



Getting Dom'd

by

Shara A zod

“Jumpoff” by Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh

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I just love everybody praise the Lord, Amen.
—Shara

Smack It, Flip It, Rub It Down:

Author's/Authors' Note:

Originally, this book was part of the *Smack It, Flip It, Rub It Down* anthology. Each story has the same jump-off (a few pages that set the scene), but all are stand-alone tales.

Premise:

What the heck is the point of traveling all the way across oceans if you can't kick off some ish? While Denmark might not seem like a place where you'd find the Posse, no country, territory or hole in the ground is safe from these women. Down for a little adventure, they head to Billund—home of the *original* Legoland. They're not even there half an hour before the whole group is called on the carpet for daring to critique some of the exhibits. The authorities deliver a long-winded lecture on the history of the toy blocks, which is overshadowed by Jayha's eight-word response in much the same way as Everett's 13,607 word speech at Gettysburg was overshadowed by Lincoln's three-minute speech. Jayha's polite, "Respectfully speaking, you can kiss my whole ass," leads to the entire Posse's banishment from the park. While Jayha leaves, you know the rest of the Posse can't simply leave it at that. They want pictures to put in the scrapbook of Posse Misadventures. They get a long-distance hookup from Yazmin, who is still in Italy enjoying shopping and Italian hotties along with Reid. Leaving Laura, Shara and Raelynn to use their wiles to distract the guards, Jeanie and Dréa sneak in and get pictures...

And get caught. Blissfully unaware of how close her homies are to visiting Danish prison, Jayha's still at the small café where they left her enjoying hot chocolate. Only when she receives a call from the authorities does she realize what's going on. Rushing to the amusement park, she groans at the sight before her. Besides blue jeans and leather jackets, the chicks are all sporting Viking horns. Taking a deep breath, she exhales and marches in, knowing this will not end well.

...And so the adventure begins.

This story is linked to the following stories:

- *Getting Dom'd* by Shara Azod
- *Spankable Susan* by Raelynn:
- *Whip Appeal* by Reana Malori
- *Fit to be Tied* by Dréa Riley and Laura Guevara:
- *You can Lead a Norse to Water but You Can't Make Him Kink* by Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh

The Jumpoff

This is what could really happen should various members of the Posse converge on one place at the same time.

Outside of Billund, Denmark, October

“Jayha, are you mad with us?” Dréa finally asked in the silence of the SUV they’d rented.

“I’m not mad. I’m fucking amazed y’all are allowed out without a bevy of armed guards,” Jayha said.

“We were just trying to help,” Jeanie said.

“I get that. What I don’t get is how y’all thought wearing Viking helmets and talking like pirates with Swedish accents was a good look and sound for ‘sneaking.’”

“We got caught up in the whole Scandinavian experience,” Shara said.

“The fact that we’re now banned from the entire city is a bit more than getting ‘caught up.’ You do realize that this is the second time in three trips that we’ve been kicked out of a place,” Jayha said.

“You can’t bring up Vegas every single time,” Dréa pouted.

“You almost burned down the Strip. Yeah, we *can* bring that up every time,” Jayha said.

“At least Vegas was warm,” Laura said. “Is it just me, or is anyone else getting cold?”

“It’s not just you, chica. I’ve got the heat set on ‘Inferno’ and I’m still chilly,” Jayha admitted.

“I’ve never seen a snowstorm so sudden or snow so thick,” Jeanie said as she pulled the hood up on her hoodie before settling her Viking horns back atop her head.

“It’s a good thing Reana found us alternate digs or I’d be more than a tad pissed,” Jayha said. “I certainly don’t relish spending the night in the truck.”

“Yay! Reana,” Raelynn led the other chicks in a cheer. The truck fairly rocked with the sound of the chicks clapping and stomping as they chanted Reana’s name. “Reana! Reana! Reana!”

“Hella initiation into the Posse.” Shara laughed.

“Yeah, but it’s a hella fun initiation,” Reana said.

“You are so one of us,” Jeanie said.

“Being that y’all are wearing horned helmets, I’m not so sure that’s a compliment,” Jayha added as she followed the instructions of the GPS and turned onto a lighted drive.

All smack-talking turned into oohs and ahhs as the ladies got their first proper glance of Resort TresNi. Breathtaking. Simply too damn beautiful for words. The sumptuousness of the log resort was obvious, but none of them cared about that right now. They only cared that it looked warm.

