



SAMHAIN

MIRANDA'S RIGHTS

KYANN WATERS

She has the right to her pleasure...any way he wants to inflict it

Jase Ralston gets hot under his very blue collar just thinking about his friend and neighbor, Miranda Carlucci. Yet she can't possibly be interested—not when she could have champagne, caviar and her pick of Vegas high rollers.

The bruises change everything. She denies she's in an abusive relationship, but his cop instincts won't let him rest until he finds out the truth. When he follows her to a BDSM club and finds her writhing under a flogger's stinging kiss, his Dom instincts kick in.

Jase takes command of the scene—and Miranda—at Club Creed. *This* is what she's always wanted. Pleasure, pain...and rough-around-the-edges Jase. Yet after his domination transports her to a level of subspace she's never known, he leaves her—unwilling to continue the scene.

Confusion gives way to hurt...then anger. He's claimed her and Miranda wants more. Even if it means confronting Jase and making demands of her own.

Warning: This submissive woman has the right to be silent. Anything she says could result in being tied up, flogged, and spanked. Law enforcement has never been hotter.

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Miranda's Rights

KyAnn Waters

Dedication

To OC for being there when I needed inspiration. Thank you for making me laugh and brightening my days. You're a true friend, chickie. And I love you like a sister.

Chapter One

Detective Jase Ralston paced across his living room. The hollow click of the clock on the wall was a patronizing sound, reminding him that the hour was late and he was too damn tired for this shit. He shouldn't be upset. He shouldn't care.

Still, his hands clenched into fists as he imagined the worst. Where was she? She could be hurt, lost or alone. She could need him and he wasn't there. His pulse spiked and emotions—fear—coiled in his gut. He hated feeling helpless. Damn it, Miranda Carlucci was testing his limits. What she needed was a paddle across that perfectly round and luscious ass. His cock stirred with the thought. Thoughts he was better off not having.

Despite the fact that she plagued his fantasies and kept his dick in a state of anticipation, he and Miranda were just friends. She'd lived across the hall from him for nearly two years. Two years of wanting her while she kept her distance. They both had secrets. His were in his head—darker thoughts, needs and desires. He ached to reign over her body, her mind...her heart. And hers were just as personal; she hid a part of her life. The part he wanted.

Another late night, another guy. He growled and raked his fingers along his scalp. Whom she fucked was her business. But damn it, Vegas was a dangerous place for an attractive single woman. He should know. As a detective for the LVMPD, he dealt with the scourge of the city. Sin City. Drugs, gangs, prostitution surrounded by the glittering lights of the Strip. Bells of the slots couldn't drown out the wail of another violent crime. He'd seen it all.

Miranda, with her lithe body, blonde hair and naivety, wasn't equipped to deal with what his city had to offer. Nebraska born and raised, and her trusting blue eyes refused to see the cruelty in people. Men could use a woman like Miranda, force her submission...

Jase growled and paced back to the door. Was he any different? He'd wanted to fuck her since she'd moved in. He slid his palm into the front of his jeans and adjusted his swelling cock. He couldn't think of her, of laying her on his bed, spreading her thighs—not without a piercing ache to his chest.

If he had her in his bed, he would leave the imprint of his hand on her beautiful ass before he spread her full taut, cheeks and slid a plug into her tight little star. After he buried his face in her cunt, sucked her clit until she screamed his name, and drank down her intoxicating essence, he'd remove the plug and fuck her ass. He'd worship her in a way only he could.

But that would never happen. She wasn't interested. *Just friends*. He'd accepted that long ago, but her lack of sexual interest didn't diminish his attraction to her. Besides having a tantalizingly hot body, firm tits and an ass to fill his hands, she was a doll. Friendly. Too friendly.

Jase acknowledged he wasn't in her league—not for more than friendship. He was blue-collar and hardworking. Miranda deserved diamonds and caviar. They might live in the same apartment complex, spend time together watching television and even grab dinner together several times a week, but those weren't dates. Miranda dated up. Her work behind the scenes in the casino industry exposed her to the wealthy, powerful men of Vegas. Upscale scourge. Jase had a gut feeling that her latest guy wasn't treating her well.

Jase was a Dom. He liked control, but he'd never abuse a woman. Lately he wasn't sure if someone was hurting her, demeaning her—forcing her to do something she didn't want to do. That was the problem. She wouldn't open up to him about her late nights. His thoughts raced in a thousand different directions. Only one conclusion made sense. She didn't want Jase to know.

Across the hall, a key worked into a lock. Jase stomped across the floor and swung the door open.

"Jase!" Miranda sucked in a sharp inhale, slapped a hand over her heart and spun in his direction. "You scared me."

Perhaps he should have put on a shirt. Her gaze traveled his torso, igniting small fires over his flesh. She lingered on the open snap of his jeans riding low on his hips and trekked lower to his bare feet.

"And put on some clothes. If Ms. Perry in 3D sees you, you'll have a stalker on your hands. She drools at anything with a nice body, especially a nice tight butt and—" Her gaze locked on his groin. "Well, and the right anatomy. If she gets her inch-long dragon-lady nails into your back, you'll need surgery to remove her."

"It's close to four a.m. No one else is awake."

She snorted. "This is Vegas. No one sleeps."

"Where have you been?" In the span of a heartbeat, he glanced over her from her tousled hair to her askew clothing. The buttons on her blouse weren't aligned and her stockings were torn. "What the hell happened?" Her sexy lips, normally pouty and pink, were slightly swollen. Dark circles shadowed her red-rimmed eyes.

"Nothing I can't handle," she whispered. "I'm fine now, *Detective*. It's late. You should be in bed." Her lips curled into a smile.

"You aren't fine." His hands balled into fists. This craziness had gone on long enough. He couldn't stand by and watch her self-destruct. He took a step back. "Get in here."

Her head cocked to the side. "Jase, I'm tired." She turned back toward her door and wiggled the key until it turned and the lock popped. "I had a rough night, but really. I'm fine."

"I wasn't asking."

She glanced at him and her tired eyes widened.

“We need to talk.”

“I’m sure whatever scolding you’re going to give me can wait until morning.”

“Now.”

“Okay.” Her hand paused on the knob without turning the handle. Her head bowed and her shoulders visibly trembled. She was petite, not more than five-foot-five. Jase had eight inches on her and outweighed her by eighty pounds. He could force her into his apartment. But he wouldn’t have to. The Dom in him stirred at her willingness to heed his words. Whether she’d ever acknowledge it, Miranda had submissive tendencies. He tamped down the small thrill and focused on the anger coiling in his gut instead.

“But I’m tired and don’t want to talk.” Miranda crossed the hall and entered his living room. “I just want to crawl into bed and sleep.” She clasped her hands in front of her, a small purse clutched in her fingers. The door closed with a thud and she jumped.

“What the fuck is going on with you?”

“Nothing. I went out.” She stood in his living room, glancing at his couch, the window, anything but his face. Normally her bubbly personality had him laughing. At the moment, she seemed almost afraid. He had an infuriating idea of why. The thought of someone hurting her... He growled and jammed his hands into his pockets. He had the mounting need to slam his fist into the wall, scour the city for the piece of shit and show him a little payback. Any bastard who could hurt a woman deserved his ass beat.

Jase understood BDSM. Power and dominance went hand in hand with trust and devotion. He understood the high from pain play. He’d been in the scene long enough to know that the glimmer in Miranda’s blue eyes wasn’t from being taken to the brink and pushed over the edge. She’d been broken, and that wasn’t willing submission. “What has he done to you?”

Her head snapped up and her eyes narrowed. “Who?”

“Who? Christ, who do you think?” He stormed across the room and grasped her wrist.

She winced and tried to pull away. “Don’t.”

“Who is doing this to you?” He jerked back her sleeves. Angry red welts banded her delicate wrists. Deep purple and maroon bruises crisscrossed her porcelain flesh. Higher on her arm, four equally spaced marks bore the impression of someone squeezing her, restraining her. “Miranda, I see it all the time. I recognize an abused woman.”

“I’m not being abused!” She jerked her arm, yanking her wrist from his hands.

“That’s more than rough sex.”

“I’m not having sex either,” she snapped.

“And I’m not stupid. Are you going to tell me you did that—” he pointed to her wrists, “—to yourself?”

“Are you crazy?”

"No, I'm ready to go fucking ballistic." He'd kill the bastard who put his hands on her. "I can help you." He lowered his voice. "Please, let me take care of this, let me take care of you." He heard the desperation in his voice but didn't care. Actually that was the problem. He did care. Cared about her. Friendship? Fuck. Friendship would be easy. She was everything he found attractive in a woman—everything he wanted.

His cock was in a state of flux. Friendship wasn't what simmered in his chest at night when he dreamed of her. Dreamed of handcuffing her to his headboard, blindfolding her and raining pleasure over her soft flesh. More than his next breath, he wanted to be the man she needed. He *was* the man she needed. Hell, he was half in love with her and they'd never even kissed.

She straightened, squaring her shoulders and lifting her chin. "I don't really want to talk about this." She adjusted her sleeves. "Besides, I handled...the situation."

"I've heard that before. Do you like getting the shit beat out of you?"

"You're overreacting. I have a few bruises but not from what you think. I'm not seeing anyone...not seriously anyway, and I'm not being abused."

He watched the walls go up as she hid behind the facade of a strong woman. She was strong but not against this. This wasn't any form of love. Violent abuse caused the physical damage. Miranda needed a dominant man with strong hands, but one who wielded his power with her pleasure in mind.

Tumultuous emotions twisted in his gut like a knife. "Do you know how many women are killed each year by domestic violence?"

