

A movie poster featuring a close-up of a person's back and buttocks. The person is holding a wooden paddle with the word 'BRAT' carved into it. On the person's buttock, the word 'BRAT' is written in red, raised letters. The title 'ABDUCTING ANDREA' is at the bottom in large white letters, and 'RAIDER'S BODYGUARD SERVICE' is below it in smaller red letters. The name 'CHERYL DRAGON' is at the top in white letters.

CHERYL DRAGON

ABDUCTING
ANDREA

RAIDER'S BODYGUARD SERVICE

Abducting Andrea

A Raider's Bodyguard Service Story

By Cheryl Dragon

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For my editor who lured me in...

Chapter One

Raider's Bodyguards prided themselves on handling any job. Routine guarding was fine, but they specialized in threat containment and incident intervention. Jake Raider knew his latest assignment wouldn't be easy. He'd tangled with Andrea Edington before.

The beauty struggled and kicked in his arms. Luckily, he'd put tape over her mouth and rope around her wrists or he'd have even more trouble. She never came peaceably. It was part of her charm.

Jake tossed her in the back of a company cargo van, padded with blankets, then slammed the door. The look in her eyes sent a stab through him. Dread and desire. Andrea knew it was him. In a way, he was glad. He didn't want to terrify her while protecting her.

Rounding the van and getting into the driver's seat, he locked them in just to be sure. As he started the engine, she yanked off the tape. "You son of a bitch! Who the hell do you think you are?"

She'd be strangling him if it weren't for the hard plastic mesh between the front seats and cargo area. He was safe, but the barrier gave him a clear view into the back. Pity he couldn't get her hands tied behind her back. "Relax, Andrea. There's a threat."

She rolled her soft brown eyes. "Oh, is there? Please! There's always a threat. In case you've lost track, I'm twenty-five not sixteen. You can't just snatch me or invade my dorm room because my dad hires you. This is kidnapping!"

"Your father hires the firm to monitor things for the family. Any time there's a verifiable threat or attempted attack, we take measures. Why are you giving me hell?" He pulled out into traffic.

"Because I'm an adult, and you can't contain me because someone else pays you to. It's illegal and wrong." She looked out at the road over his shoulder. "Where are we going?"

"A safe house. Get comfortable."

Her pretty face frowned. "Before, you just guarded me. At boarding school and college, you invaded my life. Now, you're pulling me away from my life. What happened?"

Maybe he should've blindfolded her? The third degree was worse than her temper. Andrea was smart. She analyzed him and the situation in seconds. "Everything is fine, but this threat is credible, and there's a plan. We need to move you. Trust me this once?" He took the back roads for two reasons. She'd never remember how they got there and if they were being followed he'd find out fast.

She glared at him in the rearview mirror. "I trust you. You'll do whatever Dad pays you to do and treat me like a child. I promise this is the last time. I'm an adult. I have my own company. I can afford my own bodyguard who works for me. Seriously, what if I'd had a guy over?"

He glared back, unable to deny her points. He'd taken her while changing out of her work clothes to a baby-blue, cotton T-shirt. She'd never gotten into the navy lounge pants she'd pulled out of the drawer. "I'd hope the guy would understand your safety is more important than a date."

"You and Dad don't give anyone a chance to understand. You just decide and take over." The anger in her eyes wasn't the same fury as before. This smacked of humiliation. She resented him.

"If it wasn't serious, I'd have let you dress and pack a bag. These people would do anything to get your dad to pay a ransom. You need a permanent bodyguard." She'd always refused that suggestion. Jake had taken the first job with her when she was sixteen and he was twenty-one.

His stepdad had thought it'd be a great match since she'd slipped away from another of Raider's bodyguards. They'd expected Jake to fail but had wanted him to learn. He'd kept her safe and caught her every time she'd tried to run. And somehow, he'd managed to resist her.

Once he'd succeeded, he'd been assigned "Andrea duty" every time the Edington family needed Raider's services. Jake enjoyed the challenge, the view and, finally, the fact that she wasn't a teenager anymore.

"I don't want a full-time guard watching me everywhere I go and monitoring who I see. He'd report back to my dad. Zero privacy. That's why I liked boarding school. They could try to keep tabs on me, but with so many girls, it never worked." She sat back, resigned to the trip.

"If you hired someone, it would make your parents relax. That's all I'm saying." He forced his eyes off her long legs and back on the road.

"That's the other thing. I have my own business now. I have plenty of money. Why does Dad feel the need to baby me like I can't afford you?" She fought the ropes, but no amount of wiggling freed her.

"I'm sure you can. Designer shoes pay well then?"

"They make women feel sexy and men want to have sex. That's the key."

"Sex is the key to shoe sales?" He didn't need to think about sex with her tied up in a van at his mercy. Jake couldn't resist her, not now.

"Absolutely. Not like it's the foot fetish guys buying them. It's just how women look in the heels. How it makes them feel. Men notice it, and it's attractive. And look at me, without even fuzzy slippers. Where the hell are we going? Are we even close?" She contorted to look at her diamond-studded bracelet watch.

"We've got a ways to go," he said.

The brat was back. Jake knew she'd been given every luxury and sent away to schools. With a rich dad and beauty queen mom, Andrea had had no chance to be normal. Her mom had wanted her to do some European finishing school. Andrea had refused and gone to college before starting her own company. Her trust fund was the seed money, but Jake knew Andrea's fund could've kept her in diamond watches all her life without one day of work.

He got to see the real Andrea few people ever met. No polish and designer clothes, no charity functions and good manners. It was always raw and intense when he moved in. This was going to be a hard weekend. He just prayed his stepdad and the team got Andrea's cousin home safely.

"Is this safe house in Canada? I don't have my passport. I don't have my purse!"

Close. Connecticut, but she couldn't know that. Nor could she have her cell phone or wallet on her. He'd left it all behind. Jake had grabbed only a few personal items to help her pass the time but nothing to help her escape, contact anyone or be tracked by others. "Relax, you don't need any identification. We've probably only got the weekend so you don't need to rush back for things. It's a nice, quiet area. No press. No one for miles."

"I've got work to do."

"So this will be a good creative time for you. No dates you'll be standing up?" he asked.

"Please, men only want my money. I'm not interested in being a trophy wife for looks or cash. I'd end up with five ex-husbands because that type of man cheats. If my parents try to set me up one more time..." She finished the threat by kicking the air.

Jake knew better. Small talk with her had ugly landmines built in. When she'd been sixteen and then nineteen he'd tangled with her. It'd been six years, and he'd missed her. On some

level, they'd always been connected. "How are your aunt and cousin?" Those were the family members she actually liked. She'd spent her summers with them, traveling.

"Fine last time I heard. I can't check now. You know more than I do, obviously. You're sure everyone is safe, right?" Concern slipped into her voice.

"Hey, I'm the best. If someone got taken, I'd be after them. You're the prime target. No security, roaming free around New York City." He hadn't exactly answered the question with the truth, but if he had, she'd tear a hole through the van to escape. She cared for her family no matter how much she complained. That passionate streak was what would do her in if she wasn't careful.

"I'm flattered. I get the great Jake Raider."

He felt her gaze on him. "Take a nap. I'll get you there safe. And the fridge is stocked so we're fine."

"Internet? Computer? I need to email my assistant."

"Neither and no phones, either. Any messages go through me."

"I'm in prison." She elbowed the mesh between them.

He had one ace up his sleeve to shut her up. He'd pay for it, but somehow, the comment slipped out. "You could spend the weekend trying to seduce me. It's been almost ten years since you tried that." He hadn't fallen for her tactics when she'd been underage. Only five years separated them, but he was too smart to fall for jailbait. At nineteen, she'd kept her distance. But she'd never know how hard it had been to resist her then.

Not just the sexual side of things. She haunted his dreams. The pushy side and the vulnerable side both turned him on.

She laughed with a deliberate snort. "I was sixteen in an all-girl boarding school. Men under thirty were scarce. Don't worry, a week after you left my roommate's older brother came to visit for the weekend." Andrea gave him a Cheshire smile.

"With his sister around?" Jake didn't buy it.

"No. She went off to spend the weekend with her boyfriend. Boarding school sex is tough, but there are ways around the system. I wanted to ditch the virgin crap, and her brother pitched in. Not bad. He was nineteen."

A virgin. Shit! "Glad that worked out for you. I got paid to protect you, not be a stud service. I'm an ex-cop, no stranger to jailbait ploys."

"You're too noble to be a stud anyway."

"Noble?" He looked at her in the rearview mirror. If she only knew.

She nodded. "You're a good guy. Do your job and never give in to temptation. Never lie or cheat."

"Thanks. Life is all about choices." His real father was in prison, not a good guy. His stepdad set the example, and Jake did everything to resist bad choices.

"Want to know what my dad says about guys like you?" Those eyes of hers went dark, and the smirk on her lips told Jake that he didn't really want to know.

"Nice guys finish last?" he guessed.

She shook her head. "Those who act *really* good are hiding something *really* bad. It's what he said the first time I caught him with some mistress. He and mom both have their friends. They said I had to appear good for the public, but I'd make my mistakes and the family image machine would cover it up. They probably think my shoe business is a rebellion."

"Starting your own company is rebellion?" Jake gave Mr. Edington credit for trying to protect his stubborn daughter. He knew business, and business boiled down to people. Andrea would lunge for trouble given the chance. If Jake didn't keep himself in check, he'd be in the back screwing Andrea right now, keeping her tied up and showing her just how bad he could be. But her safety came first. They'd come later.

"Starting my own business and not going to work for him, sure. Even if you had slept with me at sixteen and he'd found out, he probably would've blamed me or looked at the big picture—better you than a random college guy."

"Daddy's little angel?" Jake laughed to himself.

"Please. He spent more time making money than parenting. Mom wanted to travel—hard with a kid in school so away I went. As long as I avoided bad press, I was free. Until you showed up!" She rested her head on the side of the van.

Only one way to handle a seething and sexy heiress. "I missed you, too. You've got my full attention." He only wished it wasn't focused in his pants.

"Dad must pay you a lot of money." Andrea shook her head.

"You think I'm full of crap? I like protecting people. Your version of bad isn't really bad; it's just bratty. I know real bad guys. They'd hurt you and enjoy it. I won't let that happen." He meant it deeper than any other client. She'd been sheltered. A smart woman, no doubt, she possessed strong survival instincts. However, outsmarting boarding school matrons and escaping a

bodyguard were very different than avoiding a dangerous criminal who wanted money and would rape and torture her to get it. The idea made Jake sick.

“How is such a good guy going to protect me from the really bad ones?” she mocked him.

“Maybe your dad is right? Maybe you’ve just never seen my bad side?” Jake had always fought the urge he’d had since they’d first met, screw and spank her. The order depended on his mood, but that woman needed some grown up discipline.

* * * *

In the end, Andrea fell asleep frustrated and turned on. A full day of working plus helping her friend Penny plan a fashion show had left Andrea exhausted. As much as Jake made her blood boil, the worry of threats and the stress of being out of control took her energy.

Naturally, her dreams revolved around him. Why couldn’t she just go along and accept her life? Go wild like some of the rich girls? Or be good like some of the others? Start a charity and travel. Marry a rich guy to shut up her parents.

The urge to be herself ran deep and always pulled her in ways the family didn’t like. Maybe that was the attraction to Jake? They wouldn’t like it if she got serious with a guy like him. “Jake’s the type you keep on the side,” her mother had said. Oh how her Mom wanted her to marry royalty, even if very distant.

The van turned and stopped, pulling Andrea from her sleep. Finally! They’d been on the road for what felt like hours. He cut the engine, and the back doors swung open.

His broad shoulders filled the space. His blue eyes pierced through the darkness to her, taking her in. His rugged jaw and serious expression made her tense. This dream man hadn’t changed. Same dark brown hair, handsome face and tan skin. She’d still want him even if he were heir to some great fortune. Jake mixed her up so much she wasn’t sure how to handle him.

“Play nice,” he warned.

Her eyes drifted down his black shirt to his faded blue jeans. “You like a challenge.”

No more awkward teenage plays. She’d had her experience and had gotten over his initial rejection. He’d brought up sex, and her instincts were as good as ever. He wanted her.

Jake snatched her ankle. His long arms and torso had muscle enough to wrangle her. She’d never out run or out fight him. But maybe she shouldn’t try this time. Another false alarm from her over-protective father might be something she should enjoy fully.

