

**INTERNET BONDS SERIES**  
**BOOK 2: BLACK HEART**

by

**Christy Poff**

**WHISKEY CREEK PRESS**

[www.whiskeycreekpress.com](http://www.whiskeycreekpress.com)

Published by  
WHISKEY CREEK PRESS  
Whiskey Creek Press  
PO Box 51052  
Casper, WY 82605-1052  
[www.whiskeycreekpress.com](http://www.whiskeycreekpress.com)

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ISBN 1-59374-383-1

### **Credits**

Cover Artist: Jinger Heaston  
Editor: Chere Gruver

Printed in the United States of America

**WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT**  
***INTERNET BONDS SERIES BOOK 2:***  
***BLACK HEART***

From **Just Erotic Romance Reviews**

Reviewer: Oleta M Blaylock

Rating: 4 Stars    Heat Level: H

“Ms. Poff has woven a wonderful mystery around a Dominant/submissive relationship. There are lots of twists and turns that will have you guessing what the outcome will be right up to the end. While this story doesn’t explore the grittier side of D/s it does portray a relationship that will stand the test of time. Kyle and Raven are made for each other. They are the ying and yang to each other’s souls. The villains of the story will have you cringing away from their evil and vile natures. If you like a good mystery and lots of steamy sex then this is the book for you. You are definitely going to need the toys and some ice when you read this book.”

From **Coffee Time Romance**

Reviewer: Sheryl

Rating: 5 cups

“This story kept me absorbed till the end reading about two people that just wanted to find their ideal mate and also a person that understood their passions.”

From **Romance Junkies**

Reviewer: Chrissie Dionne

Blue Ribbon Rating: 4

“I was entranced in this story right from page one. Sandy and Kyle are both strong characters that just needed the extra kick in their relationships. Peter simply disgusted me with the way he treated any woman unfortunate enough to be his sub. Christy Poff did a beautiful job of showing both the cruel as well as loving side of BDSM. I was morbidly shocked and yet fascinated by some of the techniques used throughout the book by the more abusive doms. The protectiveness and adoration between Sandy and Kyle is almost tangible. My heart broke for them when they were separated and I rejoiced when they were reunited. If you like your love stories with whips and handcuffs added, then this one is for you. Not for the faint of heart.”

From **Enchanted in Romance**

Reviewer: Natalie

Rating 5

“This is one of those rare B&D stories where the main characters are not only loveable but really burn up the pages. The power in this relationship is never used to hurt or abuse the other. Instead it reinforces their love for one another. I loved **Black Heart!** Romance, mystery, revenge and a hunky guy at a woman's mercy! Doesn't get much better.”

## **Dedication**

My sincere thanks go out to Rob and Maria, Deb for her friendship, Dot who gives me great reads then lets me know where I might go wrong and to a wonderful set of characters who kept pushing until their story came out. Thanks to Chere and Scott for all of their insight and work to help make this a successful series and to Jan for giving the series a new life.

## Prologue

“Master!” she screamed as his body slowly dropped to the floor. She eased him down trying to make him comfortable.

Sandy Davis held Harden Walker in her arms as the blood drained from him, several gunshots taking their toll. She tried to stop the bleeding, but he’d been hit too many times. His attacker emptied his clip into her master while he shielded her.

“Why did you shoot him?”

“I want you.”

“What?”

“I don’t want to give you back and Walker doesn’t want to concede you to a more dominant Dom.”

“But I did what you wanted. It’s over and I want to go back to him.”

“It’s over all right—for him. You see I made the deal never intending to keep it. I want you.”

“No, I can’t and won’t leave him. I love him and he’s dying.”

“Get away from him,” the man commanded.

“No!”

“One...”

Sandy sobbed as Crawford ordered her to obey him. She angered him by clinging to a dying man. He would make sure she rued this day. The longer she held Walker, the more furious he became. He could not allow her insubordination to go on.

\* \* \* \*

Thursday night, several hours before—a man sat with Walker and his sub at an exclusive Boston club. *Athens Retreat* catered to their lifestyle and had become one of Boston's best-kept secrets.

The masters chatted while Sandy sat at Harden's side, eyes looking at the table, hands in her lap, not saying a word. His hand caressed her breast as he held her close and it relaxed her more than she cared to admit. The man her master talked with terrified her. Across the table, the other submissive took her place kneeling on the floor, her hands behind her. Crawford poured champagne into a bowl and placed it on the floor. When he told her to drink, she lapped at it like a dog or cat.

"Peter, why must you humiliate them so?"

"Because I enjoy it."

They'd had numerous arguments about this without coming to any compromise.

"I'll make you a deal. One card, I win, your slut is mine for the weekend."

"And if I win?"

Crawford snickered and Sandy felt a chill run up and down her spine. She dreaded what would happen if Crawford won. She prayed her master would keep her safe from the Dom known as *The Master of Cruelty*. Crawford pulled a deck of cards from his pocket.

"To keep it legit..." Harden said as he called for a brand new, unopened deck. He had to give her every chance, because he did not want to lose her. He knew what Crawford was capable of. She prayed as her hands clenched tight, her nails digging into her palms to keep her sane.

Harden opened the deck and pushed it to Crawford to cut after shuffling it.

"Sandra, if you'll hold the deck so Master Peter can draw a card?"

"Yes, my lord."

Sandy took the deck and held it fanned out so the other man could draw a card. The man pulled one and placed the card face

down on the table. She shifted the deck so Walker could do the same. Once he had, he also laid his card laid face down on the table.

“Turn the cards over, Sandra.”

“Yes, my lord.”

She turned over her master’s card first to reveal the ten of spades. She relaxed a little though she knew her Dom could easily lose her to his nemesis. She took a deep breath, put her hand on the other card, and then looked down as she flipped it over. The sound of Crawford’s laughter caused her heart to sink. She cautiously looked and saw the ace of diamonds.

Her heart slammed into her chest. Her master, the man she loved, had lost her in a silly card game. She knew the other man would not return her after the weekend. *Peter the Cruel* held onto his *trophies* and refused to give them back. *She had heard stories...*

“Come, I want to leave.”

“May I have a word with Sandra before you leave?”

“If you must.”

Crawford yanked his sub by the hair to move her out of his way. Sandra’s heart ached.

“My lord?”

“I am so sorry, Sandra. I didn’t think we’d lose with a fresh deck.”

“But, my lord...”

“For now, you may call me Harden.”

“I can’t go with him. He terrifies me.”

“I know. I’ll do what I can to get you out of this.”

“I love you, Harden. I can’t betray you with...”

“You won’t. You’ve become a pawn in his game. Please, don’t rile him. He’ll hurt you and enjoy it.”

“But I don’t want to do this.”

“I know, but the choice isn’t ours. Crawford is senior to me. My God, I’m sorry to admit he trained me. His cruelty changed my mind on how to treat my subs. I could never do what he does.”

“Harden, please.”

“Walker, it’s time. Tell your slut—”



“She is not a slut. She is the woman I plan to marry.”

“They all are, even your Sandra.”

“She isn’t.”

Crawford scoffed at Walker’s statement and turned away. Suddenly, he turned around, a 10mm Glock in his hand and ready to fire.

“Walker, send her to me—now.”

“No! Violence voids the deal. She stays with me!” he stated, moving Sandy behind him and using his body to shield her.

“Harden?” she whispered.

“Shh. Stay behind me.”

She hid behind him and listened to the two masters argue. She glanced over to the table where Crawford’s sub remained on her knees. *She’s no help*. She held her breath, then gasped when shots rang out in rapid-fire succession. She counted five separate explosions and felt the force of them as they hit her master.

Walker gasped as his body rocked. She grabbed him as he slid to the floor, and then screamed when she saw all the blood.

“Master!”

Crawford gave Sandy a few minutes with her dead master before he dragged her away. She fought him to get back to Walker’s side.

“Two!” he counted.

“Please, we can’t leave him.”

“He’s dead. Now, I repeat for the last time. Come to me.”

“No, I won’t.”

“Damn you,” he screamed as he reached down and grabbed her. Crawford dragged her from the room and left his submissive. He threw Sandy into his Mercedes and drove off.

Sandy wept. No way could she stay with a cruel dominant, especially after this.

“Please, let me go back to him. He needs me.”

“He’s dead and I now own you.”

