

A romantic couple is shown in a close embrace, about to kiss. The scene is set in a dimly lit bar or restaurant, with a bar counter and stools visible in the background. The entire image is overlaid with a strong red color, creating a passionate and sensual atmosphere.

Desire

Christy Foss

Desire in Flames
Desire in Green

**DESIRE 3:
DESIRE IN FLAMES &
DESIRE IN GREEN**

by

Christy Poff

WHISKEY CREEK PRESS

www.whiskeycreekpress.com

Published by
WHISKEY CREEK PRESS
Whiskey Creek Press
PO Box 51052
Casper, WY 82605-1052
www.whiskeycreekpress.com

Copyright © 2010 by *Christy Poff*

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 (five) years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

Names, characters and incidents depicted in this book are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and beyond the intent of the author or the publisher.

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

ISBN 978-1-60313-830-7

Credits

Cover Artist: Kendra Egert
Editor: Chere Gruver

Printed in the United States of America

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT *DESIRE 3: DESIRE IN FLAMES* & *DESIRE IN GREEN*

Desire in Flames

“You don’t need to be anywhere near a flame to feel the heat coming off this story. Mike and Wes are strong characters who found a way to cope after going through difficult situations. They buried themselves in their jobs but hungered to connect with someone on a far more personal level. This story is emotionally charged with plenty of red hot sexual interaction. Simply delightful and the perfect way to brighten your mood.”

Desire in Green

“I love how the St. Patricks’ love for their homeland of Ireland and the love of the color green play into this story. Natasha and Liam’s emotional connection is apparent even before they come together physically. There’s just that special spark that seems to flare between them whenever they’re together. This story is fun, fast paced, and gloriously hot.”

“Christy Poff will bring a smile to your face with these short, sassy reads. Each story brings to life the tales of characters who find love when they least expect it. Ms. Poff has proven herself to be a prolific writer who combines suspense and passionate characters to draw readers into her storylines and ensure that they live on in your memory long after you’ve finished reading.”

Chrissy Dionne

Romance Junkies

4.5 Blue Ribbons

**Other Books by Author Available at
Whiskey Creek Press:
www.whiskeycreekpress.com**

***INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 1: THE REBIRTH
OF RACHEL***

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid April 2005

Rachel is looking for a man who'll love her for her though she wants more than the usual relationship.

Rafe searches for a woman he can love in his unique way.

Can his dominance compel the rebirth of Rachel?

INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 2: BLACK HEART

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid June 2005

Raven is cautious about who she's with.

Kyle is looking for dominance.

Will he find love in her black heart and give Raven her life back?

***INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 3: CHARLOTTE
MASTERED***

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid August 2005

Charlotte looks for the right man to control her.

Simon seeks the perfect woman to share his life with.

When Charlotte's mastered, what's next?

EYES OF DARKNESS BOOK 1: DANTE'S FLAME

Whiskey Creek Press October 2005

A centuries' old vampire is looking for love.

A woman of today is looking for a love life.

Together, can they ignite Dante's flame eternally?

EYES OF DARKNESS BOOK 2: SPARK OF A WOLF

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid November 2005

Sean deals with life-altering changes while chasing a killer.
Rhiannon can help him but he pushes her away.
Together, can they light the spark of the wolf?

EYES OF DARKNESS BOOK 3: LOVE HURTS

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid December 2005

Madison Allcott loses love only to find it again in a dark gentleman.

Galen Beaumont has hunted for five centuries for a woman to love.

Will they find out love hurts or will it be the beginning of their eternal lives?

ENTRANCED BY JASMYNE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid February 2006

The Ardalan sheik needs American help to stop the takeover of his country.

Her assignment is to get the information to help him but she becomes personally involved.

When he becomes entranced by Jasmyne, can they save his realm or will they die trying?

THE HASTINGS SAGA BOOK 1: CHASE FOR AN ANGEL

Whiskey Creek Press March 2006

A union officer faces the Civil War on many fronts.

A Southern gem awaits his return but fights her own battle.

Will his chase for an angel bring them loving happiness?

INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 4: MEMPHIS BELLE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid April 2006

Belle lost her man to another's jealousy, remaining faithful to him until she meets perfection.

Jaspar has everything a billionaire could want except the right woman to share it with.

Will her past hurt their future or will he safeguard his Memphis Belle?

HELLFIRE

Whiskey Creek Press May 2006

Shania made captain on her own.

Mac found perfection in a feisty firefighter.

Will the Purists stop them or will they ignite hellfire?

INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 5: DOCTOR HEAL THYSELF

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid June 2006

What happens when a world-renowned sex therapist needs help in her own life?

Sheridan Greenlaw must delve into another side of her personality in order to answer her questions.

Will Ross Beckham help the doctor ‘heal thyself’?

THE SHADOW OF HER SMILE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid August 2006

Laurell is desperate to save her birthright—Ravencroft.

Cole, an international gambler, tries to help her while exacting his own revenge.

Will the shadow of her smile be enough to keep them safe?

BLUE VELVET

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid September 2006

Ethan gave up on life until finding elegant beauty with a wild touch.

Roni’s secret wild side intrigues him.

Will the past haunt their blue velvet love?

EYES OF DARKNESS BOOK 4: RED FIRE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid October 2006

Valeria learns there is more to life than she originally thought.

Gabriel wants to live a quiet life out of the limelight.

When their paths cross, will they be strong enough to survive a red fire?

WAR IN DARKNESS: ADDICTED TO CYN

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid December 2006 (w/ *Scarlet Love* in *Torrid Teaser #17*)

An angel of mercy tries to heal wounded soldiers.
A devil's disciple must save her life.
Will his addiction to Cyn be enough for both of them?

SCARLET LOVE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid December 2006 (W/ *Addicted to Cyn* in *Torrid Teaser #17*)

She's fleeing Yankee soldiers.
He comes to her rescue in more ways than she could imagine.
How much will their scarlet love heat up?

AT CROSS ENDS

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid January 2007
Mark Kincaid owes Graham Cross for two years of his life.
Riley Devane winds up in the middle.
How long will they be at cross ends?

BLOW OUT

Whiskey Creek Press February 2007
Craig fights fires on a huge scale while trying to help save a colleague's company.
Jennifer lives a sheltered life until she meets a man who ignites flames in her.
Will the blow out from the past burn them or fuel their love?

THE BEST OF CHRISTY POFF

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid (print) April 2007
Rachel needs to redefine her life, finding Rafe the perfect man to help her.
Melanie needs to redefine her love life though Dante has different long-lasting plans.
Jasmyne finds life in a different world, Yasir at her side.
Love in different worlds is still one thing—love.

INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 6: THIS JUST IN...

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid June 2007

When a television reporter does an expose on the BDSM scene, he angers many. He looks for answers to learn the truth but will he hold onto the one woman whose lifestyle makes him whole or will their enemies silence them before their life together gets started? This just in...

DARK ILLUSIONS

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid August 2007

A beautiful heiress with a wild side wants to enjoy life. Sephora meets the man of her dreams when Nigel Shelton walks into it from the shadows. Will their dark illusions give them what they need or will they be torn apart by greed?

BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE: THE MYTH OF MIRABELLA

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid September 2007

Mira lives on the edge of the fashion world in more ways than one.

Max seeks a killer who paints his victims in 24K gold.

Will Mira be his bird in a gilded cage before Max solves the case?

THE JOYS OF LOVE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid November 2007

Ryan and Kendall must fight a looming threat in order to find happiness.

Cody and Savannah go up against the morals of 1927 Tennessee.

Can they find the joys of love or will it be lost to them forever?

LOST LOVE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid November 2007

THE JOYS OF LOVE (TT #41)

A Philadelphia cop on the biggest case of his career.

His wife fears the future.

Can a lost love be revived or will it be lost once more?

LABOR OF LOVE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid November 2007 in *The Joys of Love*

Savannah has lived alone for years, afraid of getting close to anyone.

Cody comes to work for her but learns more than he intended.
Will their labor of love prove she can find love?

YULE LOVES: NOELLE'S ELF/HIS CHRISTMAS CAROLE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid December 2007

NOELLE'S ELF

Noelle wishes on a star for the perfect gift—a man.

Dan tries his best to fulfill this for her.

Will Noelle's elf make her dreams come true?

HIS CHRISTMAS CAROLE

Kris faced an unhappy holiday thanks to his ex-wife.

Carole experienced the romance of Hawaii by herself for the same reason.

Will he enjoy his Christmas Carole or will his past get in their way?

DESIRES: DESIRES UNDER THE FALLS/DESIRE IN THE SNOW

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid January 2008

DESIRE UNDER THE FALLS

Having too many curves could destroy a career as Penelope learned.

Having too many curves drove Thorne crazy.

Could they find Desire under the Falls?

DESIRE IN THE SNOW

Layla leaves Los Angeles for a short vacation heading for the mountains.

Mac shares his life with Cash but is looking for a good woman to spend it with.

Will undue forces create Desire in the Snow for this hot couple?

INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 7: BLACK LACE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid March 2008

Chelsea Strawbridge falls hard for a firefighter but she lives in a world that doesn't accept her desires. Reed Carrington fights fires

and finds he ignites one in a society spitfire. Will another snuff that fire before black lace becomes his—totally?

MASKED DESIRES a part of ***A TORRID CELEBRATION***
(WCP's anniversary anthology)

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid March 2008

Ava's invitation to the company's annual costume ball sends her reeling.

Matthew wants to make her the one of his dreams.

Will Mardi Gras' masked desires bring these two together or hide the truth?

A MATTER OF DECEPTION

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid April 2008

Seneca believed he had everything—a good life, wealth and Adrienne, the love of his life. Adrienne couldn't wait to become his wife but what happened on the eve of their wedding changed them both forever. Will another man's evil and a matter of deception make her forget Seneca or will they find their way back to each other before it's too late?

MIDNIGHT ECSTASIES

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid June 2008

Carl and Cassie Sandeford have a huge interest in Midnight Ecstasies.

A serial killer has an even bigger interest in them.

Who will survive?

DARK & DEVIOUS

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid July 2008

Jeremy Payne escapes to the quiet of the Pacific Northwest—his past haunting him.

Sapphire Knight is running from hers. Can love and honesty overcome the dark & devious sides of their lives?

EYES OF DARKNESS BOOK 5: WHITE ICE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid December 2008

Damon wants to get away and relax—his life in turmoil.

Sascha has secrets only he can help her with.
Will white ice melt a dark heart?

INTERNET BONDS BOOK 8: AFTER GLOW

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid March 2009

Brock Sanders has always been a strong man no matter what he did but...

Dominique Ashcroft has an extremely dominating personality.

Will they bask in the after glow of heated romance or will their pasts darken it?

THE HASTINGS SAGA BOOK 2: DEATH OF AN ANGEL—JESSIE

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid June 2009

Andrew thought the Civil War had left him alone until it came screaming back into his life, his angel—Jessie—suffering the revenge of one man's evil. Can their love survive or will he mourn the death of an angel—Jessie?

SUNDAY MONEY

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid August 2009

Derek Manville races open-wheeled cars or anything with a motor as a hobby. Shelby Holland is desperately trying to hold onto her race team and her financial legacy. Together, can they win Sunday Money while keeping their unique bond from crashing?

THE HASTINGS SAGA BOOK 3: WINDS OF LIFE—ALEXA

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid September 2009

Andrew believed love came to a man once in a lifetime until Alexa comes out of his past to prove him wrong. She asks for his help to settle a deadly range war unaware of his grief for his first wife. Will the evil be deadly or will the winds of like—Alexa—save them both?

DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid October 2009

A night of passion brings Emily together with the man of her dreams only she loses him seconds later.

A night of passion shows Seth he can have a life with someone only she disappears as quickly as she appeared.

One night—will it survive and bring them both from darkness into light?

DESIRE 2—HART'S DESIRE & YULE DESIRES

November 2009

Hart's Desire

Addington Hart knew in high school what he desired in a woman.

Cory Phelps knew as well, both enjoying their senior year.

When he made the decision to split up before college, he found out that his Hart's Desire meant more to him than doing the right thing.

Yule Desires

Mara wanted one thing for Christmas—Jared.

Jared had to get his life straightened out before he could give himself to her.

Will St. Nicholas give them the gifts they want?

EYES OF DARKNESS MEGABOOK

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid December 2009

Sean deals with a new life while chasing a killer—can Rhiannon help him?

Madison finds love with a dark gentleman—will love hurt?

Valeria discovers a new facet to her life but can Gabriel handle her?

NO DEAL

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid February 2010

Alicia Billings is a trophy wife whose husband thinks he can 'sell' anytime he wants.

Blake Atherton wants to put a stop to this to give her a life.

Will this be a win/win ending or will it wind up being no deal?

EYES OF DARKNESS #6: NIGHT WISH

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid April 2010

Hayden Beaumont heads home to Paris to escape the society season in California.

Chandra Richards is an amazing artist who catches his eye and so much more.

Will someone from his father's past come between them or will Chandra's night wish come true?

CHRISTY POFF'S RECOMMENDED READS

Whiskey Creek Press Torrid June 2010

Mark Kincaid owes Graham Cross for two years of his life but Riley Devane winds up in the middle. How long will they be at cross ends?

Laurell is desperate to save her birthright and Cole, an international gambler, tries to help her while exacting his own revenge. Will the shadow of her smile be enough to keep them safe?

Seneca believed he had everything – a good life, wealth and Adrienne, the love of his life while she couldn't wait to become his wife but what happened on the eve of their wedding changed them both forever. Will another man's evil and a matter of deception make her forget Seneca or will they find their way back to each other before it's too late?

Dedication

To anyone who's ever found their passionate desire at work
and made it a lifelong commitment.

DESIRE IN FLAMES

by

Christy Poff

Chapter 1

“Mike, what do you have up there?” Chief Kenneth Wallace asked over a scratchy radio.

“Extension in the walls—she’s got a head start on us. I need another crew to start working this wall and the aerial for a quick exit as well as a master stream.”

“You got it, Mike.”

While the crew inside the room checked for further extension, Mike Ritchie continued searching for additional fire. The department had been dispatched to a multifamily residence on the south side of Huntingdon and arrived on location of a fully involved building fire. Initial crews entered to get the residents to safety though one met the beast at its hungriest. Additional companies had been assigned to what had just kicked into a general alarm fire—every firefighter knowing they’d be on scene for a long time.

“I’ve got three companies headed to your location and waiting for orders.”

“Affirmative, Chief,” Mike said, relieved they’d be getting some help.

When they’d been assigned the rear of the building to search for fire, Mike hoped the first engines had been able to

get it stopped near its origin but as they searched the building, they found it had gotten a jump on them.

“DC-two to DC-one.”

“Go ahead,” Mike replied.

“As soon as we get to your location, the chief wants your crew out and into rehab. He’s got enough to safely rotate manpower.”

“Affirmative.”

Mike turned to tell the crew, stopping when one of the men pulled back some drywall and met heavy fire. Another firefighter pulled him out of the fire’s way, looking to Mike for orders.

“Get me more water to the third floor rear—I’ve got heavy fire in the rear bedroom walls.”

As soon as Mike requested it, another crew entered with a hoseline. Their nozzleman radioed to his engineer to charge the line and once it had been charged, they began to hit the fire as close to its base as they could.

Mike took the opportunity to help the other two out of the room and building. The chief’s order could not have come at a more opportune moment.

“Cap, keep putting water on it while I get these two out of here. I think I’ve got one injured.”

“Sure thing, Chief.”

* * * *

Mayor Wesley Barrett responded to the multi-alarm fire taking immediate action for the evacuees and anything else the city would have to deal with. After conferring with Emergen-

cy Management, he took a few moments to take in the entire scope of the fire.

Turning around to face the fire, he saw three firefighters coming out of the building—two of them supporting the third. He watched them head straight to the medical command then step back to watch as the medics checked him out.

Once they felt sure the injured firefighter would be in good hands, they walked toward the rehab area. Barrett decided to speak with them and see what he could find out about the fire though he had no idea about the surprise he would get in a few moments.

“Chief, a word, please...” he said after he caught the fire officer’s attention.

The line officer spoke with the other firefighter then came over to speak with him.

“Mayor Barrett?”

“What can you tell me?”

“Not much aside from what you already know. You need to talk to the chief.”

“I’m talking to you,” Barrett said, trying to cover his anger at the obvious disregard for his office.

“You know the protocol, sir. I can’t give out anything unless my chief gives the okay. That way, we’re all on the same page.”

“And if I threaten to bring you up on insubordination charges?” Barrett asked, hoping to get something—even a tiny shred of information.

“Knock yourself out, sir. The name’s Ritchie, Deputy Chief. Now, if you’ll excuse me...”