“I hope they have valet parking,” Jayha said, “otherwise I’m going to park this truck right here. I can’t even see the parking area.” Putting the Suburban

in park, she was glad to see the troupe of men who walked towards the 4x4. When they pointed to their badges that indicated they were employees of TresNi, she opened the door.

“Welcome to Lækkert,” one of the gentlemen said. “Go on in—we’ll get your luggage and park your vehicle.”

Hallelujah, she thought as she handed over the keys. She was about to make a mad dash inside when another employee covered her with a fur and took her arm so she wouldn’t fall. Immediately, she was enveloped by warmth. Now this was hospitality.

Twenty minutes later, they were sprawled over the furniture in Jeanie’s room flipping through the room service menu.

“Is it just me or is there a disproportionate number of really, smoking hot-ass men in the house?” Reana asked.

“It’s not you, chica. Every man I passed was a ten,” Raelynn agreed.

“Speaking of hot men. Did anyone else notice how many of them were wearing leather?” Shara purred.

“That’s like asking if we noticed that it’s cold outside,” Laura said.

“You’re lucky I need to get the feeling back in my body, else I’d be over there teaching you some manners, Texan,” Shara threatened.

“No messing with the Texans, Florida Girl,” Dréa began. “You know—” she started.

“Texas is the only state in the Union that could secede if they wanted to,” the rest of the Posse finished for her.

Jayha couldn’t help but laugh. Like all Texans Dréa was passionate about her state. “Let it go, chick. Y’all know good and damn well that y’all aren’t going any damn where regardless of how pissed off the other forty-nine states make you. And you know why? Because it’d put a serious ding in your sports machines. Hard to keep that Texas-Oklahoma rivalry going when it’s now an international game instead of an intercollegiate one.”

Their good-natured bickering was interrupted by a knock on the door. Being closest to the door, Jayha waited while the chicks secured their weapons before opening it. “Yes?” she said to the men who filled the doorway.

“Good evening, we’re the proprietors of TresNi. We wanted to welcome you to the city of Lækkert and to our humble resort. Being that it’s a little cold out, we also wanted to offer you complimentary hot beverages and sweets.”

“A little cold?” every occupant of the room asked.

“That’s like saying the Biblical Plagues were a small show of displeasure,” Jayha said.

“Yeah, what she said, but he said something about ‘hot beverages,’ so chastise him later and give us those hot drinks now,” Jeanie said.

Stepping back, she ushered them inside.

“We have coffee, hot chocolate, and hot toddies,” Blond Hotness said as he indicated the arrangement of drinks on the tray Brunet Hotness held. “And we have a selection of sweetbreads and cakes,” he added as he indicated the tray Black-Haired Hotness held.

Accepting a generous-sized mocha, Jeanie took a sip. Enjoying the feel of the savory chocolate, she knew it was no mix. Ah, the good stuff.

“Y’all definitely know how to do hospitality. You sure you’re not Southern?” Jayha asked.

“We’re sure, but we accept that for the compliment that it is,” Blond Hotness said.

“And you should take it as a compliment. Not everyone is born Southern. Sit a spell and talk to us for a minute,” she invited.

“We do not wish to intrude—” he began.

“You won’t be intruding; besides, we’re going to need you to top off our mugs in a little bit anyway,” Shara said.

They sat.

“This is damn good coffee. We’re going to have to make you honorary Southerners,” Raelynn said.

“And we’re not even going to make you marry your first cousin,” Jeanie said.

“Well, since we’ve been inducted into your family, now is probably a good time to tell you the rules of our family.”

“Besides no swinging naked from the chandeliers or stealing the towels, what other rules exist?” Laura asked.

“Hey, I was going to steal the towels, so why’d you bring that up?” Dréa pouted.

“Well, this is an, um, different kind of resort,” Blond Hotness said.

“Different how?” Reana asked.

“An adults-only resort. We require the utmost privacy for our guests and staff and thus have non-disclosure forms all are required to sign.”

“What kind of weird shit are y’all into?” Jeanie asked.

“Nothing weird—this is a resort where individuals are free to explore their sexuality.”

“While I don’t give a shit what consenting adults get into, I’m not only married, but I’m married to a crazy motherfucker who’ll tear your whole country a

new asshole, so I suggest y'all keep your dicks and hands to yourselves," Dréa said.

"And if we find out you have something nefarious planned for us, we're going to have our friends—who know where we are—fuck up the rest of your Scandinavian neighbors," Jayha said.

"Please, there's no need for violence," Blond Hotness said. "Might I continue explaining?"