As she willingly slid along the van floor, her shirt bunched up revealing the lacy boy cut panties that sat snug on her hips. While he'd denied her fun before, his body reacted to her now, staring openly at her less than dressed form.

He stood her up, and his strong hands felt hot on her flesh. Jake smelled so good it was criminal. And he was so close it hit her harder than ever before. Having the upper hand with him was always a game, and now, she had better skills.

"Shoes really would've been good here." She looked down at the gravel path to the cabin.

"Damn. Okay." He swept her up and headed quickly for the house.

"No gag? I could scream." Andrea meant it as a joke, but her pussy shivered at the idea. Why was he the center of her fantasies?

His mouth tugged up in amusement. "Scream all you want. No one out here for miles and miles." He unlocked the door and set her inside. A quaint cabin in the woods. Plaid couches, big manly territory. Jake nudged her forward.

"Only one bedroom," he said.

Andrea flopped on the huge bed decked out with thick quilts. She settled near the heavy, wrought iron headboard to let her long legs and lace panties tempt him. "Room service?"

"Absolutely, you don't need to move an inch." He pulled out handcuffs, snapped one end around her wrist and the other to the iron post before removing the rope. "I'll be back with the other stuff."

"Stuff? What the hell?" She yanked at the handcuff. "Jake! Let me go, you jerk." She yelled as he left. Mad as she was, her pussy moistened at the reality of being close to him and basically his captive.

Jake could do anything he wanted to her. If only he knew what she really wanted. She trusted him but couldn't ask for the stuff that made her crazy. He'd mock her. Still her skin tingled. What did he want? Jake was always the man who did what she'd never expect. He kept her on her toes, wanting more of him.

As her mind turned to her own fantasies, Jake strolled back into the room with a box of stuff. First, he pulled out her sketchpad. "You can work." Then her personal toy box came out. "Play."

"What?" Her face burned. "How dare you."

He smiled and pulled out a couple of books she'd kept in her nightstand. "Read. Don't say I didn't think about your needs."

"You had no right to dig through my private things." If he'd brought her sex toys, he certainly didn't plan on helping. Or did he? Watching? This was a Jake she'd never seen. He'd always been strong-willed, and now, he was tempting her!

"Privacy is out the window. This is the martial law of your life. Or Raider law, if you prefer. There's TV but not a ton of channels." Jake reached in the box and took out a pair of scissors. "One more detail."

"What now?" She scooted up the bed. "You're not cutting my hair like a disguise. That's the line. I'll stab you with those first." Her pale blonde hair brushed her shoulders and was her shield from the paparazzi when she tilted her head just right. It also was the one trait she'd inherited from her mother she liked.

"No, not your hair." Jake grabbed the edge of her shirt and cut slowly.

"Stop it. What sort of kink is this?" she demanded.

"Sit still. It's not kink. It's to keep you from running. It gets chilly at night."

"And that thin shirt would help?"

He cut around and up the sleeve, slicing until the shirt fell in scraps. "All done."

"You owe me one hundred dollars."

"For a shirt? Bill your father." Jake's voice had humor, but he stared at her breasts. A decent B cup but her mom had always wanted her to go up a cup with implants. None of Andrea's boyfriends had ever complained so she'd avoided the plastic surgeon. In her forties, she might feel differently. With the right bra, she didn't need more right now.

By the look on Jake's face, she believed he approved of her natural assets as well. Andrea smiled.

"You really want me like this all weekend?" She turned to face him and let her toes graze his thigh.

"Don't play games like a little tease." He grabbed her foot.

"I'm not a tease. You kidnapped me. I'm making the best of a bad situation. Scratch the itch. Then when I get back to New York, I'll sue you and the company for kidnapping and unlawful imprisonment."

"And sexual harassment?"

She smiled. "No, we're both consenting on that end. If you ever actually do anything. The cuffs would make that look odd though. Take them off while we..."

Her free hand slid down his shirt and under the hem to feel his hard chest. Andrea didn't really want to go free and knew Jake wouldn't let her. Now, he might say yes to the sex.

"Nice try. Cuffs stay." He pushed her hand away and grabbed her hair.

Andrea gasped as he pulled her up, his hard mouth claimed hers in an abduction that proved too successful. She'd always given in to him. Her body trembled with anticipation. It'd been a while since she'd dated anyone. No one compared to Jake. Their tongues dueled for control as her free hand pressed to his muscled back.

Jake cupped her lace-covered breast and rolled her nipple between his thumb and index finger.

Moaning, Andrea pressed to him, feeling his erection straining for her. More fuel for her fire. Ten years, she'd wanted him. Finally, she'd get him.

Her hip rubbed his cock through the denim. "You want both my hands on you. Unlock me." She tugged at the cuff. Her hand ached to feel his hard body.

Jake shook his head. "I like you this way. Keep being a brat, and I'll have more fun. Those books you have are very specific and full of fantasy. A bit of the rough stuff."

"You didn't have time to read it." She'd slept in the van, but he'd been driving. No one knew her naughty dreams. It embarrassed her, but there was no point in denial. No one got rough and kinky with her. She turned the tables on him. "What are your fantasies? Let's start there."

"I read the index of chapters all titled by fantasies. Lucky for you, we match on those. Which is why you're not getting free. Tied up with rope or handcuffs, that's what you want. You want to protest and be a brat, but you like rules and discipline. No one ever did that for you, I'll bet. You're mine to do with as I please this weekend." He unbuckled his belt and slid it free from his jeans. Laying it on the bed, he reached into the box and brought out a wooden paddle about eighteen inches long with handle and six inches wide. "You better be good, or I'll ignore you. We both know I have the self-control."

Her nipples tightened, and her pussy hit the fully wet level. She wanted it all with him. It had to be a dream. Or a joke. "No, those are just fantasies. I don't actually do them. You're just playing with me. It's not going to happen. You wouldn't." She bit her lip and felt her need. It wasn't a dream, but no man made her feel like this.

Jake grabbed her hand and pressed it to his pants. "Really? Not going to happen? Let's just see." He cupped her breast and pinched her nipple, increasing the pressure slowly and changing his grip.

At first, Andrea held back. She'd faced enough press to hide her emotions. But when Jake didn't let up and the lace dug into her flesh, she moaned. "Jake."

"Like it?" he whispered in her ear.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. That only made it feel better.

"Don't deny it. There's no point." He released her hair and slid the hand down her flat stomach to her mound, over the damp lace.

"I like it." Her hips lifted.

As soon as she confessed, he let go. "Lie back on the bed."

He leaned down, pulled the cup of her bra out of the way, and licked her red nipple. The moisture made her flesh throb more, but she was in no condition to tease or annoy him.

Andrea eased back onto the pillows, hoping for everything she wanted and never got. Not right anyway. Some boyfriends tried a little, but it wasn't something they got off on.

Jake tugged his shirt off and sat on the bed, the heat of his body made her feel safe. Pulling the bra strap off her shoulder, he freed her breasts that he'd stared at so often. She waited impatiently until he started with the breast he hadn't abused so far. Jake sucked it hard.

The feel was worth it. She moaned, her hips shifted for him. His teeth plucked at her nipple as she trembled. After a soft kiss to the bud he'd pinched, Jake licked down her body to the lace. She was so wet she knew he could smell her need.

Andrea reached down for him, wanting more. She didn't just want to be his plaything, she wanted him. "Come here," she said.

Without a word, Jake moved down next to her and unzipped his fly, freeing his cock. "Should be ladies first," he argued.

She shook her head and rolled over to settle in, licking his shaft and inhaling the scent of his body up-close. He was so hard. "You need it."

"So do you." He slid a finger under her panties.

Her hips lifted in agreement as the bolt of pleasure ran through her from his rough fingers. Every time he touched her, the feeling went through her entire body. "I need this first." She squeezed his balls and around the base.

"I won't last."

"Neither will I. Work off the first round fast, and we can play more later." She sucked him all the way down and let the sensation of fullness overtake her.

Jake lifted, and she eased back to let him fuck her mouth. Finally, the line he'd drawn years ago was completely gone. She swirled her tongue around his tip, and he moaned, gripping her hair. She had him. Jake wanted her, no more denial.

"I'm going to come," he said.

She smiled and eased back just a little as her tongue worked harder to get what they both wanted. He shouted and came, still gripping her hair as if she'd run away. She savored the flavor of him while her free hand explored his tight ass, hips and chest as he caught his breath. No doubt, she needed more of him. He made her feel. So much of her life she'd ignored her feelings out of necessity.

"Should've made you do that in the van. We both would've enjoyed the ride a hell of a lot more." He smiled down at her.

"You liked having me in a cage. Probably wanted me naked and tied up but pressed against that cold mesh. Are you going to keep me waiting forever?" She nipped at his sac.

His large palm connected with her barely covered bottom, and Andrea felt a stab of pleasure in that sting. She'd wanted this for so long it shocked her.

Jake looked her in the eye. "We'll see what I do to you." Another smack in the same spot had her creaming for more.

"Please, Jake."

"Glad you know that word. Get used to saying *please*." He flipped her onto her back and tugged the crotch of her panties to one side. "Wet and out of control. Do you think of me when you use your toys?"

She gasped as he slid two fingers in her pussy. No teasing, no testing, and she loved it. Jake took what he wanted. Squeezing his digits, she shook her head. Her hips rocked side-to-side. He wanted her.

"Answer me, brat. Do you fantasize about me?" His thumb rubbed her clit.

The damn burst. "Yes, damn it! Eat me. Suck my clit and make me come or..." She couldn't finish the sentence. There was no alternative. He had to help her. Andrea fucked his fingers, determined to find relief with Jake any way she could.

Jake pulled his hand away, and Andrea moaned. Then his tongue pressed to her clit while those fingers held her pussy lips open.

The contact sent her over the edge in no time, she thrashed, her cuffed hand gripping the headboard like a lifeline.

“Jake, please!” The orgasm mellowed but lingered as his tongue teased her inner folds. She needed more of him.

As if reading her mind, he put his two thick fingers deep inside her and fucked her fast.

“Oh, God! Yes.” She sat up as much as she could. The second release slammed deep in her. On the outside, she felt frozen but inside her body exploded.

Jake had kissed up her body and claimed her mouth by the time she stopped shaking. Kissing him back, she felt vindicated. Her instincts had never failed her, from fashion to men. Jake was a sexual fit for her in special ways that her still sensitive rear reminded her about.

“Better?” he asked against her mouth.

She nodded. “Amazing.”

“Sure you don’t want to draw some new shoes to pass the time?”

Andrea almost laughed. Then she almost thanked him for the great release and asked for more attention on her ass, like with that paddle. But there was something in his face. Something tense, after great sex like that?

No, there was something else. He was distracting her. Keeping something from her.

Easing back from him, she pulled her bra up. A pointless gesture but he’d pick up on the distance between them. “What aren’t you telling me?”

Chapter Two

Fighting off the sexual haze, Jake focused on her words. The gorgeous woman handcuffed and aching for him had haunted his dreams for years. Now, he had her begging for more. Her eagerness and arousal fueled his, and he hadn't even been inside of her yet.

It was classic Andrea to put her bra on and keep him waiting. She controlled things even when she didn't.

"What did you say?" He kept his hands on her hips, those seductive curves weren't going anywhere. The pink developing on her ass, a little mark of his getting the upper hand, reminded him how much she loved it.

"You're hiding something. I can tell. What is it?" She rolled onto him, straddling his stomach. Even cuffed she couldn't be tamed.

He loved that about her. But she also read people very well. An excellent tool in business and with her crazy family, but she didn't need to turn it on him. Not now. "I can't tell you the details of the threat. You know that. You're safer this way. Maybe you're using it to avoid more sex? Afraid of how much you want it? What I know you need?"

"Why would I be afraid of that? I've wanted you since I met you. Now I know you wanted me just as bad. Snooping through my nightstand for private things is out of bounds, but I'm not going to let that deprive me of great sex." Her fingers played in his crisp chest hair.

"So why waste time finding out about the threat? You never cared who or why before." He didn't want her going down this path. It'd upset her to know the truth. Upset he could handle, but with the danger her cousin was in—Andrea would launch headfirst into rescue mode. It'd cause more harm than good, and he wasn't about to let her endanger the rescue operation.

If anything happened to Andrea, he'd never forgive himself and not because of the job.

"You never kidnapped me or did this safe house thing before. I'm not clueless. I know something is different this time. Tell me." She leaned over him, her cuffed hand bracing on the bed, her other hand on her hip, tempting him.