“Chief Ritchie, we’re not done here.”

“Sir, I’ve just bought one of my men out of the building because he needed medical treatment. I’ve been ordered to rehab so I can rest then relieve the next crew coming out. Can I get back to my job—the one your office entrusted me with when I got appointed?”

Barrett nodded then watched Deputy Chief Ritchie join his team at the rehab area. For some reason, he couldn’t take his eyes off the firefighter then he discovered why.

“Damn!”

* * * *

“Here, Chief, we figured you’d need it,” one of the firefighters said as Mike approached. “What did the mayor want?”

“The usual—information city government can use against us later. I sent him to the chief so he threatened to write me up for insubordination,” Mike said, taking the Coke that had been offered.

“Damn, Chief, that deserves a beer. I’ll get the first round when we go out next time.”

“Thanks,” Mike said, reaching for the helmet’s chin strap. Loosening it, the helmet slipped off seconds before a thick ponytail of blonde hair dropped down. Sitting on a spread-out bunker coat, Mikala “Mike” Ritchie sat down with her crew. She took a long sip from the soda and closed her eyes.

The carbonated liquid burned a little but considering what she’d been doing, it didn’t bother her. Twenty years in the fire service had taught her long ago to ignore the little things while concentrating on the stuff that truly mattered. With that phi-

losophy, why did the confrontation with the mayor bother her?

“Command to DC-one.”

“Go ahead to DC-one.”

“Come to Incident Command at your convenience.”

“Affirmative.”

“You okay, Chief?”

“I’m wanted at the command post. I have a funny feeling the mayor has something to do with this.”

“Good luck,” another voice chimed in. “I hear he can be a real hard-ass.”

“Wonderful,” she groaned. “This is so not why I wanted to be a firefighter.”

* * * *

“Damn!” Wesley Barrett muttered when he saw the true Deputy Chief Ritchie. Watching a little longer while trying to act nonchalant, he saw classic beauty mixed with hard personality—at least when it came to dealing with him.

Over the course of his administration, he’d heard about the department promoting a woman to deputy chief but that had been several years before he took office. He’d had his first run-in with her and she’d taken the *bout* with a solid right cross to his ego. It impressed him that she had the loyalty of the men serving under her which meant a lot to him. It didn’t bother him about the sex filling the position as long as the person did their job—a solid point for Mike Ritchie.

Walking over to the command post, he shook hands with Chief Kenneth Wallace.

“Chief, what can you tell me?”

“At this point, not much. We’ve got a lot of fire yet to extinguish—finding it is the problem.”

“Do you need anything?”

“No, we’re good.”

“Tell me about Deputy Chief Ritchie.”

“Mike? What do you want to know?”

“I asked questions but got no answers. We’re all on the same side here.”

“She’s following orders. If she stood here commanding this job, she’d talk to you but as long as she’s fighting fire, she’ll keep quiet. Same with my other deputy and the officers below them. It keeps the flow of information coming from one point and they can concentrate on what the city pays us to do.”

“That explains her reaction to my threat.”

“What threat?”

“I figured if I mentioned insubordination, she might tell me something.”

“Oh, boy, what did she say?”

“I could knock myself out.”

“That’s Mike—she doesn’t mince words. You’ll find her straight as an arrow and she’s one of my best.”

“What about the sex issue?”

“There is none and I wouldn’t mention it to her. She pulls her own weight and has one philosophy—if she can’t do it, she has no business telling anyone else to.”

“Admirable.”

“Wes, where is all this leading?”

“A few moments ago—I might have seen my threat through. After talking with you, it’s a dead issue. Could you let her know?”

“Scared of her?”

“Maybe just a little,” Wes replied. “Let me know if you need anything. My office is at your disposal on this one.”

“Thanks,” Wallace said seconds before he went back on radio.

Wes Barrett walked away feeling like he’d been through the ringier. Never had he encountered a woman who took him on and walked away leaving him wanting more. The only thing he had curiosity about centered on one point—could a woman accustomed to giving orders take them?

As Barrett walked back to his car, his thoughts refused to leave Mike Ritchie. Full of fire, he wondered in what direction her tastes ran. As a natural Dominant, he’d never had any trouble knowing another Dom or even a submissive when he met them. She threw him, though his body knew one thing—he wanted her. *Can she accept me for what I am?*

Chapter 2

“You wanted to see me, Ken?”

“Tell me about what happened with you and His Honor, the mayor.”

“Oh, my God, he’s insufferable. He wants to write me up for insubordination because I wouldn’t answer his questions.”

“I see.”

“Tell me he’s actually following through with his threat.”

“Actually, he’s not,” Wallace said. “He walked away extremely impressed with you once I got done giving him the lowdown on you.”

“Now, I know I’m sunk.”

“And you know me better than that.”

“True, but he did throw his weight around and that happened before he found out about me.”

“What do you mean?”

“I know he watched my every move until I sat down with the guys. Once I took off my gear, he...”

“Suffice it to say, you’re in the clear. He walked away with a new impression of my officers.”

“Thanks, Ken.”

“Not me—he’s impressed with you.”

“Keep telling yourself that,” she said as she turned to return to her crew. “Thanks, Ken, I appreciate it.”

“Mike, seriously, I had nothing to do with his change of heart.”

Waving as she walked away, Mike wondered what had been discussed between her chief and the mayor. Always trying to stay out of trouble, she walked a thin tightrope between putting on a good face for the brass and public relations and actually being herself. *Do I really know who I am?*

“Hey, Chief, what happened?”

“You wouldn’t believe it if I told you.”

“What?”

“The mayor evidently changed his mind—I’m off the hook.”

“Good for you but I’d watch my back.”

“I’ve been doing that my entire career.”

“I guess you have, haven’t you?”

“Are y’all ready to go back in?”

The men nodded and followed Deputy Chief Mikala Ritchie back into the fire building to continue the fight against a beast that didn’t want to give in—at least, not yet.

* * * *

Hours later, Chief Wallace placed the fire under control and ordered his men to start overhauling the building to put out hot spots. After the first crews came out for relief, he sent them back to their stations, using fresh manpower to continue the job.

Once they replaced the engine and aerial back in service, Mike went to her office and filled out reports while the men

relaxed. Some went home while others remained for their next shift. As soon as Mike finished her paperwork, she grabbed her backpack and headed home. Her shift having ended at midnight, she'd already put in ten hours of overtime. Not due back until the beginning of the next week, she couldn't wait to go home and spend the next several hours sleeping after a hot shower.

As soon as she parked her late model Ford Mustang in the garage and closed the overhead door, she went into the house, dropped the backpack and poured a glass of orange juice. Taking it with her when she went upstairs to her bedroom, she finished it then started to undress. Her uniform went in a separate pile from her normal wash, Mike refusing to get anything that might have gotten on her during the job mix with her other clothes—solid advice from a man she respected, plus it made sense.

Towel-dry from a very relaxing shower and feeling less achy than when she came home, Mike crawled into bed and promptly fell asleep though her dreams centered around one person—the insufferable mayor she'd dealt with earlier.

Visions of Wesley Barrett haunted her until she bolted up in a cold sweat though highly aroused. *What the...* She'd only met him briefly on the fireground and now she not only dreamed of him but felt sexually attracted to him—an abnormal feeling for a confessed workaholic. *I don't believe this...*

Mikala Ritchie had sworn off relationships years before after having an extremely bad time with a guy who wanted to take everything a step forward only he never told her what kind of kink he wanted to get into. Bondage and submission

didn't bother her, nor did punishment as long as it hadn't been taken too far. He'd wanted to get into the masochistic stuff she didn't feel comfortable with. When she went to break it off, he threatened her by telling her she'd never be able to have another relationship because she'd either screw it up or he'd kill the guy. By the time she finished with him, he languished in the state penitentiary and would remain there for at least another twenty years. Considering his personality, it didn't surprise her when she heard time had been added to his sentence for several infractions committed in prison.

Mike laid back, the flannel sheet falling to her waist. Comfortable with her body and having no one to answer to, she slept in the nude and sometimes never bothered getting dressed unless she absolutely had to. The soft fabric brushing over her skin sent small shocks through her, Mike enjoying the sensations.

Closing her eyes, she saw Wes Barrett again and groaned.

"Get out of my mind!" she screamed, covering her ears. "My God, I don't need this!" *Yes, you fool, you do... You need a man in your life... That man...*

* * * *

As soon as Wes got into the office later in the morning, he asked for Mikala Ritchie's personnel file. He wanted to know more about her so he could be prepared for their next meeting though he had no clue when that might be. *Of course, if...*

Once he received it, he read through each page carefully learning everything he could about the woman who'd given him one of the few sleepless nights he'd ever spent. The more he read, the more impressed he became. At the front of the

file, his secretary had attached several pictures of Mike—one in uniform, one candid—plus several articles written on her job performance.

“The woman’s a saint,” he said not realizing his secretary had entered his office.

“Who, Wes?”

“Mikala Ritchie—she’s a hero but doesn’t like the lime-light. She’s promoted extremely fast considering her time in the department and her men seem to respect her. I don’t understand how I never heard of her before this morning.”

“Let me tell you about Mike,” she said as she took a chair in front of his desk. “Mike has been a firefighter almost all of her adult life. She loves it and she pulls her weight with the men without excuses or any problems. She’s rescued several people from burning buildings or car wrecks and never wanted any recognition for it because she did it in the line of duty. Mike’s fair and very independent though I know for a fact she had been with a man who hurt her physically and emotionally.”

“What happened?”

“I’m not sure because she’s a very private person. The only reason I know what I do is because some of it came out at trial when the guy went up on charges stemming from abuse to assault and attempted murder. He’s in jail and not due out for a while.”

“When will he be eligible for parole?”

“Probably never. He’s gotten into trouble inside and they’ve added time to his sentence. I seriously doubt he’ll see the light of day in the free world again.”

“Wonderful,” he commented. *Just as I find the perfect woman, I come across one who’s more than likely gun shy...*

“She’s a slave to the job though it doesn’t seem to bother her since she’s the solitary sort. I’ve met her on several occasions and she’s always been very cordial...”

“I guess I opened a can of worms with her then.”

“How so?” she asked.

“I asked her questions about the fire she refused to answer and referred me to Wallace. I threatened to write her up for insubordination and...”

“You didn’t?” she asked. “How could you? If anyone protects the department, the victims or anything of importance, she’s the one. You question her integrity and you’ve made an enemy for life.”

“Shit!” he mumbled under his breath.

“Did you say something or is that your foot in your mouth?”

“You know me so well.”

She left him to his thoughts as he reread the file. Somehow, he had to figure out a way of getting Mike into his life without scaring her off. When he put the file down, he found another one had mysteriously appeared thanks to his secretary. Opening it, he found a detailed report on the ex-boyfriend residing at the state facility at taxpayer’s expense. Reading it, he winced understanding Mikala Ritchie extremely well—maybe even better than she did herself.

Now, to come up with a plan...

“*The Den*, how may I help you?”

“Is your mistress in?”

“May I ask who is calling?”

“Her friend in government.”

“Yes, sir, one moment.”

A few moments later, a familiar British-accented voice answered the phone.

“Wes, how are you?” Mistress Alexis asked.

“Good, and you?”

“The same as usual,” she replied before she let out a demure laugh. “What can I do for you?”

“I need one of your gold coins and exclusive use of one of the lower-level suites.”

“She must be special, Wes.”

“I’m hoping though she’s got some history that has to be laid to rest.”

“What kind?”

“Suffice it to say, the guy’s in jail for a long time. From what I’ve been able to learn about the situation, he evidently broke her arm because she stood up to him.”

“And you want to bring her here?”

“I think your wonderful establishment might be able to change her mind about the life and me.”

“You?”

“I got off on the wrong foot with her.”

“When do you want to do this?”

“According to her schedule, she’s working until Thursday. I’d hoped Friday evening through Sunday afternoon.”

“I don’t know about this—if she is hurt as you say, you may not make it past drinks.”

“True but if we do, I want to be prepared. Plus, I’d rather go underground at your place then be outed in town.”

“Good point. You have the usual room for the weekend. Call me later in the week for final set-up.”

“Thanks.”

“Where do I have the coin delivered?”

Wes gave Alexis Mike’s address then ended the call. Sitting back, he knew this would take careful planning because he couldn’t afford any mishaps. In his position as mayor, he’d always been careful about his life away from the office—something he noticed Mikala took great pains to do as well. No way could he afford the publicity nor would he allow her to suffer any embarrassment thanks to him or his desires.

Wesley Barrett learned early on that, as a Dominant, he had to protect his submissive totally. The life extremely controversial, no one ever admitted in open conversation what they preferred. Certain symbols and codes came into play while only recognized by those in the know. He’d been a Dom for several years before becoming mayor, his mistress the woman he now planned his upcoming weekend with.

Alexis had discovered him after the untimely death of his wife. He’d taken to drinking heavily to chase away the pain but found it had no effect. On a spur of the moment thought, he walked into *The Den* one night and discovered a completely different side to his personality. Alexis personally trained him, his mistress freeing him of some of the many burdens he’d unwittingly taken on.

Dropping out of the public eye for several years to deal with personal issues, he submitted his life to Alexis’ care and

guidance. They'd traveled to several places—resorts, clubs, the like—where he really got a taste for the lifestyle. On an island off the coast of Greece, he learned about his Dominant side and embraced it. Alexis stepped aside while remaining a huge part of his life. Whenever he felt the need for punishment, he called her.

Catching a glimpse of Mike's candid photo, he felt his cock swell with anticipation. Trying to calm his body proved fruitless as long as he gazed into the hazy green eyes of the woman he wanted in his life. From the picture, he saw an entirely different side to her—the one he wanted to take into his world and love. Pulling out the other picture, he resolved to protect her professional image while he took her into his private life.

“Wes, Chief Wallace on line one.”

“Thanks,” he said. “Ken, what's the latest?”

“We've got an arson though this one appears to have a signature. I called the forensics team in as well as the state unit.”

“Keep me posted.”

“Will do.”

One thing Wes loved about his job—the close networking his office had with the others. Grateful for the courtesy calls, he enjoyed a good relationship with those who worked under the mayor's office. *Now, if I can mend fences with one of them...*

* * * *

Mike woke later in the day feeling better than she had when she came home. While she loved the adrenaline rush a

working job sent through her, it now tired her out quicker and her recovery time took longer. *You're getting old...*

Throwing on a tee-shirt and shorts, she went downstairs and brewed a pot of tea. Going outside, she found the morning paper where the boy usually threw it and walked back inside reading the latest headlines about the fire. Spectacular pictures showed the fire lighting up the evening sky while firefighters worked their asses off to control it. *I wonder what Barrett has said about it...*

"Where the hell did that come from?" she asked aloud.

It bothered her that the mere thought of the man aroused her entire body. Seeing his name mentioned in an unrelated article sent heat racing through her—one she tried to ignore. No way would she ever make it with the mayor—especially with the fraternization policies the city had enacted.

"Face it—this is over before it could ever get started. Get over it and go on."

Nice words but somehow she couldn't—not with the way her body reacted or continued to drive her insanely mad with desire for the man. *Stop it!*

Putting the paper down, Mike decided to take a walk. As she went upstairs to change, her doorbell rang stopping her. Looking out the peephole, she saw a handsome man in a black suit, red shirt and contrasting tie standing on her porch. Making sure the chain sat securely in place, she opened the door a little.

"Yes?"

"Miss Mikala Ritchie?"

"Yes," she answered hesitantly.

“I have been sent here to personally deliver this to you.”

“What is it?” she asked as she opened the door more after removing the chain.

“An invitation,” he answered. “Everything you need to know is inside. Good afternoon, ma’am.”

Mike watched the man turn and leave, driving off in a gorgeous black Lexus. Closing the door and replacing the chain, she looked at the small velvet box she held. Her curiosity piqued, she forgot about her walk and went into the living room to see what it held in store for her.

You are invited to spend a unique evening at The Den. Bring this coin with you to enter into a world full of surprises on every level. If you cannot attend, please call...

Mike reread the invitation, holding the gold coin in her hand. She’d heard some of the guys talking about the place at the station but figured it to be a guy thing so she paid no further attention to it. Rumors had circulated over the years as to what went on inside the walls of the former speakeasy but nothing had ever happened to bring it to the spotlight. Now, she held one of their coins in her hand—an exclusive item to possess.

Second thoughts about going momentarily flitted through her mind but she chased them away. Checking her schedule to make sure, she saw her weekend would be free. Looking further into the box, she found information on their dress code, how to get there and other *need to knows*.