"Yeah, but tread carefully or you might wake up in a pile of Texas-style ass whipping. In case you didn't know: Don't Mess With Texas," Laura said.

"TresNi is a getaway for couples who want to rediscover themselves and for those who wish to explore other facets of their sexuality. We often host various workshops. This week we're hosting a BDSM workshop."

"So far, so good. We won't stop you," Raelynn said. "One thing Southerners are good at doing is minding our own damn business."

"And fucking peeps up. Don't forget that part," Jeanie threw in.

"The problem is, being that this is BDSM Week, everyone attending is required to wear leather."

"What if we don't have any leather with us?" Raelynn asked.

"We'd have to punish you for being naughty," Blond Hotness rasped.

“Ah, little boy. You overestimate your abilities and underestimate mine,” Shara said. I’m nobody’s sub.”

“Except when you’re under your Mr. You begging him to fuck you harder, longer, faster,” Raelynn threw in.

“Ah, sookie sookie,” Dréa laughed.

“Shut. Up. I’m seven feet tall—” Shara began.

“And three hundred pounds,” the girls finished.
“We know, Napoleon.”

“We can mess with Shara later...and tell Mr. Her that she said she was his dom, but first we need to straighten this out,” Jayha said.

Turning to the trio of hotness, she fired off a question.

“Barring you trying to ‘punish’ us for failing to wear leather, what are the alternatives?”

“You could wear nothing. That’s also permissible at TresNi.”

“Or there’s option b,” Brunet Hotness said. “You could wear a strapping Dane who would like nothing more than to give you a proper welcome to Denmark.”

The silence was broken by Laura. “Well, I’m not married, so I might just have to take you up on that.” She smiled.

“Whore!” the rest of the room shouted.

“Jealous bitches,” Laura returned.

“I have a question,” Jayha asked.

“Yes, Ms. Leigh?”

“If TresNi is so damn exclusive and all, why allow us to reserve rooms?”

“The Internet has made the world a lot smaller. The reservationist recognized your names immediately and alerted me. I in turn jumped at the chance to have some of the top names in erotica at TresNi. I put it to my guests, and they were most delighted at the prospect of dining with you ladies.”

“Well damn,” Reana said.

“Yeah,” Dréa backed her up.

“Then what was all this business about the dress code. Is that true?”

“It is true. However, we keep plenty of leather on hand, so you see, all will be well.”

“While I appreciate your desire to have some erotic authors in the house, how do you know you can trust us?” Jayha asked.

“You are a worthy adversary, Ms. Leigh.”

“I am, but don’t let the innocent act the other chicks are putting on fool you. They’re straight badass.”

“Noted. The five-star hotel business is an exclusive industry, meaning there are few secrets among us. When I saw your names, I couldn’t help but

think that women bold enough to get kicked out of Vegas were women I needed to meet.”

Smacking her hand to her head, Jayha moaned. Oh. My. Damn. “A BDSM workshop in the fucking middle of Denmark, and we happen to walk right in on it.”

“Do you want to find someplace else?” Reana asked.

“Um, no. In case you’ve missed it, this fucking lodge rocks, and it looks like the ushering in of another Ice Age out there. I’m staying my Southern ass right here,” Jayha said. It’s a good thing we’re all leather whores and allowed Yazmin to talk us into investing in a few more pair of ‘fuck me or fuck somebody up’ boots because anything we wear with those are going to roooooooooock,” Jayha said.

“Damn right,” Shara said as she twirled about in her borrowed leather outfit. “I might not steal their towels, but I hope they don’t think they’re getting this back. My ass looks fabulous in this skirt.”

“Try and behave tonight,” Jayha pleaded. “I already saved y’all from Danish prison once today.”

“We’ll be good. Now come on, I want to pick out the Dane I’m going to wear,” Laura said as she hurried them out of the room.

“It’s not polite to stare,” Jayha reminded the chicks as yet another wave of leather-clad hotties passed by them.

“Yeah, well, it’s not polite to be that fucking hot and expect us not to,” Raelynn said.

Seeing Shara’s eyes light up, she attempted to get in a preemptive objection. “We’re on vacation, so don’t even think it about calling a challenge,” she said.

“Don’t care. Not only am I calling challenge, I’m putting a twist on it,” Shara announced.

“And what would be the twist?” Reana asked.

“Considering the proprietors’ sense of humor”—they’d discovered that TresNi was Danish for sixty-nine—“and how they’re all amped to meet erotic authors, let’s give them more erotica than they can handle. Instead of talking about our stories, let’s tell them a story. Whoever gets a couple to come first from the telling of their story wins.”

