, sophisticated laugh.

He chuckled along with her. "I wasn't aware I had any virginity left to take, but...uh, yeah, maybe you did. Just like I took yours in the same place."

They shared a deliciously mischievous smile.

"What's next for us, Miss Mina?"

"Next?"

He nodded. "Next tonight? Next, the next time I see you?"

Her smile faded. "I'm afraid we'll have to stick to the 'I'll call *you*' plan, like before."

A horrible thought struck him. "Are you married or something?"

She shook her head. "No, of course not."

"Then why so secretive? You obviously enjoy my company enough to come back for more. Why won't you give me your number, give this thing a chance?"

"This thing?"

He motioned back and forth between them. "Me and you."

She bit her lip, looking pensive, and it forced him to recognize the leap in thought he'd made—a leap for which he was usually on the receiving end. He'd never been on *this* side before—the side that wanted it to be more than just an affair.

"Wait, you don't have to say it," he told her, pulling back slightly.

"Say what?"

"That this is just sex. We're not *dating*, not *seeing each other*, this is fucking and that's all."

She turned away from him then, which he thought odd—since he couldn't see her face anyway.

"What's wrong?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "It *can't* be any more than that. I can't explain why, but it simply can't."

Ty sat up. His heart physically hurt in his chest, but he told himself he was still just recovering from so much kinky sex. He had *not* gotten emotionally involved with his masked dominatrix. He refused to even consider that as a possibility. Even as much as he wished she hadn't closed back up on him emotionally just now, even as much as

he'd liked finding out she had a soft side when she'd agreed to submit to him a little. Taking a deep breath, he rose from the couch and went to retrieve his clothes across the room.

"You're leaving?"

He glanced over his shoulder to see her sitting up, as well. "Yeah. I mean, if it can only be sex, well...the sex is over for tonight, right?"

She nodded. And he got dressed, realizing he *wanted* to leave now. Even if he sort of hated leaving, too. But the damnable truth was—if it couldn't be anymore than just this, just the fucking part, he didn't want it.

He couldn't *believe* he didn't want it, could barely fathom that the great sex she'd shared with him wasn't enough for him, but he also couldn't fight whatever was going on inside him—and the fact was, it *wasn't* enough. He wasn't sure how it had happened, but he *had* gotten emotionally involved.

He walked to the door without looking back, feeling angry, even if a part of him knew that was stupid. God knew they'd never made each other any promises, and they'd never even had any reason to—it had been two nights of hot sex, plain and simple. Maybe he was angry at himself—for wanting more. Wanting to see her face so damn badly. His chest felt tight, achy.

Her clicking heels approached hurriedly behind him, but he didn't look back until she grabbed onto his wrist.

"Not even a goodbye?" she asked.

Their gazes met, held. Then he placed his hand on the back of her head amid all those wild red curls and kissed her lush lips, one last time. "Goodbye, Mina."

He walked out the door, hailed the first taxi he saw, and headed for home, feeling empty inside for reasons he couldn't quite understand.

* * * * *

Mia sat alone in her apartment the next day, flipping through channels, watching nothing, hating everything about Mardi Gras and wishing it would end. Wishing lots of things. Like that she'd never concocted the insane idea to put on a mask and seduce Ty.

Although tears rose behind her eyes at the thought, because how could she regret the wild intimacy they'd shared, at once so new and yet so comfortable? She didn't think she could have done those things with anyone else.

God, she'd thought she could do this—take this for what it was, hot sex. She'd thought it would fill a physical need, bring the fantasy to life, and maybe then she could move on, get Ty out of her mind.

Instead, though, just the opposite had happened.

She had no choice but to recognize the devastating truth—she was in love with him.

* * * * *

"Morning, sweet thing," Ty said on Monday as he walked into the messenger service, the plate glass door falling shut behind him.

"Morning, Ty," she said without looking up, pretending she was immersed in paperwork.

"Any messages?" he called from his office.

"Bobby's going to be —"

"Fired," he said before she could finish. "When he gets here, send him in to see me. And start looking through applications for a replacement."

Wow, he sounded like he was in a *bad* mood. Was it because of Mistress Mina? Was it possible he'd taken their time together that seriously?

Against her better judgment, she got up and walked to his doorway. "Listen," she said softly, "I know it's none of my business who you fire, but...Bobby's actually sick today. Really sick. He threw up while we were on the phone and I'm ninety-nine percent sure he couldn't fake that."

Ty shrugged. "A hangover during Mardi Gras isn't a good excuse."

Oh. Stupidly, perhaps, she hadn't thought of that—given that she was trying to forget Mardi Gras existed.

"Besides, even if he had the Russian flu, it's one time too many. I've got a business to run and I need dependable employees—like you."

She swallowed nervously, thinking her usual—*If you only knew.*

"Um, how was your weekend?" she dared ask.