Groaning, she ran upstairs to check her closet and saw she had absolutely nothing to wear. Changing into jeans and a pullover sweater, she found her keys and went to her car—until

now, the only real extravagance she owned. By the time she returned home, she'd have a completely new outfit for one night of her life. *Time to splurge a little...*

For some reason, she decided to cross the river and go shopping in Kentucky. She had no clue why it seemed important that no one know about her shopping trip but then again, she'd always made sure to keep her life private. She'd hate to run into anyone she knew then try to explain herself.

Pulling out of her driveway, she headed to the interstate and drove west.

* * * *

The driver of a black Nissan 370Z saw Mike pull out of her driveway and drive off. Wes could tell by the way she drove, something either bothered her or had her excited. He hoped for the latter.

Mistress Alexis had called to let him know the coin had been delivered, her messenger returning without it—a good sign. Now, he tried to keep up with her as she headed to the interstate and grinned.

If she did what he imagined she would do, Mike would protect her privacy and go somewhere else to get what she needed for an evening at *The Den*. It didn't take much to figure out he'd fallen for a gorgeous unruly tomboy which made his desire for her intensify. Her going out to possibly shop for clothes told him she had accepted the invitation and would go to impress and not embarrass herself. The fact she'd do this when she had been given no further clues as to who invited her spoke volumes in his eyes. *Maybe, the chances just got better...*

Once he saw her turning into a mall, he broke off his tail and returned home. On the way, he stopped at *The Den*, parked in the shadows and went inside.

“Master,” the hostess said, greeting him.

“Not tonight, I’d like to see Mistress Alexis.”

“Let me see if she is free.”

Wes endured the formalities since he had not spoken with Alexis concerning tonight’s visit. The hostess gave him good news.

“She wants you to meet her in her room. She said you know her expectations.”

“I do and thank you,” he said as he went up the grand staircase to the third floor of the huge mansion.

Once notorious during Prohibition, the house had history dating back to before West Virginia declared its statehood. Wesley Barrett loved the old house and hoped it would continue to be good for him.

Stepping inside the room, he stripped out of his clothes and laid them on a chair near the door. Crossing to the center of the room, he stood with his feet apart, his hands clasped behind him and his head bowed—the expectations the hostess referred to.

“Very nice, slave,” a distinctly British voice said.

“Thank you, Mistress,” he answered, the tone for the evening set.

“And what would my slave desire this evening?”

“Your mercy, Mistress,” he replied almost in a whisper.

“Then let the evening begin.”

* * * *

Mike pulled into the mall, parked and went inside. Unsure what she wanted to wear to *The Den*, she went to *Victoria's Secret* first and bought the necessary lingerie—black bra, black lace thong and black thigh-high stockings although she also chose sheers. With the essentials bought, she set to buying the main outfit and shoes.

Images of her parading around in what she'd just purchased in front of the mayor bombarded her. Suddenly, she found herself buying clothes with him in mind. *Why? I don't even know the dude...*

Unable to get him out of her mind, she continued her shopping glad she had someone to imagine as she did. Passing the first of several shoe stores, she looked at various pairs of heels realizing he had damned near a foot on her short height. *That calls for stilettos...*

"My God, I watch too much television," she muttered, thinking about all the things she'd seen on *America's Next Top Model*, *Project Runway* and the new one on *Bravo* with Tyson. At least, she'd gotten some good ideas she could honestly put to use.

With only her outfit left to find, she concentrated on clothes, ignoring everything else. Walking along the storefronts, she found nothing that really pulled at her until she saw a dress she'd only seen in magazines. Elegant yet sexy, provocative without being overboard—the dress literally yanked her into the store.

Short and haltered, velvet softened it. Finding her size, she looked at the price, shrugged her shoulders and asked for a fitting room. Locking herself into a room with several full-

length mirrors, she undressed then slipped her body into the little black dress she'd fallen in love with. The soft touch of the velvet sliding over her skin aroused her more, Mike inwardly cursing. When she'd finally zipped it up and straightened it, Mike had turned into Mikala wearing not fire gear and an untailored uniform but a tight dress that hugged her figure and showed off every curve.

For the first time in a long while, she saw herself as a desirable woman and had to admit she liked the look. Taking the stilettos from the box, she slipped into them and got the complete look everyone at *The Den* would see. *Oh...my...God...*

Another vision hit her but this time it included Wes Barrett. Feeling lightheaded, she leaned against the wall for support while her body cried out for some sort of release. Her decision made, she changed then went to the register to purchase the dress—the ensemble complete save jewelry.

Leaving the mall, she went to her car, got in and started the engine. Sliding a CD into the changer, she listened to Michael Bublé on the way home. Again she saw Wes Barrett but this time it no longer bothered her because she had a funny feeling she'd be seeing him at *The Den*.

I hope you are the one...

Chapter 3

The week passed, Mike getting more nervous by the day. When she left the station on Thursday, she took her name off availability for the weekend, surprising one of the men.

“Hey, Chief, what’s this? You’re never off the availability list.”

“There’s a first time for everything,” she said. “I’ve got some things that need to be done and if I get interrupted, I’ll never go back to finish them.”

“Good luck,” he said as she left.

“Thanks!” she yelled, feeling as if she walked on cloud nine. *Maybe I am...*

* * * *

Wesley Barrett had spent a busy week dealing with the aftermath of the destructive fire the week before. Constantly updated on the investigation and any other important aspects, he had a good idea of what they had to deal with presently and in the near future.

By the time he left the office on Friday, he felt exhausted as well as angry that he now ran late for a very important appointment. During the week, he’d been in contact with Alexis who had come up with a smashing idea—everyone at *The Den* would be masked. Two people would understand the signific-

ance of it while the others would figure it to be one of Mistress Alexis' theme nights.

"If things don't work out between you, she will have no idea and you'll be able to live with each other—at least, she will."

"Gee, thanks," he said though he agreed with her. While he didn't have to run for office again by choice, Mikala would remain on the job until she decided to retire. No way would he hurt her at her job. *I'd leave town before that happened.*

"Only looking out for my former slave..."

As he recalled their conversation, he wrapped a towel around his waist after taking a hot shower. Going straight to his closet, he pulled out his Yves St. Laurent tux though instead of wearing white, he planned on wearing bright royal blue with a silk tie. *The joys of public life...*

Dressing, he fixed his tie and took one last look at himself, vanity taking over. He did not want to appear as if he didn't deserve to be there or in his dominant position. Being mayor had been one thing while his private life had certain rules and standards he had to respect and adhere to. He enjoyed both though he knew he could give up one and survive but the same would never happen with the other.

Moments later, he slipped behind the wheel of his 370Z and left home for the opposite end of the city. As always, he parked in the shadows careful to make sure his plates could not be seen. One thing he'd always liked about the older homes had been the way they'd been laid out. The owners extremely private, they could get away with a great deal without anyone

truly knowing what went on. The same happened today and, he hoped, tomorrow and the day after and...

Taking a deep breath, he straightened his jacket then walked to the side entrance of the mansion. Alexis had arranged it so he could walk in, get his mask then mingle with the others without being caught by someone who could damage him publicly. It had been their agreement for years that on the busier nights, this is how it would be done—Wes eternally grateful.

“Master, how are you this evening?” slave Angela asked.

“Very well, thank you.”

“Mistress Alexis asked me to give you this,” she said, handing him the mask he would wear.

Wes nodded, allowing her to put it in place for him. She then took his hand and escorted him into the lounge where, he hoped, Mikala would be waiting for her mysterious host.

“Is my guest here yet?”

“Yes, Master. Slave Jan showed her to a seat at the end of the bar. It is secluded yet she shouldn’t feel like she’s been kept away from the others.”

“Very good,” he complimented. “I think I can take it from here.”

“Yes, Master. If you should need anything...”

“I will call you.”

After Angela left him, he took a few moments to gaze at the woman he hoped to dominate tonight and many more nights. She wore extremely high stiletto heels and a black body-hugging dress than made his cock stand at attention. Tak-

ing another deep breath, he approached her then signaled the bartender for a glass of champagne.

Once the man served it, he took a sip then turned to Mikala. He could tell she felt out of her element and he adored the fact she had taken the time to dress up. She'd chosen an amazing dress and to see her gorgeous shape aroused him more.

Deciding to play it safe, Wes spoke to her using a British accent. If they didn't hit it off, she'd be able to believe it had been an English gentleman and not the local mayor.

"How are you this evening, Mikala?"

"Excuse me?" she asked, evidently startled.

"How are you?"

"Oh, fine, thanks. This place is amazing."

"Yes, it is. Is this your first time?"

"I'm afraid so. I've heard stories from the guys at the station but never imagined anything even close to what I've seen."

"The guys at the station?"

"I'm sorry—I'm a deputy fire chief."

"I see," he said. "How much fire have you seen?"

"A good deal in my time," she answered.

"And you like your job?"

"Very much. I've got an amazing bunch of guys working for me who are very loyal to me. I would not be where I am today if I didn't have that and their trust."

"And your bosses?" he asked, holding his breath.

"The chief is amazing..." she said.

"I hear a *but* coming."

“I had a run-in with the mayor the other night and he threatened to have me written up. Fortunately, he changed his mind but I didn’t appreciate him questioning my integrity or the fact I’d been doing my job as ordered by department policy.”

“I see. And how do you feel about him now?”

“I’m not sure. He’s charismatic but then again—aren’t all politicians?”

“I wouldn’t know,” he replied, trying to change the subject. “Would you like another drink?”

“That would be nice,” she said, smiling.

Wes’ breath caught when she smiled. Thanks to his actions on the fireground, he hadn’t gotten the pleasure until now. *Definitely worth waiting for...*

Once their drinks had been served, he caught himself staring at her. Suddenly, the Dominant found himself unable to say anything. The house band came back from their break and began playing a slower song.

“Shall we?” he asked, offering her his hand.

“I’m not that good but...why not?” she asked as she took it. Suddenly, she jolted as it felt like she’d been shocked by a live wire. When she tried to pull her hand back, he held onto her, not wanting to lose the contact between them. Without breaking his stride, he steered Mikala onto the dance floor then pulled her closer and took the lead.

Their bodies fused together, both felt the electricity between them intensify, Wes praying she understood what it meant. On an earlier trip years before when Alexis trained him, an elderly Dom explained that, though rare, a perfect

Dom/sub relationship felt the charges between them and ran with it. To feel this way with Mikala sent even more heat through his body, his cock fighting to be free and inside her.

“You’re very good,” he told her.

“I’m not really—this is not me. I...”

They chatted a little through the rest of the song bringing Wes to the subject he really needed to address. They’d been talking about the club and some of its benefits, Wes discovering her intense curiosity appearing.

“Have you ever dabbled?”

“Not exactly,” she answered. “My ex decided to get into the masochistic stuff and I refused to do it.”

“What happened?”

“He broke my arm and beat me—I’m in pain and he’s enjoying it.”

“And where is he now?”

“In jail for a long time.”

“How did he make you feel?”

“Degraded,” she answered. “I couldn’t handle what he wanted from me and that feeling followed me. I doubted everything I did believing someone else would do the same as he had but fortunately, I haven’t had those feelings for a while.”

“Are you open to trying light bondage or maybe submission?”

“I’ve heard there’s a great deal of trust involved. I’m not sure if I can be that trusting.”

“Fair enough,” he said, spinning her around and dipping her back. The sight of her sexy body sent more heat through him, Wes needing her.

“Why do you ask?” she asked once he had her standing upright again.

“Because of what you do to me, I’d like to spend the evening with you. I am a Dominant and I dabble in bondage. I understand your trust issues and you can establish a safe word. Say it and we can stop—no more, no less.”

“But we don’t know each other...”

“You’ve felt the heat and the electrical charge arcing between us. The impatient throbbing you feel against your stomach is my cock and I want to bury it inside you while you scream my name and beg for more.”

“You’re awfully sure of yourself, aren’t you?”

Wes placed his hand on her neck, the heat intense.

“Mikala, I cannot—if you agree to this—willfully hurt you because it would be hurting me. As a Dom, I refuse to injure my submissive or the woman I love. You have become very precious to me and if you’re willing, I want to explore what’s going on between us.”

With her hand going to his, she gazed up at him. He could see into her soul hating the pain that rested there.

“On one condition.”

“What’s that?”

“Tell me who you really are.”

* * * *

Mike drove to *The Den*, a valet parking her car for her. A man in a tuxedo met her offering her his arm. Once she’d taken it, he escorted her up the steps to the main house then inside.

“Do you have a coin, Miss...” a blonde asked.

Mike pulled the coin from her purse, handing it to the woman. In turn, the woman handed Mike a mask—one that reminded her of some of the Mardi Gras masks she'd seen over the years.

"This way," she said, leading Mike to a seat at the end of the bar.

Sitting on the stool, she glanced around seeing various couples—some obviously into the Master/sub scene and others in groups of three or four looking like small orgies though Mike couldn't be sure.

"Can I get you something to drink, Miss?" the bartender asked.

"A glass of..."

"Mistress Alexis sent this over," another bartender said as she slid a glass of champagne over to Mike.

"Thank you," Mike said. "How much do I owe you?"

"It's been taken care of."

Mike sipped the champagne unable to comprehend why someone had lured her here then paid for everything. *What the hell...*

After she'd been there about twenty minutes, Mike had all but decided to leave considering her date had yet to show up. Having the feeling he'd changed his mind, she would quietly leave and not look back. She'd been enjoying herself and it felt good.

Looking around the room once more, she turned her gaze back and saw a tall man standing next to her, a glass of champagne in his hand. Trying to get a better look at him proved near impossible with the subdued lighting but she saw blue

eyes looking at her from behind his mask and a hint of sandy blond hair.

When he finally spoke up it took her by surprise because she had not expected a British accent though the tone of his voice sounded extremely familiar.

“How are you this evening, Mikala?”

“Excuse me?” she asked, almost in a whisper.

“How are you?”

“Oh, fine, thanks. This place is amazing.”

“Yes, it is. Is this your first time?”

“I’m afraid so. I’ve heard stories from the guys at the station but never imagined anything even close to what I’ve seen.”

“The guys at the station?”

“I’m sorry—I’m a deputy fire chief.”

They chatted until the band returned from their break and played their next set. Somehow, the man got her onto the dance floor and they danced to an old standard. His mere touch sent heat through her and when he pulled her close, it felt like electricity arced through them, drawing them closer while not allowing them to pull away. When he pulled her even tighter, she could feel a bulge throbbing against her. Instead of putting her off, she wanted to explore their attraction more.

“Are you open to trying light bondage or maybe submission?”

“I’ve heard there’s a great deal of trust involved. I’m not sure if I can be that trusting.”

“Fair enough,” he said, spinning her around and dipping her back.

“Why do you ask?” she asked once he had her standing upright again.

“Because of what you do to me, I’d like to spend the evening with you. I am a Dominant and I dabble in bondage. I understand your trust issues and you can establish a safe word. Say it and we can stop—no more, no less.”

“But we don’t know each other...”

Mike’s head spun between what he’d asked her, old memories and his body overpowering hers. For some reason and one she couldn’t understand, she wanted him to tie her up and have his way with her. Hardly knowing him, she knew one thing—she could trust him only she had no clue why. The feel of his hand on her neck only served to intensify the sensations.

“Mikala, I cannot—if you agree to this—willfully hurt you because it would be hurting me. As a Dom, I refuse to injure my submissive or the woman I love. You have become very precious to me and if you’re willing, I want to explore what’s going on between us.”

With her hand going to his, she gazed up at him able to tell he could see into her soul hating the pain that rested there.

“On one condition.”

“What’s that?”

“Tell me who you really are.”

“I think you already know,” he said. “Come.”

“Oh, God,” she croaked.

“What, Mikala?” he asked, his hand now on her back.

“You would not believe what ideas came to mind when you said that.”

“Yes, I would and believe me, by the end of the night, you’ll be begging me to do just that.”

Mike looked at him and it hit her then and there that the man who sent her over the edge with light touches and single words had been none other than the mayor, Wesley Barrett.

“Can I ask a question?”

“What?”

“If I refuse to do something, are you going to carry out your threat to charge me with insubordination?”

“My dear, I can think of other things I’d rather do to your gorgeous body. What happened is in the past and forgotten though I apologize for hurting you. I had no idea and because of my office, I should have. I beg your forgiveness but if you choose not to, I’ll have to live with your decision.”

“Wesley Barrett, I...”

Suddenly his mouth covered hers, his tongue exploring and prodding as it danced with hers. Her body betrayed her as she melted into his arms. In that one kiss, she learned a great deal about the man holding her and surprisingly, she wanted to get to know him any way she could—even if it meant submission in order to be with him.

“Shall we?” he asked.

She nodded unable to say anything thanks to being overwhelmed by her realization. Feeling his hand take hers, he led her through the small crowd then down a hallway to a back stairway.

“Where are we going?”

“You’ll see,” he replied no longer using the accent.

