



CHERYL DRAGON

PUSHING
PENNY

RAIDER'S BODYGUARD SERVICE

Pushing Penny

A Raider's Bodyguard Service Story

By Cheryl Dragon

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Pushing Penny
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Chapter One

Shame the devil, tell the truth. That was a phrase Penny Beaumont had been raised on. The words echoed in her mind as she reviewed her packing for her first international trip. The truth was she'd always been overweight. Everyone had a truth, and that was hers. Her brother Brian was gay. Her baby sister was skinny, blonde and a perfect southern lady. Their daddy was a Texas millionaire and their grandfather was a fire and brimstone preacher from Baton Rouge.

All the Beaumont women were good, old-fashioned, southern ladies who did charity work, raised children and kept a perfect home. They didn't drink, didn't smoke and didn't drive, but her mother was the rebel—she drove her own car. International travel was a new world for Penny.

Today, Penny had a flight to Milan to show her plus-size fashions to the European market. Her American debut had been a success, but this was more pressure. She sat on the bed and looked at her brother. "I should cancel. It's a mistake."

Brian hugged her. "It'll be fine. You'll be a hit. They invited you."

"It's probably all a joke. Europeans think all Americans are fat, and it'll be a big tabloid story."

"Stop it. This isn't high school. You need to clear away the bad thoughts. You've worked so hard, and it's amazing stuff. It's Milan, Mecca of fashion. And you can't tell me that there aren't any plus-size Italian women."

She rolled her eyes. "I've never traveled outside the US. Dad freaked when I bought a foreign car."

"He's so old school they hadn't invented chalk. He sheltered the girls and I had to fight my own battles. That's not doing anyone any favors. Between the extreme religion on mom's

side, dad's money and my being the most popular gay grad student in New York, you have every right to be confused. Just do your thing and be yourself. You're not backing down after all that work. I'm just glad Andrea talked you into a bodyguard."

"It's so unnecessary and over the top. No one is stalking me. But she's right. After what happened to her cousin, I'm not taking any chances." Brian and Andrea, Penny's best friend since college, both thought it was a good idea, and Penny trusted their judgment. "At least, I've met the guy. I do feel safe with him."

"A hard-bodied bodyguard?" Brian teased. "Hot?"

"Sorry, he's straight. Met him at Andrea and Jake's Vegas elopement." She knew her brother was always on the lookout for a new guy. Brian would be drooling soon. Grayson was unbearably hot, strong, and quiet. When they'd met as best man and maid of honor, his touch had sparked everything in her. That man had a way of looking right through her. It had been an intense experience for her. She wondered if he'd even remember her. Hot men tended to forget the big girls. But this was a professional arrangement, not a date.

Brian flopped on the bed. "For shame, Penelope. Vegas! Did you drink?" He imitated their easily offended grandfather.

"Yes," she confessed.

He propped his hands on his hips. "Did you gamble?"

"Yes." She smiled.

Brian got nose-to-nose with her. "Did you dance with the sexy hunk?"

"No." Penny told the truth. Her brother knew what it meant to be different. He was the only one in the family who didn't make her feel as if she didn't fit. During his brief stint as a drag queen, she'd made his gowns. It had helped set her on her current career path. Before that Penny had only designed for herself. All the queens had admired her work, even though Brian wasn't very good on stage. He found being the hot, young, southern guy got him more men while others performed.

"No dancing? It was a wedding." He nudged her.

"They eloped. It was a five minute wedding and dinner at a steakhouse that rotated. The view was lovely."

The doorbell to her condo rang.

"Got it." Brian jumped up.

She knew he wanted a good look at the bodyguard. He opened the door and sighed. “That view is more than lovely.”

Penny marched up to rescue Grayson. “Sorry, my brother is a bit comical at times. I was telling him about the view of Vegas from the restaurant.” She opened the door wider.

“Beautiful.” Grayson’s eyes stayed fixed on her.

Brian brushed her elbow with his, but Penny ignored him. Grayson, technically Jake’s stepbrother, was thirty-one and tall with jet black hair and pale blue eyes. All muscled body and calm demeanor. Grayson had turned Penny on from the start. She really didn’t need Brian adding to it. A tiny part of her didn’t want Grayson along to Milan. She didn’t need the distraction or the rejection.

Still, she’d agreed to a bodyguard. She’d lived in Texas until college then made a bold move to the east coast and met Andrea. Penny wasn’t well traveled by any interpretation.

Her manners finally kicked in. “Grayson, this is my brother Brian. Brian, my jailer for the week, poor man, Grayson. Come in, please.”

“He can frisk me any time.” Brian could flirt with a lamppost when the mood struck him. It annoyed Penny how well he’d played it straight for so long. But Brian loved Texas from horses to roping. He just wasn’t meant for the small towns where being a gay man could be dangerous.

Penny wished she could be as confident as Brian. But flirting was way out of her skill set.

“Be nice, Brian.” She turned to check her home. This distance from Grayson let her think and breathe. She handed Brian the keys. “No wild parties.”

“Me? No way.” He gave her a peck on the cheek and turned to Grayson. “Anything happens to her...”

“Brian, it’s his job. He knows what he’s doing.” Penny hated being the center of attention. It was always uncomfortable. “No need to make a fuss.”

Grayson held out a hand. “It’s fine. Nothing to worry about.”

Brian shook his hand and gave Penny a wink.

The driver saved her by stepping into the doorway. “Ready, Ms. Beaumont?”

“Yes. All this luggage please and his.” She pointed toward her large pile of bags then turned to her bodyguard. “Passport, identification, ticket and everything?”

“All set.” They headed out. “You’re very organized.”

“Yes. Especially with new endeavors.” She shrugged as they boarded the elevator. Alone with him she felt self-conscious. His calm confidence was something she envied. Like a dog that seemed nice but was guarding something he’d kill for. It also made her very aware of him. “I’m sorry to drag you to Italy. Having a bodyguard makes everyone more at ease, but I really don’t think there is anything to worry about.”

“Those jobs are the best. But normally, they don’t ask me to pose as a model. I’m not qualified.”

Not qualified? He was sexy and tall. The idea of him without a shirt or modeling briefs made her wet. But he only had to wear a tux. “Don’t worry. The rest of the models are women. It’s just the finale. It’s a gown and it doesn’t look right without an escort. Brian volunteered, but he has finals. Plus I don’t want people to think I’m paranoid so it’s a good excuse.”

“I’ll be discreet. Security is important. Ask Andrea’s cousin.” He waited until she was settled in the limo before he joined her. No fuss, no hurry. She liked him.

“I know. Poor Denise. That’s part of why Brian was so insistent. I don’t have a current boyfriend or any ex-boyfriends who are stalkers. No one in Italy knows my family. They certainly don’t care that my father has a little Texas money.”

“More than a little from what I found.”

She looked at him. “You did your homework.”

“Part of the job.”

Job. Right, she was a job. “You’ve been highly recommended. I’m sorry to drag you away from your family and girlfriend.” He was being nice because he was a professional. She couldn’t let her imagination run wild. At the wedding, he’d been very enthusiastic about Jake and Andrea and, all the time, very considerate and kind to Penny. He probably was a genuinely nice guy, but he could have any woman. Half her size or less. Trish, her little sister, for instance. Penny was so grateful *not* to have her sister around right now. No one would notice Penny with Trish in the room. Certainly no man ever did. But in Milan, there would be much steeper competition.

Grayson could have anyone. Penny would have to lock him up to have him to herself. Or pay him. Both of which weren’t things she’d consider. If a man didn’t want her, she didn’t need him. That was Brian’s motto. Penny generally was single and had grown used to it. She needed to put Grayson out of her mind.

He’d said something and she’d missed it with all her mental lecturing.

“I’m sorry?” she replied.

“I said you’re not taking me away from anyone. I don’t have a girlfriend. Still looking for the right challenge.”

The word gave her a chill. Challenge? It had to be a joke. “Challenge? You sound like my Uncle Lubby trying to decide which horse to break.”

“Not break. Set free. But you can’t ride and love a truly wild horse. If it doesn’t trust you, it can’t feel safe that you’ll feed and take care of it.”

“Oh please. Have you ever ridden a horse in your life?” He filled out his jeans, a T-shirt, and sport coat well, but he wasn’t a southern type. “You’ve got New York City written all over you. Men want skinny and pretty, not a challenge. Believe me, I’ve been a challenging woman all my life and men don’t like it. Ask any of the men in my family.”

He shifted to look at her. “They clearly aren’t the right type of men. Not for you.”

What type of man did he think was right for her? Penny knew this plane ride would be torture. The smell of him, the way he made her feel, and that intensity he projected made her long for her bedroom and toys. He’d be in her fantasies for months.

* * * *

Penny had slept through the flight, giving Grayson plenty of time to plan. The woman was self deprecating and kept to herself. Someone had taught her to minimize herself growing up. Not extremely uncommon for a woman, she was raised to be a people pleaser, and he could see she fought that. Still, she had so many walls up around her that he’d never get through in a subtle or suggestive way. Not that he wanted to. Since he’d met her in Vegas, he’d known she was the challenge he’d been waiting for. Leave it to Jake to deliver Ms. Right.

After they’d checked into their hotel, he dropped his stuff quickly in his room and headed to her suite. Finding her busy unpacking her gowns for the show, he took a second to enjoy the view of her with her back to him.

The suite made his apartment look like a jail cell. How could a woman with these resources, talent and success be so introverted?

“Something wrong?” she asked.

“No, just a security sweep.”

Her curly, reddish-brown hair was pulled up in a clip, and those green eyes were all into the gowns. Denial of pleasure was fun to play with, and he'd put her through some paces later on. She threw herself into her work to avoid unpleasant topics.

Grayson had pumped his new sister-in-law for information. Andrea advised him to be careful. Penny was a sweet southern girl, but when she drew a line or felt cornered, she pushed back hard.

Grayson wanted to see her fire. He wanted those lush curves, that pale skin and to have her beg for naughty things in that sweet accent of hers.

"I called down and made reservations for dinner. Once we're done here, we can eat then try to get on local time," she said as she fussed over a dress.

The caramel-colored gown would go perfectly with her tawny hair and sparkling eyes. "That's nice."

"It's for me to wear at the show and the after party. It's close to my finale gown, but a better color for me. And not slit as high."

"Why not?" he asked suggestively.

She shrugged. "The model for that is only an eighteen. I'm not a model; I'm the designer."

"So you can't be sexy?"

Penny looked at him and frowned. "It's my dress. It's what I'm comfortable with. Besides, I don't need to be sexy. I need to be taken seriously. Are you ready? I could use a meal without turbulence involved."

"Five minutes." Apparently, he'd hit her wall of defense. He checked the bedrooms in the suite and the bathroom. Nothing looked out of place. He returned to the main lounge. "All good. Should I change?"

"Why? It's the hotel restaurant. We're not going out into the nightlife. I'm going in this." They exited the room and she led the way to the elevators.

"Maybe we should just order room service?" Grayson felt odd. The hotel—at least, the main areas and Penny's suite—were much fancier than anything he'd ever seen. He had a tux for the show and dress pants, but mostly, he wore jeans and Raider's shirts with the black and white logo.

“The menu was in Italian. This’ll be easier.” She got off the elevator and headed for the restaurant. “I don’t care what you wear. Men’s fashion isn’t my territory.”

Once they reached the restaurant, they were immediately led toward the back.

“Penny?” a voice shouted.

She turned and so did Grayson. A group of drag queens at the bar waved as if at the Mardi Gras parade. They hustled over with one less than enthused queen bringing up the rear.

She hugged all of them and introduced them. Grayson caught most of the names and smiled, feigning interest. The leader was Ariana. The pouty one was Gwen.

“These are some of the first people I designed for after Brian,” she told Grayson.

“He really quit the drag queen stage?” Ariana asked. “He was good.”

“Yeah. I think it was an exploratory time for him. And it pissed off Dad.”

The ladies laughed.

“And who exactly is this?” Gwen wrapped an arm around his biceps.

“Grayson Raider. A model in the show,” Penny answered quickly. “Don’t scare him, Gwen.”

“Being the designer has its perks. We’ll see you at the show. You can get us in?” Ariana asked.

“Sure. Come by the ballroom tomorrow while we’re setting up. You’ll be in.” Penny kissed them all on the cheek, and they were off into the night.

“Sorry. They’re fun.” She followed the waiter. “Small world. I knew they were on a drag queen tour of some sort.”