"Shitty, thanks."

"Why? I...I thought you had a date with your hot chick from last week."

"I did. It didn't end well. End of story."

She nodded, still a little amazed that the things he'd indulged in with Mistress Mina had mattered to him so much.

"How was *your* weekend? Better than mine, I hope. Did you see your new tattoo-free guy?"

She nodded.

"And?"

"And...that didn't go so well, either. I...don't think I'll be seeing him again." She hurried to add, "I mean, at least not...romantically."

He tilted his head, his expression softening. "Sorry it didn't work out, sweet thing."

Her heart wilted a little in her chest. "Yeah, I'm sorry yours didn't go better, too."

* * * * *

Fat Tuesday. The last day of Mardi Gras. The night of the biggest blowouts, the most wild debauchery, the most hedonistic revelry. Ty sat in his apartment, the first floor of a grand old house on Esplanade, at the edge of the Quarter, watching the daily Mardi Gras report on the evening news. Picking up his fork, he dug into the reheated red beans and rice Liz had sent home with him after he'd had dinner at their place over the weekend.

I should go out and take part in that, he told himself, watching a bunch of beaded and masked people screaming for the TV camera.

I should go down to Club Venus and get a lap dance or five and see if Mina turns up straddling my crotch at any point. But he doubted she would.

No, I should just get drunk, hang out on the street, and give beads to girls all-too-willing to jiggle their bare breasts for me, then maybe get laid by one of them.

Or maybe I should walk into a store, buy a mask of my own, and pick up girls that way.

Only problem was—none of it sounded any fun. Not the least bit titillating or desirable. Shit, this Mistress Mina thing had hit him hard, harder than he could easily understand. He barely knew her. Why had he cared so much? Why had he wanted so much more of her?

Finishing his dinner, he stuffed his wallet in his pocket, grabbed his keys, and headed for the door, without even knowing where he intended to go.

He set out walking, glad the night was clear and warm—sorry each time he happened upon a group of early revelers getting amped up for the last big party of this year's festivities. He wanted...he wanted...

Something that felt...safe. Normal. Good.

He wanted to go someplace where he knew there were no worries, where things were easy, comfortable. He could only think of two places that really qualified—Jack and Liz's place, or Mia's. He chose Mia, thinking maybe she was lonely, too, given her romantic failure of the weekend just past.

And the closer he got to her apartment, the more *right* it seemed to hang out with her tonight. Maybe they could just talk, pour their hearts out to each other over a bottle of wine or something. Maybe he'd been foolish all this time—thinking sex was more important than a woman's personality. Maybe he should try thinking of Mia as more than a friend and see what came of it.

He stopped into a liquor store on the way, grabbing a chilled bottle of Chablis, remembering it was Mia's wine of choice.

Reaching her building, he let himself through the gate that led to the courtyard, walked past the pleasant little fountain that gurgled there, then headed up the neatly whitewashed stairs and down the veranda until he knocked on her door.

She opened it wearing denim shorts, a cute fitted pullover of pale yellow, and a surprised look. "Ty – what's up?"

Only then did it occur to him to feel slightly sheepish. But he decided to be frank. "It's Fat Tuesday and for the first time in my life, I don't want to spend it partying. I just want to hang out with a friend, drink some wine or something." He held up the bottle. "You up for it?"

She blinked. Looked confused. He started to regret coming. Maybe she was busy. Or maybe *he* seemed desperate.

But then she smiled. "Sure. Yeah. Come in." She stood back to offer him entry.

He hesitated slightly. "You didn't have any big plans for the evening, did you?"

"Me? No. I'm not...you know...much of a partier."

"Except with tattooed guys," he said with a grin.

She laughed. "Yeah, except for them." Before closing the door, she glanced down toward the courtyard, which was quiet and empty, other than some Zydeco music coming from someone's window, loud enough at the moment to override the sounds of Mardi Gras on the streets beyond. "Hey, do you want to sit outside and drink? It's nice out – warm."

"Yeah," he said. "Sounds good."

"Let me grab some glasses and a corkscrew from the kitchen. And I have a couple of folding lawn chairs in my bedroom, in the closet, if you want to go get them."

He said, "Sure," set his wine bottle on a table next to the door, and headed off in search of chairs as Mia went in the other direction.

Entering her bedroom, he made a beeline for the closet—but was stopped dead in his tracks by what lay on her dresser. Two Mardi Gras masks. One in black with silver cording. The other of purple sequins with dangling beads.

He actually blinked, hard, then opened his eyes again, somehow thinking he'd see them differently.