Walking down a darkened hall, she noticed candles burning in sconces along the wall giving the passageway an eerie and dark look. Having an idea this is where the infamous playrooms and dungeons might be, Mike felt her body temperature rise more. The idea of being tied up and at his mercy drove her insane with hungry need. *My God, how long has it been?*

They came to a door and he ushered her inside the room behind it. She heard him lock it though it didn’t bother her.

“We will not be disturbed here. You can scream all you want and no one will hear you so there will be no embarrassment later. Now, I’d like to set some ground rules before we start,” he said as he removed his mask.

“What?” she asked as she looked around the room.

“First, I am your master meaning that when we are here or alone—if it goes that far—you will address me as Master or Master Wesley. Do you understand?”

“Yes, M-M-Master...”

“Don’t worry, it will come naturally in time. Second, you need to choose a safe word which you will use if you feel uncomfortable or can’t do what is asked of you. Do you have one?”

“Fire,” she said after a quick moment of thought.

“Very good,” he complimented, Mike feeling warmth race through her thanks to two little words. “I swear to not hurt you. There will be times when punishment is needed...”

Mike let out a tiny gasp as old memories threatened to return.

“My punishments will not only cause little pain but will bring pleasure as well. I know I’ve said a contradiction in terms but it’s another thing you’ll learn.”

“Yes, M-M-Master.”

“Do you wish to be restrained?”

“Yes, Master,” she said, the words almost rolling off her tongue.

Wes took her hand and led to the center of the room. Drawing it up to his lips, he kissed her palm before placing her wrist in a velvet-lined manacle hanging from the ceiling. Repeating the same with her other hand, he then framed her face and kissed her.

Kneeling before her, he placed her ankles in shackles attached to the floor then slowly stood up.

“Why did you dress this way?”

“I honestly have no idea. I guess because of the invitation to a place I’d only heard about at work. The guys are always so reverent when they talk about it so I thought it would be better than jeans.”

“You made an excellent choice.”

Again, his compliment sent heat through her, her body reacting as it betrayed her more.

“I want you naked, slave,” he quietly commanded, as he slipped his fingertips inside the halter part of the dress.

Mike felt her nipples harden as shivers went through her taking her breath away. Nodding became the only way to acknowledge what he’d said.

Lifting her hair, he unbuttoned the top of the halter letting it drop to her waist. Then he unzipped the skirt, the zip-

per going from her waist to the hem, and removed it leaving her in the skimpy lace thong and heels. A cool breeze blew across her skin, her body reacting more. *My God, I want to come for him and he hasn't done anything yet...*

"Do you want to come, slave?"

"Yes, Master," she gasped, her hands clenching as he ripped her thong off.

"Not yet," he said. "I have so much more I want to do."

Her groan echoed throughout the room as she felt a tiny drop of her soul trickle down her leg. Her head flopped back, Mike trying to breathe though the sensations in her body wanted to do other things.

Feeling heat course through her nipples, she raised her head as Wes cupped her breasts and massaged them. His thumbs brushed over her buds and she moaned unaware of what came next.

"I don't want you to utter a sound and you may not come. Do you understand?"

"I'll try, Master. It's hard."

"If you give this a chance, I will help you increase your stamina."

The feel of his tongue on her skin caused her to catch her breath. She looked down and watched him as he knelt in front of her and laved her nether lips. While he continued attending to her breasts, his tongue found her clit and teased it. Her body wanted to shake out of control but in an effort to please this man, she did everything in her power to calm herself down.

His hands slid down the length of her body then cupped her ass. Somehow, his fingertips found their way to her pussy and played in the increasing dampness. Feeling first one finger then two sliding into her core while his tongue laved her pussy drove her over the edge. Unable to hold back any longer, she tried taking deep breaths. Finally, she said the last words she'd ever thought she'd say.

"Please, Master, may I come?"

"Very good, slave, and yes, you may. Let me drink from your sweet pussy."

Mike cried out as her body opened to him. She felt like an ocean drenched her body as it shook out of control. No sooner had she felt the last remnants of a whopping orgasm than he took her over the edge again. Fire ripped through her stomach as she came again, not caring if she received punishment for not asking.

The sensations coursing through her overpowered her to the point she no longer felt like the person she knew earlier in the day. She wanted to obey this man and she made a silent vow to do anything to please him.

"Master, please..."

"Please what?"

"Use me...do anything to me..."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes...no...I don't know... Oh, my..."

While she pleaded with him, he slid his fingers inside her once more and fiercely finger fucked her. Unable to hold her reactions, she cried out.

"Slave..."

“I’m sorry!” she screamed when she came, her body shaking as she felt like floodgates opening while she drenched his hand. “I’m so sorry...”

Wes’ lips covering hers and brutally kissing her brought her back to reality a little bit. Her body calmed though her mind told her to get as close to him as possible.

“Talk to me, Mikala,” he said after he broke their kiss. “Tell me what I need to know to be a good master to you.”

“I’m scared of not being able to meet whatever expectations you have of me. I can command men but I have no control over something like this. I’ve never been good at relationships but then again I’ve never felt what I have with you. I don’t know anything about you but I know I can’t take the idea of being away from you. You make me feel things I don’t ever want to lose.”

Tears ran down her face, Mike sobbing. She never noticed Wes release her and carry her to the bed across the room. After he laid her across the bed, he removed her shoes then covered her with his jacket.

“You are so damned perfect,” he told her. “I pushed you tonight to see how far you could go and you surpassed any expectation I could have had. I want you in my life but I will not keep you from your profession. You’ve worked too hard to get to where you are and I will not threaten that.”

“You already have—remember city employees aren’t supposed to...”

“Then I’ll resign as mayor—anything to keep you.”

“No, you can’t. People would ask questions and threaten what you have here. I know what they can do to you in the

press and I couldn't live with the fact I might be the cause of any bad publicity you'd get. Can't we keep this our secret?"

"We can try but I can't guarantee that every time you're out on a fire call I won't show up and worry about you or make some stupid move to protect you. It's my job as your Dom to protect you and I can't if you're running into a burning building."

"But what about what you said before about my job?"

"Okay, so I'm conflicted. I'm sorry but you drive me crazy. Right now, I want to sink my cock in you so far you'll cry out and..."

"Then do it, Master."

Wes groaned and quickly stripped out of his clothes. Once he had, he edged her back onto the bed, ran his finger along her clit to her pussy then placed it on her lips.

"Taste it—it's your undeniable signature and the brand on my life once I fuck you."

While she did as he said, he slid his swollen shaft into her, her body clenching around him. While Mikala sucked his finger, he thrust in and out of her. Opening her mouth to cry out, he moved his fingertip to her nipple and teased it before pinching it. A jolt ran through her followed by another. Seconds later, she gasped when his cock pressed against something inside her.

"Slave, drown me," he quietly commanded.

He no sooner said the words than a mind-boggling orgasm ripped through her. Closing her eyes, she saw nothing but flames intensifying as Wes drove her to the edge. Heat raced through her as he pounded her pussy seconds before he filled

her. His explosion caused the flames in her mind to become white, the light brighter than anything she'd ever seen before.

"That's it, Mikala, let it overtake you," he commanded as his pace became faster and harder. With brutal passion, he hammered her petite frame, Mike wanting more.

As she reached up to him, he leaned over a little. She pulled herself up to him, fusing her body to his.

"I am your slave, Master. I want you to dominate me and be my lover. I don't want to leave you because in a few short hours you've given me what no other has. No adrenaline rush can compare to what you've done to me. Please, Master, take me..."

"I am your Master and I want to dominate and love you. It is my duty to put your needs above mine as well as your safety. Like you, no other has ever compared to you and I refuse to let you go."

Wes kissed her, his deputy chief melting to his touch as she pressed herself against him.

"Mine," he whispered in her ear.

"Yours."

Chapter 4

Wes woke hours later finding himself alone in bed. Reaching over, he felt the faint warmth of where Mikala had slept next to him. Pushing up on his elbow, he scanned the room looking for her then gasped.

“Mikala?” he whispered, afraid to scare her.

When he looked around the room, he found her in the corner, huddled on the floor with her knees to her chest and her arms wrapped tightly around her legs as she rocked back and forth, obviously unsure of herself.

“Mikala, talk to me,” he begged.

“I don’t know who I am,” she whispered.

When he got to her, he lifted her chin and noticed that she’d been crying.

“Tell me what’s wrong.”

“I came here last night sure of my life and where I wanted to go with it. I had dreams of becoming a department chief though I knew it probably wouldn’t be here. I couldn’t take Ken’s job away from him. You came into my life and blew everything to pieces because you gave me what I’d evidently been searching for but hadn’t found because I had absolutely no clue. I don’t understand how I can easily submit to you—my God, I lead men. They look to me to know what is right for

them so they go home to their families at the end of every shift in one piece. How can I do that after learning this about myself?”

“Mikala, there are many strong men in the real world who are natural submissives behind closed doors and they still function. You’re looking at one of them.”

“You?”

“Mistress Alexis trained me. In fact, I went to her the other night because you had me so on edge I couldn’t handle it. Everywhere I looked I saw you or imagined what we could be doing together and I needed release. She did for me what every good Dominant does and what I want to do for you. I swear not to take your career away from you—you’ve worked way too hard to get to where you are. I could not hurt you that way.”

“But I...”

“Mikala, there are so many forms of submission that it comes down to what works for each couple. I don’t believe in embarrassment or degradation. I don’t break my slave’s body or spirit because that, in essence, destroys me.”

“I’ve read about this and heard stories. My ex beat the crap out of me...”

“Just how far did he go?”

“I damned near died.”

Wes gently eased her into his arms though she refused to uncoil her body or relax. Murderous sensations rose inside him but he knew if he acted on them, the only one who would be hurt would be her. Heat rose between them but not to the

point where it would send them over the edge into a sexual feeding frenzy as it had hours before.

"I don't believe in that. If I punish, it's light flogging at most and I make sure you enjoy the results. I don't leave scars—I could never damage your gorgeous body."

Mike looked at him, tears filling her eyes yet again. Looking behind them, he saw a myriad of emotions fighting for control while her mind fought itself.

"Have you ever talked about it to anyone?"

"No," she said, shaking her head. "I didn't want to be accused of trying to use it to further my position in the department."

"So everything's been bottled up inside you?"

Mike nodded, turning away to look at the wall.

He pulled her chin back, his thumb brushing her cheek.

"Don't ever feel the need to turn away from me. I'm not the enemy and there is no need to be ashamed of anything. Please, believe me..."

Wes' emotions ran wild. On one hand, he wanted to hold her until she felt safe enough to relax while on the other, he wanted to take her again but fucking her would only belie any faith she might have had in him—if she still had any.

"I want to do this. In my heart, I know it's right. You make me feel like a woman instead of one of the guys. No one else calls me by my given name, it's always been Mike. On the other hand, I'm scared of someone finding out and ruining the both of us. I can't have you lose everything you've worked for because of the way they will crucify me."

“Let me worry about that. I have less than a year remaining on my term and I’ve yet to announce that I’m running for reelection. I’ve had many years in city government that I’m proud of but I married my job to escape my wife’s death. I couldn’t take the loneliness afterward and became a drunk until Alexis and I got together. She helped me get my head on straight and I can do the same for you—if you’ll let me.”

“But for you to give up your office...”

“I’ve made good investments but haven’t enjoyed any of the money for several reasons. Now, I want to do that and do it with you any way I can. Besides, if you are on another working job like the other night, I’d rather sit at home and worry than try to hide my feelings at the scene. I’m good at controlling emotions now but if you became injured, I don’t know what I’d do.”

When she put her head against his shoulder, her hair blanketed her face. Brushing it back, he kissed the top of her head and rested his cheek on her. The feel of her body as she pressed closer to him sent his rocketing but he refused to put himself before her. Mikala needed someone to be there for her and not against and he planned to be that one.

“Wes?”

“What?”

“Do you still want me as your submissive?”

“Only if that’s what you want. I can’t force you to make the decision to please me though it would.”

Slowly, she turned in his arms to kneel next to him while making sure their bodies didn’t have a great deal of space between them.

“Master Wesley, will you take your submissive and use her as only you know how? She wants the commitment and everything that comes with it. Please, Master...”

Wes took her face in his hands and gazed at her while his legs encircled her. As his cock throbbed against her leg, he kissed her and she melted into him.

“My beautiful Mikala, slave of my desire and mistress of my heart, I will gladly take you as my submissive and together, we will make this relationship work.”

“Tell me what to do, Master.”

Wes nodded.

“On your knees then,” he said while still holding her. Once she did, he moved her head to his cock, her sweet lips on it. “Have you ever done this?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“Not then but I’d like to try again.”

“Excellent,” he complimented, smiling as her body reddened a little. He felt the heat flowing inside him and knew she felt the same sensations. Gentle pressure on the back of her head gave his quiet command. Moments later, she took him into her mouth and then moved back and forth slowly before her pace picked up. While she went down on him, his free hand cupped her breast and squeezed it, Mike jolting as sexual electricity flowed between them.

As she brought him closer to release, he moved his hand from the back of her head to her ass before sliding his fingertip to her hot wet pussy.

“Does my slave want to come?”

Her moan answered his question.

"Then drown me while I fill you," he commanded as his cock exploded into her. He felt her essence drowning his hand, his finger playing with her clit until he couldn't take his desire for her anymore. Pulling her to him once he lifted her head from his cock, he set her petite body on his muscular frame then guided her onto his shaft.

"Ride me, slave. I want you to come and scream your feelings."

As she did, he suckled her nipple then the other. Nearing the edge again, he called to her as his cock exploded again.

"My God, Wes, help me!" she screamed.

"Tell me what you're feeling."

"I'm on fire, the flames are intense and...and..."

Mike fell to him spent. Her breathing labored, Wes checked her pulse finding a strong heartbeat. Pulling her into his arms, he held her while the last remnants of her fire burned away.

"Mikala?"

"Master?"

"You are perfection."

"Thank you, Master," she whispered. "So are you."

* * * *

As Wes intended, they spent the weekend in their playroom at *The Den*. Slaves would bring their meals and leave them outside the door so they wouldn't be disturbed. He made sure he saw to her every need—her pleasure giving him his.

After her soul-searching, Mike opened herself up to him trying everything he wanted her to do. She found a new love for restraint and enjoyed some of the *games* that would have sent her running a few days before. She took to her role as his sub naturally, ceding complete control of her being to him. His desires became hers—his wants hers.

Mikala Ritchie blossomed into a woman who now had everything she'd ever wanted. No longer scared of sex or speaking her mind when it came to what she would or wouldn't do, she found it extremely easy to let Wes see to her emotional and sexual needs. If he gave a command, she easily obeyed knowing he wouldn't intentionally harm her—a huge hurdle for her to scale.

Assuming the position he wanted her to present herself to him in, she parted her feet, placed her arms behind her crossing them so her hands held the opposite elbows and her head slightly bowed.

"Very nice," he complimented. "I like this position because it pushes your gorgeous tits out for my immediate attention."

Betraying her, she could feel her nipples harden, the heat inside her rising from his compliment.

"Thank you, Master."

"When we are alone together, I want you naked and presenting your gorgeous body to me. The first thing I want to be able to do is suckle your tits while I slide my finger inside your hot wet pussy and finger fuck you. Would you like that, slave?"

"It is my desire to obey you, Master."

"Good," he said as he did exactly as he described.

Shock waves arced between them, Wes torturing her slowly before he drove her over the edge. Her body trembled as he took her, Mike knowing she couldn't come for him unless he granted permission. *I will do this for him...*

Pulling back and blowing his breath over her distended bud, he watched her shiver.

"Tell me what you feel."

"You ignite flames inside me to a fire I cannot and do not want to extinguish. I need to come for you and I'm working very hard not to do so before you allow it. Please, Master, make me hotter. Intensify the flames burning inside me so I may please you."

His groan did just that seconds before his mouth covered hers and their tongues danced erotically. Instinctively, her body pressed into his hand while his other pulled her tight against him.

"Come, Mikala," he whispered.

"Wesley..."

* * * *

"I don't want to leave here," Mikala Ritchie said. "I want to stay here where it's safe."

"We'll come back, I assure you."

"When will I see you again?"

"When are you done with your shift tomorrow?"

"Tuesday at noon."

"Remind me to make a note about deputy chief shift hours."

Mike smiled, loving the man holding her tight against his body as if they'd been designed for each other.

“Well?”

“I’m in meetings all day long, maybe even tomorrow night so I may be out of touch. How many days are you off before you go back in?”

“Forty-eight hours,” she answered.

“I will go out for lunch on Tuesday and not go back. Do you know where the house is?”

“On the outskirts of the city.”

“Meet me there and we will pick up where we are going to leave off.”