“What do we win?” Jeanie asked.

“Winner gets to pick the spot for the next Posse adventure...and I’ll write them a story of their choice featuring any kind of hero they want. Who’s in?” Shara asked.

Being that Shara had pretty much written all of them custom stories, no one was going to back out of a chance to get another custom story. Everyone was in. It was going to be an interesting adventure.

Chapter One

“Please, Sean? I will be *sooooo* good; you won’t even know I’m there.” That was just about as likely as Sean waking up a submissive. He had known Asha her entire life, and almost from the beginning he had always known when she was around. “I will be silent and fade into the background. No one will even notice me.”

Axel von Biron and Kuresh Atar, Sean’s supposed best friends, suddenly broke out in a coughing fit. Bastards. Asha had managed to wind her petite little body around his torso, those melting milk chocolate eyes shaped like a cat batting innocently up at him. There wasn’t a damn thing innocent about this woman. Allowing her to tag along with them to the conference would invite all kinds of trouble he didn’t need. But Sean knew he was going to say yes. Axel and Kuresh knew it too, hence the coughing that did nothing to mask their laughter.

“No, Asha. It’s not the place for you.” So very weak. For a Dom, he certainly seemed to twist and bend where she was concerned.

The truth was, Asha was his greatest weakness. As hard as he tried to keep her in the box in which he had placed her twenty-six years ago when she was born—that of a sister of sorts—she refused to stay there, instead working her way into his dreams and waking fantasies. She wasn't his sister; they were quite noticeably in no way related, and his cock knew that all too well.

Sean and Ashe's parents were actually best friends. They had taught at the local university together for years. Both of their fathers were botanists and research partners, their mothers both literary professors. He had watched Ashe grow from being an adorable if bratty kid into a woman who made his teeth ache. She was like a little Pocket Venus, all curvy and sexy. The top of her head didn't quite come up to his shoulder. Her sienna-colored skin was clear and smooth, perfect without artifice, her eyes framed by the longest, thickest natural eyelashes he had ever seen. And there was her tendency to get all deliciously submissive on him.

She didn't need to ask his permission to do a damn thing, but somewhere over the years he had gotten into the habit of telling her what to do. It wasn't until she turned twenty-three or so that she actually started listening, and worse, obeying. It was right around the time he had confessed his sexual fetish. He

was a Dom. The little brat had taken that tidbit and ran with it. He knew she only did it to aggravate him. She had no idea how much she got under his skin, and not because he was mad either.

Sean wanted Ashe. Wanted her in the worst way. He could never show it, though. Admitting that his feelings for her were so far from fraternal might push her away; that was something Sean could never allow. Ashe had a unique ability to get herself into trouble wherever she went. He needed to be the one who got her out of it. She trusted him, depended on him, and he loved that. Given her chosen profession, an erotic romance writer, Ashe got the craziest ideas all in the name of “research.”

Now she wanted to tag along to the annual Hurt *SO* Good Con, a BDSM convention held in an undisclosed location. She claimed she was working on a new series and she needed to do “research.” There were so many reasons he should say no. So many things that could go wrong. But damn it, he was going to take her. If he didn’t she might take it in her head to go to a dungeon somewhere without his knowledge. All the scenarios of what could happen would give him gray hair.

“I can pretend to be your sub,” Ashe wheedled, twisting her hand in his shirt and gazing up at him through her lashes. He needed to get her off his lap.

He was seconds away from throwing her down and showing her what that look was going to get her. “That way you can spank me if I’m bad.”

Kuresh got up and left the room. Axel went a bright shade of red, contrasting nicely with his light blond hair. Sean wanted to cry. Visions of his hand coming down on that luscious ass...Lord, he was shivering. He tried to move her off his lap, but she tightened her thighs down on his. Ashe had superb muscle control. She wouldn’t lose her seat in a rough ride no matter how wild he might get.

He really had to stop thinking about her like that. Walking around with a three-year hard-on was pure hell. He could feel pre-cum weeping from his dick.

“That wouldn’t work, little girl. I’m looking for a new sub; how the hell would I explain you?” He tended to call her “little girl” whenever he was trying to place emotional distance between them. It never worked. There was nothing remotely girlish about her figure despite her diminutive height. This was Sean being cruel to Ashe. As usual, that flew right over her head.

“From what I’ve read you can have more than one. Or maybe I can be Axel or Kuresh’s—”

“Hell no! Look, you can go, but as *my* sub, you got it?”