“No problem. Always good to see friendly faces.” Grayson had learned something from the encounter. Penny let her walls down easily with people she trusted. Her brother, Andrea and the queens. But when he got close, she froze up. It was the chemistry. Their sexual tension that triggered the extra armor.

Not that he doubted her putting up shields, but it was deeper than that. When he got too close, he felt it. She retreated automatically.

They listened to the specials and were left to look at the menus. “Sorry about the model thing. Of course, they pawed you. I just don’t want them worried because I brought a bodyguard,” she whispered.

“I am in the finale, but you could’ve just told them I was your boyfriend,” he replied. He held her gaze in his, locked for a few seconds.

In that time, he felt connected to her then she looked down and laughed softly. “Please, no one would believe that you’re my boyfriend. I’d get pulled aside with a lecture about how you’re only after my money.”

“You care what other people think?” he asked.

“They’re my friends. They’d be looking out for me, not judging me. My brother is the worst in the overprotection category along with Andrea. People think because I’m polite and grew up in a small Texas town with southern values that I can’t take care of myself. And obviously, I’m not a bombshell so I can’t get men to do whatever I want with a smile and flirt. It’s rather annoying.”

“So ignore them.”

“I try at times. Their intentions are good, and frequently, it’s easier to play along to avoid a mess. Like bringing you. My parents and brother will worry less and call only five times a day, not ten. I can focus on my work better.” She shrugged and studied her menu.

“It’s always good to have security on international travel when you have valuables and a person of interest exposed.”

“I’m not of interest to many, and my gowns aren’t overly valuable yet. But I do have a decent jewelry collection. My father has the money; I’m just leverage. Too much to handle if any bad guys tried.” She grinned. “If someone is going to be attacked like Andrea’s poor cousin, I’d be the last on that list. Brian is always at gay bars. My sister is too sweet and trusting. I worry about them for those scenarios. Mostly, I stay home and design things.”

“You’re not trusting and sweet?” He had her talking. It was a start.

“I learned young to be sweet and polite because it was expected, and I learned to watch my back. When kids invite you to their sleepovers because their parents make them, it doesn’t make for a good time. They teased me for being chubby. It happened behind my back but loud enough to hear it if I paid attention. When things don’t add up, I get suspicious.” She sipped her water.

“That’s terrible. Too bad Brian wasn’t older. I bet he’d have gotten involved.”

“That’s life. Kids always go after the different ones. Brian deals with it. I’ve dealt with it. That’s why I started making clothes. Nothing fit right or was in style when it did. I created for myself, but now it’s a business.”

Grayson walked a careful line all through dinner, testing her reactions and laying the groundwork.

Afterward, he followed her up to her suite and checked the rooms. Overkill, but he had no intention of leaving. Penny was everything he’d hoped and sensed in Vegas. Smart, sexy and strong. A challenge for him. She needed to be challenged herself.

“Everything okay?” She took the clip out of her hair and stepped out of her shoes.

Those little motions told Grayson she was comfortable with him. “I should stay here tonight.” He stepped into her personal space.

“That’s a bit extreme, don’t you think?” She stepped back, and her legs hit the edge of the bed.

He noticed how she gave people plenty of space, as though she took up too much. “Not at all. Being two floors away is no good if you need help.”

“That wasn’t the arrangement,” she replied.

Grayson pulled her to him and kissed her.

The intense warmth of her and feel of her kissing him back for a split second aroused him, but soon, she pushed him away. Penny was a cat trapped in a cage, letting others define her except for a few key areas where she swiped out for control. He’d help her unlock things and reap the rewards.

“What’s wrong with you?” She sidestepped away from him. “A bodyguard pretending to be model, that’s the plan. You don’t have to pretend to be my boyfriend. I didn’t hire you for that. Andrea said Raider’s was reputable and safe. She and Jake were a special case.”

“Forget who hired who. You felt it in Vegas. The connection. Keep lying to yourself; I won’t.” He’d tried a traditional approach and failed. Clearly, she was untrained and didn’t even know her real needs. It wasn’t her fault the right men hadn’t awakened her. He’d fix things. Grayson stood in her path and blocked her every attempt to escape, only closing in on her more.

“I’m not sure what you’re up to, but I’m not a charity case or a desperate virgin. You could go out and get any woman in Milan, so go. I don’t need this now. I hired a bodyguard, not an escort.”

Grayson grabbed her calf and tipped her back on the bed. He straddled her hips, pinning her. “Not another word.”

“What the hell?” She tried to sit up.

His hand covered her glossy lips. “Not one more word. No putting yourself down or making excuses for those who insult you. I don’t want to hear it, and I won’t tolerate it.” He kept his voice calm and strong. In a quick switch, he replaced his hand with his mouth and pinned her wrists over her head. She couldn’t push him away or deny him now. To his relief, she didn’t try.

Chapter Two

Swallowing hard, Penny let the shock fade as the feel of his hard body pressing to hers triggered a very different set of responses. His kiss blotted out thoughts for a long moment.

Any other man would have her panicking and fighting. Grayson's calm and commanding touch sent sexual impulses through her. He pulled back from the kiss and stared straight into her eyes as if waiting for something.

His intensity and power bored into her. The heat of his body and hardness of his muscles even extended to his cock. She could feel every bit of him. Finally, she closed her eyes. It was real.

Easing his grip, he still held her. "You remember what I said in the limo? Those aren't the right men?"

She nodded.

"Do you know why?"

Penny hesitated. After he remained silent, she shook her head slightly. Was this a joke? A test? He couldn't be serious. Could he? Twenty questions weren't what they both needed.

"Because they lack the skills to handle you and appreciate you. I knew in Vegas, but I didn't want to scare you off. Further delay won't help our situation now."

Penny found her voice. "What is the situation?"

His hand slid under her skirt, and Penny snapped her knees together in reflex. Grayson's nimble fingers worked along her legs and up to her mound. "Relax. You want me. Don't you?" His fingers slid under her panties.

She lifted to his touch. How could she not want him? Denial was stupid. Telling the truth was always the right answer. She was wet and not fighting a bit. One of her aunts said a lady always resists at first. “Yes.”

“Why didn’t you ask me out? We both live in New York.”

She laughed. “I don’t do that.”

“Good girls don’t do that?”

She nodded. It was the safe answer.

“No size defense this time?”

Penny looked to the side and closed her eyes. “I don’t invite rejection. Why would I?”

“I understand.” He kissed her mouth. “I prefer to control my sex life anyway. And I think you prefer not to be in control. But you do want to please.”

Her arousal deepened. Some people didn’t understand the deep thrill of Rhett carrying Scarlett up those stairs and why she smiled the next morning. Penny did, and she’d indulged in her share of novels on Dom/sub play. Giving in and pleasing triggered its own reward. Now, she wanted to give in, not think about her body or worry what he thought. To be told what to do and just give him anything. It sounded so dirty at times and yet so good and simple.

Andrea was a bad influence, but even she didn’t know how much Penny wanted Grayson or this style of sex life. “Just sex. I couldn’t be like that in public.”

She had an aunt who had married money and her husband told her what to do all the time, put her down in public and treated her badly. Penny knew it wasn’t play or sexual. Her aunt hated it. No way would Penny be treated like a servant or second class. It was that example that made Penny struggle with her desires.

Grayson smiled and nudged her legs apart. “That isn’t what I’m talking about at all. In public, I want you in control of your life and enjoying it all. In private, you’ll do what I want sexually. It’s what you want, isn’t it?” He rotated his finger on her clit.

She nodded.

“Tell me.” He pinched her clit, and her hips lifted.

“I want to...” She couldn’t say it. The right words, the very idea of it being real in her life. It had always been a fantasy. Never real. Her pussy tightened.

“Be my submissive,” Grayson filled in. “Say it.”

Penny licked her lips. It felt as if all of Texas was watching her. No doubt her body was into it, but her brain was caught in a shame loop. The second Grayson began to roll off her, she blurted, "I want to be your sex slave!"

"Good. You must be honest. Lying about what you want only denies both of us. Trust me and we'll get you free." He pulled his hand from under her skirt.

She pouted at the loss of his touch. His words were equally puzzling. Free? She'd just offered to be his sex slave. When he licked her juices off his fingers, she didn't care about labels or games. If Grayson wanted her to earn her freedom or a wild night of sex with him, she'd do it. She'd do anything to be with him.

It didn't feel real. Being in Italy, it could be the jet lag. A European affair while launching her own clothing line was a good story to tell her friends. She'd spent her life being good, and it had never gotten her anywhere.

Grayson rolled off her and onto his back on the bed. "Stand up and strip," he commanded.

Suddenly, Penny felt very on display. Her juices kept flowing, but her legs froze. No one talked to her like that. "What?"

He smiled at her. "I'm not interested in strict role playing. I don't need to be called Master unless you're truly ready, and right now, I don't need you on the floor. But you will obey me, or you'll be punished with physical discipline or withholding of pleasure. Understand?"

"Yes." Master almost slipped out of her mouth, but she stopped herself. It felt right but so scary she couldn't go there.

"So either obey or I'll rip your clothes off of you and punish you. Which is fine, I'll enjoy both. You need discipline and sex. But you need to think about your decisions fast to act. I'm not going to let you take your sweet time. A spoiled girl doesn't get her way. You choose to obey or take the consequences. You'll earn what you get." He wound a curl of her hair around his finger and pulled it firmly.

Penny's head tilted back, and she let the ache fill her. He wasn't turned off by her; he wanted to touch her. "I understand."

"'Yes Sir' might sound better and feel better to you." He released her curl. "Now, stand and strip." He pulled a ruler-sized piece of wood from his jacket pocket and tapped it on his thigh impatiently.

Not wanting to be bad so soon, she stood quickly and dropped her cardigan. She looked at his legs as she unwrapped her skirt and let it fall. Tugging her silk shell over her head, she took a deep breath and stared at Grayson's chest.

Down to her bra and panties, she debated. He'd already felt around her pussy so she slid her panties down and kicked them aside. His eyes were on her, she felt it. Her eyes focused on the bulge in his pants. It was the motivation she needed. Unhooking her bra, she let it fall.

Order obeyed, she was naked. She felt an odd sensation of accomplishment. It sounded like nothing, but baring her body for him left her with plenty of anxiety.

Grayson stood and walked around her. "Very nice. Are you afraid?" he asked.

Should she be? "No. A little nervous. I've never done this before."

"Good. Honesty is critical. If you can't do something out of fear or if you're being overwhelmed, tell me. But don't lie. I'll know." He ran the slim piece of wood over her hips and ass. "Nice curves, large breasts and soft, creamy skin. You take good care of your skin."

It wasn't a question so she kept quiet and waited as his hands skimmed over her skin, sparking it to full attention. He tapped the small paddle over her breasts and up to her neck until it lifted her chin.

She looked up, and Grayson's mouth covered hers. In an instant, it was over, and she ached for more.

Grayson stepped back and pulled off his shirt. As he reached for his belt, he said one word. "Walk."

Her eyes fixated on his belt, thick and black leather. He left it in the loops as he pushed his jeans down his hips. The boxers went as well, and Penny stared.

After pulling off his shoes, socks, and jeans, he sat naked on the bed. "You're not walking."

She looked around. "Why would I walk?" Didn't he want sex?

He eased back on the bed. "Because I told you to. Testing me already?"

Anxiety stirred in her. Being on display was not something she'd dreamed of. Internally, she debated. Should she please Grayson and potentially show him all her bad sides or should she refuse? She shook it off when she saw his erection. He'd seen her naked, and he wanted her.

Self conscious and feeling silly, she walked five feet away from the bed then turned and came back. Her pussy strained as his cock pulsed. Why weren't they screwing already? Walking wouldn't get him off. She wanted to please him fully.

"Was that easy for you?" he asked.

She tucked her curls behind her ears. "I felt a little silly and on display," she admitted.

"It's never silly if it pleases me." He stood and moved behind her. "Clasp your hands behind your neck."

Not wanting to displease him, she did. Next, he'd want to pose her like a model? She heard the rasp of metal behind her, and her wrists were in cuffs. "Grayson."

"Easy. You'll enjoy it more. Don't make me gag you." He nipped her earlobe. "On the bed, on your back."

Her cheeks burned as Grayson helped her onto the bed. It felt incredible, as if she were bound to him.