“No, he can’t be. I can’t go with you.”

“Shut up, slut. You need to learn to watch your tongue.”

The force of his hand against her sent her reeling. She hit the door, then swayed back to the center of the car as he swerved back onto the road.

“See what you’ve made me do?”

“Please, let me go. Please.”

“No.”

She tried the door but couldn’t open it. Dying on the side of the road had to be better than what Crawford had planned for her. His laugh sent chills through her.

She curled up in a huddle by the door. She shook as terror overwhelmed her. Somewhere during the ride to wherever he planned to take her, she passed out.

\* \* \* \*

Sandy woke to the smell of obnoxious smelling salts. She moaned, sick to her stomach, even more so when she surveyed her surroundings. She was splayed on a modified X-frame. She saw that it had been designed to give access to all the sensitive areas of her body. She faced the frame, her head held in place by metal on either side of her. A piece of metal tapered off to a thin strip, hugged, at the moment, by her ample breasts. The bar then spread wider to support her abdomen, but stopped above her mons. Two pieces went out to the sides of it to accommodate her legs.

*Spread-eagled and naked, what more would he take from me?*

When she tried to move, she discovered her wrists, ankles, waist, upper arms, thighs and her neck were strapped to the framed contraption. Crawford had made sure she wouldn’t get away from him.

“Ah, you’re awake. About damned time.”

“Please let me go.”

“After you made a fool out of me? Not in your lifetime. You obviously learned nothing, or Walker failed with your training. I am your master now and you are my submissive. Therefore, you obey my wishes. In front of another dominant and others, you openly defied me, not once, but several times. I don’t know what Harden Walker ever did to gain your undying loyalty, but I assure

you, I will not do so. I will make you regret your insubordinate actions.”

Sandy closed her eyes, her mind desperate for escape. She swore to take whatever he dished out and survive it. Anything to get away from Peter Crawford.

Her head yanked back at an odd angle brought her back to the present. He forced something into her mouth, and then began his punishment. By the time his cruelty ended, Sandy had lapsed off; unaware of the intense pain her body had endured. She refused to cry or show emotion. Sometime during his punishment, she passed out.

\* \* \* \*

Sandy heard a voice in the distance. She opened her eyes, face-to-face with a flat screen television. She felt sick having never worn a ball gag before. Harden had considered her too much of a lady for such barbaric toys. She looked up to see her wrists cuffed to a bar, her feet to another one.

More aware of her plight, stinging pain overwhelmed her. The last thing she remembered had been Master Peter flogging her with no mercy. *How long have I been unconscious? Harden... No...* Tears welled in her eyes.

The news anchor caught her attention.

*Police are investigating the murder of a prominent doctor at Athens Retreat, a sex club in the city. Unsure of what went on, they know he died from multiple gunshot wounds to the chest. Witnesses stated off-camera he'd been involved in a card game gone bad. The police are looking for Sandy Davis, his companion, missing since the murder. Though detectives aren't charging her now, she could become their prime suspect.*

Sandy shook her head. She needed to call the police and tell them what happened. She needed to send them after Crawford and clear her name. She needed Harden to be able to rest in peace.

“Don’t even think about it. You aren’t leaving me and, if you do, I will tell the police I watched you murder him in cold blood.”

Sandy shook her head, closing her eyes to block out the sight of him. She wept.

“This is how the game will be played,” he said as he cupped one of her breasts in his rough hand. The coarseness of his calloused skin hurt her sensitive skin, red and swollen from his punishment. “You will be my willing slave until I tire of you. You will obey me, or I will turn you over to the cops and you’ll get the death penalty. You have no choice.”

Her eyes pleaded with him.

“Here are my rules. You will call me Master Peter. You will obey me without question, or suffer. Your body is presently a nice shade of light red but I can turn it to black and blue in a heartbeat. Until I can trust you not to try anything, you will wear nothing. I will train you to be the proper submissive.”

He went to his armoire and opened the doors. He pulled out a remote control and pressed a button on it. The bars she was cuffed to started to rotate. A few minutes later, she was suspended on her side. He put the remote back and came to her.

“I’m removing the ball. You will not utter a word. Once I give you the opportunity, you will suck my cock and make sure you don’t bite me. I will hurt you as soon as I can.”

Relief coursed through her as he freed her from the gag. Her jaw had become stiff from it and she tried to limber her mouth up. He put the rig on a nearby bench, walked to her, and dropped his robe. She inwardly wished he’d be called away, but no such luck. She tried to pull away but with her head framed, she couldn’t move.

“Suck it, Sandra Slut.”

“I’d rather go to prison.”

“Walker failed in your training,” he said as she cried out when he slapped her sore hip. *Where hasn’t he flogged me?*

“Do it and obey me.”

She had no choice as he thrust his cock into her mouth and moved it in and out. Her mind closed to what he forced her to do as she sucked him with an almost mechanical effort. She remembered Harden’s, his glorious body, their unquestioned and trusting love. *She will be my wife...*

Sandra Davis began to plan for her escape either from *Peter the Cruel*, or to death's hand. One way or another, she'd run from him. She had yet to decide whether to go to the police, or run. It would come after she escaped her death sentence at Peter Crawford's hands.

Two days later, she got her chance.

Crawford wanted to put her on display to several other doms dabbling in the sadomasochistic side of BDSM. If she could endure the next few hours, she'd have her freedom.

Crawford dressed her in a diaphanous dress to show off everything she had. He'd had another slave bathe her and shave her mons and pussy. Sore from the flogging over the last few days, she endured the session followed by the weight of the thin fabric over her injured skin.

After she dressed, she went downstairs to meet her captor. She stood before him, silently refusing to submit to his dominance. As she expected, he added his own enhancements as he cuffed her hands and placed a dog collar on her with a small leash attached. It didn't matter. By the end of the night, she'd be gone.

## Chapter 1

*New Orleans*

*Three years later*

Blackheart: *Are you sure you'd like to indulge in this lifestyle?*

Cowboy: *Yes, ma'am.*

Blackheart: *Why?*

Cowboy: *In the real world, my job requires me to be in control. In my personal life, I need guidance.*

Blackheart: *Do you understand training?*

Cowboy: *Yes.*

Blackheart: *And you want me to take you on?*

Cowboy: *I hear on the street that you are merciful.*

Blackheart: *Interesting. I try to be but sometimes, I have my moments.*

Cowboy: *I can accept that.*

Blackheart: *I'm sending you a questionnaire. Fill it out and send it back, but you must be honest with me. I will find out if you're lying.*

Cowboy: *Yes, ma'am.*

Blackheart: *Are you a cop?*

Cowboy: *Vice but this has nothing to do with the job. I swear if I'm lying, I'll take your harshest punishment.*

Cowboy waited for her answer. He's been up front with her and feared her turning him away.

Blackheart: *Fill out the questionnaire and I will give you my answer.*

Cowboy sat back. As soon as she sent him the questionnaire, he copied it and filled it out, honest in every response. He knew from investigation and personal research, a Dom/sub relationship depended on total trust.

He had been emailing and chatting with *Blackheart* for months since he'd accidentally found her.

For several years, he'd been searching for a woman to dominate him sexually. The thought of it caused his cock to swell and demand attention. He refused to give in to it. He'd wait until he got her answer.

Checking his answers, he resent the questionnaire to her, then sat back to wait. *Please, Blackheart, say yes...*

\* \* \* \*

Blackheart read the answers to the questionnaire, stunned at the man's honesty. Being up front about his profession went a long way with her, but she'd test the point when they met. She would make sure she met him out of his jurisdiction, just in case he changed his mind and decided to bust her.

She continued down the printed sheet, the one for the file she'd keep on him. She did this to protect herself, her girls, and her clients. She employed three women, who each specialized in different areas of fantasies. She made sure she protected them. No one would get to and do to them what had been done to her.

Further down the questionnaire, she checked out the important information. Yes, he had proof of having no diseases or AIDS. He wanted to be under a woman's control. She went back to his personal information and double-checked his answers. *No, I didn't read wrong.*

Cowboy the vice cop stood six foot seven, muscularly built, and wanted to be restrained and dominated. She'd read of macho guys who wanted a female Dom, but never had she encountered one herself. *This would be interesting.*

Blackheart: *I'm going to take you on personally, Cowboy.*

Raven Blackheart had found someone who piqued her curiosity. *You might just be able to keep up.*

\* \* \* \*

"Lansing, my office. Where's Bridges?"