With a squeal, Ashe threw herself against him, her full, soft breasts mashing into his chest. This time he couldn't hold back the groan, nor could he stop his own arms from circling around her to bring her even closer. Thankfully her crotch was a couple of inches away from his bulge; he wasn't sure what would happen if it weren't. His secret would definitely be out then. And once again, she completely misread his groan.

"Oh, don't be such a worry wart. I promise you won't regret it." Even though she had gotten her way, she was still pouting. She had the perfect pout, accentuated by full bow-shaped lips. He wanted to nibble on them, to suck the bottom lip into his mouth. This was such a mistake. There was no way he was going to survive the week.

Chapter Two

Asha smirked at the contents strewn about her suitcase. Research sure had its advantages, and landing Sean right where she wanted him did too. Oh how she loved to watch him squirm beneath her ruthless manipulation. No way would he let her go to the convention without being his submissive or whatever. Not that she was genuinely all that submissive. She'd play the game because she knew exactly what she was playing for—Sean. Lifting the leather dog collar from the right pocket, she smiled, turning it this way and that in her bedroom's soft lamp illumination. Yeah. She imagined his face, watching her kneel with that collar fastened firmly in place, the rise of his cock as his fingers wrapped around the leash...

"Are you coming or what?" Sean's impatient rumble rolled into her room, making her heart leap in her chest.

She hastily put the collar back and zipped the suitcase closed. With little effort she dragged it from the bed and sighed. Sean had that effect on her—making her tired from just hearing his voice. Not tired in a weary way, but in a dreamy, I-want-to-do-him

way. He wanted her, and she wanted him too; he was just too damn stubborn to do anything about it. They weren't the least bit related, so there wasn't any reason why they shouldn't be together.

At least that was how she saw it.

She strolled into her living room and handed the luggage off to Sean, who took it as if it was old hat. Which it had always been between them. They'd been friends forever, and this little event would bring them closer. So close they would be connected, damn it. She had planned carefully, knew exactly what she was going to do. If he wasn't going to fall gracefully into her arms where he belonged, she'd force his hand.

"You aren't ready to go, are you?"

"Hell yeah, I'm ready to go. Axel and Kuresh are already in the car," he snapped, rolling his eyes as if she bothered him. She suppressed the smirk on her lips, because she knew she did bother him. And she loved it.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing, eh?" he asked, those beautiful eyes narrowing as he took her in.

She strutted on by him, making sure to drop her keys to the floor. Bending over slowly, she made sure to push her ass out so that he got an eyeful of what he continued to deny himself.

The sucking of his breath told her she'd done well and she scooped up the keys, again struggling to suppress her smile.

"Ashe, what's up with you? You worried about this convention?" he asked, his handsome face frowning in thought. "Stay with me, close to me, Ashe. I won't let anything happen to you."

"I know. I can always count on you." She let her voice get all husky. She'd practiced that for years, just never used it before. Sean's eyes widened, his Adam's apple throbbing a bit. "I have to do my research, and I know you'll make sure to educate me."

Before he could say anything else, she bounced out of the front door, holding the screen for Sean and her luggage. Once he cleared the door, she set about locking it. Only after she slipped the key into the lock did she notice the trembling in her hands.

The destination was quite a surprise. Although Sean had made sure she had her passport, he hadn't told her where the convention actually was. It wasn't until they were at the airport she found out they were going to Denmark. Scandinavia was one of the few places she'd never been, so she was going to have twice the fun. Plus a long flight with Sean by her side... She would make sure he was good and horny by the time they landed. She'd even let him believe he could go off and find relief from some hussy who wasn't her before

she would tactfully interrupt them. That would all but guarantee he'd be ripe for the plucking.

After they'd chatted absentmindedly about nothing at all for the first couple of hours of the flight, she made a big show of being sleepy before lifting the arm between their seats and snuggling close. He wanted her to move, she could tell by the way his body went all rigid, but she also knew he wouldn't forcibly move her. Even when they were kids and their parents dragged them all over the globe he had let her sleep on him. When he thought she was in deep sleep, he would move her even closer to cradle her as if she were precious to him, stroking her cheek or her back.

This time was no different. About twenty minutes into the best fake sleep she'd ever done, he lifted her into his lap, moving her head to rest on his chest. Ashe couldn't resist wiggling her bottom a little against proof Sean wasn't the least bit immune to her.