Grayson stood at the foot of the bed and licked up her leg. Bypassing her pussy, he kissed and licked over her breasts. Penny shivered and lifted for more. On his way down her other side, he detoured and spread her slick lips.

Waiting for cock, she got his tongue curling and flicking her clit. She wanted to be fucked, but his skilled tongue put her in a trance of pleasure.

Opening her legs wider, Penny felt that thin wood tapping her inner thigh as he tongued her. When he let the wood hit her clit, she lifted. Grayson took over again, sucking and nipping at her inner folds.

Penny let the frenzy take her. She held back her screams but let her hips go. Most men she'd dated hated going down on a woman or so they said. Secretly, she thought it had more to do with her mass, but Grayson seemed to enjoy it.

"I'm sorry," she said.

He lifted his head. "Why? I didn't say you couldn't come. You will always know the rules with me. Unless I tell you not to come, you can."

She nodded. "Can I suck your cock?" Just saying those words made her feel slutty. She loved it!

"Not now. My control is only good for so long when I'm close to you. You're in for a double." He leaned up and pressed his naked body to hers. She clung to him as he thrust into her.

Penny gasped as his mouth covered hers. He swallowed her moans and cries of passion. His cock stretched her pussy. He had no timidity about him now.

Pulling at her cuffs, she wanted to hold him and brought her arms over her head to rest on his back. He'd never said she couldn't move them; they were still bound.

Grayson drove into her faster then pulled out. "You wanted me in Vegas?"

"Yes!"

"You made me wait. Don't worry. I'll even the score."

"I didn't know." She lifted as his cock ground to her cunt. "I had no idea."

"That I wanted you?" he asked.

"Yes. I'm sorry. If you'd have..." Why hadn't he done this to her then?

"Too soon. You'd have run. But you didn't offer yourself to me either so I'm taking what's mine now."

She lifted, and his cock filled her. It hit the spot that sent her body shaking. Screaming, she held him as much as possible.

With a grin, he rocked into her and grunted, grinding his hips to hers. "Next time, I'm gagging you." He teased her breasts with his mouth, biting and sucking unpredictably.

"I'm sorry. I couldn't help it. I'll try to be quiet." She nuzzled his shoulders, so tan and strong. She wanted to please him, but she didn't know everything he wanted or liked, yet.

He shook his head. "Scream. I want to hear you. The gag will let you be more free to scream your lungs out and not disturb the neighbors." He unlocked her cuffs and kissed her wrists. "Did you like it?"

She nodded. "Yes. But I think rope might be better for a Texas girl."

"No rope on me. I'll see what I can do. Maybe I'll steal some pantyhose from the fashion show." He moved onto his back next to her and tugged a sheet over them.

Penny curled up with him and kissed his chest before she was even sure it was okay. When he didn't object, she let her hands roam his body. After what he'd done, there was no reason to be shy.

* * * *

When Penny rolled to her opposite side deep in sleep, Grayson woke at the loss. He let her sleep undisturbed, studying her full figure. Deep down he'd known in Vegas, but the challenge of her even made him pause. Was he worthy? Was he up to the task?

Penny didn't believe anyone would consider her attractive. That much he'd understood quickly. But her strong sense of self aroused him further. Her strength and inner need to submit sexually would keep things fun in bed once she stopped letting her size and any other issues hold her back. Penny failed to see her own perfections.

Slipping quietly out of bed, he positioned a chair to have a good view of her and a long path between them. He set the three-way mirror, a suite luxury he'd never had in a hotel but one he'd put to good use, near the bed facing him.

Sitting in the chair, he grabbed his belt and pulled it from his jeans. He snapped it casually, flexing it and letting the noise grow louder as he worked the leather.

Penny turned and shifted, finally sitting up in bed. "Grayson?"

"Over here." He snapped the folded belt again. "Sleep well?"

"Yes. Come back to bed." She held the sheet over her chest.

"Drop the sheet and come to me," he said.

Penny let the sheet fall and looked him in the eye. A bit of defiance flashed for a second, but she moved to the edge and stood up. Her naked body aroused him, and he did nothing to hide his growing erection.

When she took a step, he couldn't help himself. "Crawl."

Her face scrunched. "What?"

Grayson gave her a disapproving scowl. "I've seen you walk. Get on your hands and knees and crawl to me." Without his own possessions, he couldn't properly train her, but she was too new to get too deep anyway.

Her head turned to one side and then the other. The internal battle she fought made his cock pulse. She wanted him. Her eyes were on his body, her prize. But her mind resisted giving in to something so demeaning to the average person.

"Yesterday, you wanted to suck my cock. Now, you reject me. Is this the type of sex slave you are? You'll be gone in no time with any Master." He cracked the belt. "You don't want it?"

"I do." She closed her eyes and pressed her lips together. "Can't I just walk?"

"No." He stared her down.

She glanced around the room as if someone else was there to confer with. In time, she'd realize it was only the two of them and only his approval mattered. No one else knew. This was between them. Finally, she closed her eyes and knelt down.

"Open your eyes and look at me," he said.

Penny obeyed and began crawling. Her lips quivered, but Grayson kept his eyes steadily on hers. He checked her ass in the mirror. So much work ahead of him, and it'd be so beautiful.

When she reached him, she didn't say a word. Pouting slave or contrite? He lifted her chin and saw a hint of fear but much more satisfaction in her eyes. "You're beautiful, and I'll enjoy every angle."

She took a deep breath. "Can I suck your cock now?" she asked.

A surge of need pulsed up his erection. His slave was annoyed but in need. She'd obeyed, and he wanted to see her work for him sexually now.

"Yes." He'd have her openly begging in a few days. "Say please. Where are those sweet manners?"

"Please," she whispered.

Her lips kissed up his shaft, and Grayson watched her pink lips suck in the head of him then go lower. Her hands curled around his base and balls as she fucked him with her mouth.

Rolling her nipples in his hands, Grayson knew he'd never last. She was so eager and insistent when things got hot it fueled him. Clearly, she wanted his cum, no teasing. She could be more defiant if she chose. Penny was into it, lost in her world. As good as it was, he needed to keep her focused on his orders now. He needed to control things so their play would evolve in the right direction. He had no choice.

"Stop," he said.

The groan in her throat vibrated on his cock. He resisted the urge to come. "Let go." He tugged her hair.

She obeyed, but the frown was obvious.

He held up his little ruler. "See this? What's carved in it?"

Penny looked closer. "G. R."

"My initials. If I use this on you, I'm leaving my initials behind. Reminders of who you belong to. You want me to use it?" he asked.

Her face softened. "Yes."

“Yes what?” he asked.

“Please,” she said, louder this time.

“Good.” He snapped the ruler on her breast, and she didn’t flinch. The corners of her mouth turned up slightly.

“Like it?” He knew the answer, but hearing her admit it would fuel them both.

“Yes. Thank you.”

Penny seemed to be relaxing into the role. “Then suck me off so I can get to work.” He slapped the ruler on her again.

As she sucked him harder and faster than before, he worked his initials into her hip and back. He knew it barely hurt, like a sting. Clearly, it didn’t bother Penny at all so he decorated her in places only they’d see.

He worked her shoulders. The initials would fade fairly quickly, but seeing them aroused Grayson.

Penny moaned and leaned in for more. Caught off guard, Grayson came in her mouth. He gripped her hair, but she swallowed it all and sucked him clean. The release lingered and made him groan in a delayed reaction.

“Good?” she asked.

“Excellent.” He exhaled slowly. “Crawl to the bed, face down and your ass in the air.”

She flushed but turned and crawled. Thanks to the mirror, he saw the second that she saw herself in it. “I have to do fittings,” she said.

“In two hours. We have time.” He knew her schedule and wouldn’t let her ruin her career for sex. She couldn’t use it as an excuse to get away. “To the world, you’re a designer. To me, you’re a sex object. Mine to enjoy. Now go, but not too fast.” He stood and followed her.

Once she was in position, he took a scarf and made it into a gag. When he tried it, she backed away. “No please,” she said.

“You’ll like it much better when you can scream,” he advised.

“I can’t.” Her voice cracked. “Not yet. Not now.”

“Okay, I’m not tying you up this time so you can use your hand. Just don’t bring the hotel security here when you come for me. I like you loud, but I won’t go to jail to please you.” Grayson dropped the gag on her ass. Since she didn’t want it, he’d make her talk. “You tested me today already. Not wanting to crawl. Was it awful?”

“No,” she said softly.

“Did you like it?”

She hesitated. “I don’t know.”

“A fair answer. It pleased me, but you resisted and questioned me. You have to be punished.” He ran his hands over her lush ass and hips. Such curves shouldn’t be neglected.

“The belt?” she asked.

He grinned. “Is that a request, or are you afraid of it?”

“I’ve never been, nothing like this. I don’t know.”

“The idea arouses you?” He dipped a finger into her slick folds.

“Yes.” She spread her legs a little more.

“We’ll get there but not now.” He swatted her rear with his hand. “Good?”

“Yes. More, please,” she moaned.

Grayson chuckled. Her tolerance for pain might well be heightened by her full figure, more flesh to discipline. But he wasn’t ready to use the belt on her, not yet.

Reworking his strategy, he slapped the same spot again.

And again.

And again.

He counted twenty-five times.

Only then did she yelp. Still her ass pressed for more. His hand stung. He had a closet full of implements at home, but he’d brought very little with him. The handprint on her ass was a good shade of pink, deepening to red.

He slid a finger in her pussy and gave in to his arousal when she squeezed it. “Very good,” he said. “You didn’t scream or run. You enjoyed it. When I get the proper paddles, it’ll go faster and we’ll see how much pain you really like.”

“More, please.” She lifted her ass.

“No, that’s it for now.”

“But my other side.” She looked back.

One cheek glowed a pale red, and the other was white as snow. “Not now. You don’t deserve it.” He pinched the red spot.

“Oh God!” She snapped her hips and buried her face in the pillow.

Her body trembled. Grayson couldn't help it. His cock had grown with every slap. Hard and tired of games, he thrust into her.

Penny rocked back to him, but he set the pace, holding her hips. If she needed a correction, all he had to do was push the red spot and she froze.

"Did you use toys and masturbate over me after Vegas?" he asked. "Tell the truth, or I'll stop."

He fucked her again.

"Please don't stop," she said.

He fisted a hand in her hair. "Answer me." His other hand pressed to his spot.

Penny's hips worked faster. "Yes, I did use toys. Yes, I thought about you every night." Her face went into the pillow and muffled a scream as she came on his cock.

Thrusting in, Grayson felt her body seizing and rippling. He could hold off, but with duty and fashion calling soon, he gave in, fucking her in short strokes before filling her with his cum.

"Thank you," she said. Without coaching or training. She had natural instincts about this. Later, that belt would save his hand.

Easing from her, he kissed the red spot. "Good. Now, let's get ready for work."

Chapter Three

After approving the models, Penny pinned the third gown in her lineup so it would be fitted to its model like a glove. Her seamstress would see to that, but Penny had to be hands on. Having Italian models, she hoped, would endear her to the locals.

As she bent to put one last pin in the hem, her ass tingled. It was an entirely new feeling. Her father didn't believe in hitting girls and no boyfriend had ever tried it, so she'd never been struck before in her life unless she counted her little sister throwing her toys around.

Glancing over her shoulder at Grayson, she saw he had his belt on. She wanted it. But part of her feared it. She had no idea if she could take that leather. Maybe it was too much? She wanted to get there for him though. She had to trust Grayson to get her there.

Dismissing one model, she moved to the next, but something caught her eye. Grayson was tapping his ruler. Her cunt tingled. A little reminder of this morning and who she belonged to? He was good! She looked at her shoulders. The pink marks were already fading compared to when she'd looked earlier, but it meant something and she wanted more. He could be gentle in places and rough in others. She wanted more of the rough and the romantic.

It wasn't traditional sex, she acknowledged to herself as she pinned the dress. But maybe that was why her other boyfriends had never made her feel satisfied and wanted?

She wanted Grayson right now. It was like a delicious secret between them. They acted perfectly normal in public, not even like they were dating, which they weren't. Were they?

What were they doing? That made her uneasy.

She'd volunteered to be his sex slave. It sounded so slutty when she thought about it now. It felt like a dream. But her knees were a little chaffed from crawling on the carpet, and her ass was sore. It was no dream, she'd really and truly done all of that with a man she barely knew.