No dumb blonde here. Jake needed to pacify her without revealing the extent of the situation. "An attempt was made to kidnap your cousin. They knocked her down, stole her jewelry, but she got away."

"Oh my God! Is she okay?" Andrea shoved his shoulder hard. "Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't she call?"

"She's fine. Under our protection now. But the attackers are on the loose, and when they get that close, they'll try again."

"Why? Wouldn't they hide out for a bit? Especially if they know she's got security."

"They probably think the security is lax. Better to act fast before we beef it up."

"Is it lax?"

"Denise fired two of the guys, leaving only one."

"Three? Why so many? Even still, that's not Denise. She's the good one in the family. You sent her jerks!"

He'd take her lecturing all night, as long as she believed him. "Denise has been dating some guy."

"Yes, Carl something. So?"

"So, he's bad news. We ran him through a background check. The two bodyguards were following Carl. She fired them and tried to ditch her guy. She's the target, but they'll use you to get to her." He ran his hands along her soft thighs.

"You think Carl was in on the plot?" Andrea's expression dropped with disappointment. "Poor Denise. Carl claimed to have money, not a ton but enough. He had her convinced he didn't care about the family's money. All a scam?"

"Looks that way." Warmth spread in Jake's lower half. "I don't know how big this operation is. They might have some people on the east coast to grab you. Who knows what Denise told Carl if she really trusted him? She could've said how you hate security, where your business is, who your friends are and what your routine is like. You just need to trust me, okay?"

"Of course. You're a pain in the ass, but you know your job. I just don't like being in the dark. I'd almost rather you go work Denise's side of things if she's the real target. She'd be safer." Andrea looked down at him. "Why do you always get me?"

Jake smiled and tipped her forward with his hips so she pressed to his chest, those firm breasts against him. Her mouth met his.

“Just lucky, I guess. At sixteen you ditched two guards before me, but I could handle you. You never insisted on a switch, or I’d have caught hell with my stepdad.”

Andres dazzled him with a blushing smile. “You are the only person in the world who makes me feel truly safe. Even if I give you hell.” She kissed him slowly. “It’s so much fun.”

That was a huge admission from her. Maybe it was good timing now. Before both of them had been too young, too immature to handle the complexity of her life and fit him in somehow. And she had been too young to see the problems. Now, Jake had hope. Once he had her, he couldn’t let go.

“You challenge me every time. I can’t imagine the life you had growing up. You could be an off the charts diva.” He rubbed her rear and watched her eyes close. Andrea’s lips quivered as she rocked back for more.

“You want me to be a diva and a brat, so you can punish me and torment me?” she asked.

“I don’t need a reason to spank you. You like it. You want it. Someone needs to break through that tough exterior. No one ever did it for you?” He slid a finger under her lace bottoms.

She shook her head. “I rarely trusted anyone enough to ask. Those I did weren’t up to it or into it. And I regretted asking. All I needed was one guy to go to the press and give an interview for cash. Paris’ sex tape was all over the news. That press about me would make my parents crazy.”

Jake chuckled. It wasn’t shame but trust that had kept her from hot sex. “You can trust me, Andrea.”

“I know.” She dropped scorching kisses over his chest. “Take the cuff off.”

He’d thought about it. “Can’t. This is safer. And it fits your fantasy. Don’t resist.”

“No, I like it, but maybe you can use the rope instead when I get back. Right now I need to find the washroom. Long car ride, lots of coffee at work.”

Oh that. Jake relaxed. “Sorry, should’ve handled that before I locked you up.”

“And I’m not into any of *that* stuff. No watching me in the bathroom, but the shower is okay. While we’re at it, I’m not playing submissive. No calling you Master or crawling around and doing whatever you say. You want me to be good then you have to keep me happy or exhausted with great sex. The fight is fun with you.”

“I’m not into that other stuff so you’re safe. You could use some discipline, though. I’ll get off on that. Never promised to be gentle.” He rolled off the bed and fished the key from his hiding place. “Down the hall on your right, first door. Don’t take too long.”

Rubbing her wrist, she stretched her arm and got off the bed. "You'll wait. A girl needs to freshen up. I don't think our night is over yet." Her fingers, all ten, stroked his cock.

"Not much feminine stuff in this place."

She shrugged. "I can improvise. Maybe when I get back, you'll be naked? The boots and denim will just get in the way." Andrea slid her hand up his stomach and rubbed up his chest to curl around his neck. Their mouths fused in a passionate need yet to be satisfied. It'd never die. Jake knew he'd always want her. He didn't want someone to obey. Deep down, Jake wanted her to challenge him.

"Hurry back." He kissed her neck and tongued behind her ear. She shivered, and Jake began to plan what he'd do to her. Reward her for trusting him, give her the fantasy of discipline and punish her for her protesting so loudly. The more they played, the more they'd enjoy it.

As she exited the room, Jake pulled off his boots and pushed down his jeans along with the boxers. Kicking it all out of the way, he pulled the quilt down. They'd already skewed it. But he repositioned the belt and paddle and her toy box within reach.

He'd gone in search of the rope when the alarm blared. Bolting for the bathroom, he knew no one was breaking in. His little brat wanted out.

* * * *

After taking care of the real call of nature, Andrea had left the water running as she'd unlatched the window. Standing on the counter, she had to try. She should've known he'd have the place wired. When the alarm stopped, she knew he was on to her.

Jake threw open the door and pulled her down. "What the hell? It was all an act?" He closed the window and hauled her back to the bedroom.

She'd known he'd be angry. "I have to get to Denise. You're soft selling it. If you say she skinned her knee, I'll bet she's in the hospital with a concussion."

Dropping her on the bed, he pinned her hips with his. "You said you trusted me. Now, I can't trust you."

The way he pinned her to the bed would be so sexy if he didn't look betrayed. "Jake, listen to me. We want each other and all that. It's not a lie. We'll still be here once the threat is over. What would you do if your brothers were in trouble? Your little sister? Denise is the closest thing I have, and she's sensitive." Andrea squirmed for more contact with him as his cock grew against her thigh.

He'd gotten naked for her. Why couldn't he have called her up and asked her out like a normal guy? No, he had to wait until her family was in danger to screw her? What sort of priorities did he have?

He reached over and snared her hand in the rope. "You can't help her by leading bad guys to her."

"But you can catch them if you're with me, and I'm with her. She'll be that much safer." Didn't he understand how much faith she had in him?

"My way works if everyone does their job. Don't second guess me or the team." He tied her hand to the headboard and left her.

Now he hated her or, at the very least, doubted her. She rested her head on the heavy bars. He was the only one she'd trust with her family. Why didn't he see that as a compliment?

She heard nails being pounded. The window, not that he'd let her near the bathroom without him standing outside the door now. Andrea needed to rebuild the trust. He returned and took the scissors out of the box now.

"What are you going to do?" The look in his eyes gave her goose bumps.

Jake grinned and cut her panties at each hip and then the bra right between her breasts. "You're staying here."

"You think being naked would stop me? No one is out there for miles. Even if a reporter got a picture of me like this, I'm running from a dangerous kidnapper. Lucky, I got away at all. My parents can't get mad." She smiled.

"You can spin the media, not me. It's too cold out there. You wouldn't make it a mile on foot." He grabbed his belt and ran it through his hands.

Andrea's skin tingled to attention, and her cunt warmed. He still wanted her, and his cock showed it.

"You really planned to leave all the fun for a run in the cold?" He folded and flexed the belt, snapping it. "You wanted me to stop you."

The noise sent a chill through her. "It's my family. I didn't have a plan. You'll be there later with all the fun. My priorities aren't so totally shallow and self involved. Was the sex just a distraction?"

"Now, you're grasping at straws. Leave the sex part out of this. I never said you were totally selfish or shallow. Think how Denise would feel if you were caught trying to get to her. If you ended up in the hospital or worse because you were worried about her? She shouldn't have

that guilt. Let me coordinate the security. You'll see her as soon as it's safe, I promise." Jake slid the belt over her thigh.

Her hips lifted in need, of what she couldn't focus on yet. Sex and discipline. "Okay. No more running."

Maybe she'd been testing him? What would he do to keep her safe? In quiet moments thinking of her scared cousin, logic didn't matter. But Jake was the ultimate distraction, and he was right. Security wasn't Andrea's specialty.

"Now, you're mine for the weekend. You're going to get fucked and punished however and whenever I choose." He dropped the belt so the buckle pressed to her wet pussy.

The cold metal made her gasp and spread her legs—so wanton but she didn't care. Jake knew all her secrets. She'd have let him do anything before her runaway attempt, but if he felt justified, so much the better. "I have a feeling I'll enjoy it."

"Yes, but I'm going to make sure you work for it." He selected a thin plastic vibrator.

It was her starter one she'd kept all these years. Her womb flipped when he turned it on. It buzzed like a beehive. "That's an old one."

He nodded. "Wet?" he asked.

She looked away and back. "Of course, I am. You and the belt. I don't want plastic."

"You don't get a vote. I know what you need."

Pinning one of her legs under his knee, Jake held her other thigh so she was spread wide. There was no hiding her arousal. He ran the tip of the toy around her clit and down to her opening. He circled with it but never penetrated her.

Andrea's hips betrayed her attempts at self control, arching for more. She refused to beg as much as the impulse pounded in her. That little toy rarely got use.

Slowly, Jake pushed it into her pussy. Andrea held back her moans. He'd take what he needed eventually, and she'd get off as well. No reason to beg. He'd only hold off longer if he knew how crazy that made her.

When he climbed off the bed and pulled on his jeans, she cried out in protest but bit back any words.

"I've got to do a round outside, make sure no one heard the alarm." He dug his cell phone out of his packet and winked at her. "Don't come without me." He left the room.

The thin toy didn't curve right or go deep enough, but she knew from youthful experimenting that if she gripped it enough, fucked it in and out or let it press to her clit just right it'd do the job. A toy alone was nothing new or special for her. "Jake, why?"

The feel of his leather belt still resting along her body did more to turn her on when she let her mind wander than an old vibrator. He was mad, but he wanted her. The man had control, and she wanted to break it.

Determined to annoy him, she squeezed the toy, not to get off but to get it out. She was already so slick that it took little effort to expel it with both hands tied. True, he'd left her enough slack to move about a foot, but she couldn't escape. She sat up a bit more and it fell, buzzing along her crack. Then the door opened and closed. The alarm was activated with a beep.

Andrea perked up, eager for more of Jake.

"That's not going to work," she said as he entered the room.

Jake's mouth stayed flat, but his eyes reacted. "Don't like that toy?"

Pleasure or annoyance? Both, Andrea guessed. "For my ass, yes. It slipped out. I'm just too wet for the small stuff." She played innocent and tugged at her ropes. "Couldn't put it back."

"How about holding it?" he asked.

"That would probably have made me come and you said not to do that without you. Tricky." She licked her lips. "I'm trying."

Jake got naked again and approached the bed. "Trying to be very literal and annoy me. Roll over on your knees. Hold onto the headboard."

She did as instructed, arching her back for him. "Like this side of me better?"

"You tried to run. You've been a brat and a diva since you were sixteen. If anyone deserves a spanking, it's you." He ran the leather belt over her rear.

Andrea lifted for more. "Yes, I'm so bad."

"But you want it." He pulled the belt away and pressed the wet vibrator to her asshole. "Take this for now."

He applied slow constant pressure, and Andrea relented. Relaxing, she took it all. It felt so good and snug, but she really wanted Jake's cock.

"You want to be spanked?" His blunt harsh tone sent ripples through her. No one talked to her like that.

"Yes. Do anything you want to me." She'd wanted him so long. To have him, his attention. His sexual energy directed at her. His effort to make her climax. She'd dreamt of it all.

Jake grabbed her chin and turned her to look him in the eye. "Don't offer what you can't give."

"I can and I will if you'll let me. Jake, I offered myself to you almost ten years ago. The offer has been on the table since then. You never tried to have me. Try now and see. I taunted you, flashed you and ground up on you. I tried everything a young woman knows to get you to screw me back then. Punish me now." She kissed his hand.

"You don't need to bait me. I've been thinking about this for years." He covered her mouth with his.

Kissing him back she tried to hold him and was reminded of her ties. Pulling at the ropes sent a delicious charge of lust through her. This wouldn't be a quick screw and turn on the TV. This would be a marathon battle of wills.

He pulled away and out of sight.

Andrea braced for whatever he wanted while her ass buzzed happily with the toy. She waited and wondered what he'd do. When was the last time she'd been so nervous and excited at the same time?

