

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE



PAIGE TYLER

Good Cop,
Bad Girl

Good Cop, Bad Girl

Paige Tyler

When a hunky guy shows up at Julie Hanson's apartment to tell her the police received a complaint about the noise from her birthday party, she assumes he's a male stripper her girlfriends hired. Upon discovering the gorgeous Kirk Chandler really is a police officer, she's completely mortified, especially since she teased him about giving her a birthday spanking.

Kirk appears at her door for a second time later that night, bearing gifts and asking if she got her birthday spanking. Julie not only gets her bottom nicely warmed, but is treated to a night of pleasure that qualifies as the best birthday present any girl could ask for.

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Good Cop, Bad Girl

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GOOD COP, BAD GIRL

Paige Tyler

Dedication

With special thanks to my extremely patient and understanding husband, without whose help and support I couldn't have pursued my dream job of becoming a writer. You're my sounding board, my idea man, my critique partner, and the absolute best research assistant any girl could ask for! Thank you for talking me into finally taking the plunge and submitting to Ellora's Cave.

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Chapter One

Julie Hanson couldn't believe her friends had forgotten her birthday. She'd waited all day for one of them to call her at the ad agency where she worked and tell her they were going to take her out for a big night on the town in honor of the big event—it wasn't every year a girl hit the big 3-0, after all—but no one so much as sent her an e-card. It hurt they hadn't remembered, especially since she never forgot any of their birthdays.

Resigned to spending her night alone curled up on the couch with a movie and a pint of ice cream, she dropped the mail on the small table inside the entryway, then went into the kitchen to stick a frozen dinner in the microwave so it could heat up while she changed clothes. Maybe she would treat herself to a bubble bath later, too, she thought as she opened the freezer. And after that, she'd climb into bed with her vibrator. She let out a groan. Talk about a pathetic way to spend her birthday.

Shaking her head, she took out two frozen dinners and looked from one to the other. Neither one was very thrilling. She was still trying to decide between the Chicken Mediterranean and the Roasted Chicken Chardonnay when the doorbell rang. With a sigh, she threw both boxes back in the freezer and went to answer the door. Unlocking it, she yanked it open without bothering to look through the peephole.

"Surprise!"

Julie blinked in astonishment. Half a dozen of her friends stood there, their arms filled with gifts and huge grins on their faces.

"You didn't think we'd forgotten your birthday, did you?" Becca asked, walking past her into the apartment.

Julie felt her face flush as the rest of her girlfriends filed in. "N-no, of course not," she stammered as she closed the door. "I figured you guys would give me a call later and wish me happy birthday."

Megan whirled around to give her a wide-eyed look of disbelief. "Call and wish you a happy birthday? Girl, you only turn thirty once. That calls for a celebration, complete with chocolate cake and loads of presents!"

"And my famous margaritas!" Valerie added, holding up a bottle of strawberry margarita mix.

Julie laughed, ashamed now she'd even thought they had forgotten her birthday. "You guys are the best."

"We are," Becca agreed with a grin. "So, let's get this party started already!"

Deciding to leave the margaritas in Valerie's capable hands, Julie grabbed a stack of plates from the kitchen cabinet while Becca stuck her iPod in the speaker dock. A moment later, the sexy sounds of Nelly Furtado's *Promiscuous* filled the apartment.

"So," Valerie said, handing Julie a margarita, "What's it going to be, Jules? Do you want to cut the cake or open your presents first?"

Julie's gaze went from the beautifully decorated cake sitting on the kitchen counter to the stack of colorfully wrapped gifts on the coffee table in the living room as she considered her friend's question. While the chocolate cake was definitely calling to her, the presents were too enticing to resist.

She grinned. "You guys know I'm not very patient when it comes to opening presents. The cake's going to have to wait."

Taking a seat on the couch, Julie waited impatiently for her friends to crowd around her before reaching for the first box on the stack. Eager to see what they had gotten her, Julie tore into the wrapping paper and yanked off the lid to find a gift card for her favorite day spa tucked in a bundle of pastel-colored tissue paper.

She smiled at Valerie. "I love this place."

"I know. You talk about it all the time. But then again, you talk about going to Quickie Lube to get your oil changed in your car, too, so it was a real tossup." Valerie winked at her. "I figured you'd rather pamper yourself than your car. Besides, Quickie Lube didn't have gift cards."

Laughing, Julie gave the other girl a hug, then grabbed the next box from the table and excitedly ripped off the wrapping paper. Inside was a jar of decadent chocolate body paint designed to make foreplay even more of a "hands-on experience", or so the package claimed.

"Now if I just had a hot guy to lick the stuff off," she teased. "I don't suppose you brought one to go with this, did you, Melanie?"

"I would have, but the store was all out." The other girl gave her a grin. "They told me they'd have the shelves restocked by the weekend, though, if you want to go pick one out for yourself."

Julie laughed. If only finding a guy were as simple as selecting one off a shelf. It'd be a lot easier than trying to meet one at the supermarket or the health club. She hadn't had much luck at either of those places.

"Open mine next," Becca said, holding out a small box with huge bow on top.

Julie happily did as instructed, bursting into laughter when she saw Becca's gift was a waterproof vibrator shaped like a rubber ducky.

"Hey, don't laugh!" Becca protested. "That little guy works like a charm."

Valerie grinned. "Are you speaking from personal experience?"

"Damn right I am! Don't knock it until you try it."

Everyone laughed at that as Julie reached for the next gift. The rest of her presents were just as frivolous as the first few, including a gift card to her favorite lingerie store and a skimpy pair of shortie pajamas. As much as she liked the gift card and the pjs, however, Julie had to admit she was most intrigued by the heart-shaped leather paddle Megan gave her. She picked it up, admiring its highly polished surface.

"Like it?" Megan asked.

Julie could only nod, her imagination started to run wild.

Megan must have seen the naughty gleam in her eye, though, because the other girl gave her a knowing grin. "I thought you'd like it. I always figured you were a little kinky."

Julie looked at her friend dubiously. "You did, huh?"

Her friend shrugged. "Sure. I could tell just by looking at you."

"I don't know how kinky I am. I mean, I've tried a lot of off-the-wall things in bed, but spanking isn't one of them." She grinned, then added, "Yet."

