

A man with dark hair and a tattoo on his left arm is seen from behind, carrying a woman with long red hair on his back. The woman's hands are tied to the man's shoulders with thick yellow rope. The background is dark with some blurred red lights.

BRYNN PAULIN

**KIDNAP
AND KINK**

TABOO WISHES

Kidnap and Kink
A Taboo Wishes Story

By Brynn Paulin

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For all the people who understand the allure of anonymity.

Chapter One

"To be kidnapped," Jenna Marks whispered to her friend. She glanced about to make sure no one in the coffee shop had heard her confession. There was no one nearby but a gorgeous guy looking at his computer and sipping a latte, but he had in his headphones so she was sure he hadn't heard.

"Kidnapped? That's your secret fantasy?" Mira asked. "Seems kinda..."

"And, you know," Jenna interrupted. "Um, forced."

"Raped?"

"No! God, no. I mean, well, geez...it's a *fantasy*. In the fantasy, he'd make sure that I wanted him and I got off. But you know. It's that helpless to a stranger fantasy. Loads of women have it."

"Loads?"

"Just because you haven't doesn't mean it's not true," Jenna retorted, feeling a bit self-conscious. Idly, she toyed with a strand of the auburn hair that had fallen over her collarbone. She looked over at the guy again to be sure he wasn't listening. Under the brim of his red baseball cap, his green eyes stared intently on his PC. The hat, covering short dark hair, seemed in opposition to his button-down white shirt, but appeared in perfect unison to the muscles the cotton barely contained. Thankfully, he seemed wholly oblivious to the conversation beside him.

Lord, what had possessed her to be truthful when Mira had asked about her secret fantasy? She hadn't played truth or dare as a teenager, and this grown up version at twenty-eight was making her queasy. Wishing she'd kept her mouth shut, she stirred a packet-worth of Splenda into her otherwise black coffee. Her stomach rolled at the idea of another coffee, and she

thought perhaps she should have something to eat instead, but she didn't have time to get real food—the coffee shop only had pastries.

She sighed and took a sip of the steaming drink. Mira shouldn't be shocked by her confession. The girl indulged in one outlandish escapade after another. Still, Jenna realized now, she should have told her to mind her own business.

"Don't you have some sort of secret wish?" Jenna asked, hoping to shift attention from herself.

Mira's cheeks colored.

Mira blushing? She must have one doozy of a fantasy.

"Spill it," Jenna urged.

Her friend shook her head. "I've, uh, done everything I might fantasize about. Nothing like getting kidnapped." She glanced at her watch. "Oops! Gotta go or I'm gonna be late. Thursday night. So much to do. I'll call you tomorrow and give you all the steamy details of Craig and his big...truck?"

"Yeah, sure."

It was just like Mira to weasel out of telling her fantasy. Jenna shook her head. Didn't matter. Mira would forget this in three point two seconds, and Jenna would go home to her battery-operated marauder and pretend he was a masked stranger making her come.

* * * *

Rob Colvin forced himself not to stare open-mouthed at the beautiful woman at the table next to his. He'd seen her in here before, and every time, she mesmerized him with her cascade of dark auburn hair and wickedly sparkling blue eyes. She was a little too thin for his tastes, but that could be remedied with some pizza and cheesecake.

Whenever he saw her, his cock went into overdrive. She was hardly the Barbie doll clone many men looked for, but she was the epitome of his dreams. And to hear the secret fantasy she'd just laid out for her friend... Oh man.

As owner of a local alternative lifestyle club, *The Dungeon*, he rarely approached women. When he did, they either falsely simpered all over him or ran in terror. So many of the females he encountered were either scared of his way of life or enamored with a brief walk on the wild side. That wouldn't do. He didn't want a lifestyle slave, just someone who would be submissive to him when he started a scene—someone who would always be his slave in the bedroom.

His cock thrust against the fly of his jeans, and he shifted in his chair, hoping to adjust some of the pressure. Hearing Little Miss Wet Dream reveal her fantasy sent his imagination and his need for her racing wild.

If she wanted that fantasy, he was exactly the man to deliver it. But would she like the rest of what he'd introduce her to? Leaning back in his seat, he watched as she rose from her table. Her skinny hips swayed as she moved to dispose of her cup then left the building. From his club, he knew women, and this one definitely needed another fifteen to twenty pounds on her.

Kidnapping her would be tricky *and* risky. He certainly didn't want to do fifteen to thirty in prison. The risk didn't deter him much. He'd seen the look in her eyes when she'd confessed her secret wish to her friend. The desire within her was deep and profound. She really craved this.

If it turned out she didn't want him, he'd return her to her own bed, untouched and none the worse for the wear. If she did want him...

Well, then she'd be his. In all ways. He'd cuff her to his bed and make her scream with delight. He'd learned early on that his pleasure was in direct relation to that of his submissive. And the sweet beauty who'd just left was definitely a sub. No question about that. No woman who was a Domme would want to be kidnapped and seductively "forced".

He watched her pull her Tracker out of the parking spot then roll toward the street. She lived in the same complex his brother, Braydon, did and parked in the garage beneath the building. He knew from talking to Braydon that the residents had repeatedly asked for security cameras to be installed in the parking area, but they hadn't been.

Chloroform was out of the question. It could be dicey, and he certainly didn't want her hurt. His business had a kidnapping service. The Doms who oversaw it could help him with a safe way to knock her out. Rob would just get it from them.

Closing down his computer, he began a mental list of the things he'd need for the weekend.

* * * *

The next night, Jenna leaned her forehead against the steering wheel of her Tracker after she'd pulled it into her customary spot in the shadowy garage. What an awful day.

Everything that could go wrong had gone wrong. Fridays in the pediatric office were always a zoo, but this one had had something special in the air—and it wasn't just the flu. She'd been smacked by a toddler, wet on by an infant and had been screamed at by various children who didn't want shots. She'd narrowly missed having vomit on her shoes, the new records clerk

couldn't find half of the patient files and Jenna had been running non-stop since nine a.m. The doctor in charge had been on a tear today, growling at all the staff. That was just one more reason Jenna considered applying at other offices.

She'd stopped at the gym on the way home, had worked out some of her tensions and, having showered, at least felt fresh. Maybe she'd whip up a salad upstairs in her apartment then lounge in front of the TV for a few hours, getting lost in a few of her favorite romantic comedies. Maybe she'd skip the salad and just collapse on the couch.

Heaving an exhausted sigh, she opened the Tracker's door then stepped out onto the cement. Life shouldn't weigh so heavily on her. Didn't she have a good job in a crappy economy, friends, a place to live... She had everything really except family or a man, but at least one of those would come with time. Wouldn't it?

She'd just opened the back door of her vehicle when two huge arms wrapped around her from behind. Her heart rushed into her throat, her pulse flying so fast she barely heard anything but the blood racing past her ears. A large hand covered her mouth, and warm breath swept over her temple.

Pure terror gripped her, making her entire body shudder as she struggled against the enormous man holding her. His arm squeezed tight, but it was her panic that had her seeing black spots. Oh God, had she brought this on by speaking her wish aloud?

"Hush, little one," he murmured, his voice deep and composed.

The smooth words calmed her slightly. He didn't sound like a raving lunatic, but what did a lunatic sound like?

"I won't harm you," he continued. "I know your secret fantasy, and I'm here to give it to you."

How could he know her fantasy? Had Mira told someone? Was this guy one of her friends, and he'd been sent as a pity fuck? It couldn't be the guy from the coffee shop yesterday. He couldn't have heard, and he'd shown no reaction to her words. No, this had to be Mira's doing and that meant he was safe.

"I've watched you and wanted you for a long time, and now that I know what you want... This is your one chance. Nod yes, and I'll take it from here. Or shake your head no, and I'll leave you in your car."

He was giving her a choice? This was definitely a Mira setup. Her breath shuddered into her lungs as she took shaky breaths through her mouth. Her stomach fluttered as she realized she could get what she wanted yet be safe.

Please don't be a mistake!

Slowly, she nodded her head, her nerves flying wild as the implications of her choice hit her. This was stupid! What was she thinking? She'd be completely under his control.

"Good choice, baby," he murmured in that smooth velvet voice.

"Who are you?" she mumbled beneath his hand.

She felt him chuckle then he kissed her behind the ear. A tremble wove through her, this time tinged by forbidden longing.

Her captor's mouth moved to her lobe, nipping before traveling upward to whisper to her. "Who am I? For the rest of the weekend, you can call me Master." The arm around her middle moved up then he pinched her hard nipple. His voice grew harsher, raking across her and raising goose bumps on her flesh. "And I'll call you slave."

His hand lifted from her mouth, but before she could react, a sweet-smelling cloth covered it. Fruitlessly, she struggled, her gulps between screams drawing in more of the inhalant.

Slowly, the world blurred, then went dark.

Chapter Two

Jenna came awake as suddenly as if a light switch had been thrown. Her senses immediately went on high alert, and her eyes snapped open. What had she agreed to? What had happened to her?

She was on a bed. Her hands were bound above her head, and her mouth was gagged. Her legs were pulled apart and fastened down as well. She was still clothed in the nylon sweats and cotton T-shirt she'd worn home from the gym.

How long would that last?

Her heart slammed into her chest, and she looked around her. The man had left the light on, and she could see from the shiny log walls that she was in a well-kept cabin. The wall to her right was primarily windows. Through them, water and trees spread out for as far as she could see.

He'd taken her from the city. He'd taken her somewhere where she could scream, and no one would hear her.

What had she done? Suddenly, despite her secret wish and the belief in the garage that her friend had set this up, raw terror strung through her.

"There are a few things you need to understand before we get started," her captor said, startling her. Her gaze whipped to her left, and she found him seated in a chair on the other side of the bed. His full lips were set in a straight line as he watched her with intent green eyes. He wore a black leather mask that obscured the upper half of his face. Above it, his hair was in a controlled disarray that told her the messy style was on purpose—if combed by eggbeater could be considered a style. Despite herself, she had to admit it was hot. It took confidence to pull that off.

She swallowed, her throat dry as her stare lowered. He'd removed whatever shirt he'd worn. She'd known he was strong from the unyielding grip he'd had on her earlier, but now she saw huge muscles. Such power. His black, tribal-like tattoos scrolled down his right arm and halfway across his chest. A stray line of the markings lashed out across his belly like a tail to curl around his navel. His long, jean-clad legs were splayed in front of him as he regarded her.

"First of all, you need to understand above all things that I will not harm you." He leaned closer. "That does not mean there won't be some pain. The pain I give leads to pleasure—yours. I'm not a sadist. You will never be injured. Understand?"

She nodded, a little worried about the pain part. She remembered enough about BDSM to know that the Dom often got off on the submissive's gratification and compliance. What would he think of her response to his deep, commanding voice? Would it bring him some satisfaction?

"Second, I will return you to your apartment by Monday morning. But this weekend, you're mine. You will have a safe word. If you say it at any time, this scene is over, and I take you home. Immediately. Understand?"

She nodded again. She swallowed at his assertion that she was his. The temptation to lick her lips was thwarted by the gag she wore. Her brow furrowed. If they were in the middle of nowhere, why put this in her mouth?

Because he preferred it, and perhaps, because he'd thought it might arouse her. It was as simple as that. Surprisingly, the safer she felt with him as he laid out his "rules" the more it *did* turn her on. Well, maybe not so surprising since she had a stash of BDSM books at home that made her utterly horny.

"Third, what I say goes. I am the Master here. *Your* Master. When the gag is off, you will respond, 'Yes, Master' and 'No, Master'. If you disobey me, you will be punished. Period. We will discuss taboo actions first, but otherwise, if I command you to do something, you will comply. So, for the last time, understand?"

Jenna hesitated. She didn't like obeying anyone. Truth be told, she'd been a bit of a willful child. Still... The idea of her will being taken from her for the weekend made her pulses throb.

"Slave. Do you understand?"

Slave caught her attention and sent a spear of heat to her pussy. Her eyes widened. Not wanting to risk the vague punishment he'd mentioned, she quickly gave her assent.

She realized she was safe, and her body filled with nervous anticipation. This was exactly what she wanted—not kidnapping by some awful felon who'd hurt, threaten or even kill her, but

kidnapping by a sensual stranger who'd fulfill the needs she'd kept secret for so many years. Who'd seduce her into compliance. Who was obviously versed in the BDSM she'd been afraid to explore. Who was a stranger...