“Are you sure?”

“For now, no one knows your car and if I remember right, there’s nothing on it stating you’re a firefighter so...”

“Nosy neighbors?”

“There are cars up and down the street all the time considering how much they drop off at the house from the office. My staff makes sure I get everything even on my days off.”

“Yeah, and someone will put two and two together and come up with...”

“Park in the garage.”

“What?”

“I’ve been thinking of selling my wife’s car—I never got around to doing it. I sell it and you can park inside and out of sight.”

“Are you sure?”

“It’s time,” he said, a hint of sadness in his voice.

Mike reached over and turned him to look at her. Without a word, she pulled him into a kiss, their tongues dancing wildly.

“I should punish you for overstepping.”

“I don’t care,” she said, pulling him into another.

While they kissed, he pulled her onto his lap and thrust his cock into her velvety heat. Moving her body up and down on his shaft, he caught her nipple and suckled it. Mike picked up the pace, the heat between them intense. Beads of sweat trickled down the length of her body, Wes catching them.

“Talk to me, slave,” he quietly commanded.

“It’s the heat,” she cried out. “I see flames in my mind and I don’t want to put them out. I want them to flare out of control. Wes...”

“I feel it, too. Ride me, baby...”

Spent, Mike slumped down, Wes supporting her. The feel of his arms surrounding her body kept the flames lighting up her life fueled especially with the powerful orgasms he created within her.

“I’m sorry, Master.”

“For what?”

“I couldn’t hold back. I...”

“I’m just as much to blame. If anyone should be punished, it should be me for pushing you past your limit. You’re so new to this and...”

Mike’s lips found his, their kiss brutally passionate.

“I love you, Master,” she whispered but she could feel Wes freeze as if she’d offended him. “Master?”

“Did I hear you right? Did you say...”

“I love you. I want you to control me while you ignite flames in my soul and in my heart. The last few days have been amazing and I want to continue being your slave. If I have to,

I'll retire in order to be with you all the time. I offer myself totally if you'll have me."

Wes pulled her tight against his body needing complete contact with her. Brushing her hair out of his way, he gazed into her eyes.

"Then we'll make the ultimate commitment," he stated. "I won't run for reelection if you'll marry me as soon as I'm out of office. I want you to be able to walk in public with your head high as my wife and the best damned deputy chief this city has ever seen."

"Marry?"

"Yes, slave," he said, sliding from the side of the bed they laid on to his knee. "On bended knee, I ask you—will you marry me?"

Shaking, Mike went to him and, in tears, said she would. Her body tight against his, he rolled her to her back then thrust into her. Feeling his cock swelling inside her, she gasped as he held her in place.

"You are perfect, Mikala."

Chapter 5

True to his word, Wesley Barrett did not run for reelection. Against party advice, he refused to put his name on the ballot.

“You are turning your back on a golden opportunity to set your chances for the governor’s mansion.”

“I don’t want it,” he averred. “I have things in my life that take precedence over a political career. Because of that, I feel I cannot fully give the needed time and attention to the job.”

“And what’s the little firefighter say to this? Surely, she’s the reason you’re screwing your life up,” his campaign manager said.

“Mikala had nothing to do with my decision. I drowned myself in the mayor’s job after my wife died because it filled the void left by her death. That little firefighter, as you call her, supports my decision especially after the city nearly turned its back on her.”

“What the hell does that mean?”

“First—she gets injured on the job and while she’s recuperating from that, you decide to cut back in the department. You went behind my back to get to her and I don’t appreciate it.”

“Women should not be in command positions. She proved that by getting injured.”

“You pompous ass! Mikala Ritchie has given this city her all for the last two decades. The minute she goes down, you decide she’s not good enough for the job though her own department supports her. You’re living in the dark ages and because of that, I’m glad I’m severing ties with you and this committee. I could not run for office with a clear conscience when I know exactly where I’m being undermined.”

“You be sorry for this decision. You’ll never hold political office again.”

“So be it,” Wes stated. “Oh, and by the way, I’d get a lawyer. I hear the State Bar Association wants to yank your license. Something about unethical practices...”

“You...”

“Don’t say it,” Wes said as he turned and left the room.

On his way back to the office he would vacate in a few weeks, his cell phone rang.

“Barrett,” he answered.

“Hey, it’s me.”

“Are you all right?”

“I’m fine, just achy.”

“Do you need anything?”

“I just wanted to hear your voice. Is it a bad time?”

“No, actually, it’s a good time. I just told Sid I have no intention of running for reelection before I informed him about the ethics investigation.”

“How did he take it?”

“Not well at all but he’s the least of my worries. I have a few things to take care of before I come home.”

“I’ll be here.”

“Music to my ears.”

Wes ended the call then entered his office. His secretary handed him several messages he told her to handle before he went to his desk and sat down. She’d laid out several documents needing his signature as well as a list of his appointments for the next week.

Finishing up, he placed everything in a pile on the corner of the desk then searched the Internet for the perfect place to take his wife after their wedding. Due to a wind gust knocking her down a flight of stairs, she’d been out on disability while she recovered from injuries sustained. His personal attention brought their affair into the public eye.

In the aftermath, she moved into his home where he could care for her so she wouldn’t be alone if anything adverse happened. The rumor mill ran overtime but they didn’t care and kept their private lives exactly that—private. The fact his campaign manager had chosen to be arrogant about Wes’ situation caused him to consult with a friend on the ethics board.

After their investigation, they deemed Sid had done more than enough to lose his license and be banned from the bar. Wes had also heard that once they rendered their decision, criminal charges would soon follow. Wes smiled, glad he’d be out of the political machine in a short time.

Once he searched for the right place, he made reservations for a cottage at the famed *Greenbrier Resort*. Looking at the Paradise Row Guest House and its floor plan, Wes knew it

would be perfect for them considering he planned on spending most of their honeymoon in bed. A king-sized bed in a spacious bedroom with a romantic fireplace in the living room gave him numerous ideas for what they could do though he knew Mikala wouldn't find fault with anything he wanted. *White Sulphur Springs, here we come...*

After checking with his jeweler about Mikala's rings and several other items they wanted to have, he closed his briefcase then left his office. Once he settled into his car, he loosened his tie, started the engine and left the city for the home they shared. Until she moved in, it had been a house—a building he lived in. With Mikala living there, it became a home full of warmth and, as corny as it sounded, love. Mikala Ritchie had also brought life back into the old house, something he needed.

Pulling into the garage and parking next to her Mustang, he shut the engine off, grabbed his briefcase and went inside. No sooner had he closed the door to the garage and turned than he gasped. Mikala stood naked, presenting herself as he wanted and loved, her natural beauty outshining everything else.

"My God, you're beautiful," he said, dropping the briefcase. Putting his hands behind him, he stepped in front of her and bent down, his tongue brushing over one of her firm nipples. Her breath caught, Wes grinning as he moved to the other bud.

It took a great deal of control for him not to touch her but he wanted to pleasure her totally. Since the accident she'd had more bad days than good and this seemed like it would be a

good day, Wes vowing to take advantage of it. Tracing the lines of her body up to her neck and shoulders, his foot gently widened the space between her legs as he moved her feet apart more.

“You taste good, slave.”

“Thank you, Master.”

“And what would you like me to do?”

“I want you to fuck me. I feel as if I’ve pushed you away.”

“Never,” he assured her. “I’ve been waiting until you’re ready.”

“Master, I’m ready,” she said. “How can you consider marrying me if I’m not?”

“Undress me then,” he commanded, Mike immediately obeying him. Once she had, he told her to kneel in front of him and take his cock into her mouth. Eagerly she did as he wanted, her hands behind her back—the sight causing him to groan.

The closer she brought him to the edge, the more he wanted to groan but he held his reaction. Unable to stop himself, his hand went to the back of her head and he pumped his cock into her sweet mouth. Mikala took him before laving his cock clean.

“You seem a little different this morning.”

“That’s because I am,” she said as she bowed her head.

“Mikala, what’s wrong?” he asked, concern in his voice.

“Nothing,” she said. “I’ve got some wonderful news.”

“Tell me then.”

"I went to the doctor's today for my check-up. He says I'm doing fine and that I should have no trouble having a healthy pregnancy."

"That's good but... What are you saying?"

"I hope my Master is pleased to find out he will be a father in about eight months. I had a blood test done and the results came back positive."

Wes lifted her up to face him, wanting to look into her eyes while hoping she told him the truth and not what she believed he wanted to hear.

"You're honestly pregnant?"

"Yes, Master," she said. "Considering how much we screw around and that I haven't been on the pill and you haven't been sheathed, it had been bound to happen sooner or later. I'm glad it happened now while I'm out on medical. Now I can retire from active firefighting and concentrate on the fires you light in me."

Wesley Barrett picked her up and spun her around. Carrying her into the living room, he set her on the couch, pinning her to it. After passionately kissing her, he feathered kisses down her body before concentrating on her nipples and lower. Still holding her in place, he groaned when she automatically pulled her legs up and apart exposing her pussy to him. Drinking from her, he took her to the edge several times while refusing to allow her to come.

Tongue fucking his wife, Wes drowned in her.

"Please, Master, may I..."

"Not yet."

Her groan pleased him as he rose up on his knees, pulled her to the edge of the couch and thrust into her. Raw power took over as he hammered her, thrusting his cock into her while watching her attempts to obey him.

“Mikala...”

“Master?”

“Come.”

Together, they soared as several orgasms ripped through them, rocking their world on an entirely different level. He saw her redden knowing that the fire of their love raged inside her. Without a word said, he pounded her body with his cock only to have her move with him.

“Please, my Mistress, may I fill your gorgeous body?”

“Do it, please,” she answered, her body fighting to be closer to him.

They’d found out almost immediately they needed constant contact whether it came to simply holding hands or full body contact when they took each other. Mikala’s desires simple—she wanted her Master any way he came to her.

Crying out, their heat overwhelmed them. Mikala’s body covered in beads of sweat, Wes did everything he could to calm her as he worried about the baby. One thing worried him—several months earlier, she’d been told she might never have children because of internal damage done during her tumble down a flight of stairs. Now, she gave him news they’d both prayed for and it terrified him that she could be high risk. His dominance kicking in, he vowed to be a more protective master and make sure they did nothing to risk their baby’s life.

As much as he tried to do this, Mikala had a way of pushing him past his own limits, their pleasure immeasurable.

“Baby, calm down,” he gasped.

“I can’t,” she said. “You bring this out in me.”

* * * *

Though several had tried to get him to reconsider his decision not to run again, Wes stood fast with it. As the day he’d leave the office for the final time approached, he concerned himself more with wedding plans.

They’d decided on a quick and simple ceremony before he whisked her away on their honeymoon, one Mikala had no clue about. With the arrangements set, they relaxed—a good thing for her.

Wesley Barrett left his office on Monday and a friend of his—a presiding district justice—married them in the privacy of his chambers. While Wes wore black Armani, Mikala wore a simple white suit with a pink camisole. Finally married, Wes thanked his friend then escorted his wife outside to a white limousine waiting at the curb.

Once inside, he engaged the privacy screen, pulled her in to his arms and kissed her. Mikala melted to his touch, pressing her body against his.

“We have an hour’s drive—what do you want to do?”

Mikala smiled as her hand went to his zipper and slowly slid it down. Reaching inside his pants, she gently extracted his cock and took it deep into her throat. The moment she felt the light pressure of his hand on the back of her head, she gave herself to him, taking him as only she could.

“I love you, Mikala, and our baby. Forgive me if I become overprotective but it’s my duty and one I will not ignore.”

While he enjoyed his wife going down on his cock, he slipped his hand under the hem of her skirt and raised it over her hips. Slipping his fingers inside her thong, he slid them in her pussy. Her reaction immediate, she increased her pace on his cock while he finger fucked her pussy.

Mikala moaned as they neared the edge, Wes knowing exactly what she wanted.

“Anytime you are ready, my dear wife...”

In a sexually induced haze, he watched her as the fires took her over. No longer did she put them out but she languished in the flames their bond created. Wes loved his wife more than he ever imagined loving anyone but the important aspect to their relationship had been that she opened herself up to someone, Wes grateful it had been him.

* * * *

“Mikala Barrett—I like the way it sounds,” Mike said.

“It’s a good thing because you are stuck with it,” Wes commented.

“Are you ever going to tell me where we’re going?”

“No, you must wait,” he said, before kissing her.

As they neared the resort, Wes pulled her up to sit next to him. After they fixed their clothing, he put the privacy screen down so she could see it when they approached. As soon as he knew how much longer they had, he began to watch her.

“What?”

“I want to see your face when you discover where we’re going.”

“Are we close?”

“Take a look.”

Mikala looked out the front window and gasped at the sight looming in front of them.

“You’re kidding, right?”

“No, I’m not. You’re looking at *Greenbrier*.”

“But it’s so...”

“And you are worth it. I wanted our honeymoon to be special before you went home and literally spend all your time in bed until you have the baby though I have to say the thought of spending all that time in bed with you makes me hard as a rock.”

“Then do it so I won’t be alone.”

Wes groaned, loving her idea and how far she had come in so short a time.

“Tell me about the room...”

“We’re staying in one of the cottages meaning we’ll be left alone and can do whatever we desire.”

“May I make a request, Master?”

“Of course,” he answered, then kissed her wedding set as it sat on her ring finger.

“I want to be tied up with your magnificent cock inside me igniting my desire in flames.”

“I love the way you think, slave, but only on one condition.”

“What?”

“Your sweet mouth wraps around me and...”

“An order I can’t refuse,” she said, her hand resting on top of his cock.

“Then we can both succumb to our fiery desires.”

“Oh, yes,” she almost purred. “Definitely, yes.”

Desire 3: Desire in Flames & Desire in Green

DESIRE IN GREEN

by

Christy Poff

Chapter 1

“Miss Lindsey, will you come in here, please?”

“Mister St. Patrick?” Natasha Lindsey asked as she entered the man’s office.

“I need you to take this package to *LSP Productions*. One of their photographers saw you the other day when he came in to discuss a campaign with me and wants to do some test shots to make sure you’re right for his project.”

“Me, sir?” she asked, a bit of confusion setting in.

“Yes, he asked for you specifically.”

Angus St. Patrick stood an intimidating height which proved perfect for his position as head of *ASPEN*—*Angus St. Patrick Enterprises*. Working for him for several months, she’d finally gotten past the gruffness and found him to be a really good-natured man though she never told anyone. No, if anyone intimidated her in the office, it had to be his son, Liam.

At six foot five, he exuded quiet strength. One word and he got whatever he wanted while his eyes bore through the person he dealt with. Natasha admired this though she’d never been able to get close to the man, one of the reasons she’d fallen in love with him—the classic one-sided love affair. Natasha Lindsey knew she’d never stand a chance with Liam St. Patrick—at least not in this lifetime.

From the day she interviewed with his father and Liam sat in on their meeting, she'd fantasized about this man. His cool yet sometimes gruff personality coupled with his deep voice and Irish accent made her feel things no other man had ever caused. His voice the type she would melt to—and she did when no one could see—Natasha Lindsey would more than likely do anything he asked and not ask why or argue. She wanted him in her life that bad.

Cherishing the times they worked closely together on various projects, she resigned herself to her fantasies. The man could have any woman he wanted and obviously, she'd never be in the running—Liam made sure of it. But when she thought about it, she realized he had been smart because interoffice relationships tended to be awkward once they ended. Not partaking in that sort of an affair left personal lives where they belonged—in private. Plus, his father had steadfastly emphasized the point the day she started working for him.

Picking up the box, Natasha made her way toward the door leading to her office when Angus stopped her.

"I told him you'd be wearing green so he'd be able to recognize you."

"I'll keep that in mind, Mister St. Patrick."

"Thank you, Miss Lindsey, and good luck. I hope you get the job."

"Can I ask you something?"

"Sure, what?" he asked.

"If I get this, would you not consider it moonlighting which is against company policy?"

“No, because the project he’s working on has strong ties to *ASPEN* so there is no conflict.”

“I see,” she said.

Grabbing her coat, she left the office and headed into the chilly afternoon sun. New York had been unseasonably warm up until the annual St. Patrick’s Day parade took place then the temperatures dropped again. Because of this, she’d chosen to wear a forest green pantsuit with light green silk blouse—the traditional color worn on March 17th. It wouldn’t have made a bit of difference anyway—she’d always loved green and wore it as much as possible. Most of her wardrobe centered around green and some other colors though she usually chose her favorite. She even had a green Christmas stocking.