"Yes, I watch the news." She stepped farther into the room. "If we're having an interrogation, can I have a drink?" She sat on the couch and sagged into the cushion. She held up her wrist. "This is not domestic violence. My, um, purse twisted around my wrist and left a bruise." She sighed and gave him a soft smile. "Besides, you're the only man in my life."

"I'm not the man in your life," he said as he walked to the kitchen. If he was the man in her life, she wouldn't be coming home in the middle of the night with another man's scent clinging to her. She'd smell like sex because he'd be the one making love to her every night. With a growl, he grabbed two beers out of the fridge.

"Yes, you are, Jase. You're my friend."

He walked back to the living room and paused at the perimeter. Miranda curled into the couch cushions. Her eyes were closed and her mouth had softened. "You're right, but I'm *just* your friend. I worry about you," he said as he approached.

Her heavy lids parted. "You shouldn't." She took the beer from his outstretched hand and tipped the beverage to her lips. "I'm a big girl."

No, she wasn't. She had perfect round breasts, a trim tummy and lean thighs he imagined locked to his hips as he braced above her and fucked the hell out of her—no he'd make love to her. Rough and dirty.

Wild and fast and slow and deep. Whether she was bound to his bed or sitting astride and riding his cock, Jase would be making love. Heat rushed from cock to balls to buttocks.

Christ, he needed to keep perspective. First he had to get her away from her dickhead boyfriend.

“So you want to tell me about your date?”

She adjusted on the couch and angled her body toward his. With her elbow braced on the back of the couch, she tucked her hair behind her ear then rested her head in her palm. “It wasn’t a date,” she said with a little chuckle. “Just more of an acquaintance.”

Great, she was fucking acquaintances. “Sleeping with strangers is dangerous.”

“Oh hell, Jase. Let it go. You’re making a broad assumption if you think I’m screwing strangers.”

“Come on, Miranda. Remember who you’re trying to bullshit.” She was involved with someone.

“I’m not saying I’m celibate.” She narrowed her eyes. “Neither are you. Don’t forget, I’ve been in Vegas two years. I know the city. I have an amazing job.” She smiled and laughed. “And I have good friends, including a wonderful, caring—” she wagged her brows, “—sexy, yet overprotective neighbor who doesn’t mind his own business.”

She yawned, and he decided to let the subject rest for the night. “Do you want to play pool tomorrow night at Jack’s?” Jack’s was off-Strip, a local’s-only pub with pizza, beer, pool and darts. There were also the usual casino attractions—slots, poker and a focus on blackjack—but small-scale without the glitz and glamour. Plus he’d keep her away from whoever she was seeing socially.

“Can’t.” She stretched and stood. “I need to get some sleep.”

Jase followed her to the door. He put his hand on her arm. Her skin was soft, smooth and tantalizing. A shiver raced up his spine. Wisps of her hair brushed his knuckles as he trailed his fingertips higher. She dropped her ear toward her shoulder and stepped away, but not before he saw the marks. Bruising around her neck. Breath caught in his throat along with the bitter taste of bile. His stomach roiled. Every muscle in his body burned to shake sense into Miranda and kill the fucker who hurt her.

“Are you in trouble?”

“No, Jase.”

“Would you tell me if you were?”

“No,” she said again. “Because it isn’t an issue.”

Her vague response unsettled him further.

“I can’t explain.” She opened the door. “Trust me.” She touched his arm, letting her fingers trail to his hand before falling away. “You wouldn’t understand.” She crossed the hall and he let her go.

As far as she was concerned, he’d let the incident go. But neither the cop in him nor the man that cared for her was going to let the matter rest. Fuck that.

Two days later, Jase sat in his Dodge Charger with the engine idling. Night blanketed the parking lot, camouflaging his surveillance. Not in his usual spot, he waited where he could see the entrance to the apartment building and Miranda's vehicle. Tonight he was intent on discovering her secrets.

And, there she was. Distracted and rushing across the parking lot in high-heeled black leather boots and a miniskirt that flirted with her ass. His palms itched to grasp and hold those firm cheeks as he slid his cock into her hot silken sheath. He blocked the image of sweat-slick flesh, long legs and damp tendrils of hair framing passion-clouded blue eyes, and focused on Miranda hurrying to meet her lover.

Unaware of her surroundings, she climbed into the seat of her sporty silver coupe. Yeah, she was full of shit when she stated she could take care of herself. Here he was, lurking in the shadows, dressed in black jeans and a black T-shirt, watching her. Wanting her.

Miranda revealed enough creamy thigh to have his heart pounding and his shaft thickening. She made him feel like an untamed brute ready to claim his mate and rut. If he was one of the sick fucks running around the city, he could have her out of her car and in his, and she'd never have a chance of escaping. But that wasn't his intention. Even if he had her bound, he wanted her willing.

Without a glance in his direction, she drove out of the parking lot. Jase followed, expecting her to head toward the Strip. Only she detoured. She weaved her way through traffic, driving away from the Strip but still on the fringe of the heart of the city.

A few minutes later, she turned left into a two-story private parking structure. Jase drove his car to the right side of the road, parked along the curb, shut off the ignition and waited. The older building had once been a church of some denomination. Therefore, it didn't have the flash and pomp of typical Vegas clubs. The red brick building had two steeples. The narrow towers banked each side of the large structure. Stained-glass windows stretched the length of the second floor. At ground level, the windows had been blackened. There was a small placard to the left of a wooden door. *Club Creed*.

Jase flipped open his cell phone and placed a call. "Hey, it's Ralston. I need a favor."

"No, hello Steve. No, hey how have you been." Steve King had a way with research. If he could be hardwired into the mainframe, he would be. Metro's finest cyber guru.

Jase chuckled. "I've been a bit distracted. Which brings me to the purpose for my call. I need a rundown on a private club. What can you tell me about Club Creed?" He relayed the address of the club.

Steve whistled long and low. "What in the hell are you doing at a fetish club?"

"Fetish club?"

"Oh yeah." Steve blew out a breath. "High class. Looks like there was an investigation a few months ago, but charges were never filed. This isn't a club you'd find on the tour guide of top ten hottest clubs to visit in Vegas. We're not talking average kink. Leather, collars, whips and chains."

"Fuck."

"Jase, what are you working on?"

"I'm not sure yet." Actually, he was positive what he wanted to work on. She was in the club, and in a moment he would be as well.

"If you don't want to lose your badge, play this one close to the bone," Steve whispered. "Don't—do *not*—go in there without a warrant. You're going to need a helluva lot more than probable cause on this one."

Jase kept his eyes locked on the parking garage, waiting for Miranda to enter the club. "Why do you say that?"

"Because the file was closed per the Chief's instruction."

"Don't worry. This is personal. Thanks."

"Be careful."

"Always."

Steve gave a snort as Jase flipped the phone closed.

What was keeping Miranda? She should've been able to park and enter the club if that was where she was heading. A fetish club? Too many thoughts ricocheted around in his head. Was this her idea or her boyfriend's? And what was she into? There were levels in the BDSM world. He'd seen the marks. A Dom who understood his role wouldn't have hurt her...unless that was what she wanted.

Maybe she understood more about herself than he'd thought...maybe he needed to learn more about himself. He'd been so set on protecting her from abusive men that he hadn't been willing to give her what she needed. Jase had only offered her the overprotective cop. Why would she consider him when she needed a Dom?

A wave of uncertainty rolled over him. He and Miranda were good friends, yet neither trusted the other with their secret. He hadn't wanted to scare her with his darker needs. If she were into pain, he could see why she wouldn't trust anyone outside of her club—a sub's sanctuary if she didn't live the lifestyle openly.

At least now he understood her bruises. He didn't like it, didn't want to think of someone losing control. If she was a sub, she deserved better. He recalled the conversation in his apartment. The more he rolled over the events of the last few months, the better the pieces fit. Miranda was looking for something to fulfill her submissive needs.

Time to find out what she was into...and to whom she belonged. Because as far as he was concerned, she already belonged to him. He just had to claim her.

Jase slid from his vehicle, locked the door and strode across the street. Adrenaline coursed through his system. The high of police work. Intoxicating, authoritative, dominating. He enjoyed the surge of power that came from his position.

A man about fifty years old with a stern smile and scrutinizing glare stepped from the parking attendant booth. "Can I help you?"

Jase flipped his badge. "Is this parking for the exclusive use of Club Creed?"

The man glanced at Jase's badge and nodded. "There's a private entrance in back. Some members would prefer not to be seen from the street."

Understandable, depending on the level of kink someone was into. Personally, he would never be caught sporting a pair of chaps and carrying a leather flogger through the streets of Vegas. Not that it hadn't been known to happen.

"I'm going to need access to the club."

The man's lips thinned. "I can't give you that and I can't let you into the parking structure without permission." He smiled. "Unless, of course, you have a warrant."

Jase tucked his badge into his waistband and nodded toward the main doors. "I think I can endure a little public scrutiny." He turned and walked to the main entrance. Unsure of what to expect, he braced for anything. He suspected that what went on beyond the ornately carved wooden door encompassed more than a smack on the ass and one or more hard cocks slamming into hungry pussies. Jase had been to a few clubs, known a few naughty girls, but he preferred his own playground. He liked an intimate encounter in the privacy of his room: his rules...his woman.

Groups and scenes had their place in the lifestyle. He didn't consider his tastes a lifestyle. Nor were his Dom needs complicated. And now that he knew he wouldn't have to initiate Miranda, he felt the familiar burn in his gut. The tightly controlled need to push both himself and his partner to the heights of pleasure.

Blood surged into Jase's groin and his cock swelled against the zipper of his jeans. His pulse stuttered and kicked into a steady thump. He wiped sweat from his palm onto his thigh then grabbed the twisted wrought-iron handle. Locked. Shit. He scanned the jamb along the right and left for a doorbell. Finally he knocked.

