ELLORA'S CAVE Moderne Caught Red-Handed Paige Tyler laught

Caught Red-Handed

Paige Tyler

Dru Summers can never wait until Christmas morning to open her presents. So when her husband Ryan puts a new one underneath the tree on Christmas Eve, she can't help but sneak downstairs to take a peek while he's sleeping. When Ryan catches her in the act, he decides the best way to deal with her behavior is to give her that spanking she so richly deserves. To her surprise, it turns out to be the best Christmas present of her life!

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CAUGHT RED-HANDED

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Chapter One

It was Christmas eve, but instead of sleeping peacefully with visions of sugar plums dancing in her head, Dru Summers was lying in bed staring up at the ceiling, trying to figure out what her husband Ryan had gotten her. Her significant other was sound asleep beside her, completely oblivious to her torturous plight. Unlike her, he didn't have an almost uncontrollable urge to tear the wrapping paper off each and every box under the artificial tree downstairs and see what was inside them. He was one of those people who carefully and meticulously unwrapped a present as if they intended to reuse the paper again next year. Argh, those people drove her nuts! How could the curiosity about what was inside not drive them insane?

Thanks to her supreme detective skills, also known as shaking and rattling, she had a pretty good idea what was in most of the boxes addressed to her. But then right before she and Ryan had gone to bed, he had put another present under the tree. Then he'd smiled at her, probably because he'd known having a present down there she hadn't been able to inspect would drive her crazy.

She pushed herself up on an elbow and peeked over her husband's sleeping form to look at the clock on the bedside table. Almost four-thirty. She and Ryan usually slept until around eight or so on Christmas morning. It would be hours until they opened presents. Sighing, she lay back down.

Dru nibbled on her lower lip, wondering if she could slip out of bed without Ryan noticing. He was a really light sleeper, so she'd have to be extra quiet. She went back and forth in her head, trying to decide if she should go downstairs and open the present or not. She could unwrap the box, take a quick peek, then wrap it up again. She was really good at that. She'd be back in bed before Ryan even knew she was gone.

Keeping one eye on her husband, Dru slipped out of bed as quietly as she could and tiptoed across the darkened room, thankful there wasn't anything between her and the door she could fall over.

She grasped the doorknob and was about to turn it when she heard Ryan stir. Catching her breath, she spun around, expecting to see him sitting up in bed eyeing her sleepily, but he was still fast asleep. He must have just rolled over. Heart pounding, she opened the door and slipped out of the room.

Thanks to the glow of the twinkling lights on the Christmas tree in the great room below, navigating the upstairs hallway was simple, and she quickly made her way over to the stairs. She was halfway down the steps when one of them creaked. The sound seemed to echo around her and she froze in place, sure Ryan must have heard it. She held her breath, straining her ears for even the slightest sound that she might have woken him up, but all she heard was the click of the thermostat, then a soft purr as the central heat turned on. Letting out a sigh of relief, she turned around and continued down the stairs.

Once on the first floor, Dru hurried into the great room and dropped to her knees in front of the Christmas tree. There were quite a few presents with her name on them underneath it, but right now she was only interested in one of them—a small box with a gold bow on top.

Pulse racing excitedly, she picked up the box and shook it. She didn't hear anything, so she turned it in several different directions and repeated the motion. She was usually so good at this she could tell the difference between a pair of dangly earrings and hoops. But this box was giving her no clues at all. It was possible Ryan had added extra tissue paper around the item, knowing she would shake the box.

There was only one thing to do. She carefully peeled back first one piece of tape, then another. Yes! Ryan had used the pricey gift wrap tape that didn't tear the paper when a person pulled it off. If she did this right, she could wrap it back up using the original tape and her husband would never even have a clue she had sneaked a peek.

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Dru was just wiggling the box out of the paper when she heard Ryan's soft, sexy voice behind her.

"Someone's being a very bad girl."

Dru froze. Damn! Busted.

Chapter Two

Hurriedly shoving the box back into the paper, she taped the ends closed as best she could and put it back under the tree. Brushing her long, dark hair back, she got to her feet and turned to give her handsome husband a smile.