The sun bright, she waited for and hailed a cab then gave the driver an address in the Village. Sitting back, she rested her hand on the box and let her mind drift off to one of her favorite fantasies—Liam dominating her in every way and in this one she saw handcuffs. *I’d do whatever he wanted and beg for more if it meant one night with the man...*

* * * *

“When Miss Lindsey arrives, please have her change into the garments in the package she’s carrying. Once she has, take her to the back room and tell her I’ll join her in a few moments. When you leave for the afternoon, lock up and enjoy your evening.”

“Thanks,” Artero, his young assistant said.

“Thank you,” the photographer said. *If tonight comes off...*

Moments later, a yellow cab pulled up in front of the studio. The lady in question paid the fare then got out of the taxi after making sure she had the package.

Watching her enter the studio from his office located overhead, he felt his body's reaction to her presence and tried to will his control to return. A long time had passed since the day he first laid eyes on Natasha Lindsey and restraint had not come easily. Every time he saw her, things became worse. The time had come for him to do something about the situation before something dire happened.

For months, he'd loved Natasha from afar. He'd see her at her office languishing in the scent of her perfume—*Chanel #5*. Looking at her, it struck him that he worshiped her like a piece of fine art and equated her with some of the most expensive gemstones in the world. If someone asked him how much Natasha might be worth, his answer had always been the same—priceless.

Pulling out a small box, he opened it and gazed at the diamond solitaire he'd bought for her at *Tiffany's*. By accident, he'd learned her ring size and went straight to the exclusive jeweler that day in order to get the perfect ring, never considering the fact she could say no while ripping his heart out. To him, that could never be an option because he pushed himself when it came to her and he would not be denied.

One aspect of his life she might not accept—but he prayed she would—he'd been in the lifestyle of Dominance and submission for years having followed in his father's footsteps. He'd had subs over that time but once he saw then met Natasha, he literally went celibate until he could finally have

her. He fantasized about different ways he'd like to restrain her and how he wanted to torture her body to bring on the ultimate pleasure but in reality, he had not been able to get a handle on what she preferred.

Artero's voice brought Liam back to the present as he stood back so she wouldn't see him.

"Miss Lindsey, if you'll follow me..."

A sharp intake of breath seconds before he let it out calmed him but he knew it would be temporary relief. *Please, don't let anything go wrong...*

Chapter 2

Natasha followed the photographer's assistant to the rear of the studio where he motioned to one of the larger changing rooms. Opening the door for her, she slowly entered it while still wondering if she should be here.

"He would like you to dress in the garments in the box. Once you have, he'll be waiting for you in the main studio."

"Thank you," she said as she placed the box on a small table to the side.

"If you need anything, just call."

Left alone to her thoughts after he thoughtfully closed the door, she slowly disrobed. Hanging her clothes on hangers, it impressed her that she stood in what could be considered a small suite—dressing area, bathroom and a sitting area she guessed came in handy during long shoots.

Catching sight of her nudity in the mirrors strategically placed near where she changed, she liked what she saw. She hated working out but loved walking and biking. Central Park had great paths and trails and she took advantage of them as much as she could and it appeared to have paid off.

Opening the box, she found an adorable little green outfit, the velvet soft on her fingers. White fur edged what ap-

peared to be an extremely low-cut neckline. *Fur—in today’s world...*

Beneath it laid a green lace thong, sheer thigh-high stockings and green stilettos. *What kind of campaign are we doing?*

Changing into the outfit, it struck her as a cross between a sexy red-hating elf and an Irish dancer though they definitely would not dance in the shoes she slipped her feet into. Looking in the mirror, she smoothed her hand down over the length of her body and inwardly smiled again at her reflection. *My daily walks have obviously been paying off.*

Searching in her handbag for a brush, she brushed out her unruly blonde hair then ran her hand through it to fix it. She’d always been blessed with thick curly hair but never truly appreciated it until this moment. Next, she checked her make-up, added a hint of *Chanel* then left the room in search of the main studio.

Lights at the end of a hallway drew her to an open doorway. Inside, she found a huge set-up—one of the largest studios she’d ever seen.

“Come in,” a voice said though she couldn’t tell where it came from. “Be careful of the wires.”

With his warning in mind, she crossed the room to where she would pose, the intensity of the lights increasing.

“Mister St. Patrick said you wanted some test shots?”

“I’ll get one or two to start but if all goes well, I’ll shoot the entire layout and then we can go out for some St. Pat’s fun.”

“But I’m not a professional model. I...”

“You are perfect. I didn’t want Park Avenue for this one—I want you.”

“Okay, but I think you’d better order in some ale...”

“You underestimate yourself,” he assured her. “You are a natural.”

“A natural what?” she asked.

“Let’s put it this way—you are a natural in many things and I think by the time you’re finished tonight, you’ll find out more.”

“If you say so...”

While they’d been talking, her body had experienced hot flashes though she knew she had years to go before that happened. His voice caressed her in a strange erotic way as warmth filled her in an air-conditioned room. When he’d complimented her, her reaction tipped off every nerve ending in her body to the point she felt her nipples harden. The soft velvet kept her aroused, Natasha grateful for the furry white neckline. *What the...*

“If you will sit on the chair, I’ll get a couple head shots,” he said.

Natasha walked to the center of the set and sat on the edge of a leather wingback chair, reminiscent of the pair she’d seen in Liam’s office. Heat flowed through her at the mere thought of the man and she desperately tried to push the thoughts out of her mind. *Not now...*

“That’s good,” he said. “Now I want you to slide back a little as if you’re exhausted because your meeting has gone longer than expected.”

Obedying his directive, she slid back a little and looked toward the painted window on the backdrop of the set. She gazed outside as if lost in her own world but it came easy considering how much she thought about a man she could never have.

“Perfect,” he said. “You are a natural.”

“You keep saying that,” she said. “I don’t see...”

“You take direction well. I’ve had professional models who would still be fighting me on sitting in the chair.”

“Oh...”

Something about the man seemed extremely familiar to her though she couldn’t figure out why. His voice caressed her body, Natasha feeling warm. Taking his direction came easy though she couldn’t begin to comprehend the reasons. A quick image flashed in her mind but she refused to believe it. *No, it can’t be...or can it?*

Over the next several frames, she changed positions and reacted to his compliments. Her body cried out for satisfaction with this man though she still had no clue why—she didn’t even know which photographer had been shooting her. As always, she followed orders and walked into the situation clueless.

From behind the camera, the man walked toward her, the huge lights overhead and behind him shadowing his face. She tried to get a clear view of him but between the silhouetting and the brightness of the lights, she couldn’t. *Another arousal...*

“Now, for this part of the shoot, I want sexy which means the neckline comes down a little more and I want you to act like a sex kitten—shy yet adventurous, standoffish yet erotic.”

“Okay,” she said, nodding while heat coursed through her as he maneuvered the neckline of her dress lower than before though she still could not see his face. “What about the skirt?”

“Let the moment take you, Tash...”

The heat of the lights coupled with his voice which seemed even more familiar sent sensations coursing through her that she’d never experienced but wanted more of. She’d come to New York from the Philadelphia suburbs to experience life outside the township she lived in and it had finally found her. For one decadent evening, she could be someone else as the photographer shot different facets of her personality that had lain dormant until this moment in her life. *If the old neighborhood could see me now...*

Suddenly, Natasha let herself go with the music she noticed had been playing in the background and went with it. Everything she tried, her photographer loved and wanted more. Unaware of what she’d done, she’d struck a pose similar to one Marilyn Monroe had made famous, his voice booming over her.

“Perfect, Tash, keep going...”

Lost in the moment, Natasha did exactly that—she kept going.

* * * *

From his office in the overhead loft, Liam watched Natasha enter the front of his studio and follow his assistant to the main dressing room. Usually, several girls would occupy this one room but tonight, it would be all hers. He waited until Artero had locked up then went to the main studio where he’d strategically set up his cameras and the lights so they would

hide him until he felt ready to reveal himself. If things went according to plan, they'd spend hours here but if not, she could leave and not be embarrassed since she wouldn't truly know who photographed her.

His father had been devilish when he suggested the idea but then again Angus had always been that way. Having a great deal in common with his father made life easier as well though Angus did not have the love of photography his son did. Recognizing Liam's talent and what it could bring to *ASPEN*, Angus gave him the building for graduation plus the money he needed to get the studio going.

"I don't want to take from you. I want to make it on my own," Liam had protested.

"Once you are up and running, I plan to send all the company's photographic work to you. Trust me, I will recover the investment in no time and then it will be yours."

Liam had always been grateful to his father and for the man's insight. Now, his father had intervened again to help Liam get the woman he'd wanted for the last few months of his life. He recalled their conversation after a meeting a few days before when Liam had watched Natasha Lindsey leave Angus' office, his desire obvious.

"I think it's time you two got together. How about I send her to the studio on some errand and you can take it from there?"

"Da, you can't..."

"I'm sick of watching the both of you dealing with your desires in a negative way. I have a feeling if given the right incentive, she'd be very receptive to your charms."

“And what about your office policy?”

“I’m the boss, I can let things slide when it comes to my son and his happiness. Besides, I can see you’re both so damned sexually frustrated that you can’t stand it.”

“Da!” Liam said, his natural Irish coming out in one word.

“Your Ma doesn’t call me a devilish leprechaun for nothing, son.”

“It doesn’t bother you then...”

“Natasha Lindsey is the best personal assistant I’ve ever had but she wants you. I can see her reaction when you walk in the room or say one word. You, on the other hand, are an accident waiting to happen. You’ve got her so bottled up inside you that you can’t see straight. If you two get together, I can handle losing my assistant while I cannot handle losing my son.”

The two men hugged, their relationship having always been extremely close. In their family, men showed their emotions without fear of being criticized. Finding out his father enjoyed acting as matchmaker made Liam love him more.

“Thanks, Da.”

“Anytime, son.”

Now, they had the entire building to themselves—just himself with Natasha Lindsey, the most beautiful woman to ever walk into his life. Tonight would make or break things between them but Liam St. Patrick had one consolation—in all the years he’d known the man, his father had never been wrong.

* * * *

Back in the present, Liam hid in the shadows watching as Natasha walked across the room to where he would shoot her. Warning her about the wires on the floor, he saw her carefully step across them, his cock hard at the sight of her beautiful legs in stiletto heels. *Patience...*

Giving her several directions, he liked that she didn't need to be told more than once how to pose or move. His father had definitely chosen the right atmosphere for their evening encounter. Liam had her sit in a high-back chair before taking the first set of shots then had her slouch down a little. By the end of the set, she'd given him Marilyn Monroe and asked about his wish for the skirt of the extremely short dress she wore.

In several of the more erotic shots, she'd pulled the skirt over her hips a little to expose her beautiful ass, one he wanted to sink himself into. Facing the camera, he'd gotten a terrific view of her cleavage, her gorgeous tits almost tumbling out of the dress. Finding out the woman he loved had so many facets to her personality intensified his desire for her. His cock swelled more, fighting the confines of his jeans and again he told himself to be patient. The evening young, hopefully they had a long way to go. *Thank God for digital cameras and remotes...*

"I'd like you to stand with your foot on the chair and work it."

Moments later, he gasped as she did what he wanted then leaned back—her spine beautifully arched as her breasts created gorgeous mountains to a magnificent line. *Patience, my ass...*

Taking a deep breath—one of many he'd taken over the course of an hour—he instructed her to do as she wanted.

"I don't care what you do. Have fun and run with it. If you decide *Playboy*, it's fine."

This is where he'd find out exactly what made up Natasha Lindsey. Would she be prim and proper or would the erotic fantasy he'd been holding back from come out and surprise them both? He had to wait and see though he didn't know how long he could honestly be patient and wait.

"May I ask a question?"

"Sure," he said, holding his breath at what could be the moment of truth.

"Do I know you?"

"Yes."

"And if I do this, who will find out later?"

"No one, this is between you and me."

"And the photo campaign?"

"We'll work around it so you can go to your job with your dignity intact while only you and I know what you are capable of. I could never hurt you like that at your office—or anywhere else."

"I'd hate to have Mister St. Patrick think less of me."

"Which one?"

"Both," she answered. "I adore Angus—he's an amazing man and while I'm intimidated by Liam, I love working with him."

"Intimidated—how?"

"I keep wondering if he'll ask me to do something out of the realm of the job."

“And would you?”

“Depends on the timing.”

“Pretend I’m Liam. I want you to take off your dress and pose. What will you do?”

Slowly, she pulled the zipper of the dress down and seductively began to remove it. Coming from the shadows and using an autowinder on an older camera, he shot each movement. Without losing order, he switched to a digital and continued.

“Beautiful,” he complimented, Natasha obviously lost in the moment. “Close your eyes and let yourself go.”

Without a word, her lashes dropped, their naturally long length blanketing her upper cheeks. Still shooting, only this time using a remote to utilize several different cameras at once, he went to her and stopped.

“If he asked to touch you, would you let it happen?”

“Yes,” she answered.

“Tease yourself—I want to see sexy and erotic.”

Backing out of the way, Liam watched Natasha massage her breasts, obviously falling under the spell he had months before. He wanted her, longed to suckle her nipples but he also had to be sure she wanted the same. Right now, she believed him to be a photographer trying to get the best from her. *If only she knew...or does she?*

Her dress at her waist while she allowed the fur to arouse her more, Natasha drove him absolutely crazy. Watching her lose herself in the moment, he stopped shooting.

“Face me,” he croaked.

Natasha did, letting the dress fall to the floor at her feet. Holding her breasts, she looked straight at the camera with a sultry look he had only fantasized about. Several shots later, Liam let out the breath he'd been holding.

"It's you, Liam, isn't it?"

Unable to hold back any longer, Liam St. Patrick came from the shadows to stand in front of her. He moved to reach out to her but fear held him back.

"Are you angry?" he asked, his natural accent finally allowed to come out.

"I didn't know you felt this way."

"I had no clue you'd do whatever I asked though I'm sorry about the intimidation. I had to in order to make sure no one picked up on my feelings though your perfume drives me insane."

She went to pull the dress up, Liam stopping her.

"Don't, you're beautiful," he said.

"But we can't... Your father..."

"...Has wished us well. This set-up came from his matchmaking mind."

"What?" she gasped, reaching again for the dress.

"He's seen how I feel about you—the man's always read me like a book. I've been distracted when I'm not near you. Hell, family dinners have become endurance tests because all I think about is you."

"But..."

"At one point, I wanted to pull you into a closet, tie you up and ravish your hot body but I wouldn't do that to you. I..."

Letting the dress drop, she went to him, placed her hands on his chest and gazed at him. Dreading she might tell him where to go and what to do when he got there, he stopped breathing though his heartbeat echoed in his brain as his cock throbbed impatiently.

“Mister St. Patrick, may I kiss you?”

Liam’s legs almost gave out but he recovered quickly enough to nod. Her lips brushed over his, the heat between them mounting. Her tongue gently pushed its way into his mouth and explored it. The fragile thread of control snapping, he pulled her closer and answered her invitation, kissing her with a brutal pent-up passion he had not realized the extent of. *Oh, my God...*

“Tash...” he gasped.

“Yes?”

His lips covered hers again, their tongues erotically dancing as he trapped her against his body. The feel of her naked skin under his hands proved better than he’d imagined. He held a priceless gift and vowed to never lose it. *I can’t...*

* * * *

Natasha began to have an idea as to who the man in the shadows would turn out to be. Little things he said, the fact an Irish accent broke through when least expected, what he’d asked her to do—all told her it had to be Liam St. Patrick.

If this proved to be true, she’d be overjoyed but having a relationship with him had been forbidden by his own father’s policies. They could never be together unless one of them quit meaning her considering Liam held a huge stake in *ASPEN*.

Dropping her dress a little as he wanted, she wondered exactly how far either one of them would go. In one second, he could easily destroy her though she didn't believe he would. *Leave it to me to blindly trust the man...* He told her to tease herself once she closed her eyes and she allowed herself to go with her feelings even though the level of heat rose in her body and she needed some measure of relief.

Hearing that he wanted to tie her up in a closet and take her pushed her to the edge but not enough to fall over. No, she needed more and if this came to be her only chance with him, so be it. She needed to taste the lips she'd fantasized about so she could carry the memory of it to her grave.

Finally, she got the nerve to drop the dress and stand topless before him. Placing her hands on his chest, she looked into his eyes then asked permission to kiss him. Brushing her lips over his shot every fantasy to hell as sparks flew between them. She could feel him holding back, appreciating his respect for her but now just didn't seem the time. *No, I want him any way I can have him.* Gently pressing her point, she explored his mouth with her tongue until he suddenly wrapped his arms around her effectively trapping her against him. Her body cried out, her need for relief overwhelming.

"Tash..." he gasped.

"Yes?"

His mouth covering hers, they shared a fierce passion and one she feared losing. Try as she might to move her hands, she couldn't. Liam refused to give her any quarter which made her tremble. She wrapped her leg around his, needing to feel a lit-

tle bit of control but it didn't work. Liam St. Patrick dominated her and she languished in it.