A camera in the corner refocused. "Membership card," a male voice sounded from a small speaker to the right of the door. Jase flipped his badge. "Step back." Jase did.

A moment later, the door clicked and opened. A burly man blocked the pathway in. He stared hard at Jase and crossed his arms over his bulging chest. "What do you want?"

"Inside."

"You got a warrant?"

"No."

The man turned. Jase slapped his palm to the door before the man could shut him out. "This will only take a moment. It's personal."

"Not my problem. Now get your fucking hand off the door before I break it."

"You should rethink that."

"I can make a few calls and have you removed."

Jase swallowed, remembering Steve's warning. "Look, I don't give a fuck about your club. I have reason to believe there's a woman on the premises who is being forced into sexual capitulation." He knew it was a lie, but he wanted in. "If I find out she's being held against her will, I'll be so far up your ass with an investigation, you'll need a proctologist to remove me. Do you want this place crawling with law enforcement or are you going to get out of my fucking way, let me have a look around and determine for myself that she isn't in imminent danger?"

The man paused, then obviously bought Jase's bluff because he stepped out of the way. "You want into the club without a warrant, buy a membership." He crowded Jase's space. "Flash your badge and play big badass cop, and I'll tie your ass to a chair and personally beat the arrogance out of you."

"Are you threatening a cop?"

"No, I'm making a pact for pleasure—my pleasure," he said and sneered. "Now how would you like to pay for your membership?"

Jase handed over his credit card.

The man snatched it from his hand. "You'll get it back when you're ready to leave." He pointed to the hall. "Go."

Jase took a few steps down the long corridor.

"And don't piss me off."

Navigating his way through the club, Jase looked left and right, searching faces. At first glance, the club was just like any other gathering mecca. Small bistro tables filled the area that once would have been the heart of the church. Vaulted ceilings, ornate woodwork and blackened windows. Music pumped through the sound system but not loud enough to drown out casual conversation. A bar stretched the length at the head of the room. Where once might have been a pulpit, leather-clad men poured drinks.

The club wasn't crowded. Perhaps a hundred people milled about the room. Miranda wasn't among them. Jase sidled to the left, moving deeper into the bowels of the building. She was here somewhere. All he had to do was find her. What he intended to do from there, he hadn't decided. Whatever he chose, by the end of the night, their relationship wouldn't be the same.

After searching the lower level of the club, he climbed a stairwell to the second floor. The lighting wasn't as good and the sounds weren't of music and conversation, but of moans, gasps and muted voices. Jase leaned against the wall, allowing a woman wearing a shiny leather miniskirt and bustier with holes cut out for her nipples to stride past him. Those nipples had gold rings piercing the tips.

God, his chest heaved as he breathed. Chaotic energy thrummed through his body. The scent of patchouli and clove blended and lingered with the heady fragrance of sex. Pheromones drenched the air. He responded. His cock flexed and his balls throbbed. Heat pooled at the base of his spine. He gripped his hands into fists and tried to relax. Tension coiled in his gut, and muscles tightened as he made his way down the hall.

A woman grunted and moaned. Jase approached the open door. A fully masked man, tall and muscular, wearing a leather vest and chaps had his mammoth cock sliding past the full lips of a bound nude woman. Leather straps crisscrossed her arms, legs and torso, binding her to a long padded table. Her breasts pressed against the table, her eyes were closed and tears streamed down her cheeks. However, the fucking machine positioned behind her, slamming a ten-inch dong deep into her cunt, held Jase mesmerized.

The whir of the motor increased. She gagged on the cock and whimpered. Cream glistened between her trembling thighs. The man grabbed a fistful of her hair, jerked her head higher and thrust more of his shaft between her red shiny lips. "If you could speak, you'd tell me you love cock, wouldn't you?" She grunted, nodded as best she could with her head held immobile, and moaned. Her cheeks hollowed as she sucked.

Jase swiped his tongue across his lower lip and continued to watch. The man was brutal, fucking her mouth with the same intensity as the machine thrusting in and out of her pussy. She quivered, arched, accepting both cock and dildo. Bound, controlled and at the man's mercy, yet judging from the juices dripping from her cunt, she writhed in pleasure.

Jase's knees weakened and his cock hardened further. The woman's submission was complete. The masked man's power resolute. He pumped hard, arched his back and every tendon strained in his muscular body. A rough growl rolled from his chest. His body jerked and the woman swallowed, hungry for the man's dick. Cream rimmed her stretched lips, leaked from the corners of her mouth and trickled onto her chin.

Jase nearly came in his jeans. Was this what Miranda yearned for? There was a ribbon of fear coiled around his heart that Miranda would want more than he could give her. She had bruises, hid this part of her life from him, much the same way he hadn't divulged his desire for control. But he could never hurt her, not without pleasure, not to the point of mutilation.

With renewed determination, he turned away from the erotic performance and walked with purpose down the corridor. The place was too large, had too many rooms. The closed doors were a problem. If he was going to find Miranda, he needed in these rooms. He approached the next door cautiously, wrapped his fingers around the knob, and turned. The door opened and he peered inside. Empty. He released a breath and leaned against the wall.

"Where are you?" he whispered. Miranda was somewhere in the club, and Jase hated to think of someone else pleasuring her, of restraining her, of controlling her release. In the time they'd known each other, he hadn't an inkling she was into BDSM, fetish or anything remotely kinky. Hell, she was from small-town Nebraska. Had he known, would the knowledge have made a difference? Hell yes. He wouldn't have hidden his predilection for domination. Unless he was wrong, and the intuition that made him a good cop said he wasn't, not this time. Miranda required that he demand her submission.

The crack and snap of a whip sounded from behind the closed door across the hall. He hesitantly approached and listened. His own heartbeat thundered in his ears and his ragged breath heightened his awareness.

Muffled voices sounded from the room. A male and a female. He couldn't discern what was said but the woman's voice had a familiar tone. Cop instinct kicked in: assess the conditions, move with caution and control the situation. Jase turned the knob, opened the door and stepped into the room. Chills broke along his flesh. A flogger snapped, the leather tassels delivering a stinging blow to pale skin.

The master pivoted, the flogger poised to strike again. "This is a private room."

Jase vaguely heard the words. He couldn't focus on anything but Miranda. She knelt naked on the floor, chest rounded over the top of her trim thighs and her forehead resting on her knees. Her blonde hair softly fell around her narrow shoulders and shielded her face from his view. Behind her back, braided rope restrained her arms. The rope wrapped her forearms, bound her wrists together and tied her wrists to her ankles. Her ankles were tucked tightly under her bare rounded buttocks.

"Do you have a problem?" The man tightened his grip and took a step toward Jase.

"Yeah." With his first word, Miranda visibly trembled. "Were you with her two nights ago?"

"How is that any of your fucking business?" He tapped the flogger against his thigh. The tassels swished and Miranda whimpered. Red marks crisscrossed her bared back where the man had thrashed her with the flogger.

Jase slowly dragged his gaze from Miranda. "Oh, I assure you, she's my business." He grabbed his badge from his waistband and flashed his detective shield to the bare-chested man.

The guy cocked an eyebrow. "I guess that makes her your problem."

"I asked you a question," Jase repeated.

"Wasn't me."

"Then get out."

"Whatever." He tossed the flogger to a small bench. "Don't be gentle. She likes it rough." He crossed to a small closet and grabbed his shirt. He pulled it over his head and strode to the door. His voice softened as he spoke to Miranda. "Sorry, love, but I don't need trouble." His gaze met Jase's. "In case you want to know, I haven't fucked her. Sex wasn't part of the contract." He slipped out the door.

Jase squatted down on his haunches to see her face in the restrained submissive pose. "Are you okay?"

She didn't speak.

"Miranda, answer me."

"I'm fine."

Jase sighed and clasped his hands together between his widespread thighs. "I don't know what to say to you. I'm full of questions, yet I don't really need you to answer. Finding you here tells me everything I should know, doesn't it?"

Her heavy breaths seeped into his psyche. Heated flesh released the scent of her perfume. Beneath the subtle fragrance was the musky hint of her arousal. Still, she didn't speak.

"When I ask you a question, I expect a response."

She nodded.

"A verbal response," he said a little more sternly. "This is what you want?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"I worried about you. You should have told me."

"Jase—"

"The reasons no longer matter." He stood and stripped off his shirt.

Her head snapped up. "What are you doing?"

"You aren't in any position to question." His palms sweat. Would she ask him to go? She wanted a rough bout of sex, to be told what to do and when to do it. Hell, part of his job was enforcing the law. The time and opportunity had come for her to acquiesce to his rules.

"Jase, are you sure you understand?"

He paused. Oh yeah, he knew exactly what he was doing. "If you want me to leave, say so now." He glanced around the room. The flogger waited on the table. Tempting, but not tonight, not after the man who just left had flogged her. He let his eyes rest on her again. The ropes were sexy. Those would stay. "I know what I want and I know what you need."

Jase went to the closet and quickly perused the contents at his disposal. Whips, chains, leather straps, paddles. Good hell, there was a veritable smorgasbord of punishment tools. His heartbeat spiked. Stained glass windows cast an amber glow over the large room. Almost like a hotel room. Bed on the left, television and DVD player in the wall mounted hutch. Suspended from the ceiling were large steel rings. Designed for bondage play, the headboard and footboard of the bed had wrought iron slats. His cock stirred. Cuffing her to the bed had definite appeal.

"But why are you here?" Her plaintive voice could have made a weaker man bend. That wasn't the kind of man she desired.