"Yet?" Becca squealed. "Does that mean you want to?"

Julie smacked the paddle lightly against her palm, both surprised and a little excited by how much it stung. "If the right guy came along, I'd be only too willing to drape myself over his lap."

"Maybe we should head out to the club later and find you the right guy then," Megan suggested.

The other girls all agreed, but Julie wasn't so sure. She couldn't imagine how she could possibly ask a guy she just met to spank her.

Between Justin Timberlake's *Sexy Back* blaring from the speakers and her friends' merciless teasing about getting spanked with the paddle, Julie was still laughing so hard ten minutes later she didn't even realize the doorbell had been ringing until whoever was outside in the hallway finally banged loudly on the door with their fist.

Setting her margarita down on the coffee table, Julie got to her feet and hurried over to the door.

"Hang on a minute!" she said, shouting to be heard over the music. "I'm coming."

"Not yet you aren't," Becca called from behind her. "But you will be once you take a bath with Mr. Ducky!"

Laughing, Julie yanked open the door and found herself face to face with the most gorgeous guy she'd ever seen. Tall, with short-cropped brown hair and a perfectly chiseled jaw, he had a wide, sensuous mouth and soulful dark eyes. More gold than brown, they were the kind of eyes a girl could end up getting lost in.

She forced her gaze to move lower, taking in his broad shoulders and muscular biceps before coming to rest on the shiny badge on the front of his dark blue uniform. Directly across from it was a nametag that read Chandler. This hot hunk was a cop?

Abruptly realizing she was just standing there staring at him, she reached up to tuck her long, ash blonde hair behind an ear. "Can I help you, Officer?"

He glanced at the other girls still sitting in the living room before those incredible eyes settled on her again. "Is this your apartment, ma'am?"

She stifled a groan. Even his voice was sexy as sin. "Yes."

"We got a complaint about the noise you and your friends were making."

Julie automatically opened her mouth to apologize, only to close it again as the obvious suddenly struck her. God, she was slow sometimes. This mouthwatering specimen of a man wasn't a real cop; he must be a male stripper her friends had hired for her birthday. And if he looked even half as good naked as he did in that uniform, then she was in for a real show. Her friends were the best!

She glanced at the other girls over her shoulder and gave them a wink before turning back to him. Her lips curved into a sexy smile. "And you're here to arrest me, right?" she teased. "Or maybe you'd rather give me a birthday spanking instead?"

He lifted a brow, clearly caught off guard by the suggestion.

Julie was a little surprised by it herself. So much for not being able to ask a guy she'd just met for a spanking. She wasn't usually quite so bold. Then again, she was already on her second margarita. Not that she was tipsy or anything. She was just feeling a little naughty. And if she couldn't be naughty on her birthday, when could she be naughty?

When he didn't answer, she gave him a pout. "No? And one of my friends just gave me the cutest heart-shaped paddle, too." She shrugged. "Maybe later then. I'd much rather see you strip anyway."

His brows drew together. "Strip?"

Damn, he was really good at staying in character. She nodded. "Yeah, you know, take off your clothes. Though I wouldn't do it out in the hallway if I were you. Not unless you want my neighbors to really call the cops."

When he didn't move, she reached out and grabbed the front of his belt to give it a tug. He didn't resist, but let her pull him into the entryway. As much as she would have liked to keep her hand right where it was, maybe even move it a little lower, she forced herself to release him. She should probably let him start dancing before she got too familiar. She waited, expecting him to make suggestive little moves with his hips and unbutton his shirt, but he only continued to regard her with that same authoritative expression on his face. Sheesh, this guy was seriously into his role.

Julie took a step closer to him. He was taller than she was by almost a foot and she had to tilt her chin to look up at him. Up close like this, she could see light flecks of green in his golden eyes.

"You're really good, you know that? If I didn't know better, I'd think you were a real cop." She circled him slowly, running her hand up his arm and over his shoulder, then across his back. "The uniform looks real, that's for sure." She let her fingers trail over his opposite shoulder and down his other arm, her gaze going to the gun in the holster at his hip as she walked around to stand in front of him again. "So does the gun. And the handcuffs." She ran a finger over the badge on his chest. "And that badge is the best I've ever seen."

As she studied the radio clipped to his left shoulder, she realized it looked real, too. She didn't know male strippers wore such authentic getups. She was about to say as much to him when the radio suddenly hissed.

"All units in the vicinity of Bayview, we have a 2-11 in progress..."

She frowned. Bayview was a neighborhood in the southern part of the city, across town from where she lived in the Lower Pacific Heights section of San Francisco. *Oh...crap.* This guy wasn't a stripper. He was a real cop! She jerked her head up to look at him, her eyes wide.

A slow smile curved his mouth as he folded his arms across his broad chest. "That's right, ma'am. The uniform is real. The gun is real. The handcuffs are real. The badge is real. And you," he added meaningfully, "are in real trouble."

Julie took a step back, her face crimson. "I-I'm really sorry," she stammered. "I just naturally thought you were a male stripper my friends had hired for my birthday party. It was an honest mistake." She looked up at him from beneath her long bangs and chewed nervously on her lower lip. "Are you going to arrest me?"

He lifted a brow. "For what? Disturbing the peace? Or thinking I was a stripper?"

She cringed with embarrassment. "Both."

His mouth twitched. "I'm pretty sure mistaking a police officer for a stripper isn't a crime. As for disturbing the peace, that's a misdemeanor, so I'm just going to write you a citation and ask you keep the noise to a minimum for the rest of the party. If you'll step out into the hallway with me, we can do the paperwork while your friends," he gave the other girls a pointed look, "turn the music down." He held out his hand toward the door. "After you."

Julie stepped out into the hallway, then turned to face him, feeling completely mortified. How could she have been so foolish?

Leaving the door slightly ajar, he pulled out his citation pad and a ballpoint pen. "Name?" he asked, glancing at her as he flipped to a fresh page.

"Julie Hanson."

She might have been embarrassed, but that didn't keep her from letting her gaze run over his broad shoulders and well-muscled arms as he wrote her name down. She probably should cut herself a break. Who would think a guy this hot would be a cop?

With a body like his, he should be working at Chippendales or modeling for Abercrombie & Fitch or something.