"Brat, you drive me crazy," she heard him mutter to himself, felt the deep rumble in his chest as he spoke against her cheek. She squirmed again, pressing closer. "Ah, Ashe, baby, if you only knew how much I want you."

Well, now *that* was different. Of course she had always known Sean was attracted to her, but he was as stubborn as a mule. That he would actually give voice to his desires meant she was making headway, didn't

it? All she had to do was stick to the plan. Wiggling to get even closer, she made sure her buttocks were cradling his erection with loving care. If she worked this right, she would have him way past horny by the time the plane landed. Being a male, his first immediate reaction would be to go find some hussy to relieve the ache. Ha! Like that was ever going to happen. She wanted him wound so tight he was ready to pop. Then she would make her move.

With a contented sigh she burrowed her head into his chest, inhaling his clean, masculine scent. Sean relaxed beneath her, his hips unconsciously moving up as if seeking a deeper connection.

“Fuck, Ashe, you’re going to kill me,” he moaned under his breath.

Well, he had it half right anyway.

Chapter Three

All he wanted to do was go downstairs to the large open convention room and find someone to relieve the throbbing, aching hard-on he'd been sporting for the past six hours. Sean looked at the connecting door that led to Ashe's room. His palms itched as he focused on that doorknob. It wasn't locked—he'd checked. He could go through that door and...

And what? He couldn't go and do all of the nasty things he really, really wanted to do. She would slap his face and never talk to him again. As big and bad as he'd like to think he was, the thought of making her upset, of seeing her cry, of never hearing her voice again made his chest ache. That could knock him to his knees quicker than anything else in the world. She was like a sister to him; he had to remember that.

She's not even close to being your damn sister, the devil on his shoulder hissed through his brain so loudly he looked around to see if someone else was actually in the room. *She's yours—go take your woman.*

A loud knock on the hotel room door was all that saved him from going and doing just that. Man, he

needed to go get laid, and quick. The guilt alone would be guaranteed to keep him well away from Ashe for the weeklong trip. For reasons known only to the deepest recesses of his brain, he always felt like he was cheating when he'd been with someone else. Made absolutely no sense, but he couldn't shake the feeling.

Scowling, he threw open the door. He needed to stop thinking about her. Otherwise he was going to drive himself mad.

“Dude, you need to come downstairs now.”

Sean, Axel and Kuresh had been friends since middle school. Kids of professors tended to stick together in the smallish suburban community where they'd grown up. The three of them had always stuck together, always looked out for Ashe, though four years her senior. It had always been understood, though, that Ashe was his. Kuresh was now nowhere to be found, and Axel looked like he was about to shit a brick.

Nothing but nothing scared the huge German, so it had to be bad.

“Did something happen to Kuresh?” Sean didn't hesitate to grab his card key and follow Axel towards the elevators. When one of them was in trouble, they all were.

“Kuresh is watching Ashe. Downstairs.”

Sean felt this blood freeze in his veins. “What about Ashe?” His voice began quiet, understated. A sure sign he was about to lose it. Ashe was supposed to be in her room until he came for her. That was why he’d spent the last forty-five minutes staring at her fucking door.

“She’s downstairs, wearing...something. Surrounded by a ring of, uh, interested parties.”

Normally Sean stayed the hell away from anyone Ashe was dating, seeing or might be interested in. It was safer that way. After he broke the nose of her prom date, he realized he just couldn’t handle seeing her with any other man. Hell, he wanted to punch Axel and Kuresh whenever she smiled at them. The thought of Ashe surrounded by a bunch of horny Doms while wearing—what the hell was she wearing if even Axel danced around the issue?

Each step closer to their destination increased Sean’s growing sense of dread. His ears began to ring, his vision slightly overcast with a shade of red. Heaven help any poor slob stupid enough to touch...

Oh hell no! She did NOT bring her little ass down here wearing—what the hell was she supposed to be wearing? While most of the women trolling the area were encased in leather, Ashe just had to stand out, didn’t she? Despite the fact they happened to be in freaking Denmark during full freaking winter, Ashe

was wearing a little baby doll dress that stopped right below the cheeks of her ass. With thigh high nylons held by satin garters with little pink flowers. Mary Jane shoes with three-inch heels completed the little ensemble, and she had the nerve, the unmitigated gall to be wearing a fucking pink bow in her shoulder-length hair. She looked like the personification of a sweet little sub just waiting to be claimed.

But that wasn't even what had his sight going from a slight red glaze to full on blood I'm-about-to-kill-some-fucking-body red. No, it was the asshole who thought he had the right to touch her and was currently caressing her bare neck. Sean could see the vision the man had of placing his collar there, of making her kneel. Of taking what was his.