"Following up on some leads on the extortion case."

"Then you can brief him and bring him up to speed."

Kyle Lansing followed his captain into his office and waited for his commanding officer to give him their new assignment. Captain Steven Arness had another year before retirement and couldn't have been happier. He owned a houseboat on the Gulf and it waited for him, but for now, it would have to keep waiting. Gruff on the outside, many of his detectives looked up to him as a father figure. He understood them.

"What's up?"

"We've got a dead prostitute in the business district beneath the interstate."

"Apparent cause of death?"

"Strangulation, but the ME thinks she may have been suffocated."

"What do you mean?"

"Latex head to toe. She said it appeared to shrink over the girl's body and cut off her air supply."

"Didn't Kenner find another one the same way?"

"May have. Check it out."

"Anything else?"

"Yeah. Shut the door."

"What is it?"

"I want you to know that I've put your name up as my replacement. You've got the skills and talent, and Lord only knows you're overdue."

"I don't know what to say."

"If you get it, do the job and make me proud of you."

"Yes, sir, I will."

The men shook hands and Kyle left the office stunned. He never expected to have the old man's confidence. Arness, white-haired and hard-nosed when it came to the job, usually showed his gruffer side. On the other hand, Kyle Lansing had always been considered a gentle giant, while being independent. He determined how things would be done and did them.

Starting out on the city payroll as a firefighter in the Sixth District and injured in a partial building collapse at a warehouse job, Kyle had been assigned light duty with the investigators. He



proved to have a unique insight into crime and caught the eye of several officers high in the police department.

The fire department's medical board recommended he not go back to firefighting. His back wouldn't handle the pressure after being caught under a pile of debris. When his crew found him, his back had been arched over a beam with more weight on his chest. Doctors found tiny fractures along his spine. The fractures weren't severe enough to warrant surgery, though they proved to be career ending.

He graduated from the police academy and went to Quantico to gain skills at the FBI Academy. When he returned, he went to his first assignment in robbery, although on call for arson investigation when needed. After a year, Captain Arness started pressuring to have Lansing transferred to vice, where he needed the detective's unique investigative skills.

Over the next few years, Lansing found his niche. His sandy blonde hair grew long, though he always kept it neat and tied back. He had a goatee, also neatly trimmed. If anyone needed him, they could find him in the gym enhancing his muscular body, one most of them did not want to get on the wrong side of. Kyle's deep voice and beautiful bright blue eyes hid what he truly thought and made him even more intimidating.

Kyle Lansing had everything a man could want, except one very important thing—the love of a good woman. How a man with his handsome looks didn't have a woman in his life dismayed his partner and co-workers.

"If it's meant to be, it's meant to be," was all he would say.

Wayne Bridges constantly tried to set him up with dates, but none ever panned out.

"What are you doing to turn these girls off?" Wayne would ask. Kyle's answer—a smile and a shrug, though Kyle knew exactly what the reason was. No way would he tell anyone a facet of his life he needed to keep to himself and personal.

Kyle knew what he wanted and would eventually find it on his own.

\* \* \* \*

Raven Blackheart checked on things at *Club Nocturne*, the club she had started several years before when she turned a naïve idea into a very profitable venture. She employed three girls to take care of the customers' needs, a maitre d', who took care of their infrequent female guests, a bartender, and a bouncer.

She lived in a house outside the parish, preferring to keep her personal life separate. In town and in the heart of The Big Easy, she was the professional dominatrix, while at home she relaxed. She seldom paid personal attention to the clients, at least until Cowboy contacted her.

She admitted to being gun-shy thanks to her history, which caused her to be overly cautious. No man would ever control her again, or her girls. She'd see them dead before life repeated itself.

Raven reread Cowboy's profile. She wondered why this man in particular wanted to come to her, when he evidently could have any woman he wanted. She'd had her attorney check him out to be safe and added his report to the profile Cowboy submitted.

"Why would a New Orleans vice cop..."

"Believe me, I've asked myself that several times."

"Are you sure about this?"

"I asked him if he was a cop, and he answered 'yes', without hesitation."

"What if he's setting you up?"

"If he pulls his badge, he won't be in his jurisdiction. I plan to take him away from here for my safety and his reputation. I'd hate his fellow officers to accidentally see what one of their own prefers in his off-time."

"You're way too nice."

"Yeah, I guess so but at least I'll have some insurance. If this gets out, it'll ruin him and his career. I have no intention of doing anything to bring that about unless I have to."

"Have you checked your accounts lately, in case you have to make a quick getaway?"

"In fact, I've invested the money in a piece of real estate. I bought myself a lighthouse."

“Why?”

“Because I’ve always wanted one. Besides, if someone finds me here, I’ll have a safe haven there.”

“Raven, you’re amazing.”

“Not really. If I were, I’d be enjoying my life. I would have gone to the Boston cops and turned myself in. Right now, I spend more time looking over my shoulder. It’s no way to live, trust me.”

“I can’t even begin to imagine...” Sam Collins began, and then stopped. He knew how the conversation would go because they revisited the subject often. “Where’s the property?” he asked, changing the subject.

“Around Seattle.”

“Washington State?”

“A nice, secluded spot. It’ll suit me fine when I stand at the top of it and overlook everything surrounding me.”

“Are you sure you want that kind of isolation?”

“The city is getting to me. I want to be able to trust again. As much as I love New Orleans, I have yet to relax here.”

Sam worried about his favorite client but knew her to be headstrong. She’d told him why she’d shown up in The Big Easy with no history, knowing he’d have to abide by attorney-client confidentiality. They started with an uneasy partnership, which grew into a deep friendship they both cherished. Sam adored her and would do anything he could for her. When and if she left, he’d miss her—more than he’d miss anyone else in his life.

“When do you intend to meet him?”

“Depends on his schedule, but we’ll be in international waters before anything begins.”

“I take it you want to use *The New Orleans Star*?”

“Definitely, if you don’t mind.”

“Not at all. I’ll advise my captain.”

“He’ll be the only one I need. I’ll take care of the rest.”

“Ok.”

Sam kissed her hand, and then left her. He paused, and then turned.

“I don’t have to tell you to be careful.”

“No, Sam, you don’t, but I appreciate it anyway.”

\* \* \* \*

Wayne Bridges met Kyle at the crime scene. One look at the body told him the story. One of the kinkier things to do involved a thick layer of latex spread over the participant’s naked body. Once covered, the latex would be heated to a solid layer. Some used a hair dryer to speed the process. The key to the act was leaving open holes at the mouth and nose to allow for breathing. Whoever had done this had not and their *vic* had suffocated—a slow, horrible death.

“Kenner’s is exactly like this,” Wayne advised.

“So we have either a stupid, careless newbie, or a sadistic bastard who gets off on torture. Can we get any prints?”

“I’ve left orders with the coroner to try to keep the latex in one piece as much as possible.” Kyle nodded as he caught sight of rose petals near the body.

“What did Kenner’s report have to say about this?” he asked as he pointed to the petals.

“Vic surrounded by red rose petals.”

“Then we’ve got a drop several hours ago. Small amount of petals left from the breeze that’s kicked up due to the incoming storm. We’ve got a serial killer who is a heartless bastard. He likes watching them die. Look at her hands.”

“Clenched.”

“Exactly. She fought and we have two crime scenes. When we get back to the office, start a board and put out inquiries.”

“You think he’s killed more than two?”

“Yep, he likes it too much.”

Kyle finished the initial report. Several other *unsolveds* with the same MO had been faxed to them with the prospect of more to come. Kyle shook his head.

“Go home and see your wife. I have a feeling you won’t be seeing much of her in the next few weeks.”

“I hear you. I’ll see you in the morning.”

Kyle nodded as he watched Wayne leave. A man nearing retirement, Wayne could hold his own with any of the younger

guys and had the same analytical mind as Kyle. It made for the perfect partnership. While Bridges preferred to operate out in the open, Lansing excelled at covert and undercover. Between them, they shared a high ratio of solved cases, one of the highest in departmental history. While Wayne came across as outgoing and friendly, Kyle epitomized the strong, silent type one didn't want to meet in a dark alley.