She wondered if she'd see his face, or would he forever be unknown to her? Would she see him after this weekend and never know the man before her had carnal knowledge of her body.

Cream filled her pussy as her mind raced. Who was he?

Master. And that was all she had to know.

Apparently satisfied with the discussion, he rose. "I'm going to take off your gag," he told her. "You're not to speak unless I ask you a question."

Jenna breathed a sigh of relief as he removed the gag that had spread her lips. She immediately drew her tongue across them. His eyes grew black, and with a dark smile, he straddled her body. Her breath left her in a whoosh as she stared up at him.

"Trust is important," he announced.

What?

"Do you trust me?" he asked. His knuckles drew along her cheek then down her neck to her shoulder. She trembled as frissons of awareness spiraled to her core.

"Yes," she replied.

He tilted his head slightly to the side, saying nothing.

"Yes...Master," she amended. The word sounded so foreign coming out of her mouth, and she almost felt silly saying it—until he smiled and nodded his approval.

"Better." His hand moved down her shoulder to the slope of her breast, his fingers circling the base but not moving toward the peak. "Why do you trust me?" he asked, his eyes on the movement of his fingers as if his question were off-hand. Somehow, she knew better.

"Because, um, Mira set this up. With a friend or maybe one of those kidnap services. She'd never let me be hurt, um, Master."

His gaze lifted, his stare piercing into hers. He tilted his head again. Amusement danced in his eyes, and she wondered at the secret joke.

"Hmm..." he murmured. His fingers trailed up both breasts until he reached the nipples that had hardened into small pebbles. Grasping each, he pinched, the pressure growing as spears of pain splintered across the mounds, into her chest and down to her pussy. Along the way, the spears morphed into ribbons of harsh pleasure. She gasped, her hips writhing beneath him. He

released her, and she moaned low in her throat, wanting more, stunned at her reaction, shocked at his action. Immediately, the pressure returned as he pulled and twisted, watching her, his eyes full of pleasure at her agonized abandon.

Another moan escaped her as he released her once more. His thumbs rasped over the tortured nubs, and she desperately wished it was her bare flesh experiencing his touch.

“So responsive. You react like a true submissive,” he commented. “I think I’ll enjoy your kidnapping, slave.”

A tremor rolled through her belly. Could she get any more aroused? If he dipped his fingers into her cunt, he’d find her dripping wet, so ready for his cock to plow into her. She wanted him now. She wanted him to fuck her hard. She wanted to be taken by this stranger who possessed her for the weekend.

Wondering how soon she’d feel him inside her, she watched as he reached into a back pocket.

“I am not Mira’s friend, and I am not part of a kidnap agency,” he confessed.

“What?” she gasped. She pulled at the bounds that held her hands. Stupid! She was so stupid. How could she have agreed to something like this? To allowing him to take her?

“Trust,” he said so sharply, she froze. She stared up at him, her eyes wide and her chest rising and falling like a terrified bird’s. Trust him? He’d suddenly become an unknown entity—a real kidnapper. And she was probably in danger.

“Let me go,” she demanded.

His face as implacable as a stone mask. “I told you, you’d have a safe word, and if you said it, this is immediately over.” He paused letting his words sink in. “Think long and hard before saying it. Remember what I’ve told you. My rules…”

She swallowed, an eerie calm blurring everything but this moment with him.

I know your secret fantasy, and I'm here to give it to you.

Nod yes, and I'll take it from here. Or shake your head no, and I'll leave you in your car.

I will not harm you.

I will return you to your apartment before Monday morning.

You will have a safe word. If you say it at anytime, this scene is over and I take you home.

She bit her lip, afraid she was about to make another stupid decision, but even more afraid not to. “I’m sorry, Master,” she whispered, proud of herself that her voice didn’t quiver, and that she’d remembered to address him properly. “I’m… I’m fine now.”

"Very good. There will be a punishment later."

"But—"

He tilted his head, and she imagined he was raising an eyebrow at her.

"Yes, Master," she muttered. *Damn it.*

"Do you trust me?" he asked. "Yes or no? We can drop the formality of 'Master' for the moment."

"Yes," she replied.

"Good. I'm going to test you."

Test her? Lord, that didn't sound good.

Moving slowly, he reached into his back pocket again. Slowly, he withdrew a pocketknife. Watching her, he opened the blade.

Panic gripped Jenna so hard it shook her though she strove to remain still. She stared at the silver metal. Her breath raced in and out of her, and she got lightheaded.

"Slave," he rasped. "Do you trust me?"

I'm going to test you. Hadn't everything he'd done to now shown her he wouldn't harm her?

She nodded unable to speak around the rock in her throat.

"Very good," he said, kindness tingeing his deep voice. "I know it's difficult for you. But... with trust comes pleasure. I can promise you great pleasure."

The knife moved to her neck, but before she could react, he lifted the collar of her shirt and sliced through it. Setting aside the blade for a moment, he grasped her shirt and rent it to the bottom hem, laying her torso bare save for her bra.

She flinched but not from the knife. She'd always been pudgy when she was younger and fought hard to keep the weight off now. In the last six months, she'd gained a few pounds

"Beautiful," he murmured, "But..."

But? She closed her eyes. *Damn it.* She should have put in the extra time at the gym the past month!

"Baby, kids in third world countries have more meat on them than you do. You're one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen, but I'm gonna need to be super careful with you this weekend, because you're about twenty pounds under my comfort zone."

He wanted her to gain weight. Where the hell were all the men like him? The ones who weren't kidnappers?

"I can promise lots of cheesecake tonight," he growled. His knife sliced through the front of her lacy white bra. He peeled back the cups. "Mmm...cheesecake covered with ripe, plump berries like these."

Bending forward, he captured one nipple between his teeth and pressed just hard enough for her to gasp then sigh when he released and laved the entire areola. Her skin crinkled beneath his ministrations, her arousal growing tenfold as he licked her. A few moments later, he repeated his action on the opposite peak.

Her back arched as she pushed up into his mouth. "Master..." she groaned. She wanted to say his name, to call out to him, and this was the only name she had for him.

There wasn't a glimmer of trepidation in her as he took the blade to her sleeves and bra straps then pulled the garments completely from her body. He slowly dragged the knife along her skin between her breasts and over her belly. The tip scratched slightly, but fear didn't shake her. She trembled with anticipation of her lower half being naked for him, of him touching her pussy. Lord, would he suck on her clit and drive her wild?

He quickly cut through her pants and tossed them aside. After closing the pocketknife, he threw it atop the fabric.

But she still wore her frilly, white panties...

Her disappointment was short lived. Kneeling between her thighs, he sat back on his heels and looked at her. His large, dark hands settled on her spread thighs.

"Mine," he growled. "Do you give yourself to me, slave?"

Give herself? Didn't he see the moisture on thin strip covering her pussy?

She nodded.

"Aloud," he demanded.

"Yes, Master. Yours."

Grinning, he climbed off the bed and reached for the button on his jeans. Suddenly, he closed his eyes, sighed and shook his head. With a dry chuckle, he looked at her again. "You try my control."

Her?

"I didn't tell you your safe word, and I should have. Before I tested you."

She bit her lip. "Probably good you didn't."

"It's sassafras."

"Sassafras?" she asked.

“Are you asking or telling me you want me to take you home?”

“Asking!” she exclaimed then felt a flush burn up her cheeks.

“Yes, that’s the word, and I don’t want to hear it again unless you want me to take you back.” She didn’t miss the slightly smug twist of his lips. He looked down at his hands on the closure of his jeans, and a dark swath of his hair dropped over the mask, obscuring even his eyes. Suddenly, she wished she could see his face—what sort of nose he had, the full view of his eyes.

The sound of the zipper descending ripped through the silence of the room. Holding her breath, she stared. Inch by inch, he lowered the pants and the black cotton briefs beneath. She glimpsed his massive cock and heavy balls as he bent, but when he straightened, she gasped at the sight of the wide penis. It rose in a slight arc from a nest of jet-black curls, and he was hard, so hard. The tip of her tongue lashed quickly over her bottom lip as she imagined the dark head slipping into her mouth and the sensation of it on her tongue as he slid deep.

Her fingers clenched above the leather cuffs that held her prisoner. She wanted to touch him! Lord, she wanted to touch him and wrap her hand around his length.

Watching her closely, he came back to the bed and resumed his position between her knees. His palms slid slowly up her thighs toward her core.

She strained against her restraints so she could see him touching her, see his olive-toned fingers splaying along her skin. Every bit of her anticipated his possession. Her pussy was flooded. Her muscles quivered beneath his caress.

He squeezed, his fingers digging into her, then suddenly, he grasped the flimsy fabric of her panties and rent it apart. The scraps were cast aside and he surged over her, his face even to hers, his lips brushing her mouth. His cock prodded her drenched folds, and that touch coupled with her over-arousal sent her spiraling into an orgasm. It shocked her and stole her breath.

Stunned, she stared up at him. He hadn’t even entered her... “I’m sorry,” she whispered.

He smiled, showing his even white teeth. His thumb stroked over her lower lip. “You know about BDSM and how some Doms restrict orgasms, letting their subs come only when they say?”

She nodded. Oh, she was in big trouble. Just having him over her, his cock bobbing gently against her was building her next release. She didn’t have a prayer of staving it off.

“I’m not like that,” he said. His lips strayed over the soft flesh in front of her ear. Then his hot breath tickled the outer shell. “I like when a woman orgasms. I love the feel of her squeezing

my cock and the sounds of her helpless cries of pleasure as I take her. And take her. And take her.”

“Oh God.”

He shook his head. “Oh Master’ to you.”

Staring into her eyes, he pushed slowly into her channel. His wide girth strained the passage that had been empty—except for her vibrator—for the past three years. And her vibrator was no comparison. Her walls flexed around him while her cream flooded over his shaft. Anxiously, she pushed against him, the restraints on her ankles hampering her.

He grasped her hips, holding her still until he slammed the last inch home. He didn’t pause. He didn’t give her leave to adjust. His groin rotated against her, his pubic bone pressing to her clit.

“Keep your eyes on mine,” he ordered when she would have closed them. Slowly, he started a steady pistoning rhythm that built in power, depth and speed. Ribbons of reaction crept out from her womb with the promise of release to come. Buried in the sensation, she needed to look away, to shut out everything but the feel of that cock shoving in and out of her. Staring into his intense green eyes tortured her. It was too much, too intimate.

Her ragged scream tore across the air as climax slammed into her.

“Yes... Like that,” he rasped. “Come for me.”

The release seemed to go on and on until her voice grew hoarse from her cries. Her body shook from exertion, tears rolling over her cheeks. Her head rocked from side to side as the overwhelming waves shoved her further into oblivion than she’d ever traveled. The room faded, he faded—all but his cock as it drove deep into the suctioning clasp of her pussy.

“Please...please...please...” she begged incoherently. Please stop? Please never stop? She didn’t know.

Above her, he roared, and she felt his cum explode into her spasming depths. Panting, he bent over her as she wilted. A fat drop of his sweat fell between her breasts and rolled down, circling the underside of one mound. Her body reacted with a last tiny release. She quivered helplessly. She’d never live through this weekend...

Chapter Three

Rob's captive lay breathless beneath him, staring at his obscured face with wide eyes.

"I'm going to release you," he said. "You'll behave?"

She nodded, but he narrowed his eyes. He needed to ensure she wouldn't try something stupid.

"There's nothing around here for miles," he continued. "If you try to run, you'll only get yourself hurt or lost, and either will piss me off. You don't want that."

She scowled at him. "It's not as if I have any clothes to wear."

He smirked, liking the thought of her naked for the weekend. "There is that."

Gingerly, he rose from her, careful not to hurt her and already missing the soft warmth of her body. Lord help him, there was no way he'd get enough of her this weekend. That was a problem for another day, though.

After grabbing up his jeans, he slid into them then scooped up the pocketknife and shoved it in his back pocket. Jenna—he did know her name, though she had no idea he did—looked so small and fragile shackled to the bed. Hell, she looked to be a third his size and he wasn't fat or overly burly. He'd have to be so careful with her—probably more careful than he'd just been.

Satisfaction rolled through him suddenly. She'd taken his fucking just fine. Perhaps she was sturdier than she appeared.

He went to the bed. First, he unfastened each of her ankles, taking the time to massage her delicate limbs before moving to the headboard. He released her wrists from the cuffs but kept both prisoner with his big hand. Carefully, he caressed one arm and brought it down to rest

on her concave belly. He did the same with the other. Tenderness welled in his chest as he stared down into her wide eyes.

