

ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO



ANN JACOBS

GRIDIRON
LOVERS



Coach
Me

Coach Me

Ann Jacobs

Book 4 in the Gridiron Lovers series.

Master me, thinks Susan Anderson when she finally lays eyes on Colin Zanardi, former NFL MVP and now coach of the Savannah Rebels. He is only in town for a few days, but he's the Dom she's been dreaming of, yearning for. She just has to convince him to play with her, show him how submissive and obedient she is, and demonstrate just what she can do for that gorgeous body of his.

It's been a long time since Colin has played with a true submissive. Susan is eager to be dominated. By him. He's the perfect Master to tame her, and settling down this firecracker is a challenge Colin can't resist. He can think of so many things he wants to use on her—a sex swing, a spiderweb, a roomful of sex toys.

He'll play her scene—tie her, blindfold her, order her to pleasure him—for their mutual satisfaction. Colin is more than ready to turn this hometown party girl into his own private sex slave.

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Coach Me

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COACH ME

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NFL, NFL Network: NFL Enterprises LLC

Pee Wee football: American Youth Football, Inc.

Pillsbury Dough Boy: Pillsbury Company

Porsche: Dr. Ing. h. c. f. Porsche Aktiengesellschaft Corporation

Super Bowl: National Football League unincorporated association

Author's Notes and Glossary

I'm a rabid football fan, or rather a rabid fan of several generations of quarterbacks I've watched play on TV and in person. This fandom caused me to come up with an idea for the *Gridiron Lovers*, a series of erotic romances about four star quarterbacks who just happened to have grown up in the same small west Texas town and who went on to fame and fortune as professionals. All of these guys and their teams are fictional, and any resemblance to an actual NFL player or team past or present is purely coincidental.

The four books' titles apparently need some explanation for readers who haven't been watching games every fall since...well, for quite a few years. Suffice it to say, I've watched every Super Bowl since number three, when Broadway Joe Namath came through on his guarantee of a win for the New York Jets. I was just a baby then (wink-wink).

So here we go. Mind you, these definitions may not all be technically correct, since they're based on my personal observations and comments I've digested from the media personalities who call the games on TV every Sunday from August through December and early January. Take a minute and read these pages first, so you won't become totally confused.

Naked Bootleg. This is a play where the quarterback takes the snap, fakes a handoff to a running back but keeps the ball. He runs the opposite direction from the runner without a lineman protecting him—this makes the bootleg “naked”—and either passes to a receiver downfield or runs downfield himself. I thought it was a great play for Bobby Anthony to make during his first NFL appearance, as well as a sexy-sounding title for the first *Gridiron Lovers* book.

Forward Pass. The quarterback drops back from the line of scrimmage and throws the ball forward to an eligible receiver downfield. Eligible receivers, I think, are the

backs, tight ends and wide receivers. Keith Connors is a master of the forward pass on the field, but he's pretty hot in the bedroom, as well.

Clutch, as in *Hot in the Clutch*. A player, usually a quarterback, who's especially good at coming through with points when the team needs them most. Dave Delaney's career is almost over, but he can still be counted on for a great play in the clutch, whether it's on the field or in a woman's bed.

Coach, as in *Coach Me*. The masterminds of the game, often former players—great or average. Each team has several coaches, with the “head coach” in charge of it all. Colin Zanardi's playing days are over, but he's still in the game, not only with his team but also with the hottest of the local ladies.

Now for the glossary, which I'm putting in alphabetical order so you can refer to it as needed while you read:

Athletic waivers: a certain number of exceptions a college coach can use to recruit top athletes who don't meet minimum academic standards for the institution which are determined by a combination of high school grades and standardized test scores.

Audible: when the quarterback calls out a change of the play at the line of scrimmage.

Block: what linemen do to keep defensive players away from the quarterback, as in “throw a block” or “miss a block”.

Center: the player on the offensive line who snaps the ball to the quarterback when he's “under center” or “in the shotgun”.

Clipboard: the object that all backup quarterbacks almost always have in their hands while standing on the sidelines; a backup quarterback's assignment, as in “carry the clipboard”.

Depth chart: a chart that shows each player's status at his position—starter, second string, third string, etc.

Double coverage: two defensive players are covering (chasing) one potential receiver for the offense at the same time.

Field position: the spot on the hundred-yard field where the ball is spotted—the closer to the defense's goal, the better the field position is for the offense.

First down: when the offense starts a series or moves ten yards down the field toward the opponent's goal—can be a longer or shorter distance if penalties are involved—and is then given four more tries to make another ten yards or a touchdown, or kick the ball away.

Fumble: when the football gets loose from whatever player had it in his hands and is fair game for any player, either offensive or defensive, to pick up and claim—called a fumble recovery.

Groupie: a woman who's obsessed with professional athletes and wants any athlete, but preferably a star, for a day or night's fun and games.

Handoff: when the quarterback takes the snap from the center and immediately hands it to a running back.

Huddle: a gathering of the entire offense around the quarterback, who gives them the play the coach has sent from the sideline or via a speaker in the quarterback's helmet.

Interception: when an opposing player catches a pass, thereby causing the defense to get the ball.

Linebackers: defensive players who often break through the offensive line and go after the quarterback (there are three of them in some defenses, four in others); they also break up pass plays downfield by stopping the receivers who are trying to catch passes and/or get additional yards after catching the ball.

Line of scrimmage: the point on the football field where the ball is placed.

Nose tackle: a defensive player who lines up in front of the center, usually a huge beast of a man who opens up holes in the offense so other defensive players can get to the quarterback (Note: this assumes the defense is what's called a three-four where the nose tackle and two defensive ends line up in front, with four linebackers behind them—the setup is different, although I can't explain how, if the defense is a so-called four-three with two tackles and two defensive ends in front and three linebackers behind them).

Penalty: a misdeed on the part of an offensive or defensive player that causes the team to be penalized from five to fifteen yards, and sometimes—in the case of a penalty on the defense—to create an automatic first down for the offense. Some of the reasons penalties are imposed are for holding, roughing the passer, unnecessary roughness, illegal motion before the ball is snapped, extra man on the field, or illegal formation.

Pick-six: an interception that the defensive player runs back for a touchdown.

Punt: kick on fourth down, so the opposing team will get the ball as far as possible downfield; *punter:* the player who kicks punts.

Receiver, or wide receiver: an offensive player whose main function is to catch passes from the quarterback.

Running back: offensive player who takes handoffs from the quarterback and runs the ball, or who catches short passes “out of the backfield” and then runs for yardage.

Sack: when a defensive player gets to the quarterback before he passes the ball and throws him to the ground.

Scout team: a team of non-starting players who study and then try to duplicate the plays of an opposing team while the first team practices against them during the week before the actual game (the backup quarterback usually runs the scout team, although sometimes that job goes to the third-string guy).

Shotgun: a formation where the quarterback stands a good distance back from the center to take the snap.

Snap: the movement of the ball from the center to the quarterback.

Taking a knee: when the quarterback takes the snap and goes down on one knee instead of initiating a play as the time is winding down to zero at halftime or at the end of a game.

Three-and-out: an expression that describes an offensive series where the offense goes three snaps without getting a first down.

Tight end: offensive players who generally line up at the ends of the offensive line (if there are two of them in for the play) and who block as well as catch passes.

Turnover: the offense gives the ball to the other team because of a fumble or interception rather than after three-and-out or a touchdown.

I hope you all enjoy this series as much as I've loved putting it together. *Naked Bootleg* started it all, and it's the only book that takes place during football season, so you won't see a lot of actual playing—at least on the field—in the rest of the series.

Kick back now and enjoy *Coach Me*, the story of the hometown reunion that brings all four players back to their roots and pairs the hot, submissive reunion organizer with the former NFL star who started the tradition of Hedgecock developing generations of great pro quarterbacks.

Prologue

He might be the oldest of the Hedgecock signal callers the town would honor at the reunion next week, but he looked incredibly hot to her. For at least the hundredth time she stared at the publicity photo the Rebels had sent. The deep, decisive sound of his voice still reverberated in her ear from their latest phone conversation moments earlier.

Susan Anderson picked up the glossy eight-by-ten, traced the strong jaw, the neck that looked muscular yet not muscle bound. Yeah, Colin Zanardi deserved his spot on the cover of the souvenir program she'd just gotten back from the printer in Pecos. She loved the way his curly dark-brown hair was liberally sprinkled with silver. She fantasized that it would feel crisp against her fingers, the curl tamed by a short, no-nonsense cut.

She imagined his expressive brown eyes would turn almost black with desire. His stern-looking mouth would curve in a feral grin, and he'd tell her what he wanted from her in that voice that brooked no disobedience. Just thinking about the fact he'd be here Sunday, not just in Hedgecock but here in her house, had her pussy wet with anticipation.

Not just for a quick scratch of the itch that had driven her since her Master died two years ago. But for more.

She didn't know how she could tell from a handful of photos and a few long-distance phone conversations with the man, but she knew. Colin was a sexual Dominant or damn close to it—one who thrived on being in control. Every time they'd talked, she'd sensed more strongly that he'd drive her to the kind of sexual satisfaction she hadn't experienced for more than two years though God only knew how hard she'd tried to find it.

* * * * *

You'll be staying at my house. The reunion's got every hotel within two hundred miles booked solid.

Colin Zanardi leaned back in his desk chair at the Rebels' Savannah headquarters. He'd obviously been too damn busy lately. Otherwise he wouldn't have been half hard, wondering if Susan Anderson were as soft and submissive as she sounded on the phone.

During the last few phone calls they'd shared, the sexy widow had clearly been making a play for him. That didn't surprise him—a good many groupie types still wanted a piece of him even though he'd hung up his cleats thirteen years ago and moved over to the coaching side of football. What intrigued him was the element of raw need he heard in her voice each time they'd spoken and the hint of feminine submissiveness that appealed so strongly to his dominant nature.

For the first time since agreeing to take part in this reunion, Colin found himself actually looking forward to his first return to the tiny west Texas town since he'd graduated from high school almost thirty-two years ago.

Closing his eyes, he tried to dredge a picture of Susan from his damn near nonexistent memories of his high school years. Hell, that wasn't going to work. She'd probably changed her name when she married. Besides, since she mentioned being a former classmate of recently retired Rebels quarterback Dave Delaney, she'd have been a child when he was a teenager.

To tell the truth, Colin didn't even recall the kids he'd gone to classes with, other than having vague memories of a teammate or two, and a couple girls whose pussies he remembered better than their faces.

So Susan was about ten years Colin's junior. Not exactly his contemporary but a hell of a lot closer to it than the giggly twenty-something groupie he'd fucked a couple months ago after the Rebels had won the division championship. The woman hadn't complained. She'd given every indication that she'd enjoyed him immensely. But after

the deed was done he'd felt like a dirty old man. Since then he'd pretty much limited himself to playing at the club every once in a while with the unattached subs who worked there.

When they'd spoken on the phone earlier about Dave's upcoming wedding, Dave had mentioned Susan, hinted that she was basically a slut. But Colin hadn't gotten that impression from her during their occasional chats they'd been having since the reunion plans had been developing. Yeah, she'd been hitting on him, sort of. Maybe it was wishful thinking on his part, but he thought Susan might be a sexual submissive in desperate need of a dominant man, not just an aging groupie hungry for sex.

His balls tightened. His cock swelled painfully against the zipper of his jeans. For a long time he sat there conjuring various sexual scenarios he hoped would come to fruition next Sunday when he arrived in Hedgecock – at Susan's house.

Chapter One

Home for the reunion

Funny, Colin didn't remember a thing he'd seen the past half hour, except this junction of two blacktop roads and a square sandstone hotel with its carefully tended hedges and gardens. A photographer had set up in that garden to take pictures of his classmates at his senior prom.

Strange snippet to recall since Colin couldn't bring to mind the girl he'd escorted that night. Not her name or her face, or even whether he'd scored once the dance had ended. His three years at Hedgecock High had sped by, leaving him with few memories except for a vague feeling that he hadn't quite belonged there, that he'd been considered more a strong arm who could throw a football than a living, breathing part of the tiny community.

He hadn't been able to pack up and leave for college quickly enough once he had his diploma and his scholarship. And he'd never thought he'd be coming back someday. Not coming home, because Hedgecock had been just a stopping point in the journey between childhood and independence.

He paused at the crossroad, wondered why the hell he'd agreed to come back now, thirty-two years later, when he could as easily have written a large check to help the struggling community renovate the field where he'd played. He might have saved himself what could end up being an uncomfortable journey down memory lane.

Unlike Dave, who'd occasionally returned to see the grandmother who raised him and who now owned the small ranch where he'd grown up, Colin had no family calling him back to Hedgecock. No family period, except his old man who'd done his duty and taken him on after his mom died, and who still followed the call of black gold, most recently in an oilfield near a Mississippi town with the improbable name of Soso.

Early in life, Colin had learned it hurt too much to look back. So he'd focused clearly on the present, even more so on his future. Still, being back in west Texas where he'd gotten to know the man who'd sired him made him wonder...

Maybe he'd detour by that oilfield on the way back to Savannah and say hello. After all, the last time he'd seen his father had been in New Orleans before the Super Bowl earlier that year where they'd wolfed down coffee and beignets in the French Quarter. They were hardly anybody's idea of the ideal family—but Zeke Zanardi had stepped in after Colin's mom and stepdad died in an accident and kept Colin out of foster care when he was fourteen. And through all the years since then, the two had maintained a loose connection that neither had ever tried to tighten—maybe for fear of severing the tenuous relationship altogether.

Colin's family was his football team, whichever one he owed allegiance to for any given year. For fifteen years he'd felt the family connection more clearly while he'd been married to his team owner's daughter, but that connection had always been palpable, from the years he spent here through college and as a player in the NFL. Only recently had he started feeling the Rebels were a lousy substitute for relationships that outlasted contracts and seasons, regretting he'd opted to make football pretty much his whole life.

So here he was, back where it all had started. Memories of the years between then and now bombarded his brain in bits and pieces. Maybe he'd come back because he needed to face his past, understand who he was and why.