Kyle put his feet up for a few minutes, and then checked his e-mail. He read several departmental memos, printed out more case files connected to the new case, and deleted some junk mail. An incoming instant message caught his attention.

Blackheart: *Are you still interested?*

Cowboy: *Did I pass muster?*

Blackheart: *Of course. We wouldn't be having this conversation right now if you had not.*

Cowboy: *I see.*

Blackheart: *So? Are you?*

Cowboy: *Yes, ma'am. I have to tell you, I just picked up a case that could delay this.*

Blackheart: *No problem. We'll work around it.*

Cowboy: *If it's...*

Blackheart: *No problem. The prospect of hit and miss, plus extra time intrigues me.*

Cowboy: *I have time tonight before I dive into it.*

Blackheart: *Meet me at Governor Nicholl's Street Wharf.*

Cowboy: *The Wharf?*

Blackheart: *You do sail, don't you?*

Cowboy: *Yes, ma'am.*

Blackheart: *Good. Meet me at The New Orleans Star.*

Cowboy: *How will I know you?*

Blackheart: *Come on board, we'll go from there.*

Kyle sat back. He had no idea who he would meet later and it intrigued him. He knew she'd had him investigated. He expected her to, considering her business. He admired her caution and could only hope she would be as careful with him.

Kyle Lansing felt the thrill of the anticipation and apprehension. While he wanted to be dominated by a strong woman, he didn't want the guys at work to learn about this part of his private life. He had a strong feeling she understood this— whoever she turned out to be.

\* \* \* \*

Raven left her home on the outskirts of the parish and, after placing a garment bag and another bag in the trunk, she drove to the marina where Sam's ship waited. While she drove, she thought of the coming evening and prayed she hadn't made the wrong decision.

Once she arrived at the slip, a crewman took her bags on board, and then quietly returned to the dock to wait for her guest.

She went to speak with the captain first; confident he would handle her request without question. After their chat, she went to the main salon and found several things she might be able to use.

In the main cabin, she unzipped the garment bag and pulled out a black gown. Sheer black and solid in the right places, fine lacy open weave material held the strips together. It hugged her curves before flaring out into an extremely full skirt. Though it showed quite a bit, it left a lot to the imagination. She made a final check of the spaghetti straps and liked what she saw.

She slipped into high-heeled black sandals, and then brushed her full, long, black hair. Butterflies took over as she considered what she was about to do.

"Are you crazy?" she asked aloud.

Raven went to the bar and made sure she had a good stock. In his profile, he'd listed Jack Daniels as his favorite. She found a full bottle and smiled. *Leave it to Sam.*

She pulled a bottle of *Zinfandel* from the refrigerator and poured herself a glass. *Why did she feel like she had with Harden? What did this man have to... Hell, she didn't even know him...*

Raven started. She hadn't thought of Harden in ages. The man had been good to her and given her a wonderful life. He wanted to make them legal, but someone else had other plans. She brushed a tear away and tried to collect herself. She had put the past behind

her and needed to continue to do so if she expected to make it and live.

She shook herself and came back to the present. Her head straight, she went back to the second bag she'd brought with her. In it, she'd packed several toys. Once they sailed, she would discover just how far she'd be able to push this cowboy.

Commotion from the main deck told her the guest of the evening had just boarded. He had heavy footsteps and wore western boots, though his footfalls displayed a quiet intensity instead of power and control.

"Madam, your guest ..."

"Thank you, Raul. You may tell the captain to sail."

"Yes, madam." The man bowed slightly, then left, after he ushered a tall man dressed in black into the main salon. He removed his hat and held it in his hands, obviously nervous. She gazed at him, her eyes roving every inch of his six foot whatever frame from head to toe. Muscles bulged in all the right places, but not obnoxiously. In essence, she thought his body was perfect.

"Very nice. I'll be very pleased to be your dominant. I ask you one more time. Once you give me your answer, there will be no going back. Do you want to be my submissive?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"For now, ma'am will suffice. You will answer me at all times with yes or no, ma'am."

"Yes, ma'am."

She gazed up at his quietly masculine face. He looked down at her, their gazes meeting. It made no difference how much he towered over her, he had given himself to her, and she had become the taller in their relationship.

"Are you a vice cop?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Are you here to arrest me, gain evidence, or anything detrimental to my survival?"

"No, ma'am."

"Will you give me up to save your job?"

"No, ma'am," he replied without hesitation.

“Speak to me.”

“Yes, ma’am. This is purely personal. I don’t want to hurt you, even if it means hurting myself. I don’t want a conflict of interest and I think we can keep it separate from the job.”

“Madam, we’re in the Gulf.”

“Very good. Thank you, Raul. That will be all until I call you.”

“Yes, madam.”

“All right, we’ll see how well you take orders. I want you to strip down to your boxers—at least I hope you’re wearing them.”

“Yes, ma’am, black silk. I remembered our first conversation.”

Raven smiled. *Sensitive and willing to please.*

“I want you to neatly pile your clothes on the chair.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Raven watched him fold his black jeans and tee shirt, and then place them where she indicated. His hat went on top, his boots underneath. She gasped at the sight of him—the man was sheer perfection.

“Stand here.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Raven stood behind him.

“Your rank?”

“Lieutenant, ma’am.”

“You have scars?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Job related?”

“And service, ma’am.”

“What branch?”

“Air Force, then the Fire Service, ma’am.”

“I see.” Raven thought for a moment. “Anything I should know about?”

“No, ma’am.”

“All right, Lieutenant, when you come to me, you will do as you’ve already done, unless I tell you otherwise. I want you to stand with her head bowed, your hands behind you and your feet spread apart. Do you understand?”



“Yes, ma’am,” Kyle answered as he obeyed her wishes.

“You will always wear black silk for me, unless I state otherwise.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Do you want a safe word?”

“No, ma’am.”

“May I ask why?”

“I trust you to be merciful, ma’am.”

“Are you positive?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Lieutenant, I am Mistress Raven Blackheart. I can be very merciful and very giving, unless you cross me. I will not hesitate to punish you if I have to.”

“As you wish, Mistress Raven.”

She ran her hands over his body and felt heat course through her from him. Thrills shot through her senses as her body reacted. *What the hell?*

\* \* \* \*

Kyle boarded *The New Orleans Star* and waited to be taken to his hostess. He’d run the registry and learned she dealt with Sam Collins, one of New Orleans best attorneys. They’d had dealings once or twice in the past and the man had been extremely fair.

“This way, sir.”

He followed the steward below deck to the main salon, where a gorgeous vision in black waited for him. His emotions jumped at the sight of her. *Wow* was all he could think as he removed his hat and held it firmly in his shaking hands.

After the ship sailed and the small talk, she got down to business and had him standing in his black silk boxers. Until this, he’d always worn briefs if anything, but now, the silk somehow felt good against his skin. He liked the feel of the soft fabric but after seeing Raven, even silk became too much.

Kyle’s body reacted to her nearness and jolted at her light touch. He sensed his cock’s fight to be free of the undergarment as the rest of his body ached for more.

She put him through questions to ascertain his position, and then began his *training*. His body relished the fact someone else had taken control, his cock hard and begging for her touch.

"We're in the Gulf, in international waters where your badge is worthless. Do you understand me? I cannot allow you to endanger my existence."

"I understand, ma'am. I want to please you."

"Kneel."

"Yes, ma'am," he said as he quickly obeyed her.

"Kyle Lansing, you are one of New Orleans finest, but when you are with me, you will do whatever is asked of you. I might order you to do something which might seem inordinately stupid, but until you are trained to my satisfaction, it may be necessary."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where is your badge? Your gun?"

"Both are locked in my truck. I thought it would show you my intentions are, as I've stated, purely personal."

She walked behind him, her fingertips lightly touching his shoulders. She untied his hair to let it fall free, then ran her fingers through it. Kyle didn't move and brought a smile to her face.

"Very good."

She stood in front of him and took time to memorize his face. She put her fingertips behind his earlobe and noticed an empty hole where she guessed he wore an earring. She took one of her diamond studs off and placed it on him.

"While you are here tonight, you will wear this as a symbol of my dominance over you. When you are ready, I will place a permanent mark on you."

"As you wish, ma'am. I hope it's soon."

The feel of her touching his body caused him to react. His cock swelled as it begged for this woman's attention. So far, being with Raven had brought him joy. His reactions surprised him while enjoying the erotic wonderful feelings.