“Are you frightened of me, little bird?” he asked.

“No, Master,” she said as she shook her head. “I’m wondering why I’m not and why I’m so calm.”

“Easy... Because you’re getting what you want, and you know I’m not going to harm you.” He nodded to a doorway on the far side of the room. “There’s a bathroom through there, first door on the left. You can clean up in there. Then keep following the hallway and come down to the kitchen.”

“Okay,” she replied. He didn’t correct her lack of *Master*. As long as she remembered who was in charge and addressed him as Master once in a while, he was fine. Its use in every sentence would be tiresome and lose its meaning.

“When you enter the kitchen, you’re to kneel beside the table,” he instructed. “You will rest back on your heels, your knees will be parted—at least shoulder’s width—and your hands will be clasped over your ass.”

Her eyes drew together, her gaze stormy, and she made a face then sighed.

“Yes, Master,” she grated quietly through her teeth.

So...she was a little willful as well as submissive, adventurous, brave and amazingly responsive. Trusting her to do as he asked, he left the room and headed for the kitchen.

It was late, and dinner would be easy—two large pieces of cheesecake with raspberry topping. After pulling the box containing the dessert from the refrigerator, he busied himself at the counter and listened to Jenna moving around the bedroom then the bathroom. She was quick and efficient. Nothing in what he heard indicated that she might be tarrying because she was frightened by what had taken place. Other than her obvious objection to the subjugating pose he’d ordered, she seemed eager for what would occur between them. *He* was eager for what would occur between them.

He’d been watching her for a while now. Not stalking her—just observing her when they happened to be at the same place at the same time. She liked the coffee shop he frequented, and he’d altered his schedule to be there at her regular time.

Jenna worked in a doctor’s office—pediatric if the cartoon characters on her scrubs were any indication. She rarely looked anything but completely dragged out. It didn’t mask her natural beauty but made her look fragile, even more fragile than her overly skinny frame already

indicated. When it was down, which was rare indeed, she had the most glorious auburn hair he's ever seen. It hung to her ass in long, gentle waves.

And she liked food. She just never ate it. He'd observed her stirring an artificial sweetener into her black coffee and staring with longing at her friend's pastries more than once. She practically drooled but always looked away from the confection as soon as her friend would have caught her staring.

During each visit, he'd listened to her chat and had felt only marginally guilty. This was a woman for whom his attraction increased every time he saw her. He'd wanted to approach her, to draw her into his dark world of dominance and submission, but he'd hesitated. He'd had to be sure of her. Then he'd heard her secret fantasy...

Behind him, she entered the room. He kept his back to her until she sighed then shuffled a bit on her knees as she adjusted herself. The sigh wrapped around his determination. She was definitely a good pick. He didn't want a milquetoast wimp who had no fire and fight. He wanted someone who'd continually challenge his wits.

"Very good," he said without looking. Let her wonder if he had eyes in the back of his head. It was a control measure, and his excellent hearing served him well as a dominant.

Jenna stared at his wide back and wondered how the hell he'd known she'd done exactly as he'd asked. She squirmed slightly. The position wasn't uncomfortable, not really, but the way it thrust out her breasts and left her pussy open... Well, truthfully, it aroused her. Was there something wrong with her? Shouldn't she be horrified instead of hot? He was forcing her to be his sex slave.

She almost snorted. Right. What did they say? You can't force the willing. Part of her brain might be screaming at her, but the rest of her was all for this scene.

His intense gaze zeroed in on her as he slowly turned, plates in hand. She didn't so much as glance at them. His eyes wouldn't release her. She knew without him saying so that he expected her to hold the contact.

He set the food on the table. A chair scraped out as he pulled it in front of her then sat, his legs splayed apart. His arm hooked over the side of the chair as he regarded her. She stared at his mesmerizing tattoos. She wanted to lick them and trace every curve until she reached his waist. Then she wanted to take his cock into her mouth and pleasure him. Too bad he was wearing his jeans. She'd like to get a good look.

He cleared his throat, drawing her attention back to his face. "I warned you that there would be a punishment for not trusting me earlier after you'd given yourself into my hands."

"You scared me," she muttered.

"I understand that. Punishment for disobedience is part of the lifestyle. This is a good place for us to begin. Something small. Something to give you a taste."

Her eyes closed, and she let out a breath. She'd read enough to know some of the things he could do. Her middle quivered. She'd always wondered about this, and a few times, had even fantasized about submitting to her Master's physical reprimands.

"Okay," she said in a stronger voice.

"Stand, and come here."

She followed his direction. A moment later, he had her bent over his knees. She knew exactly what he had planned. A spanking. Her first ever. She had no idea what to expect as he adjusted her. Her breasts hung over the far side of his thighs while her hips rested on the other.

"Keep your hands down and out of the way," he told her. "Keep your legs apart."

His wide palm rubbed over her buttocks, pressing enough to create a warm friction. Jenna moaned. She wanted him to touch her needy folds. Why was she so wet at the thought of this?

Before she could contemplate, his hand raised then slapped down on her rear, jolting her. She cried out as the sting radiated across her behind. Involuntarily, she reached to cover the hot flesh.

"Hands down," he gritted out.

She breathed hard. Everything in her wanted to protect her exposed skin from his discipline. She bit her lip. She'd agreed and had wanted this...

"Yes, Master," she acquiesced. This was not what she'd expected. Where was the thrill? Yet as his hand smacked her rear a few more times, heat seemed to drip into her cunt. Jenna clutched his pant leg and squirmed as her channel flexed.

"Stay still," he ordered. His hand landed again.

Stay still? She couldn't. Despite her initial shock, insidious arousal seeped through her. Her ass was on fire, but the rest of that sector, her pussy, her lower belly, her quaking womb, were all inundated with lava. It dripped from her, making her slick and ready. A moan rolled up her throat. She lost track of the spanks she received, her mind growing fuzzy and the connection of his palm driving her down a path she would never have imagined.

If only he'd touch her. If only he'd drive his fingers deep into her sheath, or better, his cock. She wanted his cock.

Suddenly, it all stopped, and she realized he rubbed her back. No, he couldn't be done yet. But he was.

"I'm going to help you stand," he said. "Be still for a moment to get your bearings then go back to kneeling."

Touch me!

Her head bowed as she stood before him. "Yes, Master," she replied. Slowly, she knelt and rested her behind on her feet. She flinched at the first touch of skin-to-skin. Her ass was so sensitive. Heat poured off it onto her ankle.

This sucked, she decided as she panted and tried to remain still. Her entire body hummed with the lust-tinged blood racing through it. She needed him to fuck her. Here on the floor, over against the counter, bent over a chair or the table, riding him as he sat.

No, those thoughts weren't helping. Distantly, she heard a rumble and realized too late he was speaking to her. He clasped her chin and turned her gaze up to him.

"It's time to eat. No, stay there," he ordered when she started to rise.

She groaned as she resettled her behind.

Smiling, he lifted a forkful of ecstasy—a.k.a. cheesecake—and brought it to her mouth. She leaned away. "I can't eat that."

The fork hit the plate with a clang then he crossed his arms over his chest, glaring down at her. "Why? Are you diabetic? Have high cholesterol, high blood pressure, lactose intolerance? Are you allergic to anything in this?"

His scowl deepened with each shake of her head. Would he punish her? She'd like it if maybe he'd fuck her and withhold her release. She could have tiny orgasms without his knowledge. Yeah, that sounded like a viable plan.

"I think you're just being difficult because of your weight phobia," he told her.

He was right. They both knew it.

She sighed and opened her mouth. She wanted to be fucked, and being a brat wouldn't get her what she wanted. Besides, she was hungry. He picked up the fork again and brought it to her mouth. She sucked the sweet mixture off the tines, and moaned as the flavor exploded over her taste buds. Artificial sweetener and fake treats had nothing on down-home decadence like this.

She swallowed without a thought to calories or the effect on her thighs. One bite and she was a goner. She'd always known it would be like this. Desserts were her crack.

"Another?" she asked.

"What would you be willing to do for it?"

Her gaze dropped to the hard ridge in his jeans. He appeared to be fully erect. She could think of quite a few things she'd like to do to that cock.

He leaned forward and lifted her chin so she looked at him. "I was kidding. I have a whole piece just for you. And I expect you to eat it."

"Okay," she replied. She'd worry about consequences later.

She managed to down the whole slice with little effort. Decadent satisfaction filled her. Her palate was satiated, but another part of her still needed more.

He seemed to be on the same page. Rising, he shucked off his jeans then sat once more. His fingers curled beckoning her forward. She licked her lips as she stared at his cock. Gladly. She'd gladly take him in her mouth.

"No, slave," he laughed, pulling her up to straddle his lap. He didn't bother with preliminaries—hadn't the past hour been foreplay? Grasping her hips, he tugged her down on his cock. They both groaned at the sensation of his staff pushing into her tight, wet folds. Like this, he felt even bigger, and Jenna could barely stave off the immediate reaction that stole through her.

His hands moved lower to grasp her ass. He squeezed, and she started at the fire that rekindled over the abused flesh. "Ride me," he ordered.

Her head tipped back, and her hair cascaded over his wrists to tickle her behind as she moved. He brought one palm up to cup her breast, holding it as an offering as he bent his head. Slowly, his tongue dragged over the peak, eliciting a cry from her. Her pussy convulsed, and a wave of cream flooded over his cock. Mindlessly, she jerked her hips against him. Her fingers dug into his shoulders as her clit rubbed his base. Tension coiled and coiled and coiled in her belly, pulling incoherent words from her lips.

She screamed as his teeth closed on her nipple. An orgasm triggered inside her, squeezing him, fisting through her body.

"Keep going," he muttered around her nipple as the spasms nearly paralyzed her. Both his hands clasped her hips tightly, forcing her to keep moving while the waves of pleasure never ceased plowing through her.

His action seemed to strip away the protective layer over her nerves, leaving her raw and sobbing as he jerked her body, and she tried to move with him despite the release that wouldn't stop. She'd never experienced such a cataclysmic response to a man. Perspiration drenched her body, and fine tendrils of her hair clung to them both as they fucked. The scent of their sex hung heavy in the air while the earthy sounds of the coupling echoed off the kitchen tiles. The sounds, the smell, the sensation of her cream coating her thighs—and now his—the feel of his thick cock driving relentlessly into her, even as she could barely move, drove her higher and higher until her vision was blurring from the overload on her senses.

She closed her eyes as her muscles released, and she could once more ride him in earnest. Burning prickles fired along her skin at her exertion. Mindlessly, she continued her wild rocking.

He groaned, the sound vibrating over her nipple and sending a ripple to her core. His tongue lashed over the tip of her breast as the frenzied sounds rumbling in his throat told her his climax was drawing near.

“Oh yeah, baby,” he growled. “Take me there.”

If her own release hadn't been restarting, she would have laughed at his order couched in the illusion that she had control. There was no control as she shuddered on his cock, his hands digging into her hips and driving her on, her cunt clasp him in a fist.

She screamed as she fell into oblivion accompanied by his guttural grunt. He lifted his head and hollered as his hot cum splashed deep inside her convulsing passage. His arms crushed her while they arched in frozen ecstasy, a tableau of extravagant pleasure. After several long moments, he stroked his hands over her cooling skin and drew her tight against his chest. His lips caressed a path up the side of her neck.

“Thank you, slave,” he whispered into her ear. “Your Master is well pleased.”

Jenna shuddered at the shock of pleasure that accompanied his taboo words. She liked being the slave to his dominance, submitting to his mastery. She'd utterly enjoyed his punishment.

“Thank you, Master,” she whispered, still a little uncomfortable with calling anyone Master. Still, she couldn't deny his place of power over her.

She took a shallow breath and held it as fear slipped into her consciousness and mingled with her wicked satisfaction. What this man did to her was what she'd searched for her entire adulthood. Base sexual fulfillment with no limits, a connection that exceeded the confines of what was considered proper. What would happen after this weekend? She couldn't go back to her

bland vanilla existence where the most sexual excitement came from naughty thoughts while she closed her eyes and wielded her vibrator.

He lifted her and set her on his knees, still straddling him with his cock between them. She glanced down at it, still magnificent though no longer fully erect. The man had a body any woman would drool over. His dominance, the alpha way he handled her, his growliness, his caring and his tenderness all combined with the physical package to attract her in a stunning way—though she was pretty sure he wouldn't appreciate her noticing the last two attributes at this juncture in time.