Don't kid yourself, Zanardi. The reason you're here is because you need to see if the woman who's put together this reunion matches the voice that's been echoing in your head since the first time she called and asked you to do this reunion thing.

Colin shifted into gear, headed down the road toward Hedgecock, toward the seductive, submissive-sounding woman whose voice had lured him where he'd sworn he'd never go again.

* * * * *

If she were a man, people would call her a sexual predator.

Dave's chuckling assessment crossed Colin's mind when he arrived at Susan Anderson's cobbled-sandstone bungalow, his bag in hand. Other than an older sedan he spotted in the detached garage, his own vintage black Porsche coupe, coated with west Texas dust from the road and parked in front of her house, was the only vehicle on the otherwise deserted block. She'd mentioned something about holding a meeting tonight about the football camp and reunion taking place the following week, but he didn't see any signs that anybody else might be inside.

He lifted the old-fashioned doorknocker and let it fall with a sharp thud. In a few seconds the door opened, framing the prettiest, sexiest-looking woman Colin had seen in a long, long time.

She greeted him with a big hug, unusual since they were practically strangers yet anything but off-putting. Her body felt good against his—soft yet firm—and she smelled of something slightly tart, a little bit flowery. He liked it, whatever it was.

"Come on in and make yourself at home," she said, holding the door open and motioning him inside. "Your room is this way."

He liked her soft-spoken, west-Texas drawl—more honest than the syrupy Savannah accents he'd been hearing the past five years and a hell of a lot sexier than the clipped East Coast speech he'd become used to during the sixteen years he'd lived in the Big Apple. Dark-haired and a knockout from head to toe, she had a mouth that would perfectly surround a man's cock.

She looked younger than he'd imagined. Not as young as a twenty-something groupie, of course. But well-preserved, with beautiful skin kissed but not baked by the fierce west Texas sun. He found her incredibly desirable.

He followed her down a hallway to what obviously was the master bedroom with a small adjoining bath. It wasn't where she slept, because the disuse was evident in spite of the smell of furniture polish and freshly laundered linens, and the bowl full of spring

flowers on top of the old-fashioned dresser. The bed itself looked comfortable, not unlike those in the hotels he'd stayed in during his week-long trips to colleges to check out potential draftees. Not a bad layout, considering the alternative, which would have been a motor home he'd considered renting for the week before she'd suggested he stay here. "This looks great. Thanks for letting me bunk in with you."

"No problem. You can unpack if you like."

"I'll do that later." Colin wanted to stay with her, see if his first impression had hit the mark.

"Fine. Come with me. You've got to be hungry after that long drive." She showed him to the living room they'd passed by when he arrived. "You can wait in here while I get you some snacks."

When she left him, he looked around. Not so much at furniture that had seen a lot of years' use as at the sensual feast she'd created.

A sweet, musky smell of burning incense swirled around his head, caught on the gentle breeze from a lazily turning ceiling fan. Colin remembered that smell, found it as arousing now as he had years ago when he'd first smelled it when he entered a posh dungeon on the upper West Side for the first time. For years he'd played sex games there every Tuesday – as long as he'd been throwing footballs the previous weekends in the Jersey Meadowlands.

The frankly sexual ambiance had Colin's nerves on edge. Not to mention what it was doing to his libido. Nothing was going to happen, though, at least not right away, if Susan had been serious about having a meeting tonight about the reunion activities. He imagined they'd have company soon. Probably not Dave, who'd just gotten married on Saturday. But Keith Connors and Bobby Anthony, the other Hedgecock High School signal callers who'd followed Colin to the NFL, would surely be at this meeting to go over details for the football camp and reunion activities scheduled for the coming week. And others who'd worked on plans for the football camp and other activities probably would show up, as well.

Colin imagined his seduction, if that were what Susan had in mind and it looked as though it was, wouldn't happen until later. Then he noticed a small, round table in an alcove framed with floor-to-ceiling windows. Set for two with a white linen tablecloth, pastel-patterned china and gleaming silverware, the table was bathed in orange-gold light from the sunset pouring through the windows. His gaze settled on a long-stemmed red rose that lay across one plate, its thorns standing out prominently against the creamy porcelain. Odd that the flower was presented that way instead of in a vase in the middle of the table the way one would expect.

But that place went not to a floral arrangement in a silver or fine china bowl, but to a fat white novena candle in a tall, round glass container, the cheap kind they sold in every mom-and-pop store in this part of the country. The candle container sat in a sturdy, black metal holder. The fact that the container held the type of low-heat, cheap paraffin candle often used in BDSM play didn't escape Colin's notice, and he glanced again at the rose, paying closer attention this time. As he suspected, Susan had stripped its leaves away, leaving the thorns accessible.

No one else was coming. His hostess had set this party up for two and done it in a way that left no doubt in Colin's mind that she wanted him to dominate her sexually. His cock rose faster than it had in years. If, as he now believed, she was a sexual submissive searching for a Dom to fulfill her needs, then he was just the man to oblige her.

* * * * *

Was he the Dom she'd been dreaming of since she'd first heard his compelling, sexy voice on the phone last fall? Susan stood in the kitchen, breathing hard. In the flesh, Colin Zanardi was every bit as hot as he'd appeared in the head shot the Rebels' PR department had sent for her to use to promote the reunion. Unlike the info sheets she'd gotten for the other three Hedgecock quarterbacks who'd gone pro, the one for Colin had left off vital statistics like height, weight, and so on. That information wasn't pertinent for coaches, she guessed, but she was happy to have learned when he showed

up at her door that he was tall enough for her to rest her head on his broad, muscular chest, and as hard and apparently fit as most men twenty years younger.

The man himself had been lost in local legend over the years. Susan had interviewed practically everyone in town who might have known Colin back in the day. It had surprised her that not even his classmates had seemed able to provide much in the way of personal anecdotes, although most had followed his successful NFL career on TV. They'd been able to tell her Colin had been a Super Bowl MVP but not what he'd done off the field or who had been his friends when they were kids. Apparently he'd been a loner who'd drifted into town just as he was starting high school and had just as suddenly gone away.

Susan didn't care. She was interested in Colin now, not in what he might have been thirty years ago when she'd been more interested in playing with dolls than with boys. If she hadn't known better, and if it hadn't been for his graying hair and the deep laugh lines etched around his dark eyes, she'd have thought he was around her own age, not ten years older.

She'd give his chiseled lips an "A" for kissability. She'd fallen in lust with his picture but he was so much hotter in the flesh. And compelling. He'd only been here a half hour but already she felt his presence—sensed his dominance. Yeah. The man was not only hot but brimming over with self-confidence. The sort of self-control she craved in a man.

Her pulse raced with anticipation. Would he recognize the signs she'd laid out? And if he saw significance in the rose, the candle or the incense, would he say something about them? She hoped he'd guess what it was she needed so desperately—what she hoped he'd want to provide.

Some of the Rebels' players who'd come to town for Dave's wedding and were staying to help out at the football camp next week had been talking last night at the café. From snippets of conversation Susan had overheard she guessed Colin might be

the “boss” they’d talked about who liked to join in sex games at the private club called Necessary Roughness. She hoped so because she wanted him to play with her.

Maybe she’d gone too far with the blatant hints. But damn it, her Master had been dead for two years. She missed the sexual games they used to play, even the ones that hurt. Especially those. Her gaze wandered briefly to the closed door that led downstairs to a room that used to house a torture chamber with imaginatively crafted toys she’d had hauled away after Donnie’s death. No one would guess now that the room had ever housed anything other than a storm cellar and a cool, dry storeroom for emergency provisions.

That room was her past, a part of her that lay buried in a thick coat of west Texas dust, a silent shrine to Donnie Anderson and what he’d meant to her. To the fact that no matter how many men she’d fucked since he’d been gone—and there had been a lot of them—she’d felt vaguely dissatisfied after leaving each one, like a dedicated chocoholic given nothing to feast on but vanilla ice cream.

Hopeful tonight would be different, she found the remote for the stereo and started her favorite music DVD. She adjusted the sound—not too loud, just a subtle background for seduction. Opening the refrigerator, she took out the plate of finger foods she’d arranged earlier. Not knowing her guest’s taste in beverages, she set a bottle of Corona and one of spring water in an ice bucket and put the bucket onto the tray with the food.

* * * * *

Mellow, sexy music, the beat slow but strong and suggestive of a languid fucking session, filled Colin’s ears as Susan came back in the front room with a tray full of food and drink. Her purple dress clung to her slender but curvy body, soft and inviting as it swirled around the prettiest bare legs he’d ogled in a long time. When she bent to set the tray on the table the dress caught in the crack of her nicely rounded ass.

No underwear. His breath caught in his throat and blood slammed into his groin.

She stood before him now, her hands clasped behind her back, head bowed in a classic pose of submission. He lowered his gaze to her full, firm breasts, the hard nubs of the nipples prominent beneath the clingy material. "What do you want, Susan?"

"You, Sir. I want you to take me, let me pleasure you."

He noted the way she addressed him then eyed the food. "Feed me," he said, grasping her chin and raising her head until he looked into her eyes that were almost black with need. "But first, tell me how deep you're into this game."

She held his gaze, smiled. "As deep as you want me to be, Sir."

With one finger he traced around her slender neck. Soft. Her skin felt like the silk scarves he might use later to bind her. "What if I wanted to lead you around town on a leash in front of everybody?" That had been a stopping point with Elise, who'd insisted he confine flaunting his ownership to the clubs and inside the Upper West Side condo that had been their home.

"I'd hope this could stay between us, but I'd follow your command...Master."

He was ready to play her game, if for no other reason than it had been a long time—too long—since he'd played with a true submissive, and she was nothing if not the most desirable woman who'd offered herself to him this way in recent memory. "Know that what I want is your pleasure, whatever it takes. If you need pain, I'll oblige you. I'm more into the mental elements of dominance, though."

Glancing over at the rose, he picked it up and brushed the petals across her cheek before raking the thorny stem lightly over her throat and shoulders, being careful not to draw blood. He noticed how her breathing became shallow and her pulse started to race at the touch of the sharp thorns to her naked skin. He smelled the female musk that rose from her cunt.

Yeah, she was into pain. More importantly, she was eager to be dominated. Colin's cock throbbed with anticipation. "Feed me."

Her motion deliberate, practiced, she dipped each shrimp into a creamy pink sauce then fed it to him, her fingers lingering near his lips after each bite. "Would you like a

drink, Master?" she asked after he'd polished off the last of the shrimp, some cherry tomatoes and bite-size pieces of spicy beef-and-bean burritos.

"Just water." Just as he'd never drunk alcohol before playing football, he didn't indulge in drinking before or during sex games. "I don't want anything to interfere with my self-control or dull the delicious sensations I'm looking forward to enjoying with you." He paused, visually sampled her as well as the fruit still on the tray. "Those strawberries look mighty good. Bite into one and feed it to me."

Fully obedient, she lowered her head. His cock tightened against the zipper of his jeans when he watched her gleaming white teeth disappearing into the stem end of a berry. Then she raised her head and brought the fruit to his lips.

He bit into the sweet, juicy berry, swallowed. He licked away the juice from her mouth and his. It tasted tart, sweet, the way he imagined she'd be. "Where do you suggest we play this scene?" He didn't see a bed or a roomy sofa, doubted she'd like being fucked on the threadbare carpet any more than he would.

"My bedroom?" Her mouth curved in a smile. Not an ounce of nervousness, no protests that he was going too fast—but then this was the woman Dave had called a female predator. Colin got the feeling that while Susan might have fucked practically every unattached adult male in Hedgecock, she hadn't found what it took to satisfy her.

Besides, he wasn't auditioning her for sainthood, and she seemed just the sort of submissive lover he needed on his first night back in the town where his career had begun so long ago. A woman like Susan, who silently reminded him in no uncertain terms that while it might have been thirty-plus years since he'd left Hedgecock and while he might be fifty years old on his next birthday, he wasn't anywhere near dead. "That will work, unless there's a club around here where you'd rather play."

"There aren't any clubs in Hedgecock. Closest one I know of's in San Antonio. But I think you'll approve of my bedroom. It's sort of a playroom, Sir."

He raised an eyebrow. "Complete with toys?"

"Depends on what you mean by toys. There aren't any racks or St. Andrew's Crosses, if that's what you mean. But a single woman has to have her toys." She looked up at him, her lips curled into a seductive smile.

"You've got a pretty mouth. I want to feel it around my cock. Later," he added when she lowered her head as if to obey him *now*. "You said when we talked on the phone that you had details to go over tonight about the reunion events. Maybe we ought to get that over with first."

"All right." Rising gracefully, she crossed to a large folding table on the other side of the room. "Come here. As they say, a picture—in this case a program—is worth a thousand words."

He came up behind her, laid his hands on her shoulders and looked down at a recently done photo of himself on the cover of a glossy, four-color souvenir program for the reunion. "Where are the other guys?"

"Inside the program. As Hedgecock's first quarterback to make the pros, you get top billing." She flipped the program over to the back cover, where a montage of action shots showed him throwing, handing off, under center, celebrating after a touchdown pass in some long-ago game. "Your team had patriotic colors—red, white and blue. That's another reason I decided you had to be my cover guy."

"Yeah." She showed him the two-page inside spreads of Dave, Keith and Bobby. "You've done a nice job putting this program together."

"Thanks. You can have this one. The first event's on Wednesday, kicking off the football camp. Your Rebels have shown up in force to help out. We appreciate it even though most of them probably came for Dave's wedding and decided to stick around for the camp."

He was glad some members of his team had shown up for Dave's wedding on Saturday, and that they seemed ready to kick back and have some fun while acting as counselors at the camp. Colin wished he could have come early instead of checking out potential players at some universities ahead of next month's NFL draft. "I'm glad so

many of them came. You and the rest of the committee have done a hell of a job, planning this reunion. I hope the school district will clear enough profits to repair the field and bleachers. It's obvious everyone in town has worked hard to make the event a success."