For Raven Blackheart, he would do anything.

## Chapter 2

“What do you mean, you cannot find one woman? You have her photo. She’s gorgeous, blonde and submissive. Have you checked the clubs?”

“Yes, sir, but she’s not here in Boston, or the surrounding areas.”

“Then branch out. I want her found.”

“But, Mister Crawford, we’ve done what we could.”

“Three years and she still eludes you? You are supposed to be the best.”

“We are, but...”

“Go to New York, Philadelphia and farther. Find the bitch!”

“Yes, sir.”

Peter Crawford’s temper echoed throughout the house. He rued the day he laid eyes on Sandra Davis as she sat next to her wimpy master. He knew he had to have her and make her the true submissive she obviously wanted to be. However, she’d left him, ran away and disappeared. No one left him unless he allowed it and nobody made a fool of him as she had.

*Once I get you back...*

\* \* \* \*

“Are you ready?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“As my lieutenant, you will obey my commands and serve me. You are here to pleasure me while being pleased.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“I want you to stand, remove the boxers, then remove my gown.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Kyle stood, dropped the boxers and placed them with his clothes. He saw her smile of approval and heat surged through him. He went to her and as he gazed at her, he slid the thin straps of the gown from her shoulders. Cautiously, he slid the top of the gown to her waist as his breath caught.

“Something wrong?” she asked.

“No, ma’am, you’re beautiful,” he told her as he stared at her voluptuous breasts. He saw the firm peaks of hard, waiting nipples and ached to take them in his mouth and suckle them. His cock throbbed with the desire and need to fuck her, but he held back. He had to.

He continued slipping her gown from her body, his huge warm hands surrounding her tiny waist. She stood perfectly still as he surveyed her body, the heat of his gaze finding its way to her soul.

As he pushed it from her hips, he saw her clean-shaven pussy.

“If you’re good, you may be able to shave your mistress’ mons. Would you like that?”

“God. Yes, ma’am!” His deep baritone voice groaned.

The sound of it washed over her and made her tremble, though she kept the reaction hidden. Heat coursed through her and she knew they would have a special relationship, if they could get beyond her past.

Once the gown circled her feet, she held her hand out to him and he helped her step from it. He bent to pick it up and neatly placed it on the chair with his clothes.

“Very good. Now,” she said as she led him to the covered pool table, “stretch out and relax.”

Kyle did as she said, then felt her place wristlets and anklets on him. He heard them clasp, the sound erotic. He found she’d restrained him to the corner pockets. He watched his naked Dom walk to another bag; pull out a couple of small items, and what appeared to be a riding crop. Thrills coursed through him at the prospect of what she would do next.

She came to the end of the table and blindfolded him.

“I want you to tell me what you feel.”

“My body aches for you, ma’am.”

She reached over him, her breasts brushing over his shoulder. She smiled as he gasped. She took the crop and dragged it across his body. His cock stood at attention. She snapped it across his hard stomach, his hands clenched.

She repeated it over different parts of his body and enjoyed his reactions. She felt her own as her body betrayed her. Her pussy wet, her nipples hard, Raven wanted him. *Why him?* No other man had ever made her feel this sensitive, wanting, and needing—not even Harden Walker.

“Would you like to drink from the fountain of desire, Lieutenant?”

“Please, Mistress Raven, your wish, please,” he begged as he strained against the bonds.

“Then you shall,” she said as she straddled his shoulders, her knees on either side of his head. She placed her hands on his chest, the crop between them. She pressed her body against his as her pussy teased his lips, her scent torturing his senses. To her pleasure, Kyle didn’t move.

“Suck my pussy, Lieutenant, and make your dominant cry out your name.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said as he hungrily and eagerly obeyed her command.

She pressed closer the moment his tongue touched her clit. She felt the astonishing electricity between them. Losing herself in the feel of this man’s tongue fucking her allowed her to feel the sensations of desire and passion she had thought dead to her.

Kyle pushed his lips to meet her pussy as he devoured the sweet nectar of Raven’s essence. He laved over her clit, and then concentrated on a spot she reacted to from pure need. Once he took her to the edge, he thrust his tongue into her and fucked her more. He drank from her, hot and needing her to drown him and he would let it happen.

His cock throbbed violently as it begged for her attention but he couldn't say anything. It wasn't his place. She ordered him to make her call his name and he would obey.

She grabbed his cock and pumped him. He met her pace as he thrust into her again. He couldn't get enough of the feast she provided.

"Kyle, come for me!" she cried out. Like an explosion rippling through a building, his release racked him. His hands clenched as he drove his tongue deeper.

"My God, Kyle, please..."

"Please, Mistress Raven, suck me!" he begged, no longer in control of his actions.

"In time!" she screamed as another orgasm washed over her. She pumped his cock again and after he exploded over her hand, she licked the tip and tasted pure wonder.

Heat coursed through her, as she tasted his come. He continued to drink from her, obeying her commands and his desires to please her. He couldn't stop, drawn to her. She quivered to his touch as he drained her for the—*how many times had he?* Kyle lost himself in her, letting his mind worry about giving this wonderful bundle of energy all the pleasure she could ever want.

"My God, Kyle...Kyle..." she screamed as another climax ripped through her. Without any thought of what she was doing, she took his massive cock and went down on him. The more he pressed his beard to her clit while he tongue fucked her, the faster she took him. Never had she given head to a man with such a huge shaft, but she didn't care.

Raven had to take him. She needed to taste him while he filled her. Her hands went to his ass and held on for dear life as his hips met her pace. As best he could in the position she had him in, he pounded her mouth with his cock. She moaned when she came and when he exploded in her mouth.

Never had either one of them known pure unadulterated sex before and both wanted more.

\* \* \* \*

When she finally recovered, Raven slid to the side and easily rolled off the pool table. She cautiously stepped away from the firm support of the heavy piece of furniture.

She released his feet and massaged them to get any stiffness out of his muscular legs. She did the same with his arms, and then removed the blindfold.

"When you feel up to it, the shower's down the hall in one of the guest salons."

"Does Mistress Raven wish me to bathe her?"

"You don't have to. I—"

"I want to. If I get this right, it's my place to make sure you are taken care of first."

"Do you feel up to it?"

"For you, ma'am, yes, I do."

"Then show me, Lieutenant."

Kyle moved off the pool table, and then picked Raven up. As huge as he stood, he was gentle with her. It surprised her but not as much as the heat remaining between them. He carried her to the shower in the main stateroom, eased her down and against the wall of the stall, and then ran the water to the right temperature. He took the showerhead and let the water run over her body. He washed her hair and her body while lingering over her breasts and then again between her legs.

"Is Mistress Raven up to another..."

"How? You can't kneel in here?"

"Like this, ma'am," he said with a devilish grin. Raven's eyes opened wide as he easily slid two long fingers into her aching pussy. She spread her legs apart to give his hand room as he finger fucked her.

"Kyle, my God..." she cried as her hands tried to grip the sides of the shower, anything for support.

"Wrap your arms around my neck, ma'am."

She did and cried out again.

"I'm losing control here. You're not supposed to..."

"Then punish me, ma'am, and don't have mercy."

When he finished bathing her, she stepped out so he could take his shower. When he walked into the stateroom, he found her waiting. She wore a black sheer robe that subtly showed him everything. In her hand, she held the flogger.

For some reason, Kyle assumed the position, but not the one she preferred. He went to the bureau, spread his feet, and put his hands firmly on the top of it.

“Ah, Lieutenant, very nice.”

Raven used the flogger on his gorgeous body. After each strike, she massaged the area, and then kissed it. She refused to hurt him.

“You’ll do, Lieutenant.”

“Thank you, Mistress Raven.”

\* \* \* \*

*The Star of New Orleans* docked before dawn. Kyle slipped away, after leaving her a note with her earring.

*Mistress,*

*Start new case today. Will contact you when able. You are an extraordinary woman.*

*Forever your lieutenant,*

*KL*

Kyle drove his Ford pick-up home, then got ready for work. He went into his workout room but stopped when he got a good look at his body. Rosy pink areas from his mistress’ flogger told him where she’d laid out her punishment.

It didn’t matter, he felt great. Raven had awakened feelings in him he’d thought long gone. He could give sexually and obey her without question. He found he loved the Dom/sub life, especially opening up to being dominated. He found it calmed his emotions and awakened some kind of inner peace.