Jase stared, warmth heating his balls and his cock throbbing. Tonight he didn't want equipment. He wanted to use his hands, to show her the pleasure with the pain and punishment she required. "I'm here for you."

"Don't you see?" She tried to shake her head but her restraints held her immobile. Tears welled in her eyes and she dropped her gaze to the floor again. "I need to be here for *you*."

"Ah, Miranda, I promise, you are."

Chapter Two

Miranda slowed her breathing. Her muscles tightened under the pressure of having Jase, the man she envisioned while she stuffed a dildo in her pussy and a plug into her ass. His strong hands, his deep, seductive voice, his commanding presence. If she'd thought for a moment he could control her pleasure, she would have told him the truth about her needs. But Jase protected women, thought they should be put on a pedestal and pampered. That would never be enough for her.

Maybe she was broken. She needed a powerful man—a dangerous man—in her life, in her bed, but he had to be so much more. He had to demand from her, take what he wanted so she could be the woman to give pleasure to him.

“You don’t want me. This isn’t you, Jase.”

“Miranda, you have the right to remain silent—”

She jerked on her restraints. “You’re reading me my rights.”

He squatted in front of her. She swallowed at the sight of his toned abdominals, muscular arms and heavy thighs. Dark hair dusted his pectorals and feathered into a thin ribbon of hair. Her gaze followed the trail to the waistband of his black denim jeans. She'd stared at the bulge of his cock often enough to know that at the moment, he was thick, erect and pressing into the zippered fly. He was aroused. Not that she questioned her appeal. When they walked the Strip or went out to the lake, she knew wearing shorts and wedge sandals would give him an erection, but this wasn't the way he usually saw her. Jase had a hard-on and he'd just discovered her bound and waiting to please her master.

He reached behind his back and pulled a pair of heavy metal cuffs from his pocket.

Her tongue felt thick, yet her body hummed. Danger glinted in his dark gray eyes and something more. Perhaps he did understand. Clicks from the handcuffs sent a shiver down her spine. The room was warm and getting hotter.

“Am I under arrest?”

“You’re under my control. You have the right to remain silent—however if you speak, you will be punished.” She sucked in a breath. He continued to turn the cuff bracelet in on itself. “You have the right to wear bracelets.” He dropped the cuffs to the floor in front of her. “But only mine.” Shifting his weight, he leaned forward, combed her hair from her face and tucked the loose strands behind her ear. His touch was gentle yet his arousing words were firm.

"I don't know what has happened to you here in the past and it doesn't matter. I have the right to control you, but baby, you have the right not to be abused. From now on, only I have the right to restrain you. Only I will punish you, but I promise, you'll hurt so good." He trailed fingers along her face, her jaw, then pausing on the marks on her neck. "He went too far."

"I know," she barely breathed the words.

"And *I* know you want to please," he said softly. "You will, but only in a manner that brings you equal or greater pleasure." He grazed her lower lip with his thumb.

"Jase—"

"Shhh." He shook his head. "Don't. New rules, my rules. If you must, think of me as Detective, and these are my laws." He cocked his head to the side and gave her a mischievous smile. "Or—and only when I allow you to speak—you may call me Sir."

"A question first?" She bowed her head submissively, hoping he truly meant his words. However, she'd known him too long and this wasn't his scene. "You aren't a Dom."

He lifted her chin. "Are you sure?"

His callused fingers sent heat into her pussy and into her breasts. Nipples tightened. She'd secretly wanted him for so long. He was strong and virile. A gentle bad boy. She didn't want the extreme kink she'd experienced the other night, the near-forced asphyxiation. The only time she'd had to use a safe word. She wasn't into edgeplay but she didn't want gentle either. "I worry that you can't give me what I want and stay true to yourself. I don't know why I need to submit, but I do."

"Miranda, we both have a lot to learn about each other—beginning tonight." He stood. "Discussion is over." He walked around her. Each step sent a flash of heat through her body. Her nipples were painfully tight and her thighs were slippery with cream.

She was dizzy with erotic desire. Her body hummed in anticipation. Then she felt his breath, a whisper of warmth on her lower back.

"You're too sweet, Miranda." Hot, wet flicks of his tongue tickled her flesh where the crack of her ass met her lower back. "Too sweet to share." He traced the seam between her cheeks with his tongue. Muscles in her tummy tightened as her pussy clenched.

She arched, silently pleading for him to ease the ache in her core.

"Do you understand?"

Should she speak? How much of her did he want? Would they have more than a night here in the club? What would happen when they went home?

"Jase," she whispered.

Smack. The sting bit into her buttocks. He'd landed a firm, controlling blow with an open palm to her left cheek. Warmth bloomed beneath her skin and radiated out. Damn, she wanted another. But not from outward disobedience. For speaking aloud she deserved punishment. But because she relished the biting

warmth, she wanted her spankings as a reward. Showing she now understood she could no longer speak without permission, she nodded.

“Good girl. Your ass has the prettiest glow.” He smacked her again, and then again. Several open-palm slaps heated her flesh and made her entire core tremble. The impact sent a wave of bliss over her. She clamped her bottom lip between her teeth and braced for another spank from his determined hand.

Smack.

Miranda could no more stop the rush of cream slicking her folds as the keening cry of pleasure bursting from her throat. Tremors rolled through her pussy. Heat intensified where his hand reddened her right cheek. Numbness dulled the sting but not the euphoric high. She sank deeper into the moment, fading into the sweet abyss.

Jase laved her burning skin then cooled her by gently blowing where he’d left her damp with his tongue. She whimpered, lifted her ass and leaned back into his mouth. He inched closer to where she desperately needed his tongue. Her secret desire had his hands on her thighs and rained moist kisses over her flaming ass.

“How far do you take a scene, Miranda? Do you offer your body in exchange for punishment?” His voice deepened. “Do you fuck for pain?”

Huh? She couldn’t think as he sliced through her folds with the blade of his tongue. A shudder robbed her of breath. He burrowed between her legs, spread her pussy lips and sucked her clit. His tongue slathered her hole, tunneling inside to draw out her essence.

Ravenous in his ministrations, Jase sucked hard on her clit and licked her hot folds with tortuous swipes of his moist tongue. He fucked her with his mouth, twisting and winding his way into her passage. She whimpered and strained toward release. But she needed more than the intensity from pain to bring her to the heights of pleasure.

Tight knots in the rope dug into her skin, the friction rubbing her raw. Muscles in her arms burned from the position. However, as painful and tight as the ropes were, she ached for more. She ached for Jase.

“Miranda, stop.”

The curt demand brought her out of the fog of lust. She stilled, her muscles going lax. Melting from the heat of his mouth and the rope, and shivering from the demands of his words.

His touch was gentle as he caressed her wrists. “If you buck against your restraints, I’m going to take them away.”

She sucked in sharply and shook her head. Then she took a deep breath and relaxed on the exhale.

“Good girl.” He kissed her shoulder—a gentle press and flutter of lips to her skin. “I won’t mark you,” he whispered. “I can control your pleasure with words and with touch. Discipline, Miranda. Both with your needs and your responses.”

She nodded. Sexual tension built between them. Controlling her eagerness for all of him, all at once clashed with his struggle to maintain domination. For his own pleasure, Jase was drawing out hers.

“Perfect.”

Miranda closed her eyes and rested her forehead on her knees. Her entire being knotted with tension. Nerves were like live wires. Every touch, every kiss sparked a fiery intensity in her pussy. His hold on her was controlled, yet rough and aggressive.

The rope around her ankles loosened. Why was he freeing her? *No*, her mind screamed. Too many times she'd dreamed of revealing her desires to Jase. Never trusting in herself or in him. What if he thought there was something wrong with her? Jase couldn't possibly understand, and she hadn't been brave enough to tell him. So she'd let him believe she wasn't interested. Not interested? She gave a mental snort. Aching with fierce longing left her emotionally crippled. And then she'd found Club Creed.

And now he was here.

He'd found her. Demanded her submission, and was claiming her for himself. Or was he?

“Sit up, Miranda.” He grasped her by the shoulders and pulled her to kneeling. Her back crushed against his torso. Crisp chest hair tempted her to rub against him. Hard muscles promised pleasure and his wild mouth breathed a kiss against her neck. His arm came around her front and pinned her across the clavicle. “I can't fuck you if your legs are bound together.”

Flutters swarmed her tummy and her legs liquefied.

“I can feel you trembling,” he whispered against her ear. “Are you scared?”

No, not of Jase. Only of how tonight would change them.

“Do you know how many nights I've dreamed of you? Of being inside you. Just like this.” His fingers drifted lower, over the swell of her breasts. She gasped as he rasped a thumb over her nipple. Chills shivered over her arms. She leaned into his warmth, letting her head rest against his shoulder.

He adjusted behind her, on his knees, with her legs sandwiched between his. He rolled his hips. The hard ridge of his cock rocked into her bound hands. Wiggling her fingers, she rubbed him through his jeans.

He pinched her nipple harder. She writhed and moaned. Harder still. His hands were so strong. Heat flashed from tip to clit.

“I don't require words to know how you need to be touched. Feel how your body responds.” His fingers trailed lower, over the plane of her stomach. Her muscles quivered as he brushed his knuckles against the skin of her pelvis.

Her eyes slid closed and she reveled in the intoxicating anticipation. She was wet and aching and...

Ah yes. She nearly wept as his finger brushed against her damp curls. She sagged in his arms. Jase held her tighter. His teeth grazed her shoulder as his finger slipped between her drenched folds.

Swirling his finger in exploration, he traced her seam, circled her opening and then screwed his finger deep into her hot, wet passage.

“Oh Jase.” Her fingers clawed at his stomach. “Please,” she begged.