But no—they were the same. The same very familiar masks. He picked up both in one hand, his stomach wrenching painfully as he tried to make sense of it. Which is when it hit him. *Mina. Mia. Mina. Mia.*

All along, he'd had the bizarre feeling of knowing her, although maybe at the time he'd perceived it more as *wanting* to know her. But now, as it all slowly became clear to him...damn, how could it be?

How could his sweet Mia have been Mistress Mina?

My God, the intimate acts they'd indulged in together! The things he'd let her do to him!

Along with the general shock of finding out his seductress had been Mia came the surprise of discovering that apparently she wasn't the sweet, docile girl he'd always thought. Tim's little sister, the girl Ty had always wanted to protect, look out for. Apparently, it was the other way around—*he* needed protection from *her*.

Feelings of humiliation, stupidity, and anger warred within him. His hands curled into fists as his body tensed. Why the fuck would she do this to him? Why would she lie, pretend?

"Ty, did you find the chairs okay?" Her voice grew closer as she spoke, until she walked into the room. "They're behind..."

Her eyes fell on the masks he held. She went pale, still, and they stared at each other for a long, strange moment.

"Why?" he boomed at her. "Why the hell did you do it?"

Her eyes went wide and her mouth dropped open, but nothing came out.

"Why, Mia? Or is that *Mina*? Why did you lie to me? Answer me, damn it."

"I...I can explain." She looked panicky, shaky. He thought she sure as hell should.

"Well, start talking."

Shudders ran the entire length of Mia's body. How had she been so stupid, letting him come in here? He'd shown up at her door unexpected, and she hadn't even thought... Oh God. She'd just said she could explain, but could she? "I...I... God, Ty, I just...wanted to be with you."

He looked incredulous, and she couldn't blame him. "So you thought it would be clever to put on a mask and a wig and make me think you were somebody else?"

She nodded. Then shook her head. She was so confused. "I...I never thought you'd want *me*. So I just thought, with it being Mardi Gras and all, that maybe, just once, I could be someone else. Just for some fun. One sexy night. Something different and...memorable."

"So you thought it would be amusing to put one over on me, use me for some kinky sex, then cut me loose and never fill me in that it was you."

She'd never seen him look more disgusted, and behind that, in his eyes, just plain sad. She didn't know what to say, how she could possibly salvage this. The worst had happened – everything good they'd ever shared was ruined now.

Which made her realize she had nothing to lose. So she told him the unthinkable truth. "Ty, I've had a huge crush on you since I was thirteen years old. All these years, I've wanted you. But I knew you only saw me as a friend, or as Tim's little sister. I knew nothing would ever happen between us if I didn't *make* it happen. I'm thirty-one years old. I wanted to have wild, crazy sex with you. Just once. Just to get it out of my system."

"We fucked twice," he snapped, lips set in a grim, straight line.

"You wanted to see me again. You wouldn't let it go." Her voice quivered now that she'd told him the whole embarrassing truth. "So I...couldn't resist doing it again."

When still nothing changed in his enraged eyes, she babbled on further. "I never meant any harm. I just wanted to have a good time, without any repercussions. I wanted to give you a good time, too. That's all."

"That's all, huh?" he repeated, sounding cynical. Then he dropped the masks back to the dresser. "I'll leave these for the next time you want to make some unsuspecting guy feel like a fool. I'm outta here."

With that, he stormed from the room, out of the apartment, slamming the door behind him before she could even catch her breath.

She plopped down on the bed, burying her head in her hands. How the hell had this happened? And just when she'd been ready to put it behind her and move on.

Well, she amended, not *move on*. Now that she knew she was in love with Ty, moving on sounded next to impossible—but she'd been ready to try resuming their old relationship, ready to attempt surviving the brutal emotion of love and maybe someday get past it. Now, everything was a colossal mess. And she couldn't imagine any possible way to fix it.

* * * * *

Ty stalked away from her building, heading for Bourbon Street, his entire body tense. She'd used him. Lied to him and used him.

Tied him up, for God's sake. Made him lick her goddamn shoe! *Fucked him with a riding crop!*

He shook his head in disbelief. It had been crazy enough back when he'd thought they were two strangers. But to find out his masked seductress was someone he knew, someone he knew *very well*, and that she was lying to him and using him because she wanted to experiment with some kinky sex was...mortifying. To think of how he'd pined over her. Tried to track her down. Longed to take that mask off and see her face.

Well, at least now he knew why she'd been so damned adamant about leaving the mask on.

Then new thoughts hit him. He'd seen, felt, *tasted* Mia's breasts now. *Mia's!* He'd seen, felt, tasted—*deeply*—her pussy. She *shaved* it. Never in a million years would he have imagined Mia was a sensual, sexual enough creature to do that. Or to own that kind of lingerie. To *want* that sort of wild, hedonistic sex.

He shook his head, extremely confused and sorry to acknowledge that his cock was getting stiff with the memories, with the realization that his wild, riotous sex partner was sweet Mia, who he'd thought didn't have a kinky, dirty bone in her body.