He snickered. *What would Wayne say? Wayne would love the fact that I have not only gone and found a relationship on my terms, but I found it with a woman who, while small in stature, looms over me in more ways than one.*

His cock agreed as he felt it swell with the blood racing to it and reacted to the mere thought of how he wanted this woman and



his desire to embed himself in her body and fill her. *My God, man, you're in love with her already.*

\* \* \* \*

Raven woke to find the note and her earring. Today, she would go shopping for either another earring or something to collar her cowboy. She had to brand him.

She got up and out of bed, sore but languishing in the pleasure/pain from his siege on her.

"It's your own fault," she told herself, "he would have stopped on one word from you." Raven laughed. She wouldn't have told him to stop. He made her feel too damned good, too complete.

She couldn't wait for the next time.

A chill went through her, her nipples hardening and her pussy becoming hot and wet. She ached for his cock pulsing between her legs and getting the better of her.

She slid her fingers between her legs and found herself to relieve the pressure. While she did, her other hand teased and pricked her nipples. *My God, Lieutenant Lansing, what have you done to me?*

### Chapter 3

“Lansing, bring your partner with you.”

“Yes, Captain,” Kyle replied, glancing at Wayne.

“Why does it feel like we’re in deep shit?”

“Good question.”

They entered the captain’s office.

“Close the door,” Arness ordered. Wayne did so and the detectives waited for their commanding officer to say something.

“What’s the status with this?” he demanded as he threw the morning *Times-Picayune* on his desk.

*Latex Killer Strikes the City*

“How the hell did...”

“Good question. I want the two of you solely on this case. I don’t like the idea of a possible leak in the office.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Work away from the office. You have my private number and my cell. Use them.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Oh, and be careful who you talk with in the department and the Feds. Someone leaked info I didn’t want out.”

Lansing and Bridges looked at each other while Captain Arness’ tirade went on. Both knew it had to be serious for him to tell them how to handle their case.

“Sir, what aren’t you telling us?”

“I’m telling you to plug the leak but solve this case. A dozen deaths in several states and all smothered in latex. I want this maniac stopped before we get copycats. Do what you have to.”

“Yes, sir.”

They went back to their desks and sat in silence. Wayne collected his files on the other cases and looked at Kyle.

“Steaks, my place, seven?”

“Good,” Kyle agreed. He waited until Wayne left and with no one around him, he signed on to the internet. He did some quick research on latex when used for sexual situations. He wanted to see if *Blackheart* was on.

Blackheart: *Lieutenant?*

Cowboy: *How did you sleep?*

Blackheart: *Very good. Thank you.*

Cowboy: *Sorry about leaving the way I did.*

Blackheart: *I understand. You reminded me what's it's like to wake up with the afterglow of mind-blowing sex.*

Cowboy: *Good memories, I hope.*

Blackheart: *Definitely.*

Cowboy: *Question—what do you know about latex?*

Blackheart: *You don't want to do latex, do you?*

Cowboy: *No, it's the case I'm on.*

Blackheart: *It's dangerous unless it's done with extreme caution and care when it's applied. Several air holes need to remain open to breathe. I've heard about it and refuse to let it anywhere near me.*

Cowboy: *I appreciate your openness. We have a killer using latex as the murder weapon.*

Blackheart: *Oh?*

Cowboy: *Be careful, ma'am. The guy is maniacal and gets off on watching his victims die slow, horrible deaths.*

Blackheart: *I am careful and I have a police lieutenant to protect me.*

Cowboy: *Ma'am?*

Blackheart: *My command, Lieutenant, is for you to protect your dominant.*

Cowboy: *Yes, ma'am.*

Blackheart: *Good. Talk to Mistress Nora at The Sex Club. She'll be able to tell you what you want to know.*

Cowboy: *Thanks, Mistress Raven. I look forward to our next meeting.*

Blackheart: *So do I. Tonight?*

Cowboy: *Where?*

Blackheart: *Come to Club Nocturne. I'll be waiting.*

Cowboy: *Yes, ma'am.*

Lansing picked up the phone book, found the number for *The Sex Club*, wrote it down, and left the office. He decided to pay a visit to the club on his way to Wayne's. He thought about his plans for later and felt his swollen cock strive for freedom—the freedom only his mistress could allow. Once behind the wheel of his truck, he deftly and discreetly adjusted himself.

After waiting a moment, he started the truck and drove off.

\* \* \* \*

"Ella, will you tell Ally I'm expecting a client this evening? Once you're done with your clients, you may take the rest of the night off. I'm planning to close the club earlier than usual."

"Yes, Mistress Raven."

Ella left Raven's suite to tell Ally the news. Once Raven knew she was alone, she paged her chef and requested a steak dinner for midnight for her expected client.

Raven went to select what she would wear for her Lieutenant. She found the perfect gown and pulled out a black, extremely low-cut Versace. The back went down to her rear, while the cutout sides were held together with golden safety pins and buttons. She slipped it on and looked at her reflection in the mirror. She had to admit to herself that she actually was a beautiful woman, something she shied from since...

She fixed the straps, slid into stiletto pumps and waited. Lansing would join her soon and she had a few surprises she wanted to set up.

By eleven, Ella and Ally had gone home. The cook remained, and would leave once he served the midnight dinner. She walked around the club and saw herself making love to Kyle Lansing in every room. She stopped, stunned by her thoughts. *What is he doing to me? I didn't intend on falling in love with him, or is it already too late?*

Raven's breasts ached for the touch of his warm hands while her pussy became hot and wet as it begged him to satiate her need.

Her body wanted his, a fact Raven Blackheart could not, and refused to, deny.

The grandfather clock in the main entry struck eleven. She looked around the first floor of the club. Tonight, one and only one man would enter her private suite, a place no one else had ever entered.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle looked at his watch and cursed. Eleven at night and he had yet to leave Wayne's home, much less make it to Raven's. His cock strained against his jeans at the mere thought of his woman—his mistress.

"Hey, I've got to get going."

"Yeah, I need some sleep, too. Come back here in the morning and we'll go over the rest."

"You don't mind using your house? What about Della?"

"She's fine. In fact, come by after noon. I'm taking her to the airport so she can visit family."

"Wayne, I'm sorry."

"It's not you. It's this damned case. I want her safe. If you had someone, you'd be doing the same thing."

"Fair enough, I'll see you after lunch."

Kyle headed to *Club Nocturne* on Bourbon Street thinking about what Wayne had said about getting anyone he cared for out of town while the case remained open. When he parked in front of the club, he noticed a very sedate exterior belying the secrets the house held. He checked the street before opening the door. Once inside, he closed and locked it, then turned around and gasped.

In front of him stood perfection. *How had he gotten so lucky?* He removed his hat and went to stand in front of his mistress, as she wanted.

"I'd about given up on this evening."

"My apologies, ma'am. Our case has grown over the last few hours."

"You may put your clothes on the chair."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied as he obeyed her.

She could not get over him, his perfection—him. Her nipples peaked and strained against the dress she wore.

“Come with me.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

He followed her into a smaller room, where an intimate table set for two awaited. He held her chair, then sat in the one she motioned him to.

“Your mistress is famished. Feed me.”

“The food on the table, or my cock, mistress?”

“By the end of the night, I’ll have dined on both, but for now, dinner.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Kyle fed Raven; a simple act in itself that drove both of them crazy. After she’d eaten a good bit, she told him to eat. Kyle ate, but not as much. Two huge dinners in one night had been more than he’d intended.

As she watched him, she smiled. She knew what she wanted for dessert.

“Lieutenant, drop the silk and come to me.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he replied.

“I see we’re eager.”

“Very eager, ma’am.”

Raven looked at him, his body exuding sheer masculine power.

“It will be a joy training you, Kyle.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he replied, his deep voice sending heat through her. Still getting used to his role in her life, he found it easy to answer Raven as she commanded. He could tell she picked up on the feelings in his voice and smiled, pleased.

“Turn around, I want to see my property.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“You are the superb image of what male perfection should be.”

“Thank you, ma’am.”

She walked across the room to a rocking chair. He watched her as the dress she wore clung to her. He could see her body, captive within its confines while it pressed for freedom. He held

back a groan and the urge to wrap his arms around his five foot six temptress. She sat down and gazed at him as his mind fought his body.