He rubbed her breasts then pinched her nipples. The sensation made her squirm. As close as she felt to him, they'd never gotten to explore each other. She wanted to know all that made up Jake Raider.

His hands slid along her body to her hips and under to her rear. A slap on each cheek got her attention as well as her pussy humming. When he rubbed the belt along her ass, Andrea shuddered.

"Please," she whispered.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

She waited in silence. The first strike was pure heaven. The patch of skin exploded in delight that ran deep.

"For what?" she asked.

He slid a hand in her hair and forced her to look up at him. "Tempting me with your jailbait ass. If I'd given in, I'd have been charged with statutory rape. Does that get you hot?"

"I wanted you. I'm not sorry. You're not that much older. Five years is nothing."

The belt connected again, and she moaned freely. "I'd never let you get in trouble for it. I wanted you to be my first so much." She rocked her hips.

"Brat." He pinched her rear.

“More.” She wiggled her ass.

He snapped the belt across it again. Andrea felt the sting linger this time. It was real, not just a fantasy or dream. Her flesh felt hot and swollen as he waited longer between smacks. Then his thumb pressed to her ass, in a slow motion he pulled the toy out.

“No,” she groaned. “Damn it, Jake. Don’t be a tease.”

“That’s enough.” He walked around the other side.

She strained to see what he was doing but couldn’t. He seemed determined to make her suffer with wanting him more and more. How could he? They’d waited so long already.

Suddenly, he was beside her, and when she opened her mouth to plead for relief, he shoved in her balled up panties.

“You talk your way into and out of things. No more talking. I want to hear your moan and scream, but you’re not ready yet to control your mouth.”

She whimpered.

“Spit it out, and I’ll use duct tape. That was a hot look for you.” His hand slapped her ass, and she jumped. The man knew how to keep a horny woman off balance.

She settled down, taking a few deep breaths through her nose and waiting quietly. The smell of her own wetness clung to lace, making her more aware of what he did to her. It seemed like forever, but finally, he pushed a lubed up butt plug to her rear.

Moaning in approval, she lifted her ass for more. The belt hit and sent waves of pleasure rippling through her skin. Two more on each cheek and her pussy clenched for some attention.

The mood shifted, and he wrapped the belt around her chest, tight over her breasts and buckled it at the back. The leather pinched her nipples, and she took a deep breath to increase the pressure.

She heard the click of a cell phone picture being taken and a rush of panic filled her. Craning her neck, she looked back. He’d taken a shot of her rear. Andrea tried to kick him, but she was too off balance. Her ass refused to let those muscles move just then.

“Easy. Don’t you want to see what I did to you?” He held up the phone so she could see.

Andrea gasped at the pink stripes on her bottom. The visual made her wetter, and a groan slipped from her throat. It was so real. He’d done that to her and it’d last for her to feel sitting at her desk and in meetings all day.

“Thank you,” she said against her gag.

Jake pulled the lace out. “What?”

"Thank you," she repeated.

"Words I'd never thought I'd hear from my brat." He combed his fingers through her hair.
"Now, it's my turn."

She bit her lip not to ask what he wanted. He'd take it, and she'd let him have anything. When he moved in behind her, she gasped. Please now! No more teasing and waiting. Her mind cried for him to fuck her, but she stayed quiet.

Jake's hand gently touched her ass cheeks, and she jumped. The pain shocked her but was so sweet.

"Yes," she said.

He tested her pussy with a finger. "Excellent. Just right. Nice and tight with that plug." His cock pressed to her pussy and advance slowly.

Andrea pressed back, wanting it all now. He stretched her but how he rubbed against the plug.

Jake's control snapped. He fucked her to the hilt and pulled back then went full force.

She held onto the headboard and rocked to him. "Yes, faster. Harder," she encouraged.

His hands grabbed her shoulders and pulled her to him to match their actions. Her pussy tightened, held him and squeezed. Jake was inside her, claiming her now. It felt better than she'd dreamed!

She wanted to see him, see his face and kiss him. But the position made it impossible. He got control but remained hard deep inside of her. Jake trailed a hand down to her clit and strummed it with his fingers, sending her over fast.

The world faded, and her body convulsed around him. The orgasm raged through her.

"Jake," she screamed.

He grunted her name, and Andrea felt his hot cum fill her. When he pressed his face to her shoulder, she turned and kissed him. Her body hummed with all that he'd made her feel.

"You're welcome," he said.

"I'm still not sorry." She smiled.

Without a word, he pinched her ass and perfect pain hit that spot.

"Stop." The sensation lingered, and she liked it, but clearly, she had a limit to her pain.

"See, I wasn't a slacker. I've got some lotion for your ass." He eased away.

"More. The lotion can wait." She wanted to explore the experience.

“Lotion first then maybe I’ll get you off again. Then sleep. We need to keep our strength up in case we need to relocate.” He applied the lotion gently.

It felt so good she almost came from his touch. Andrea didn’t like the reminder of the overall situation during her sexual haze, but Jake was right. Just sleeping with him, that was another fantasy come true for her.

Chapter Three

Waking early, Jake studied Andrea, still sleeping, her roped wrists tucked up under the pillow. They were both naked under the quilt, and he lifted it to look at her bottom. The pink marks remained visible. It sent a possessive jab of arousal through him, but he had a little work to do before he could indulge again. Work before play.

He slipped quietly out of bed into the kitchen. After checking for messages on his cell, he called his stepfather for an update on the L.A. team. That status was unchanged. They were still trying to locate Denise.

As much as Jake hated lying to Andrea, he couldn't risk her or Denise on a cross-country trek. He put on the coffee. After a quick break to brush his teeth and freshen up, he busied himself finding food for breakfast.

He was scrambling eggs when he heard movement in the bedroom. Turning off the stove, he ran to find Andrea walking to the bathroom.

"Hey," he said.

She smiled. "Morning. You left one hand untied last night."

Jake wasn't letting her run. "I won't make that mistake again. Cuffs it is. Don't be long. I'm waiting."

"I'm not a child. I won't run, again. Do I smell food?" She opened the bathroom door.

"I'm making breakfast. Freshen up, and come eat." He liked her naked and wild look. Her hair needed to be brushed, but he liked her out of control.

"Sounds good." She closed the door.

When she finished, she opened the door with a toothbrush in her mouth. "Go cook!"

He did but listened for her moving in the cabin. Finally, she joined him in the kitchen, wearing one of his undershirts. "You don't like being naked around me?" he asked.

"You put on boxers. Cooking and eating aren't really naked activities." She moved close to him and kissed his shoulder. "Any news?"

He found himself staring at her breasts under the thin, white material. She might be even sexier with a little something on. Tugging up the hem, he found she was fully naked under his shirt. He checked her bottom. "I might have you for breakfast. You're barely pink at all now."

"Don't dodge me. News about the threats?" She grabbed the dishes he'd taken out of the cabinet and set the country-style, wood table.

"Nothing new. I called this morning. You're stuck with me another day." The innuendo wasn't intentional, but he loved how she blushed and tucked her hair behind her ears.

"No more attempts?" She kept busy and poured coffee.

"Nope. Quiet but the team is working on it." He dished out the eggs. It'd be a nice domestic scene if her cousin wasn't kidnapped. And all Jake could think of was how to spend the day. Keep them occupied so she didn't pry the truth out of him.

They sat, and he watched her eat for a minute.

"What? Eat!" She kicked him under the table.

He dug in, hungrier than he imagined. But he had a nagging question. He needed to know. "How did you get into the fun?"

Jake pointed his fork in the direction of the bedroom.

Andrea looked down and shook her head. "Not now."

"We can do it, but not talk about it?" She wasn't going to shut down the fun now.

"We can talk. Later. Such a man, only wants to talk about kinky sex. Right now, I want food and then a long hot shower." She finished her coffee and poured more.

"I'm supposed to trust you for a shower after last night?" he scoffed.

Andrea arched her back. "I didn't think I'd be alone. Feels like you want some company."

Her toes curled against his cock. Jake closed his eyes. "Good compromise."

They finished up breakfast and wasted no time stripping down for the shower. She blasted the water on hot and inspected the products.

"Not girly enough?" he asked.

She shrugged. "They're okay. I just don't want to smell like a man. You won't touch me all day." Andrea ducked into the shower and let the spray run over her.

"Oh, I'd touched you." He joined her and watched as Andrea lathered her hair.

As she rinsed, the suds slipped down her body, and her nipples crinkled tight. Intent on her regime, she slathered her hair with conditioner and finally looked at him. "Loofah?"

“Sorry. Washcloth.” He grabbed one and the plain bar of soap, lathering the cloth. He wanted to have her full attention.

He washed her neck, and she frowned.

“Don’t you believe in fabric softener?” She tried to take it from him, but he held her hands behind her back.

“The loofah would be softer? You are beyond a brat. That crap doesn’t work on me. I could leave you dirty and cuffed to the bed all weekend, covered in lotion, lube and cum. So you should be thanking me for washing you.” He moved lower and put extra pressure on her firm breasts.

“Jake.” The glint in her eyes said thank you.

Claiming her mouth, he kissed her roughly as the cloth didn’t miss a spot. Saving her pussy and ass for last, he re-lathered. The second he slid between her legs, her hips jerked forward.

Not giving in, Jake scrubbed her clean and gave her ass the same treatment plus a few pinches that made her shiver. He was already hard, and she tempted him more with every move.

“Rinse,” he said.

She stepped into the spray, and he watched the soap slide down her. When she reached for the cloth, he quickly washed himself to deprive her then joined her under the hot water. He pushed her against the wall. Andrea wound a leg around his waist, and Jake lifted her so she could wrap both tight around him.

“Jake, please, no teasing. Fuck me!” She curled her arms around his neck and held on tight.

“I couldn’t tease you if I wanted now.” He thrust in, and her wet cunt tightened in welcome. Finding his footing, he planted his stance with her pressed to the wall. He fucked her hard, his teeth found her firm breast and bit the underside. She could take it. There was nothing gentle about her sexual appetite.

Her gasp made him go faster. Jake swore her felt her come but not as hard as she would.

“My nipple,” she gasped.

“Please,” he prompted.

Andrea tilted her head back to look at him. “Please.” Her nails dug into his back.

After one last nip to the soft underside, he captured the bud and tugged, letting it slip so he could bite it again.

She rocked with him, moaning and thrusting her chest up for more attention.

Jake shook his head like a dog with a bone, and she held his head, screaming as she came. Her pussy convulsed on his cock, and those nails raked his scalp.

Holding his balance as her orgasm threw her into ecstasy, he resisted his own release as long as he could. Following her into a hard pulsing climax, he crushed her to the wall as he came deep inside her. His shouts were lost in her flesh as he sucked her breast.

Temporarily satisfied, they turned off the now tepid water and rubbed each other dry with large towels.

"I think I messed up your back." She dropped a kiss between his shoulder blades.

"You weigh nothing." He pinched her thigh.

Andrea smacked his shoulder. "Not like that. I scratched you."

Turning his back and looking over his shoulder into the large mirror, he realized she certainly had marked him.

"See you need to be tied up." None of the scratches were actually bleeding but clearly she'd enjoyed the shower sex with her free hands. "Next time, I'll tie you to the showerhead. So you're stretched up for me."

"Something else to punish me for. I couldn't help it. I loved the biting thing." Andrea grazed her fingers over her breast bearing his teeth marks. "It's still throbbing."

"You like it rough. Maybe you like earning it?" He wanted to give her everything, and yet, he needed to know who had her like this first. What had awakened her to this?

Grabbing her arm, Jake bent her over the long counter. Her face was close to the mirror. Holding both her slim wrists in one hand, he pinned her there with his weight.

She looked at him in the mirror. Uncertainty and arousal mixed in her expression.

"You had your shower, now tell me who and what got you into the kinky stuff, Ms. Edington. You've had your last with me until I get answers."

Thrill coursed through Andrea as the cold counter made her even more aware of her aching breast. He had her tight, and Jake definitely wasn't teasing. She loved it when he did the unexpected. This man treated her like flesh and blood, not money and fame.

"Don't be a baby. A tough guy like you can take a little scratching from passion. No one ever did that to me. You'll pay me back five times over." She wiggled her hips to spark his cock.

His free hand came up and connected with her bottom just above where her ass turned to thigh. Eyes rolling back in her head, Andrea closed her eyes. The pleasure reverberated through her body as her pussy grew wet all over again.