"Yes. We're all proud of our quarterbacks. You guys are the only things that make Hedgecock stand out from a hundred other tiny west Texas towns."

Colin set the program down. Looking at action photos taken of himself thirteen or more years ago made him feel ancient—older than he felt when he looked at the photo spreads of the other signal callers, all of whom were significantly younger than he. Hell, Bobby Anthony was young enough to be his son. Keith, too, although that would be a stretch. Only Dave belonged almost to his generation. "Turn around and hug me. Make me feel a little less decrepit."

As though she knew he needed an ego boost, Susan turned into his arms, her breath warm and sweet against his chest when she whispered, "You're not old. Just experienced. I like men who know what they're doing."

He bent, buried his face in the fragrant silk of her hair. "How do you know I know what I'm doing?"

"Instinct. There's just something about the way you look at me...the sound of your voice..."

He wanted to scoop her up, drag her to this bedroom she'd spoken about, devour her the way he hadn't done to a lover for years. Since Elise had walked out and gone home to New York less than a month after they'd moved, vowing she'd never set foot in Savannah again. "Go get that candle and the rose. Then turn the up volume on the music and show me the room where you want to play."

As he watched the fluid motion of that soft purple material against her thighs, her nicely rounded ass cheeks, the familiar heat of arousal curled around his belly, settled in his groin. Something about Susan made him feel powerful, strong—stronger than he'd felt since his playing years.

She handed him the candle then the rose. "If you'll follow me, I'll take you to my room." She paused, lowered her gaze. "Your room, Master."

"Ours." He hoped she wasn't one of those subs who got off on being called a slut or being punished for imagined misdeeds. "I'm into control, but I'm not into humiliation, just so you know."

"Thank you, Master." When he followed her into a small, sparsely furnished bedroom he closed the door then set the candle and rose on the single nightstand. He stepped back so he could watch the expression on her face as he unbuckled his belt and toed off his shoes.

"Strip for me." That low, sensual music filtered through the closed door, a sound that put him in mind of a private dungeon room, a fucking swing swaying to its beat. A woman—Susan—restrained in it while he stood watching her expressive face, fucking her slow and deep until she begged him to let her come. When she lifted that purple dress over her head and stood before him naked, head bowed, he wished that imaginary swing would materialize so he could take her on the sexual journey he'd just envisioned.

A faded pink rosebud tattooed on her smooth, hairless mound drew his gaze to her swollen clit. "Who put that there?"

"My first Master—my husband—had it done. He's been dead more than two years now." She opened the nightstand drawer, revealed some toys and a handful of wrapped condoms. "I like to come in here and play with my toys."

Colin glanced at the contents of the drawer then looked back at her gorgeous body, her full breasts, the large glittering stone in her navel. His gaze settled once more on the tattoo. Ordinarily he wasn't a fan of body art, but looking at hers made his sex rise painfully against his fly. He unzipped his jeans and drew it out, heard her gasp at first sight of his naked cock. The thick silver ring dangling from his Prince Albert piercing had a way of drawing that first response from lovers. "Lie down on the bed. Pretend

I've got you tied to the head and footboards. Don't say anything and don't move unless I tell you to."

Her cheeks flushed and her breathing quickened as she lay down and stretched both arms over her head. "Clasp your hands together." When she did, her breasts jutted out and he noticed the curved barbells in piercings just behind each nipple, imagined attaching a chain between them and tugging on it until she squirmed.

"Now your legs. Spread them as wide as you can. Make believe I'm going to tie one to each bedpost." Then he noticed the array of purple silk scarves she'd looped around the gleaming brass footboard. "Only it's not make-believe, is it?" Quickly he secured a scarf to either side of the bed frame at the level of her luscious hips.

Because he'd told her not to speak she shook her head. His big hands were surprisingly gentle as he picked up one foot, caressed it then positioned it next to her hip and tied it with a knot that let her know this wasn't the first time he'd bound a sub. He repeated the action with her other foot then stood back, giving her a good look at his huge, circumcised cock with that thick, silver ring threaded through its glistening eye. Its weight did nothing to pull down his rigid flesh that stood straight up against his washboard abs. When she thought of him ramming that monster tool in her cunt...her mouth...even up her ass, her mouth went dry.

"Spread your legs. I want to see if you're wet for me." When she bent her knees until they touched the cool, clean sheet he paused, ran his fingers over her swollen sex then brought them to his lips. "Oh, yeah. You're hot already. I can smell your arousal from here." His gaze settled between her legs, but he reached into the nightstand drawer and fumbled for the toy he wanted. She had to bite her tongue to keep from moaning out loud when he used her cunt to lube the butt plug then worked it slowly, tantalizingly, up her ass. Before she could think, he slid her dong-shaped vibrator into her wet, throbbing cunt and turned it on.

“God but you make me hot.” He moved, more scarves in his hand. “I’m gonna blindfold you so you’ll concentrate on the sensations and sounds.” Eager to follow his order, she raised her head so he could tie a folded scarf over her eyes. Expecting him to tie her hands as well, she held them as high as she could above her head, but he only traced the shape of her lips with a finger. “I want your luscious mouth on my cock. Now.”

Facing toward her vibrating cunt, he straddled her face, surrounding her with the heady smell of aroused male as he fed her his long, thick sex inch by inch until she was swallowing convulsively around the rigid flesh and the even harder ring embedded in its tip. Sensations rushed through her, a gagging sensation that brought more pleasure than pain, the tickling of his neatly trimmed pubic hair on her nose, her lips. When he tugged at her nipples and rotated the barbells with his fingers, sharp sensations invaded her, spread along highly sensitized nerve endings to her cunt, her ass.

She wanted to come but she didn’t dare. Not until he gave her permission. Sucking harder, swallowing, she tried to concentrate on the heat and tickling sensation of his muscular thighs against her ears and face, the accelerating cadence of his breathing. But she couldn’t ignore the vibrations in her cunt, or the sense of stretching and almost unbearable fullness in her ass. He reached for the nightstand again, she guessed from the shifting motion of the bed.

“Something tells me you like wax play. Much as I’d like to pleasure you that way, I won’t do it without taking proper precautions and I don’t see a way to do that here. For now you’ll have to be satisfied with feeling me smooth warm wax onto you. I figure that if it’s too hot for my fingers, it’s too hot for your soft, precious skin. Your safe word is ‘candle’.” When he warned her, she gasped against his cock then sucked him harder

“Oh, yeah. Suck me.” Susan held her breath, waiting for the sharp pain her Master had imprinted on her brain and wondering where the wax would fall. She anticipated the burning pain and delicious pleasure she hadn’t experienced since Donnie used to

coat her intimate flesh in molten wax. God but that had given her the most intense pleasure-pain she'd ever experienced.

But the wax wasn't terribly hot when Colin placed some on the tip of her nipple. The way he did it, though, the tiny sting sent needles of sensation almost as intense as if he'd dropped hot, melted wax directly onto her most sensitive flesh. She tightened her lips around his cock to keep from screaming at the intense feelings, feelings as much emotional as physical.

She kept sucking his cock, exploring the rigid, smooth flesh with her tongue as she braced herself for the wax to heat her other nipple, but it didn't. Instead he molded a palm full of the cooling wax around that same nipple, his touch soothing yet incredibly arousing. "Like that, do you?"

She couldn't answer. Didn't have to. The next sensation she had was of that wax in his hot palm landing on her clit and along her inner labia to where the vibrator base stopped it. Omigod! It hurt, not so much a living, breathing pain as one remembered from the past, triggered by the diluted sensation of slick, oily heat molding itself to her swollen clit, heightening the arousal. It hurt so damn good. Especially his long, agile fingers, smoothing and massaging the cooling wax against her clit, her mound.

"Babe, I've got to fuck you now." He sounded as though he were the one being tortured as he pulled out of her mouth and shifted on the bed. He was breathing hard by the time he withdrew the vibrator and reached in the drawer again. "I'm putting on a condom."

He knelt between her legs and removed the butt plug. When he sank into her cunt for the first time, she almost came. He was so...so big, so hot, so fucking alive. Yet gentle. Almost as if she were a virgin, he fucked her slowly, a little at a time until she felt his balls bouncing against her cunt lips. God but he stretched her until it hurt—a delicious hurt that had every cell in her body screaming for release. She shifted as much as she could, trying to take him deeper, seeking the climax that hung just outside her reach.

Because he hadn't told her she could come, she clamped down on her own lips. If she hadn't, she'd have begged him for release. Then she felt him shudder, felt his hot cock shuddering in her cunt.

"Come, baby. Come for me now or it will be too late."

She let go as he took her lips, captured her screams in his mouth. His body shook when he sank hard into her and came in hot, staccato bursts of semen she felt against the mouth of her womb, even through the latex barrier.

After what could have been a minute or an hour—she didn't know—he withdrew. But he didn't release her bonds. Instead he lay between her legs, his mouth on her flesh, licking and nipping at her pussy lips, her mound, her tingling wax-covered clit until he closed his mouth over her cunt and tongue-fucked her until she was ready to come again.

Then he peeled off the wax, ever so gently. "Tell me about this." He traced the rose tattoo with one finger. Though he spoke softly, it was nonetheless a demand.

Her voice felt as if she hadn't spoken in years, as though Colin's cock had left a permanent impression on her throat. "It was a wedding present, twenty-one years ago. My Master had it done after he shaved my pussy the first time. Said he didn't like hair there, but he didn't want me looking plain."

Colin turned his head, tongued the flower above her clit. "I like it. I don't like that somebody else had it done to you. Tell me about him."

"He claimed me as his slave when I was just eighteen. He was fifty-two at the time. But he gave me what no vanilla lover ever had—the feeling of being his property, of being loved and cared for. Of being safe. He taught me to like the kink. To expect it, but most of all to want to give him back all the pleasure he gave me." In the dark, blindfolded, she could almost imagine Donnie was back, until she felt Colin's hard-muscled body, his massive sex, which didn't need a lot of encouragement to get it up and going. "I loved him. When he died two years ago, I wished I could have gone with him."

"Did he have your nipples and navel pierced, too?"

"No." She reached down, sank her fingers into his hair. "I had the piercings done when I was in high school, as I'm sure Dave Delaney and all the other boys at school can attest to. Until Donnie took me and gave me what I needed, I developed a well-deserved reputation as a slut. Some folks say I've become one again since he died."

"So you haven't found another Dom?" His warm breath tickled her clit, made it long for his mouth.

"Not until now." Susan stroked Colin's head, liked the feel of his crisp, short hair beneath her fingers. "Donnie was bald. Had just a little ring of hair around here. He used to make me shave his head every day. Thought he looked better completely bald."

Colin fingered her cunt, his touch teasing. "I haven't shaved my head for years, since my ex-wife wanted me to do it for a club scene back in New York. I figure, since my ancestors provided me a full head of hair, I probably ought to keep it. Maybe I'll shave it all off when I turn completely gray."

"I like your hair the way it is. There's always hair dye if you don't like gray hair. I've never done much club play, so nobody's ever given me the impression that all Doms have to wear black leather and shave their heads."

"Good. I'm not much into black leather, although I've got a mask, a pair of chaps and a Gates of Hell that I sometimes put on for club scenes. I am a Dom, though. I've always thought that involved more what's inside my head than the trappings some Doms adopt to define themselves. Take off the blindfold now and toss me a couple of those pillows. This time I want you to see who's claiming you." When he sat back on his heels, she met his hot, passionate gaze as she handed him the pillows. "Damn it, you're the most gorgeous submissive I've ever had."

Susan had seen pictures of Elise Zanardi, Colin's beautiful former wife and daughter of one of the owners of the team he'd played for. She'd looked them up on the internet after learning Colin would be coming back to Hedgecock for the reunion. "I

doubt that, Master. But thank you anyhow.” When he slapped her thigh lightly, she raised her hips so he could position the pillows beneath her butt.

He traced around her rear hole with his finger, frowned. “Where’s the bathroom?”

“First door to your left. Would you like me to help?” She wanted to kneel at his feet and taste his semen, cleanse his massive cock with her mouth then with a warm, wet washcloth.

His smile could have lit up a football field. “Nope. Just stay here. Think about how your ass will feel, stuffed with my cock. It isn’t your ass, though, it’s mine. I own your mouth and your cunt, and I intend to own this, too.” He stroked around her rim once more than got up and left.

* * * * *

Colin got rid of the condom and rinsed off. Then he got naked, wanting to feel the sub he’d just claimed, skin to skin. He glanced in the mirror, a critical look that reassured him his taut, conditioned body hadn’t suddenly gone to hell since he’d showered and shaved at the hotel in Midland that morning. Then the smooth ring dangling from his cock caught his eye. He’d had the piercing since college, more specifically since a drunken fraternity road trip that had included a group visit to a Dallas piercing and tattoo parlor. Over the years he’d fucked women’s asses, even Elise’s, with the ring in place. But Susan had felt damn tight when he’d inserted that butt plug. The ring might savage her tender tissue. Sitting on the closed toilet seat, he released the captive bead and worked the metal around and out. For some reason the familiar act reminded him how he used to remove the ring when he dressed before every game.

He’d done that to prevent injury to himself. Now he wanted to keep from hurting Susan. He’d get her to put it back in. Later. Standing and setting it on the vanity, he made his way back to the playroom. And his new, beautifully submissive lover.

She hadn't moved a muscle. His gaze settled on her glistening slit, her tempting rear hole now fully accessible. For the first time he noticed that the slender stem of her rose tattoo wound around her clit and seemed to disappear inside her slick, wet cunt. His balls tightened, and his cock reared straight up against his belly.

Fuck, it was crazy, the way she made him rock-hard without him touching her—even after he'd come in her less than a half-hour ago. He moved to the side of the bed, bent, claimed her mouth and tasted it with his tongue. Her breathing was ragged, her pulse rapid, as though she knew what was coming and wanted it, the pain and the pleasure.

"I took the ring out of my cock." He whispered it near her lips, watched her eyes tear up. Relief? Disappointment? "Didn't want to risk hurting you. You can put it back in. Later."