“Come to me, hands behind your back.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said as he crossed the room to obey her. She gazed over the length of his gorgeous body and caught her breath, especially when she looked at his cock—long, hard, and throbbing its insistence. *How have I gotten so lucky?*

Raven held back her desire to grab him, instead gently catching his shaft with her lips. An involuntary jolt told her all she needed to know. Her tongue teased him, his eyes closed as he tried not to react. He wanted her more than he could admit, but he also wanted her lifestyle and only with her.

“My master taught me the fine art of satisfying a man by relaxing my throat muscles in order to enjoy the pleasure of his shaft. It’s long and wonderfully tortuous. Do you agree?”

“Yes, Mis...tress...Raven...” he gasped. She teased him as he swelled and smiled when he groaned as she took his entire length in her mouth and began to torture him. She pulled back.

“Good. You may react to what I am about to do and you will tell me when you...”

“Yes, mistress, anything...”

He gasped when she took him deep into her throat as she teased him and slowly pushed him to a new height as her hand cupped his balls and massaged them.

“Mistress, may I touch you?”

“Where?” she asked as she settled back.

“Your hair, your head, anywhere...I need to touch you.”

“Yes, Kyle, you may, but remember...”

“Yes, ma’am.”

As soon as she began again, his huge, warm hand went to the back of her head. Heat from his touch drove him to keep pace with her. Raven lost herself as she fucked his cock with her tongue and lips. He pounded her as he pressed her head to him.

“Mistress, may I...”

She nodded, unable to pause, not wanting to break the moment.

“Yes, mistress, yes,” he yelled as he exploded deep into her throat and filled her with his cum. She took all he had to give her, drew back, and caught her breath.

Kyle stood, his hands behind him, his heated shaft hanging and waiting for her, wanting her. She gazed at him, his sandy blonde ponytail draped down his back, his moustache and close-trimmed beard, but her eyes went straight back to his cock.

“Very good, Kyle,” she complimented as she caught her breath. She stood, a little unsteady at first. She went to a couch near an open window, the breeze cooling her heated body as she faced him.

“Kyle, you have pleased your mistress. Come to me.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said enthusiastically.

“On your knees.” Kyle knelt down and looked at her.

“Tasting you has caused me to need relief.” As she said this, she slowly drew the hem of the designer gown up over her naked hips. His eyes widened at the sight of her naked pussy—naked except for the labial piercings. Her clit wore an expensive clamp to keep her aroused, her body on a constant sexual rush.

“My pussy is soaked. I want you to take care of it with your tongue, your hands behind your back.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Kyle bent to her, her legs spread wide for him. He could see her glistening skin from her heated dampness. He bent to meet her, his lips against her nether lips, his tongue brushing over her clit. He teased her clit before he teased her core. His tongue drove deep into her and explored her as he drank from her.

“Your mistress wants to come.”

“Yes, ma’am, please.”

Kyle drove her over the edge. Raven cried out as she came, the orgasm ripping through her. Never had any man done this to her. She wanted him to fuck her and didn’t care about being dominant. One night of absolute free fucking...



“Kyle, forget the Dom/sub right now. Fuck me, Kyle,” she begged.

“Yes, ma’am. I am your slave.”

Kyle sat back, his cock at attention. He pulled her down to him, and then removed the gown. He rolled to the open space in front of the windows. The breeze cooled their bodies but not the fire between them. He drove into her and she cried out, calling him. He lifted to a kneeling position, Raven supported on her upper back. Her legs tried to encircle him, his waist too large.

Kyle drove into her, pounding his swollen cock into her pussy. He filled her more than any other had and found places in her never touched before. She thought she had experienced cock before, but she had been sorely mistaken. Kyle Lansing, vice cop and a predator of her kind, fucked her senseless and she begged for more.

She pressed her hands against his chest in a weak attempt to stop their insanity but failed. She gazed at him while he impaled her on his cock. She wanted more when his lips covered hers and he kissed her passionately. Kyle exploded his seed into her wet, hot pussy and she craved more.

“Kyle...Kyle...”

“Mistress?”

“My God, you’re awesome.”

“So are you. I’ll do anything not to lose you.”

“Then forget I am your mistress and your training. I command you to fuck me again—hard and with no mercy.”

“...And again and again, but I still need your dominance. I want to be your slave.”

“Yes...yes...anything...”

Kyle did as she wanted for several bliss-filled hours. She begged for more of him and he pleased her.

“I love you, mistress,” he whispered.

\* \* \* \*

“We have to talk,” she stated when they woke.

Kyle slid from her side and sat on the side of the bed.

“Where are you going?” she asked, fearful he was leaving her.

"I figured I should get ready to be punished or you'd order me to leave and not return."

"My God, no, never that."

"Then what?" he asked, hurt in his deep voice.

"I need you to know some things about me."

"You're my mistress, I'm your submissive—what else do I need to know?"

"Kyle, I think I've fallen in love with you. I haven't felt these emotions in a while—a long time—and I'm scared."

Kyle turned to her and saw fear—fear he never wanted to cause her. He reached to touch her face and his mere touch sent her into his arms. Heat coursed through them as she wept. Kyle held her.

"Mistress Raven, I feel the same love. I trust you with my life and soul. I would never hurt you for anything. I don't need to know anything more."

"But, Kyle..."

"No buts. Tell me what to do."

"I want that gorgeous cock of yours inside me. I can't wait any longer. I've tried. I..."

"Anything, mistress, how..."

She smiled, a hint of devilment in her eyes.

"My mouth, my breasts, pussy and ass. I'm a greedy mistress."

"Your wishes are my duty to fulfill, mistress."

"Kyle, can we make this work?"

"Or die trying. Will my mistress allow her slave some control?"

She nodded as she wondered what he intended to do. She found out.

Kyle lifted her from the bed and gently laid her body on the floor. He grabbed several pillows and put them to her side. He stretched his body over hers, his hands on either side of her hips. He lowered his cock to her mouth, the feel of her breath on the tip of it as she licked off a drop of pre-cum sent him rocketing.

“Would mistress lift her hips?” he asked as he grabbed a pillow for her comfort. Unable to speak, she nodded as she traced his shaft with her tongue.

Grateful for all his sessions at the department gym and at home, he easily lowered his cock into her mouth, and then drew back. *Erotic push-ups—what more could a guy ask for?*

He grinned as she understood his intentions. She repositioned the pillows to push her pussy higher. As she did, she took his cock deep into her throat as he paced the push-ups. The more he did this, the more she ached for him. His moustache against her heated and sensitive skin drove her crazy as his tongue teased her clit.

“Please, put me on top, please...” she begged.

“As you wish.”

He rolled them over and languished in her sweet essence. His tongue dove into her pussy as she pumped his cock. Her mouth went down on him, taking his cock deep in her throat.

The more Raven did, the more he drowned in her as he drank from a well of divine pleasure.

“Mistress!”

“I know, I am, too.” She gasped and then took him deep again. As their climaxes bathed them, her pace became feverish and desperate. She pulled back to allow him to spurt over her breasts, crying out his name as she shook.

“Kyle, my God...”

“Yes, ma’am...”

He groaned as her tongue cleaned his shaft. She called out again when he took her pussy into his mouth, drew in a deep breath, and then let his tongue tease her clit, ready and swollen for more of his attention as he let his hot breath out slowly. Her hands held his as he set to draining his come on her chest once more.

“May I say mistress has magnificent tits?”

“You may...”

“You’re gorgeous, mistress. Your tits are pure perfection.”

Kyle groaned at the rush. His come exploded from his shaft and he watched Raven try to catch what she could in her mouth.

“Kyle, I want to come. I need to come,” she cried out. “May I please...” Tears welled in her eyes.

“Whatever makes my mistress happy.”

Kyle’s name echoed through the empty club. Her body shook, out-of-control on the roller coaster she knew as Cowboy. She knew she’d found perfection, her knowledge confirmed when her body enveloped his cock.

He began with slow torture, but she demanded harder.

“I want you to fill me. Impale my body on yours. Fuck me, Lieutenant. I want you to be as fierce as possible.” Her legs wrapped around him as he obeyed her.