Turning a corner onto Bourbon was literally walking into an enormous, wild party. Everywhere he looked, people were drinking, laughing, making out. A jazz band played in the street. People in costumes—wizards, tigers, court jesters—passed by. Girls were lifting their shirts and collecting mountains of beads to weigh down their necks. Strippers stood in doorways, scantily clad, beckoning men inside.

Yet the only thing that really grabbed Ty's attention was one of the French Quarter's many sex shops—lit up and wide open for business.

He wandered inside, drawn instantly—for the first time ever—to the bondage section.

Anger at Mia still burned inside him—it hadn't even begun to slack off. But his cock burned, too, in a different way. Hungrily. Urgently.

Maybe, he thought as he picked up a package of leather ties, he should teach Mistress *Mia* a little lesson. Maybe he'd show her exactly how it felt to be used for kinky sex. Maybe Fat Tuesday would turn out to be a wild night yet—when he introduced little miss Mia to *real* dominance.

Chapter Seven

Mia flinched when someone pounded on the door. Who on earth...?

Yet, as she ran to answer it, she knew who she'd find on the other side.

What she *didn't* expect was to find Ty standing there wearing a simple but sexy little black mask. Despite herself, her pussy went wet. "Ty..." she said uncertainly.

He barreled in without being invited and shut the door, turning the lock behind him. He still wore the same grim expression as before, but his eyes looked different now – they looked furious and...intensely passionate.

She noticed the shopping bag he carried only when he set it down with a thump.

Impatiently, he reached for the hem of her shirt. "Take this off," he demanded.

"What?" Had she heard him correctly?

"Lift your arms up over your head, damn it," he bit off, and she did as he said. He stripped off her top in less than two seconds, tossing it across the room. Next, he reached for the button on her shorts, briskly lowering the zipper and shoving them down, so that she stood before him in a lacy coral-colored bra and matching panties.

"Ty, what are you doing?" she asked, breathless.

He stepped up close enough that she could feel his erection pressing into the front of her undies, and spoke low and firm. "I'm giving you a taste of your own medicine, Mistress Mina. I'm gonna find out how *you* like being used for kinky sex."

She drew in her breath, both frightened and thrilled. She had no idea what Ty might do to her, and she'd definitely never seen him this angry or determined-looking, but she also couldn't imagine anything he could do to her that wouldn't excite her right now.

They stood looking at each other, the air filled with hot tension until he closed both hands hard on her ass and pulled her to him for a rough kiss that left her breathless. She twined her arms around his neck as he moved one hand to her breast for a brutal caress that filled her with more wet pleasure than she could have anticipated.

Still crushing her to him, he yanked one bra strap off her shoulder, baring her nipple, then possessively lifted it to his mouth. He sucked hard, making her whimper at the pleasure-pain of it. Even while it hurt, she'd never felt anything so powerful or intense, and it swept her away in a rush of hot desire. "Mmm, God," she murmured.

Then his hands were at the back of her bra, deftly unhooking it. "Take it off, all the way. I haven't seen your breasts without anything on them or around them," he said in that same commanding voice.

She shrugged free of the bra, then stood beneath his scrutiny, her breasts achy and tingling under his gaze. He cupped them both in his large hands, as if testing the weight, then began to knead them, hot and vigorous. Heated, thready sighs left her until he urgently lowered his mouth to the other breast, suckling hard again. The sensation shot through her like licks of flame. She cried out, grabbing onto him for balance, and he gripped her ass once more, this time lifting her up into his arms and carrying her into the bedroom.

He tossed her on the bed and she lay there, aroused and unsure, waiting until he returned with the bag he'd brought.

The first thing he drew out was a long, black strip of leather. Straddling her in the bed, he pushed her arms up over her head and tied her wrists with it, pulling the leather into a tight knot. Then he attached it to the wrought iron headboard. She remained wildly aware how close his cock was—to her mouth, her breasts—and she wished madly that he were naked. But she dared not say a word.

Backing off of her, he said, "Lift your ass," then harshly pulled down her panties. He tossed them aside as he rose from the bed and reached into his bag, extracting...something black, a large swath of leather, but she wasn't sure what it was

until he said, “Lift,” again, and this time slid it under her. He drew it around her waist and began to lace it by hand. It stretched from her rib cage to her hips and she realized it was a waist-cincher, an item that struck her as somewhat Victorian and completely wicked in terms of bondage—especially when he laced it tight, tight, *tight*, making her feel utterly imprisoned in the thing before finally finishing.

Next he withdrew a thick, black leather collar from the bag, which he fastened around her neck. Like the waist-cincher, it made her feel pleasantly trapped, forcing sensation on her with each and every move she made.