He was behind her before he could blink, wrapping hanks of her hair around his fist.

"Taken," he growled to the man who had been touching her. Had been until Sean had yanked her hard against his frame.

"I see no collar," the man retorted with a heavy accent. German. He cast a quick glance at Axel and Kuresh, who quickly moved in to place themselves between her and the stranger, Axel explaining in quick, crisp German that Ashe was being bad.

Oh yes, she was being very bad.

“Oh, hi, Sean. I thought you were resting.” She had the cheek to look at him with wide innocent eyes, her juicy lips lightly coated with gloss that smelled like strawberries.

“And what exactly do you think you were doing?” Sean was proud of the way he kept his voice slow and even. She had yet to realize how much trouble she was really in. He was walking a fine line—one wrong word and he wasn’t really sure he would be able to hold back.

“Research, of course. That guy was about to teach me about the lifestyle. He was about to take me over there and show me what all that equipment and stuff is for.”

Sean stopped dead in his tracks. “He was going to teach you? Is that what he said?”

Ashe had the nerve to blink those insane lashes up at him, looking all innocent and pure. “Yeah. He said if I wanted to know he would show me.”

“Did he say teach, or show? What exactly did he say?” Her next answer would seal her fate. Sean knew it and prayed she’d say something along the lines of *just explaining the Saint Andrew’s Cross, the Tower, the Stocks, the Spank Bench*. The really sad thing was, he prayed just as hard she would say the wrong thing, the thing he knew would push him right off the cliff.

“Well, actually his exact words were along the lines of ‘training’ or something like that. But now that you’re here, I suppose you can— Umpf!”

Chapter Four

Ashe wanted to laugh out loud as Sean threw her over his shoulder, keeping one palm firmly on her behind to prevent her dress from riding up and flashing the world. He stalked toward the elevator, growling at any and everyone in his way. Finally! She was beginning to think she was going to have to tie him down instead of the other way around. Who knew all she had to do was dress like a virtual slut and flirt a little. Maybe she should have tried this years ago.

She almost felt bad for manipulating him the way she had. Almost, but not quite. If he'd just given in and admitted they belonged together, they could've avoided all this unpleasantness, but noooooo. Just like a man, he had to be all stubborn about it. She felt semi-bad for forcing his hand, but how long was she supposed to wait for him to buy a clue?

"On your knees." Sean, sweet, kind, gentle Sean actually snarled at her after setting her on her feet in his room.

"Excuse me?" She was pushing it now, she knew it, but she couldn't seem to stop. He deserved to be frustrated, damn it. She'd felt that way for years. "On

the floor or on the bed? Like this? Or do you want me to take off my clothes?"

He looked like he was about to pop a blood vessel. He stalked forward, grasping her little nothing of a dress, and ripped it in half. Shoving the ruined material off her shoulders onto the floor, he spun her around and forced her to bend over the end of the bed. With any other man, Ashe would have kicked him in the nuts before planting her fist firmly in his face. With Sean, she was wet and panting at the first ripping sound.

Yes, this was what she'd been waiting for. She needed him to take her, claim her, to make her his in every conceivable way. Maybe it was sick, but she didn't really care. She wanted him, all of him, everything he was. She knew Sean wasn't the kind of Dom who was into pain, or even the freakier aspect of BDSM. He liked to be in control, and she wanted him in control, in the bedroom anyway. She had dreamed of this for so long, she was dangerously close to coming just by knowing how close she was to having her dream come true.

"You had to push, didn't you, baby?" Sean was crooning now as he ran a large, rough hand over the flesh of her buttocks. "You had to go and be a bad girl, didn't you?"

“Well, you refused to show me.” She couldn’t help but arch into his touch. Her skin burned knowing what was coming. She wanted it, needed it. “What’s a woman supposed to do?”

The first stinging smack knocked the air from her lungs. The next three came in rapid succession, the exquisite burning sensations spreading from the cheeks of her ass to pool in her pussy. She didn’t scream or yelp, but moaned in ecstasy as he rubbed away the pain, his fingers dipping into her sodden core.

“You like that, don’t you?” His breathing was just as hard as her own. His words deep with longing as he stroked two thick fingers deep inside her core. “You like the way I spank you.”

“Love it,” she panted, pushing down on the digits petting her just right. “More.”

“Oh, you’re going to get more all right.” The dark promise in his voice made her breasts tingle. “Spread those legs wider.”