As she considered the full package presented, she couldn't help but wonder why he wasn't taken. That brought her up short. Drawing back, she looked at his face—what she could see of it anyway—then into the green eyes that watched her without guile. If anything, all that lingered was burning need despite the sex they'd just shared.

"You're...unattached, right?" she blurted.

His eyes widened behind the mask. "What?" he asked then his jaw hardened, his eyes growing darker. "You deserve a punishment for that."

A thrill of *yes, please* worked through her, and she trembled appreciatively at his hands stroking over her ass.

"But," he continued, "I suppose it's fair since you don't know me—other than what we've shared here. Yes, I'm unattached. When I'm with a woman, she's mine. In the same way, when I'm with her, she can be confident that I'm hers. I don't share, and I don't expect her to share." His dark eyes bored into hers. "You're mine," he growled.

She shivered at words he left unsaid. He was hers.

Well...at least for the weekend. She fought back a wave of disappointment at the knowledge they'd soon say goodbye. They had these days to enjoy, raw sex-filled hours. She'd take pleasure in every one of them and worry about Stockholm syndrome later. It wasn't that; she knew it couldn't be. She hadn't depended on him for anything. He'd come out of the gate providing, and she'd fallen fast.

"You're getting cold," he said. His smile said he knew otherwise, but neither contradicted his words. Standing, he lifted her into his arms and carried her toward the bedroom. "I'm glad there's more cheesecake," he laughed as he walked. "We're gonna burn a lot of calories tonight."

Boldly, she reached down to run her hand over his cock. Already, it grew with his renewed arousal, and she couldn't quite circle it with her fingers. "I know a way I can get some

sustenance,” she murmured, feeling outside her normal self who’d never have spoken so frankly. She bit her lip.

“We’ll see,” he replied with a devilish grin. “I haven’t gotten enough orgasms out of you yet.”

“How many is that?” she asked. Her breathing grew erratic at the thought of his cock deep inside her again. She’d never been so hot to be filled by a man.

“Well,” he replied as he dropped her on the bed then immediately crawled over her, caging her with his huge body, his hands manacled hers above her head. “Let’s just say, it might take all night before I’ve gotten enough.”

Oh, yes please! She moaned at the vibrations that zipped over her clit at the thought. “Yes, Master,” she sighed. “Yes...”

Chapter Four

Jenna came awake slowly. The sated exhaustion in her body told her exactly where she was, and she couldn't help but grin at the arousal already tingling through her. He was like a drug. He... She wished she knew his name, but she was sure that wasn't going to happen—at least not this weekend while he played kidnapper. She heard him in the bathroom shaving with the door closed. They'd showered together in the wee hours of morning then fallen back into bed. He'd just held her then, perhaps realizing her pussy needed a break, though she didn't feel that way herself.

Outside the window, the water glinted with sunlight, and she could see the trees gently swaying. Her favorite kind of mid-spring day.

Quietly, she climbed out of bed. With a quick glance toward the bathroom, she scooped up his shirt and headed for the door. Escape wasn't her objective, though if she were lucky, that would be how he'd take it. No, she just wanted to rile him by playing the game of the weekend. She wasn't dumb enough to run. Besides actually wanting to be here, she remembered his statement about there being nothing nearby.

Her track shoes were near the front entry, and she slipped them on before throwing open the door. She was halfway down the walkway when a shrill squeal pierced the early morning air. Her grin widened. His alarm system should catch his attention. Her steps hastened, and she was halfway down the long driveway before she heard his shout.

A glance over her shoulder showed him naked, punching numbers in the keypad by the door, and she took off full-tilt. She screeched as she was unceremoniously snatched up from behind and hauled over his shoulder, the shirt hiking up for all to see. Her giggle wasn't quite suppressed as she bit her lip.

“Bad slave,” he growled. He turned his head and lightly bit her hip.

She moaned. What was wrong with her? She’d staged this escape just to be punished, and from his mild reaction, she suspected he was fully aware she hadn’t really wanted to flee.

The door slammed behind them, and he reactivated the alarm.

“I think it’s time to introduce you to some of my favorite toys,” he told her.

“No! I’m sorry! Please!” she pleaded. Even to her own ears it was far from convincing. Well, she’d never been a good actress.

“Beg all you want. You know what naughty girls get.”

Actually, she didn’t, but she was hopeful. Where had this wanton woman inside her come from? Jenna liked her and was glad her Master had freed the sexually charged person inside her.

After setting her on her feet in a room she hadn’t seen, he ripped the shirt from her shoulders, the loud rend of fabric screaming through the air.

“Hands behind your back,” he ordered.

Her pussy growing wet, she complied. He didn’t make her wait for his next action. Reaching onto a nearby table, he grabbed two small objects she didn’t recognize. He pulled the tip of her bare nipple and clamped on one of the pair. Jenna yelped as agony exploded down her breast. Before she could react further, he placed the other clip on the opposite nipple.

Unwelcome tears filled her eyes at the pain.

“Just breathe,” he murmured, his hand stroking down her arms. “It will recede in a moment, and you’ll love it.” He leaned into her ear. “Just like you love spankings.”

So he was on to her as she’d suspected.

With deft movements, he touched the nipple clips and twin buzzing began. True to what he’d said, the pain was lessening, leaving behind arrows of pleasure that pulsed to her core.

“Oh...” she gasped as flutters erupted in her belly.

He led her to an odd piece of furniture a few steps away. It appeared to be a tall box, its top slanted and cushioned. He bent her over it. Her breasts pressed to the padded upper surface. Her hips were higher than her shoulders, due to the downward slope, and Jenna sucked in a harsh breath. The position pressed her breasts into the pad, increasing the stimulation on her nipples. Her captor took advantage of the moment and quickly cuffed her wrists with manacles attached to the sides of the box. Just as swiftly, he had off her shoes. Her ankles were shackled apart. Secondary bands were buckled around her knees to keep them spread.

Immobilized and vulnerable, immediate arousal flared through her. He guided her hair over her shoulder, baring her back.

"I take it you enjoyed your spanking last night," he said.

"Yes, Master," she replied. Her voice wavered as she imagined what he'd do.

"Good," he replied. "Today, I'll show you something else."

She craned her neck as he went to the wall, and her eyes widened at the array of sex implements there. How had she missed that? Floggers, whips, paddles, masks, dildos and more hung from hooks or were displayed on shelves, all waiting for her Master to use. He removed a black handled flogger with wide tails of light-brown leather.

"This one, I think," he announced as he swiveled his wrist. The ends snapped through the air. Jenna swallowed at the thought of those same ends snapping against her exposed ass.

She pressed her face into the cushion. What was her safe word? She doubted she'd use it, but... Shouldn't she have anticipated this? Especially since she'd been angling for another of his punishments. She'd thought he'd spank her again.

"Are you frightened?" he asked. His fingers lightly trailed her spine down to her rear. His palm flattened there, rubbed like it had the night before.

"Some...Master," she replied.

"Hmm." He dragged the leather tails along her back, and they splayed out to tickle her flesh, lying to her about what was to come. She knew that. She shuddered at the sensation, knowing the erotic pleasure and pain that would be hers. Her pussy already clenched at the relentless sensations twisting to her core from her nipples. She'd be screaming into orgasm before either of them knew it.

"You *are* to be punished, but not for running—though that was naughty. You're being punished for something called topping from the bottom. Are you familiar with that term?"

"No, Master." Whatever it was, she'd apparently screwed up.

"It means that you attempted to be in control of the situation though you are the slave. You tried to force my hand to get your way. You didn't leave it to me to decide what we would do and how I would see to our enjoyment."

"Oh..." *Well, crap.*

"Comfortable?" he asked. There was a thunk as he tossed the flogger onto a nearby chair.

"Yes, Master." She was as comfortable as someone could be strapped to the table, her nipples clamped and her being overwhelmed by the sensations.

“Good. You’re going to be there awhile.” Going to the wall, he retrieved a mask and something with straps hanging from it that she didn’t recognize. His face was stern as he returned. The unfamiliar device was dropped on her back. Kneeling before her, he held the mask. “Who’s in charge here?”

“You are, Master,” she whispered.

“That’s right. *I am.*” He slipped the silk and leather blinder over her eyes, blocking out her vision. She heard him rise then felt him pick up the article he’d put on her back. He trailed it along her skin as she felt him move behind her. He strapped the device to her, pressing the rubber portion to her pussy, flush against her clit with a short knob inserted into her channel. The straps were worked around her and fastened to fit like an erotic thong.

“This is a very special vibrator,” he told her.

A low buzz started, and she moaned.

“It’s also very expensive. Do you want to know why?” he asked. He didn’t wait for a response. “It’s going to drive you to orgasm...almost. It has a movement sensor. When your cunt starts to clench, as you get ready to come, it will change rhythm and keep you from release. Don’t try to fake it out. It won’t work. Eventually, your body will triumph over the device, and you will come. And I’ll hear you scream.”

He nipped a buttock.

“And scream.”

His teeth scraped the sensitive patch at the back of her neck that he’d discovered in the wee hours the night before. Goose bumps erupted down her body, traveling on an aroused shiver.

“And scream,” he rasped in her ear. “When you start coming, it will be a long time before you stop.”

He kissed her temple.

“Remember, it could have been both of us if you hadn’t misbehaved. Orgasms just aren’t as good alone.”

“No...” Jenna begged as the tendrils of pleasure started through her body. But her plea was too late. The door shut firmly behind him, leaving her alone to the torment he’d ordained.

* * * *

Rob leaned against the outside of the door, closed his eyes then pulled off his mask with a frustrated sigh. He tossed the black leather aside. This wasn’t how he’d planned his morning. But plans often went awry with a willful or untrained submissive. He had both on his hands. Jenna

was a natural, but she wasn't versed in the scene and, lord, was she headstrong. He could see it in every press of her lips and narrowing of her eyes as she silently considered obeying. He could hear it in each reluctant "Master".

And right now, he heard her moans loud and clear. His cock throbbed with the need to be deep inside her. This was no good. As a Dom, he had to exert control, but as a man, he just needed to get off. Soon.

The best way to get some control would be to disappear to somewhere else in the house where he couldn't hear her sounds of agonized ecstasy. He couldn't do that as much as he wanted to. He had to stay nearby in case she uttered her safe word. This could be the time he'd drive her over the edge and make her call a halt to this scene. She was new to him, and he couldn't be sure how much she'd take. This punishment wouldn't hurt her, but for some people, there was such a thing as too much pleasure.

Idly, he stroked his cock, hardly realizing he did it. His thumb swept over the head, his fingers squeezing his shaft as he imagined being inside her. Deep, deep inside her. Hell, how many times had he fucked her last night? Five, six times? Hardly enough.

Soon, he'd be back inside her. Though he'd made it sound like Jenna's punishment would take awhile, she was so innately sexual he knew this process wouldn't take long.

"Oh Master, please!" she begged inside the room. "Oh God! Ah—"

He opened the door on its silent hinges, watching her.

Jenna writhed on the spanking bench—as much as she could while fastened down. Her torso heaved as she took shuddering breaths, and her mouth was wide as she let out a scream as her first orgasm took her.

"Please...oh, God..." she sobbed as she came down and another immediately began. She keened in refusal of the sensations, but the toy wouldn't relent. She was at its mercy, and Rob wouldn't help her. Yet.

Her muscles clenched as she cried out, coming again. Her thighs were shiny with her cream. He licked his lips. A few more minutes...

He picked up the mask and put it back on as if arming for battle. His grin was feral. It was a battle he'd definitely win. He was the Master here.

Quietly, he went to the chair where he'd tossed the flogger and picked up the whip. It felt good in his hand. He palmed the handle, swiveling his hand and enjoying the accustomed weight.

He let the tails drag over his stiff cock. The leather strips teased at the taut flesh, and he bit back a moan.

Going to Jenna's side, he positioned himself at a good angle for a flogging. She was about to have help getting to orgasm number three, and he could guarantee it would be like none other she'd experienced.

Drawing back his hand, he aimed then let loose. Jenna screeched, and Rob smiled at the firm slap against her ass and the accompanying red stripes.