And then he left. Just left the room—picked up his bag and walked out!

Minutes began to pass and she wondered if he’d departed from the apartment completely and meant to leave her here like this, trussed naked except for a bit of black leather, until she called out for help and someone found her. God, talk about payback.

And on top of that, her pussy wept for him. She could feel the comforter dampening beneath her. She’d been a little frightened and totally unsure what would happen to them once this was over, but from the moment he’d shown up at her door, she’d been aroused and ready for whatever this evening held, for whatever he *wanted* it to hold. If he wanted to punish her, she figured she deserved it. She’d take whatever he dished out.

Just when she’d seriously begun to worry that maybe he’d left her like this, he tramped back into the room—no longer a lighthearted beach boy, but now clearly a god of all that was dark and dangerous.

She gasped at the sight of him, and her cunt spasmed. Across his chest he wore a black halter-like apparatus constructed of thin leather strips connected by silver rings. His eyes still shone through his sexy black mask, and now his neck was adorned with the same sort of collar she wore. Thick leather cuffs circled both wrists, and below, he’d donned black leather pants—with no crotch. His big cock stood at full attention between the leather leggings, completely exposed. She was stunned speechless. And so

damn hungry for him. To think this man had wanted to be tied up—when he was clearly born to be a woman's master.

As he stood looking at her, tied to the bed in her scant leather regalia, she felt a whole new kind of beautiful, and she *relished* submitting to him. She still feared for tomorrow and the future of their relationship, but for tonight, she was going to soak up every bit of domination he wanted to heap on her.

"Are you ready to be my sex slave, Mia?" he asked sharply.

She nodded, answering with one quiet word. "Yes." *So very ready.*

He walked to the bed and straddled her again, but higher up this time, his thighs settling across her shoulders, the black leather of his pants rubbing warm on her skin. "Then suck my cock, slave," he demanded, rising on his knees and holding his shaft down to insert it in her mouth. She opened wide, accepting it with ease.

To have him between her lips, sinking deep, near her throat, without having any control over it, was breathtaking. She felt so owned, so wholly possessed—but in this moment she *wanted* to be owned by him, *wanted* to be whatever he wanted to make of her. Her pussy fluttered with delight as he slid his hard, lovely cock in and out of her mouth, slow at first, but then slightly harder, deeper, until he was groaning with each stroke between her lips. Her mouth felt so stretched, to a degree that—under normal circumstances—would have made her back off slightly, take a break. But like this, now, she couldn't *choose* to take a break—and it was arousing to have the option stolen from her, to be gently forced to suck his cock until he decided he'd had enough.

When finally he withdrew the massive shaft, her mouth felt instantly empty, abandoned—but joyfully well-used.

What now? she wondered, thinking, *More, I want more of this. I want to be his slave,* but not daring to speak.

That angry fire still lit his eyes as he shifted back, still straddling her—until his erection came to lay between her breasts. He reached down and pressed the soft mounds up into his hard cock, beginning to slide back and forth, fucking them. She

moaned at the raw heated delight of having that ultra-hardness enclosed by her sensitive, tender flesh, glad she'd left him so wet that he could glide with slick ease between her breasts. Above, he groaned deeply, watching the connection of their bodies, and she was thrilled to see that even amid his anger, she could still bring him pleasure.

His thrusts turned rough, intense, making her feel it all the more, and love it all the better. *Yes, yes*, she thought, still not brave enough to utter a word. *Fuck my breasts, Ty. Fuck me every way possible.*

Finally, he released her breasts and moved still farther down her naked body, pushing her legs apart and kneeling in between. Her heart threatened to pound right through her chest as she lay bound and watching him study her pussy. Planting his palms on her thighs, he spread them farther, opened her wider. Oh God, she wanted him inside. *Please, Ty. Please.*

Without warning, he drove two fingers into her cunt, making her sob at the hot, pleasant intrusion. "Your pussy's wet, slave," he said, although his voice seemed slightly calmer now than before.

"Because I'm excited. I want you inside me," she said between heated breaths.

"You're supposed to be *scared*," he said, his tone taking on a rough edge again. "You're supposed to worry I might *hurt* you."

She only shook her head, moaning lightly as he continued thrusting his fingers into her hungry little passageway. "Whatever you do, I deserve. I shouldn't have lied to you. I never thought about...well, so many things. I never thought about how you'd feel if you found out. I was selfish. Whatever you want from me tonight is okay. I owe it to you. Do anything you want to me, Ty. *Anything.*"

His face looked almost agonized with lust as he stared into her eyes, then dropped his gaze back to her cunt. She bit her lip, knowing it must be glistening for him, knowing his fingers must be drenched.

“God,” he murmured finally, and in quick succession, he withdrew his fingers, lifted her thighs, and rammed his cock deep inside her.