She nodded, laid one hand on his upper arm.

"You may talk if you want to, baby." He wanted to hear her voice, needed her to tell him what was going through her pretty head. "Wanna see?"

"I'd be honored to taste." She smiled up at him then glanced around his arm at his erection. "You're one gorgeous man, and not just your big, beautiful cock. Any woman would be proud to call you Master."

"Keep that in mind for later." Colin wasn't ready to put the thought in words just yet, but he was already thinking he didn't mean the claiming to be for just while he was here. He let himself imagine taking her back to Savannah, dominating her in every way a man could dominate one woman, going to sleep with her and waking up to find her mouth on his morning erection, servicing him with a smile. Taking her to play at the club, indulging her fetish for wax play while restraining her on the spiderweb, the fucking swing...

Strangely, he didn't envision sharing her though he'd gotten off on threesomes for the nearly twenty years he'd been married to Elise. Maybe that would change later, when the new wore off. Now he wanted all of Susan. Her mouth, her cunt...her tight

little ass. He kissed her again, tongue-fucking her luscious mouth as he enjoyed the way her small hands dug into his shoulders and her hot, wet pussy cradled his hard-on. When he finally broke the kiss he took a couple of condoms and some lubricant from the drawer.

Seeing a cock-shaped gag toward the back of the drawer, he took it out, too. "Open your mouth for me."

Perfectly compliant, she did, and he inserted the gag, securing it with elastic bands that went around her head. "Your safe word won't do much good right now. Jerk on my hair if I hurt you too much. I want your pleasure, and I only want to inflict the degree of pain it takes to make it good for you."

Then he bent and kissed her clit before reinserting her vibrator and setting it in motion. "Sexy baby, aren't you?" Kneeling then sliding his knees to the sides of the pillows under her butt cheeks, he rolled on a condom then opened the lubricant and smeared it over himself. For good measure he worked two heavily lubricated fingers up her ass.

For a minute he petted her clit, traced around the vibrator and along her wet, slick slit to her tight little asshole. It glistened, beckoned him. Another time he'd rim her with his tongue but now he needed to get inside her. He removed his fingers, wiped away the excess lube and carefully positioned his cock. Then he pressed forward. God but she was so tight it hurt him when he penetrated her anal sphincter.

When he looked up at her, tears flowed from her eyes and she moaned softly around the gag. But she didn't pull his hair or try to talk around the gag. Her flesh slowly relaxed around him, let him move deeper. She felt like heaven and hell. The vibrator in her cunt sent its sensations through the thin wall of tissue that separated the two chambers, made him desperate to come.

The tone of her moaning changed. Her inner muscles gripped him in a rhythmic motion and she started raising her hips to meet his thrusts. Her nipples stood firm and pebbled in front of the gleaming barbells, beckoning his hands. He cupped her full

breasts, caught both her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. Squeezed hard when the tight muscles in her ass clamped down on his cock. "Yeah, baby, fuck me like this."

He'd already come once tonight and he was nearly fifty years old. He should be wrung out and hung to dry, but damn if she didn't make him feel as sexually powerful as he'd been twenty years ago. Wanting to slow down, enjoy the incredible sensations, he bent and licked the tops of her breasts, her throat. Pulling on her nipples, he brought them to his lips and sucked them, liking the alien feel of the jewelry against his lips and tongue.

Her hands tightened on his shoulders, caressing him, using him for leverage while she lifted her hips higher, harder until his balls were bouncing against her butt.

He couldn't take any more. "Stop!"

Though she lay beneath him trembling, she obeyed his order but she shot him a questioning look.

"Take out the vibrator. Now."

While she did, he pulled out of her rear hole, changed condoms and released the scarves from her legs. Jerking the pillow out from under her, he slid into her cunt. "My cunt is where I want to come. Wrap these gorgeous legs around my waist."

The slapping sounds of his balls against her ass surrounded them. Looking at her beautiful mouth stretched around the gag and her glistening nipples red from his attention almost made him come, but it was the feel of her practiced vaginal muscles caressing his cock and the heady smells and tastes of him and her and sex on his tongue that made him think of collars. Long-term ties he'd vowed never to consider again after Elise.

"My beautiful slave," he murmured when he watched her come, her muffled moans setting off his own climax.

He'd never before thought he might want children, but he wished as he came in the rubber that he could make her pregnant before it was too late for both of them. A damn

crazy thought, for certain, but it lingered in the back of his mind as she lay curled in his arms.

Chapter Two

When they got up to shower later, Colin draped his arm around Susan's waist. Though the distance from the bed to the bathroom wasn't more than twenty feet, he stopped twice to lift her chin and take her mouth. Not ravenous kisses but ones that seemed to convey tenderness, a sort of caring that went beyond sexual satisfaction. He turned on the water and adjusted the temperature before holding out his hand and bringing her beside him under the soft, warm spray.

He took the shampoo, lathered her hair then rinsed the sweet-smelling foam away. "You please me more than I'd dreamed might be possible at this point in my life." His admission sounded raw, as though it came straight from his heart.

Dared she hope for more than this wonderful week with a sexual Dominant who could bring her to submission and blissful pleasure, not to mention the hottest man who'd ever fucked her? Colin had to be her wildest fantasy come true. "You please me, too, Master." She'd have said more, told him how she'd love to be his full-time slave—24/7 if that was what he needed.

But he scared her, not by what he demanded, but by who he was. Unlike Donnie, he was rich and powerful, former all-pro quarterback and now head coach of the Savannah Rebels. On top of that, he had a face and body guaranteed to attract every woman with eyes and active hormones. Colin could have any woman he wanted, any time or place.

She was Hedgecock's teenage slut who'd grown up and stayed in town, spent twenty years with one Master. Worse, she'd sampled way more than her share of men while seeking the elusive pleasure she'd hadn't found since Donnie's death. Until tonight.

Colin bent and lifted her wet hair, kissed the back of her neck. "What's the matter, baby?"

He had to have heard about her reputation. She recalled hitting on Dave Delaney at Keith and Tina's wedding, figured Dave had probably told Colin. If he hadn't, there were a few local assholes who'd tried to hit on her and didn't mind calling her all sorts of names because she'd told the disgusting creatures no. "Since my Master died I've fucked a lot of men. I was looking for..."

Colin reached around her, brought her closer until they stood, spoon fashion, her back flush against his hard-muscled chest. Water cascaded over them. "You were looking for me. As long as we're together you won't need to look any farther to find satisfaction. Understand?"

"Yes. I'm yours. Only yours, as long as you want me." If he'd been Donnie, she'd have gone to her knees, kissed his feet, hoped he'd force her head down onto his cock, use his favorite flogger on her back. But Colin wasn't her old Master. And Susan had the feeling he expected only her simple assurance that she was his. His and no one else's unless he chose to share her.

"Good. Let's dry off and go back to bed." He shut off the water and dried them then handed her the thick, smooth, surprisingly lightweight piece of jewelry he'd taken out of his beautiful cock. "I'll let you put that back in now."

* * * * *

The next morning Colin woke first and looked at Susan. Her dark, silky hair tickled his arm, reminding him she was very real and not an incredibly arousing dream. She shifted toward him and laid her hand gently on his thigh. Her small hand looked pale against his deeply tanned skin.

He'd claimed her as his submissive. But he wanted more.

Full-time enslavement? It was too soon. Still he felt as strongly now that he wanted Susan as he had years ago when he'd first seen Elise at a team party, all glitter and pale gold from the top of her gleaming head to the hem of the skin-tight sheath gown that

had brushed her ankles. A trophy, only not for the glass case in his game room but for his bed.

He'd had to claim Elise back then. He felt the same way about Susan now.

Not that Susan was a team owner's daughter, or that by claiming her he'd earn the respect and admiration of the team or his fellow coaches. Certainly not in a town where she admitted she'd sought but not found the man who could fill a gaping void in her life. But Colin had the feeling he'd find something more in her sweet, submissive arms. Satisfaction, not just the sexual kind, but something more. He sensed he could come home to her every night and feel the same way every day for the rest of his life.

She shifted, came closer as though to absorb his body heat. "Good morning, little one," he said, nuzzling her hair and laying a hand on her thigh. "Let's go have breakfast at the café. I want to show you off, make my guys jealous."

"All right." He lay back against the pillows and watched her scurry around the room. She hesitated then chose a long khaki skirt and tailored shirt from the closet. From a dresser drawer she fished out a lacy pink bra and matching bikini panties.

Good. He didn't want her sashaying around town with a bare ass, even if he'd be the only one who'd know she was naked beneath the casual, inexpensive outfit. And he approved her choice of the long skirt because he didn't want her giving his players the pleasure of ogling her gorgeous legs.

"I'd better go grab some clean clothes, too." The jeans and shirt he'd worn yesterday probably looked as though he'd slept in them, or tossed them heedlessly to a wet bathroom floor, which he'd done in his hurry to get back to Susan.

* * * * *

She loved the way Colin held her hand when they walked into the café and later, while they moseyed down the dusty main street to the school so she could check out arrangements with Melanie Tate and the other local people who were helping with final preparations for the festivities.

"So how did you manage to get all this done?" Colin sounded impressed.

"Teamwork. Same way I imagine you got your team all the way to the Super Bowl last season. We—that is, everybody in Hedgecock—know that we have to make this reunion a success to raise money. If we don't, the bleachers and athletic fields will fall apart any day now and somebody will get hurt."

He glanced over toward the fields, grinned. "You know, until you asked me to come to this reunion, I hadn't thought about Hedgecock for years. Being here again brings back memories that must have been buried in the back of my mind."

"Good ones, I hope."

He grinned but she noticed a faraway look in his deep brown eyes. "Mostly. It gives a kid a rush, having everybody think he's good at a sport, particularly at a position that's as visible as quarterback. Because I'd had to leave San Antonio and move in with my dad after Mom got killed, the high I got from being the hometown football hero here was probably less pronounced than it would have been if I'd lived here all my life, grown up playing with my teammates. Not to mention that Dad wasn't one to lay roots anywhere. I knew that when his work was done, we'd be moving on, so Hedgecock was just a stopping point for me. I never let it feel like home."

"Like Dave and the others did?" Though Susan had put together brief bios about all the quarterbacks' high school careers, her interest almost from the first had been for Colin. Not because he'd been the first of the four to play in the NFL, but because his handsome face had captivated her from the first glimpse she'd had of his photo. He was even better in person than he'd been in her late-night fantasies.

"I guess." He headed toward the field, practically dragging her along with him as she struggled to match his long, decisive stride. Next to the rusty bleachers now, he stopped in his tracks. "Jesus. These bleachers are disasters waiting to happen. I had no idea they were this bad."

"Time tends to do a number on metal, especially when it's outside in the sun and rain. According to the research Mel did into old school records, these bleachers were

built years before you were born. By the way, Mel is Bobby's mom. She and Cal Tate got married last fall. All of us, and Dave, went to high school around the same time."

As though mesmerized, Colin stepped away, toward the field where he'd started his long, storied career. "Coach Williams taught me how to throw out here. I set up a similar arrangement to that for my quarterbacks to use in Savannah to improve their accuracy," he said, gesturing toward the series of barrel staves hung sideways on ropes suspended from the goalposts. "Of course I had the staves fabricated from stainless steel and hung from posts on one end of a practice field. I have trouble imagining the school district not having taken better care of the facilities over the years."

"Hedgecock has had hard times. The oil fields have pretty much played out. Droughts have taken a toll on the cattle industry. A lot of folks have moved away over the past few years." She paused then met Colin's gaze. "Cal's family has owned the bank here for generations, and he kept digging into his pockets as long as he could. He's the one who came up with the idea for a reunion."

"I had no idea things were that bad."

"You'd have had no reason to know."

Colin shook his head. "I'm glad you persuaded me to come back. With a little luck, the football camp and reunion activities will bring in a bundle."

"We're keeping our fingers crossed." Susan thought about the throwing competition Cal had set up for Saturday, along with some other football-related activities to amuse attendees and hopefully separate them from their money. "I bet you've been out there on the field in Savannah, practicing for the competition coming up on Saturday."

"You're right. It surprised the hell out of me, finding out I can still throw a football seventy yards, given a brisk tailwind and a lot of luck." He turned to her, grinned. In workout shorts and a Rebels jersey that showed off his muscular legs and arms, he looked as if he could go out on that field and get back into the game if he wanted to.

"I'm not the sort of guy who'd let himself get shown up too badly by the younger guys. Did you think I would be?"

"No, Master." She said it quietly, in case the bleachers had ears. "The consensus around here is that Bobby Anthony will win the throwing competition, though. Guess it's because folks remember him best."

"It's because Bobby's the biggest and youngest of us, and he's got the strongest arm. He won't win, though, because he throws a little bit wild. Not that he won't improve with practice—he's damn good for a rookie. He's got a great career ahead of him if he manages to stay healthy down in Orlando." Colin paused, frowned. "Right now Keith is more accurate and has almost as strong an arm. Dave is, too, only he's going to be hampered by that injury to his knee."

"I'm putting my bet on you."

He laughed and drew her up close to his side. "As my perfect little sub should. Seriously, Keith would be the best bet to win. Unless..."

Colin had a wistful look on his handsome face when he looked at the barrel staves.

"Why'd you retire when you did?" He'd only been thirty-seven, and as far as she knew he hadn't suffered a career-ending injury the way Dave had in the last Super Bowl.

"I wanted to go out on top, not hang on until my father-in-law and my teammates started praying I'd retire. I'm glad I did, because I don't suffer constant pain the way a lot of former players do." He paused. "I was lucky never to get any serious injuries. Even luckier that I had the best offensive line in the game protecting my ass. I still send presents to those guys every Christmas."

"And well you should, since they took care of you so well. It thrills me to know you're still in one very hot piece. Master."

He drew her into his arms, bent and kissed her. "Want to go play under the bleachers?"

"You've got to be kidding. There's an inch-thick layer of rust you're asking me to get embedded in my backside. Not to mention it's broad daylight."