Moving to another gown, she realized she felt like she knew him. They'd chatted a lot in Vegas while Andrea and Jake were glowing over each other. The elopement hadn't surprised Penny a bit. Andrea had talked about Jake a lot and when he'd showed up during their college years, it only fueled the fire in her. But the reality of how fast marriage could happen struck her.

Penny was happy for her friend, but most of those four days she'd spent in Vegas were with Grayson. At the time, she'd told herself it felt so easy because it was for her friend, not herself. Her focus had been on the bride, but Grayson had made her feel safe just being near.

As she sent the model off to the seamstress, she heard a commotion that could only be the five drag queens.

"Hey doll, we just came to see if you're a woman of your word." Gwen took the lead. The queens air kissed Penny on both cheeks.

Word? "The back stage passes? Right. Morgan!" Penny called for her assistant. She'd texted Morgan after dinner so they'd be ready.

"Right here." The pixie handed over the glittering passes. "Wear them, and they'll get you backstage."

"Thanks, Morgan." Penny smiled. "Don't judge the dresses now. It's too soon. Wait for the show."

"So professional and real. I knew you'd make it." Ariana hugged Penny. "But we're going to be late for the wine tour. Come on, girls." The group came together and hustled off.

"Have fun," Penny called.

She grabbed an ice water and sipped. Two more dresses to go. Then she felt the air behind her change from normal to hot.

"Your friends are a little wild around the dresses. They should be careful."

She turned. "Grayson really. They didn't have any food or drinks. Drag queens worship fashion and style. They don't destroy it."

"It's a lot of people milling around. Not secure." He tapped the wooden ruled on her arm. "Come with me for a second."

"It's my show. I have work."

He walked away.

"Let's take a break," she said to the room.

In a move that would make her feminist cousin faint, she followed him. They went into one of the changing areas. “You said normal in public. This is public. This is my work. You can’t dictate my life. I made that clear.”

He grinned and pulled her close. His hand squeezed her sore ass cheek.

“Grayson,” she gasped.

“I can still want to talk to you. I just want to remind you who you’ll be undressing for tonight. Sex can happen anywhere or anytime.” He kissed her.

Eagerly, she kissed him back, pressing to him. She wanted that part, the affection, the passion, but no one would dictate to her about her work and fashion, not him or her parents. Her friends were welcome backstage and at the show.

“You’re an amazing woman and designer. I just don’t like all those people around your expensive work.” He rubbed his cock on her hip through the layers of clothing.

“You’re supposed to be a model,” she reminded him.

“It’d be better if they all knew I’m your security. Guarding your body is way more fun.” He rubbed the spot on her ass through her skirt.

“Don’t, not here. This is public.”

“I think we’re close enough to private and sex is involved.” He tapped the ruler on her shoulders and breasts.

It was a signal. An innocent item that held meaning. She wanted to obey. “No, not now. I have to get back. People will be waiting.” She pushed on his chest.

“You stopped to share with the queens. I’m not as important as they are?” His voice challenged her.

It hurt that he’d think that. Was he just toying with her, or were feelings involved in this kink as well? If she had her way, they’d be naked together all the time, but life didn’t allow that. “They are supporting my life by being in the audience. It helps. You’re in the show so of course you’re important. I need you, too, but not now.”

“One taste.” He started to lift her skirt.

Her pussy creamed in anticipation, but Penny blocked him with her hand and gripped his cock through his jeans. “What about this? No one will know if I’m aroused, but you can’t hide it.”

“Beautiful and practical. Maybe you get off giving head?” he asked in her ear. “Suck me off fast.”

She paused, wanting it but knowing all the people who were not far away. Grayson made her choice when he pinched her red cheek. Kneeling fast. Penny carefully and quietly unzipped his fly. His thick cock pulsed in her hands, and she no longer cared if the world waited all day.

Licking her lips, she tasted his pre-cum before running her tongue down a blue vein deep in his flesh. Her fingers worked his balls, teasing them with her gel nails then sucking them in her mouth.

“Stop playing,” he warned.

She smiled with her mouth full and then let his sac fall. Sucking his shaft down to the base, she wanted more time with him to explore. She hummed softly, knowing how much he loved it. How fast it would make him come.

His hand grabbed her hair, holding her to his cock until she felt him jerk. She rolled her tongue around the head to get the most flavor as he came in her mouth. She swallowed the prize and sucked the tip to be sure she got every drop.

Zippering up, Grayson looked around. He pulled her to her feet and tugged her skirt up. “No one has come around yet.”

“No, Grayson. I can’t be quiet like you,” she pleaded.

His finger snuck under the satin panties to find her wet and ready. “You need it. You can’t work like this.”

“Penny!” Morgan called.

Grayson pulled her skirt down in time, but they were too close as the curtain moved.

Morgan ignored anything but business. “Sorry, Penny. The last model finally showed up.”

“Great, let’s go.” Penny pretended that nothing had happened, but she felt too hot. She had to be blushing.

Models slept their way to the top plenty, no one would think she was using Grayson.

The last model came out from the other curtain area. “Something is wrong,” she said.

Penny looked at the dress. The back zipper was torn. “You found it like this?”

“Yeah, I just got here. My last shoot ran late.”

Penny glanced at Morgan. “Who had the dress?”

Morgan shrugged. "It was in the changing room waiting for the model. No one I saw went near it."

"Who would do this?" Penny asked.

Grayson was next to her in a second.

"Go. Take off the dress carefully. Leave it in there." He put a hand on Penny's shoulder. "We'll figure out who's behind it."

* * * *

After talking with the people around the changing rooms and hotel security, they finished the fittings and moved all the dresses up to Penny's suite once they were altered.

Grayson had no idea if people suspected he was Penny's bodyguard or boyfriend, and he didn't care. He'd moved all his things into her suite. Her mood was completely different since the incident. It felt as though she'd let all the rejection of her past pull her down over one problem. No smile or sparkle.

That wasn't going to last, not if he had anything to do with it. The seamstress and Penny were hunched over the torn dress.

"Looks like it's the zipper. Right on the seam. It's easy enough to fix. I'll take it with me."

"Actually we're going to keep all the outfits here," Grayson said.

Penny didn't react, she didn't argue or even glance at him. He knew something was wrong.

"I won't be in your way. All it'll take is forty-five minutes."

"I'll do it." Penny took the fabric.

"Why?" the seamstress asked. "I was sewing. I couldn't have done this."

Penny nodded. "I know you didn't do it. But you got stuck waiting on a model. Then this. It's my fault the dress got ruined. I'll fix it."

"Your fault?" She shrugged. "How?"

"Whoever did this wanted to hurt me. Hurt my work. I don't know why, but it's no nameless slip." Penny's jaw set, and she examined the dress.

"I know it was fine when we unpacked it. You never know with customs and shipping. Even security doesn't help. I've had stuff turn up damaged. It's not ruined so don't let it bug you." The seamstress gave her a hug.

Grayson nodded. "It was done here. Today. We'll figure it out." He walked the seamstress to the door. He locked it behind her.

"Thank you." Penny sat in a cushioned chair and opened a sewing kit.

She looked like something out of a picture. Sewing with the fancy drapes behind her. The earnest expression and nimble fingers enchanted him. The peach skirt she wore hit the floor and the jacket covered almost all of her neck.

"I will find out who did this. When your drag queen friends come back, I'll get some answers."

"They wouldn't hurt me. It's so petty." Penny sighed. "I don't care who did it. Probably someone on the crew in a moment of annoyance."

"Annoyance or jealousy, it's sabotage. Whatever the motive is, we'll find them. If they're on your team, you'll fire them." He walked around and studied her from another angle.

"Stop it," she said.

Her sassy side was returning but only at him. "Stop what? It's my job."

"I wasn't attacked. You're a bodyguard, and you're doing a very good job of guarding my body. This is a dress. So relax." She gripped the fabric tighter.

"You want me to relax? You're the one who's wound up. Don't let them get to you." He needed to change her mood and the topic. "Stand up."

"I'm sewing. Go away." She didn't look at him.

Grayson smiled. "No. I said, stand up. We were cheated back behind the curtain, and the only way to fix it will also relax us both." He stood over her to make it clear. He wasn't asking.

"This isn't play time. It's work." She ignored him.

He'd make sure she paid for that later. First, he had to help her deal with life. Grayson gripped the dress carefully. "You're going to damage it in this fury. Take a break."

Penny's eyes glanced at his hand on her dress and trailed up his arm to meet his gaze. "Fine. But I'm finishing it today."

"Absolutely."

She set the dress aside and stood up. "I'm really not in the mood now."

"I can tell. This mood will destroy you." He steered her to the three-way mirror. "Look at your face. Your shoulders are tense. You're all gloom and defeat."

"It happens." She shrugged.

“Things happen. How you let them affect you is your choice. I can guard your body but not your heart and feelings. Not yet anyway. We need to work on that.” He kissed the back of her neck as his fingers unbuttoned the jacket.

“Don’t do this.” Her words were hollow, and she made no effort to stop him.

He tossed her jacket aside and let the skirt fall. Tugging the cream tank top over her head, his lust began to take over. The beige bra and panties went, and she stood there naked. His hands roamed over her curves and the wetness between her legs. “Look at yourself.”

“I’ve seen myself.”

He rubbed his cock against her ass. “Not the way I do.” Grayson cupped her breasts and teased her nipples until she closed her eyes.

“Want what I couldn’t do behind the curtain?” he asked.

She nodded.

“Ask for it.”

“Eat my pussy. Make me come.”

He pinched her nipples hard. “Not very nice. You don’t give orders. You beg.”

Penny spread her stance and gasped. “Please.”

“Better. Now, all together, control it and mean it,” he said firmly.

“Please eat my pussy,” she whispered.

The emotion in her voice betrayed her outer calm. She couldn’t fake anything with him. He moved around and knelt in front of her, something he’d never done for any woman. He loved pussy, but kneeling while his slave stood? Only for Penny. He needed her to look at herself in the mirror. “Open your eyes. Watch me eat you.”

Her nails clung into his shoulders. “I can’t.”

“You want to watch me. Do it, or you won’t come the rest of the trip.” He spread her pussy lips with his fingers and teased her clit with his index finger.

Penny whimpered. “Please, Grayson.”

“Open your eyes, and watch me. Now, you’re mine.” He advanced a finger then took it away.

“I need the belt.”

Her confession impressed him. “You have to earn it. Do you think refusing me will help?”

Slowly, her eyes opened and stared into the mirror. The moisture reflecting in her eyes made him all the more determined. She needed this, his way. To see herself through his eyes.

“So beautiful.” He licked her outer lips and slid a second finger into her. When her eyelids fluttered closed, he bit her outer pussy lip. She moaned but got the hint.

“Hold your breasts. Pinch the nipples for me,” he said.

Her shaky hands moved off his shoulders. One hand then the other did as he instructed. The soft noises coming from her throat urged Grayson on.

Her sweet cunt reacted to him, but her hips seemed locked. Grabbing them, he ate her, licking, sucking and driving her until her pelvis lifted and rocked for more. In the afterglow, she loosened up.

His grip changed to spreading her ass, and he teased her rear entrance as well as her lush cheeks.

“Please!” She grabbed his shoulders for stability but didn’t back away as her orgasm made her shake.

Grayson licked until she went still. Then he kissed his way up her body and took her mouth. She folded into him naturally, kissing him back and holding him.

Lifting his head, he looked at the sparkle and clarity back in her eyes. “Good. Now, you can sew.”

“Wait. What?” She stood there stunned and pouting. “It’s my turn. You’re ready.”

There was no denying his erection as he sat on the bed. “You have work to do. You can do it naked to please me.”

Pouting, but in a defiant, not defeated way, she finally grabbed her dress and sat in the chair. Grayson watched her sew. Her eyes darted to him often.

“Did you jerk off over me?” she asked.

“What?” He was trying to decide to how relieve his need, and her questions didn’t help.

“You made me admit what I did. What about you?” Her eyes stayed on the dress as she sewed.

“Maybe I did. You like being the focus on guys jerking off?”

She blushed. “I have no idea if it’s ever happened. I don’t know.”

“You have been. Men don’t all love skin and bones.”

“Do it now. Show me,” she said casually.

He debated for a moment. That solution allowed her to sew and gave him relief so they could move on after dinner. The belt sounded better and better. But he didn't want to give her too much control. "Promise to be extra good tonight?"

"Yes." She smiled.

He got ready, rubbing some lube over his shaft. Starting with his sac, he pinched and pulled, teasing himself.