"Honey!" she said brightly. Too brightly, perhaps. She crossed the room to give him a kiss. "I didn't mean to wake you up. I was just putting another present under the tree."

He looked at the colorfully wrapped presents, then back at her, his dark eyes skeptical. "I don't see any new presents under there."

Damn, why did he have to be so observant? She nibbled on her lower lip as she tried to come up with another lie. Trouble was, she really wasn't a very good liar, and whenever she tried to fib to her husband, Ryan always seemed to see right through it.

He folded his arms across his broad, bare chest and gazed down at her. "You came down here to sneak a peek at your Christmas presents, didn't you?"

She blushed. "No, of course not! I..."

He lifted a brow.

Her color deepened. "Okay, you caught me," she sighed. "I did come down here to sneak a peek at them, but only because you cheated and put one under the tree so late last night. Besides, you interrupted me before I could figure out what it was. So no harm, no foul."

His mouth twitched. "I see. It's only a crime if you complete what you set out to do then?"

"Of course."

"I don't think so," he said. "In fact, I think you need to be punished for your actions."

She almost laughed. "Punished?"

He nodded. "Every Christmas, you sneak a peek at your presents, which makes surprising you impossible, so I think it's time we did something about it."

"Like what?"

"I'm going to give you a spanking."

Her jaw dropped. A spanking? Surely he wasn't serious.

The smile tugging at the corner of Ryan's mouth made her think he wasn't, but then he took her hand and led her over to the big sectional couch. She opened her mouth to say something, but nothing would come out. She'd heard about women who liked to get spanked as foreplay, even read about it in a few erotic romances, but she had never actually gotten spanked. As her husband sat down and guided her over his knee, however, she couldn't ignore the little quiver in her pussy. Could she actually be getting turned-on? She blushed at the thought and was glad he couldn't see her face. She was being a very bad girl.

Ryan placed one strong hand on her back, cupping her panty-covered ass with the other. His hand was warm through the thin material and Dru caught her breath in anticipation. She waited for him to smack her bottom, but instead he gently caressed her upturned cheeks. She bit her lip to stifle a moan. If this was the kind of punishment he had in mind, then she wasn't going to complain.

All at once, Ryan lifted his hand and brought it down on her right cheek with a firm smack. Dru's gasp of surprise was quickly followed by a squeal as his hand immediately connected with her other cheek.

She lifted her head to look at him over her shoulder. "Ouch! Honey, that stings."

His mouth quirked. "It's a spanking, it's supposed to sting. I have to make sure you remember this next Christmas when you're tempted to do the same thing."

He didn't wait for a reply, but simply brought his hand down on her ass again. She barely had time to catch her breath before he followed it up with another. Heat spread across her bottom and she squirmed on his lap. As she did, her skimpy panties rode up, exposing more of her derriere, and she squealed each time his hand connected with her bare skin. Wow, that really stung. Where the heck had Ryan learned to give a spanking like this?

Then, just as quickly as he'd started spanking her, he stopped to give her ass cheeks a delicious squeeze. Whereas before his hand had felt warm on her skin, now it felt wonderfully cool, and she moaned.

"Your ass just begs for a spanking, did you know that?" Ryan asked.

Dru lifted her head to look at him in surprise. Her husband had never said anything so...sexy before. "It does?"

"It does." He teasingly trailed his fingers over the part of her cheeks left exposed by her panties, and she shivered. "In fact, I've wanted to spank you for a long time."

"You have?" This was definitely a side to her husband she hadn't seen before. She would never say he was vanilla in bed, but he'd definitely never been rocky road, either.

"I was just waiting for the right opportunity. I knew if I put that present under the tree, you wouldn't be able to resist opening it. Turns out I was right."

Giving her a lazy grin, he hooked his fingers in the waistband of her panties and slowly slid them down to mid-thigh before she realized what he was doing. As he ran his fingers up her legs, she caught her lower lip between her teeth, waiting for him to slip his hand between them and touch her pussy. But instead, he lifted his hand and smacked her on the bare ass. She squirmed, wiggling back and forth on his lap in rhythm with the spanks as he moved from one cheek to the other.

Even though the smacks stung, she felt herself getting more and more aroused by what her husband was doing. As crazy as it seemed, getting her ass spanked was making her pussy soaking wet. Soon, she was squirming as much from the smacks as she was in an effort to grind her clit against his thigh.