"I'd let you lay your pretty butt on my letter jacket. If I still had it, that is." His teasing tone let her know he wasn't serious.

"Okay." She looked up at him. "Uh-oh. Here come Dave and Diane. They've got his dog with them."

"She looks like Keith." Colin made no move to let Susan step out of his loose embrace.

"Daisy?"

He laughed. "No, silly. Diane."

"Don't you mean Keith looks like her? She's older."

"She looks well enough preserved to me, but she's nowhere near as gorgeous as you." Colin nuzzled her neck. "Weren't you two pals when you were kids?" he asked.

"Diane hated me, just like all the other girls who thought I was a slut. Most likely she still does, especially since I tried to hit on Dave at Keith and Tina's wedding." Susan couldn't help the twinge of regret that admission cost her. "You might not want to be seen cozying up to me."

"I couldn't care less what anybody might think. I'm with the hottest woman in Hedgecock and I want everybody to know it. Come here." When he ordered it, she had no choice but to tilt her head, wrap her arms around her Master's muscular neck and surrender to his deep, passionate kiss.

"Hey, coach, take it to your bedroom," Dave said as he and Diane came up and joined them. "Want to get in a little practice?"

Colin shot a dubious look at Dave. "Don't tell me you think you're in any shape for throwing. Hadn't you better take your bride home and play with her?"

"Soon enough, pal. Seriously, I don't want to make a fool of myself out there on Saturday. Come on, let's toss a few balls, work the kinks out. Daisy, you stay here and

keep the girls company.” The sooty poodle sat on her haunches, an expectant look on her face.

Dave reached in his pocket and fished out a treat for her and was rewarded with a wiggle and a “woof”.

“She still minds you,” Colin said, shaking his head. “Never thought I’d let a dog on the practice field until you showed me she’s fully under your control.”

“Gotta control somebody. It’s for sure I don’t have your talent for controlling my women. Let’s go see if we can still throw.”

When the two went out on the field, Colin towing the wheeled box full of footballs Diane had been pulling behind her, Susan and Diane stood staring at one another. An uneasy silence settled between them. Finally Susan couldn’t stand it any longer. “Congratulations on your marriage.”

Diane managed a stiff smile. “Thank you.”

This wasn’t going to be easy. Maybe it was best that they just watched the guys. Turning toward the field, Susan saw Dave and Colin throwing a ball back and forth. With each throw Colin moved farther back. “Both of them look good,” Susan commented, to break the silence.

“Yes. They do. I know the competition on Saturday’s just for fun, but I don’t think Dave has it in him to go out and not try his best to win.” Diane frowned. “I remember seeing Colin play here when I was little. Dad used to take me to all his games. It looks as though he’s as determined as Dave not to let Keith and Bobby show him up too badly.”

“He told me he’s been practicing ever since he agreed to take part in the competition.” To Susan, it seemed Colin had the edge on Dave, but she knew she was prejudiced. “Dave looks good, too, but then he hasn’t been retired for twelve or thirteen years.”

An uncomfortable silence settled over them again, and for a long time they focused their attention on what the guys were doing.

Susan couldn't stand it any longer. "Look, Diane, I know how you must feel toward me. I wish we could be friends. I'm damn sorry I made a play for Dave at your brother's wedding."

Diane turned, met her gaze. "I'd still be mad if I weren't so happy. I just wish this reunion weren't delaying our honeymoon." She paused, as if she was trying to decide whether to say more. "It looks like you've latched on to Colin. Don't hurt him the way you have so many men since your husband died." As though she'd said all she intended to say, she bent and scratched Daisy's curly topknot.

"I won't." The only person who'd be hurt was Susan herself, when Colin decided he didn't want her anymore. "Look, Diane. There are qualities I need in a man, things you wouldn't understand. I haven't found them since Donnie died – until now."

Diane shrugged. "Looks as though the guys are about to have some company."

Keith and Bobby were crossing the field with their wives. Keith was riding his son on his shoulders then laughingly set the toddler down next to Tina. When the men veered off toward the field, Tina and Marly followed little Jack as he toddled toward the bleachers. "That's right, go to Aunt Diane," Tina told the little guy when he made a beeline for Diane and latched on to her jeans-clad leg.

The kid was precious, with blond hair, blue eyes and a huge smile. Susan watched him play, wondered...

Since he'd already had grown children he hardly ever saw by the time he'd married Susan, Donnie hadn't wanted any more kids. She hadn't minded, or at least she'd never admitted it even to herself. Now, though, she wondered. Must be her biological clock ticking, reminding her of the fact she'd be forty in three more months. Colin and his ex-wife hadn't had children, either, she'd learned from reading about him on the internet. Would he want –

Don't even think about it, idiot. But Susan couldn't help dreaming, imagining them not only as Master and slave but as a family. When Bobby's wife Marly said something

about her and Bobby deciding to wait awhile before having kids, Susan wished she had the luxury of time.

When she glanced out at the guys, she noticed they'd moved close to the four corners of the field and were throwing in earnest, not just lobbing the ball around. Colin caught a laser shot from Bobby then launched a perfect spiral to Keith. "They'd better be careful out there."

"Nobody's wearing gloves," Marly observed. "If they don't take it easy, somebody's gonna end up with a broken finger."

"Oh, my, I hope not. Jack, no!" Tina ran to the bleachers, lifted the toddler off the rusty bottom row then nuzzled his chubby cheek as she rejoined the other women. Setting him down next to her, she said, "Now you stay right here, sweetie."

Marly, apparently the most fanatical football fan of the four, kept her eyes glued on the men. "That's amazing."

Diane shot her an amused grin. "What's so amazing?"

"Coach Zanardi hasn't played for years but he can still throw almost as hard as Bobby."

Diane smiled. "Dave says it's not the arms that usually go, it's their legs that make them give up playing. I wonder who'll win the competition."

"Colin told me he'd bet on Keith," Susan said. "But it looks to me like they're pretty even."

Marly watched a minute then turned back to the others. "Bobby throws the hardest."

Not wanting to burst the hot little cheerleader's bubble, Susan didn't pass along what Colin had said about Bobby's uncertain accuracy. "They're just playing around. We'll have to wait 'til Saturday to see who's going to win the competition."

She wished Cal Tate, who'd organized the sports part of the reunion events, would have agreed to go out there and try his own hand at the passing contest. After all, he'd

been a Hedgecock County High School quarterback right after Dave, and he'd earned a football scholarship, too.

"Is Cal going to throw with them?" Diane, who'd been a year ahead of Susan in school, voiced the same question Susan had asked Cal months earlier.

"No. Mel and I asked him when we were planning the competition, but he said he hadn't picked up a football since he got hurt in college, other than to play around with his sons. Pity. We might have had five Hedgecock quarterbacks go to the NFL."

"If Mr. Tate had gone pro, who would have run the bank? It's been in his family for years and years." Tina picked Jack up again when he started to fuss, rocked him against her body. "There, sweetie, I know it's past time for your nap."

About then the guys quit showing off. Or did they? Other than Dave, they all seemed to be racing for the closer of the two goalposts, Bobby in the lead. Colin wasn't more than a step behind. Crazy. That's what he was. Susan shook her head, figured she'd be spending the afternoon massaging the muscles Colin had probably strained in his determination to keep up.

Limping along at a leisurely pace, Dave brought up the rear. At least he hadn't gone insane. But then Susan had seen him using crutches as recently as last week. He probably had no business being out there at all, considering his recently repaired knee.

"I guess Keith didn't feel like pushing it." Marly grinned at Bobby when he joined them, and she did a little double take when Colin came up and took Susan in his arms.

"That's not it at all," Diane offered. "My little brother doesn't run unless a three-hundred-pound defensive end—or maybe a bull—is bearing down on him."

Keith kissed Tina then hoisted Jack high above his head. "I beat your brand-new husband, didn't I?" he asked Diane, and she made a funny face at him. "Bet I could get away from Bullyboy, too."

From what Susan had heard, the aging bull Diane's son kept as a pet wouldn't give anybody much of a fight, so she laughed when Dave protested that he wouldn't give the animal a shot at him.

They all seemed to enjoy the friendly banter, even Dave who took a ribbing for having tired himself out since his wedding two days earlier. Susan figured as they split up and walked away that when they were out on the field Saturday in front of what promised to be a huge crowd, they'd pull out all the stops.

* * * * *

Colin felt good. Damn good. He'd held his own, throwing with three pro quarterbacks who were decades younger. He'd even managed to beat everybody in a forty-yard sprint except for the twenty-three-year-old kid who had at least three inches of height on him. A warm west Texas wind ruffled Colin's hair, and he had his hand resting on the hip of a hot sexual submissive. His submissive.

"Where to now?" Susan laid her hand over his on her hip as they left the Burger Den that hadn't changed much since he'd eaten there some thirty years ago.

He liked the fact that she deferred to him, loved her soft, incredibly arousing drawl. "You're the one who lives here. What do you do for fun?"

Even her laugh sounded sexy. "Not a lot. Other than working on stuff for the reunion, or going back to my house and playing with my toys. But I imagine you're too tired for that."

"Don't count on it, baby." This woman could get his cock to stand up and take notice, better than anybody he'd run into for longer than he could remember. "I could use a sexy massage first, though."

"As in both of us stark naked, Master?"

"Oh, yeah. That's the best kind." A hell of a lot better than the massages he got at the training facility after he worked out. Colin considered the impersonal pummeling of sore muscles punctuated with mutterings by the Rebels' head trainer that he was too old to be throwing footballs and lifting weights, and that he ought to be out with the sensible retirees playing shuffleboard or a lazy game of par-three golf. "Let's go do it."

"Let's." She looked up at him, her eyes sparkling as though she thought he'd hung the moon.

He imagined her naked, straddling his ass while she worked the tightness out of his shoulders. And on her knees between his legs, kneading his thighs. Or... Fuck, he was getting hard as stone just thinking about what he'd have her do to him. "Afterward we'll make love, and then we'll curl up together like two hibernating bears and take a nap. Tonight I want to take you to that barbecue at the café. I can already smell ribs cooking, and it makes me hungry. Would you like that?"

"Yes, Master. I'd like that a lot." She looked up at him, smiled. What he really appreciated was that she didn't say a word about him needing rest or being too tired for sex.

He loved her for not reminding him his calf muscles were aching and his right shoulder and elbow were letting him know he'd given them a good workout. "I'm glad." Damn. Susan made him feel like she believed he could conquer the world, and that felt good. Real good.

* * * * *

Susan had never been a sports groupie, never understood some women's compulsion to chase after guys just because they were athletes. As she worked some icy menthol-scented massage gel Colin had fished out of his travel bag into his heavily muscled back and arms, she began to understand why those women fixated on jocks. There was something about Colin's hard, well-conditioned body that had her getting wet between her legs.

Of course she knew what this particular body could do to hers. But still...

"Rub a little harder, baby. I won't break."

She exerted more pressure with her hands and fingers, glad for once that her nails were short. "Feel good?"

He let out a low, rumbling sound—almost a purr. “Yeah. Feels real good. I could get used to feeling your hands on me like this.”

She could get used to it, too. She loved touching him, feeling how the crisp texture of his body hair contrasted with his firm, smooth skin. He felt healthy beneath her hands. Full of life.

Had Donnie ever felt like this? She tried to remember the early times, before he’d gotten old and sick. No, even then Donnie had been paunchy, a bit overweight. He’d put away burgers and fries with gusto, and he’d loved his beer. But he’d taken care of her as no one ever had before. Susan had loved him until he’d drawn his last, wheezing breath while she’d held his hand in the other bedroom, the one she hadn’t been able to sleep in since his death.

Colin seemed, from what little she’d seen, to eat a fairly healthy diet that hadn’t so far included any beer at all. Considering the choices available for breakfast at the café and at the Burger Den where they’d grabbed a quick lunch. Yeah, he’d chowed down on bacon and eggs for breakfast and a fried chicken sandwich for lunch, minus the usual fries. He obviously had to fuel his big body with something, and there hadn’t been healthier choices.

Moving down toward the end of the bed to work on his calves and thighs, she looked at him over his shoulder. “I can tell you take good care of your body. I’m sorry Hedgecock doesn’t have any restaurants that serve healthy foods. I’d cook for you, but everything’s so crazy, with getting ready for the reunion.”

He laughed. “That’s okay, baby. I’ll manage for a few days. I may even lose a pound or two.”

As far as she was concerned, he was absolutely perfect the way he was. “You look great. I bet you don’t weigh an ounce over...” She tried to remember the other players’ listed playing weights. “Two thirty.”

“Two fifteen. The last few years I played, I weighed in around two twenty. I’m only a hair over six two, not six four or five like Keith and Bobby. I’m not especially big-

boned, either. If I weighed two thirty, I'd look like the Pillsbury Dough Boy. I imagine I'd move like him, too. Ahhh, yeah. Dig into that left calf muscle, loosen it up."

She felt the tightness, massaged it with the fingers of both hands until she felt the tension ease. "Feel better now?"

"Much better. Come up here. There are some parts of you I want to massage."

Her pussy, she hoped. Just touching him, feeling him beneath her hands, had her soaking wet. Setting the tube of icy massage gel on the nightstand, Susan lay down on her side next to her Master and awaited his pleasure.

He drew her close, so close she heard his heart beating strong and slow, felt its steady cadence against her breasts. His calloused fingers reminded her of his toughness, his mastery, while his lazy exploration of the length of her back coaxed the sort of trust she'd never found easy to bestow on a lover.

He paused, his long fingers splayed over her butt. "Imagine someone's watching us, wondering if I'll slide my hand lower, rim your luscious asshole, or if I'll roll you over and claim your sopping cunt instead. If it's a man, he'll get hard. His breathing will grow ragged. Maybe he'll pull his dick out and jerk off, wishing he were me touching you. Claiming you for himself.

"But maybe it's a woman. She's getting hot and wet imagining she's you and that I'm rock-hard to fuck her needy little ass. You like that idea, don't you, pet?"