Her eyes grew wide, and her hands paused.

"Sew. Your hands stop and so do mine." He knew he had the bigger challenge on that threat.

Penny began to sew again. "Sorry. I mean, you're so gorgeous."

Chuckling, Grayson resumed his efforts, as well. He worked his shaft, avoiding the head so he wouldn't go too fast.

She kept on sewing, looking up and down. Once, she didn't look down fast enough. "Damn!"

Dropping the dress, Penny sucked her finger.

Grayson stood and went to her. "No blood on the gown."

"It's your fault, tempting me." She set the dress down.

"You asked for it. Did you do it on purpose?" A simply ploy to get him near her and concerned.

"No. Why would I ever endanger my dress with a blood stain? I'll finish it when I'm sure it's safe."

He grabbed her finger and licked the new bead of blood. "Now, you have to fuck me."

Penny smiled and reached for his cock.

He stepped back. "No, lean forward a little." He bent his knees and slid between her breasts. "Hold them tight."

Penny moved for more when she held him against her chest. "I want to taste you."

"You will." He rocked, and she matched him. With her soft skin and firm breasts, when she licked the tip, he was a goner. Grayson came like a teenager. It landed on her chest.

"Lick it all up. I need a break from being your bodyguard and sex toy." He sounded dismissive, but he watched her lap up his cum. She wanted him every bit as much as he wanted her.

Chapter Four

Penny stepped out of the bathroom and squinted. Grabbing a fuzzy robe from the hook, she covered herself. “Why are the shades all open?”

She’d grown comfortable being naked alone with Grayson but not for the world to see.

“We’re on the fortieth floor. No one can see you.” He tightened the ropes to the headboard. “Drop the robe.”

She looked out. “What about the people across the street in the next building?”

“You’re going to be on the bed. Only I get to see you. You get to watch me.” He walked her over and put her on her hands and knees, facing the headboard. Without asking, he tied her wrists.

Penny could move her arms, but there was no way she could get off the bed. “What’s going on?”

“You need a dose of discipline. You were begging for it last night. Be glad I let you finish the dress.” He squeezed her calf.

Was he pushing for more power? “We agreed you only get to be bossy with the sex.” She tugged on the ropes, and her pussy tightened. “I’ve got a lot of work to do today.”

“This afternoon is the run through, and tonight is the show. This morning you’re mine.” Grayson rubbed her ass.

“Please, I need to focus and prepare,” she said.

“You’re not chickening out, are you?” he asked.

Her body longed for more, but her brain was still in work and business mode. “No, I’m just thinking off all the things I have to do. I want to have enough time.”

“You let me worry about the timing. If you spend all day working and worrying about it, you won’t enjoy it. You’ll enjoy this.”

She felt the belt slide along her hips. Lifting, she let go of the inner worries. Grayson could make her forget her own name.

Her wetness grew as he rubbed the belt over her. At some point, he’d decided she deserved what she’d been begging for. Somehow, she’d pleased him. All her doubt vanished and pleasure took its place.

He’d set the three-way mirror in front of the nightstand. In it, she could see herself and Grayson with his black belt. Ignoring her image, she focused on him. All muscled and tan, blue eyes piercing with intensity. For now, she was his.

“Good. I like seeing your face.” He dropped two fingers in her pussy. “You like it. Just get a little grumpy in the mornings.”

“The sunlight is a little odd. Normally, I don’t do sexual things in the daylight with the shades open.”

“Well then, this will help you overcome that old fear or odd feeling and be freer to please. You’re gorgeous in the light. Your hair shines even more.” His hand dug into her curls.

Penny pressed back for more of his touch. “I’ll try to be less self-conscious.”

It was easier said than done. Behind closed doors with Grayson, she felt beautiful and sexy. In public, she still got the occasional look or comment. With him, she truly was free. She had a sense of serenity in his arms and in his world. This was the wild sexual adventure she’d never expected to live out.

“You’re too self conscious and put yourself down. I won’t stand for that.” He ran the belt between her legs.

Penny pressed her face into a pillow. Why wasn’t he spanking her already? Or at least fucking her? Waiting was torture, but trying to talk while aroused...

“Why?” she asked.

She heard the air whip, and the belt connected to her ass. The sting threw her off guard, so much more than his hand or that little ruler he’d been teasing her with.

“Why?” he repeated her question. “Because no woman I spend so much time and energy on has anything to be ashamed of.”

He landed the belt again.

“Thank you!” She pulled on the ropes but didn’t want to leave. Her brain felt scrambled. Did she just thank him for the belt or saying she was worthy of his time?

The man had skills. Until now, she hadn’t paused to appreciate them. No doubt, he’d used them on many grateful women. The control and patience he had to deal with someone so new and inexperienced amazed her.

“Why me?” she asked.

He kissed her sore cheeks. Penny watched him and saw the smile on his face.

“Why not you? Why are you a fashion designer? We are who we are and want what we want. We find a purpose and a passion as we go through life.” He carefully touched where the belt had struck, and she lifted for more.

“I’m a plus-size designer.”

“Is that qualifier important?” Grayson tongued over a belt mark.

“More,” she said.

“Answer me.” He spanked her ass with his hand.

Tears welled in her eyes at the deep sting. “I don’t know. My stuff isn’t in the mainstream.”

“You need to point it out? Apologize for it?” He gave her another swing with the belt.

Penny yelped and rocked forward. “I don’t know. It’s not the same.”

“Had enough?” He massaged her hips. “You did ask for more.”

“Enough.” She caught her breath. The throbbing of her ass felt so good. She wouldn’t take back that last stroke if she could.

“So now it’s time for the truth.” He folded the belt and snapped it so it cracked.

She jumped, but nothing touched her.

“Do you want to design fashions for the average, skinny woman? Obviously, you possess the skills and creativity. Why don’t you?” He punctuated his questions with another snap of the belt.

Penny closed her eyes. No time to think of the right answers. She blurted, “No, they have enough.”

“Enough designers?” he asked.

“Yes and clothes. Everything is made for them.” As child, she’d hated the limited clothes, and as a teen, it was a million times worse. You couldn’t really be in fashion.

“So you chose to shun the traditional, zero-size model and follow your own path. That’s courageous.”

Penny trembled. “I’m doing what I know best.”

“And succeeding where others have failed. Is it easy?” he asked.

She shook her head. “No, it’s hard work.”

“Relationships are, especially this special type of sexual relationship. This is work, too. Can you submit? Can you commit to it?” he asked.

“I don’t think I understand the question,” she said.

“Then it’s not the time for it.” He put the belt on the bed and came around to her head.

“Don’t, please. Don’t untie me. I need this.”

“Need what?”

She almost begged him to fuck her, but when his long, hard cock bobbed in front of her so casually, she wanted it here and now. It mesmerized her. The insatiable need to taste him and please him took over.

Grayson slid between her and the headboard, sitting there. “Suck me off. But we’re not done with this morning’s sessions. Not by half.”

Penny licked his sac but paused and looked up at him. “You’re sure you want me to?” There was no need to ruin his plans.

His hand tangled in her hair. “Punishing you clearly arouses me.” He pulled her head to his shaft.

She licked the tip and toyed with it until his grip on her hair tightened. Penny slowly sucked him down in her throat. The hot and pulsing erection only made her cunt cream for attention. Right now, she needed to please him.

He rested his head back on the headboard as she took him all and licked his balls. The natural skills she had dazzled him. Yet, her ass was tender, and he knew no one had ever disciplined her.

The morning’s work had been good so far, but her breakthrough hadn’t hit yet. Not a magic one but the first admissions of wanting to go forward. He needed that from her before they returned to the States.

She pulled back, teasing the tip then sucking in more before easing back to the head. Such a tease, she didn't realize how much it affected him. Thrusting up, he held her curls, signaling he needed to finish soon. He couldn't waste time when they still had work to do.

Grayson pushed her off his cock as he neared orgasm. She watched in stunned silence as he jerked off to release. He targeted his grip and let the cum land on his chest.

Breathing heavily, he noticed her frowning lips. He had to give her credit for keeping quiet.

"Something wrong?" he asked.

"Did I disappoint you?"

"No, you're excellent at that particular skill. But I want to watch you lick it up." He folded his hands behind his head and gazed down at her.

Penny's smile returned as she kissed, licked, and sucked his skin clean from stomach to shoulder. Their lips were close. He saw her debating her next move. She moved half an inch closer and then came all the way, kissing him.

Pulling back, she nuzzled his neck. "Thank you."

Grayson deepened the kiss and held her. Penny's lush curves and full breasts pressed to him. There was so much he needed so how her and explore with her.

When she pulled away, he felt her mood shift. "I should probably get in the shower."

"No, you let me decide the time." He grabbed her ass.

She gasped and pressed her face to his chest. "I'm sorry. I can't help it. I can't be late or do a bad job."

"You won't. I know it's important to you. You'll be amazing." He rubbed her ass. "Don't move."

He found some expensive looking cream in the bathroom and rubbed it on her marks. Penny groaned in appreciation. Letting it soak in, he toyed with her pussy lips and inner folds. "Looks like you need a release, as well."

"Please. Finger me, lick me. Anything. I'll wait for your cock if you want me."

"Of course, you will. But *if*?" He rubbed her ass, and she winced. "I want you all the time. You tease me and keep me at bay with your work."

"I'm sorry. Please help me get off." Her hands stayed clasped in front of her. "After the show I'll do anything. I'm yours."

Grayson knew she wanted his cock, at the very least his tongue. He went to his luggage and pulled out a small vibrator. "You'll come for me when I say. Do you understand?"

"Yes," her voice trembled in reply.

"Really? No playing. You need to ask my permissions to come, or your punishment will be severe." He'd never hurt her, but whatever she considered severe would keep her in line. He knew the best punishment for a needy sex slave was to ignore her for a while.

And as self-deprecating and shameful as Ms. Beaumont acted, he realized she had some programming he needed to delete. Like how she ran to apologize for her weight. Deep down he believed it was to get attention. But most likely, it had started to pacify her family who had programmed that shame into her.

As long as she showed herself as contrite, they'd attack her less. He'd seen it plenty. People thought they were stupid, ugly and or whatever. Some truly needed to be broken down until they felt value only as a submissive. Then rebuilding could begin. But others like Penny enjoyed it. She believed she was special, deep down. She knew she was something. She wanted the love and attention of the world. And Grayson's full attention.

She'd beg and crawl and enjoy it, but he expended effort and energy on her in every moment of their sex play. Every scenario he created for them had to be thought about so she was safe and pushed to bring them closer. Grayson took that responsibility willingly, and it was a high for him, but she wouldn't be allowed to manipulate him, even if she had herself fooled.

He slowly untied her without a word.

"Grayson, did I do something wrong?" she asked.

"No, I'm just admiring you. Don't be an impatient sex slave." He swatted her thigh. "Sit at the head of the bed, legs spread."

"Sit?"

"Sit. You want to get off?" His tone went harsh.

Penny moved and sat carefully in place. He turned the mirror so she could see herself from that position then he knelt between her legs.

"You won't get me, not again until after the show. You have some things to think about and decide." He turned the vibrator on.

She licked her lips. "What decisions? I'll do whatever you want."

A good reply but he shook his head. "You must willingly give in. You can't blame me for your choice in a month or two."

Her eyebrows crinkled together, but she remained silent.

Rubbing the toy to her pussy, he watched her head tip back and her torso arch. Just as he suspected. Too horny to think straight. The best time for confessions. They'd sort out the rules later but he'd get the real answers now.

"You want to be more?" he asked.

"Yes!" Her hands clung to his arms.

"No, clasp your hands behind your back." He pulled the toy away to make his point.

Her mouth opened as though she wanted to argue. But she closed her lips and moved her hands where they belonged.

"Better." Grayson rubbed the toy to her clit, and Penny called his name. He moved it down further. "No climaxing without permission."

She nodded. "I didn't. It just felt so good. I couldn't be quiet."

He moved the vibrator to her entrance and teased.

She moaned but didn't ask.

"You want to be mine?" He moved the toy away.

"Yes."

"Always?" He ran it over her outer lips.

"Yes!"

"My sub for life?" He let it sit on her inner folds.

She nodded as her body shook. "Please. May I come?" she asked.

"No." He didn't move the toy.

"Please, Grayson!" she begged.

"One day, you'll call me Master." He pressed it to her clit. "Come now."

She screamed and bucked for him. Her hips were out of control and yet her hands stayed behind her back. Penny wanted to obey.