She cried out at the blow—hard and filling and all-consuming, and somehow, even then, she wanted more of him. His shaft was enormous inside her, yet she still managed to yearn for more. She wanted to hurt for him, to somehow atone for what she’d done. She truly wanted to be his sex slave in every way.

“I’m gonna fuck you so hard, Mia,” he bit off, his voice gritty, gone back to pure, unadulterated heat now, and she thought, *this is how it should be*. This—it turned out—was *her* perfect fantasy coming to life. Ty calling her by name, promising her an incredible fuck that would leave them both well-pleasured and spent.

He pummeled her with his huge cock, driving, driving, deep inside her, so that she felt his thrusts everywhere—pulsing through her arms and legs, her breasts, even her head. The leather at her waist and neck created a hot friction with each rough jolt of his pounding shaft, and his leggings rubbed at the backs of her thighs. They both cried out at each mind-numbing thrust.

Her breasts bounced and he closed his hands greedily around them, kneading, massaging. She pulled involuntarily at the leather binding her wrists, frustrated at not being able to touch him. He released her breasts, yet closed his forefingers and thumbs around her nipples, pinching them tight and pulling, drawing them upward—making her grit her teeth at more pleasure-pain—until he let them go and she released a screech.

She writhed in his grasp then, overcome with pleasure and pain and frustration and heat, taking each stroke of his cock deep within her being, feeling wild and crazed inside, his new grip on her breasts turning needy and rough. She suddenly knew that he wanted her to struggle, and so she did, thrashing about as he filled her, absorbing more kinds of friction and hot delight than she could easily comprehend, and she sensed it making them both even more reckless and untamed. His heated cries turned

to harsh growls, hers to groans drawn up from deep in her gut. “Oh, fuck me,” she begged through clenched teeth. “Fuck me. *Fuck me.*”

It was all so good. The binding, the battle, his hands, his cock. His face, above her. Even soaked in his anger, she loved it because...well, maybe she was angry, too! Angry that she’d wanted him for so long without having him until now. That’s why she struggled at her bindings for him, even as she wrapped her legs around his back. There was anger and frustration and a deep, forbidden sort of passion all lurking inside her and needing to get out – now – in his arms.

“Come in me, Ty! Come in me. I want to make you come so bad, so hard,” she sobbed.

But then, clenching his teeth and looking agonized to the depths of his soul, he pulled his cock out and dropped her ass to the bed.

She felt abandoned. “What are you doing?” she practically shrieked.

“You can’t fucking tell me when to come!” he boomed. “You’re not in charge this time, Mia! This time it’s all about *me*, punishing *you*!”

She had a feeling they’d both forgotten that for a few intense minutes, but now they remembered. Her body heaved with frustration where she lay stretched out on the bed.

“And we’re not done here,” he added in a low voice, his eyes shining hotly on her. “We’re not even *close* to being done.”

“What now?” she asked, suddenly reminding herself of *him* when their positions had been reversed, always wondering what came next.

In response, he reached up over her, his slick erection dangling down to touch one breast as he untied her from the bed – but he didn’t untie her hands from each other.

“Now, I’m going to spank you. Hard!”

She tensed in a combination of fear and anticipation as he maneuvered her body, face down, over his lap, on the edge of the bed, and leaned down near her ear. “Tell me you’ve been a bad little girl,” he said, no hint of playfulness coloring his voice.

"I have. I've been a *very* bad girl." She meant it. She believed it.

"Beg me to punish you for it."

She drew in her breath. "Punish me. Yes. I deserve it. Spank me."

The first slap of his hand across her ass landed with a sting that echoed all through her. Mmm, *God*—still more of that strange pleasure-pain. She wanted it, and when the flat of his hand struck her again, she cried out—in joy, because it hurt. Because she felt it everywhere. *More*, she thought, not daring to speak now. *I want more*.

He spanked her in a smooth, hard, even rhythm, each strike flaring through her with power and heat. The spanking radiated through every limb, each slap of his palm coming before the vibrations from the last had faded. She cried out—all pleasure now, even as her ass stung and grew sore, so very sore. But it was a *good* kind of sore, the same lovely kind of sore she'd first experienced when he'd whipped her the other night. Only this was more intense than that. This was not a playful game—this was a strong, forceful man dominating her, and she was joyfully lost in the power of that domination.

And then...something new! What was he doing *now*? Even as he spanked her, even as she cried out, she swung to look over her shoulder and saw—oh God!—he was...he was putting something inside her ass—a string with little balls placed every couple of inches. Anal beads—she recalled seeing them at the sex shop when she'd bought her rope and riding crop. He was inserting them, one by one, sending tiny explosions of pleasure through her nether regions with each added ball. She gaped, trying to watch even as she drank in his blows, her ass red now from his perfect spanking.