He tore off the top sheet from the pad and handed it to her. She scanned the page until she came to the section at the bottom. Beside the words "Issuing Officer" was the name Kirk Chandler. Damn, that had a sexy ring to it. Like he belonged in a romance book. Or had stepped off the pages of one.

"Try to keep the noise down." His gold eyes narrowed warningly as he put his pen and notepad away. "If I have to come back tonight, you will be in serious trouble."

She lifted her head to look at him. It might be worth getting in a little trouble just for the chance to see him twice in one night. The thought had her wondering just how loud her iPod speakers could go.

"We will," she promised.

"Have a good night, then."

Giving her a nod, he turned to head down the hallway. After a few steps, he stopped and turned back to flash her a sexy grin. "By the way, happy birthday."

His voice, softer and less authoritative than it had been before, was almost like a caress on her skin, and her pulse fluttered. "Thanks."

Julie watched him walk down the hallway, her eyes automatically going to his backside. Damn, he had a great ass. Too bad she didn't get to see him naked.

She waited until he had completely disappeared around the corner before pushing open the door and going back into her apartment. Closing it behind her, she fixed her friends with an accusing look.

"Why the heck didn't any of you stop me?" she demanded.

The other girls shared a look, then dissolved into fits of laughter.

"Because we were having way too much fun watching you come on to him," Becca finally admitted.

"Totally," Valerie agreed. "It was like watching an X-rated episode of *Cops*."

Melanie nodded. "I was waiting for him to pin you up against the wall and frisk you."

"Frisk her?" Megan said. "I was waiting for *her* to start frisking *him*! Or ask to see his nightstick."

The rest of the girls burst into another round of giggles at that. Though Julie wanted to stay mad at her friends for letting her make a fool of herself, she couldn't help but laugh with them. Frisking the hunky Officer Chandler to see if he was carrying any concealed weapons sounded like some seriously sexy fun to her.

"He was hot, wasn't he?" she said, letting out a dreamy sigh as she threw herself down on the couch beside Megan.

Across from them, Melanie took a sip of her margarita. "He thought you were pretty hot, too."

Julie looked at the other girl in surprise. "He did?"

Her friend grinned. "Oh yeah. He was definitely checking you out."

Julie sighed again, this time in frustration. "Just my luck. I meet a hot guy on my birthday and all he does is give me a stupid citation for disturbing the peace."

"At least he didn't arrest you," Megan pointed out. "Then again, it might be kind of fun to be led away in handcuffs by a smokin'-hot cop like him."

Becca winked. "Especially if he's leading you into the bedroom."

"I wish," Julie groaned. "A girl can dream, though, right?"

"Sure," Valerie said. "But can you do it while we have cake? I fantasize better with chocolate."

Julie laughed, but as she took a bite of birthday cake a few minutes later, she had to admit it did make her fantasies even more delicious. Of course, that was probably because Officer Chandler and his well-muscled biceps were the main topic of conversation for the rest of the night.

By the time her friends left a few hours later, she was so turned-on she was seriously considering taking a bath with Mr. Ducky. She only hoped the cute, little vibrator worked as well as Becca said it did because she was definitely in need of an orgasm.

She had just grabbed the sex toy from the coffee table and was about to head for the bedroom when the doorbell rang. Wondering which of her friends had forgotten something, she tossed the vibrator on the table and went to answer the door. When she opened it, however, she was surprised to see the gorgeous Officer Chandler standing there.

Chapter Two

Her pulse quickened. Damn, he looked hot in that uniform. But then she remembered what he said about her being in serious trouble if he had to come back.

"Oh no! Did my neighbors call to complain about the noise again?"

He lifted a brow. "Did you and your friends give them a reason to call and complain again?"

She shook her head. "No. We turned the music down just like you told us."

He chuckled. "Good. Because I'd hate to have to arrest you."

A sexy image of him pushing her up against the wall so he could frisk her popped into her head unbidden, and she blushed.

"I'm not actually here on police business this time," he continued. "I picked up a little something for you after I got off duty. I thought I'd take a chance and see if you were still up."

As he spoke, he held up a small box. It was wrapped in shiny silver paper and topped with a blue bow.

She looked at him in surprise. "You got me a birthday present?"

The corner of his mouth edged up. "To make up for the citation I issued you."

Her lips curved. "You didn't have to do that. But it was sweet of you." She reached out to take the box, her fingers lightly brushing his. The contact sent a little spark running through her that had nothing to do with static electricity and she caught her breath. "Do you want to come in while I open it?"

"Sure." He glanced around her small, one-bedroom apartment. "Did your friends go home already?"

"They just left."

Keenly aware of his gaze on her, she plucked off the bow with suddenly nervous fingers and set it on the table in the entryway. Tearing off the paper, she opened the lid and smiled. Inside, there was a cherry-flavored ring pop.

"Oh my gosh! I haven't had one of these things since I was a kid."

"I saw it and thought of you," he said, then sheepishly added, "Plus, it was really the only thing I could find at the all-night convenience store where I stopped."

She laughed. "It's perfect. Thank you."

"You're welcome." He looked around the apartment again, then back at her, a teasing glint in his golden brown eyes. "So, did you ever get that birthday spanking you were looking for?"

She blinked. "Wh-what?"

"Your birthday spanking. Did you ever get one?"

"Oh!" Julie felt her face color. Dang it, why did she have to blush so easily? "No, I didn't."

Actually, she'd completely forgotten about it. But now the mere mention of one made her think of the heart-shaped paddle she'd gotten for a present, as well as her promise to put it to good use if she ever found the right guy. And Officer Kirk Chandler definitely looked like the right guy.

He gave her a slow, sexy smile as he took a step closer. "Do you still want one? If you do, I'd be happy to do the honors."

The thought of draping herself over his knee for a spanking made her pussy spasm and she bit her lip to stifle a moan. She looked up at him from beneath lowered lashes. "It's after midnight, so technically it isn't really my birthday anymore. Do you think it would still count?"

He let out a soft chuckle. "I don't think there are any rules when it comes to birthday spankings."

She nodded. "Probably not."

"Is that a yes, then?"

Her lips curved into a smile. Go for it, she told herself. "It's most definitely a yes."

He grinned. "I was hoping you'd say that."