“Open your eyes. Watch yourself.” He held her arms tighter, and his large hand slapped the same spot in an upward motion.

Her toes curled on the ceramic tile as she opened her eyes. But she looked at Jake’s hard face and strong form not herself. All that muscle for her, focused only on her and giving her what she needed.

Jake connected again, and her head tipped back. Then her eyes drifted down to her breast in that big mirror, the dental marks faded but dark pink spots had taken their place.

He returned to his earlier pattern and spanked her up and down until she bit her lip. Now, her pussy was drenched, and she pressed back to him.

The pressure of his hard cock on her hip only added to her need. She licked her lips.

“More,” she said.

“You like it. Then tell me why? When? Who? How did you get so kinky so young?”

“Now?” she gasped. Andrea needed sex not story time.

He pinched the patch of skin he’d been abusing. “Why not now? Are you ashamed?”

She shook her head. “We need sex. We can’t talk like this.” Her hip nudged toward him, and he let go of her ass.

Reaching around, he parted her pussy lips and teased her clit. “Wet and ready. When do you have time to run a company and design shoes with this much sexual need?”

“Jake!” She was so close, but he didn’t press hard enough on her clit to make her come.

“Maybe you’re right. I need a release.” He squared up behind her and slid into her tight cunt.

The orgasm shot through her on his first thrust. Her body rocked forward, and he grabbed her damp hair to hold her back. While she spasmed around him, she felt him pull out.

“Fuck me,” she encouraged.

“Oh no, you came once already.” He slid his cock up along her crack between her firm ass cheeks. Letting go of her hands, he pressed her cheeks together tight and fucked.

“You jerk! Fuck me.” She trembled and braced herself. Her shoulders ached, but the feel of his cock slick with her juices sliding along such sensitive flesh held her without any bindings. Her knees nearly buckled, but she wanted more.

One last thrust and he came. The hot cum hit her lower back and clung. Jake kissed her neck as he grunted, rubbing his cock across her ass. "Better than jerking off thinking about you."

"Am I as much of a turn on now as when I was jailbait?" she taunted him.

"Enough of that. Ready to talk?" He gave her breast a firm squeeze then turned her around so she could see the dark pink spot on her ass, and his cum clinging to her.

When he licked her breast, Andrea shuddered as the tender flesh he'd chewed on awakened again. The view only fueled her needs more. As much as she wanted to be fucked, she knew he needed to know the truth. She wanted to know his, as well. "I'll tell you anything."

Jake walked her back to the bedroom and handcuffed her wrist to the headboard. Protesting was pointless, she'd untied the rope, and one hand restrained at least left the other free. She loved touching him.

He settled at the foot of the bed. "Who?"

"You started it."

"Don't lie. I saw those books in your nightstand. Topics like spanking, rough sex, being tied up and hard fucking. You just went wild online shopping one day?"

"No, really. You are the one who started it. When I was sixteen. You grabbed me when I ran. Remember?"

"I never bit, pinched or spanked you while tied up. None of it," he said professionally.

She grinned. "I know. But you grabbed me, hard. You threw me over your shoulder like a fireman. You were rough with me. No one ever handled me like that."

"Those boarding schools didn't have paddles?"

She rolled her eyes. "Rich people don't let other people hit their kids. They took away privileges. My parents were the same way. Control via money and wants. You made me feel real. I put up so many walls as a kid. My parents were always gone; I had to pretend it was okay. Deal with the press, put on a happy face. Even at school and college, there were only a few friends I could be real with, and I don't do stuff with girls."

"Are you trying to get me turned on again?" he asked.

"It's true. You were the first person who made me feel alive. You smashed those walls and got to me with no effort. I wasn't some untouched prize to you because of my family. I got turned on and was curious. So I did some searching, some reading, and found some stuff online. Talked to a couple friends who tried everything."

"You bought stuff online? You had a credit card at sixteen?"

"My parents wanted to make sure I had whatever I needed while they were away. As long as I didn't go over the limit, they didn't even look at the bills. I spent two hundred a month on naughty stuff until I found what worked for me." She rolled onto her stomach and curled up with a pillow facing him. "You started it all. Sure, I asked a few boyfriends to spank me a little while we had sex. They got turned on at the idea, but it never got hard or serious. They didn't know where to go with it. I didn't want to direct the sex. Guess I've been waiting for you."

He moved closer and kissed the dark pink spot on her ass.

She shivered. "So worth the wait. Now, tell me yours because I know you've done this before." Those poor girls would never get him again. Andrea knew she'd found the right match, and Jake wanted more, growing hard again already. She'd never let him go.

He sighed. "It's not interesting. After high school, I was in the police academy. Dated a girl there, also in the academy. She kept asking me to do things. Tie her up, spank her, gag her and really nasty talk. She got too freaky, wanting to be ordered around all the time for everything. I got off on the sex, but she was too needy."

"You weren't a rich guy used to doing as he pleased. What made you enjoy it?" she asked.

"Who doesn't like to be in charge? Dominate? The cop thing. I only lasted a year before the private business opened, and I became a bodyguard instead. I thought the girl just got off on the cop thing, not being in control when cops always have to maintain calm and controlled demeanors."

"No, you're lying. You don't dominate. Not all the time. You play, you get rough, but you don't always order me around. You never humiliate me. You told me who got you into this but not why you like it."

"For me, it's about the sex play ultimately. I'm not a caveman dragging my woman around by her hair."

"Truth or I'll tell my mom what you did to me."

His eyebrow arched. "You begged me for it and thanked me. Consenting adults."

"Absolutely. She'll tell my dad, and you won't get paid." She let her toes tease his erection. "Screwing me all weekend isn't something he'll pay for."

Jake's annoyed glare promised payback later. "It's boring. I wanted control. I was a kid the first time I felt that frustration. My dad was gone; mom worked. Then mom married my stepdad. Good guy but he had a kid so we were an instant family and had to share everything. I even got adopted so we all had the same name. They had three more kids. I'm not complaining, way better

than my real dad sitting in jail. But my stepbrother and I weren't related. We were the leftovers in this nuclear family. No one said it, but we both felt it."

"You work with your family. Why not get away?" She wanted to kiss and hold him, but he was too far from her.

"They're my family. I love them, all. They love me. As adults, it got easier to not feel competitive or part of a pecking order. I took control of my life and decided on my career. I ended up in the family business, and I'm good at it. Along the way, I found a few girlfriends who enjoyed me taking out a little frustration during sex with the spanking, tying up and a little name calling."

"All you ever call me is brat." She pouted for effect.

"Kinky," he reminded her. "You're a slut for this stuff way more than anyone else I've been with. You've been deprived too long."

"More than anyone? What about the girl cop. You said she freaked you out."

Jake chuckled. "She was too much for me. Needed to be ordered around sexually all the time. Wouldn't come unless I told her to. Actually bought a whip that would... Well, I think she was escalating her kink. It didn't work for me. I set her up with my stepbrother after we broke up. Grayson gets off on the psychology of it, control and trust. He referred her to a serious Master type."

"You guys talk about stuff like that?"

"We're only a couple months apart in age, and our parents got married when we were about five. It was get along and share everything or hate each other. We got lucky. I can tell him anything. He's the only one who knows what I've wanted from you all these years."

She looked away. It was too intense that someone else knew about this moment. "What did you want?"

"What I'm getting now and more. I'm not going to ruin the fun. So my little slut, what do you want now?"

Andrea knew he didn't want to come off like a dominant slave driver. He never would to her. And the name calling, it almost made her laugh, yet it added a zing to the conversation. "Why don't we save the name-calling for when we're in the thick of hot sex and see how it feels then? Then it's hot. But right now, I feel like lunch."

"I can't sit down and have sandwiches like this." Jake glanced down at his erection.

“That’s my appetizer.” She crooked a finger for him to come into reach and shifted onto her back.

He did, slowly.

Andrea couldn’t wait and sucked him to the base as soon as she could. He groaned and pinched her breast. Pushing for more contact, she tried to coax him on top of her to a sixty-nine. She let her legs fall open to offer him an appetizer of his own.

He fucked her face, and she hummed, savoring the feel and the taste of him. She felt the tension evaporate. Finally, he gave in and licked her pussy from top to bottom. His tongue drilled on her clit as if he wanted to pry it loose.

The trembling deep inside her took over, and she lifted her hips to increase the pressure as Jake pulled back. His cum coated her tongue as his body flexed in climax. Her release went on as he turned to face her and kissed her while his fingers kept her pussy on the edge.

“Cold cuts in the fridge. Potato chips,” he said.

“Wait. Don’t stop.” She rested her head on his shoulder as the second release rocked through her. “Jake.” She clutched at him.

“I’m here. You are such a little slut.” His fingers slowed and finally left her.

“Only for you.” She shuddered as her body fought to play more. They needed a break. She tried to sit up, and the cuff pulled her back. “After lunch, I want the rope back and something deep in my pussy.”

“Be careful, brat. You’ll get it.” He went for the key.

Andrea rested on the headboard. She wanted it. The rope gave her more range, and she wanted to be close to him as much as possible. He could tie her up on a short leash of course, but would he?

Chapter Four

After lunch, Jake put everything away in the kitchen as he tried to take his mind off his growing anxiety. No messages and his texts went unanswered. Either the team was in the thick of something or it was over and they were sorting it out.

When he turned back to Andrea, she kissed him slowly. "Let's do something normal. Like a date next week. Unless you only like your women naked and captive."

He smiled. "No, a date sounds good. You're supposed to let me ask."

"Please. I'm not letting you get away this time." Andrea nuzzled his neck.

His cock reacted to her proximity as always. It was great not to have to control his need for her. The affect she had on him was like rope or handcuffs. He was linked to her. And when he thought back to the shower, the bathroom, her endless desire, plus her enjoyment of everything he tried, he knew what he needed. All he wanted was to give her more.

Holding her wrists behind her back, he led her to the bed.

"But no normal stuff now." He tied her with the ropes. Both hands were tied separately with the rope which was threaded through the headboard, letting her move fairly freely on the bed.

He'd used a different style of knot this time. Hopefully it'd take her time to untie it if she wanted to get free. Grabbing her toy box, he sorted through the impressive variety. Some were thick and gel while others were plastic and covered in nubs. The glass one was slim and long. He set it on the bed and watched her eyes sparkle.

Andrea had draped herself on the pillows with her hips tilted to show off the pink patch on her rear. The view had him fully hard, but Jake wanted something else right then.

Setting out a small bottle of lube on the bed, he walked away and sat in the arm chair near the window.

"Where are you going? I can't reach you." Andrea sounded sad and annoyed.

"I want to watch. You can reach the toy."

"Watch?" She frowned. "I've gone solo long enough. I want you."

"You said you wanted a full pussy. You can stick that deep, anywhere you want it. Get yourself off ten times. Tempt me." He leaned back to enjoy the show, confident she'd rise to the challenge.

Pouting, she picked up the glass toy. "I'm not an aspiring porn star. I don't perform for your amusement." Her cheeks burned red on her pale skin.

Jake grinned. "Try it."

Up close, with the spanking and the sex, she had full confidence. When tempting him, she was in her element. But he'd seen inside her, just for a second when she'd faced the mirror in the bathroom. She stared at him, not herself. She wouldn't be comfortable knowing how much he watched her.

"This is a trick," she said.

The reluctance turned him on more, but he'd use it on her. "No tricks. I want to watch you. Come as much as you want. I'll join you when I'm ready."

"You look ready now." She crawled to the edge of the bed and rubbed her breasts on the quilt with her ass up in the air.

"I have a lot more self control. Years' worth of it with you. I can wait to get what I want. The longer you wait to play along, the longer you'll wait to get fucked."

She growled and went back to the pillows. Lying on her back, she opened her legs wide and shifted for a comfortable position. She closed her eyes, and her hands slid down over her breasts, pushing and pulling at her nipples.

Jake knew she was pretending he wasn't there. He couldn't let that happen. "You liked what I did to your breast? All that biting?"

"God, yes. Come here and do it more."

"Later. You're still teasing me."

"Bastard!" She let her hands run lower, tugging the white ropes over her body. One hand spread her pussy lips while her other hand worked her clit.

The view was better than his dreams of her. The ropes looping over her tits made his cock ache. He knew she wanted him to jump in and fuck her. The wetness of her arousal was evident as she dipped her fingers to her core and worked the moisture up to her inner folds and clit. Andrea's fingers rotated and her hips lifted. No doubt, she enjoyed the scenario.