By the time he was done with the beads, she could no longer discern what was happening to her body. She lay writhing, whimpering across him, lost in the tumult of sensation. It was almost more than she could take, pushing her to the edge of sanity.

And then he was bending over her, whispering, "Now fuck me, Mia. Fuck me. Ride me."

She gazed over her shoulder, up into his eyes this time.

He peered heatedly at her and said it again. "Ride me...lover." As she'd called him in her role as Mistress Mina.

Slowly, she rose to her knees next to him. He reached for her thigh, prodding her to straddle his hips. She glanced down between them at his tremendous, straining cock. She'd never wanted anything more than she wanted this man back inside her right now. She didn't know if he was still angry or not—she had no idea how he might feel about her now—she only knew she needed him inside her body. Because she loved him. She loved him deeply.

She sank slowly down on his erection, pleased at how enormous he felt filling her. "So big," she breathed, her eyes falling shut, head dropping back with the ecstasy of his size combined with the beads that seemed to ripple gloriously about inside her ass.

A soft kiss brushed her neck. "Do you like my cock, Mia?" he whispered.

She lowered her head and opened her eyes, meeting his gaze. "Oh, God, yes."

She saw his lips move more than she actually heard his nearly inaudible request. "Fuck me."

She leaned deeper into him, beginning to move in the most ancient rhythm, her instincts instantly taking over. They both moaned as she undulated against him. Her bound arms circled his neck, his hands splayed wide on her ass. She fucked him slowly, their foreheads touching. Her breasts raked against his chest, the leather that crisscrossed it abrading her nipples lightly.

But soon she was driven to move faster, to fuck deeper, her clit brushing against him, her pussy beginning to reach for release. The beads inside her anus jiggled and rubbed in response to her movements, heightening every sensation. He kissed her hard, deep, as they moved, and she pushed her tongue into his mouth, hungering for still more of him. His hands roamed her shoulders, her back, one sliding around to caress her breast, raking his thumb across the sensitive peak.

But then his hands both returned to her ass and she rode him in hot circles that brought her closer and closer to ecstasy, making the desire churn and rise. He lifted to

suckle at her breast, and she sobbed lightly, murmuring, “Yes, suck me. So good, so good,” as she held his head there, watched him tugging on her nipple with his eager mouth.

And then—ahhh!—he pulled the string and one of the beads left her in a hot little blip of pleasure that made her moan.

Her breath went ragged as she rode him harder, as he suckled her, and he drew another bead out, pushing her still closer to the edge.

He began pulling the beads faster, in a slow rhythm that matched the hot circles in which she writhed, and she was lost, so lost in him and in the pleasure, that there was no thought, only feeling, stretching through her like an electrical line giving off immeasurable heat and energy.

“So close,” she whispered in his ear, still moving, grinding her body against his—and then he extracted the last bead and she fell off the edge, the climax pulling her deep within herself, burying her in hot pulses of delight that echoed through her, coming out in low groans wrenched deep from her gut. And also in words. “I love you. God, I love you,” she murmured up into the air without thought.

“Damn, I’m coming, too,” he breathed upon releasing her breast from his mouth and as before, when he came, he lifted her body from the bed with his orgasmic thrusts, making her feel exactly what she *wanted* to feel—overpowered by him, possessed by him.

They both fell back on the bed in a heap and lay that way, silent, for a long moment.

When Mia finally opened her eyes, he was looking at her. He shifted his gaze to her hands, and reached to undo the leather strip, setting her free. Her first move was to slip the sexy black mask from his head—completely understanding now his previous need to see her face. She wanted nothing more in this moment than to see his.

Although she didn’t know what to say, what to expect from him now. She only knew she’d just had the most phenomenal sex of her life, and it had been reckless and scary and infinitely exciting, and it had been with Ty, the man she loved.

"I've been a fucking idiot," he said, gazing at her.

"Huh?"

He shook his head against the comforter, then ran one hand through his hair. "I don't know what I was so mad about."

"Because I lied to you," she reminded him, thinking it made perfect sense. "I tricked you."

"But you were right when you said I never would have given us a chance otherwise. I just...never thought of you this way."

"I know. And there were times when I tried to hint to you that maybe I wasn't the girl you thought I was..." She stopped, confused by her own words. "But the thing is, Ty, I *am* that girl you thought I was. I'm a nice person and a dependable, capable worker, and I'm Tim's little sister. And I'm *this* person, too." She looked away, toward the ceiling. It was stupid to bother being embarrassed *now*, but... "This person who loves to fuck and play sex games and sometimes be *really, really* dirty." She sighed. "Only..."

"Only what?"

She wasn't sure she wanted to tell him this, but at this point—what the hell. "Only I've never gotten nearly so dirty with anyone as I have with you."