"I love you!" she said.

Grayson smiled. He believed her.

He took the toy and turned it off, putting it aside. She came down from her sexual high, blushing and aroused.

“You can move your arms now,” he said.

She stretched them. “What time is it?”

“Trust me?”

She nodded.

“I can’t wait to get you home. In my bed. My restraints. My paddles. It’ll be easier back in New York.” Grayson untied her hands. “You should shower now and get ready.”

She smiled and climbed off the bed, looking back expectantly.

“Alone. I meant what I said. No more until after the show. *If* you earn it. You need to focus there now.” He watched her body with an inner hunger. He loved her, too. “I meant every word.”

She took a slow breath and nodded. Grayson already saw her eyes darting for her vanity and dresses. The priority had shifted. Eventually, they’d find a balance once they were home and she had more experience.

Shaking it off, he reminded himself he needed to be on guard today. This wasn’t all sex, spanking and dresses. He had to keep her and her work safe. The earlier attack was minor, and since they’d moved the pieces into the suite, they were never left alone. But that didn’t mean the threat had been neutralized.

While he waited, Grayson examined the dresses and imagined Penny filling out each one. He’d make sure no one hurt her, except him when she begged for it.

Chapter Five

Done with the shower, Penny felt off as she exited and Grayson ducked in for his own shower. Words like Master, home and love whirled around her mind. A good shower normally cleared her head, but she couldn't make sense of the world Grayson pulled her into so naturally.

Sitting at the vanity, she groaned. Seeing her face register the pleasure over her sore bottom was odd. The sex had been amazing. She loved that part. But she hadn't given a single thought to the days after the fashion show.

Love. She'd said she loved him. Penny dabbed on foundation to hide her red cheeks. The real problem was her heart and body agreed. She did love him. She'd known him only days, barely over a month and she was in love?

Part of her brain believed that slip of the truth would save her from dealing with the rest. Men ran from clingy women. After the trip home, she'd probably never see Grayson again.

Finishing up her makeup, Penny ignored the awkward feeling when she entertained the idea of Grayson bailing on her. Andrea had said Raider men were noble, strong and fearless. Unfortunately Penny had a lot of fears. Could she be a good submissive or sex slave or whatever he called it? In the thick of the action her mind shut down, but a lot of the time, she tried to figure out what he wanted and why. Could she keep this up?

She dressed casually for the run through and made sure her jewelry and dress were set out for the event tonight.

The psychological play made her uneasy, too. What difference did it make if she designed plus-size clothes or regular? He didn't judge her answers but made her think about it. The man wanted mind games, kinky sex and her? She checked her curls in the mirror and realized why she was hesitant.

Going home. What would people say? What would they think? Her family. His family. Everyone.

Penny had had boyfriends, but none that looked like Grayson. None had been anywhere near the sexy confident man. Some of them were after her dad's money, some were setups from her mom or friends, and a few had genuinely liked her but it just hadn't worked out.

But Grayson could be a model. He was a model for her tonight. Penny saw it all so clearly now. This had been the perfect fantasy escape, but back home in New York or Texas, no one would believe Grayson wanted her for her.

He wasn't a gold digger, she knew that. But everyone would label him that. Why would he want her when he could have a supermodel? Everyone had flaws, but Penny's were out there for everyone to see. She wasn't many men's first choice. Even if he really thought it could work, she knew better.

The water turned off in the shower. She had to put it all out of her mind. Forget about Grayson as a Master or sex god and focus on her show. Afterward, she'd claim a migraine, take an aspirin, and go to bed with an ice pack over her eyes so she could cry it out if she needed to.

Burying her feelings was one thing she had mastered. She put on a happy face, or in this case, a calm and serious one, before the Grayson exited the bathroom.

He walked out naked, toweling off his hair. She did her best not to look and instead checked the time. "They'll be here shortly. The team is coming to help take it all down."

"Five minutes is more than enough time." He pulled on his jeans, a T-shirt and work boots. Grayson ran his fingers through his hair and looked like he was done.

"Must be nice to be ready with so little effort. You're not going to put your tux on for the run through?" She found if she went back to her inner bossy designer, she could block about half of his sex appeal.

He shrugged. "No one will be looking at me. It's about the dresses. I'll just spill something on the tux. If I need to do security, now, it's more important to keep you safe. The tux is for later."

"No matter." Penny waved it off. She'd been looking forward to seeing him in a tux almost as much as seeing him naked. Now, she just wanted to irritate him so he'd keep his distance.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

Penny smiled. "Absolutely. Just getting into the work zone. Not everyone changes directions and mindsets in a snap like you."

"Okay. If you need anything, I'm here."

She nodded. "Your job is security. If you find out who hurt my dress, great. Just don't let it happen again."

He was being paid to be here. It wasn't a lovers' weekend away. She needed to get her head back in the game.

"I'll do my best. Odds are they've seen the enhanced security and won't bother to try." He laced up his boots and looked all put together. A knock at the door ended the conversation, and she sighed with relief.

Penny opened the door, and her crew entered, led by Morgan who barked directions about who should carry what dress.

"The models are backstage in the event area, waiting for the run through after you approve hair and makeup," Morgan said.

"I'm staying with the dresses. We're ready now." Penny headed for the elevators.

"I don't blame you. Your finale gown is a stunner." Morgan carried it personally.

Down in the backstage areas, Penny noticed more security. The models lounged in chairs. Once the dresses were hung out, Penny inspected the hair and makeup. After a couple tiny changes, they were good to go.

So far, so smooth. Penny checked the stage lighting with the director. When she came back, she found Grayson chatting with the models and all were smiles.

Even if she did trust him, how could she trust other women to respect her? Grayson looked up at her, and Penny realized her expression must have been disapproving.

Morgan cleared her throat. "Models, in your dresses, please. Practice run in ten."

The activity broke up Penny's staring contest with Grayson, but she liked that he was concerned and conscious of her mood. Most men didn't really care in her world. Her dad only got upset when Mom made a scene. If she was upset and kept it to herself, that was fine by him.

Grayson came over. She wanted to ask if he thought the models were attractive, but she didn't want to seem insecure. She just smiled.

"I'm going to do a security sweep. Be back for my walk down the aisle."

“Catwalk,” she corrected. Him walking with another woman down the aisle sounded wrong. He’d done it on purpose. “It’s called a catwalk.”

“Sure. Whatever you say.” He headed out.

Suddenly, Grayson seemed all business, too. Clearly, he wasn’t suffering with love for her. All Penny could do now was put it behind her. She’d flown all this way for a fashion show, not great sex and a red ass, which still stung a little.

This would be a great story to tell her friends later. Penny pushed away the rejection. It was a harmless fling for the memory books.

She marched out to the empty audience area and sat, ready to watch the run through. Hopefully, Grayson would trip and break his nose.

* * * *

Grayson returned backstage and found Morgan watching the models closely as loud music blared from the audience area.

“Where’s Penny?” he asked.

“Audience. Her show. She should see it how the people will. What happened with you two?”

He shook his head. “Nothing.”

Their situation was no one’s business.

“Please. Before, you two were looking at each other when you thought no one was watching. Now, you won’t look at each other at all.”

“I don’t know all her moods yet.” He wanted to find out, but they needed time together. Nothing else would fix some things.

“Indifference isn’t a mood of hers I’ve ever seen. Some people really don’t care at times, but Penny always cares. This isn’t normal. I get a paper cut, and she has a bandage. When her friend Andrea went missing that weekend and didn’t answer her phone, Penny went over there with her spare key, called the cops and hounded them. Luckily, the bodyguard had informed the police or they’d have done a major search for nothing.”

“So why would she suddenly freeze me out?” he asked.

Morgan pushed another model out front. One left before Grayson did something silly for a woman.

“Most of the guys she’s dated don’t look like you.” Morgan looked him up and down. “Really don’t.”

“Oh, I’ll second that. He’s so hot.” The drag queens and their backstage passes had arrived. “We wanted to come backstage before we go out and visit Penny. Why does he care about her ex-boyfriends?”

Morgan popped her gum. “I think he’s the new one.”

“Nice!”

“She’s so lucky. A rich dad and a hot man.” Ariana winked.

Morgan laughed. “Beats a hot dad and a rich man.”

“Yes, he’ll drive her sister crazy. Lots of guys dated her because of the daddy connection. You don’t look like a social climber.”

“Damn straight.” Morgan sent another model on stage. “You girls want to see the finale run through? Go now.”

“Good luck!” Their heels clicked in the opposite direction.

“Insecurity,” he muttered.

The model on his arm nodded. “We all have it.”

Morgan shouted at him. “Go! Don’t look down. Look out over the crowd.”

Grayson had been in weddings but the pace here was faster and the model worked her fashion. The gown flounced around her ankles. Grayson just tried to keep up and not step on the dress.

Looking ahead, he did as ordered and kept his eyes where the crowd would be. It was easier than looking at Penny right now. As much as he wanted to see how she was, he didn’t want to upset things more while she was working. They needed to sort out the personal issues in private.

He and the model turned and walked back. Grayson reviewed the issue. Insecurity was possible, but he felt it went deeper. Penny had to control how she reacted to others. She needed the attention, and he needed to make her see it. He’d given it to her, but now, he needed to take it away for a while.

Backstage, Penny came in all smiles. “Great, everyone! That’s wonderful!”

Morgan piped up. “Models out of the dresses. We’ve got two hours to show time. No food or liquids near the dresses.”

“We should go to dinner. I’m starving. Morgan made a reservation.” Penny herded up her crew.

Grayson stayed back by the changing rooms.

Morgan nodded to him, and Penny frowned. “Grayson, dinner. You’re invited; all the models are.”

“I’m guarding the dresses,” he said flatly.

She snapped her heels over to him. “You’re my bodyguard. You go where my body does, so come on.”

“I thought he was a model,” said a crew member.

“I thought he was her boyfriend,” Morgan shrugged.

“Don’t worry about him,” Penny said to her people. She ignored all the questions and turned to him. “The hotel doubled security.”

Grayson’s expression didn’t change. She wanted to be the boss now, and he wasn’t about to indulge that. He’d been a cop. He could have elephant skin. “No. I’m guarding the dresses. No one has made an attempt to attack your person.” He’d stood stoic in the face of striking teamsters guarding the non-union office people when he’d worked for a private security firm before his dad had started the business. He could take anything.

The hurt, the confusion and that defensiveness in Penny’s eyes were almost too much. But he couldn’t let her manipulate him. If she wanted to talk, she could ask. She wanted him to cave.

“Fine. Stay.” She turned and left with her friends and employees.

He heard the fawning of the drag queens and debated if he should’ve joined the party because of them.

Now, he had plenty of time to figure out how to handle her when they went to change for the show. She needed to see her real needs and how the show would feed her if she let it. How selfish and naughty she really was. Then, after the show, his poor little rich girl would get a real dose of punishment. Grayson smiled as he guarded the room. He just couldn’t help it. The kinky plans were so clear he hoped she’d be rebellious.

The look she’d given him as they left was stubborn. He had the cure for that. He touched his belt.

Chapter Six

Shrugging out of her regular clothes, Penny wished Grayson had left his tux in his own hotel room and not moved everything to her suite. Ignoring her was fun for him?

In her underwear, she sat at the vanity and touched up her makeup, adding the appropriate evening touches.

Grayson pulled on his tux and good shoes. He and Penny were both stubborn. But he moved in to stand behind her.

“What’s your problem?” she asked.

“What’s yours? You’re the one who shifted mood after a perfectly good experience. Then you refused to talk. If we didn’t have your show, you’d be tied up and spanked until you tell me everything right now.” He smacked her ass.

“We agreed that it’s sex only, not life and business.” He wouldn’t dare ruin her show or throw her off now.

“I know that, but you might as well tell me the problem. It’s not going away.” He stood his ground.

She stared at herself in the mirror. “This has been amazing, but tomorrow, we go home.”

“You don’t want to be submissive to me in New York?” An eyebrow lifted.

She felt as if she’d failed him. “I want you anywhere, but no one will believe it.”

He knelt down next to her. “I wasn’t planning on telling the world you like to be spanked with belts and tied up.”

She paused. Maybe it wasn’t even a relationship. “Do you have others?”

“Others?”

“Sex slaves or submissives or whatever you call them?”

He chuckled. "No, I'm not keeping a harem. You're it. But you're hesitating."