"Don't want the toy?" He couldn't let her forget he was there watching.

"I don't need it." She moaned and bent her knees.

“You wanted your pussy stuffed,” he reminded her.

“I want the real thing not glass. Jake, get over here!” She threw her head back and screamed as her hips snapped.

Jake studied her every muscle as they flexed, and her body trembled with the sudden release. It was no fake orgasm, not that he expected her to put on an act. Her juices escaped her pussy, and he wanted to lick them up, to eat her out and make her scream his name again.

His cock throbbed, and Jake gave his sac a tug to calm the need. Fucking her now would be surrender on his part.

“Bet that toy would feel good now,” he taunted her.

She looked over and smiled at him. “You’re welcome to come over and use whatever toy on me wherever you’d like.” She rolled onto her side but gave him a good view of her dark pink patch when she moved. It’d faded a bit already. Her skin was so white and creamy that the pink showed up well.

She deserved more. He knew it. She knew it and wanted it. But first, he needed to see what she’d do next. Let her work for it and be slutty for him.

Spreading her legs, she slid two fingers in her pussy—not fucking herself. It was different. He watched, enthralled at her naked beauty.

When she pulled her fingers free without release or even a whimper, he stared at the wetness clinging to her hand. The light shone off her fingers, and her delicate hand rubbed those juices over that dark pink patch. She pressed on the skin, it turned white then back to pink as soon as she let go.

“You want more of that?” His voice was thick with arousal.

“I can get myself off any time. I want what only you can do to me, with me and for me.” She pinched the patch.

The look on her face nearly broke Jake’s resolve. Her relief mixed with longing and just a hint of a wince. “You are a selfish slut. All about what you want. You are such a brat you know you need to be disciplined yet refuse to do as you’re told. No one ever put you in your place. You want it.”

“You said to tempt you. I am. I need it. You want it, too. Your hands are aching to pinch me, spank me, and then grab that wooden paddle. Do you always travel with your toys? It’s not from my nightstand. Spanking yourself never works. I’ve tried.” She propped up her head on her hands and stared at him as her fingers strummed her rear.

"I've had fantasies about you since I met you. I talked about you too much. How you needed discipline and control. Spoiled brat. My brother looked you up online, your college info by then. Still seventeen. He razzed me about it. Jailbait."

"Did that turn you on? That someone knew all the dirty stuff you wanted to do to me?"

"Kept you in my mind. He's also a jokester. On *your* eighteenth birthday, he gave me that paddle."

Her eyebrow arched. "Your stepbrother, right? The one with the cop?"

"Yeah. We give each other crap. No shame between us. He's into wood carving." Jake stood and crossed to the toy box and put the paddle on the bed. "You didn't look closely at it before."

She leaned over and read the cut out. "*Brat*. Your brother's funny. But you didn't bring it when I was nineteen."

Jake shook his head. "You still felt too young. I was afraid you'd call the cops on me. You had a lot of rage back then, too."

"Over eighteen and needy. Frustrated. I don't know about rage. I wanted my life to start but didn't have my freedom yet. Dad paid and dangled my trust fund. I rebelled to annoy him. You'd have made it more fun."

"We weren't ready for this back then."

"Talking?" she asked teasingly. "We're talking and fighting mostly. For a guy, you talk a lot." She rolled fully onto her stomach, legs up in the air and wiggling her toes.

All doubt was gone, she belonged to him. He picked up the paddle and landed it on her untouched cheek. "Get on your hands and knees, and we'll see how much talking you do." Voyeur time was over.

Her insides melted as she slowly complied. On her hands and knees, she waited. That was the agony, waiting. The first smack with the paddle made her flinch. Before it'd always been his hand or the belt. She knew he was gentle with the belt, but wood felt different. Harder yet it lacked the snap of the belt.

Jake swung again, she heard the air whip through the cutout. The paddle landed in the same spot and she moaned. Jake's control aroused her as much as his body did. If not for him, she'd have crashed her head into the mirror in the bathroom earlier when he made her come. She

needed him, to keep her safe and free. Going too wild with her passionate side always scared her. Maybe that's why she'd waited for him before she'd set herself free.

The precision of his strikes dazzled her. The cutout left some skin untouched yet the surrounding area burned. She really needed to send a thank you card to that lady cop who'd gotten Jake to channel his frustration and need for control this way.

The thought made her laugh out loud. A thank you note, that was her mother's obsession. Andrea never got them done fast enough or neat enough after any event. But that cop deserved a gift or something.

"Laughing?" He increased the force a notch.

Andrea gasped and braced herself as the strike rocked her. "Not you. I can't explain. It all just comes out." The cathartic sensation of being spanked, the rough sex, and being tied up forced her to face all of her feelings and let out the crap she'd ignored. Plus, she loved the result.

"I understand. You want brat on your ass forever." His hand massaged over her cheek.

She released her baggage and thought of Jake. "By you, yes!"

"My brat." He landed the paddled again.

She yelped. The brief break had allowed her skin to rest, and the new contact made her feel it all the more. This round made her patch from before feel like amateur hour. Jake was breaking her in slowly.

"Yours. Only you." No one made her feel sexier, safer, or as sinful all at once

His last three smacks went straight through her. Her eyes watered, and her pussy quaked. The release was subtle, not like the others that had made her scream. For a moment, there was nothing, just stillness between them. Then his lips pressed to her well worn bottom.

"Good?" he asked.

"So good." She groaned and tilted her hips, spreading her legs. "I want you so badly."

Jake ran his tongue along his handy work. Andrea shivered at the sting. "Roll over," he said.

She looked over her shoulder at him. "You don't want to admire your work?" Andrea sure as hell couldn't wait to get to a mirror, after her sexual appetite was satisfied again, of course.

"I've seen your ass. I want to look at you now." He grabbed her hip and pulled her over to one side.

Andrea rolled fully onto her back and saw the fire in his eyes. His cock stood out, and his muscles were tense all over his body.

When she reached out with her hand, the rope followed her. She touched his chest and tried to draw him down.

Jake climbed on the bed and caged her with his limbs. The kiss surprised her as his tongue sought to trade lashes with hers. He seemed possessive and intent on her. Her arms wrapped around his neck, and her legs followed around his waist. She was his for the taking.

Entering her fast, Jake was on the edge. Andrea felt it and loved that she'd done that to him. He was wound so tight he fucked her hard without pausing for a moment. She kissed his shoulder and his throat, trying to get him to take a breath.

But the onslaught of his cock, what she'd been craving so deeply was there and deep inside her. She couldn't hold onto him or slow down her climax. His force and speed left her as helpless as the paddle had. She wanted more as she enjoyed the rush of Jake's hard work. The waves of climax slammed through her, and he didn't even pause.

Her juices flooded onto his cock as she screamed his name. Her hips lifted to keep up, and the cold air hit her abused ass like a slap.

"No," he whispered.

Suddenly, he stopped and pulled out.

"What? Yes, more. Jake, you're going to explode if you don't come." She reached for him, but her body still hummed with arousal and ached with punishment. She didn't want to move ever, and her muscles protested.

Jake settled in the pillows at the head of the bed. His eyes stayed on her, but his control was in shreds.

"No more watching. You need to come." She rolled gingerly to a sitting position. It felt so good to put pressure on her ass. She wanted more sex and play. Jake had shown her so much already; she needed to be with him.

"Hell yes." He grabbed the ropes where they came from the headboard and reeled her in like a fish. If she were a little less into this, she might be embarrassed, but not now. Not with Jake. He wanted her so much he overloaded. What could be sexier?

She crawled to him, straddling him and kissing him. "Blow job?" she offered.

He shook his head. "You are so sexy. I should've jerked off when you were teasing me. You're dangerous." Jake lined her up her and guided her down on his cock.

Wrapping her arms around his shoulders and holding onto the headboard, she rode him slowly. He scooted down a bit and pulled her closer. His teeth snagged her nipple, and she gasped.

Lifting and lowering while holding onto him, she had the control, but when he caught her breast and the exquisite tug of war started all over again, she came in a quiet rolling orgasm.

His hands settled just under her buttocks, teasing and tormenting the patch he'd done before. She knew he was reminding her of it, to feel it. The newest gift on her other cheek felt tight and hot with a deep tingling.

His hands slid up and the flash of pain hit Andrea so hard she bucked at him. "Too much."

Her pussy squeezed him hard at the pleasure and sting contorting together.

Jake smiled and released her bottom. "Sorry. You'll feel that for a few days."

He slipped a hand around to her clit, and sweet mix of pain and sexual need throbbed in her. Within seconds, her hips returned to normal, fucking him for all she could get.

Finding his mouth, she fused them in a deep kiss, needing to connect on more than just the sexual level. He wasn't sorry at all. Andrea loved it, the play, the pain, and the sex. His fingers worked her clit tenderly as his other hand stayed at the back of her neck.

"I can't take much more," he whispered. "You're going to kill me."

"Take me with you," she moaned. The emotional side mixed with the sexual high, and Andrea's body erupted. Riding him, her pussy clung and held on as her orgasm pounded through every nerve-ending.

Jake lifted and came in a thunderclap that erased the tension in an instant. They were a gasping mound of inseparable flesh. Kissing him, Andrea felt a sense of serenity despite her swollen bottom and pussy.

His hand teased her breast, and she looked down. He'd redone all the pretty and pleasurable work on her breast, leaving his marks on her front there. Andrea was all his.

"I think this was the best day of my life." She looked at him.

"So far," he added. "We can top it."

She smiled and wanted to tell him how she felt. It hadn't felt right yet. After five years of not even seeing him, it seemed crazy to blurt out that she loved him. Now that they'd worked through their physical needs, it was on the tip of her tongue.

"What's buzzing?" he asked.

Andrea thought it was only in her head, all the sex and the rush of being with him. But something was making noise. "Did you leave on a vibrator in my box?"

"No, damn it. It's my phone." He eased her off him and grabbed it.

One more day, she just needed one more day out of the world and alone with Jake. She hoped the threats were over, and they could totally relax and indulge in each other. Then guilt hit her, she should go see her cousin as soon as possible.

He grabbed the phone and answered. Andrea tried to hear the other side, but it wasn't loud enough. Jake only made a few murmuring noises in the affirmative.

Finally, he replied. "I'll tell her." He disconnected and dropped the phone with a sigh. "All clear. Everyone is in custody."

She studied his face. Something was wrong. "I want to talk to Denise now." She moved fast and snapped up the phone and tried to dial her cousin's cell.

"Andrea, stop. Give that back. Not now. She's talking to the police. Giving a report."

"Now? Why now? Why not back when the attack happened. You're pulling that shit again. You're not telling me everything." She tried to remember Denise's cell phone number, but it was programmed into her own phone. Instead, she tried to redial but his phone was different. "Give it back," he said gruffly.

Chapter Five

She had his cell phone hostage. Jake assessed the situation. Andrea knew him too well. He thought he'd made it, but now, they were at a standoff.

"I want the truth." Even completely naked, she had dignity and confidence.

He ran his hands through his hair. "I'm sorry. I had to keep you in the dark."

Andrea dialed in a number. "Start talking, or I make a call."

The time had come to stop lying. The danger was over. "Everyone is fine. Denise is fine."

"But Denise wasn't fine? Was she in the hospital?" she asked.

"She is now. They snatched her at the airport coming in from visiting friends in London."

"Snatched?" Andrea's voice cracked. "Kidnapped."

"They are in jail. Not getting out." He reached for his phone, and she pressed it to her chest. "Andrea."

"You're still holding back. There's something you're not telling me. After everything we did, we shared and you're still lying to me."

They could read each other so well it turned him on and scared him a little. "They thought they had you coming into L.A. to visit Denise. That's why I had to contain you immediately. If they found out they didn't have you—"

"They wanted me?"

"They sent a ransom note to your father and a picture. They'd already beat up Denise a bit. If they found out they had the wrong women, they might have—"

"Kill her?" Andrea covered her mouth with her free hand and yanked on the rope. "Let me go. Untie me, now!"

He released her and took his phone. "I'm sorry, but I know how much you care about your cousin. I knew it was the right thing, and I couldn't make it worse."

"Worse?" She stormed off the bed. "Worse than her getting beaten? Maybe raped? While we were here playing sex games. You ass. You said I was in the most danger, and she just had a

close call. Why weren't you there?" The tears welled up in her eyes, and the depth of betrayal hit Jake in the gut.