Jenna howled at the abrupt slap of the flogger that sent a sting radiating through her ass and up her spine. Shock and relief twined. He was back. There would be an end. Already her thighs shook with exhaustion. She'd only started screaming when the fourth orgasm had twisted through her belly, so painfully strong she wasn't sure she'd live through another. Her breasts were so hard from the blood glutting them, and her nipples... She'd never experienced such a solid connection between them and her womb. She was a writhing organism of sex. Only sex. Every cell worked toward her extravagant, torrid pleasure. Gorging her on it. Filling her. Leaving her desolate, because the part of her she most needed filled was empty.

The tongues of the flogger bit at her rear again. Jenna welcomed it, loving the intense sensation as it drove through the vibrations clamped over her pussy.

"Thank you, Master," she cried without reserve. "Please..."

"Who do you belong to?" he growled.

"You!" The flogger slapped her, the strips of leather splaying across her rear and onto her back. Heat flooded her, its long fingers driving deep in her flesh.

"And who will you obey?"

"You!" There wasn't a doubt. She'd do whatever he deemed in this relationship. The orgasms were great, but she needed him. He'd found the one thing that haunted her and used it on her. Being alone.

He rewarded her with another welcomed strike that hit the crease where her rear met her thighs. Her whole behind was on fire. She wouldn't stop it for anything.

"And who is in charge?"

"You, Master! You are."

He fell silent, and the only sounds were from the whip on her flesh and her groans as she took his punishment. Over and over, he gave her what she'd desired. The pain and heat morphed into a beast of pleasure so strong it far surpassed the vibe he'd strapped to her.

The flogging stopped as another forceful orgasm overtook her, shaking her entire body though still restrained by the bands that held her in place. She needed to move, to let her body work the sensations surging through her. She was powerless, a prey to the sensual torture and it made the reaction all the stronger.

"Yes, yes, oh please..." she mumbled mindlessly as she felt him remove the vibe, the device sliding away easily since it was so slick from her releases. Her entire body was wet, her pussy, her skin from her exertions.

Her Master stepped behind her and clasped her hips, tilting them up slightly. Her restraints pulled, but she didn't care. She could only scream, "Yes," as he plunged inside her, driving in to the hilt and forcing apart her clutching folds.

This time when the climax crashed over her, sweet fulfillment simmered in its wake.

"Oh, Master..." she sighed.

She was limp as he opened the cuffs that bound her. He lifted her into his arms. She could sleep for hours. Would he take her to bed now?

She screeched as he set her down, her fiery ass hitting the cold hard wood of a straight-back chair. Her hands were bound behind her and her ankles cuffed to the sidebars, keeping her knees apart. Suddenly, she heard a click, and the back reclined slightly. Her lover's legs straddled her, and his cock prodded her lips. His still hard cock. He hadn't come yet.

Her mouth opened willingly, and he slid inside, her tangy flavor bursting over her senses. Eagerly, she suckled his length. Her tongue lashed over him as she drew, working to bring him to climax. She yearned to taste his seed and know she'd brought him to pleasure. His fingers tangled in her hair, pulling with the clasp of his hand, yet he didn't direct her. He let her have her way with his cock—or at least as much way as she could while bound.

Her lips tightened around him as he slowly fucked her mouth. "Oh, yeah, like that, slave," he groaned. "Make me come. Make your Master come."

She'd never wanted anything more. Her tongue swiped over his tip, gathering his pre-cum. She held him immobile with suction on the head until he squirmed then she let him slide forward, tilting her head back to allow his deep penetration. She hummed, letting the vibration

hit him, and he jerked as he pulled back. Hot cum flooded over her tongue, and she swallowed convulsively to take it all. Pleasure at her power, even bound, flowed through her.

With him, she *was* powerful. Yet powerless. It should have seemed confusing, but instead it seemed like the perfect mesh within her.

She smiled as she pulled free, and her tongue darted over her lips. Suddenly, his mouth was on hers. He kissed her hungrily. His hands moved behind her as his tongue pushed into her mouth, reclaiming the space.

Nimbly, he released her wrists. She felt him reach down and do the same to her ankles. Her legs went around him as he lifted her, never relinquishing her mouth. She knew they were moving but didn't bother to care where.

Chapter Five

When her back hit the mattress, she sighed at the firmness and his warmth blanketing her. He didn't stay, but moved them into a spooning position and drew the blankets over their sated bodies.

"This sensation will be intense," he warned her. She felt his hands at her chest. The buzzing stopped, then pleasure-pain burst through her breasts and slashed down to her womb. She gasped and cried out, an orgasm convulsing through her without any touch to her pussy.

His palm smoothed down her belly, and two fingers slipped into her cunt. They moved in and out slowly as if to soothe her. She parted her legs to give him greater access.

"Shh..." he crooned. "It's okay."

"Oh my God," she whispered. "What you've shown me today...incredible."

As she calmed, his fingers slipped free. He brought them to her mouth, and she opened, enjoying her flavor on his skin.

"You like the taste of yourself?" he asked, the question so sensual and so intimate between them she wasn't embarrassed.

"Yes," she replied when he pulled away.

He clamped his arm around her waist then kissed her shoulder. "Tell me about yourself, Jenna."

She stiffened. He *knew* her? Geez, would she be walking down the street after this and have him laughing behind her back at the secret he knew but she had no clue about? Would he make fun of how easy she'd been?

"Yes, I know your name," he added. "You weren't some random abduction. I only did this because you desired it. And I've been wanting you for a long time. Until yesterday, I didn't think you'd be into my lifestyle."

She relaxed. They'd work this out. She'd know who he was before this weekend was over. "No worries there, I guess. I really didn't know how much I'd like it. Will you tell me who you are?"

There was a long pause, and she knew his answer before he spoke. "No."

She let out a frustrated breath but didn't argue with him.

"This is about you talking to me," he reminded her.

"I don't know what to tell you."

"Tell me why you like being spanked."

"I don't know," she replied. "I didn't know I did. It feels good. Eventually. And I like the discipline. I'm always kinda perfect, you know. The perfect child. The perfect student. The perfect employee. That doesn't mean I haven't worked hard to get my own way in things, but I never needed discipline. I was always afraid of it actually. If I'd known..."

He growled.

"Maybe I should have acted out so the school principal would paddle me," she continued, purposely egging him on.

His arm tightened on her waist. "The pleasure of spanking you is all mine," he rasped. "We'll deal with your schoolgirl fantasies some other time. I think I'd like to bend you over a desk and paddle you."

She shivered at the visual. Happiness filled her. His vow made it sound as if they had a future. And she really wanted one. How could she so fast? It was the intensity. They'd either crash and burn, or they'd forge together as one. She hoped for the latter. Crashing would hurt more than she wanted to imagine.

"So you're a good girl?" he prompted.

"Not anymore," she laughed.

"Oh you're still good," he replied. "I'm just teaching you a whole new way to obey in a whole new world."

"That's good because my real world sucks."

"Tell me."

"I'm a nurse, and the doctors I work for are assholes."

"Language," he chided.

"Okay, jerks. Spank me later?" she asked.

"Not for that. Go on."

"They think they're gods because they're doctors. I want to move to another office, but there aren't any pediatric openings right now. I like the kids, even though they sometimes bite. I hate to see them miserable, and I like that I can help."

She felt comfortable talking to him about this. Though he was anonymous, he wasn't one of the docs. She was positive. None of them came close to her lover's magnificent build, and she knew for damn sure none had such a striking tattoo.

"I'm single, no family anymore. My home life is pretty boring, I guess. And I'm not into the whole dating scene, though I should be since solitude and I aren't good friends. I actually hate it, to tell the truth. I spend time with my friends whenever I can, but they all have families or are deep into the mating game. Clubs and bars don't appeal to me."

"Good." He nuzzled her neck, sending warm prickles down her back. "Not about you being alone, but that you're not into sleeping around or being a barfly or a party girl."

"Not into that?"

"Lord, no." His hand came up to cup her breast as he kissed her neck. Affection for him filled her. Somehow, she was falling in love with this tender, sexually dominant and ferocious man. But how was that possible?

Because he was everything she wanted. She hoped to be the same to him. She grinned wryly, except he thought she was too thin. "I was a pudgy kid," she admitted. "Boys used to make fun of me. Even in high school when I *was* thin, they poked at me."

"So now you don't eat."

"I eat."

"Not enough. We'll fix that."

Hmm...well, he could think so but she was never being fat again. Not for anyone. On that, she wouldn't bend.

"I can almost hear what you're thinking," he laughed. "You have loud body language."

"And what is my loud body language telling you?"

"You think I want to pack a bunch of weight on you. I'm talking curves woman, instead of pokey bones. Size zero on you isn't a *size*, it's a cry for help."

"Bite me," she snapped. *Oops!* "Um, Master," she added.

Laughing, he did just that, nipping her shoulder. "You're a naughty sub. We'll negotiate on food. But believe me, you will start eating more. Healthy foods, but more."

"If a submissive doesn't meet your weight requirements, you throw her away?" she asked in all seriousness. Her body was only one part of her...

He rolled her onto her back and pulled away the blindfold she'd still worn. She blinked against the sudden light then stared up into his eyes.

"I never throw people away," he grated. "If you never gained an ounce, I'd still find immense pleasure in you. If you became pudgy again, as you called it, it wouldn't change my attraction to you. But I want you healthy, and I want what we do to be safe. You need sustenance to have the stamina to meet my sexual needs. Never mistake me. I find you absolutely beautiful."

Her cheeks grew warm, and she bit her lip. She'd never expected that revelation from her past to lead here.

"Tell me about you," she said, changing the subject.

"No."

"Just something... Generally..." she said quietly.

His jaw tightened, and she saw him debating within himself. Finally, he sighed and rolled to his side, pulling her to face him now.

"I do have a family. A large family with a lot people just like me. My dad, my brothers, my cousins. My poor mom surrounded by all the testosterone. Two headstrong sisters."

"How many brothers?"

"Five. Yeah, there are eight of us. I guess my parents like sex a lot."

"You think?" she laughed.

"I'm a middle child. Dead center along with my twin brother. We were the hellions."

"I would have never guessed."

"Brat. Do you want me to tell you or not?"

"Do go on." She leaned forward and flicked her tongue over his flat nipple. She smiled at how it hardened. Happily, she nipped at the tip while he groaned. Moments later, she pushed him to his back and began tracing his tattoo with her tongue. His fingers buried in her hair.

"The military helped me straighten up. A little. I also learned a whole lot of new, erotic things."

"Things you'll employ on me?" She wanted to try everything. He'd unleashed something amazing inside her.

“Some. Some of the others reach far too much into sadism or the perverse for me.”

She shivered, thankful he had that wise streak.

“I have my own business,” he revealed. “Women seem to want me for it.”

“Idiots,” Jenna snorted. She grinned up at him. “I want you for your body.” She crawled up and laid full length along him. “Seriously, if that’s how they are, they never tried to know you.”

“And you know me?”

“I want to.”

He rolled her beneath him and caught her hands above her head. With them face to face, his hard cock pressed against her leg. Her pussy grew wet once more with the need for him. Could she ever have enough?

His eyes shuttered, and she realized, she’d seen as much of him as he was willing to share right now.

“On your knees,” he commanded, giving her space. “I want to see the stripes on your ass as I fuck you.”

“Yes, Master,” she murmured. His demanding made her so hot, even when she wanted more sharing.

She hastily got to all fours, but he rearranged her, shoving pillows under her hips and pushing her shoulders to the mattress.

His thumb ran over her anus. “Have you ever had a man here?”

Her voice strangled. “No.”

He dipped a long finger into her soaked pussy then brought it up to rub the virgin flesh. “Breathe, love. I won’t hurt you, and my big cock’s not going in there today.”

The fingertip pushed inside, and she gasped. “Master, please...”

“Just *feel*. Does it feel bad?” he asked.

“No.”

“Just naughty?” His finger slipped deeper. She groaned at the unusual sensation.

“Kinda...embarrassing. Uncomfortable,” she admitted.

“Nothing should be embarrassing between lovers who care for each other. I do care for you.” His lips pressed to her spine as he slowly pushed in until his knuckles rested in the crease of her ass. Her back passage seemed so full. She couldn’t imagine what it would be like to have his cock in her there.

Gently, he fucked her with his finger. She closed her eyes, starting to enjoy the strange sensation. If he wanted this, she'd give it to him. It wasn't bad. In fact, it was growing on her.

"It pleases me that you've given me your ass this way," he told her, the satisfaction evident in his voice. "To fuck, to spank, to whip. That you'll kneel before me and give over your will."