"Yes, Master." It might be perverse, but Susan imagined a lot of mean women who'd called her names watching while Colin pleased her. She'd relish feeding their sexual neediness. "Any woman would be jealous, watching you pleasuring me. You're so hot—hotter than any man she's ever seen. Hotter than any I've ever seen, too."

"I'm glad you think so." With a sexy growl Colin rolled her onto her back, grabbed a condom from the drawer and rolled it down his throbbing erection. Then he spread her legs with his knees as he came down on top of her and buried his big cock all the way inside her until his ring tickled the tip of her womb and his testicles rested between

her wet, swollen labia. "I kind of like thinking some men are watching and that they're all jealous as hell because your pretty cunt's all mine. It is, isn't it?"

"Yes. Oh God, your cock feels so good inside me. So huge and hard and...omigod!" With every stroke he stretched her more, his motion slow, delicious. How would it feel if he came now, if his hot, wet semen flooded her body without that condom in the way?

She clamped down on him with her inner muscles. If only she could hold him there, she'd never ask anything more.

"Oh yeah, squeeze me. I want you to come for me. Now." He bent, took her mouth, forced her lips apart and ravished her there while he fucked her harder, deeper. He looped his arms around her knees, changed the angle of penetration.

God yes. She'd tensed up, held back, but now he wanted her to come and she was glad to obey. When she came apart in his arms he took her screams of pleasure, swallowed them, reveled in the incredible thrill of climax.

Mine and his, she thought, holding him as he reached his own pleasure while his cock pulsed with life deep inside her body.

Chapter Three

"I doubt the café has had this much business in years. Maybe ever." Susan leaned back in her chair early that evening, loving the warm, protective feel of Colin's hand resting on her shoulder. "Looks like everybody in town came here tonight to get some of the ribs."

Colin nodded across the room at Bobby and Marly who were sitting with Cal and Mel Tate. "No time to cook, with all that's going on, getting ready for the football camp—that would be my guess."

"Either that or everybody smelled these ribs cooking and opted to come have some. The food here may not be all that healthy but it tastes good. There come Dave and Keith with their wives and kids."

Dave stopped and spoke with the Rebels' players then joined the others.

"Looks like Hedgecock may be growing itself another quarterback," Colin commented. "Who's the big kid?"

"That's Dylan Granger. Diane's son. He's around fourteen—a ninth grader."

Colin sat for a minute, as though deep in thought. "Granger? I don't remember a lot of people from here, but that name rings a bell."

"Frank Granger?"

"Big guy, six four or five, close to three hundred pounds? The sonofabitch was a ninth grader when I was a senior. Had a smartass mouth on him, apparently thought he could take me on." Colin massaged the bridge of his nose, grimaced. "I showed him he was wrong, but he left me with a broken nose and a bunch of bruises. I hurt like hell for a week or so. Not just my body but my ego. After all, I was nearly eighteen and he was three or four years younger."

Susan looked closely at Colin's straight, slightly prominent nose and doubted Frank had done any lasting damage. Then she glanced over at Dave and Diane. "You've got something in common with Diane, then. Frank used to use her for a punching bag until she finally got smart and threw him out. He loved to fight, I guess, since he took up riding bulls in the rodeo."

"I hope for Frank's sake that he's got enough sense to stay away this week. If he comes back, it sounds as though there'll be guys lined up three deep, wanting to exact some revenge."

Susan smiled. "Old Frank's safely in hell. He's been dead for several years, thanks to a bull at a rodeo up in Denver."

"Good riddance." Colin dug into another slab of ribs, glanced over at the big table where the Rebels' players were eating as though there were no tomorrow. "These taste great. The guys are making fast work of the half-ton of meat the cook mentioned having smoked today."

She'd noticed how the Rebels' players treated Colin as though he were one of their own. "Your players all seem to like you."

He laughed. "They like me well enough until I start puttin' them to work. Seriously, my philosophy is pretty much that the team that plays together stays together – and not only on the field. Looks as though we're gonna get a show. A couple of these boys are good enough that they could make their living singing."

The DJ cranked up the karaoke machine, and three hulking linemen got up and belted out an old country-western classic, *Take It Easy*.

"They are good. Do you sometimes join them?" Susan thought he might – she couldn't imagine there being much of anything Colin didn't do well.

He grinned. "Once in a while. Want me to sing to you, do you?"

"I'd love to hear you, but only if you want to." She couldn't help imagining Colin's singing voice would sound even sexier than when he talked.

"Sure. Go grab one of the books and pick out whatever you'd like to hear, as long as it's country-western. I do a lousy job with rap and disco." He reached over, gave her a quick, hard kiss then shot her an evil grin. "If you pick out something embarrassing, I'm gonna make you pay."

She doubted she'd mind anything he'd do to her. After all, he wasn't likely to throw her on top of the table and fuck her brains out in front of people who might not be into domination and submission. Not to mention that children were present. Smiling at her selection, she hurried back to the table. "I gave Charley your name and the number of the song I'd like you to sing."

"Charley?"

"He's the guy who runs the karaoke machine."

When Colin grabbed her hand and laid it on his thigh she glanced around, wondering if anybody noticed. If they did, they weren't showing any reaction. Susan knew none of the locals would expect her to act shy. Besides, she didn't mind everybody knowing she and Colin were together. She needed to learn not to reserve even the slightest intimacy for the bedroom. Obviously Colin had no qualms about letting his sexual appetite show. It didn't matter now that Donnie had wanted to keep their bedroom games just between them—at least just between them and whatever man he decided to share her with at any given time. Tentatively, she laid her hand over Colin's, squeezed it.

He looked down at her, amusement in his gaze. "Easy, my little pet. All I'm doing now is staking my claim. Lettin' my players know you're mine just in case some of them get the idea they'd like a taste. What's this song you want to hear?"

When she told him he grinned. "Good. I like that one." When Charley called his name, he got up and pulled her along with him, seating her on a bar stool next to the microphone.

The café's single strobe light came on, bathing them in dappled shades of blue and yellow, the colors of the Hedgcock teams for as long as Susan could remember. It lent a

surreal effect to the otherwise mundane gathering spot for Hedgecock locals, past and present. A short intro to the song she'd selected added to the temporary transformation, but then Colin began to sing. His deep, mellow voice surrounded her, took her to a world where there were only the two of them, an island apart within the packed café.

He held her gaze as he sang about making love, caring. Wanting more than an affair. Words she'd heard before in the old country-western song but until now had never really listened to, only let the tune carry her along. Words whose message now came through loud and clear. What she wanted. What he indulged her with, at least for now.

When the song was finished he grasped her at the waist and lifted her high above his head, his motion seemingly effortless. He let her down slowly, brushing her body against his. His arms encircled her once her feet hit the ground, and he bent and kissed her. He tasted good—sweet and spicy and ever so arousing when he slid his tongue between her lips and explored her mouth. She raised her arms and laid her hands on his broad, muscular shoulders.

The heat of his hard, fit body and his arms that held her as efficiently as cuffs or scarves set her heart to pounding. Her panties grew wet for the hard cock that branded her belly through the layers of their clothes. This afternoon he'd planted the seed in her mind, and now she imagined him taking her here, his pleasure enhanced by curious eyes—until he broke the kiss and herded her back to their table.

"I want you. I wish this were a sex club where folks wouldn't be scandalized if we put on a show." His tone was hard, as hard as his jeans-clad cock where he'd just placed her hand.

She'd never been fucked in front of witnesses who weren't participants, but the idea made her pussy clench with anticipation. Anticipation for what had always been forbidden, for the rush she imagined would come if she knew curious eyes were on her and Colin when he took her. "I wish that, too, Master."

"It will happen someday soon, pet. Count on it. Meanwhile, pretend I've got you on my lap, my cock buried deep in your wet, hot cunt. Your skirt will be draped over me so nobody can see us. But they'll know. They'll see you breathing hard and they'll notice how my jaw's clenched with the need to hold back. They'll smell sex all around us. They'll be able to tell you're on the edge because your nipples will be poking into that flimsy lace bra you're wearing, showing through your silky blouse."

His whispered words had her cunt on fire. "I'm wet for you already." The way his hard cock throbbed against her fingers told her his words had aroused him, too.

"That does it," he said, his expression fierce. "Get up. Stand in front of me and head for the first dark, deserted spot outside, next to a tree or building."

Susan obeyed, hoping her cheeks weren't as red as they felt when she made her way to the café door, Colin right behind her. Once out of the light, he took her hand, dragged her toward a darkened alleyway between the café and a deserted storefront next door. He paused for a minute then chose a spot against the store's weathered wall and pressed her hard against it. "I've gotta have my Susan fix."

"I'm glad."

"I'm glad you wore a dress tonight." Colin wasted no time gathering the material in his hands and hiking her skirt up. "And that this thong's easy to move out of my way." He inserted a long finger in her wet cunt, groaned. "God, I love how you're always wet for me. Unfasten my pants."

She fumbled with the zipper but got it undone and freed his rock-hard erection. "Seems you're ready, too."

"Yeah. I don't have a condom with me. Are you okay with that?"

She should have said no. But she was clean and she was sure he was, too. "Yes, Master. I could get pregnant, though."

His dark eyes glistened in the low light of a new moon. "If that happens we'll just have to deal with it. Together. Right now I'm gonna fuck you up against this wall. Put your legs around my waist and hold onto my shoulders." When she did, he braced her

ass against the wall and impaled her—one smooth thrust that embedded his long, thick cock all the way inside her needy cunt. “God yeah.”

His long fingers dug into her butt cheeks, holding her steady for his jackhammer-like pounding. The wet, slapping sounds of flesh on flesh filled the alleyway. Layers of denim abraded her slit, a reminder that they were doing this out where anybody could wander by and get an eyeful. No time for anything but his cock in her cunt, a furtive claiming that couldn’t wait for a more private time.

She loved Colin. Loved everything about her Master—his strength but most of all his ability to meet her deepest needs that had gone unsatisfied so long. “Oh God, Master, may I come?”

“Yeah, baby.” He tensed, slammed into her again. As her climax claimed her, she felt his hot semen start to spurt deep inside her. “Oh, yeah. Come for me now.”

She loved the way he held her, as though he cherished her not just as a receptacle for his lust. Though she hated leaving him she slid her legs down and balanced on tiptoe, though he still held her securely in his arms.

* * * * *

They hadn’t been back inside five minutes when huge all-pro defensive end Jimmy Bronson came over and stopped behind Susan’s chair. Colin wanted nothing more than to tell the kid to get lost. But he couldn’t. Jimmy, just traded to the Rebels a month ago, hadn’t had to volunteer to assist at the football camp—he’d wanted to help out.

“Mind if I dance with your lady, Coach?”

Colin did, but he grinned and stood. He’d never noticed before how Jimmy towered over him, or how the kid’s baby face contrasted with his thick neck and hulking body. “Susan, this is Jimmy Bronson. Make his day and join him for a spin around the dance floor. Jimmy, don’t trample Susan.”

"All right." She didn't sound overly enthusiastic when she got up and offered Jimmy her hand. When she smiled up at her dance partner, though, Colin felt a pang of jealousy he hadn't experienced for years, if ever.

It was worse because Colin had seen Jimmy playing at the club. The guy might be just twenty-six, but he already was an experienced Dom. A lifestyle sort, not just an occasional player in the BDSM games so many Rebels' players and coaches enjoyed to let off built-up frustrations. A couple of weeks ago Colin had jerked off while watching Jimmy play out a public scene with one of the club's more adventurous submissives.

The big kid was as dominant as any Master Colin had ever observed. He'd had the submissive moaning with ecstasy from all-over wax play. Apparently playing with wax was Jimmy's personal fetish. *Susan's into hot wax, too, damn it.* Colin and a half-dozen other club members had watched Jimmy wax and depilate every inch of the sub's body, leaving her oiled and gleaming as she squirmed on a fucking table, her arms and legs securely bound. Jimmy had fucked her to a huge orgasm then released her bonds. When she'd gone to her knees and begged him for more, he'd made her swallow his dick and begun methodically clipping away her short brown hair until nothing but stubble remained, while she gave him head.

While she'd kept on sucking his cock, Jimmy had dripped molten wax evenly all over her skull, rubbing it until it formed a hard cap then peeling it away and coming all over her gleaming, tattooed scalp.

No doubt Jimmy would enjoy waxing Susan's rose tattoo. No he wouldn't, because he'd never see it. Colin dug his fingernails into his palms so hard he wondered why he didn't draw blood when he watched the young Dom bend and whisper something in Susan's ear.

Thankfully the song ended and Jimmy brought Susan back to Colin. "Thanks, Coach," he said with an easy grin. "You've got a pretty lady here. Better take good care of her."

"I will." When a slow, sensual song began to play, Colin drew Susan to her feet and out to the dance floor. Their bodies moved in perfect synch, and her cheek felt right against his chest. While his players, his fellow quarterbacks and the Hedgecock locals looked on, Colin was falling not just in lust but in love with his submissive lover.

He didn't want to let her go when the last bars of the song played out, so he didn't. Lifting her into his arms, he strode out the café's swinging doors into the starry night.

"What?" She looked up at him, a surprised expression but no censure in her eyes.

"I'm taking you home. Don't feel like sharing you anymore tonight. The next few days we'll both be tied up with the football camp and the other festivities."

Chapter Four

Hedgecock had taken on a carnival-like atmosphere, the smells of ribs and hot dogs and buttered popcorn pervading the air around the football field and school grounds. Colin missed Susan, who was tied up with Mel collecting fees for the camp and making sure everybody was where they needed to be.

Not that he wasn't busy. Over two hundred kids between twelve and eighteen were doing the camp. Some of them had promise. Others didn't, but they all seemed to be having fun. All except one little guy whose lower lip was quivering when he came up to Colin the last day of the camp, tears in his eyes.

"What's the matter, son?" Colin motioned to a wooden bench nearby. "Why don't we sit a minute and you tell me." He sat beside the kid, then took a long swallow of Gatorade.

"My dad says I have to learn to throw. He says that's the only way I'll ever get on a team, as scrawny as I am."