"My team, the best guys were there. They needed you contained, and I was in New York. It happened too fast to relocate everyone." He wanted to be with her. He'd have gone out of his mind anywhere else. The outcome was good, but she had to get through all of the drama first. "I'm sorry, but what happened between us had nothing to do with the job."

She found her toys and put them in the box. "Take me home. I need to get to Denise. Anything for me to wear? You cut up my clothes."

Jake opened his bag and handed her jeans, a green sweatshirt, under things and gym shoes he'd packed from her place. "They have her in the hospital for observation. She's okay but dehydrated. Some stitches."

"Did they...?" She bit her lip.

"No. The nurse got her to do a rape kit and exam just in case so they would know."

Denise was the more fragile person in the family. Andrea worried more about others than herself.

She nodded. "My place. She took it for me. It should've been me, and I was playing fantasy games with you." Andrea went eerily calm, grabbed his phone, walked to the bathroom and slammed the door.

He followed, wanting to console her but she'd locked him out. "You couldn't change places with her. The criminals screwed up."

There was no answer.

After she'd changed and they both were packed up, he drove her the long way home. The silence drove him crazy.

"I know you're pissed, but it would've been worse any other way, okay?"

"Fine. I called my parents and my aunt. I'm going to fly to L.A. in a few hours. I'll be fine."

Jake felt the distance between them and had no idea what to say.

"Thank you for keeping me safe. I wouldn't want to have endangered Denise." She folded her arms and looked out the passenger window. "I would've gone off to try to help."

"I know." The wall remained between them despite her words. It cut him deep.

"Say it. I'm immature and impulsive. I need a babysitter." The anger oozed off of her.

He hated the tension between them, but fixing it now wasn't possible. "No, you care about your family. I'd do the same thing." Jake wanted to tell her he loved her, he'd do anything for her, but the time when they could be concerned only with each other was over.

"I tried, but you stopped me."

"I don't want you or your cousin hurt. It was the safest way." He double parked in front of her building. "You're not one to sit back and let others handle your problems. That's what your parents do."

She shrugged and reached for the door handle. "Maybe I should just shut up and play along."

"Never. You'll never be like them. I love that about you. Andrea, you want to take care of the people you care about. That's normal. You're way more normal than you have any right to be." He handed over her sketchpad and other stuff. "Enjoy L.A."

"Thanks, Jake. But private jets and limos aren't normal." She didn't even look him in the eye.

* * * *

Three days later, Jake still couldn't get Andrea out of his mind. Or on the phone. If he pushed now, she'd run from him. He hated waiting, but they'd waited ten years to be together, a few more days or weeks wouldn't kill him.

That's all she'd get, and he'd track her down and have this out. Sitting in his office at Raider's Bodyguards' New York office, he'd finished his report, omitting ninety percent of the activity. The guilt of not being on the team that had rescued Denise was blotted out by knowing Andrea had been safe the entire time.

He was even hearing her voice. His sister ran the front office, and whoever she was talking to out there sounded just like Andrea.

Jake stepped out to close his door and saw her. "Andrea?"

"Hi, got a minute?" she asked.

"Sure. Office is free." He nodded.

"Nope, follow me." She grabbed the set of keys off the counter and smiled at his sister. "Thanks."

"No problem. It's right out front." She gave Jake a shrug as he followed Andrea outside.

"What's going on, Andrea?" He watched her march up to the van he'd used to abduct her. She unlocked and opened the back doors. "Get in." She pointed.

He walked up to her. "The back?"

Andrea smiled and pushed him in. "Just a little ride."

Jake's mind began to go to dirty places and climbed in. When he reached for her, she slammed the door. He pounded on the door, laughing. Yelling would do no good. She wanted revenge. Andrea appeared in the driver's seat and started the van.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Play nice. I had to." She drove a few miles, pulled off into a deserted alley and parked.

"You made your point. No one likes being abducted. Are you okay? Is Denise?"

She nodded. "As okay as she can be. Hit her head pretty good. Scared. Her mom is taking her back to London for a bit."

"That's good. We need to talk." He wasn't even sure what he wanted to say.

"Hang on." She exited the front and joined him in the back, straddling his hips.

When her skirt rode up, he realized she wasn't wearing any panties. This was her plan.

"Talk, really? We seem to talk best naked." She pulled off her top and the skimpy bra barely held her in.

He needed to be clear. "This isn't about sex."

Jake's arousal betrayed him as her nimble fingers freed his cock.

Andrea laughed softly. "Okay, no sex. I missed you. We went years before without seeing each other, and a few days made me crazy now." She leaned in and kissed him.

Her flames engulfed him.

"Me, too," he said. Against her mouth.

Then she pulled back, and Jake moaned.

"Let's get one thing straight. You lie to me about anything, ever again, and I'm dumping you. Even if it's about my family, and it's bad. You have to trust that I can handle it. Short term, I might overreact, but you like my impulsive and passionate nature." She rubbed her pussy along his cock.

"Hell, yeah, I do."

"So then when I fly off the handle, you grab me, and we'll talk it out. Together. If you want to lock me up in a remote cabin, it better be only for the sex stuff. There should be candles and more toys. And I have expensive lingerie." She kissed him deeper.

Jake pulled her in, running his hand up her ass, finding it still a bit tender. She'd dated plenty, but was she serious about him? Kissing along her jaw line, he nipped her earlobe. "You're really going to date me? You little spoiled brat?"

"What is this? Some weird British movie where we can't be together because my dad has money? Seriously, like I care?"

Jake knew her family better than that. "Your parents will be pissed."

She grinned then her face went serious. "That's just a bonus. Jake, my parents barely spend any time together. They look good together; he's rich and she's gorgeous. *They're* the old British movie. I want someone to talk with, fight with and have wild kinky sex with every day. My parents openly cheat; I won't have it."

"Never." He gripped her hips possessively.

"Exactly. You cheat on me, and I'll run you over with this van."

"Ditto." He pinched her nipple.

"So why the argument? Are you afraid of my dad?" Her hand curled around his cock and lined them up.

"Can we *not* talk about your parents or mine during sex?" He grabbed her and pulled her down to him.

Once she had all of him deep inside her, Andrea pressed her body fully to his. "Promise you won't bail on me even if the parents hate you?"

"God, yes, you're never getting rid of me now. I love you. I'd take you to Vegas this weekend and make it official, but you'd think I was kidnapping you again." Jake squeezed her ass cheeks and lifted her. He couldn't wait.

"I love you, too. I always have. I like your family better than mine already. Dad'll still harass us no matter what. But without a pre-nup, he'll try to buy you off."

"Not enough money in the world." He kissed her forehead then her mouth.

"Good answer. My designs sell well, and my trust fund is all mine. He can't take it back." She bit temptingly at his bottom lip.

"I don't need your money, just you. I don't care about it." He smacked her ass for emphasis.

She moaned, and he felt her cunt tighten around him. "I put up with all their crap as a kid so I'm not giving up the money now. If you buy those tickets to Vegas, they better be first class!"

Was she serious about this? It felt so easy now. "No private jet?"

He squeezed her bottom again. It was his fault. He needed to manage her better in a crisis. Groaning into his neck, Andrea shook her head. "I can compromise. Enough talk."

She pushed him flat on his back and fucked him hard.

The exquisite torture of her body running the show for a change, her sweet ass moving too fast for him to smack, made Jake surrender, just this once. He reached up to pinch her pink nipples, watching her face

"Jake! I love you so much." She came in nonstop pulses, holding him tight and grinding down on him.

All that grinding sent him after her, screaming her name and holding her close.

He rolled her over onto her back. "Let's get out of here. This van is not comfortable."

"You left me tied up in here on a drive to Connecticut. Talk about roughing it." She kissed him. "We can drop this back at your office, and you can take me back to your place."

"No limo. I drive a standard Raider's issue SUV."

She nudged him off of her so she could put her clothing back in place. "As long as I can ride in the front seat."

* * * *

Andrea followed Jake into his loft apartment in a part of New York City she wasn't familiar with, but it didn't matter. Before he even closed the door, he was kicking off his shoes and looking at her as if she were caviar.

"You're sure?" she teased him.

The scary part about finding the right person, other than the jailbait label, was doubt. Andrea's doubt was gone. They were a fit. Jake had to deal with her family. He'd done the right thing in a crisis except for lying to her. No one would protect her family more.

He pulled her shirt up as he steered her toward the bedroom area. "No escape now."

The bed was huge and sleigh style with rolls at the foot and head that were extra thick and long. Like they were meant for sex play.

"Where did you get that?" Her pussy tightened as she thought about being bent over that dark wood.

"My stepbrother likes to carve wood, remember. He does anything. It was a special request of mine." He slid a leather pad over the foot. "Now take off those clothes, or I'll find my scissors."

A chill went up her back, and she disrobed fully. "You've destroyed enough of my clothing for now, thank you." She wiggled out of the skirt and kicked her heels to the side.

"All of it." He took out a box and set it on the bed. "Full treatment today."

She unhooked her bra and let it fall. As he set out a black leather paddle, her arousal deepen. Her breathing felt thick as he set out a butt plug, a dildo, and a bottle of lube.

"So prepared." She crossed to him. "I want you naked, too."

Jake pulled her eager hand off of him. "You've been very bad and need to be corrected." He bent her over the foot of the bed.

She moaned at the feel of the leather underneath her. Lifting her feet off the ground, she felt free and vulnerable at the same time.

"What did I do?" she played along.

"You let me believe you hated for me after the weekend. Three days of worrying about you and lusting after you. Selfish brat." His shirt hit the floor then suddenly, his thick fingers opened her pussy lips. "Wet already. Always about your pleasure."

"No, I want to please you. That's what turns me on the most. Tell me what you want. I'll do it." She wiggled on the leather.

He pressed the tip of the plug to her ass, and Andrea froze in anticipation. This was just the beginning of the fun they'd have together. She kept her rear tight.

"Open up. Get your hands back here, and spread your ass." He tapped her asshole and added pressure.

Andrea gasped the slick feel when he added lube. Pulling her cheeks apart, she kept her legs together. Jake tried again, and Andrea relaxed for a minute to let it sink in.

"I love it," she said.

"Hold still." He grabbed the thicker and longer dildo and rubbed it to her cunt.

Two toys while spanked. He hadn't tried that before in the cabin.

"I want you," she protested.

Jake didn't respond except to tease her clit until her body opened for him. He slid the dildo in and pushed her legs back together.

She couldn't hold that position and put her feet on the ground, legs still together and trembling. In this world of rough sex and kinky play, she knew she was still a beginner. Only time would tell how far they'd advance together.

He leaned down and kissed her cheek. "You want to be good and take your punishment or go home unfucked?"

"I'm not leaving." She kissed him and waited. Andrea had looked at her rear more times than she'd ever admit to Jake during the days they were apart.

He rubbed the paddle over her sensitive breasts, over her hips then her well-toned ass cheeks. She knew the word *brat* was still visible.

The first smack was gentle, and Andrea smiled. These days without him, his touch, his scent, had made her crazy. Sex was where they'd gotten to be their true naughty and erotic selves, without judgment or shame. But she'd missed everything about him.

His hand rubbed where he'd paddled, and he dropped a kiss there. Then it started, two sharp smacks in a row. Her back arched in delight. The stinging sensation lasted, and her pussy clutched the toy.

Within second, Jake gave her other cheek the same treatment, and Andrea moaned. He hadn't tied her up so she had to control herself and keep her hands away.

"More?" he asked.

"You're the judge," she replied.

This time, he was more deliberate than usual in his choice of area and went slow. The outer edge was first. Then her sit spot so she'd feel it, then higher. Finally toward the center, near where the plug kept her a little open.

Andrea held still and took in every sensation. He was breathing hard with passion and effort. Jake loved her enough to do this, to show it. He hit her sit spot again, and she lifted for it.

"Too much?" he asked.

She shook her head. "A few more right there. I want to feel it tomorrow."

"Don't you come on those toys." He delivered the requested smacks.

In defiance, the orgasm hit her body, and she trembled as she screamed his name.

Jake didn't stop, and Andrea was grateful for it. He gave her more to the other cheek. Now, she couldn't sit without remembering and feeling this. Tears of relief fell down her face.

"Good?"

Andrea nodded. Her hips bucked as the release charged through her.

Jake stepped in close, pulling her hair from her face. "Are you sorry you just came?" he asked.

She smiled and kissed him. "Not a bit. Kneel on the bed so I can suck you off."

“Get on the bed, and I might let you.”