Now that she had given him the okay, Julie expected Kirk to take her hand and lead her over to the couch so he could administer her spanking, but he surprised her by sliding his hand in her long hair and bending his head to kiss her first. His mouth was gentle on hers, his tongue teasing as it persuaded hers to come out and play. She melted against him, her hands gliding up the front of his shirt to settle on his shoulders. She'd been all set for a spanking, but kissing was fine, too. The muscles of his shoulders flexed and bunched beneath her fingers as she gave them a firm squeeze. She'd been right. He was extremely well built under his uniform.

The urge to see what he looked like beneath that crisp, navy blue shirt was almost too powerful to resist and she was just about to say to heck with the spanking and go for the buttons on the garment when he lifted his head with a groan.

"Time for that spanking," he said softly.

Julie's pulse skipped a beat as he took her hand and led her over to the couch. After all that talk about spanking with her friends earlier, she was even more eager to experience one, and the knowledge that she was about to have her bottom reddened by a guy as hot as Kirk Chandler made her pussy tingle with anticipation. Still holding onto her hand, he sat down and slowly guided her over his lap so she was lying stretched out on the couch. When he expertly rested one hand on the small of her back to hold her in place, she found herself wondering if he had done this before. She opened her mouth to ask him, but at the feel of his other hand lightly cupping her ass through her short skirt, she forgot all about his qualifications for the job and told herself to just be glad he knew what he was doing.

"Since it wouldn't be very gentlemanly of me to ask how old you are, I'll just spank you until I think you've had enough," he said. "How does that sound?"

"Mmm," she purred. "Sounds good to me."

She wondered if she should mention this would be her first spanking, but then decided against it. She didn't want to come off as inexperienced. Especially since she was the one who had suggested he give her one. Besides, she was a *Cosmo* girl. Fun and fearless, that was her. And more than a little eager for him to warm her bottom.

She held her breath as she waited for Kirk to begin, but he didn't start spanking her right away. Instead, he gently caressed her ass cheeks through her silky skirt. That part of her body had always been one of her favorite erogenous zones, so she wasn't surprised to feel her pussy immediately start to get wet. Of course, that probably had something to do with the position she was in. Not only did it give Kirk a delicious view of her long legs, but it also made her feel very submissive. That was a new experience for her, but she discovered it was a huge turn-on.

Julie was so caught up in her newfound submissive side she didn't realize Kirk had stopped massaging her bottom until she felt a light smack on her right cheek. Even though it didn't sting, she still let out a startled little gasp.

"Too hard?" he asked.

She lifted her head to look at him over her shoulder. "No, it just surprised me. You can spank me a little harder, if you want."

Giving him a provocative little smile, Julie turned back around to rest her head on her arms again. Kirk chuckled and lifted his hand to smack her on the other ass cheek, this time a little harder. It stung more than the first spank, but in the best possible way, and she lifted her bottom up a little higher for the next one. When it came, she almost let out a little moan. She had no idea getting a spanking could be this erotic, but as Kirk went back and forth from one cheek to the other, she felt herself get more and more aroused. It was as if there was a direct connection between her ass and her pussy, because both were tingling. She got even more turned-on when he stopped the spanking to rub her bottom again. Her skirt had ridden up a little to expose the edges of her skimpy panties and she caught her breath as his fingers brushed the parts of her

derrière left exposed. She could only imagine how much more exquisite his hand would feel on her bare skin.

She held her breath, wondering if he might pull down her panties. Her pussy was practically gushing. When Kirk stopped in mid-rub, she thought he was actually going to yank down her panties, but he only started spanking her again. Not that she was complaining. She definitely liked this spanking thing, bare bottom or not. He delivered a series of firm smacks to both cheeks that made her bottom feel hot all over. Even though she didn't want him to stop, Julie couldn't help but squirm around on his lap all the same. That earned her an extra-hard smack and she squealed in surprise. The sound was quickly followed by a moan, however, when Kirk abruptly stopped spanking to give her ass a firm squeeze.

"I think it's time to try out that paddle you got for your birthday, don't you?"

Her pulse skipped a beat at the mention of the heart-shaped paddle. As impatient as she was to try it out, she couldn't ignore the little tremor of nervousness that ran through her as he reached for the implement. Then again, she thought as he rested the paddle against her right cheek, it could just be excitement. She tensed as she waited for him to use it on her. But to her surprise, he instead caressed her ass with it. Unable to help herself, she let out a little moan.

"Does that feel good?" he asked softly.

She sighed. "Mmm."

Getting spanked with it was going to feel even better, though. She just knew it. When he brought the paddle down on her upturned ass with a resounding smack a moment later, she discovered she was right. The paddle stung more than his hand and she could feel heat spread over her bottom almost immediately. She wasn't sure how having her ass spanked could feel so good, but it did, and as Kirk paddled first one cheek, then the other over and over, she began to rotate her hips so she was grinding against his leg. God, how she wanted to slide her hand between their bodies to finger her clit. But she was afraid if she did, he might stop spanking her and she didn't want

him to stop. She wanted him to keep spanking her until she orgasmed from it. Since she'd never been spanked before, she wasn't sure such a thing was even possible, but she was definitely getting hotter and hotter by the second. If she didn't come soon, she thought she might just explode. She let out a groan, torn between demanding he paddle her bottom some more and begging him to slide his hand between her legs and touch her clit.

She lifted her head to give him a pleading look over her shoulder. "Touch me. Please."

The corner of his mouth curved. "My pleasure."

Julie waited for him to pull down her panties, but he surprised her by slipping his hand between her legs and fingering her through the thin material. She opened her mouth to tell him to pull them down, but all that came out was a moan. The material was thin enough not to get in the way of her pleasure and she ground against his hand as he made slow, lazy circles on her clit. If anything, the tiny bikini panties made what he was doing even hotter. Like he wanted her so much he didn't want to take the time to pull off her clothes. God, it was so sexy!

"Oh yeah," she breathed, undulating her hips. "Faster. Move your fingers faster."

He obeyed, immediately moving his fingers more quickly. Julie sighed. Usually it took guys a while to figure out how she liked to be touched, but Kirk seemed to know exactly what she needed, exactly what would get her off, and he gave it to her.