Jase clamped a hand over her mouth. “Shhh.” Adding a second finger, he fucked her with his hand. His thumb worked her clit and his fingers drilled into her cunt. In and out. Hard slams stole her breath and caused a riot of sensations deep in her core. “Do you need pain to come?”

She shook her head. A simple orgasm wasn’t enough. The euphoric rush—subspace—was like a drug. But it wasn’t just the potency of pain with pleasure, but also the power of her master. She thrived on the intensity. But she’d never felt like this. With Jase, she reached for a place she’d never been before. Poking her tongue between her lips, she licked his palm.

A chuckle rolled from his chest. “Like a kitten,” he said. “Now I want to hear you purr.”

She was purring now. Her body hummed, electric in his arms. He pulled his fingers from her cunt and she whimpered with the loss.

Jase shifted, wrapped one arm under her thighs and one behind her back and lifted. Three long strides and he had her prone on the bed. The rasp of his zipper sent her heart racing.

“May I speak, Sir?” She shifted, turning onto her side and wriggling up until she sat on the bed where she could see him.

Bent over, he pulled off his ankle-high black boot. Jase straightened and a slow smile turned his lips. He peeled his jeans over his hips and down his thighs. “Are you sure I want to hear what you have to say?” He stepped out of the jeans. His gray boxer briefs hugged his hips. “I have other activities in mind for your mouth.”

Miranda swallowed. Defined within the tight cotton, his cock was long, thick and solid. Tingles in her pussy traveled into her breasts. Fire spread through her limbs. She didn’t want to ruin the moment. Jase was here, with her. Perhaps she should just let the night play out as he wanted. He was giving her all she needed. So should she speak? Yes, because none of this mattered if he thought the worst of her.

“I’m not a slut.” Unwilling to see rejection, she shifted her gaze. “I’m not a pain slut. I just need the pain.” But now she wasn’t as sure. She just knew she needed him to accept her—to understand her.

“Whatever you were or have done before me doesn’t matter.”

“It does to me. I usually play SSC.” She’d been in the lifestyle long enough to understand that any scene she entered would be safe, sane and consensual. A lump formed in her throat. She’d thought she had been ready for the next level. Something inside still ached and she’d tried to soothe the need.

Blood pounded in her temples. The fear she’d felt when the master had applied pressure to her throat. The encroaching blackness. Her pulse raced and panic welled within her. Miranda drew in a deep breath and willed her body to relax, to remember she was there with Jase.

Clothing rustled. “Miranda, look at me.”

She did. Jase focused on her. He was strong, intelligent...and he was there for her. He stood next to the bed, naked and gloriously aroused. Reaching toward his navel and jutting from a nest of dark hair, his

cock bobbed. The crown was round and smooth. The color darkened and pearly fluids seeped from the slit. Ropey veins pulsed and flushed with blood. She licked her lips and lifted her gaze to his.

“Not here. Not tonight. I don’t want you to think about anything—or anyone—but me and you. We’re all that matters.”

Tears blurred her vision. He was as undone as she was. “Yes, Sir. Not here. Not tonight.”

“Spread your legs.”

Miranda scooted on the edge of the bed, dropped her legs over the side and widened her thighs. Jase stepped between them. He touched her pussy, traced the slit and slowly slid his middle finger into her hole. Her passage milked his finger, gripping as he pumped in and out.

“This is mine.” He removed his fingers and straightened. “And this is yours.” His cock thrust toward her face.

Miranda licked her bottom lip. The musky male scent made her mouth water and her tongue thicken. Dark hair surrounded the base and his heavy balls tightened under her stare.

“Open your mouth.”

A rush of hot cream slipped from her pussy. Her heart pounded and a quiver started deep in her core. With her arms behind her back, she balanced, inched forward and opened her mouth.

Jase placed his hand on her head and stilled her movement. “Slow. I want to feel every breath from your hot mouth.” He grasped his thick, pulsing stalk at the root and painted her lips with the glistening fluids. Her tongue slipped past her lips, tasting his flavor, then curled around his cock head.

Jase grunted and squeezed his dick hard. More of his essence leaked from the slit. She pressed her tongue against the hole. Opening wide, she swallowed the knob and took him deep into her mouth. A low moan rolled from her throat as Jase grasped the sides of her head at the ears and gently thrust more of his shaft between her lips.

He was so big, hard and velvety smooth. The corona bumped the back of her throat and her teeth grazed the length.

“Fuck, yes,” he hissed. “Use your teeth.” He reared back, and she scored the length of his shaft with her teeth. She sucked, licked and swirled her tongue along his cock. Thick veins running along the underside throbbed. She rolled her lips over her teeth and increased the pressure as he pushed back into her mouth.

She whimpered and moaned as she bobbed on his shaft. His hands tightened into fists in her hair until her scalp tingled. Thrusts became frenzied. Relaxing her throat and jaw, she relished the feel of more of his cock, silk over steel, filling her mouth. His shaft was wet from her tongue. He tasted too good, felt too good in her mouth. Her pussy creamed and her clit ached.

Jase roared. “Don’t make me come.” He yanked her hair and jerked his dick from between her lips. She gasped for breath. His darkened eyes narrowed, glinting with barely banked passion. His jaw ticked

and his mouth formed an unyielding line. He was strung tight. Muscles bunched. His cock, shiny with her spit, swelled. After a few slow breaths, he released the tight hold he had around the root. His gaze dropped to hers. “As much as I love the warmth of your mouth, I’m going to come in the heat of your pussy.”

She gnawed her lower lip and nodded. Yes, she wanted that, too.

Jase retrieved a condom from the pocket of his jeans, tore it open, stretched the tip over his cock head and rolled the latex down his shaft. He squeezed his balls with his left hand and stroked the shaft with his right. “Every time you come, I’m going to smack your ass no fewer than five times.”

Lust, unlike she’d ever felt before, unfurled in her chest.

“Turn over.”

She did. Jase crawled onto the bed, straddled her legs and grasped her by the hips. “This isn’t the time to be quiet.” He lifted her so her face plowed into the bed and her ass hiked high in the air. Her arms were still bound behind her back. He palmed her hip then caressed her rounded cheeks. “My sweet Miranda, you like it rough.” He tightened his hold and she whimpered.

She moaned a yes. More of her fluid trickled onto her thigh. She couldn’t get any wetter. She felt as if she’d been waiting just for him...only him.

Jase’s finger prodded her opening, stretching her. “I won’t be gentle.”

She couldn’t breathe, couldn’t think. Strung so tight, she was on the brink of a white-hot release from his dark, dangerous words.

“Have you been given safe words in the past?”

She nodded, her face pressed into the bedspread. She never wanted to have to use a safe word again. They were common, especially in encounters where she didn’t know her partner well. Preplay negotiations, sharing of interests, fantasies and any concern a partner might have, were part of Club Creed. She didn’t participate in group encounters. Strictly one on one. Because of her feelings for Jase, she’d preferred men who wouldn’t expect an association outside of the club. She hadn’t lied when she’d told him he was the only man in her life—the only man that mattered.

“You won’t need a safe word with me.” He nudged her folds with his cock. She gulped for breath. The broad head stretched her opening. He inched a fraction deeper. He was hot, hard and felt so good. She widened her thighs and he pressed forward. Her vaginal walls clung to his penetrating shaft. “You’ll always be safe with me.” He slammed the full length of his cock into her channel.

Miranda cried out. Fire seared her passage. The blazing heat of his cock, crammed into her cunt, spiraled her into a maelstrom of erotic sensations.

Ravenous, feral grunts sounded behind her. Jase was driven, dominant and in total control of the speed and thrust. The blunt tips of his fingers dug into her hips and he slammed into her hard. In and out. Out and in. His cock plowed through her slick folds, filled her full and penetrated deep.

"Oh, Jase." She couldn't be silent. Before he even found his rhythm, he sent her spinning into oblivion. Her thighs trembled and her quivering cunt gloved to his thrusting shaft.

"That's the first." He reared back, slapped her ass hard then plunged back into her drenched heat.

Yes, she knew. The first of many orgasms if he continued to hit that special G-spot at just the right angle. Wet sounds of their bodies coming together heightened her arousal. Thrusting in, rearing back. Gloriously full then desperate to feel him slide his solid shaft into her tight sheath again.

"Come for me, baby. Let me put a blush on this ass." He gave her another firm smack.

"More. Please," she whimpered. She wanted him to slap her ass until the sting became a wild burning ache.

"Earn it." He reached between her legs and gently circled her clit with the tip of his finger.

She cried out. Hard spasms rocked her core. Sweat beaded on her back and dampened her hair. She turned her face into the mattress and bit into the blankets. Her head thrashed and her arms burned.

Jase grabbed the rope binding her wrists and jerked her arms. Leveraging higher, he rode her rough and wild. Miranda relinquished the last of her control and was lost. Her body and mind became his. Violent tremors racked her. Wave after wave carried her to a place where she could only breathe and feel. Feel Jase's cock, his touch, his gravelly words seeping into her soul. Warmth bloomed in her chest and her heart pounded. This wasn't submission, this was finally belonging. Pain morphed with pleasure. Euphoria numbed her mind and her only focus was Jase.

Before the ripples of her release could fade, she began to build toward another. Her clit throbbed and her juices creamed around his shaft. She moaned and rolled her face into the blanket. The pleasure bordered on pain. Oh God, she was coming again.

"Fuck." A deep, intense growl burst from Jase. Losing his rhythm, his cock pulled from her cunt. He fumbled with her bindings, jerked on the knots and ripped the ropes from her wrists. Her arms were numb. Excruciating pain tore through her joints. She couldn't move.