"I'm not spineless," she quietly argued.

"I know, which makes the submission so much more special. *You* are special."

He aligned the head of his cock to her pussy. As he continued plowing her ass, he pushed inside her cunt, filling her with one sure drive.

"Yes!" she cried. Sweet heaven! She could feel his finger against his cock through the thin membrane that separated them.

"Oh, yeah, love, you feel so good around me. Yeah, squeeze me like that."

She couldn't help it. Her body contracted on his words, tightening, drawing him in, wanting him to fill her with his cock and his cum. His free hand went around to strum her clit, and she went careening into oblivion. His cock kept pumping into her, pushing her release higher until she exploded into a violent climax that shook her, dragging him along with her as lightning singed down her limbs.

Together, they collapsed together.

"Unbelievable," he murmured eventually when they could breathe. Reluctantly, he pulled away and headed into the bathroom. "When I come out, we *are* going to eat," he called.

Her stomach growled, reminding her it had quickly gotten to be late in the day and they'd yet to eat. Despite herself, she wanted more of his cheesecake therapy. Hopefully, there would be some for dessert.

Dessert? What was happening to her?

She smiled. Whatever it was, she kinda liked it. And she liked something else...

Quietly, she got off the bed and knelt beside it. Her lover stopped as he came out of the bathroom with a cloth in his hand.

"What's this?"

She bowed her head. "I feel like I've been very bad." She peeked up at him and saw his arms cross his wide chest, the washcloth still dangling from one massive hand. "Will you...spank me? I...want to feel your punishment as we eat."

"Jenna," he sighed. He moved to the edge of the bed before her and sat. "Come here."

Eagerly, she got up then bent over his legs. He gently moved her hair over her shoulder. His finger trailed her spine before he clamped the arm over her. She closed her eyes. It was odd. She'd never felt so protected as when she lay over his lap, his torso curved ever so slightly over her, his forearm holding her in place.

To her surprise, the warm cloth rubbed over her pussy then over the crease of her ass as he cleaned her of their sex. The fabric hit the wood with a wet slap. His hand rubbed over her tender behind.

Yes, yes, please, she silently begged.

"No moving. No squirming," he ordered.

Jenna breathed a sigh of pleasure as his hand connected with her ass, and pleasure-pain shot into her. *Perfect.*

Chapter Six

"You're squirming." Jenna was wearing one of his long shirts though he was naked, but Rob knew her bare ass was to the wood of the kitchen chair.

"Oh sorry..." She immediately sat still, and he studied her.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

She shifted a little. "Yes, I'm fine."

Lord, he hadn't spanked her that hard. He'd known she'd still be sensitive from the flogging. He wouldn't have even done it if she hadn't asked so nicely. He couldn't think of a woman who'd be more perfect for him—into BDSM, into a little pain, into kink.

He had to figure out a way to keep her in his life. Of course, he'd need to stop being a candy-ass and reveal his identity to her. He couldn't be the Masked Marauder forever. He almost snorted thinking of it... *Mr. and Mrs. Marauder are pleased to announce the birth of their first child, Baby Marauder.*

Yeah, he needed to get a grip.

Wait! He was thinking children? His mother had always told him he'd know his woman when he started thinking children and future. Well, he'd made a fine mess of this.

"I have cream to rub on it," he offered.

She shook her head and pushed back her dinner plate. "I'm *fine*. Actually, I'm starting to get a little, um, worked up. And I'm still hungry, believe it or not. All the exercise today really took it out of me."

It hadn't just been sex. After lunch, knowing they wouldn't run into anyone, he'd taken her on a long walk along the lake. They'd talked more about their lives but had steered clear of his name and what sort of business he ran.

"There are two more pieces of cheesecake," he offered. Somehow, he'd managed to learn her weakness with that right out of the gate. Jenna *loved* cheesecake. In fact, he couldn't recall meeting anyone who liked it more.

"Mmm, sounds good. I suppose I could share one of them with you, if you want some, too," she teased.

"Maybe a bite, but there are other things around that I'd rather bite."

"Really? Like what?"

"Maybe I'll show you in a little while." He got up to get her dessert before he started nibbling at her inner thighs. Her teasing, the sound of her voice, the unveiled desire in her gaze all had his body thrumming. After their session earlier though, he'd promised himself no more sex until tonight. He wanted to know her in more than the biblical sense.

He knew she liked handcuffs, being bound, spankings, submission...and she knew he liked those too, from a dominant approach. They both liked rock climbing, the same music, and dare he say, cheesecake. From what he could tell, they held the same values—a lot of that he'd observed over the past months while he'd secretly lusted after her.

They'd talked about families. How her mother had died when she was a child and how her father had just faded away. He'd disappeared when she'd been twenty-two. It wasn't until months later that she'd discovered he'd joined a monastery.

She wasn't bitter about her parentage and how her life had been far from Rockwell-perfect. She was feisty and determined to make life good for others. It was why she'd become a nurse. It was why she was perfect for him.

"Do you want to watch a movie while we eat dessert?" he asked, bringing the cake to the table.

"Sure. I'm not feeling very kidnapped, you know."

"You want me to tie you up and stick you in a closet?"

Her eyes lit up, but she shook her head. By heaven, she *was* kinky. The things they could explore given time...

"No, I think I'll pass. Maybe another time," she chuckled. "I don't need to feel kidnapped anyway. I think I was looking for something else, but I didn't know it."

Domination. Submission. She didn't need to say it.

Perhaps it wasn't too early to start their next scene. He grabbed a small plastic container from the refrigerator then his own cheesecake and led the way from the kitchen.

In the living room, he put in a DVD of a TV show they'd discussed and had both enjoyed. They wouldn't be watching for much longer than it took to eat dessert anyway. Though the couch was big enough for four people, they sat in silence, shoulder to shoulder, as the interplay transpired on screen between the two main actors. Rob couldn't believe how anxious he was for the next step in their game.

As soon as they were done eating, he took her plate. The porcelain and forks clattered together on the coffee table as he put them down. Jenna looked askance at him as he surged to his feet.

"Take off your shirt."

"Yes, Master," she replied and quickly removed it, realizing they were in a scene. From his tone, this might be an intense one.

"Legs apart," he ordered.

She complied. He didn't say a word, only reached for the plastic container. The release of air as he opened the lid ripped through the silent room. She watched curiously as he removed a small, two-inch triangular piece. That same curiosity increased ten-fold as he knelt between her legs. Carefully, he parted her and pressed the cold object against her clit and her opening. Then he pressed her folds closed as he rose.

"Legs together."

The cold was giving way to tingling, kindling her arousal, but she managed to obediently press her thighs shut. He turned her sideways then sat so she reclined on the long couch with her head resting on his lap.

"Cross your ankles," he told her. "I want it nice and tight."

Biting her lip, she again complied.

"Cross your arms behind your back. Immediately," he snapped when she hesitated.

Did he realize how much she enjoyed him being demanding? Rough. With him coldly ordering her around, it almost felt as if they were back to the kidnap scenario again. Almost...but not quite. Perhaps it was foolish, but she trusted him too much to be afraid now.

She heard him fumbling in the drawer of the coffee table. A moment later, he brought out a silk blindfold.

"I want you to feel everything."

She was already feeling a lot. Whatever he'd put on her was creating a tingle across her entire pussy, and as she was plunged into darkness, she realized it was so intense, it was almost a burn. And getting stronger and stronger.

"Stay still," he commanded when she started to move.

"I can't..."

"You will."

"It's so strong!"

"Is it hurting you?" he asked.

"No—"

"Then stay still."

Tears pricked her lids as the intensity of the sensation caused her to shake. Tension coiled in her belly. She needed to come so bad, but the piece of whatever it was wouldn't take her there.

"What...what did you put on me?"

"Nothing harmful. A piece of fresh ginger I carved from the root. An ancient sex toy. Like it?"

"Oh my God..."

"Umm, I'll take that as yes," he said as he twisted a nipple. Fiery sensations assaulted her core from two directions as he pinched and pulled at the peak, yanking gasps of pleasure-pain from her. Cream flooded from her channel but did nothing to alleviate the torment from the ginger.

Suddenly, his nipple-torture ended, and she heard him once more fumbling in the drawer. Oh please, what now? she wondered. Her awareness lingered on the edge of sharp focus and the warmth of a fuzzy space where there was only pleasure.

"Stay with me," he murmured. "I can tell by your breathing that you're about zone out on me."

"Kay," she managed.

"Stay perfectly still," he commanded. "Movement will be punished—and not with a spanking."

Her breath caught as feathers brushed over her chest. She gritted her teeth to keep from flinching away from the light touch. It swirled over one nipple then the other before sweeping

down her belly then over her pussy. He grazed her upper thighs then drew the filaments up her arms. They tickled her neck, her jaw, her ear before returning to her breast.

The sensations were almost too much to bear. Tiny aroused cries escaped her, and her fingers dug into her forearms where they crossed behind her. She was glad he couldn't see the convulsive movements as she squeezed. She wanted to obey him.

That fuzzy space beckoned, and the more she fought to stay still the stronger the pull. Perhaps again sensing her "problem" he startled her by tugging at her nipple. He set aside the feathers then returned to scrape his nails lightly down the side of her breast. After a few moments, he shifted from beneath her. Though she couldn't see him, she sensed him kneeling beside her. She groaned as his mouth settled over the nipple closest to him. He drew the taut peak into his dark cavern, flicking it with his tongue, pushing at it, scraping the edges with his teeth.

Despite his order to stay still, her back arched, feeding the mound to his hungry suckling. The sensory torture had aroused her, but now her pussy flooded at his intimate possession.

She felt him flick away the ginger, then he pulled her down to straddle his thighs.

"Reach up and remove the blindfold," he said. "I don't want to accidentally get ginger in your eyes."

She blinked as the lamplight flooded her vision. When it cleared, she found him staring at her arms. Gently, he lifted one and ran his thumb over the imprint of her fingers.

"You hurt yourself."

"I'm fine," she murmured. "Just trying to stay still."

He sighed and shook his head. Tenderly, he kissed each arm. Then he clasped her hips and lifted her onto his cock. Jenna groaned as his wide girth parted her, and she sank down onto him. He was so deep; she was so full. She loved facing him, being this close. Her hands slid up his chest then around his neck as she shifted her hips.

"You feel amazing," she sighed. Holding onto him for balance, she arched her back. It was incredibly free in his arms, like tipping way back in a swing while flying through the air. With him, she *could* fly.

His hands supported her while she tilted back and gyrated. Bending over her chest, he again drew a nipple deep in his mouth.

“Yes,” she hissed. “Oh God, I love this.” Already, she felt on the very edge of explosion. She straightened, riding him in earnest, and took his lips with hers. He pumped up into her, his pubis grinding into her clit with such perfect pleasure.

“It’s called the pillar position, from the Kama Sutra,” he gasped when they came up for breath. “I know a lot of positions...the Kama Sutra has BDSM tips in it, you know—not that it’s called that.”

“I didn’t know.” But she knew she loved this position and wanted to learn more. Would he teach her?

Her pussy clenched at the idea of being his willing student. Her belly rubbed his as they moved together.

“Jenna,” he gasped, pulling her face to his neck. He kissed her shoulder then lightly dragged his teeth over the exposed flesh.

She loved her name on his lips, and for a moment, wished she could reply with his. The thought was fleeting as the muscles in her belly suddenly sucked in, starting a cascade of contractions through her, the strongest in her cunt.

He tipped her to the floor and fucked her hard through the orgasm until he stiffened above her and bellowed his release.

“Yes,” she cried as his hot cum spilled into her. Sated and complete, she smiled. How had she gotten so lucky?

Finally, she sank into that muzzy haze that had called her so insistently. Ethereal and free, she floated while she distantly realized he was pulling from her and covering them both with an afghan. His arms were tight around her and she was safe and secure and no longer alone.

* * * *

She must have dozed in her lover’s arms because she was suddenly startled to awareness by the raucous, bubblegum beat of *Barbie Girl*, and it seemed to be coming from her phone. They were in bed, and she didn’t recall getting there.

“Is that my phone?” she asked as he chuckled.

“I suppose so. *Barbie Girl*? Really?”

“It’s my best friend’s ringtone. She’s probably freaking out. She was supposed to call me last night—I’m always there. And today we were going to drive ’cross state to the Ren Faire. I totally forgot. I better call her—can I call her?” When it came down to it, he *had* kidnapped her. Maybe it wasn’t allowed...