"Just like that. Don't stop. Please don't stop."

"I won't. I'm going to make you come like this, baby."

The words, combined with the magic his fingers were working on her clit, had her doing just that. Her orgasm started right beneath his fingers, then spread to the rest of her body, sending shock waves of pleasure rippling through her until she was letting out one long, continuous moan.

When the tremors finally subsided a few moments later, Julie could do nothing but lie there draped over his lap. She'd had some great orgasms before, but that was off the charts. She should thank him for it.

She pushed herself up to sit back on her heels, then, sliding her hand in his dark hair, leaned forward to give him a kiss. This time, she was the aggressor, her tongue tangling with his in an erotic game of Twister that left them both breathless. He cupped her breast, his thumb finding her nipple through the thin material of her cami-top and making tiny circles around the peak. As exquisite as what he was doing felt, though, she had other things in mind. Breaking the kiss, she climbed off the couch, then stepped between his legs to kneel down in front of him.

"It might be my birthday," she said, "but that doesn't mean I can't give you a present, too. Especially after such a wonderful spanking."

Giving him a sultry smile, she reached out and tugged at his belt. Never having gone out with a cop, she hadn't realized how much stuff they wore attached to their belts, and she was glad when Kirk gave her a hand. When his cock finally sprang free of its confines a moment later, all she could do was stare. He was big, thick and hard. Just the way she liked it. And on the tip was a glistening droplet of pre-cum.

Reaching out, she wrapped her hand around the base of his shaft, then leaned forward and ran her tongue over the head. He tasted sweet and just the slight bit musky, and she let out a soft murmur of appreciation. Rather than close her lips around him right away, however, she slowly ran her tongue up and down his shaft a few times before finally taking him completely in her mouth.

Kirk let out a throaty groan and slid his hand in her long hair, gently guiding her when she started to move her mouth up and down. Julie kept her movements slow and deliberate, sliding all the way up to the tip of his cock and swirling her tongue over the head before taking him deep again. She repeated the motion over and over, constantly changing her technique to keep things interesting. Sometimes she would follow along with her hand, squeezing his shaft as she went. Most of the time, though, she only used

her mouth on him, cupping his heavy balls in her other hand and lightly caressing them with her fingers.

“God, you’re good at that,” he said hoarsely.

Julie felt a little surge of pride at his words. She took him deeper and deeper in her mouth with every bob of her head until he was as deep down her throat as he could go. She kept him there for a long moment before she slowly slid her mouth up his length and started the whole process over again. Kirk only let her do that a few times, however, before he tightened his hand in her hair. She lifted her head to give him a curious look.

“I need to be inside you now,” he said, his voice husky with lust.

She couldn’t get to her feet fast enough. The thought of having his big cock inside her already had her pussy throbbing with anticipation. Grabbing the hem of her top, she lifted it over her head and tossed it on the coffee table. On the couch, Kirk was hurriedly unbuttoning his shirt, but he stopped halfway down to gaze at her bare breasts. And from the hunger in his eyes, he definitely liked what he saw. Pulse quickening, she unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor at her feet, then pushed down her panties, wiggling her hips a little so they could slide down to the floor, too. By the time she stepped out of the tiny scrap of material, Kirk had stripped off his shirt, gotten to his feet, and was pushing down his pants.

Julie stared at him, taking in his broad shoulders, washboard stomach and long, well-muscled legs. She didn’t think she’d ever seen a more perfect guy.

Noticing the tiny foil packet he was holding, she plucked it out of his hand then pushed him back onto the couch with a little shove of her hand. If Kirk minded her taking command, he didn’t say so. Instead, he wrapped a hand around the base his cock and waited. Tearing open the packet, Julie took out the condom and slowly rolled it onto his rock-hard shaft. Straightening up, she put her hands on his shoulders and climbed on the couch so she was straddling his lap. She didn’t take him inside her right away, but stayed poised above him, gazing down into his eyes. The desire she saw

there made her catch her breath. Tightening her hold on his shoulders, she slowly lowered herself onto his shaft.

Julie gasped. He was hot and hard inside her. She had never been with a man who filled her so completely, but it was like the gorgeous Officer Chandler's cock had been made expressly for her. He felt so good in her pussy she almost didn't want to move, but she knew if she did, it would feel even better. When she began to undulate her hips a moment later, she discovered she was right.

As she slowly rode up and down on him, she slid her hands in his hair, tilting his head back so she could kiss him again. He reached out to cup her freshly spanked ass, giving it a firm squeeze as he guided her movements. Her bottom still tingled a little from the paddling he'd given her, and she murmured her approval against his mouth. While getting a spanking from a gorgeous guy might be hot as hell, having sex with him right afterward was too incredible for words.

Kirk dragged his mouth away from hers to trail kisses along the curve of her jaw and down her neck. "Keep riding me."

Julie let out a moan as he pressed his mouth to the curve of her shoulder. She couldn't have stopped riding him if she wanted to. He felt too damn good inside her. Even so, she did get a little distracted when he slid his hands over her hips and up her tummy to gently cup her breasts. She moaned again, this time more loudly, only to gasp a moment later when he bent forward to take one of her nipples in his mouth. She arched against him as he suckled first on one sensitive peak, then lavished the same exquisite attention on the other. By the time he lifted his head, she was practically dizzy from the pleasure of it.

"You stopped moving," he pointed out, sliding his hands back down to cup her ass again.

She glanced down to realize he was right. She smiled. "I got distracted, I guess."

His mouth quirked. "Really?"

"Uh-huh." She ran her hands over his smooth, muscular chest then back up to his shoulders again. "You're very distracting."

He chuckled. "Maybe I should do something to help you focus, then."

Julie wondered exactly how he intended to do that. She found out a moment later when he gave her a sharp smack on the ass. Startled, she let out a little gasp. But as warmth spread over her bare bottom, she gave him a slow, sexy smile.

"Oooh. Do that again."

Kirk's mouth twitched with amusement. Lifting his hand, he spanked her on the ass again, this time a little harder. "Ride me," he said, his hand coming down on her other cheek with a loud smack.

Julie let out a little yelp but did as he commanded, riding up and down on his cock in perfect rhythm with the spansks. Kirk smacked one cheek then the other until her bottom was stinging. And still she wanted more.