Jase flipped her to her back. Spreading her thighs, he settled between them and speared into her. Ignoring the pain in her limbs, she twined her arms around his neck and forced his mouth to hers. He groaned, opened over her lips and dipped in for a taste. Tongue to tongue. Bodies joined. Her thighs locked to his hips and her legs twined behind his back. Using her heels, she dug into his butt, keeping him buried deep within her body. Her hips rolled with his, a perfect tandem of thrust and retreat.

She smiled as they kissed.

"Does my cock tickle?" he asked and he swiveled his hips.

"No, but..." She gasped. Muscles in her neck strained as she arched. "I'm coming again." Her back bowed and her channel contracted against his shaft, trying to hold him inside. "I want my spankings."

The pleasure was too intense. She blazed into another release. Jase pumped his hips. She hadn't thought he could get any harder or any thicker, but he stretched her on a powerful downstroke and erupted. She felt each hot, pulsing spurt.

Jase gasped for breath and collapsed onto her chest. She banded her arms around his shoulders. Burying her nose in his neck, she drank him in. Masculine, powerful, and the stimulating scent of sweat and sex. *Her man.*

"Thank you, Sir." She shivered yet burned. Never before had she felt as complete.

He stilled then hovered above her and kissed her lips, kissed the tip of her nose and kissed each eye closed. "Good girl." He leaned up and his softening erection slipped from her body. Carefully removing the condom, he tied it off and dropped it into the garbage.

She expected him to come back to the bed. Sexual currents sizzled through her body. Jase proved he knew how to dominate her, how to control her pleasure. He should know that after such a powerful experience she would need aftercare. She needed him to hold her, touch her, to ease her through the sub drop, the time it took her to come down from the rush. At the very least, she needed him to talk to her.

But he wasn't even looking at her. Wasn't smiling or teasing in his usual way. She'd seen him pissed, frustrated and even filled with grief, but he'd always been able to share his feelings with her. Just that quickly, was he pulling away?

Chapter Three

Miranda sat on the bed and pulled her knees to her chest. What was happening? For her, what had just happened between them had been magical. She couldn't be sure what he was thinking. Maybe Jase had struggled more than he'd let on. He hadn't hurt her, not in any way that she didn't want. So he shouldn't regret what happened between them. Maybe she'd somehow disappointed him. He bent, picked up his briefs and tugged them on.

"Jase? Is something wrong?" Hadn't he promised a reward for each orgasm?

"No, you were great." He stepped into his jeans.

"Then why are you getting dressed?" She wanted him to stay, to give her more of what she'd only sampled. "We don't have to leave."

"I do." His choppy movements reflected his agitation and his mouth formed a tight line.

"But...I...but I—"

"I know. But I won't do this, not here. This is your scene. I don't play scenes."

She bowed her head to keep him from seeing the moisture shimmering in her eyes. "I don't understand. Then why would you come here?"

"This is a BDSM fuck club, Miranda. And we just fucked." He held his shirt in his tightly fisted fingers. "Did you want something besides a fuck?" The timbre of his voice deepened, laced with danger. "More rough sex, a little spanking?"

Not a little. He owed her many spankings.

Pressure built behind her eyes and her stomach roiled. Why was he doing this? He'd come for her, knew the rules. Hell, he made the rules. "No, you're right." And she'd been wrong—about everything except that she'd fallen in love with him.

"No, you're right—what?"

She scrunched her forehead and narrowed her eyes. "No, you're right, Sir. This is a club and we both understood the rules." Only she'd never have believed they'd end like this, that he'd turn into such a prick. Tears burned behind her eyes.

Stitches ripped as he pulled his shirt over his head. "Are you coming?"

Not now, not for Jase. They'd had an agreement and he wasn't abiding by the rules he set. Fine, but she wouldn't show him how much his rejection hurt. She'd known. He wasn't a Dom, not the Dom she needed. If he couldn't reward her with an open-palm spanking, how could she expect him to use the flogger

on her pussy? It was why she'd never revealed the truth of her sexual predilections. She didn't play at BDSM. Without serving a master, she wasn't complete. Now she feared she'd never be complete—not without Jase. Coming to the club gave her a brief encounter, kept her sane while still allowing her the fantasy of one day having more, having permanence—with someone like Jase.

She swallowed the lump in her throat. Not someone *like* him—she desperately wanted *Jase*.

"I can find my way home." She crossed her arms over her bent legs, shielding as much of her body as possible.

A muscle ticked in his jaw and his nostrils flared as he sucked in a breath. "Miranda—"

"Just go. Please." She blinked back tears.

He walked to the door. His shoulders were stiff and his spine straight. Tension rolled off him in waves. She wanted to beg him to stay, tell him whatever he needed to hear to keep him by her side. But that wouldn't be fair to either of them. What if she required more than he was capable of giving? But tonight had proven she didn't need, or want, more. She'd responded to Jase, his commanding words and erotic touches.

The door creaked open and her heart hurt. He glanced over his shoulder a last time. Pain sliced through her chest. Nausea churned in her tummy.

He paused, almost as if he wanted to say something. His mouth softened and his eyes bore hard into hers. Then he stepped from the room and the door closed.

The hollow click left her in the room with nothing but the memory of how she felt in Jase's arms. Drowning in the stillness, she'd never felt more alone.

Jase had left. Without words, without care for her, without thought to her feelings. She slid from the bed and quickly dressed. At what point had he decided he didn't want her? Was it while he was spanking her ass, when he had his cock deep in her pussy, or was it when he realized she'd need more from him once he'd taken his release? She needed his love.

She slipped from the room, slinked down the corridor and descended the stairs to the main floor of the club. Chattering voices and muted music drifted from the main gathering area, but Miranda wasn't in the mood for socializing, not anymore. Leaving through the back entrance, she hurried to her vehicle, slid behind the wheel and revved the engine. She just wanted to get home.

She drove through town. No longer on the brink of tears, she could feel herself riding the edge of pissed. What did he think would happen when he stormed into a BDSM club and read the Miranda Rights to her?

After parking in her assigned spot, she entered the complex and went to her apartment. Not even trying to be discreet, she shoved her key into the lock of her door. Tonight he wouldn't come bursting out of his apartment demanding to know where she'd been. He knew.

The door swung open and she slammed it closed. In bed, during sex, she was submissive. The uncomfortable heat of punishment and the exposed and vulnerable sensation of being bound created the unexplainable pleasure of submission. That didn't mean a submissive was a doormat. A Dom didn't make his sub feel used. He didn't take and not give back.

As she stalked to her bedroom, she stripped out of her clothes. Not that she could go to bed. She'd never sleep with the emotions stirring in her stomach. Had she lost her best friend tonight?

She sank to the edge of the mattress and buried her face in her hands. Her breath came hard and fast. She couldn't lose him. Their tryst flashed through her mind, the moist glide of his mouth against her back as he knelt behind her, the touch of his tongue to her pussy, the scrape of his calluses as fingertips drifted over her buttocks, and the sting of his palm on her flesh. She also thought of the look of rapture on his face as she'd taken him into her mouth. He couldn't hide his pleasure any more than she could.

Adrenaline spiked her pulse. She wasn't assertive by nature. She'd rather please. That didn't mean she didn't have opinions or stand up for what she wanted. But this wasn't about her good friend, Jase, the guy she teased and laughed with. This was about the man she trusted with her emotions and with her body. The man she wanted to serve. And he'd let her down.

If she was ever going to find out why, she was going to have to demand some answers. She clasped her trembling fingers together, took a deep breath and stood. Changing into a pair of loose shorts and a tank top, she left her room.

Deep breath in, slow exhale. Damn, her heart pounded and she couldn't focus her erratic thoughts. All this time she'd been strong, fought her feelings for Jase and convinced him that she wasn't interested in him sexually. She'd almost convinced herself. Then tonight, she'd left herself defenseless.

She went to the bathroom and stared into the mirror. Aside from tousled hair and whisker burns on her neck, she was the same as this morning. Same blue eyes and blonde hair. Same mouth. She touched her bruised lips, remembering the taste of Jase's kiss. The same, yet inside she'd changed. She'd risked her friendship with Jase. No, she hadn't been the one barging into the room. That had been Jase. He'd come for her. Had he not, she would never have known how good they could be together. Never realize that he was the only one who could complete her. She belonged to him. Sometimes ignorance could be bliss.

"What if I've lost him?" If she didn't go talk to him, there would be no chance of a future together and there was a good chance she couldn't salvage their friendship.

Tears didn't hurt, not like the pain swelling in her chest, but right now crying wouldn't help. Neither did she want to wallow in her misery. She needed to talk to Jase. After splashing her face with cool water, she gathered her courage. Enough time hadn't passed to squash the raw emotions driving her. Good. She had to remember how she felt when he'd shut the door, leaving her alone, shivering and in need of his comfort and love.

Softly opening her door, she stared across the hall at his. She pulled her door closed and leaned against it not knowing what to say to him or how to say it. Standing there, between this moment and the next, she was afraid. This was Jase. Her best friend. And he was the man she wanted, so she'd better figure out a way to show him that she was the woman he needed.

Taking a fortifying breath, she calmed her nerves, took three steps and gently knocked. The apartment was quiet on the other side of the closed door. Maybe he'd gone to bed. She'd never been a switch—dominant one day and submissive the next. She was always only submissive. But if he could sleep after what had happened between them, she was going to channel an assertive dominatrix and whip his ass. How many nights had he waited up to make sure she made it home safe? And then the night he leaves her in a club, he sleeps like a baby? She knocked louder.

She heard movement on the other side of the door. Her breath caught and her hands shook. Skin was the only thing holding her together. Finally, the door opened.