Briefly, he broke the kiss as he caught his breath.

"Natasha, you are amazing. I want to..."

"I want you to," she said. "I'll do anything you want—just tell me how to relieve the pressure."

"Do you believe in submission?"

"Yes, one of my fantasies is you shackling and mastering me."

"I am a Dominant and I want you as my slave. I will care for your needs and always protect you if you'll allow this. I have been in love with you for so damned long, I can't see straight and for you to agree to this would be the perfection I've been searching for."

"But how can you tell if I'd be good?"

"You take direction well—better than anyone I've ever dealt with. When I suggested you run with the *Playboy* idea, you did because your body knew who called the shots and relished it. You've wanted to be a part of my life and this is it. You can accept me as I am or walk away and we'll never speak of it again."

Natasha could hear her heart beating faster as they talked. More than anything, she wanted to be with him but though she'd had fantasies about him tying her up, she wondered if she could honestly handle it.

"Liam, if I say *yes*, what comes next?"

"Anything you want," he answered. "Your pleasure is mine."

Feeling lightheaded, she started to slip a little though Liam held her. Finally being allowed to move her hands, she put them on his back pressing her nudity against him. More heat flooded her and the pressure returned.

“Liam, please be my master and I pray I won’t disappoint you.”

“Outstanding,” he said, before kissing her again.

Natasha jolted when she felt his hand slip between her legs to move the skimpy lace out of his way.

“Rip it off if you want,” she said, Liam groaning.

A few seconds later it lay in pieces with the dress before he kicked them out of the way.

“You are so damned hot and...”

“I can’t hold on much longer.”

“You will come when I allow it. Until then, I will take you on a sexual roller coaster ride that will drive you mad.”

“Please, Liam, I...”

His lips covered hers seconds before she jolted at the feel of his fingers entering her body. With Liam finger fucking her, Natasha rode the cresting waves of an orgasm before he brought her back down again. Disappointment filled her but not for long as he repeated it while taking her nipple between his teeth. While he held it, he took her to the edge again and this time he said one simple word that brought on an orgasm that crashed in on her.

“Now,” he said, his teeth never moving from her nipple.

As she rode the climax, his tongue teased her bud, keeping her on the same edge she thought she’d fallen from. Her

breathing erratic, she felt her body weaken under his siege as she went to her knees, Liam with her.

As the last remnants of it rippled through her, she felt Liam feathering kisses over her skin while he continued taking her with his fingers only somehow, he'd added a third as he stretched her open a little more. She felt the heat of his breath near her ear, all the sensations returning as he took her again. When she neared the edge, she didn't have to ask permission—Liam whispering one word to her.

“Tasha...”

* * * *

Liam pumped her pussy hard while nibbling on her firm buds, Natasha's body responding to his stimulus. More than anything, he knew she wanted this and a life with him. Her body had betrayed her earlier when she massaged her breasts before the camera. A natural submissive, Liam felt extremely blessed to have finally found the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

Months of pent-up frustration now proved worth every pain-filled moment when he couldn't be near her. He'd seen the signals and prayed they hadn't been his imagination and now he knew for sure—Natasha felt the exact same way.

Leading her to a room primarily set up for gothic scenes, he intended to fulfill her fantasy of being shackled. In a small closet off to the side which he kept locked and held the only key to, Liam pulled out several items he wanted to use. Because this room had been used for dungeon scenes for book covers, he couldn't risk anyone finding the real things as opposed to the artistic.

Holding velvet-lined manacles in his hand, he led her to the wall where solid iron O-rings had been attached. Kissing her wrist, he placed it in the manacle then attached it to the ring before doing the same to her other hand. Her arms shackled in such a way that he could move around her body with ease, Liam loved what he saw.

“We’ll start off simply then move on as you feel more comfortable.”

Natasha weakly nodded, her usually lively eyes hazed over with sexy satisfaction and burning desire.

“When we are here or anywhere else like it, when we are alone at home or the rear of a dark restaurant, you will call me Master. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

“I will not force you to do things you are not all right with. I expect you to tell me since I gain my pleasure from yours. Because you need to unconditionally trust me, there can be no lies between us.”

“Yes, Master, I understand.”

Her words burned into his soul, Liam fighting to hold onto his own control. He stepped back and gazed at her then removed his clothes. Her involuntary gasp pleased him because one of the worst things a master could do would be to let his slave down in the looks department. He worked out daily and while he enjoyed walking, it didn’t do for him what it obviously did for Natasha.

Walking behind her, he gazed at her perfect ass and grinned, Natasha sheer perfection. Brushing his hand over it, it pleased him to see her reaction. Running his hand along her

spine, he traced it until he came to her luxuriously full hair that he gently pulled to the side and out of his way.

Feathering kisses over her skin, her head fell back to his shoulder while his hand caressed her sensitive breast. Palming it, he caught both nipples under the span between his thumb and index finger and teased them while his other hand slipped between her legs.

“I intend to drive you mad with the desire to come but you won’t be able to until I say one word. That word will always be whispered so no one else can hear the name I intend to call you in private.”

Her breathing heavy, she nodded as she leaned into him as far as the manacles would allow.

“May I ask a favor, Master?”

“What?”

“I want pictures so I can see what I look like in your eyes.”

“Not a problem,” he said. “Camera—on.”

“What?”

“I’ve got several voice-activated cameras throughout the studio so shots can be taken while the subject is not aware or if they are needed due to a difficulty of some sort.”

“Have you ever done this with other women?”

“Never,” he answered quickly. “I’ve never had anyone here in this part of my world until tonight. You are the only one to ever meet the real Liam St. Patrick and, as you can tell, I’m no saint.”

“In my eyes, you are,” she whispered.

“But will you say that later?”

“If you disappoint me, I request the right to punish you.”

“Interesting proposition,” he said, adoring her spirit and aroused by her smoky voice. Before now, he’d only heard it at the office and while it drove him nuts there, it overpowered him now. While a natural submissive, Natasha had already crossed the line into his world and become his mistress. She could ask anything of him and he would do it just to see the smile on her face or gain a compliment. *My God, am I that far gone... Yep!*

Taking her to the edge again, he leaned into her neck lav-ing it. Her breath caught as her body trembled slightly, Natasha ready.

“Tasha,” he whispered, seconds before the waiting orgasm ripped through her. His hand drowning in her glorious essence, Liam’s cock throbbed its impatience. Leaving her long enough to walk in front of her, he leaned down to suckle her nipples before he grabbed her rear and lifted her onto his cock. Thrusting into her, she gasped but lust had overtaken him and he hammered his cock into her body. Months of pent-up need finally surfaced as he fucked the only woman he had truly ever wanted. His father had read the signals right and for that, Liam would always be grateful.

“Are you ready for me to fill your gorgeous body?”

“Please,” she cried.

Snaking his arms along her back, his hands caught her shoulders and pulled down as he continued thrusting into her. Unaware when she had, he found he enjoyed her legs wrapped tightly around him. As he neared the edge, he pulled her down to him, ignoring her gasps as he put pressure on her manacled wrists. The feel of her breasts brushing his chest added fuel to

his fire as he exploded inside her. Together they cried out, their satisfaction echoing throughout the rear of the building.

“Mine,” he stated.

“Yours,” she replied.

* * * *

Hours after he’d released her from the manacles, Natasha woke next to Liam in what looked to be a huge sleigh bed. Looking around, she found herself in a very masculine bedroom and asked herself how they’d gotten here. At this point though curious, it didn’t matter. She lay next to Liam—exactly where she wanted to be. *But for how long...*

“Good morning,” he said.

“Hey,” she replied. “Where are we?”

“My apartment,” he said. “No sooner had I freed you from the manacles when you fainted. I collected our things and brought you up here.”

“Up here?”

“I own the building. After I put our clothes in my office, I carried you up the back stairway and straight to where you woke up.”

“This is absolutely amazing but... Wait a minute. You said morning...”

“Yep, about ten o’clock as near as I can tell.”

“Oh, my God, I’ve got to go. Your father will...”

“While you slept, I called him and arranged for you to have a small vacation. He’s really very happy his scheme to get us together worked.”

“But...”

“My gorgeous slave, are you planning to leave me?”

Realizing what had gone on between them had been truth and not fantasy, she looked at him though she had to be sure.

“Liam, I have to know something,” she began. “Last night actually happened. I haven’t dreamt any of this.”

Liam lifted her chin to gaze into her eyes seconds before she jolted after he’d lightly pinched her firm nipple. Her breath catching, she fought hard to relax though her efforts failed. He’d sent her almost to the edge and it would not take much for him to push her over it.

“Does that answer your question?”

“You are the only one who can do that to me.”

“I’d better be. Last night when you walked into the studio, I felt like my desire in green had come home and I refuse to see it live in the green of jealousy though having other men green with envy when you walk into the room and they learn they can’t have you might not be so bad.”

“Tell me what to do, Master,” she said. “I think you might be...”

“Never,” he said as he pushed the sheet out of her way. “I want your pussy where I can lap at it while you take my cock with those velvet lips of yours.”

“Yes, Master.”

Moving around on the king-sized bed, she mounted his torso exactly as he’d requested though he gave her an additional command.

“Give me your hands.”

“Yes, Master,” she said.

The moment she felt his breath against her extremely sensitive skin, her lips found his cock and she took him deep into

her throat. Instinctively, she adjusted her throat to take his thickness, Liam one of the largest she'd ever had the pleasure to see. Knowing no other would enjoy him this way drove her to furiously take him. The closer she brought him, the hotter and wetter she became.

Liam kept up the pressure, teasing her clit while he tongue fucked her. Her hands clenched and she knew why he wanted them. The more she made fists and fought, the more he restrained her which pushed her more. If anyone could bring out her extremely erotic sexual tendencies, Liam St. Patrick did and would be the only one who ever could. She moaned as he took her, her fists trying to hit something though his grip remained strong.

"Tasha," he whispered against her pussy, Liam saying the only word which would allow her to come. In his own way, he'd programmed her and she languished in the entirety of what one word could do to her.

As she came and he drank from her, his cock exploded in her mouth, his hot essence filling her throat with an amazing taste as she swallowed it. As soon as he'd given her his last drop, she began again since he had not given her any other commands. The feel of his cock in her mouth fueled something inside her that she wanted to explore and if he didn't tell her what to do, she would go down on him again as feverishly as she just had.

Natasha got her answer when he thrust his tongue into her pussy then yanked on her wrists. As she took him, he began pumping his cock into her mouth, their pace increasing as the heat between them intensified. This time, she realized that

he'd trapped her ankles under his arms, Natasha unable to move at all. Her hands clenched again, she felt the stinging pain of her nails embedded in her skin but she didn't care—she needed to take him and be taken.

"Tasha," he whispered and the phenomenon they would come to know as *them* exploded once more. Pressing her pussy closer to his lips, she took his cock as deeply as she could—total contact the only thing Natasha Lindsey needed at the moment.

She could feel the dampness of their bodies as heat overtook them and refused to release them from its clutches. Last-minute ripples coursed through her as the remaining remnants of their climactic fucking overwhelmed them. She slowly pulled back, releasing his cock before she collapsed, spent against his body.

"My Lord, forgive me," she said between deep breaths.

"For?"

"I couldn't continue..."

"My Natasha, there is nothing to forgive. You are phenomenal."

"But I disobeyed you..."

"No, you didn't. I never got the chance to tell you what to do. Your glorious pussy acted as the perfect gag."

"Good," she whispered.

"Mine," he stated.

"Yours," she said before falling into a deep sated sleep.

* * * *

Liam pulled her against him careful to not hurt her. Never had he imagined the powerhouse he'd claimed as his own

would be this amazing this soon. In essence, he'd programmed her to come when he whispered one word—a piece of her name that only he would call her. It would be interesting to play with the suggestion and see where it might take them but that enjoyment would come in the future.

For now, he wanted to concentrate on getting their lives to a point where they could live together without raising too many flags. His father had been of great help getting her to the studio and he'd had one or two suggestions for work as well. Of course, it helped that Angus had the same kind of relationship with his mother that Liam wanted to nurture with Natasha.

Pulling her closer, he placed his leg protectively over her body, refusing to allow her to move without his knowledge. His main reason—if she moved away from him, he feared losing her. He'd been told about Masters whose slaves left them—even for a few moments—and the separation anxiety suffered until their return. *What if we're like that...*

Being inseparable wouldn't bother him at all because he could not get enough of her but on the other hand, Natasha had always been independent and to take that away from her could be harmful to them both. The last thing they needed would be resentment which led to jealousy and hatred—an extremely dangerous combination.

Watching her sleep, he eased his hand to where his cell phone sat and pressed a number in speed dial.

"Tiffany's, how may I help you?" a woman's voice answered.

"Rick Jones, please."

“One moment.”

“Jones, how may I help you?”

“Rick, it’s Liam—that piece of jewelry I looked at...”

“The emerald and diamond necklace?”

“Yeah, send it and the matching earrings over and put it on my account.”

“You got it,” Jones said. “You make doing business a pleasure.”

“If things go right, I’ll want wedding bands and a gold chain in a little while.”

“I am your man,” Jones said, obviously pleased.

“Good.”

Liam ended the call then replaced the phone on the table next to the bed. He gazed at Natasha, loving her even more. From the day she walked into the office to interview for the position as his father’s personal assistant some eight or nine months before, he’d been in love with her and nothing could change his mind.

At parties, women approached him wanting a part of his life he had not been prepared to give because he intended to give everything to Natasha if she’d have him. Now she lay next to him and he felt as if he owned the world but that would not come unless she agreed to marry him—his next mountain to climb.

Stirring a little, Natasha buried her face in his side. Brushing her hair out of the way so he could stare at her beauty, heat coursed through him. He lightly kissed her hair, their heat more intense. *What the...* Unable to hold back, he moved a lit-

Desire 3: Desire in Flames & Desire in Green

tle then teased her nipple. Her body jolted and he grinned.
Mine...

Chapter 3

By the weekend, Liam and Natasha had settled into an ecstatically happy relationship while adjusting to living together. Until he sent his assistant to her apartment to pick up some clothes for her, Natasha seemed content to walk around his apartment naked or wearing one of his shirts.

In his office, she would sit by and watch him conduct business while wearing the clothes she'd arrived in or something from the costume racks when she went downstairs to watch his photo sessions. He particularly loved when she wore the jacket and pants with nothing under the jacket. She'd even struck several sexy poses for him that he shot with a small pocket digital so no one else would see. The seclusion of the office loft left a great deal to the imagination when they worked there.

Liam asked her opinion on what shots should be used for various projects, her eye for angles, light, contrast and subjects an amazing asset to his already easy job. It hit him how closely they'd be able to work together while enjoying constant contact. *You crazy old Irish devil...* Watching her meticulously go over each and every shot became one of his favorite pastimes. *Why did it take so long to find you?*

The day after St. Patrick's Day, he asked her never to leave his side—a request she readily agreed to.

"I never knew about this side of me," she'd said when they discussed the subject. "Before your father sent me over here, no man ever compelled me to do anything."

"But I could tell your natural tendency to submit to the right person lay dormant and waiting to be taken in hand. It just took finding the right time to introduce you to that side of your personality."

"Before this, I'd never have forgone clothes like I have."

"Because you had no reason to shirk normal behavior. You've discovered you prefer being ready for the man in your life to take you at will."

"That and I love being cared for as a cherished possession because I trust you to do that. You honestly know what is best for me when we are alone together. Giving myself to you like this is a huge thing for me to commit to but you've made it so damned easy and freeing."

"There is something else, isn't there?"

"When you leave the room, my stomach gets tight. If you take longer than expected, I fear you're not coming back but once I see you or hear your voice, that all changes because you're there for me."

"I can make sure you don't have to worry about that ever again."

"How?" she asked.

"Stand up and drop the shirt," he commanded. Liam took off his robe, laying it across the chair he'd been sitting in. From the pocket, he pulled out a small but extremely valuable

object praying she'd take it. Going to her in what she considered *physical magnificence*, Liam went down on his knee, took her hands and gazed up at her.

"Natasha Lindsey, my gorgeous submissive and mistress of my soul, will you do your master the honor of marrying me?"

Overcome by surprise, Natasha dropped to her knees in front of him as tears trailed down her face.

"Are you serious?"

"More than anything," he said, squeezing her hands. "I want you to be my wife and share everything in my life with me. I don't want to be apart from you because I need you in my world. I may be your master but without you in my life, I am virtually nothing. Please, Tash, say yes."

"Your submissive would love to become your wife. Since the day I met you, I've fantasized about this moment. Yes, I will marry you."