"Harder," she breathed. "Spank me harder!"

He obeyed, the spansks echoing in the small living room. Julie bounced up and down on him wildly, her pussy clenching around his cock each time his hand connected with her ass. With a groan, Kirk grabbed her ass cheeks in both hands and began to thrust up into her.

She clutched at his shoulders. "Harder!" she cried. "Fuck me harder!"

At her words, he tightened his hold on her ass and pumped into her so forcefully his thrusts sent her right over the edge and into another orgasm that was better than any she'd ever had in her life. She threw back her head and screamed out her pleasure loud enough for the whole apartment building to hear. If they'd called the cops for disturbing the peace before, then they were really going to do it now.

The last tremors of her climax were just leaving her body when Kirk grabbed her hips and stopped her from moving. Startled, she opened her eyes to look down at him

and found him clenching his jaw, a strained expression on his handsome face. He was right on the edge of coming, but was holding back for some reason.

She leaned forward to kiss him on the mouth. "Why don't you let yourself go ahead and come, too?"

"Because I'm not ready to come yet," he said hoarsely. "The night is far from over and I have lots of things I want to do with this hot little body of yours."

She wrapped her arms around his neck. "Mmm, I like the sound of that."

His lips quirked. "Good. That means you won't mind if I take charge for a little while."

It seemed to her that he was in charge before, regardless of the fact she'd been the one on top, but she didn't point that out to him. "Not at all."

"Then slide off my cock and bend over the coffee table."

Although Julie was reluctant to get off his lap, she was eager to see what he had in mind, so she obediently got up, then turned around and leaned over to place her hands on the table. She glanced over her shoulder to see Kirk sitting back on the couch with his hand wrapped around the base of his rigid cock while he admired the view. Giving him a seductive look, she slowly wiggled her bottom back and forth in front of him.

Kirk sucked in a breath. "Damn, you've got a gorgeous ass. Just made for spanking."

His compliment made her go warm all over, but before she could thank him for it, he leaned forward and cupped her cheeks in his strong hands, making her completely forget what she'd been going to say. She arched her back and pushed her derriere up higher in the air in anticipation of another spanking, but to her surprise, Kirk bent and pressed his lips to her right ass cheek. She caught her breath as the stubble on his jaw scraped lightly against the tender skin, unable to contain the shiver that went through her when she felt him do the same to the opposite cheek. She never had a guy do that before, but she'd definitely been missing out.

Then he did something that made her think she might melt into a puddle right there on the living room floor. He spread her cheeks and slowly ran his tongue along the folds of her pussy.

Julie moaned and parted her legs even more, silently begging him to continue. Kirk obliged her, grasping her hips in a firm hold and plunging his tongue inside her pussy from behind. He certainly didn't learn that little maneuver at the police academy, that was for sure.

After a few moments of pleasuring her with his tongue, Kirk let out a groan and got to his feet. Julie opened her mouth to protest, but could only gasp as he thrust his cock inside her in one smooth motion. She closed her eyes, savoring in the feel of him as he slowly pumped in and out of her pussy. Not only could he go deeper in this position than when she'd been on his lap, but his cock seemed to be touching her in new and exciting places that had her moaning over and over.

Julie was barely even aware Kirk had taken his hand off her hip until she felt a sharp smack on her bottom. She let out a startled gasp, but it was quickly followed by a moan as he began spanking her in time with his thrusts. The combination was more erotic than she would have imagined and she eagerly pushed her ass back to meet his hand.

"Do you like that?" he asked.

"God, yes!" she breathed. "Do it harder!"

"Spank you harder or fuck you harder?"

"Both!"

He didn't need any further encouragement, but delivered a series of firm spanks to her ass as he pumped into her more and more forcefully. Julie grabbed the edge of the coffee table and held on tight, throwing back her head and crying out in ecstasy as she had her third orgasm of the night. She was so caught up in its riptide of pleasure she didn't even realize Kirk had stopped spanking her until he grasped her hips in both hands and buried himself deep inside her as he found his own release. Though not

nearly as vocal as she was, his own hoarse groans had a sexy, almost primal sound to them that made her shiver in delight.

As Kirk slid out of her, Julie straightened up to lean back against his chest, completely spent. She'd never had orgasms that strong in her life. She wondered absently if the spanking had something to do with it and decided while it almost certainly had, Officer Chandler played a bigger part. He definitely knew how to pleasure a woman, that was for sure.

Letting out a little sigh, she turned in his arms and looped hers around his neck. "That was a whole new level of mm-mm good."

His mouth curved. "For me, too. Though I'm pretty sure we can top it if we try."

Her pussy quivered anew at the mere thought of surpassing that performance. She lifted her head to give him a teasing look. "You think so, huh?"

He pulled her close for a long, hot kiss. "I know so."

The quiver in her pussy turned into an insistent throb at the promise in his words. "In that case, what do you say we go into the bedroom?"

"Lead the way."

Julie took his hand and turned to head for her bedroom when a naughty idea came to her. Stopping, she whirled around to face him.

"Hold that thought," she said.

Ignoring the curious look Kirk gave her, she hurried back to the couch and picked up the plastic container of chocolate body paint, then grabbed the handcuffs from his belt.

"I thought we might need these," she said, giving him a sexy smile as she took his hand and started to lead him toward the bedroom again.

To her surprise, Kirk didn't follow. Instead, he spun her around and pulled her into his arms for another kiss. Julie parted her lips beneath his with a moan, ready to give

him an all-access pass to her tongue again, when she felt him take the handcuffs away from her.

“Hey!” she protested. “I had plans for those.”

He grinned. “So do I. And since I’m trained in the use of them, I’ll be the one in charge of them.”

While the thought of being completely in his control made Julie practically breathless with anticipation, she couldn’t resist giving him a little pout. “Whatever you say, Officer. But next time, I’m going to be the one putting you under arrest.”

The words were out of her mouth before she could stop them. If Kirk picked up on the hint she was hoping this would be more than a one-night stand, he gave no indication of it. He only chuckled in reply as she led him toward the bedroom. Halfway there, though, he stopped her again, this time to press her back against the wall. His erection was hot and hard against her tummy despite the fact he’d just orgasmed a few minutes ago. She’d never been with a guy who could get it up again so fast.