Colin would have enjoyed wrapping his hands around the neck of the kid's old man and squeezing until his eyes bugged out. "Well, I don't know about that, but if you want to learn to throw a football, you've come to the right place. There are four of us here, ready to teach you whatever you want to learn."

"You're all right-handed."

"So?"

"I'm a lefty."

Colin glanced at the boy's name tag. "Well, Todd, I'm right-handed, but I can throw pretty well with my left arm. I even did it once in a while in games back when I was playing in New York." He wouldn't mention that the only time he ever turned

temporary southpaw was when a defender had a firm grip on his right arm. "Come on, let's give it a shot."

For the next hour Todd worked with Colin. The boy's hands were small, but he managed to hold the ball and throw some decent spirals once he got over being afraid of the ball. Not that Colin thought Todd had a future in the NFL, or even in a halfway competitive high school program, but his father hadn't needed to make the kid feel bad.

Colin would never make his own son feel unworthy—if he had one, that is. His mind drifted to Susan, to their unprotected lovemaking three nights ago, and he wondered...

It surprised the hell out of him that he halfway hoped she was. Maybe more than halfway. Colin had found the past few days that he enjoyed working with kids younger than the pros he'd been coaching since he gave up playing. He'd also learned he was happiest when he came home to a submissive lover, when his most pressing need was to ensure her pleasure.

He finished off his Gatorade and strode toward the registration booth. Toward Susan.

* * * * *

"Thanks for helping me, Coach," Todd said when he came up to Colin and Susan on the makeshift midway later after the camp was over. "I want you to meet my dad."

When he felt Susan's muscles tense up beneath his hand he slid his left arm around her waist more securely. He didn't like the vibes she was sending out, but he pasted on a smile and stuck out his free hand. "I'm Colin Zanardi. I enjoyed working with Todd today. You've got a good boy there."

The man's gaze was fixed not on Colin but on Susan. "Yeah. Guess it takes a big-shot, ex-NFL star to score with Ms. Anderson. Once he's gone maybe she'll start samplin' the local guys some more."

"That's enough." Colin wished to hell the asshole's son weren't right there soaking up the filthy accusations coming out of the guy's tobacco-stained mouth. "Todd, Ms. Anderson and I have to be going. You keep on practicing your throwing." Holding Susan firmly, he turned to walk away.

"Smart-ass sonofabitch. Might know he'd take up with the town whore."

Colin whirled around when he heard the bastard spouting such filth, and in front of his own kid. "I'd shut my filthy mouth if I were you," he snarled, fingers curled tightly into fists as he took a determined stride toward the disgusting creep. "If you don't, I'll shut it for you, here and now."

"Colin, please." Susan's soft hand on his forearm drew his attention, made him realize they were attracting a crowd. "He's not worth it."

She obviously wanted him to avoid making a scene. Colin nailed the guy with the most evil stare he could manage. "You heard the lady. She doesn't think you're worth me dirtying my hands on. I may decide she's wrong if I see your ugly face again, so I suggest you make yourself scarce."

"Thank you," she said quietly as they made a beeline for his car that he'd left by the field that morning.

Too quietly. Colin held a tight rein on the fury that made him want to tear that scruffy cowboy limb from limb. His concern now was for Susan. It was as though that worthless bastard had drained her of the vibrant love for life he'd felt in her since arriving on her doorstep five days ago.

When he slid behind the wheel he saw she was leaning against the passenger door, shoulders slumped. When she spoke, her voice was tiny, hesitant. "I should have known somebody would say something, but I can't imagine anybody but Virgil Lane talking that way in front of his own child."

Hurt. The motherfucker had hurt Susan. Colin had come to care for her, for much more than the fact that she made him feel ten feet tall and thirty again when they made

love. "I'll get Virgil away from Todd and then I'll shove his filthy tongue down his throat. Nobody's getting away with insulting you."

"They've been doing it a long time, with reason I guess. Since I wasn't terribly particular after Donnie died, the ones I turned down—like him—turned on me. Not that I'd have taken up with any guy who was married, even if he weren't disgusting like Virgil Lane." She choked back what sounded like a muffled sob. "I'm so sorry. I should have warned you somebody would say something like that."

It ate at Colin's gut to see Susan so torn. "You were right, sweetheart, when you said the jerk wasn't worth fighting. He's not worth a single tear out of your beautiful eyes, either. Give me a kiss now, and I'll take you home. Bet I can love you so good you'll forget all about old Virgil and his foul mouth."

Chapter Five

She loved him. How on earth was she going to survive once Colin drove away tomorrow after the final ceremony was over? She'd let him undress them both and lead her into the small shower. Now she stood in his arms, water sluicing over their sweaty bodies. Water washing away the hurtful memory of Virgil Lane's insult—at least for now. Or so it was supposed to be doing.

Unfortunately the dirty words didn't disappear with the soapy water that was trickling down the drain. She couldn't help trembling, realizing this wonderful interlude with Colin, where she'd finally found her Master, would soon come to an end, leaving her where she'd been before, seeking something she wasn't likely to find again.

Donnie had been a hard act to follow. Susan didn't need a rocket scientist to tell her Colin might be damn near impossible to replace. Might? She chided herself on that one because she couldn't imagine there being a man on Earth who could replace him in her heart and mind. Trying to control an overwhelming sense of impending loss, she lathered her hands and soaped his muscular chest again.

Colin took her hand, drew it down to his half-hard penis. "You're supposed to be thinking about me. About this."

"Yes, Master." She loved touching him, feeling him grow bigger and harder under her seeking fingers. "You feel so good. I'll hate it when you're gone."

"Don't think about that. Just get on your knees and show me how much you like taking my cock down your pretty throat. I knew the first time I saw you that your mouth's made for sucking me."

Sucking me. Not sucking just any cock. "Yes, Master," she said, kneeling at his feet and drawing the purplish cock head between her lips. At his deep growl of approval she bathed him with her tongue, taking her time as she enjoyed the velvety texture of

his flesh, the contrast of it with the cool, smooth ring that protruded from the slit at its tip.

He ran his calloused fingers through the wet strands of her hair, his touch reminding her he was in control. Arousing her as much as the act of giving him head, paying homage to his maleness. His mastery. "Sweetheart, I love the way you take care of me."

It took both her hands to enclose his long, thick shaft. "Yeah, like that." He arched his hips, fucked her mouth slowly, with shallow thrusts that only made her want more. Then he pulled away.

"I'm sorry, Master..."

He drew her to her feet, took her mouth in a hard, arousing kiss then wrapped both arms around her, his big hands pressing their bodies so close she gasped for breath.

"Don't be sorry. I find I want to touch you all over. Hold you. Can't do that with you on your knees playing with my cock. Let's dry off and go to bed."

* * * * *

She lay naked on the bed, beautifully submissive. But Colin didn't like seeing the sadness in her eyes when he dropped the towel and straddled her slender hips. "Get that bastard out of your head. If you can't I swear I'll go find him and make sure he never insults you again."

"I'm not thinking of that."

"Then what? I don't want you thinking about anything but me. Us. How great it's gonna feel when I fill your sweet cunt with my cock and fuck you until we both shatter in a thousand pieces." He bent, kissed first one nipple then the other.

"Oh, yes. Please."

"Please what?"

"Fuck me now. I want all the memories to hold me when you're gone."

Colin had expected from the first time they'd talked on the phone that he'd want Susan sexually. He hadn't thought until they'd spent this time together that he'd want to tear any man who insulted her limb from limb, or that he'd be thinking about a future with her, not only as his sex slave but also as his best friend and lover.

Closing his eyes against the bright afternoon sun streaming in the window, he played with her nipples, loving the way they hardened and elongated beneath his fingers. "I think I'll get you some rings so I can tug on them with my teeth and hook them together with a chain so I can drag you around whenever I feel like it."

The barbells frustrated him, mostly, he figured, because he hadn't personally inserted them into the neatly done horizontal piercings. "How would you like that?"

"Mmmm, I like that idea, Master." She snuggled closer, until her baby-smooth pussy brushed his erection.

He laid a hand on her mound. "This tattoo will have to go."

Looking up at him as he traced the faded mark put there by her first Master, she started to protest then closed her pretty lips.

"I'm thinking I want to be your Master, not just a week-long fuck partner. What do you think of that?"

She looked surprised—maybe even shocked. "You have to go back to work. Of course you could come back when you've got time. Like Dave and Keith and Bobby."

"Or you could just crawl in my car and go back to Savannah with me. Come to think of it, we could come back here to visit once in a while if that would make you happy." Colin didn't have the feeling of home that the other quarterbacks shared about their hometown. They all had relatives—or in Dave's case memories of his late grandma who'd raised him—to keep them connected in some way to what Colin only considered a place where he'd spent three years bridging from a happy childhood with his mom and stepfather to adulthood with only tenuous family ties to his nomadic father. "Do you have family here that you couldn't bear to leave?"

"No, Master. If I move away from this house, though, I lose the income from a trust Donnie left to take care of me. If I leave, the trust fund gets split between his kids. I can't imagine the few skills I have would be worth much. I didn't go to college or technical school. Donnie wanted me home for him 24/7."

The dead Donnie Anderson sounded like a prime SOB in addition to an old-style, lifestyle Dom. "Walk away from it. I'll take care of you. If you'd like, you could take college courses in Savannah. It's obvious you've got some real savvy about graphic art, from the program you put together for this reunion."

He hated that fucking tattoo. Taking his hand off it, he met Susan's confused gaze. "I'm gonna have this rosebud removed. Better yet, I'll have it covered with a new tattoo that will mark you as mine." He could hardly wait to find a reputable tattoo artist to wipe away the evidence of the Dom who'd put it there.

Maybe... "I may have your clit pierced, too, so it will match my cock." He slid his hand a little lower, found her rigid little button and scissored it between his fingers. "What would you think about that?"

"I'd love it." She shifted, giving him full access to her sex. "I'm not sure you could manage all these changes in just one day," she said, a tear making its way down her smooth, sun-kissed cheek.

Apparently he hadn't made himself clear. "As far as I'm concerned, we've got a lifetime. All you have to do is call whoever administers that trust and tell him to get the papers drawn up to give whatever's in it to Donnie's obnoxious kids." He paused for a minute, wondered if his precious submissive still had the capacity to trust after how her husband had left her as dependent as she'd been when he was alive. "I want you in my house, in my bed, in my life, 24/7. I don't expect to be your only interest, though. And I promise to take care of you so that if anything happens to me, you'll be free to go on with your life however you choose."

"You want me to be your full-time slave?" She sounded incredulous, but her smile lit up her face and warmed his heart.

"Yeah. I've been thinking about it since our first night together." He returned her smile then bent and kissed away the tears that welled in her eyes. "Are you ready to be my pet? My 24/7 slave?"

"I've been ready a long time. Ready to give my Master total control." Her eyes shone when she met his gaze. "I'm ready to belong to you for as long as you want me."

He splayed his fingers over her flat belly. "Okay. As soon as we finish here, I want you to get hold of whoever holds that trust and sign the papers to give it up."

"That would be Cal Tate. Donnie set the trust up at his bank."

"Good. I was worried we might have to drive a bit to get that handled. Starting today, I'll take care of you financially."

"I'll hate that. I've liked being able to take care of myself since Donnie died." Her little frown made Colin feel guilty.

"With his money."

"Yes, but —"

"But nothing. I take care of my woman. Not that I plan to keep you chained to my bed. You'll have an account to take care of the condo, yourself and me. You can shop to your heart's content while I'm working. Speaking of shopping, I'll insist on it. It makes me feel good to see my slave in pretty clothes and jewelry that will make my friends jealous. Any objections?"

"N-no. You must have some rules, though." Her mouth puckered a little, as though she were half serious, half joking.

He figured he'd better take her seriously. "Just a few, sweetheart. First off, you're mine. All mine unless I choose to share you in a scene some time." At the moment he couldn't envision letting any other man or woman touch what he'd claimed as his, but he had to allow that it might someday happen.

"All right. That's easy." From the solemn look in her dark eyes, he didn't doubt she meant that quick response, though he might have, knowing she'd entertained a lot of cocks since her old Master had died, by her own admission.

"Next, you're my responsibility and my pleasure. You'll trust me to take care of you not just sexually but in everything." He couldn't wait to see her in finery he'd buy her, feel silk and lace sliding against his naked body whenever he took her. "You'll leave here and go with me, but you'll take nothing but what you're wearing. I don't want you having things somebody else bought for you."

As though she understood why he was making this condition, she looked over at him and nodded. "Anything else, Master?"

"You'll keep your pussy shaved smooth and ready for me any time, any place. If I want to make love with you someplace where we might be seen or even with others present, you won't object." At her questioning look, he said, "We all have our little fetishes. You seem to get off on being restrained. Not to mention wax play, which we'll do at my club in Savannah where all the necessary precautions are handy. I'm a bit of a voyeur, myself. I find it incredibly exciting, watching people fuck...and having others watch me. Not that I seem to need any extra stimulation when I'm making love with you."

"Oh." She stroked his chest, drawing circles around his nipples before lowering her hand to encircle his engorged cock. "I think I might like watching, too. And when you're touching me, I don't think I'd even notice if we were providing a show for somebody else. What else, Master?"

"For now, I think that takes care of everything. Is there anything you want from me? Other than for me to be your Master?"

She looked into his eyes, smiled. "I'd like to have your baby. If you don't mind."

Did he mind? Colin didn't know. But he recalled having the fleeting thought earlier in the week that he'd like to make her pregnant. And he'd felt a twinge of envy for

Keith when he'd watched the younger man look at his little boy with so much love. "You don't think I'm too old to be a dad?"

"No more than I'm too old to be thinking about babies when I could have one old enough to be in college. But..."

"Why didn't you and your husband have kids?"

Susan shook her head. "He didn't want any. His own sons were grown and gone before he married me. Besides, he'd had a vasectomy before the younger one was born."

Colin didn't like to see her dark eyes cloud with apparent regret. It pissed him off that the old Dom had taken a young girl and basically treated her like another child, only with bedroom privileges. "Do you see his kids?"