Liam swept her into his arms and kissed her then set her back to slide the ring on her finger. She gasped at the sight of the diamond solitaire glistening on her finger. As always, their heat overwhelmed them as they fell onto the floor, his body wrapped around hers.

"I will always be here for you," he whispered.

"Thank you, Master."

"I have something else for you," he said, helping her up. "I want you on your knees."

Natasha obeyed him as she knelt and waited. Instinctively, her hands went behind her back—partly because of nerves and for some reason, it truly felt right to her.

Liam came up behind her, Natasha obviously sensing his presence. Her body's definite reaction to his closeness caused his cock to swell but it would have to wait for satisfaction until he presented her with his mark of possession.

Taking the diamond and emerald necklace out of the velvet box Jones had sent over, Liam put it around her neck. Several large emerald teardrops hung from diamond connectors in a "Y" design set in white gold.

"This is a symbol of my possession over my gorgeous submissive and states *hands off* to anyone who understands our unique relationship. Natasha, I collar you if you accept this."

"Master Liam, it's gorgeous and of course, I will gladly accept it."

Liam walked around her, the sight of his bejeweled slave making him rock-hard. Stepping closer, he lifted her chin and rested his cock on her lips.

"Take me, Natasha, as only you know how."

Eagerly, she took his cock deep into her throat and went down on him. Liam applied gentle pressure to the back of her head before she fiercely pumped his cock. Groaning, he matched her pace until he felt ready to fill her.

"Is my slave wet?"

All she could do in answer had been nod.

"Tasha!" he cried out when he exploded into her, filling her as she continued to pump his shaft. Her moans surrounded his cock as she came, Natasha's body shaking from the sensations. His fingers tangled in her hair, tightly gripping it when shock waves coursed through them both.

His legs threatened to crumble beneath him but he refused to show her any weakness. Struggling to remain standing, Liam tried to pull her back so he could gaze at her but his little minx refused to stop feasting on him.

“Please, Natasha, I can’t...”

Natasha pulled back and looked at him seconds before his legs gave out. On his knees in front of her, their eyes met.

“I love you, Natasha, more than you will ever know.”

“And I will make sure you never stop,” she said, pulling his face to her breast. “Mine.”

“Yours, Mistress,” he croaked. “I’m yours and I beg for your mercy.”

Natasha held him as their bond strengthened and they crossed the bridge between their past and their future refusing to look back. Never had Liam ever figured himself as a natural submissive but unwittingly, Natasha had shown him and he embraced it.

“Slave?” she asked hesitantly.

“What, my Mistress?”

“Take me to bed, tie me up and fuck the hell out of me.”

“Yes, ma’am, gladly.”

* * * *

Hours later, Liam’s cell phone rang.

“St. Patrick.”

“St. Patrick here. I have a question for you.”

“And that is?” Liam asked his father.

“Is my personal assistant returning to the office or should I start interviewing again?”

“I’m not sure. Why don’t you ask your future daughter-in-law?”

“Congratulations to you both,” Angus enthused. “I guess I have my answer.”

“Sorry, Da, but things happened and everything exploded—in more ways than I can begin to tell you.”

“Good, another successful match-up.”

“You are wicked.”

“And proud of it.”

“Thanks, Da,” Liam said affectionately. “I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

“And I hope you never have to find out. I plan to be around for a long time.”

“You’d better be. I expect you to see your grandchildren and their children.”

“Ah, more incentive.”

Liam laughed before they discussed a couple of business-related things.

“When you finally get out of bed and put some clothes on, bring Natasha to the house. I think it’s time we showed her what she’s getting into.”

“I’m glad you understand.”

“She’s beautiful,” Angus complimented. “Take care of her.”

“I will, Da, and thanks again.”

Liam ended the call and put the phone on the nightstand. He turned to Natasha who had just stirred.

“Hey,” she said, while feathering kisses on his chest.

“Hey,” he said, pulling her closer. “Angus called wanting to know if he needs to replace his personal assistant. I told him to ask his future daughter-in-law.”

“And he said?”

“He’s overjoyed for us.”

“So I guess he’s looking for a new employee?”

“I guess so but then again, I’ve got one hell of a better deal out of it,” Liam said. “By the way, have I told you I don’t share well?”

“Neither do I.”

Liam groaned and rolled her to her back. Parting her legs, he laid his cock at her pussy and looked at her.

“Take it, Tash. Take me.”

Seconds later, he thrust into her, his cock swelling more as her body enveloped his.

“Master...”

“No commands this time. I want you as naturally as...”

Natasha nodded pulling him to her. He took her nipple and suckled it while he continued making lazy love to her. Hitting several sensitive spots that sent her reeling, her body shook out of control but Natasha held back wanting to hear one single word—the one and only word that defined their lives together.

Trailing kisses up to her neck, he teased her nipples while he continued to move in and out of her gorgeous body.

“I love you, Tasha,” he whispered, Natasha drowning his cock while her body shook more.

Tears came to her eyes, the trembling not relenting so she could calm. Stinging sensations to his shoulders told him exact-

ly how she felt and he pulled her closer knowing if he said his pet name for her once more, she'd climax again. Considering the time and everything else, he wouldn't say it knowing she might not be able to handle it—at least, not yet.

Holding her, Liam rocked her until her body calmed. Once she had, he made sure she settled in under the satin sheets that caressed her sensuous curves.

"I'll be right back," he whispered, knowing she hadn't heard him. Her breathing told him that she slept—happy and content.

Calling Rick Jones, he ordered their wedding bands—a gold one for him and one to match the three carat diamond solitaire for her. Having placed the order, he had his jeweler charge it to his account. Ending the call, he turned and watched Natasha sleep loving the way the sheets literally made love to her body as they accentuated her sexy curves.

Returning to her side, he noticed the sheets had moved, revealing Natasha's beautiful body. As much as he wanted her, he knew he had to let her rest. While he would enjoy increasing her stamina and commanding multiple orgasms, he realistically knew he had to take his time with her. Their love powerful, he didn't want that power harming her in any way.

While she slept, he decided to unpack her luggage, Artero packing whatever he could when he went to pick up her things. They'd agreed when she decided to move in with him that she would give up her apartment in Manhattan. Since she had no need to return to it, she wanted him to take care of getting her possessions and moving her out. An easy task, Ar-

tero had surpassed himself when he took care of it a few days later.

Liam grinned when he saw her wardrobe. Desire in green an understatement, it appeared she favored the color which didn't bother him since she looked fantastic in it. Hell, she looked great in anything she wore though he preferred her naked. When he finished hanging clothes and putting her other things in the dresser, he turned to see her looking at him.

"Why are you all the way over there?" she asked.

"I decided to get some business taken care of then I unpacked your clothes so they wouldn't wrinkle any more than they already had."

"And your opinion?"

"The color reminds me of my desire for you and that it all came to pass on St. Patrick's Day. I love the smell of *Chanel* especially when you're wearing it and you look spectacular in anything you wear."

"My Master is way too kind or full of blarney."

"Maybe a little of both."

Chapter 4

A few nights later, Liam took Natasha home to meet his mother at the family estate on Long Island. While keeping an apartment in the city, Angus had always preferred being close to the shore and would walk down to the beach as if looking across the ocean to Ireland. Liam would join him and together they would talk about going home for a visit. Now, Liam wanted to take his wife there to meet the rest of the family.

“Natasha and Ma have really hit it off.”

“She sees what I saw. Your mother only wants your happiness and she loves how her son has been enjoying life.”

“Two amazing women.”

“We St. Patricks are a hard bunch. It takes special women to control us.”

Liam looked at his father, a little shocked.

“Ma?”

“Has been my Mistress for years. She knows exactly what she needs to say to calm me and there have been times she’s doled out punishment but the results... Life is good.”

“You devil,” Liam softly admonished.

“You’ll find the same with Natasha and you’ll both revel in it. It wouldn’t surprise me if you have already. Nurture it, son.”

“I plan to. She’s the most amazing lady I’ve ever met.”

“And she fits in well with the rest of the family.”

They walked back to the house, Finola St. Patrick meeting them at the door.

“Your father and I are going to see a show and more than likely stay at the apartment so we are leaving the house to you—use it wisely, love.”

“You’re just as bad as he is,” Liam accused.

“We’re all descended from horny leprechauns—you should know that by now.”

“Ma, I’ve never seen you like this but I like it.”

The St. Patricks left, Liam watching their car disappear into the night. He went back in the house and closed the heavy oak door behind him. Locking up, he turned and gasped. In the center of the entry, Natasha knelt with her hands behind her back, her head bowed and magnificently naked. While he’d never given her a presentation position, she’d become comfortable with this one and he wouldn’t change it.

Walking over to her, he lifted her chin, their eyes meeting.

“Da knew you’d fit into this family well and you have.”

“I am yours to use as my Master desires though I’m not wearing green.”

“The emeralds more than make up for it. Besides, I want nothing to take away from your natural beauty.”

“How may I please you in this huge house?”

“Follow me,” he quietly commanded.

Liam led her upstairs to the second floor of the estate then down the hallway to a locked door. Unlocking it, he went in-

side after motioning for her to wait outside the door then lit candles around the room.

“Come in, Tash.”

Hearing her gasp pleased him. Standing inside the door, he watched as she scanned the room, her body glowing from the candlelight.

“This is my parents’ playroom. With our commitment then engagement, he gave me the key and expressed his wishes that we enjoy everything in here. Where do you want to start?”

Natasha walked around the room taking everything in and decided on an x-frame. Standing in front of it, she turned.

“I’d like to try this,” she said.

“Excellent choice.”

Moments later, Natasha’s body reacted to being restrained and unable to move. Adjusting the distance between her feet, Liam made sure he could easily get to her pussy without anything in the way. He noticed dampness between her legs, pleased at her arousal.

“For what I want to do, you’ll probably scream the first time. Do you want to be gagged?”

“If it pleases you.”

Taking a small ball gag from the cabinet, he placed it in her mouth then buckled it on. Making sure it caused no discomfort, he stepped back while his cock throbbed wanting her. Reaching for a chair, he placed it between her legs then went over to another cabinet. Pulling out several toys, he placed them on the chair then stripped out of his clothes, his cock obviously relishing its freedom.

Feeling her eyes follow his every move, Liam deliberately drew out everything he did for her pleasure. From their first night together, he knew she loved watching him and knowing she did aroused him in more ways than he'd ever imagined this simple act could.

"I want you to experience a continuous orgasm. It will be created from several different points at the same time. Your body will want to react but my slave knows the rules. Are you ready?"

Unable to speak, Natasha nodded.

First he slid an anal plug into her ass then set it on a light pulse. He watched as the sensations ran through her, her hands clenching from the toy's pleasurable invasion. Next, he slid a vibrator inside her wet pussy, Natasha again jolting when he turned it on. Watching her, he placed his hand on her lower abdomen, feeling the vibrations he knew drove her body insane.

"Very good," he complimented her, her slight moan sending shock waves through him. "I'm going to place nipple clamps on your gorgeous tits. The pressure from them will draw the blood to your buds and keep them hard. I think you'll like the results," he explained.

Natasha jolted when he applied the clamps, her body rigid from the pinches and the other toys keeping her on edge.

"Someday, I'll bind you and I guarantee you'll love the sensation."

Natasha nodded, her hands clenching before her eyes closed. At the right moment after increasing the pulsations on her toys, he lightly blew his breath over her nipples. Her body

went rigid, the ball gag holding her screams inside her. Beads of perspiration covered her overheated body and Liam knew the time had come for the ultimate satisfaction.

Unable to see what he did, Liam stood between her legs and eased the vibrator out after increasing the pulse on the anal plug for the third time. While her body reacted, he thrust his cock into her and hammered her pussy. Her body jolted fighting for control in order to not disobey her master. Nearing the edge, he eased back watching the ripples in her body ebb some so she could relax a few moments.

Without warning, he thrust into her again and fiercely pounded her. Her body on edge, he thrust inside her several times more before he allowed her relief.

“Tasha!” he yelled, his voice reverberating in the room.

Her muffled screams filled the room as well as wave after wave of pleasure crested over her. Her hands fisted, he could see she’d drawn blood and he would tend to her wounds. Blowing his breath over her nipples again kept her at the apex he wanted her on as her body shook out of control.

While she shook, she somehow moved up and down on his shaft bringing him to another hot release. He saw in her eyes exactly what she wanted and he could not deny her. While the remnants of the first climax continued to ripple through her she wanted the second and she waited to hear him give her the one command that would bring on her release.

“Are you sure you can handle it?”

Her scream told him what he wanted to know and he did as she wanted. Matching her pace then increasing it, he blew

over her nipples again and as she reacted, he whispered the command.

“Tasha.”

* * * *

Her body clenched around him as he exploded into her filling her body for the second time in as many minutes. He could feel the pulsing of the anal plug next to his cock and remained hard, the plug keeping both of them on edge. Reaching up, he removed the gag, Natasha gasping for air.

Drops appeared across her body, the heat within her intense.

“Liam, I need more,” she begged.

“It’s too much...I...”

“I want to be pregnant with your child. I want all of you.”

“But, Tasha,” he said, unaware he’d said his pet name.

Her body clenched harder around him as another climax overwhelmed her. Desperately he tried to calm her but her mind wrapped itself around one word and obeyed its command. Jolting, Natasha went stiff.

Liam immediately released her as he tried to calm her but nothing worked until everything ran its course. Helping her to stand in front of the frame, she suddenly fell to her knees but not from weakness. Her lips wrapped around his cock and she went down on him, unable to get enough of the man she loved more than life itself.

Yes, she wanted it all—Liam as her master and husband, his children, their lives inseparable. The only way she knew to accomplish this had been to keep him on edge and get him to

say one word. Three times he had and her body obeyed his command.

“Mistress, may I...”

Nodding, she took his essence within her tasting his soul in his hot seed. Unable to explain how she knew—only that she did—Natasha St. Patrick would leave the estate with one more on the way. It didn’t matter that the ceremony had yet to take place since they would wait until June and warmer weather. She felt married to him in every important aspect of their lives.

Liam lifted her into his arms after she’d taken him and carried her to his room in the west wing of the house. Gently laying her on his bed, he slipped in next to her, his leg over her as always.

“Master?”

“Mistress?”

“What would your parents say to children coming before the marriage?”

“I don’t think they would mind—why?”

“Because I will more than likely be a few months along when you make an honest woman out of me.”

Pushing up on his elbow, he brushed her hair from her face.

“When?”

“Just now,” she said almost in a whisper. “I deliberately pushed you the third time because I wanted to make sure I’d leave here in the morning carrying your child.”

“Why the urgency?”

“Because it scares me every time you leave me. When you went out with your father, my stomach clenched because I stayed behind. Your mother saw it and told me she understood because she felt the same emotions. Liam St. Patrick—I love you with everything in me and I can’t live without you.”

“I feel the same way and I love you, too. You’ve given me the ultimate pleasure and for that, I’m forever indebted to you.”

“Then take me again, Liam—slow and easy.”

Liam groaned, finally experiencing the greatest satisfaction a man could ever have the chance at. Lightly touching her breast, he heard her gasp and grinned.

“Mine.”

“Forever your desire in green.”

“Tasha...”

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Christy Poff lives in southeastern Pennsylvania with her husband and two kids—her daughter (a college student) and her son who serves in the Army National Guard stationed in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania plus his little one—his infant daughter who has proven to her that she's forgotten so much over the last twenty years.

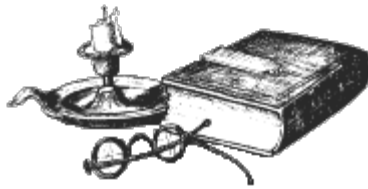
Previously, she wrote news articles for local newspapers and regional firefighting publications. With her articles, she added photography to her pieces. Writing for several years, she has a deep respect for the Civil War and has done extensive research into the times. This love and research have resulted in several Civil War novels including CHASE FOR AN ANGEL which was born from this love and released in March, 2006. Others will follow.

She loves old cities with history like Charleston and New Orleans, the wide-open spaces of Wyoming and the Dakotas, the beauty of a Maine sunrise plus seeing the rest of the U.S. and western Canada.

A volunteer firefighter for over thirty years, she's been able to use her experience in several published works for others and even in some of her own work.

People wonder what she writes to—Brooks and Dunn, Gary Allan, Linkin Park, Nickelback, Harry Connick or whoever strikes her mood at the time. She loves to watch *Top Gear*, *Torchwood* and *Doctor Who* on BBC America, *CSI:Miami* and reruns of *Nash Bridges*, *Miami Vice*, *Night Court* and *JAG*.

*For your reading pleasure, we invite
you to visit our web bookstore*



WHISKEY CREEK PRESS TORRID

www.whiskeycreekpresstorrid.com