He studied her, and she knew he was thinking the same thing. He'd kidnapped her. Could he trust her? Was she about to blow a whistle on him?

His eyes darkened, but he nodded. "Your purse is in the top drawer of the dresser."

She leaned over and kissed him. She wanted to tell him not to worry. She'd agreed to this. But actions spoke loudest, and she decided to show him instead. And maybe, *maybe*, he'd finally tell her his name.

Mira had already left a message by the time Jenna got the phone, so Jenna dialed the voicemail to retrieve it.

"Jenna, where are you. I'm really worried. Your car's in the parking garage, but there's no sign of you. I need to hear from you, or I'm calling the police—"

Jenna disconnected the message in a panic. She had to call Mira before she did something rash like *actually* call authorities. That would be a mess.

"Hello?" Mira answered anxiously. "Where are you? Are you okay?"

"Calm down. I'm okay," Jenna soothed. She turned and looked at her lover who reclined rather tensely on the bed, watching her. She smiled, trying to reassure him.

"Where are you?"

"I'm...well, I'm with a guy. We kinda took off to have a weekend alone in the country. It's beautiful here—"

"What! Who?"

"I'll tell you about it on Monday, when we have coffee. Promise."

"Jenna, wait!"

Jenna hung up the phone then turned it off. Hopefully, she'd told Mira enough to calm her down, but she'd have a lot of explaining to do on Monday night. She tossed the phone in her purse then turned back to the gorgeous man waiting on the bed.

She pushed the drawer shut behind her and stood looking at him. Thinking of Monday made her think of what would happen sometime tomorrow night. He'd promised he'd return her home by Monday morning.

"Tell me your name," she said.

He paused, and she saw that calculating in his eyes again. "Master," he finally answered. A finger crooked at her. "Come here."

She gave a disgruntled sigh but went nonetheless. "Yes, Master," she replied through gritted teeth. He patted the mattress, and she sat beside him.

"My name doesn't matter right now," he told her. "Not for this weekend. Not for this game."

The reality closed around her heart, crushing the hope that had taken root there. This weekend was it, and it was a game.

"What if I don't want to go on without knowing?" she demanded.

His fingers trailed her arm and goose bumps raised on her flesh. Lord, how she wanted this man, name or not. It wasn't fair for her body to do this to her.

"Then say your safe word," he told her.

Tears pricked her eyes, one salty drop rolling down her cheek. She didn't want to be a game or a scene or a plaything, and she'd been stupid to allow it in the first place. What had she thought? That he'd come to love her after a weekend of hot sex and submission?

Her hands fisted in her lap.

"Sassafras."

Rob thought his heart might stop when she called his bluff, and he heard that awful, innocuous but oh-so-powerful word come from her mouth. He gave a jerky nod as reality closed in on him. He wanted to keep her forever. He'd never find another woman who touched him so deep in his soul. He'd never find someone so perfect for him.

Propping himself up on his elbow, he drew her down for one final kiss, a taste of her sweet mouth before their last goodbye. Her lips parted on a sob, and she met him, putting herself fully into the coupling of their mouths.

Her chest pressed to his as her arms wrapped tight around him.

The kiss ended all too quickly. He laid back, staring into her beautiful blue eyes, drinking in the passion he'd never see again. His throat was tight, almost too tight to speak.

"Your wish came true," he rasped. "To be kidnapped. To have a forced seduction. I hope you'll always remember this fondly. I will. I'll always want you and always remember this. I'm going to take you home now."

"No!" she begged. "I only wanted... Tell me who you are. Please... No! Please," she begged as his fingers found the pressure point in her neck. He had to be cold-hearted. He couldn't cave to her pleas. He'd told her how this would end, and he'd made a promise. His honor wouldn't allow him to act differently.

He'd been an idiot, and forever had just slipped from his fingers.

“I love you,” he whispered before her world went black. Then he set about doing what had to be done to return her home and keep her knocked out until she got there. Later, he’d beat himself up over how badly he’d screwed the pooch here. Forever without her was looking like an awfully awful long time.

Chapter Seven

Jenna sat stoically at the table in the coffee shop, stirring her artificial sweetener into her coffee. Truthfully, it was long past dissolved and mixed in. She was too deep in thought to care. The weekend haunted her. Mostly, her stupidity and headstrong nature that had compelled her to say that safe word. Why couldn't she have stayed quiet? Complied with his wishes?

She pulled her spoon from her coffee cup and dropped it on the table before she started crying again as she had all day Sunday and most of today. The tears had barely stopped since she'd woken, fully clothed and alone in her own bed. Alone in her own apartment. Alone, alone, alone... It was like a constant, forlorn echo in the back of her head, and it never went away no matter what she did.

Still, she'd called in sick, unable to face people. Only the knowledge that Mira would have a police-calling cow if she didn't show had dragged Jenna to their regular meeting.

Almost regular. Usually, Jenna only had coffee. She picked up her fork and jabbed her unusual addition. Oreo cheesecake.

"Cheesecake, Jenna? Really? Is it the apocalypse?" Mira laughed.

Jenna shrugged. "I need to gain a few pounds."

"Glory Hallelujah! It's about time you realized that. What happened to bring on this revelation?"

"Nothing."

"I know something happened. You disappeared all weekend; you look like your best friend died—and I'm alive and well. Something happened."

"Yeah..." Jenna sighed. "I met a guy. It was...intense. And as improbable as it is, I think I love him, too, but I doubt I'll see him again." Her heart wrenched as she said the words. She'd find

him. Somehow. He cared about her—she'd heard him say so before she'd completely lost consciousness. At least, she thought she'd heard him say *I love you*.

"Oh honey..." Mira murmured. Jenna looked away, unable to bear the sympathy in her friend's eyes.

"It was just a wild weekend tryst, I guess. Edgy sex and lots of memories. I'll never forget him." She gave a watery chuckle as heat rushed into her face. "But it made me realize I need to eat more and explore more..."

"Explore like how?"

A very good question. "I don't know. Maybe check out that dungeon place."

Maybe someone there would know of her lover. Better, maybe she'd see him. She couldn't imagine trying to find him by description alone. The pitying looks she'd get would be awful.

"Oh...that kind of edgy sex," Mira said quietly, realization and wonder in her tone.

"Have you...been there?" Jenna ventured, studying her friend and musing at this new side. If Mira had been to *The Dungeon*, she'd hid the secret well. But maybe she could help.

Mira shifted in her seat and stirred her coffee with a small smile that spoke of fond memories. "A few times. Just the really light stuff. I'm not into some of the heavy-hitting games over there." She gave a half-laugh. "No pun intended," she added as her phone went off, signaling a text message. She sighed. "Damn it. There's an emergency at the school. I've gotta go."

Jenna shook her head as she watched her friend take off. There were a lot of emergencies at the school where she taught lately. Jenna wondered if there might be more too it than met the eye.

She took another bite of her cheesecake, savoring the taste and thinking of the weekend. A man who wanted her to eat. That alone was sexy. But all his games—

Her blood went cold at the thought of that again. A game. It was just his game. The way he played.

She jolted as a pair of large hands fell on her shoulders. "Pick up your purse, stand and head out the door to your car. Do not look at me," a familiar voice said in her ear.

One of his hands left her, and she took another bite, feigning disinterest. He wasn't leaving here without her, but damn it, she'd cried for two days straight. As punishments might go, it was untenable. Besides, she needed to know this was important to him, too.

"Jenna," he said, his voice laced with warning. "As much as I'm glad you're finally eating—"

"You deserted me."

His breath brushed her ear as he bent close. "You said the safe word. I promised I'd take you home if you said it. Even if I don't want to, I have to keep my word."

"That's not what I wanted—"

"Then do what I said."

She closed her eyes for a moment and bit back her smile. Slowly, she put down her fork, collected her things and rose. His hand never left her as they walked, and somehow, it filled her with calm.

Her vehicle was in one of the far back spaces of the lot. She glanced at their reflections in the window, but all she saw of him was a hat. Frustrated, she opened the passenger-side door. So she couldn't see him, so she *still* didn't know his name. Just being near him would have to be enough right now. She knew the things that were important. He loved his family, he was true to his word, he cared for her and was attentive to her needs. He knew how to dominate and get his own needs filled—with her. He liked spanking and flogging, but he wasn't an unfeeling sadist. He wanted her safe and he wanted her trust. He wanted her to want him for *him*.

She could give him that.

He placed her hands on the door's frame while he kissed her neck. "I've missed you, love."

She trembled as he found the special spot that sent fire racing through her. "I was afraid I'd ever see you again."

"Do you *want* to see me? Without the mask? Or is the allure of the anonymous captor what you want? Do you want me to walk away forever and leave you—"

"What of you?" she interrupted. "Is it a game for you? One big scene?"

An arm tightened around her waist, and he pressed his face to the back of her head. For the first time, she felt him shaking with reaction to her.

"No, lord, no," he rasped. "I want so much more than sex games. Yes, I expect your submission, but no, it's not some game to me. It's my life. Life I want with you."

"You want to take over my life?" she asked, not sure she could live that sort of lifestyle twenty-four hours a day.

"No, I want you to be the strong woman you are and submit when we're getting sexual, in and out of the bedroom. Of course, I'm likely to be overbearing the rest of the time."

"We'll fight," she concluded.

"Probably. But we'll make up. And I'll spank you."

Her pussy grew damper with each rumbling, dominant word he spoke. She moaned as, under the privacy of their position against the Tracker, his hand slipped inside her scrubs and into her panties. Her head dropped back against him, her eyes closed as he stroked her. His fingers worked her clit until her legs shook with her impending release.

"Yes, I want to see you," she breathed. She wanted to feel his hands on her always. "I want to recognize you when I see you crossing the street, walking down the sidewalk toward me, spanking me...fucking me."

Two thick fingers shoved inside her, his thumb rasping over her nub.

"Oh God!" she choked then bit her lip to keep from screaming her release.

"No, 'Oh, Rob'," he murmured. "Lord, baby, I love how you fall apart in my arms."

"Me, too," she admitted. There was nothing like his big, muscular body holding her while she melted.

"I'm gonna blindfold you. Do you trust me enough to go for a ride?"

"Yes." There was no doubt. She trusted him with her body; she trusted him with her life. She definitely trusted him with her heart. He had it already.

She stood still as he put the fabric over her eyes then allowed him to help her into the vehicle and fasten her seatbelt.

"Your keys?" he asked when he was behind the wheel. "Can I get them out of your purse?"

"They should be in the front pocket." She almost laughed. He didn't ask if he could put his hands in her pants, but he asked about going in her purse? The dichotomy was something she should probably get used to. He was an odd mix of demanding and polite. She *did* smile at that. Each part of him revved her up, and she wouldn't change it.

"Your name is Rob," she said, finally realizing what he'd said as they drove.

"Rob Colvin. I own *The Dungeon*."

"Oh wow..." No wonder he knew so much about the lifestyle.

"Change your mind?"

"No." Absolutely not. "How did you know about my fantasy?"

"I do my books in the coffee shop on Monday and Thursday evenings. About five-thirty." He paused letting his revelation sink in. "In a seat by the back wall—"

"In a white button-down shirt and a red baseball cap," she interrupted.

"Bingo."

"I'm an idiot. I should have realized."

His hand stroked over her thigh then caught her fingers and squeezed. "You thought I couldn't hear because of my headphones. I leave the music off, but the phones keep people from talking to me while I work. Do you have any idea how happy I was to learn I could fulfill your fantasy?"

She was pleased he'd heard her even though it embarrassed her to know she *had been* overheard.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"The lake house. It's about forty-five minutes away."

"And I can't see the way?"

"Not this time. I have plans."

Her belly fluttered. Plans. She liked Rob's plans. So far, she'd liked them a lot. "You go there often?" she asked. "To the lake?"

"Every night," he chuckled. "It's where I live. It's where I'd like us to live, but we can talk about that in a few months."

Us... The flutter in her middle amplified to a barrage, and her breathing increased as excitement raced through her.

"Too fast?" he asked.

She shook her head. Blindly, she reached a hand for him and he caught it, bringing it to his thigh and holding it for the rest of the trip. Soon, they slowed then she sensed they pulled onto a rural road. Minutes later, he turned onto gravel. Trees brushed the vehicle, and she knew they were getting close. Her pussy clenched in anticipation when she heard a garage door open. Rob pulled inside the enclosure. She never heard the door shut.