"No, it's not you. It's me." She stared at them in the mirror. Grayson was muscled, tanned and sexy. Any woman would want him.

"I don't read minds. Tell me all of it."

She took a breath. "At times, it feels like you can read my mind. No one will believe a man like you would go for me. They'll think you're a gold digger."

"Because I'm poor? I'm not poor. Raider's does pretty damn good. We opened an L.A. branch last year." He smiled. "Anyway, that's my problem."

He was going to make her spell it out. "It's not just your problem. Why would a hot, sexy, not poor guy go for the fat girl? Skinny girls will let you spank them, too." She scrunched and sprayed her curls.

"Who will care?" he asked.

"Everyone. My family. Your family. The fashion world would. We'd be photographed together, as a couple."

"Good. I don't care what other people think." He shrugged and held her hand. "I've got what I want."

"But in the south, you have to care. Gossip is a sport. A woman's reputation is... Oh God. My sister."

Trish would be around to visit.

"She'll be jealous?" He grinned.

"It'll be awful." She refused to cry and ruin her makeup.

"It'll be great. You'll be the center of attention in Texas and New York City. And we're not running off to Vegas like Jake. You'll have the biggest and most envied affair in Texas." He kissed her temple. "Whenever I decide to propose."

Propose? Attention? Her chest felt tight. "No, I can't. I don't want attention. It's not me."

"What?" he sounded shocked.

She stood up and stalked away from him. All she wanted to do was keep him, but he didn't understand. They needed more time. "I don't want attention. I know I'm big so I get it. I know tonight, because I'm the designer, I have to. It's part of the job. But I loved making the clothes more. It's not about a spotlight. I want other plus-size women to have high fashion where they can look and feel good about it."

“You’re lying. Not about why you make the clothes, but you do love the attention. I’ve seen it.” He stood his ground.

“All the real attention I get is bad. No one wants that.” She unzipped her dress bag and revealed the dark amber shimmering fabric.

“It’s better than no attention for a lot of people.”

“No, you don’t understand. An overweight person wants to be invisible. To not be singled out. You get used to it.” She took her dress in the bathroom and came out in search of the right bra. “I’m not talking about this anymore. You’ll ruin my night.”

“At times, everyone wants to be invisible. And everyone wants to be the center of attention some of the time. You didn’t get enough or you want more.” He moved closer. “You’ll get plenty of my attention.”

“When? When did you want to be invisible?” she demanded.

Grayson shrugged. “Sometimes, it’s my job.”

“No, not your job. Real life. When does someone hot and hunky like you not want women looking at him.” She folded her arms.

He took a deep breath. “Fine. When my parents were getting divorced. I was five, first grade. I kept getting nose bleeds. Once a week at least. All the fighting and the custody crap. My mom just finally left, and Dad was stuck with me and whatever we had. The doctors said it was stress. I felt like a wimp.”

“You’re not a wimp.” Her hands went to his broad shoulders. There were so many details she didn’t know about him and wanted to find out. “You’re the best thing that ever happened to me.”

“I felt like a wimp then. Kids are mean, and I was scrawny as it was. My dad was a cop then. Big, tough dad never cried or complained. I wanted to run away so he didn’t get stuck with me.”

She kissed his neck and held him. “I’m sorry.”

“I’m not.” He kissed her. “Life sucks at times, but my dad remarried and it got much better. Now, it’s amazing. I couldn’t appreciate the good I have if I didn’t know the bad.”

She smiled. “Like I won’t appreciate all your effort and attention to me if you don’t ignore me on occasion?”

He pinched her ass. “A basic training element, but you needed it. Enjoy the attention tonight. All the cheers and applause. Andrea said you were nervous at the New York City show.”

“That brat! Telling you stuff about me. My mother and sister were there. Family is stressful. This time, it’s just you, the drag queens and my team. Everyone else is strangers.” She sighed in relief.

Grayson tightened his hold on her. “No matter who’s out there, your fashions are great. And that’s what I hear because I have no clue, other than you look sexy as hell in them.”

“Stop it.” Her face burned.

“You’re mine, and I’ll pay as much attention to you as I want.”

“I don’t want attention. It’s crazy and vain. I don’t want people looking at me” She insisted. “Just you.”

“A compromise for now. We’ll work on that at home. Get dressed.” He let her go.

Home. Whose home? She wanted him. It felt as if they were so close to another round of sex and discipline that the let down hit. But her job called. Whatever games Grayson wanted to play, in the end, he respected her work and the time.

Before she threw herself at him, she ducked into the bathroom and locked the door. She didn’t want him to disturb her or see her—yet.

* * * *

Grayson stood backstage at a fashion show in his tux in Italy, with drag queens fussing over his girlfriend. Honestly, it was a situation and a place he’d never in a million years expected to be. And he couldn’t be happier.

He’d finally stop groping her in the elevator when the doors had opened. She looked hot in the caramel-colored gown and jewelry to match. Everyone would be staring at her. She’d love it.

As the announcer came on to say the show was about to start, the queens scampered off to their seats.

Penny fussed over the first model.

“Where’s the final model?” Morgan asked.

“Grayson is here.” Penny pointed to him.

“No, the female. She’s not here yet.” Morgan tossed her hands in the air. “Models.”

“She was at the fitting.” Grayson shrugged off. Morgan didn’t need to add to Penny’s stress.

The first model strutted her stuff, and Penny waited anxiously.

The crowd cheered, and she exhaled.

Grayson kissed the back of her neck. “You’re a hit.”

“One down.” Penny made sure the next dress hung right on the model.

The last model arrived. “Sorry, I got caught by security.”

“The dress is where you left it. Get ready.” Morgan pointed to the back.

Cheers and applause for the second design erupted as the final model disappeared to change.

Penny looked at the lineup of models in her creations. “Morgan, go keep her on track, please. No delays.”

Morgan nodded and disappeared behind the row of tall models.

Penny reviewed the line then looked out to the crowd. Grayson grabbed her hand, and she clutched his in return. He couldn’t imagine the rush or the pressure. He dealt more with life and death, but there was less time to plan and worry about how others reacted. Penny would be judged on months of work in half an hour.

Morgan ran up and grabbed him and Penny by the arms. “We’ve got a problem.”

They followed.

The model looked freaked. “It was like this.”

The dress was cut to stripes. Grayson got on his cell and had hotel security en route immediately. He took a closer look and knew the trouble wasn’t over. “Anyone hurt?”

“No one I’ve seen,” Morgan replied.

He looked at the model, checking her hands.

“No,” she said under the scrutiny.

“There’s blood on the dress. Someone got too scissor happy.” The guards arrived and Grayson put them on alert for anyone with a cut, bandage or injury.

“That was the finale.” Penny looked as if she’d been doused with cold water.

“It’ll be okay,” Morgan said quickly.

Grayson pulled aside the head of security. “Don’t let the drag queens in the audience out of here without searching and questioning. I want to do it.”

The man nodded and got on the phone to his staff.

Grayson turned to Penny. He needed a solution. Her dreams couldn't be ruined over one dress. "What you're wearing is better than that dress. Use it."

Penny paused to consider it. "The model is a size smaller than me, at least. It won't fit her right."

"Ten minutes isn't enough time to alter it even for the best seamstress," Morgan jumped in. "Well check on the others."

"You do it. It looks great on you," the model suggested.

"I'm not a model. I'm too short." Penny dismissed it. "I have some samples I was working on in my case."

"No time." Grayson grabbed her arm and tugged her away from the crowd. "Listen, you have to do this. Or else you're a dress short." He made it sound like no big deal. A simple choice.

"A dress short is one thing. That's the finale. The big finish. Formal wear for the plus size woman that's feminine, not a tarp with sleeves." Tears welled in her eyes.

She was panicking. Grayson saw it in her face.

"You're smoking hot in that gown." He smiled.

"I'm not a model. What if I fall?"

"You won't." He held her. "You want to show off the dress."

She nodded.

"So do it." He lowered his voice. "It'll turn me on. You're brave enough to let me tie you up but not to walk on a stage? We know it's not true."

"It's different."

"Maybe you're not up for what I have planned back in New York."

Her eyes sparkled. "If it's only you, I'm up for it. There are strangers out there, judging me."

"You're going out at the end anyway."

"That's different. That's with everyone—all the models go out and the designer. This time, I'd be alone."

"No, you'll be with me." He straightened his tux. "A gown needs a tux to set it off, your idea."

She smiled in relief. "Thank God. I'm a genius."

“And humble.” He walked her to where they’d get on stage.

Penny pinched his arm.

“After the show, you’ll get it,” he whispered in her ear. And she’d enjoy it. She’d pinched him first.

Grayson kissed her temple. She was eager for more. Belt, kink and whatever else he had in store. He was relived. Now, she’d get to see just how much she loved being the center of attention. Tonight, she’d confess she was wrong and enjoy every second of her punishment.

Chapter Seven

Penny knew he was right. Logically, there was no other choice. Fear consumed her as she stood there in her gown. Designers didn't model their own clothes. It was insane.

Her stomach knotted. Grayson stepped up next to her and extended his arm—Grayson in a tux took her breath away. “You look so good,” she said.

“No one will be looking at me.” He winked at her.

“I can't.” She looked at the packed room from the safety of backstage.

“Got my little lucky charm.” He pulled the carved wooden stick from his sleeve and ran it over her chest. Then he tugged her bodice out and slid it down her front between her breasts.

“Grayson!” She looked around. Everyone was busy with their own jobs. Adjusting her bodice, she made sure it didn't show or change the lines. It didn't since the dress was stiff and lightly beaded. “Thank you.”

“Good. We're all set then.”

Penny held his arm and felt immediately safe. He wouldn't let anything bad happen. They stepped from the safety of backstage to front and center.

The crowd went wild as the announcer said it was the designer in her own creation. They described it then went from English to Italian. Penny was lost in a sea of flashing lights as she walked down the catwalk. Not as much swishing hips as with the other model but the more Penny walked the more she relaxed and felt as if she were floating.

She spotted the drag queens and noticed the smug smile on Gwen's face. A feeling of rage took over, but she pushed it away. One jerk wouldn't ruin her day.

Just then her ankle wobbled in her designer shoes. Clinging to Grayson, she kept going and pretended it had never happened. No doubt people had seen it and had pictures. But she wasn't a professional model.

At the end, they paused and smiled. She turned to let them see the back and get pictures. Letting people, tons of people, take pictures of her rear end was not normal.

Penny turned back, smiling at the crowd. Cheers and applause filled the room. People were standing. She felt a rush that so far she'd only ever felt with Grayson in their private play. Damn!

He was right. Deep down, she wanted the attention. She'd just had so much bad attention that she'd associated attention negatively and avoided it.

The fat girl who wanted to be the center of attention. She looked at Grayson and smiled. In that moment, she'd be a mess without him by her side, and without the insight about herself, she'd never have set foot on the stage.

Without thinking, she kissed his cheek. He shifted, kissing her mouth. Grayson dipped her over the front lights and kissing her as the cameras went crazy with flashing.

As they turned to walk back up the catwalk, the models came out applauding the designs, as was tradition. She teared up. Grayson provided a handkerchief.

Penny had arrived with her line of clothes in Europe, succeeding on both sides of the Atlantic. Dabbing her eyes, she caught her breath. Wanting to remember this moment forever, she took it in, looking around and letting it fill her up.

Posing with each of the models for pictures as well as her team and the locals who'd put on the show and some celebrity guests, Penny was the hot ticket on the stage. Grayson tactfully removed himself from the photography.

In New York, she'd been so nervous about the reviews and her family in the audience that she'd never enjoyed it. All she'd thought about was not screwing up. Next time, she'd love every second! Especially if Grayson was there.

* * * *

At the after party, Grayson mingled. Penny was on, charming and confidence. Seeing her free and happy and not upset with him for kissing her in public, gave him a sense of accomplishment. It was only the first step in their journey of intimacy and trust, but it was a critical step.

He had plenty of time to plan for their future together. At the moment, he was on the lookout for the saboteur. Hotel security mingled, as well, on the hunt for anything suspicious.

Grayson spotted one of the queens in a tuxedo jacket that turned into a gown at the waist. Inventive. The long sleeves looked uneven though. One wrist was definitely thicker than the other despite the French cuffs.

Wanting a closer look, he approached the group. “Ladies. Best cheering section Penny had.”

“She’s a lucky girl. Success and you.” Ariana pressed too close.