"No. I never met either of them until Donnie's funeral. They seemed to think they should have shared in whatever Donnie had. I gave them most of the money but kept this house and the income from a trust fund he'd set up for all of us. I haven't heard from either boy since."

"Assholes." As much as he'd have liked to rant and rave about her late husband and the swine who'd wanted nothing from Susan but what they considered their share of their old man's leftovers, Colin said nothing. He just gathered Susan in his arms and held her for a long time, considering what she'd asked of him.

A child. He'd be seventy years old before the kid graduated from college. But his own dad was brimming with energy at seventy-five, still supervising drilling crews all over the South. Several NFL coaches were pushing seventy, too—they didn't seem to have slowed down. Maybe fifty was the new thirty, as some pundits loved to say.

Colin couldn't honestly say he'd be too old to take his son or daughter to Little League. After all, he made his living working with pro athletes. Surely he could coach Pee Wee football without any problems. He slid his fingers through Susan's silky hair, loved the feel of it. The feel of her. Then he tilted her head, met her gaze.

"If we can, we'll make a baby. If not, we can adopt. Of course we'll get married before any baby comes along. I think you'll be a good mother, and though it's a pretty late date for me to make a decision like this, I believe I'd like to be a dad." He watched her beautiful eyes tear up, as though he'd given her a wonderful gift. "I get the idea that's okay with you. Right?" He used his thumb to wipe away the moisture from her cheeks.

She sniffled, but the smile she gave him lit up his heart. "It's more than okay. I thought this morning when I was watching Keith's little boy playing how I'd love to have a child with you — before it's too late."

Blood rushed to his sex, leaving him feeling lightheaded. He laid a hand on her flat abdomen, splayed his fingers over the smooth, soft flesh. "Do you have any idea how hot it makes me, imagining your belly getting round with my baby?"

"It makes me hot, too. Hot and very, very wet." Her legs opened in obvious, exquisite invitation.

Not about to say no, he rolled her onto her back, settled between her legs. "What say we start on this project right now?" he asked as he rubbed his swollen cock along her wet, warm slit. "No condom. Missionary position. No kink that might embarrass that little egg and sperm and keep them from getting it on."

She laughed then laid small kisses along his shoulder and throat. "You're silly. But I love...it."

Did she love him? He hoped so though he wasn't ready to call his feelings for her love. Lust for a lifetime of her submission? Sure. That was a no-brainer. He rubbed the tip of his cock along her wet, inviting slit, savoring the feel of naked flesh rubbing naked flesh. "I'd almost forgotten until the other night outside the café, how much my cock hates wearing a raincoat. Your little pussy feels so hot, so wet."

She squirmed a little, as though impatient for him to claim her. "Fuck me, Master. Please."

He pressed inside her until his cock head lay just inside her wet, swollen labia, felt her pulsating around him. Her sensual heat bathed him, made him crazy to bury himself. "So warm and welcoming." Slow and deep, he sank all the way to the mouth of her womb then slid out again. Over and over, claiming her as he'd never claimed a lover before. Smooth and sweet, vanilla with the promise of something more. Something better than fresh strawberries piled on top of the ice cream to add a little bright, sweet flavor.

She cupped his face in her soft hands and placed little kisses on his lips, his chin. When she met his gaze her eyes shone brightly. "This feels like making love should feel."

"Yeah, it does." He was in no hurry. Her little moans were music in his ears, welcome punctuation to the sounds and heady smells of sex. He bent, took her mouth, caught her little scream of pleasure as her cunt convulsed around him and she tightened her legs around his waist. He was close. Raising himself on his outstretched arms, he looked down at them, watched his cock disappear into her spasming cunt then reappear, slick and wet with her juices. "Look at us, baby. Omigod!"

He couldn't hold back. Had to come. Couldn't talk. Couldn't think, only feel. Her tight, wet cunt milked his cock. He let go, spurt after hard spurt of hot semen against the mouth of her womb.

"Oh, yes, Master..."

She convulsed around him, greedily milking the last drop of his climax. He loved it, loved the feeling of completion he'd been missing so long. Maybe forever. "Oh, yeah, indeed." When he rolled with her onto his side, he didn't withdraw but stayed inside her, savoring the little aftershocks that flowed from her pussy to his own spent flesh.

It had taken years and come in the most improbable of places, but Colin knew for sure, his cock had finally found its home.

* * * * *

The following afternoon, Mel Tate stood with Susan, their job of handling receipts and expenditures finally finished. “Why don’t you go on out toward the field and watch the contest? I know you’re dying to see him throw.”

Cal had to have told her, but Susan didn’t care. She fingered the gold medallion Colin had put around her neck this morning, promising a real collar as soon as he could get to a proper store. “Yeah, Mel, I want to watch. My bet’s on Colin to show up the other guys.”

“Is it true you’re leaving with him?”

Susan wondered how long it would take for her to quit pinching herself every time she thought about her new Master taking her with him. “Yes, it’s true.” Susan imagined a lot of the women in Hedgecock would be meowing like cats in heat when they heard the news—some of the men, too. But Mel had befriended her last fall when they’d first started planning this reunion, and Susan felt sure the other woman wished her well. “We’ll be leaving tonight, as soon as this is over.”

“Come on, then, you don’t want to miss this.” Grabbing Susan’s hand, Mel tugged her out by the bleachers, where a huge crowd had gathered to watch Colin and the others. Several Rebels’ players had gone on the field, their assignments to catch passes for the quarterbacks.

Colin looked great. He’d surprised her that morning by pulling out shorts and a jersey from the New York team where he’d quarterbacked for so many years. “Can’t wear Rebels gear and steal Dave’s thunder,” he’d told her. “Besides, I need to match your program, don’t I?”

Now he was on the field with the other three homegrown heroes, his royal blue and white jersey standing out vividly among the rainbow of team colors. Susan held her breath while they all did a few warm-up throws. “I hear congratulations are in order,” Diane said, and Susan smiled and thanked her.

She thought the other woman meant her good wishes, and she was sure Keith Connors’ young wife was thrilled that another Hedgecock quarterback had found his

match there. Marly Anthony practically burst into a cheer when she came up to add her congratulations just as the contest was beginning.

The crowd roared. It seemed each spectator had his or her favorite. Bobby went first, then Dave. Colin followed and Keith brought up the rear. Cal had devised a complicated scoring system based on number of yards thrown and the accuracy of throws aimed at barrel staves.

Susan's eyes were glued on Colin, or rather on the back of the blue jersey with "Zanardi" and a big white number eight trimmed in red. For a minute she wished she'd met him back when he'd been playing, but then she remembered Elise—and her own first Master.

Their time was now. It hadn't been twenty years ago. She let out a huge cheer when Colin arrowed a perfect spiral through the barrel stave from half the length of the field. He was so good her heart nearly burst with pride. She sat on the folding chair she'd dragged along, watched the competition that seemed so close—too close to call by her count. He made the same perfect throw from sixty yards, came up a little short from seventy. Bobby's last throw had gone the distance but barely missed the target. Dave's had been short, too, not that anybody expected him to make all the long ones since his heavily braced knee kept him from getting his body fully behind the throws.

Susan watched Keith get set for his final throw. This year's Super Bowl MVP, the lanky quarterback was good. Damn good. She held her breath as his perfect spiral zoomed toward the target—held on a lucky gust of wind—and fell just short of the barrel stave and landed next to the last ball Colin had thrown.

All four men stood on the field, enjoying what looked like a pleasant conversation while Cal tallied up the scores. When he came up on the risers and grabbed the microphone, Susan crossed her fingers and kept her gaze glued on Colin's gorgeous face. He'd said it didn't matter, the contest was just for fun. But she knew it did. Like all the Hedgecock quarterbacks, he had an ego she knew needed regular feeding.

Cal called out for everybody's attention. Susan saw Marly draw in a deep breath. Tina dropped her gaze to little Jack while Diane fiddled with the braided leash attached to Dave's sooty standard poodle. The dog had wanted badly to go on the field and join the fun. In spite of telling herself this was all in good fun, Susan felt her heart pounding.

Then Cal made the announcement. Colin and Keith had tied, with Dave and Bobby coming in only a point or two behind. "Let's have a big hand for all four of these guys who came back and made this reunion a huge success."

Cal announced the numbers Susan and Mel had calculated – an amount that should take care of the most needed renovations. Then he called Colin to the risers and handed him the microphone.

Colin laid an envelope in Cal's hand. "The other guys asked me to speak for all of us, so here I am, feeling great and none the worse for wear after coming back to the field where I got my start in football over thirty years ago. Bobby, Keith, Dave and I all want to give back to Coach Williams and his program that gave us the basics before we went off to college and the NFL. Cal, we hope the school board will use these checks from us to further sports at Hedgecock High."

Colin looked around, found Susan and motioned her to join him. "Aside from getting the start of my long career as a player and coach in the NFL, I need to thank Hedgecock for bringing me here to find the woman I've been looking for longer than I like admitting. I knew from the first time I heard Susan's soft, slow drawl when she called to ask me to come that she'd be a very special lady and she is. I'm taking her home with me, but I promise to bring her back next year so we can both take part in the second annual Hedgecock football camp."

His dark eyes sparkled and his smile took her breath away when he held both her hands and brushed his chiseled lips across hers. "Now it's time for us to go, folks. Until next year."

Epilogue

Savannah, Georgia, four months later

"How's my baby doing?" Colin shucked his suit jacket and loosened his tie as soon as he set Susan on the carpeted floor of their bedroom. The party they'd thrown had been fun but now he wanted nothing more than to make love for the first time with his brand new bride.

Her smile warmed his heart and sent blood rushing to his cock. "He's fine. And so am I." She looked down at the diamond-studded band he'd slid next to the five-carat solitaire he'd bought the first chance he got after they left Hedgecock. "Your dad's a lot like you."

"Yeah. I hope I'm in as good shape as Zeke is when I hit seventy-five. He told me I'd done good this time, you know." Colin had already known that, of course, but it hadn't hurt to hear the words from his dad. "He even promised to come when Bruiser's born since neither of us has any other relatives to help out."

Since they'd been together, Colin had pieced together Susan's history, which she still found so hard to talk about—the strict great-aunt who'd raised her until her death, her typical teenage rebellion against rules so strict they practically ensured rebellion and the loneliness and need for an older mentor that had practically shoved her into Donnie Anderson's arms.

Colin held her, gently working the buttons loose at the back of the violet silk halter dress she'd picked to wear for their wedding because she thought its high waist concealed her growing baby bump. "Are you happy, sweetheart?"

"Delirious. I could hardly believe so many Hedgecock people came. Even Diane was all smiles. Guess she's forgiven me now that she's so sure Dave's all hers."

"They all love you now, sweetheart, because they realize you've made me the happiest man alive." Truth was, Colin had been surprised but very pleased to see Mel and Cal—and all three of his fellow quarterbacks who'd formed friendships that crossed generations but were glued together by a shared love for the game. "Come here."

She did. He'd known she would because his wishes were always her commands. Very gently he lifted the gown off her body and bent to nuzzle her belly, now minus the navel ring she'd removed as soon as they'd found out about the baby. "Lie down."

Eagerly, she obeyed his softly spoken order, her ripening body fascinating him more every day. The adoring way she watched him strip off his clothes made him feel ten feet tall, as powerful as he'd ever felt. "I'm gonna tie you up and have my wicked way with you."

"Promises, promises, my darling Master." When she stretched out her arms and legs, he couldn't help noticing her new tattoo—the exotic-looking, soft lavender orchid on her mound. He'd chosen it as soon as they'd gotten back from Hedgecock, his personal brand to replace the rose from the past he swore he'd make her forget. "Make love with me, Master. Please."

Very gently he bound her to the bed the way he'd done that first night back in Hedgecock. Then, starting with her lush mouth, he claimed her body as she'd taken his heart. Gently, gradually, banishing his doubts, the disillusionment that had colored his life. Before Susan. "I love you, wife. I love our life and in a few months I'm gonna love our baby."

Slowly he made his way down her lush body, nibbling nipples made supersensitive by her pregnancy despite the fact she'd removed the nipple rings and put them away. Her little moans and sighs punctuated his every kiss as he made his way down her body, licking and kissing and nipping at her satiny skin.

Finally he knelt between her legs and sank into her wet heat. The way she clamped down on his cock made him feel strong, invincible. "Yeah, squeeze me like that. I'm not

gonna last long." Then he felt a tiny flutter against his belly and looked into her shining eyes. "Was that..."

"Yes, Master, he's moving around."

"I hope I'm not hurting him."

She laughed, the sound surrounding him with emotion. "I think he's just saying hello to his daddy."

"Good." Colin sank into her again, slow and deep. Once, twice, three times as the pressure built in his balls...

And then she screamed with pleasure, and he filled her with his love.

Later he untied her and gathered her in his arms. "I'm a selfish bastard, sweetheart, but I don't believe I'll ever be able to share you, not even in a scene at Necessary Roughness."

"You're more than enough Master for me," she said sleepily, snuggling into his arms the way that made him feel like twice the man he was.

The End

About the Author

Ann Jacobs is a sucker for lusty Alpha heroes and happy endings, which makes Ellora's Cave an ideal publisher for her work. Romantica®, to her, is the perfect combination of sex, sensuality, deep emotional involvement and lifelong commitment—the elusive fantasy women often dream about but seldom achieve.

First published in 1996, Jacobs has sold over forty books and novellas, some of which have earned awards including the Passionate Plume (best novella, 2006), the Desert Rose (best hot and spicy romance, 2004) and More Than Magic (best erotic romance, 2004). She has been a double finalist in separate categories of the EPPIES and From the Heart RWA Chapter's contest. Three of her books have been translated and sold in several European countries.

A CPA and former hospital financial manager, Jacobs now writes full-time, with the help of Mr. Blue, the family cat who sometimes likes to perch on the back of her desk chair and lend his sage advice. He sometimes even contributes a few random letters when he decides he wants to try out the keyboard. She loves to hear from readers, and to put faces with names at signings and conventions.

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

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