She moved carefully, the toys still buried deep. Cool oil hit her ass, and she jumped. “So soon?”

“You’ll feel these. I want to see you squirm.” He rubbed the oil in gently, but her body shook.

“So good,” she moaned.

“Stay there.” He dropped his pants and boxers.

She heard the click of his cell phone camera and wanted to see. It was a good thing she trusted him, or she’d be worried about the pictures.

Finally, he came close to her but not close enough so she could suck him off. “Jake, please.”

“I love when you say that.” He grinned.

“Get over here. Let me suck you off! I need you,” she demanded.

“My little brat. You come on toys when you don’t get what you want.” He slipped a piece of thin nylon rope through a loop at the corner of the bed and another at the opposite side.

She looked back. There were two more at the foot of the bed. “Your brother customized a very kinky bed.”

“Rollover. My brother is kinkier than I am, but I don’t share.” Jake laughed and pinched her ass.

“You’re more than enough. Now let me see the pictures,” she moaned.

“No, you’re not red yet. Just a little pink to get you started. Roll over, or you’re not getting fucked all night.”

Talk about motivation. She rolled, and her tender bottom made contact with the cool cotton sheets. Without the oil, it would have been painful, but he knew his stuff. The sting hit, and she loved.

Jake tied each hand and foot tight so she was spread eagle.

“It’s like a torture device from the Spanish Inquisition.” She stretched out and tested her bindings.

“You’d be such a challenge if they tried to paddle a confession out of you. But you’re sexually wild. My little devil would be found guilty in a minute.” He knelt between her legs and just stared at her for a moment.

Andrea's face felt as hot as her ass. "What? Don't want me now?" In his bed and at his mercy, she'd do anything.

"I always wanted you." He leaned over and kissed her roughly, letting his weight press her down, her hips lifted from need and because of her sore backside.

He kissed over her, sucking her breasts and scoring them with his teeth until he tugged the nipple while she moaned and writhed.

Slowly, too slowly, he took out the toy and filled her pussy with his hard cock. "Easy," she pleaded.

"Too much?"

"You like to squeeze ass. Just be gentle there. Fuck me now." How could she communicate all of it like this?

"I can feel the heat." He teased her ass softly. "It's beautiful. What's the hurry? We've got all night."

"I need it now. You make me too hot. I know you like to run things, but I swear if you don't let me suck you off or fuck you soon, I'm going to tie you up and shove this butt plug up your ass." She arched with need.

"I'll never let you get that much of the upper hand. You're never dull, brat." Finally, he took some of his weight off of her and fucked her hard. Andrea wanted to hold on, but her limbs were stretched out with no give. In vain, she strained against the bindings and let the erotic tug of being held back spur her on. Her hips lifted to meet him no matter what it did to her ass. The sensation of his thick cock deep in her sent her into climax.

Her body bowed and rocked against the restraints. Then she felt Jake. His hips snapped, and his hand gripped her rear. He shouted his release as she screamed, not in pain, though there was a bit of that. Jake held her ass tight in his hand, sending her into an intense second orgasm.

"I'm sorry." He kissed her. "I tried."

She trembled when he let go. "That was so good."

"I didn't mean to hurt you." He pressed his forehead to hers.

She grinned. "You came so hard you didn't hear me scream again? How didn't you feel me come? I think my tolerance is more than I expected. Try it again."

He untied one of her wrists then rubbed a hand over her red bottom—pinching.

Andrea wrapped her free arm around his neck and kissed him. "So good."

He got up and untied her fully. Grabbing the oil, he stretched out next to her, head to toe.
“Roll over.”

“Bossy.” She smiled, and the cool air felt good on her bottom.

“You’re getting what you want. Suck me off.” He drizzled oil over her bottom.

She laughed. “You just came.”

She tugged on his balls and kissed them. Her arousal returned just staring at his slick cock spent from pleasuring her.

“It could take a little time, but you want it. Earn it.” He pinched her bottom, and she flinched.

Andrea grinned. “You want to play? Let’s play.”

He put a toy back in her.

Toys, fingers, she didn’t care. She always wanted more of his attention. She sucked his balls. “My clit is feeling neglected.”

His hands spread her pussy lips, and his thumb slid inside her as his index finger flicked her clit. She wiggled for more, and his other hand rubbed over her bottom.

“Nice and dark pink. You’ll be red.”

“You like it?” She licked the base of him.

“I like all of you, but enough about your ass. Suck on the shaft. No teasing.” He slid underneath her and tongued her clit as his hands playing over her sore cheeks. A small release shot through her, but he didn’t seem to notice. Andrea went to work on his cock, knowing the rough fun would never end. Fighting was half the turn on.

About the Author

A lover of unusual things, Cheryl Dragon enjoys writing unique stories with sinfully hot erotic romance. Never at a loss for ideas, there are plenty of stories in her brain waiting to be written. Her two favorite book settings are Las Vegas and New Orleans...where anything can happen!

Cheryl lives in the Chicagoland area with her deaf albino cat. By day, she crunches numbers, which leaves the creative juices free for her erotic romance novels.

Author loves to talk to her readers and can be found at www.cheryldragon.com.

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***Two Plus One* by Brynn Paulin**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

***Sex Ed* by Mia Watts**

Mina Lasky has a pesky crush on Biology professor, Derek Link. They've worked in tandem in the same University facility long enough that even the sound of his voice makes her hot. It's time to put the fantasy to an end. Mina signs up to be his guinea pig in a female sexuality lab for those on

the doctorate track. She hopes to work Derek out of her system while enjoying some much-needed sexual stimulation.

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

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

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***She's Got Balls* by Mia Watts**

What do you do with a “wife” who is more than you can handle?

When the FBI and local law enforcement team up for a mutually beneficial crime-stopping partnership, Rookie Agent Chris Tarpington and Detective Vin Pilk team up to prototype the new alliance. How better to bust a ring of drug dealing suburban housewives than to go undercover—way undercover—as a married couple?

Though Chris reluctantly gets in touch with his feminine side, he quickly finds ways of making his sexy partner squirm. And Vin is definitely squirming, but will he run away from his faux wife, or right into “her” arms?

One thing is for sure: as the investigation heats up, ‘inter-agency cooperation’ will take on a whole new meaning..

***Ticket Me More* by Tia Fanning**

Hailed by the bridal flower world as an artistic genius, Meli works long nights making bouquets for women lucky enough to find love, while she herself lives a life of solitude. She yearns to share her heart and body with someone other than Bob, her *Battery Operated Boyfriend*, but acute shyness keeps her from engaging the “living” world.

However, Meli’s quiet and predictable existence takes an unexpected turn when she is pulled over and ticketed by the most gorgeous cop she has ever encountered—Officer Michael Johnson. Though he doesn’t seem to notice her as anything more than a traffic violation, Meli makes plans to overcome her timid nature and seize the police officer’s attention...using any speed necessary.

***Cuffed and Dangerous* by Bronwyn Green**

When a bounty claim becomes a fight of five against one, Jude Caulfield and Gideon Wells step in to help hunter, Wrenn Saunders, before she’s mortally injured. Wrenn soon learns that three is a good number whether in a fight or in the bedroom. Especially in the bedroom—and that’s just where Jude and Gideon want to keep her.

***Stripped* by Celia Kyle**

Sometimes life just required tequila...and vodka...and a shot or two of whiskey for good measure. Jasmine Wright, Jazz to her friends, has reached that point. And now all that liquor is making her clothes fall off—in the middle of the street. Good thing a friendly neighborhood police officer stops to help.

Sheriff Ian Blackwell has loved Jazz since high school and then some. When their relationship burned out so many years ago, he wasn't sure he would recover. Now he's getting a second chance, and he won't Jazz slip away from him this time. He has her naked and at his mercy, and he's going to keep her that way. Forever.

***Search Me Baby, One More Time* by Melinda Barron**

Wren Thornberry's life isn't going according to plan. She let her father talk her out of marrying Bryan Stockard, the man she loves, and moved halfway around the world. Now she's back home in Texas, babysitting her grandmother while grandma and her boy-toy work through their list of sexual exploits, making themselves the talk of the town.

But what Wren doesn't know is that things in her hometown are about to heat up even more, and it will have nothing to do with her grandmother. It seems that Bryan Stockard is still around, he wants to get back into Wren's life—by any means necessary, and now he has just the tools to do it: a police uniform, handcuffs, and the authority to make Wren *assume the position*.

***Going Commando* by Catherine Chernow**

Bounty hunter Shyra Lawrence listens to her favorite radio station one morning where the DJ's are discussing "going commando" —*a.k.a.* wearing no undies. Captivated by their conversation, she decides to shed her panties in favor of the freedom that wearing no underwear brings.

Enthusiastic, Shyra sends an email to her best friend, Donna, detailing the delights of panty-freedom, but unbeknownst to Shyra, she's hit the send key...to the wrong email addy!

When Derek Grayson opens his emails that morning, he discovers that his #1 employee and top bounty hunter has sent him an erotic, enticing message about going commando. Derek has always been polite, professional, and so damned attracted to Shyra that it's almost painful. Working day in and day out with voluptuous woman has sent Derek's hormones into overdrive on more than one occasion.

Now, Shyra's shed her panties and Derek's got all he can do to contain his lust when she announces that she's... GOING COMMANDO.

Also Available from Resplendence Publishing

***Punished* by Brynn Paulin**

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

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

***Faery Surprising* by Mia Watts**

Flora Harper isn't amused when her faery "gift" transports her in the middle of a self-induced orgasm to a professional football locker room after practice. The fact that it's the team she works for, and their new quarterback, Ian Tate, wants to finish what she's started, flies in the face of the non-fraternization policy.

Ian has been traded to a rival city so he catch a blackmailer red-handed. Time is against him, as are the number of injuries he's had in his career. It sounds like a great deal, except filming the Public Relations specialist in a sexually compromising position leaves a sour taste in his mouth. When he discovers that the PR person is emotionally distant, hard-on inducing Flora, getting a whole lot closer to her feels so incredibly right...until she finds out why he's really on the team.

***Just Right* by Bronwyn Green**

When Department of Natural Resources officer, Gwendolyn Locke, hits a black bear on the way home from work one night, her entire view of reality changes. She discovers that shape-shifters exist, and she's just become Goldilocks to three gorgeous, very aroused men who also happen to be werebears. Being snowbound has never been so hot.

***Oriana and the Three Werebears* by Tia Fanning**

Oriana Ricci has taken over the family business—flying cargo and rich tourists around Alaska's

barely inhabited Kodiak Archipelago. When her plane malfunctions and she's forced to make an emergency landing, she finds herself stranded in the middle of a National Wildlife Refuge. With no civilization for miles and no hope of rescue, she thinks all is lost...

Until she stumbles upon the entrance to an underground bunker.

Jack, Jordan, and Jonathan McMathan own and operate a secret intelligence firm contracted by the US Government. Hidden away in an old Cold War spy station located in the middle of the Kodiak National Wildlife Refuge, the brothers are not only able to do their top secret jobs safely without fear of discovery, but are better to protect their other, more personal secret: they have the ability to shift into Kodiak bears.

Like a fairy tale gone bad, the brothers return home to find their lunch tasted—or eaten, their computer chairs adjusted—or broken, and a beautiful blonde sleeping in one of their beds. This situation poses a big problem for the brothers...

Their location is now compromised, but more importantly, what are they to do with the lady?

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

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

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

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

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

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

***Transparent Illusions* by Melinda Barron**

Freelance writer Saffron Tyler needs work. When she offers her journalistic skills to Steele Publications, they suggest that she spend two weeks as a submissive at Fingertip Fantasies, an

exclusive BDSM resort that caters to the ultimate fantasies of any customer willing to pay for the high-end service. She's been tasked to come back with a titillating exposé guaranteed to enthrall the readers of Steele's underground magazine, *Salacious*.

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

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

***Chance Encounters* by Mia Jae**

Seven short, erotic stories to whet your appetite, packaged in one collection. Whether the couples meet on a glance, make a split second decision or take a chance to be together, the encounters change their lives, for a minute, or for a lifetime.

You'll find a plumber who gets into more than a little hot water, a housewife tangled up in a cyber relationship, a cowboy trio attempting to brand a bartender for their very own, and a woman experimenting with a same-sex relationship. Then, there is naughty Rose, who dances naked in front of her bedroom window, a chance sexual encounter in a taxi that turns the tables, and a woman who finds herself doing exactly what she thinks she shouldn't...and liking it.

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