Heat rushed into her face, streaked down her spine and pooled in her pussy. The same black jeans he had on in the club rode low on his hips, the top button undone. The man exuded sex appeal. Muscular, strong, virile. He kept his left hand on the door and his right hung at his side. A half-empty bottle of beer teetered between his thumb and forefinger.

"I'm not going to beg for answers, but I think you owe me an explanation." She pushed past him and entered the apartment.

He shut the door. As he faced her, he rubbed a hand down his bare torso. "I thought I was pretty clear."

"If you were, I wouldn't be here." She crossed her arms over her chest. "You're confusing me and I don't like it. You have been at me for weeks about where I go at night. You take it upon yourself to find me." Her voice lowered. "You claimed me, and then you left."

"I gave you what you wanted." He set his beer on the table and approached her.

She snorted. "You don't truly believe that. You were in the room with me."

"I know." A step closer. "You were incredible."

Tears blurred her vision. "Then why did you leave me? I held nothing back. Not with you."

"What of the others? Did you hold back with them?"

Did his anger stem from jealousy? That was crazy. "We have to talk, Jase. I don't think you understand what happens at Club Creed."

"I was there. I know exactly what happens."

She put her hand on his arm. The muscles in his forearms bunched and stiffened under her fingertips. "We had sex." Emotions swirled in her tummy and pressure tightened her throat. "But you didn't give me what I need."

"We both came."

"I can come with a vibrator. I don't go to Club Creed to reach orgasm. I can do that on my own." She did it nightly before she went to bed and dreamed about this man.

"I found you in a sex club, bound and waiting for dick."

She'd be angry with his words if it weren't for the pained expression darkening his eyes. She shook her head. "I knew you wouldn't understand. That's why I've never told you about the club. I know not everyone understands why a man or woman finds fulfillment in a BDSM lifestyle."

"I'm a cop, Miranda. I get off on forcing people to do what I say." Jase sighed. "But I'm also a Dom. I always have been." He pointed to the couch. "I feel like we're in corners ready to come out fighting."

"I don't want to fight either." She sat and Jase took the chair across from her.

Jase leaned forward and braced his forearms on his knees. "Your submission is a gift. A precious gift. You give that gift to strangers in a club."

"You're wrong. I've never given myself to anyone the way I did with you. I enter into an agreement with the men at the club. I don't care for them. They have no idea who I am." She thumped her heart with her chest. "Not the way you know me. Those encounters are a performance. You were real."

"I am real and I care about you. If you just want to get beat up and then fucked, you can get that in the club. But that's not what I want. And I won't play. If you want to be with other men—" He stood and raked his fingers through his dark tousled hair. "Fuck." Muscles flexed in his back.

"I already told you that the bruises were a mistake. A scene went too far. And not that I haven't, but I rarely have sex in the club."

"Don't lie to me," he said with a sharp edge to his voice. "I can handle the truth."

"Truth?" Her breathing grew shallow and her pulse spiked. He would either love and accept her needs or she had to be let go. She couldn't have his love and affection in pieces. She needed him for so much more. "I've always craved the punishment," she whispered. "Not the sex. But with you, I felt different. I want the pain, but even more, I just needed to be with you."

Silence stretched the moment. She bowed her head waiting for the condemnation. Unable to endure the scrutiny, she slowly lifted her gaze to his. A soft smile curled his mouth. Dark brows furrowed over slate gray eyes. Passion and determination swirled in his lust-darkened irises.

Liquid heat flowed over Miranda's flesh. She didn't speak, afraid to break the intimate spell weaving between them.

"There isn't a question of whether or not I can be the master you need. I am."

Tears welled in her eyes. "Are you sure?"

He approached and dropped to his haunches in front of her, resting his hands on her knees. "Are you? I don't want an arranged encounter at Club Creed. If you submit to me, I want it all."

The warmth of his palm seeped into her flesh. Her body instantly responded. Nipples tightened. Pulses fluttered in her pussy and her clit tingled.

“Yes, Sir.” Two simple words. She wanted him.

His forehead dropped to her knees. She ran her fingers through his silken curls, cupping his head, then trailed her fingertips to his neck. His flesh was hot. Leaning over him, she detailed the hard curves of his strong back. Her master was on his knees. Lust unfurled low in her belly.

“I’m sorry I left the way I did. I know you needed me to care for you. I just couldn’t stay there.”

“I know. I don’t belong there, either.” She lifted his head. “I belong to you.”

He clutched her hand in his and pressed lingering kisses to her knuckles. Kissed her fingertips one by one.

His mouth was wonderful, yet his smile promised wicked delights.

“I do have one complaint,” she said.

He chuckled as he stood. “I don’t believe I’m inclined to hear it. I’d rather have you breathless and panting from making love.”

“Hmmm. I like the sound of that, but I must insist, Sir.”

He held her hand and led her across the living room and down the hall toward his bedroom. “Since you only have one, I suppose I can be persuaded.”

“In regard to my Miranda Rights.”

“Yes?”

“I have the right to my spankings.”

He chuckled, pulled her into his arms and kissed her on the mouth. Parting her lips, he slipped into her warmth. Opening wider, she rolled her tongue over his and moaned low in her throat. His cabled arm banded around her shoulders and his other hand curved over her buttocks and pressed her pelvis into the hard ridge of his erection. “Miranda, you have the right to be loved...in the way you need loved...by me.”

Smack.

About the Author

KyAnn Waters lives in Utah with her husband, two children, and two dogs. She spends her days writing and her evenings with her family. She enjoys sporting events on the television, thrillers on the big screen, and hot scenes between the pages of her books. Visit her at www.KyAnnWaters.com and email her at kyannwaters@hotmail.com. Her newsletter group is www.groups.yahoo.com/group/KyAnnWaters and chat with her at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/eroticcravings>.

Look for these titles by KyAnn Waters

Now Available:

With or Without You
Wanderlust

The best mistake she ever made...

With or Without You

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Tessa Brooks is dated. Not dated as in going out with men—having dinner and light conversation in poorly lit restaurants in hopes of finding someone with whom she can get naked. No, Tessa is dated. And the year she seems stuck in is 1988. The year her life changed.

With her twenty-year high school reunion coming up, Tessa's daughter has surprised her with a makeover on the Jade Star television talk show. However, that's not the only surprise. Enter Matt Toler, the best mistake she ever made. Tessa might not feel a ribbon of panic tightening around her neck if Matt had spoken to her again after their one-night sexual encounter...and if knew he had a daughter.

Enjoy the following excerpt for With or Without You:

Tessa sat on the loveseat next to Matt. Her left knee jiggled a nervous tempo and, of course, he noticed. He covered her knee with his palm. The weight and warmth of his hand seared her flesh. Butterflies flitted about in her stomach. Her eyes locked on his hand.

He had long fingers with dark whorls of hair over the knuckles. They were hands of a man. Not the boy who had given her one night of teenage passion twenty years before, but hands she imagined drifting higher on her smooth thigh, slipping beneath her dress and seeking her heated folds.

Wetness dampened her panties. She squeezed her thighs together and shifted her knees.

Matt lifted questioning brown eyes and her breath caught in her throat, making swallowing difficult. She'd seen those same eyes often over the years. Matt had been starring in her nighttime fantasies since their magical encounter on that warm spring night.

"I'm sorry about all this. I thought it was a makeover show." She clasped her hands in her lap. If only the couch could open up and swallow her whole. Mortification heated her cheeks. "I'm surprised too."

She'd forgotten the lopsided smile that disarmed and could disrobe a girl in thirty seconds flat.

"Surprised is a good word. Tessa, it's not an unpleasant surprise...just unexpected."

He leaned back and settled more comfortably in the loveseat. His hip still rested against hers, sending alarming heat into her core. She hoped he couldn't feel her temperature because she felt like a nuclear reactor with the red warning lights blazing and emitting dangerous levels of sexual radiation. Overexposure could lead to fried brain cells. Clearly hers had already been damaged. Had it been that damn long since a man had heated her to the point of meltdown from innocent skin contact? Well, okay, there was one memory, most likely distorted with age, supplying the fuel.

Damn, why did he have to look so good?

Dark hair, cut neat and clean around the ears, was left longer on top, enough so that the bit of natural curl tempted a woman's fingers. Tessa clasped her hands in her lap before she reached up to comb a stray lock from his forehead with her fingertips.

Awkward silence stretched between them. Pressure built behind her eyes and her heart pounded hard and heavy. God, she felt like a fool. Her daughter had brought her one and only one-night stand to daytime talk.

"So where are you living these days?" Not that she needed to ask. He lived in Chicago. At least he had the last time she *Googled* his name.

"Chicago."

More silence.

"Matt." She adjusted her position so that she faced him directly. "This is awkward. Let's just make the best of the situation. This has to be over soon. Exactly how many hours of footage do they need for a one-hour show?" She smoothed her dress, trying to inch it down her thighs. Had she known she'd be sitting with the one who had gotten away, she'd have chosen something more conservative.

The hot Hollywood starlet needed to go back to wardrobe. The sexy clothes were pickling her brain. Sexy clothes, sexy new look—however, she was too scared to play sexy kitten. She needed out of the situation. Rehashing the past would raise certain questions she wasn't ready to answer...would never be ready to answer.

"Relax, Tessa."

She hated the way he said her name. Okay, so she loved it. His voice was deep and smooth like fine brandy. She wanted to savor a sip. More than a sip, she wanted to get drunk. All of which posed a huge problem.

Mentally beating her libido into submission, she focused on the priority, getting through the show.

"We're supposed to be getting reacquainted. I assume you aren't married. At least, I hope the show wouldn't try to set me up with a married woman."