That was when she felt the sizeable bulge in her husband's pajama bottoms and realized Ryan was just as turned-on as she was. The knowledge got her even more excited and she moaned loudly when, after one more hard spank to each cheek, he stopped to give her ass another squeeze.

Bending forward, he pressed his lips to her red-hot skin. Dru caught her breath. Her husband had kissed her there before, of course, usually during one of his famous massages, but as the stubble on his jaw brushed her sensitive skin while he kissed and nibbled his way over first one cheek then the other, she decided it was even sexier after a spanking.

Suddenly the tingling in her pussy became a throb that could no longer be denied.

She looked at him over her shoulder. "Touch me. Please."

Her husband's gaze met hers. His was hot and hungry. Mouth curving into a sinfully sexy smile, he slipped his hand between her legs and ran his fingers along her slick folds.

She cooed as he found her clit and made slow, lazy circles around it. He always knew just how to touch her.

He also knew just how to tease her.

Moving away from her clit, he glided his fingers up and down her slit before dipping inside her wetness. But again he teased her, wiggling his finger back and forth a few times then sliding out.

She opened her mouth to beg him to continue but he was already rising an d standing her on her feet. Cupping her freshly spanked ass cheeks in both hands, he pulled her close and kissed her.

His mouth was hot and hungry, his tongue plunging into her mouth to tangle urgently with hers.

Dru buried her hands in his dark hair, kissing him back just as wildly. His hard cock pressed up against her, reminding her of how much he wanted her.

He moved his hands over her hips and up her abdomen to cup her breasts through her tank top. Her nipples tightened and went hard in response to his touch, straining at the thin material of her top, and she sighed against his mouth as he rubbed his thumbs over their sensitive tips.

With a growl, he broke the kiss to lift her tank top over her head. He cupped her breasts in his hands again, but this time, he bent to take one rosy red peak in his mouth even as he took the other between his forefinger and thumb and gave it a squeeze.

Dru arched against him, clutching his broad shoulders as he swirled his tongue around her nipple.

Lifting his head, he turned her around so that she had her back to the couch. Urging her onto it, he dropped to his knees in front of her. Hooking his fingers in the panties that were still banded around her thighs, he yanked them off the rest of the way and tossed them across the room. Then, putting a hand on each of her legs, he gently spread them wide so he could bury his face in her pussy.

He went down on her as if he couldn't get enough, plunging his tongue in her wetness, then running it up and over her folds before finally closing his mouth over her clit.

Dru threaded her fingers in his hair, holding him in place as he lapped at her pussy. She gyrated her hips in time with his tongue, grinding against him.

"That feels so good," she breathed. "Don't stop."

He didn't. Instead, he went back and forth between swirling his tongue around her clit and sucking the plump little nub into his mouth until she was writhing on the couch. When her orgasm finally washed over her, she tossed her head back and cried out as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her. God, she'd never come so fast before. That spanking had gotten her so turned-on, she'd been ready to explode before he had even gotten started.

Afterward, all she could do was lie there. Between her legs, her husband pressed a tender kiss to the inside of each thigh before lifting his head to gaze up her. The look of desire she always saw in his eyes when they made love never failed to take her breath away.

Sitting up, she kissed him long and lingeringly on the mouth. "Your turn."

Ryan didn't need to ask for clarification as to what she meant. Grinning, he got to his feet and pushed down his pajama bottoms. Her pulse quickened as his thick erection sprang free. Damn, he had a beautiful cock.

Wrapping her hand firmly around the base of his shaft, she leaned forward to lick off the droplet of precum that had beaded on the tip. He tasted musky and just a little bit sweet. The perfect combination.

Closing her lips over the head, she slowly moved her mouth up and down. As she did so, she allowed her tongue to glide along his length before swirling it over the tip and doing it all over again.

Above her, Ryan made a sound deep in his throat and slid his hand in her long hair. She moaned as he made a gentle massaging motion with his fingers. She loved when he did that.

She took him a little deeper with each bob of her head until his cock was touching the very back of her throat. Ryan groaned again. Fingers tightening ever so gently in her hair, he urged her head up.