She felt his eyes on her and dared to lower her gaze and meet them. "Because of what you said?" he asked. "When you were coming just now?"

She took a deep breath. "Yes."

"That was real? You love me?"

God, was he *still* trying to torture her? "Yes. Yes, it was real. I'm in love with you, okay?" She turned her head away instantly, unable to believe she'd just blurted that out.

"Like I said, I've been an idiot. Please look at me."

She didn't, couldn't. He reached over, pressing his warm palm to her cheek, turning her face toward his.

"I didn't think a girl could be as sweet and nice as you are and also be into hot sex."

She blinked. "Why?"

He shook his head. "I don't know. If you don't count Jack's wife, I've never met any hot, sexy girls who seemed all that nice. And vice versa. Just my dumb luck, I guess. And I just didn't think the two things could reside in the same woman."

"Surprise," she whispered.

"You can say that again."

They lay silent for a moment, until he leaned in and gave her a soft kiss on the lips. He didn't pull back afterward, so their faces lay only a couple of inches apart. His eyes looked enormous and deep and beautiful. "Did you know," he said softly, "that I fell in love with Mistress Mina?"

The words left her dumbfounded. "Uh, no."

"I did. And I couldn't understand it. Couldn't understand how I could fall for a stranger in a mask who I didn't even know, whose face I couldn't even see. But now, I get it. It makes sense. Because things were so...*right* with her. With *you*. Because you're you, and you and I have always just...clicked."

"Yeah," she agreed. "I guess we have." From the beginning. From those very first easy, playful flirtations nearly twenty years earlier.

"So it's not Mistress Mina I'm in love with anymore, Mia. It's you."

Mia sucked in her breath. "*God*." She dropped her gaze away, then lifted it again, not quite able to believe. "Really?"

He nodded. "Deeply."

Her heart felt like it would burst up through her chest at any moment, like it was physically...growing.

“And I’m so fucking sorry about tonight—about how mad I got, about...well, if I forced you to do anything you didn’t want to just now...”

She hated the remorse in his expression and shook her head vigorously. “No, baby, you didn’t. I promise. Because there’s nothing I wouldn’t want to do with you. I *love* you.”

Ty took her face between his hands and lowered a long, deep kiss to her waiting mouth. It swirled down through her, more powerful than any sex with any man she’d ever had. She could still scarcely believe it. *He loved her. He really loved her.* After so many years, it seemed too good to be true, but she could tell now, looking into his eyes, that it was real. She’d never seen this expression on his face before—but it was undeniably love that poured from his gaze.

“God, this is so good,” she said as the elation traveled through her. She suddenly couldn’t stop smiling. “So incredible.”

He returned the smile she’d been pining for all these years, only now it unexpectedly felt as if his smile belonged to *her*. “Just one thing I gotta know,” he said, his voice taking on a familiar teasing quality.

“What’s that?”

“Do you really dig guys with tattoos?”

She shrugged, feeling slightly guilty, then gave him a sweet grin. “Afraid so, but don’t worry, I’ll keep you anyway.”

He gave his head a playful tilt. “Who knows. Be a good girl and maybe you can talk me into getting one,” he finished with a wink.

“Mmm,” she said, liking the sound of that. “Just think of how excited you’d get me *then*.”

“Mistress Mina rides again?” he asks, raising his eyebrows.

“Perhaps, if you’d like. *Ride* being the operative word, of course.”

They shared a bit of laughter and an easy kiss, and he said, "So where did you come up with the name Mina anyway?"

She made a resistant face, but admitted the truth. "Okay, you may as well know. My real name is Wilhelmina."

"Really?" He grinned. "I'll have to call you that from now on."

"Don't you dare. I much prefer 'sweet thing'."

"But you're not exactly sweet anymore, are you?" He leaned closer to her and whispered, "Maybe I'll call you 'sexy thing', or 'naughty thing'."

She offered a light smile. "Those are kind of fun, but...well, the truth is—I've always cherished the way you call me 'sweet thing'. I wait for it every single morning. It always makes my pussy tingle."

She watched the heat re-invade his gaze. "Okay. Want to fuck me, *sweet thing*?"

Rolling into his arms, she pressed her breasts against his chest, pulling him into another deep, hot kiss. "I think that can be arranged. But..." On impulse, she slipped his black mask over her head, peering out at him through it. "For right now, you can call me Mistress Mina."

About the Author

Lacey Alexander's books have been called deliciously decadent, unbelievably erotic, exceptionally arousing, blazingly sexual and downright sinful. In each book, Lacey strives to take her readers on the ultimate erotic adventure and hopes her stories will encourage women to embrace their sexual fantasies.

Lacey resides in the Midwest with her husband, and when not penning romantic erotica, she enjoys history and traveling, often incorporating favorite travel destinations into her work.

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

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