Grayson stepped back. “I’m the lucky one. She’s amazing. I just wear a tux, and I’m good. The dresses are very creative.”

“The tuxedo gown was a Penny design from when her brother, you know, dressed with style,” said Gwen.

“Really?” he grabbed the sleeve he wanted to see. “Let me check it out.”

The queen pulled away. “You don’t have the hips for it.”

Another queen gave her a nasty look. “He just wants to admire his girl’s handiwork. Chill.”

When Gwen tried to run, Grayson grabbed the back of her gown and reeled her in. As her ass hit the ground, the blood stained wrap fell out of the cuff.

“Security,” he called.

After a few tense moments of jostling crowds and security frisking the queen, Penny walked over, shock written all over her face.

“I didn’t do it,” Gwen said.

“Bleeding hand. Blood on the cut up dress. Confess or we can do a test,” a local officer reminded her.

They hauled the queen to her feet.

She glared at Penny. “You’re a traitor. We got you started in the fashion business, and you abandoned us to do your own lines. Forgot the drag queens.”

Grayson couldn’t believe the nerve. He didn’t want Penny to be guilted by jealousy. He could only wait and hope she didn’t let them undermine her.

Penny put a hand on her hip. “I made my own clothes in high school and college. My brother got me into gowns. I designed for *him* first. Just because he gave you some of his old

gowns when he stopped performing doesn't mean you get to judge my career or what direction I should take. I thought you were my friends, but clearly, you want to be hangers-on to success. So you don't have to do your own work or make anything of yourself."

"Fat bitch," the queen shouted as the police pulled her away.

"Tone deaf," Penny shouted back.

People were staring. Grayson stepped up to say something, but Penny was on a roll.

"It's okay. The fashion murderer is gone. We're all safe now." Penny grabbed a glass of champagne and drank.

He leaned in and whispered in her ear, "I'm so turned on right now."

Penny blushed. "You were right."

"Don't forget it." He kissed her.

"I have a feeling you won't let me." She held him closer.

A gaggle of reporters rushed over, asking questions about the arrest and the drama. Penny smiled and answered them, getting in tidbits about Grayson, her brother and her friend Andrea, who had designed the shoes all those models were wearing tonight.

Grayson marveled at her. That sweet southern drawl kept them all hungry for more. He was just the arm candy, the bodyguard and the boyfriend. He wouldn't have it any other way. At least until later when he got her in private.

* * * *

Walking into her suite, Penny took off her earrings and necklace. It was two in the morning, and one day had extended into another. But it was glorious, and she didn't want to go to bed. Setting the jewelry down on the vanity, she kicked off her shoes.

Then Grayson's strong hands grabbed her and pushed her back to the wall. He pinned her with his body. "You loved the attention," he said.

She wound her arms around his neck. "I did. I shouldn't have doubted you."

His hand was on her thigh under the slit in the dress. Penny had entirely forgotten how daring the cut was. It showed off her ample cleavage and maybe too much leg.

"You shouldn't doubt me. But now, I know exactly how to punish you when you deserve it." He kissed her. "Give you no attention or..."

"Or?" she prompted. She wanted his attention especially if it hurt a little. That'd lead to even better sex!

At the apex of the slit, he grabbed either side of the skirt slit. "Damage a dress you made." He tugged the cloth.

"You wouldn't!" Her pussy tightened. It was pathetically cliché, but no man had ever ripped her clothes off her before, not even frantically trying to undress her. Grayson was hard; she could feel his erection. If it turned them both on, how could she deny him? She'd make plenty more gowns to replace it.

"Beg me not to," he challenged.

She licked her lips. Pressing them together, she didn't make a sound. When she'd changed earlier, she left a little surprise for him. No better way for him to find it than this. Penny lifted her eyes, daring him. He'd do it, and she wanted, trembling in anticipation.

"Okay. One, two, three." His powerful hands ripped the fabric clear up to her breasts. His ruler fell to the carpet, but Grayson was distracted by something else. "Holy shit. You were up there like that?"

No panties, no pantyhose, no slip. Her mother would be mortified. Penny felt daring.

Grayson grinned. "I never said you could go out there like that." He shrugged off his jacket and opened his fly.

Penny smiled. He might be her Dom, but she could get her way and plenty of attention. She'd just have to pay for it later. "You said I'd always know the rules. You never said I *had* to wear underwear. I'm sorry if you don't like it. You'll have to be clearer with your instructions in the future. Now find some way to punish me." She pushed the sleeves down and let the gown fall.

"I will." He pulled her leg up over his leg and thrust into her before she could even try to unhook her bra. Some things full-figured women couldn't be without.

Grayson tugged the firm cups down to free her breasts so her tender flesh rubbed his chest hair as he ground to her.

Pressing her shoulders on the wall, she rocked her hips to meet him. This time, he fucked her hard and fast the way she needed. His eyes, his body, his energy all focused on possessing her fully. It was heaven.

She gasped when he changed to short thrusts, barely leaving her body at all. "No one saw me. The slit isn't positioned that way. I'm a good designer."

Grayson nipped and sucked at her neck. "You're mine."

“Yes!” She held on. “Your challenge.”

He groaned. “Mine. My sex slave. Say it.” He pressed her to the wall and didn’t move.

The sensation of his cock stretching her, throbbing deep inside her and holding the position while he stared her down, taking down her defenses nearly made her climax. He had so much more self control than she did, and she loved giving in. He slid a finger in and rubbed her clit when she waited too long to answer.

“I’m your sex slave. Please.” She screamed as the sudden climax crashed through her.

He came deep in her, still looking at her as she shook and her pussy squeezed him. So intimate and so overwhelming. Penny kissed him. “Thank you.”

“Thank you?”

“Master.” She’d wanted to say it, but the very word made her cunt ripple.

He kissed her hard. “We fly home tomorrow?” he asked.

She nodded. “We can sleep on the plane.”

“We’ll see. I’ve figured out how to punish you for today.” He removed her bra and wound it around her wrists, tying them together. “On the bed, on your knees and elbows.”

“You’re not going to ignore me tomorrow on a long flight. You couldn’t.” She hadn’t been *that* bad.

“No, but you might find it hard to sleep for long.” He rummaged through her luggage and then his.

Penny took her ordered position. “The belt?”

He twisted two scarves together and wrapped them around her head, in her mouth, as a gag. He tied it tight, and Penny moaned. But the idea of not being to able to talk to him brought fear, and she tried to get it off.

“Take it off, and I’ll ignore you and your red ass all flight.” He pulled his belt from the jeans he’d worn earlier.

Penny calmed down, wanting him focused on her. He’d never gone too far, not ever. She wanted the belt again. Grayson had been so careful before, she wasn’t afraid. She was eager but loved talking to him during.

But she felt buzzing instead of the belt. The vibrator? He pushed it in her pussy. She resisted at first then let it in. It felt so good when she squeezed it.

A crack of leather on her ass made her moan on the gag. He used more force tonight. Or maybe the vibrations made her more sensitive?

The second strike snapped, and she yelped. Definitely more force. She smiled. It warmed her skin and sunk deeper into her flesh. Two strikes hit her other cheek, and her moans became constant. The sting on her ass and the release building in her cunt fed off each other.

“Don’t drop your toy or you won’t be able to sit down tomorrow.” He pushed it in fully.

Penny clutched the toy, but it was his words that sent her bucking in release. Screaming full volume against the gag only made it better to not hold back.

Once she’d calmed down, he still made her wait. Wagging her ass to tease him and feel the air, she received two more lashes instantly. Then two more.

The sting went deep; the pain and the heat melted into her deeper.

Grayson added two more.

Penny’s eyes teared up. He struck the spots she’d be sitting on tomorrow. That was a lot of sitting, and neither side was safe to put her weight on. She’d feel it all flight and get wet with the memories. Wanting more. Wanting him. To be in bed with him and fully at his mercy with all his toys and yet forced to be on an airplane full of people. Even first class didn’t have the privacy they’d need.

Her man, her Master was a genius. She lifted for more and got two more on each cheek. Grayson kept the attention even. Penny knew he wanted to her to feel it the entire trip home. He’d tease her during the trip, too.

The belt stopped, and Penny waited.

“More,” she said against her gag. Her pussy clung to the toy, but she needed that sting of pain to go with it.

Grayson stepped closer, and she felt the heat of his body. The cool air he blew on her bottom made her lift. The sting was sweet.

Then he rubbed his hard cock on her cunt. She loved how the discipline made him so hard. Silently, she willed him to take the stupid toy out and fuck her.

When he rubbed his cock over her ass cheek, her hips snapped back. That sting was intense. He was not. No more belt right now. Why couldn’t she just trust him and let him take care of it?

“See, you wanted more.” He kissed her hips. “It’ll be better by tomorrow. Enough for you to tolerate sitting.”

She shivered and still wanted him to do it again. Instead of begging, she waited to see what he had planned.

Cool lube dripped into the crack of her ass. She waited for him to rub it into her cheeks but nothing. Penny shook her head.

Grayson untied her gag as he rubbed his cock along her crack before slipping on a condom. “What’s wrong? Don’t like your toy?”

“Fuck my pussy, please!” she moaned.

He pressed his thumb to her rear. “But I want your ass. You don’t want to please me?”

“I do but...” She bit her lip. No secrets from her Master. “I’ve never done that.”

Grayson kissed her back. “Then you must trust me and try something new. Like the belt. You’ll love it.”

“I’m not ready.” If she couldn’t handle it, would he be disappointed?

“You are.” He pulled the toy from her pussy and pressed it to her clit.

“Oh God!” She rocked as Grayson pressed his thumb fully into her ass.

He eased back, and she angled on the edge of release.

“Easy.” He held her ass open with his thumb and coaxed more lube down there with his fingers.

Then he replaced his thumb with the tip of his cock to her ass. Penny tensed, and Grayson worked the vibrator on her clit. Instantly, her muscles relaxed to take in the pleasure.

Grayson advanced, and Penny groaned. The new feel, something only Grayson had ever done to her, made it even more of a connection between them. With the vibrator working, she pushed back hard.

Her nerves sparked, and he eased forward more. No doubt, she wanted it all, but Penny had to trust him to know if she could take it. What hadn’t he done sexually? She wanted to find out and give it to him someday like the sexual gifts he’d given her.

“Like it?” he asked.

“Yes. More.”

He edged further. “Want it all?” He rubbed her clit in circles with the toy.

“Please.” So close and now an orgasm taunted her.

He thrust in slow and steady. Her world exploded in colors as the climax hit her clit and her ass tightened around his cock. So big, she couldn't make a sound until her climax eased a little and his name escaped her lips.

"Good." He pulled out fully and thrust forward.

A few of those and Penny pushed back. Her body opened for him, and the heat made her want more. Grayson doubled the pace on her, and she could only hold on. His body pressed to her belted bottom. All this stretching of her asshole and the rough treatment of her rear would make tomorrow pure play and teasing for them even with their clothes on. He froze deep inside her and grunted, coming in her.

"Thank you, Master," she said.

Easing from her, he rolled her on her side and stretched out on his side facing her. "Good. You're not busy the next few days, are you?"

She shook her head and moved closer to kiss him. "All yours. Always."

"Good." He grinned.

"Why? What do you have planned?"

"Plenty. But I know exactly how to punish you if you make a fuss about the sore skin tomorrow." He kissed her nipples.

"How?" she asked.

"You'll walk the catwalk naked at your next show."

She shivered. All those people. All those flashing cameras. "Not really."

"You're a slut for attention. I bet you'd come right there on stage." He bit her nipple, and she moaned.

He wouldn't. He'd never share her, even the view of her body. Penny was ninety-nine percent sure of that. But maybe if she were bad enough? "Alone at night with only you in the audience?" she suggested.

Grayson smiled. "Oh, I'll have a camera or two."

Kissing him, Penny rolled on top of him and held on. No matter what anyone said or thought of them as a couple, she'd never let him go.

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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***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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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

***Abducting Andrea* by Cheryl Dragon**

When an attack is confirmed against the rich and powerful Edington family, Raider's Bodyguard Service springs into action. Jake Raider is assigned the independent but spoiled Andrea. He's protected her before but this time he's bringing the tools to tame her and make her his.

There are plenty of things Andrea wants to do with Jake but none of them involve business. In the past, he rejected her advances but this time he's giving her what she wants and making her beg for more. Exploring the sexual needs they've denied, she's at his mercy and loving it.

***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—anononymously—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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