“That beautiful ass of yours drives me crazy, do you know that?”

He didn’t give her a chance to answer, but instead covered her mouth with his in a searing kiss. As his tongue took possession of hers, Julie thought she heard something fall to the floor, but it wasn’t until Kirk cupped her breasts in both hands that she realized he’d dropped his handcuffs. She moaned as he took her nipples in his fingers and twirled them back and forth. She went ahead and let the jar of body paint join the cuffs on the floor. She had the feeling she and Kirk weren’t going to get to the bedroom anytime soon.

Dragging his mouth away from hers, Kirk lifted his head to gaze down at her, his eyes molten with desire. Without a word, he grasped her ass in both hands, then he lifted her up and buried himself deep inside her in one forceful motion. She glanced down and noticed he’d already put another condom on. When the heck had he done that? Damn, he was good.

Moaning, she wrapped both legs around him, clinging to him as he fucked her fast and hard against the wall. Each thrust shoved her back against it so hard she could barely catch her breath in between, but she absolutely loved it. She'd never experienced anything so erotic or primal in her life.

He tightened his grip on her ass, sending little tingles of pleasure dancing over her tender skin. The feel of his hands reminded her of the spanking he'd just given her, making her breath quicken and her pussy clench down on his cock. As unbelievable as it seemed, she experienced yet another orgasm, this one just as mind-blowing as the others.

Kirk buried his face in the curve of her neck as he came, muffling the sounds of his groans, but Julie knew by the way he drove his cock into her and held himself there that his climax was just as earth shattering as hers.

He didn't release her until both their orgasms had subsided. She slid slowly down his body to stand on trembling legs. She wanted to tell him how amazing that had been, but she couldn't seem to speak. All she could do was lean against his chest and try to catch her breath.

As if somehow sensing that, Kirk tilted her face up to his and tenderly kissed her on the mouth. Bending to pick up the handcuffs in one hand and the chocolate body paint in the other, he handed the latter to her, then swung her up in his strong arms and carried her into the bedroom.

Once there, he gently set her down on the floor. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pulled him down for another kiss. Finding his tongue with hers, she drew it into her mouth and sucked on it gently. He slid his free hand up her rib cage to palm one of her breasts. His fingers found her nipple, giving it a little squeeze, and she gasped against his mouth. God, his touch was magic.

Lifting his head, Kirk released her nipple and urged her onto the big bed. Julie set the container of body paint down on the bedside table, then lay back on the pillows, her breath quickening as he bent over her, the handcuffs dangling from one hand. She'd

had a guy tie her up before, but that had been with a scarf. While being bound with the scarf had been sexy, there was something even more exciting about the idea of being in handcuffs. On second thought, she decided as Kirk gently took her wrist and expertly snapped the cuff around it, maybe it had more to do with the fact that the guy she was with was so damn hot. From the way her pussy purred, she concluded that was definitely the reason.

Looping the cuffs through the wrought iron headboard, Kirk secured her other wrist, effectively making her his prisoner. Julie caught her lower lip between her teeth and gave the handcuffs an experimental tug. While she could still move her hands around, she couldn't get them more than a few inches away from the headboard.

"Too tight?" he asked.

She shook her head, her lips curving into a slow, sexy smile. "They're perfect."

His eyes smoldered as he gazed down at her. "You're the one who's perfect."

Lowering his head, Kirk pressed his mouth to the inside of her wrist and slowly kissed his way down the curve of her arm. Although his lips felt warm and delicious on her skin, they also tickled like crazy, and Julie couldn't keep from squirming. Of course, she couldn't get very far handcuffed to the bed like she was, and the reminder that she was completely under his control was hot as hell.

He paused to run his tongue over the sensitive skin on the inside of her elbow before continuing down her arm. When he got to her shoulder, she turned her head on the pillow, giving him access to her neck, and she let out a sigh of pleasure as he nibbled her there. Mmm, he definitely knew his way around the female body.

Kirk kissed his way up to her ear, swirling his tongue inside and making her shiver, before retracing his path back along her neck and down to her breasts. She held her breath as she waited for him to play with them, but instead he reached for the container of chocolate body paint. Her pulse quickened as he took off the protective seal and unscrewed the lid. Putting the top down on the bed, he dipped his fingers into the chocolate.

She smiled. "I'm pretty sure that came with a brush."

"I prefer the hands-on approach." He gave her a sidelong glance at her as he placed the jar back on the nightstand. "Besides, I always loved finger painting."

Giving her a wicked grin, he let the chocolate body paint drip off his fingers onto one nipple, then the other, before rubbing it all over her breasts. When he was done, he held his finger to her lips. She drew it into her mouth, licking it the same way she had his cock earlier.

Kirk slid his finger out with a groan. "You have no idea how sexy that is."

Cupping her breasts tenderly in his hands, he took one chocolate-covered nipple in his mouth and suckled on it gently. Julie moaned and arched against him as he swirled his tongue 'round and 'round the sensitive tip. He alternated soft, gentle flicks of his tongue with naughty little love bites that made her wiggle like crazy. He was going to drive her wild. Just when she was sure she would go insane from what he was doing, he lifted his head to inflict the same exquisite torment on the other nipple. Then he started licking the chocolate off the rest of her breasts. God, she could have him do that all night!

Kirk, however, clearly had other things in mind because after one more flick of his tongue, he lifted his head from her breast. Julie's moan of protest quickly turned into one of pleasure when he slowly began to kiss his way down her stomach a moment later. She definitely liked where this was going.

She waited in breathless anticipation for him to make his way down to her pussy, but to her surprise, he stopped at her bellybutton for a moment to swirl his tongue around the tiny indentation. She'd never had anyone make love to her bellybutton before, and decided she definitely liked it. She was practically panting with excitement when he began to slowly kiss his way farther south. The closer he got to her clit, the more she ached there. If he didn't put his mouth on her soon, she was going to go insane!

He seemed determined to tease her, though. Cupping her ass cheeks, he pressed a kiss to the inside of one thigh, then the other, before lightly running his tongue up the slick folds of her pussy. If she could have moved her hands, she would have threaded them into his hair and forced him to pay attention to her clit. Instead, she was completely at his mercy.