He smiled and her stomach swooped. Just as he had in high school, he turned her knees to jelly. Matt Toler had been her ideal for a boyfriend—too bad he'd always had another girl on his arm. Even if he hadn't been the guy all the girls lusted after, they didn't belong to the same cliques. Matt had been Mr. Popular and she'd just been...Tessa.

She laughed nervously. "I'm not married."

"Divorced?"

She shook her head. "I never married." She realized he might wonder about Brianna. Anyone could tell they were mother and daughter. But that's not all they'd notice. Brianna was a perfect blend of her mother and her father. Tessa groaned.

"What's wrong?"

Tessa snapped her eyes to his. “Oh nothing.” Just that she intended to keep as much distance between Brianna and Matt as possible. With her luck, Jade would notice the family resemblance and Tessa’s entire world would collapse around her.

As if she’d conjured the woman, Jade approached. Her smile widened. “Looks like our high school sweethearts are getting along.” She spoke into her microphone, at the same time keeping eye contact with the camera. “We have another surprise.”

Tessa didn’t think she could handle another surprise. All she’d wanted out of the show was a new haircut. If this day taught her anything it was to never procrastinate. If she’d taken the time to update her look, her daughter wouldn’t have had a reason to call the show. Lesson number two: never go on a talk show.

Matt stood and held a hand out to help Tessa. She slipped her hand into his. Warm strong fingers closed around hers. The heat moved up her arm. Tingles tightened her nipples beneath the silk of her dress. “Thank you,” she said, a bit breathless. High heels didn’t help the wobble in her knees.

Matt wrapped an arm around her waist and supported her against his side. He leaned in close, his breath tickling her ear, and whispered, “Let’s have some fun and make it good for the cameras.”

Make it good for the cameras, what’s that supposed to mean? “Matt—” He stopped any further words by dragging her close. She caught sight of his devious grin a moment before he captured her lips. His mouth covered hers and her heart fluttered. Firm lips confidently moved against hers. This was nothing like she remembered.

This was better. A perfect kiss, lips to lips, tantalizing textures to tempt and to hint at the promise of passion given a more private setting. He didn’t try to part her lips, deepen the kiss, although she ached for a taste of his tongue.

Cheers of approval penetrated through the mind-numbing fog. Tessa slipped her hands between their bodies and pressed her palms to his chest. With a slight push she broke the kiss.

Hit the erotic jackpot.

Sin City

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Hot in the City, Book 2

Diana Marsh is trying to change her wicked ways. She's even dating a guy everyone agrees is prime husband material—conservative and boring, everything her family could wish for. There's only one secret vice left to eliminate: Marc Davenport, the super sexy co-worker she's been flirting with online. A business trip to Las Vegas is her opportunity to do just that, to sow the last of her wild oats with Marc before retiring behind the white picket fence. And where better than the ultra-erotic playground of Sin City?

A new job awaits Marc in France, and a casual fling with Diana is the perfect send-off—together they indulge in every conceivable hot and scintillating fantasy the town has to offer. Even if her resolve to turn off her sensual nature bothers Marc, he reminds himself that their naughty games are only temporary and she's a determined woman with a plan.

However, when the two are ripped apart without warning, all bets are off. To Marc, Diana's wild side is too beautiful to be contained. Too beautiful, he suddenly realizes, to let him walk away without playing to win.

Warning: Contains a full deck of erotic delights and a heroine who's holding all the cards—three of a kind and everything's wild. Who says the house always wins?

Enjoy the following excerpt for Sin City:

Diana Marsh had just switched off the light next to her bed when the phone rang. She reached out in the darkness and put the receiver to her ear. "Hello?"

"Hey, it's me." Marc Davenport, her work associate and long-distance friend. Or was he more than a friend?

Their office-to-office work calls had gotten longer and more flirtatious recently, and hearing his voice made her smile in the dark. "Hey."

"You sound sleepy—were you asleep? Damn, what time is it there? I totally forgot about the time difference."

"It's—" she switched on the light and sought out her bedside clock, "—just after eleven, but that's okay. I only went to bed a few minutes ago." In fact, she'd decided to turn in after she'd given up on him calling, thinking maybe he'd decided it was a bad idea.

"Are you sure, sweetheart?"

So simple, one little word—*sweetheart*. Despite herself, just the sound of the endearment, delivered in his rich baritone, made her breasts ache a little, her pussy tingle with a hint of awareness. “Yeah, I’m sure. I want to talk.”

It was a first for them—a call outside the office. But the workload had been light today and a phone call to ask her opinion on the wording of an entry in the fall catalog had turned into a phone call about a hundred other things: movies they’d seen lately, music they listened to, Marc’s hopes of moving to Europe for a while, and even the guy Diana was currently seeing—although she’d tried to steer away from that topic quickly. Before they’d finally hung up, Marc had said, “Hey, why don’t I call you later tonight? We can talk some more.”

She’d agreed, thinking it was safe, harmless. Just a little fun, just talking with a friend—a friend that sent frissons of heat echoing through her veins more and more lately.

But she couldn’t think about that—in fact, she had to *stop* those feelings before they got out of control.

Because Diana was done being the black sheep of the family, finished being the Class A Bad Girl she’d been her whole life. She was cleaning up her act, playing it safe for a change.

Surely a late night call from a...*friend* wouldn’t interfere with that?

“I thought maybe you’d forgotten,” she said, “or decided not to call.”

“No way, sweetheart—you know I love to hear your pretty voice. I’d have called earlier, but I just got home.”

“I hope you weren’t at the office all this time.” Marc worked at the company’s corporate headquarters in Las Vegas, where she calculated the time to be after eight.

“No, nothing like that. I just went out with some guys after work. A long happy hour.”

“Sounds fun.” Diana didn’t *do* happy hour anymore and the pleasure-seeking part of her soul experienced a small bout of envy.

“I wouldn’t have called, though, if I’d known you’d already put on your jammies and gotten all tucked in to bed.”

She laughed. “I’m not exactly four years old, you know. I don’t have a strict bedtime.”

“Oh, don’t worry, I’m very aware you’re not a little girl.”

“And just what does *that* mean?” she asked in a playful tone. Despite talking on the phone a couple of times a week for the past year, not to mention sending lots of e-mail—some of it work-related, some of it chatty—she and Marc had never met.

“I’ve seen your picture on the company website, sweetheart,” he admitted. She’d seen his, too, and found him utterly hot—the best-looking thing in a suit and tie she’d ever laid eyes on.

“And?”

“And...” She could almost hear his playful grin. “I liked what I saw. A lot.”

“What did you like so much?”

“Your gorgeous brown hair with just a hint of auburn, your hazel eyes and creamy skin, and that sexy pinstripe suit you were wearing.”

She let out a small giggle. “You can’t even see my suit below the shoulders in that picture. And besides, I didn’t know pinstripes were sexy.”

“What can I say? Professional women get me hot.”

Diana didn’t reply, just sat up in bed a little and let *herself* get hot at the knowledge that she wasn’t the only one caught up in a bit of lust here.

“Just please tell me,” he said, “that the skirt is as short as I like to imagine it is.”

She let her voice go a little husky. “Uh, yeah, it is. I’m a short skirt kinda girl.”

“Mmm, I like the sound of that.”

But I’m a good girl, too, she reminded herself. Marc had the ability to make her forget herself, the self she intended to be from now on.

“So what kind of pajama girl are you? What are you wearing right now?”

She sucked in her breath—this was starting to get steamy. And was about to get even steamier, she had a feeling. “The white baby-doll tank and panty set from the catalog,” she said, unduly gratified to know he’d be able to picture the skimpy outfit with ease. They were employed by Adrianna, Inc., a maker of fine lingerie and loungewear, and Marc worked on the team that designed and produced the quarterly catalogs.

“Damn, honey—any chance you’re on a cell phone that can send me a picture?”

She laughed. “Even if I was, what makes you think I’d send you one of me in my little nighties?”

His chuckle was rich and full-bodied. “Well, maybe you wouldn’t, not yet. But I bet I could talk you into it.”

“How?”

“That’s for me to know,” he said, then shifted the subject back to her baby-doll tank set. “So, tell me, does the ultra-soft cotton we describe in the catalog feel as good against your skin as we promise?”

She smiled to herself. “Mmm-hmm. Very soft and silky, just like the copy says.”

“And do your nipples show through the white?”

Her breath caught and her cunt turned restless, tickly. “I’ll...have to check on that,” she said, aware her voice had come out more whispery than she’d intended. Getting up, she walked to her dresser and glanced in the mirror. Two dark, sexy shadows puckered against the fabric; her breasts turned heavy. Returning to the bed, she picked up the phone, bit her lip slightly, then answered. “Yes, quite clearly, in fact.”

“Mmm, I bet you’ve got very pretty breasts.”

She wished he could see the come-hither smile she knew she wore. “Well, if I do say so myself...”

He offered a light laugh before getting sexy again. “Are your nipples hard?”

Another quick wave of heat. “Um, yeah. They definitely are.”

“And your pubic hair? Does it show through the white cotton, too?”

What a wicked boy, she thought. And what a wicked girl she was, as well. For the moment, she’d given up trying to fight it. “I don’t *have* any pubic hair. I keep it waxed off.”

A slightly stunned silence met her ear and she enjoyed it immensely. “All of it?”

“Yeah.”

“God, sweetheart, you just made my dick hard.”

Her voice came breathy, hot. “And you just made my pussy wet.”

Another tense silence—but this one was pure heat, shared across a distance of over two thousand miles.

“Touch it for me,” he whispered. “Will you do that?”

“On one condition.”

“Name it.”

“Wrap your hand around your cock for *me*.”



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