"I'm already close, baby, and I want to come inside you."

Her pussy spasmed at the imagery. As much as she loved giving him a blowjob, she wanted him coming inside her, too.

Dru licked her lips, wondering whether he wanted to go upstairs to their big, comfy bed, or if he wanted to do it right there in the living room. She got her answer a moment later when he scooped her up in his arms and set her down on the floor beside the Christmas tree.

Oooh, they hadn't had sex on the floor since before they were married. She liked his choice. If she'd known being a bad girl would get her sex like this, she would have been bad every night.

Settling between her spread legs, Ryan braced himself with a hand on either side of her head. She ran her hands over his broad shoulders and down his muscular biceps, loving the way the muscles there bunched and flexed under her fingers.

She waited breathlessly for him to slide into her pussy, but instead he rubbed the head of his cock along her slit. As eager as she was to have him inside her, the teasing made it that much more amazing when he finally entered her.

She wrapped her legs around him, pulling him in balls-deep. Mumbling something she couldn't make out, he bent his head and kissed her.

When he didn't move right away, Dru rocked her hips, her little way of letting him know what she wanted. Ryan got the hint and slowly thrust his cock into her.

She moaned and clenched her pussy tightly around him each time he pumped. The move sent little tremors of pleasure rushing through her and she lifted her hips to meet his more wildly. Every time he thrust deep into her, it pressed her still-tingling ass into the carpet, reminding her of the incredible spanking he'd given her. Mmm, she could do this all night.

Dru was sure they were both going to come soon, but Ryan surprised her by suddenly rolling onto his back, taking her with him so she was on top. That was fine with her. She liked being on top. Smiling, she placed her hands on his bare chest and began to ride him. Unlike before, this time she kept her movements slow and sensual.

Ryan grasped her hips. "Oh yeah. That's it, baby. Ride me."

She obeyed, undulating her hips as she moved up and down. The rocking motion not only drove his cock deep inside her pussy, but it ground her clit against him, too, doubling her pleasure.

Ryan must have realized it because he grinned up at her. "Enjoying yourself?"

She smiled back. "Uh-huh."

Still grinning, he lifted one hand and brought it down on her ass. Startled, she stopped moving to gaze down at him with wide eyes.

"You stopped riding me," her husband pointed out.

"You spanked me."

"I did." His grin broadened. "Keep riding me."

As if to make sure she did as he asked, he lifted his other hand and smacked her on the opposite cheek. Dru squealed, but obediently started moving up and down on him again.

Ryan continued to spank her as she rode him, spanking first one cheek, then the other. The combination of his hand smacking her ass while his hard cock drove into her sent her over the edge, and she threw back her head and screamed loudly enough for every neighbor within a two-mile radius to hear. She barely heard her husband's groan as he reached his own climax until he grabbed her ass in both hands and buried himself deep inside her with one forceful thrust.

When she finally floated back down to earth, she collapsed forward on Ryan's chest with a moan. His arms went around her, holding her close.

"Wow," was all she could say.

"You can say that again." He pressed a kiss to the top of her head. "So, do you want to open your presents now? It's early, but technically it's Christmas."

Dru laughed. "Actually, I think I'll wait until later. You wore me out so much, you big stud, that I'm going to have to go back to bed."

He chuckled softly, the sound a deep rumble beneath her ear. "Think you'll be able to stay put this time?"

She lifted her head to kiss him. "If I don't, you can always spank me again."

About the Author

Paige Tyler is a full-time, multi-published, award-winning writer of erotic romance. She and her research assistant (otherwise known as her husband!) live on the beautiful Florida coast with their easygoing dog and their lazy, I-refuse-to-get-off-the-couch-for-anything-but-food cat. When not working on her latest book, Paige enjoys reading, jogging, doing Pilates, going to the beach, watching Pro football and vacationing with her husband at Disney. She loves writing about strong, sexy alpha males and the feisty, independent women who fall for them. From verbal foreplay to sexual heat, her wickedly hot stories of romance, adventure, passion and true love will bring a blush to your cheeks and leave you breathlessly panting for more!

Paige welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her <u>author bio page</u> at <u>www.ellorascave.com</u>.

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