"Slave," he said, signaling the start of their scene as he shut off the Tracker.

"Yes, Master?"

"I want you to get out, stand beside the vehicle then take off your clothes. Put them on the seat and wait for me. Do not take off your blindfold."

She nodded.

"Yes, Master," she added as an afterthought as she climbed down. Her clothes were off in moments then she felt his hands on her arms. A thick rope wrapped around her wrists, holding them together behind her back, then he hefted her over his shoulder.

She expected him to take her into the house, but instead, a cool breeze brushed over her body as he carried her outside. *Naked!*

Well, there was no one around. What did it matter?

Her heart thumped happily in her chest as she anticipated what he'd do next.

He set her on her feet. A moment later, she was bent with her torso resting on his splayed legs. She suspected he sat on the large stone at the edge of the lake. Quickly, she hid her smile against his thigh. When she'd first seen the rock, she'd envisioned this exact pose—her over his knee, him administering her punishment.

He rubbed her ass as he clicked his tongue. "So many things..."

"I'm sorry, Master," she murmured, figuring that was the requisite response. *Yes, yes, hurry up*, hardly seemed appropriate.

"Too late for that." He sighed as if put upon, but they both knew this was exactly what they wanted. "Using your safe word to manipulate me. Denying your Master the pleasure of your presence. Refusing to follow my command at the coffee shop—"

"I did!" she argued.

"Being mouthy." He clicked his tongue again. "What's a Master to do?"

"You're right. I should be punished," she conceded.

"Eager thing, aren't you?" He laughed, sliding his fingers along the crease of her ass. "God, I love that you love this."

"Yes," she moaned as his fingers pushed deeper to tease her.

"I want to hear your cries echoing on the water," he told her, giving her clit a light pinch. She whimpered and squirmed on his lap.

His arm clamped around her. "Stay still. I don't want you to get scraped up, love."

Holding her in place, he brought down his hand on her rear, and her surprised screech echoed on the lake, just as he'd wanted.

"For manipulation," he growled as his hand clapped repeatedly on her ass. Fire cascaded through her, building and building beneath the raptures of his hand on her. "For refusal and for being mouthy," he continued.

"Master," she cried, her voice carrying across the quiet waves. "Please. I'm sorry."

But she wasn't really. The fire was like lava flowing into her cunt, and her clit throbbed with heated need. Her arousal raged as his spanks continued and grew firmer.

“And especially for denying me,” he rasped, his voice a harsh rumble. His hand fell hard on her ass several more times then he stopped. Silently, he moved her to her feet, facing away from him. She knew he was staring at her punished ass. Squaring her shoulders she stood before him, her head bent and her feet parted in what she knew was a slave stance. Absently, she wondered if his handprint showed on her behind. Her ass burned, but it brought a pleasure she couldn’t describe or explain to someone who hadn’t experienced the same.

“You will behave now?” he said after several minutes.

Probably not. “Yes, Master.”

“Turn and kneel before me.”

It was awkward with her hands tied behind her, but she managed to get into the position he wanted. All she desired was to please him. Right now, anyway. She knew she’d probably piss him off plenty in the future since she liked to have her way, but that was normal between two people sharing the same space—and she intended to be in his personal space often.

Rob slid off her blindfold. She blinked up at him, taking in his sculpted features, his messy hair, his green eyes... Thank God, he was finally letting her see his face, his beautiful face. She never wanted to see that mask again.

He reached into his pocket to pull something out then leaned forward, his elbows on his knees. Whatever he’d removed remained fisted in his hand. And whatever it was, she knew it was important to their future. Her heart thundered. She didn’t dare guess what it was. She didn’t want to be disappointed. Still, her heart speculated, but she shut away any insistent hopes that he might collar her. Her lips pressed together as she fought the emotions that rioted inside her.

Wasn’t it too soon? But he had said he wanted to live together in a few months—

“Jenna Marks,” he started, interrupting her muddled thoughts. “Do you want to belong to me and let me be your Master?”

Quickly, she nodded her head. Oh lord...she’d been right. She wasn’t screwing up this time, not like the name fiasco.

“Will you do your best to get to know me over the next few months and to submit to me?”

“Yes.”

His hand opened and the ends of a wide, gold serpentine chain fell to either side of his palm. A square-cut stone, nearly the same shade as his eyes, was placed in the center of the chain,

with a thick gold loop draping beneath it. Two more loops hung to the sides of the stone, about two inches away.

Jenna's breath caught at the sight. His mark for her.

"Will you wear my collar?" he asked. "As a symbol of my possession?"

She knelt up so she was closer to him and wished her hands were free to lift her hair to allow him to put it on her immediately. "Yes, Master, I want to. I want you."

"Thank you, Jenna," he whispered. "For trusting me and giving yourself over to me."

As he put the collar on her, the weight of it on her neck settled into her soul. Right. So right. And the sound of the clasp clicking into place sounded like home. And forever.

Rob drew her into his embrace. Reaching behind her, he loosened the rope and it fell unheeded to the ground between her calves. Jenna wrapped her arms around him.

"I've missed you," she said.

"I've missed you, too, love," he replied. Neither of them acknowledged it had been less than two days. They only knew they never wanted to be apart again.

"You should kidnap me more often," she laughed. "Is this twice now?"

"You just like my kink."

She grinned. "Oh, I love more than that."

"Do you?"

"Oh yes, your cheesecake is brilliant."

"Brat!" he exclaimed, hauling her back over his shoulder and striding for the house. Doors slammed behind them as he made his way then dumped her on the bed. He crawled over her, caging her with his limbs. "I'll kidnap and spank you every day if that's what it takes to have you."

It would take a lot less than that, and they both knew it. A connection had been forged between them over the last days, a connection neither would easily break.

Jenna met his eyes, done with playing. "As long as we can be together, I don't need anything else. I just need you."

He nodded, understanding in his eyes. "And I only want you."

She touched the necklace she hoped never to remove. "You have me. My captor. My Master." She sighed dramatically. "If only someone would fuck me..."

He growled and kissed her neck, capturing her hands above her head as he settled between her legs. Her ass rubbed the blanket as he moved, and she grinned, reminded of his perfect dominance.

"I love you, Rob," she whispered.

"Oh, love." He kissed her hungrily, and she had a feeling she'd never have a fantasy go unfulfilled again.

About the Author

When it comes to books and movies, Brynn has one rule: there must be a happy ending. After that one requirement, anything goes. And it just might in her books.

She lives in Michigan with her husband and two children, who love her despite her occasional threats to smite them. They humor her and let her think she's a goddess...as long as she provides homemade chocolate chip cookies on a regular basis. Brynn has conducted workshops at several writers' conferences around the country and enjoys mentoring and meeting new people.

According to Brynn, her writing success can be attributed to an eclectic collection of music, her local road construction crews, a trusty notebook, and of course, her husband, Mr. Inspiration, who puts up with a lot in the name of research.

Brynn loves to talk to her readers and can be found at www.brynnpaulin.com.

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College math teacher, Briony Swift, lives life on the straight and narrow. After all, one plus one always equals two. But when two of her adult male students visit her office one afternoon, she soon discovers that one plus two might be a new and better equation to explore...

***Body of Art* by Bronwyn Green**

Art professor Seth Granger has two problems—an absentee life drawing models and a case of unrequited lust. Luckily his troubles have the same answer—his colleague, Dr. Callie Sullivan.

The trick will be getting her out of her clothes and into his studio...and hopefully into his bed. However, she's intent on keeping her mind on her art and ignoring him. Now he just needs to convince her she should be his body of art.

***Sense and Sensuality* by Cara Hart**

Eleanor McLaren leads a subdued life. She hates parties, avoids social interactions, and she cannot talk to men. But within the shell of her timidity lies the heart of a siren. Afraid of her own boldness, she hides her desires. Especially from the man who stars in her dreams of passionate encounters and works in her department.

Eddie Harrington has never lacked for partners in his pleasure games. But for some reason, Eleanor is the one woman he can't get out of his head. She is definitely not the type he usually pursues. Then he sees her at a bar, looking like his wildest fantasy. And one night with her is not going to be enough. The man who never commits just might have met his match-until a mistake from his past forces her to choose between trusting him or walking away.

***Sex Ed* by Mia Watts**

Mina Lasky has a pesky crush on Biology professor, Derek Link. They've worked in tandem in the same University facility long enough that even the sound of his voice makes her hot. It's time to

put the fantasy to an end. Mina signs up to be his guinea pig in a female sexuality lab for those on the doctorate track. She hopes to work Derek out of her system while enjoying some much needed sexual stimulation.

Dr. Derek Link has been itching to get his hands on the quiet, sexy Chemistry professor. He can't believe his luck when she signs up to be his lab. But one night isn't enough and Mina won't admit they can have something a lot more long term.

And when one of the students recognizes Mina, her heart isn't the only thing on the line. With her career in the hands of a blackmailer, and her heart begging to trust Derek, she's beginning to think the lab was a very bad idea.

Also available from
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***Punished* by Brynn Paulin**

Prim Natalia Cooper lives life on the straight and narrow, never veering into naughty territory. But she wants to. One night, years ago, her boyfriend gave her a few swats on the rear as part of their sex play and she loved it. She wants more. But he's long gone and she hasn't been spanked since. When she learns of a club where she can get exactly what she needs—anonynously—she's so turned on and ready she can hardly bear it.

For Ethan Tavish, *The Dungeon* has served as a place to exert his dominance without making lasting commitments. He can hardly believe his eyes when he enters the play area to find his secretary, Natalia, bent over the spanking bench in a schoolgirl uniform. They're both masked, but he'd recognize her anywhere. In an instant, he has a plan to give them what they both want... and perhaps a whole lot more.

***Red Ribbons and Blue Balls* by Tia Fanning**

After Nicolas punishes her for being naughty, the usually nice but now sexually frustrated Winter arrives at their secluded mountain cabin bearing gifts—special gifts that will ensure his submission and her revenge.

With only seven days left until Christmas, Nicolas expects to spend the night decorating the house for the approaching holiday, but Winter has other plans... Christmas might be coming, but if Winter gets her way, Nicolas won't be.

***Possessing Eleanor* by Tessie Bradford**

Eleanor Lewis is perfectly content with her comfortable, quiet, relationship free life until she finds herself on all fours at the feet of Jackson Royce. Eleanor is stunned by her instant and intense attraction to the power and confidence radiating from the devilishly handsome building contractor. He scrambles her brain and heats her body to the boiling point.

Jackson always trusts his gut instincts. The ultra sexy woman sprawled on the floor is a sexual submissive. How intriguing that the all-business, sensible shoe-wearing office manager has absolutely no idea. The moment he takes her into his embrace, he vows to possess her mind, body and soul.

From their first sizzling encounter, through a whirlwind courtship, Eleanor discovers being possessed by a man who loves her absolutely is what she had been searching for all along.

***Transparent Illusions* by Melinda Barron**

Freelance writer Saffron Tyler needs work. When she offers her journalistic skills to Steele Publications, they suggest that she spend two weeks as a submissive at Fingertip Fantasies, an exclusive BDSM resort that caters to the ultimate fantasies of any customer willing to pay for the high-end service. She's been tasked to come back with a titillating exposé guaranteed to enthrall the readers of Steele's underground magazine, *Salacious*.

But when Saffron arrives at the resort, she realizes nothing is as it seems, from the fact she doesn't know where the resort is located, or anything about the man she is submitting to—except she's to call him Master, with a capital M.

What starts out as an undercover assignment soon becomes so much more. Immersed in the lifestyle, Saffron finds herself no longer acting the role of the submissive, but actually wanting to be the perfect sub her Master believes she can be. When all is said and done, will Saffron take her experience and her story and never look back? Or will she choose to stay with the man who commands her mind, body, and soul.

***Heart of Ice* by Brynn Paulin**

Kai is perfectly unhappy with his life. Cast into a role as shop boy and forced into marriage to save his family, he sees nothing good in his future. In fact, his betrothed, Gerda, seems to hate everything he enjoys. Especially winter and his attraction to dominating his partners. His prospects look grim...until the Snow Queen arrives.

Wyn has spent her life alone, living vicariously through those who love winter. When she learns of Kai's predicament, she knows she must save him. If only she could save herself. She craves his dominance, but there's one tiny thing standing in their way. No human can touch her without experiencing chilly agony. And that might bring any relationship to an icy death.

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