"Mmm," he breathed "You taste good."

He swiped his tongue along her pussy lips a second time, once again stopping before he reached her clit. She yanked at the handcuffs holding her prisoner, but they held her fast. She wanted to reach down, grab his head and put his mouth where she so desperately needed it. And yet, the fact that she couldn't aroused her even more.

Even so, that didn't stop her from begging him. "Kirk, please."

He pressed another kiss to the inside of her thigh before lifting his head to look at her. His golden brown eyes glinted with amusement. "Please what?"

"Please lick my clit," she demanded. "I need to feel your mouth on me!"

When Kirk bent his head to lick along the folds of her pussy again, Julie was half afraid he was going to tease her some more, but then she felt his tongue on her clit. He flicked at the plump little nub before making lazy circles around it.

Julie arched off the bed, clutching at the wrought iron bedframe she was handcuffed to.

"Just like that," she moaned. "Don't stop!"

He tightened his grip on her ass and moved his tongue more firmly and deliberately on her clit. Julie writhed beneath him, moaning and moving her head from side to side on the pillow as she felt her orgasm build. He took his time, pushing her higher and higher until she swore it couldn't get any better. But it did. And when she finally reached her peak, her entire body was trembling as if she had been running a marathon. The climax that hit her was so powerful she had no choice but to throw back her head and scream again. Kirk kept lapping at her clit until the sensations became so intense she thought she might actually pass out. She strained at the handcuffs, trying to

free herself so she could wrap her fingers in his hair and pull his mouth away. The steel around her wrists refused to give, though, and she could do nothing but writhe on the bed and moan in pleasure as the orgasm went on and on.

He only stopped licking her clit after he had coaxed every last bit of pleasure from her, and all Julie could do was lie back against the pillows and gasp for air. She'd never been with a guy who was so damn good at licking pussy, but that had to be the best oral sex she'd had in her life.

Kirk pressed a tender kiss to the inside of her thigh, then sat back on his heels to open the foil packet he'd brought with him from the living room. Rolling it down on his rock-hard cock, he crawled up her body to settle between her thighs. Bracing himself on his forearms, he pressed against the opening of her pussy but didn't slide in. Instead, he bent his head and closed his mouth over hers.

He tasted of chocolate and her own pussy juices, and she murmured her approval as she parted her lips and suckled on his tongue. As he kissed her, he rubbed the head of his cock up and down along her wet slit. She moaned in frustration.

"Stop teasing me," she begged him hoarsely. "I need you inside me. Now!"

At her entreaty, Kirk immediately stopped tormenting her and slid into her wetness inch by incredible inch. Julie gasped against his mouth as she felt her pussy expand to accommodate his large cock. She locked her legs around him, taking him as deep as he would go. She would have wrapped her arms around him, too, if she hadn't been handcuffed to the bed. She wasn't completely submissive, though, and when he started to pump into her, she lifted her hips to meet his.

Kirk made love to her slowly and deliberately, sliding his cock all the way out of her pussy before plunging back in again. He buried himself deep with every thrust, touching parts of her she was sure no man had ever touched. But while she loved the slow and steady rhythm of his lovemaking, right then her body screamed out for something more forceful, more primal.

She dragged her mouth away from his, her breathing ragged. "Harder," she demanded. "Fuck me harder!"

His eyes blazed at her words and he immediately began to obey, pumping into her harder and harder until the bed was shaking beneath them and the headboard was slamming against the wall. If her neighbors had complained about the noise before, they definitely weren't going to like what they were hearing now. Who the hell cared? She'd move out and get a new place tomorrow if she had to. Right now, she didn't want him to ever stop fucking her.

"Oh God, I'm coming!" she cried as his pounding sent her into an orgasm that made all the previous ones seem like foreplay. "Don't stop. Please don't ever stop!"

He didn't. Instead, he began to fuck her even harder, thrusting into her until she was crying out in ecstasy. Kirk buried his face in her neck then, letting out a hoarse groan as he reached his own climax.

It was a long time before he finally lifted his head, and when he did it was to cover her mouth with his in a long, intoxicating kiss.

"I guess I should get those cuffs off, huh?" he said, giving her a grin.

She let out a little laugh. She had almost forgotten about them in all that orgasmic bliss. "I don't know. I'm thinking I could fall asleep just like this."

He chuckled as he climbed off the bed. "You say that now, but wait until your arms start going numb. Then it's not so fun."

She wondered how he knew that little piece of information, but didn't ask. As Kirk walked out of the bedroom, Julie's gaze went to his backside, and she let out an appreciative sigh. He really did have a great ass.

When Kirk came back into the room a moment later, he unlocked the cuffs, then tossed them on the bedside table along with the keys. Lying back on the pillow beside her, he pulled her into his arms. Julie snuggled up close to him and put her head on his shoulder. Talk about a wonderful birthday present. She only hoped it was the kind of gift that kept on giving.

"You know," she said, running her fingers up and down his muscular chest. "Maybe I should plan on disturbing the peace every night, if you're going to be the responding officer."

He chuckled and tightened his arm around her. "You don't have to go to all that trouble. All you have to do is ask me to come by."

Her breath hitched and she lifted her head to look at him. "Well, in that case, what's your schedule look like for tomorrow night?"

Kirk's mouth twitched. "I think it just opened up." He captured the ends of her long hair in his fingers and curled it around the tip of one. "Any chance I can get you to demonstrate the proper usage of that cute, little yellow duck out there in the living room when I come over?"

Julie shivered at the thought of luxuriating in a hot bath and using that vibrator on herself while he watched. "I think I can do that," she said, leaning close to give him a kiss. "Just remember to bring your handcuffs."

About the Author

Paige Tyler is a full-time, multi-published, award-winning writer of erotic romance. She and her research assistant (otherwise known as her husband!) live on the beautiful Florida coast with their easygoing dog and their lazy, I-refuse-to-get-off-the-couch-for-anything-but-food cat. When not working on her latest book, Paige enjoys reading, jogging, doing Pilates, going to the beach, watching Pro football and vacationing with her husband at Disney. She loves writing about strong, sexy alpha males and feisty, independent heroines. All her books have romance, adventure, humor and, of course, lots of smokin'-hot sex!

Paige 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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