There was no hesitation. She spread and leaned forward, opening herself wide to whatever it was Sean wanted to do. She trusted him implicitly as she trusted no other. He would never hurt her. And no one could ever make her feel this way. All hot and wild, desperate for his touch. She had waited her entire life

for this because she knew there would be no way either of them would be able to walk away.

The jagged smack against the lips of her pussy was not expected, but oh did it feel so good! Ashe moaned helplessly, canting her hips for more. And he gave her more, spanking the puffy lips of her labia until she was teetering on the edge of absolute bliss. Just a few more smacks and she would reach the stars. He must've known that too, because he stopped as suddenly as he'd started, leaving her hanging on the cliff's edge.

"Please, Sean. Don't leave me like this." She didn't give a damn about begging. She needed so bad. She was so very close. Just a little bit more.

The air was cool against her heated cunt. She shivered, blinking back tears of frustration.

"You're not to come until I tell you, you understand me, Ashe?"

"Yes." She was whimpering, but that didn't matter. "Please, Sean. I'm sorry I was bad. I'll be good for the rest of the week, I swear."

It was lie and she knew it, but she would say anything for relief. Her body was coiled so tight she would surely break if she didn't get release.

"Oh, I know you will, baby. Because you aren't leaving my side. You will be collared and glued to me."

He sounded like he was moving away from her. No, no, no! She didn't want him to move away, she needed him closer. She was about to tell him so when she felt it. One long, leisurely lick across the seam of her pussy with his hot, insistent tongue and all Ashe could do was groan. He started slow and easy, like he was savoring a lollipop. No amount of bucking seemed to spur him on at all. Ashe was sure she was about to lose it completely when he dove in for the kill, suckling her clit into the hot cavern of his mouth, teasing it with his teeth before delving his tongue deep inside her pussy.

"Sean, please, please let me come!" The pleasure was too much. She was in pain, she needed it so bad. She could feel the beginnings of a beautiful orgasm just outside her reach, but no matter how hard she tried, she just couldn't get there.

"Don't you dare come!" A sharp, quick smack to her wet cunt followed the terse order.

She was going to die. He was trying to kill her. That was the only explanation she could come up with for this torture.

She was completely unprepared for the long, hard thrust of his thick cock slamming into her pussy. Stars exploded behind her closed lids, her orgasm catching her completely off guard. So good, it felt like heaven. She could tell by the multiple hard-ons she'd

witnessed outlined in his pants over the years that Sean was blessed in the dick area; she'd just never expected he would feel so thick, so long inside her. He filled her so tightly it burned just a little, taking up all the available space inside her.

Sean didn't make love to her sweet and slow. No, he took her, powering inside her like a man possessed. His thrusts were so hard they were scooting across the bed, but Ashe didn't care. She wanted more. She loved every second of his wildness, loved that she pushed him to this. It was perfect.

"Mine! My woman. My pussy." Every word grunted from his mouth was punctuated with a smack on her jiggling butt. Every spank vibrated deep inside her, causing explosions to rock her body. "Say it, Ashe. To whom do you belong?"

"You." Had there ever been a doubt? Not in her mind. "Always yours, Sean. Always."

The words didn't seem to calm him. His strokes intensified, his fingers biting into her hips as he held on and rammed inside her. One orgasm blended into another until she was screaming mindlessly, shaking all over from the force of it.

"Yeah, shit yeah. So tight. So mine." He was close—she could feel it down to her soul. "Ashe! Fuck!" Sean roared as he came deep inside her, his seed washing through her, setting off yet another intense

earthquake beginning in her gut and spreading throughout her entire body.

She must have passed out because when she opened her eyes she was on her back, Sean hovering over her, inside her, moving with sweet, seductive slowness.

“I love you, baby. I can’t let you go.”

His words thrilled her down to her toes. For so long she’d yearned for this, to hear those very words. His eyes glittered with the promise of forever, sending chills down her spine.

“I love you too,” she replied softly, wrapping her legs around his hips. “And you’d better not.”

They stayed in the room for the rest of the night, making love and talking. Ashe was pleasantly sore by the time she finally started to drift off to sleep.

“Don’t think for a second I don’t know it was all planned,” Seam murmured in her ear as he gathered her close. “I’ll spank you for that tomorrow.”

Oh yes, that sounded delightful. She made a mental note to do something to get another one the day after that, and the day after that. She fully intended to spend the rest of her nights getting Dom’d.

****SA****