“Yes, ma’am,” he gasped as he drew back, and then easily flipped her to her hands and knees. His hands on her hips, he pounded her body, just as she wanted. She cried out her need to come and he filled her. He felt the last spurt and pulled her small frame against him, his hands squeezed her breasts while he kissed her neck.

“I love you, Raven Blackheart. I will always be your loyal slave and your best lover.”

“Kyle?”

“I love you and would die to keep you safe. One more time.”

“What...”

“Your lovely ass, mistress.”

“I don’t know...”

“Leave it to me, ma’am.” He lifted her to the bed and had her stand beside it. Her height caused a minor problem as he lifted her onto her knees, then eased her anus to his cock. He dipped his finger into her soaked pussy and used her crème to lubricate her asshole. He always thought it an ugly word, until he gazed at hers.

He inserted one long finger inside her, then the second as he prepared her small opening for his cock. His hand went to her shoulders to hold her where he wanted her. He pulled back and shoved his cock in slowly. In, out, easily, so he wouldn’t hurt her. Raven’s hands clenched the satin sheet as she enjoyed his slow, seductive torture.

As he sank deep within her, he leaned over her. He pumped his cock in her ass, while he held her breasts. She cried out, her hands going around his neck as she pressed her back to his chest. She refused to have even the slightest space between them.

“Kyle...”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said, sliding his hand between her legs to torture her clit. Together, they cried out as they fell to the bed, spent and satiated.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle saw the time and bolted.

“What’s wrong?”

“I have to meet my partner. I’m late. Damn it!”

“Lieutenant, calm down and call him, then take your shower.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he answered, her dominance welcome. He needed her in his life more than he could have imagined.

He called Wayne and explained he’d been held up, and would meet him as soon as possible.

“Take your time. I’m running late, too.”

“I have two stops to make, then I’ll be at your place.”

“Sounds good. If I’m not here, you know where the key is. Beer’s in the fridge.”

“Yeah. See ya.”

“Two places?” she asked as he hung up.

“Yes, ma’am. The club you told me about and your body.”

Raven smiled, her body tingling. After he obeyed her command, she languished in the pleasure-pain aftermath. As large as Kyle proved to be, she hungrily took him and greedily wanted more.

“What would my lieutenant like to do to his mistress’s body?”

“Your command, ma’am,” he said, devilment sparking a light in his eyes.

Raven sat up and slid her legs to the side of the bed. She’d see what he would do with her next command.

“Come and kneel before me.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“I want you to kiss every inch of my body, beginning with my feet.”

“Gladly, ma’am.”

Kyle bathed her in kisses. When he came to her toes, he sucked on each one before going to the next. She threw her head back as his tongue traced up her legs. Chills went through her as he kissed her hips, then her thighs. He reveled in her scent and loved her reaction to him. He gazed up the length of her and saw her hardened buds waiting for him as he spread her legs.

But Kyle ran into a block the moment he kissed her pussy. He couldn’t control his actions as his tongue teased, then found the path to her entrance. Her moan told him how she felt as he concentrated on her pussy. His hands went to her hips at the same time he thrust his tongue as deep into her canal as he could.

Raven lay back and gasped. His hand slipped to her breast and held it as his thumb brushed over her nipple.

“Make me come, Kyle.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Kyle!” she screamed.

\* \* \* \*

Before Kyle left, he agreed to pack two suitcases—one for *Club Nocturne* and one for her home. He dressed in khakis and a twill shirt from the club’s closet, and then left her to meet Wayne.

“Can we see each other tonight?” she asked.

“As I live and breathe, mistress. I will be at your service.”

“Meet me here with your luggage. I want to introduce you to one of your desires.”

“I’ll e-mail you.”

“No, Lieutenant, here,” she said as she handed him a cell phone. “My number is on speed dial and will call the mate to your phone.”

“But, mistress...”

“You need to be in contact with your dominant for more than sex. I saw it when I told you to call your partner. I’ll always be a phone call away if you need me, as you will be for me.”

“I don’t understand.”

"These phones are programmed specially for you and me. One phone is for you to contact me, while the other is for me to call you. Just us, no one else."

"Thank you, mistress."

"Kyle, for some reason, we've become one. I feel your need for me in more than sex. You told me you love me and would die for me. One aspect of this is feeling lost when we're apart. I love you and it scares me, but I swore to be your dominant and I will."

"Then marry me, Raven."

"You know nothing about me."

"I know I trust you completely. I feel lost without you. You're right, I need you, woman. I'll do anything to remain in your life forever. I love you."

"Kyle..."

"I'm serious," he said as he dropped to his knee. "Marry me. I'll protect you from anyone or anything that might threaten you while you keep me safe. I need you in my life and love you more than my own."

"Can you call your partner and tell him you'll be a few hours?"

"Sure, why?"

"I need to tell you something."

\* \* \* \*

Raven pulled her sheer black peignoir around her, suddenly chilled as memories flooded back to her. She sat on the floor at the foot of the bed, her arms hugging her knees to her chest.

"My name is Sandra Davis. I'm on the run from a cruel master who, in his efforts to train me, murdered my master. He swore if I ever left him or escaped, he'd hunt me down, and either turn me over to the police or kill me."

"That explains your caution."

"I had to be sure."

"Did you murder this other master?"

"No. Crawford shot him as Harden shielded me."

"What happened? In order to help you, I need to know everything."

“Doctor Harden Walker was my Dom and trained me. He was a wonderful man, dominant lover, and he wanted to marry me. Crawford, otherwise known in our world as *Peter the Cruel*, wanted me. They drew cards and Harden lost. The deal was set for me to go with Crawford for the weekend, but Crawford did not intend to honor it. He killed Harden with a full clip, and Harden died in my arms.”

She stopped, rocking back and forth. Kyle slipped his arm around her and tried to warm her.

“He dragged me away and...”

Kyle calmed her as she wept. She continued telling him about her life in Crawford’s house.

“He beat me. I hurt so bad, I couldn’t move. That last night, he made me eat my dinner from a dog bowl at his feet. I had to eat it like an animal, because he tied my hands behind me. He loves doggy slaves. When he put me on display the next night, it was horrible.”

“What happened?”

The warmth and love from Kyle gave her the strength to go on.

“I was forced to service the other masters, but Crawford flogged me each time for some supposed offense. I’d never felt so much pain before as I did during the time he held me.”

“How did you get away?” he asked as he gently kissed the top of her head.

“I told him I had to go to the bathroom. He checked the second floor room and the window, then told me my tits were big enough to keep me from fitting through it, so he uncuffed me, took my collar, and then my robe. He left me and I locked the door. I ran water and went to the window. Somehow, I climbed out the window and to a tree, and then I ran for my life. All I had around me was a bath towel I’d taken from the bathroom. I called a friend of mine who helped me and I wound up here. I dyed my blonde hair black and changed my name. Sam and I started the club, and the rest, you know.”



Kyle remained silent. Raven prayed he wouldn't abandon her. He reached for his cell phone and called Wayne.

"Hey, can you make it today without me? Something came up that I have to take care of. Oh, and do me a favor? Get me whatever you can on the Boston murder of Doctor Harden Walker and a man named Peter Crawford. Thanks."

Kyle turned his cell phone off and pulled her close.

"Why the name?"

"I like Raven—it's different. Master Peter blackened my heart to any future relationship. Then I met Cowboy and my lieutenant taught me I could love again. My slave has become my master."

Kyle's heart slammed against his chest.

"Raven, I ask you again," he began as he turned her to face him. "Will you marry me?"

"After what I've told you, you still..."

"Yes, I do. I love you, Raven. You are the dominant I need."

"But he could destroy you."

"I don't care. I want you and I need you in my life. Please, Raven..."

She thought for a moment and realized how empty her life would be without him.

"Yes, Kyle. I'll marry you."

Kyle Lansing let out with an old-fashioned rebel yell.

"Mistress, you have made me whole."

"I think it's time I gave you something."

"What?"

Raven stood up and slowly made her way to the bureau. Kyle was right behind her giving her support.

"I couldn't decide on one or the other, so I decided on both," she said as she turned to him. She dropped the robe and he gasped at her beauty.

"Kyle, I want you to do what I command."

"Yes, mistress."

"Strip out of those clothes, then kneel before me, hands behind you and head bowed."

Quickly Kyle obeyed her. He desperately wanted to look at her, but her nearness held his emotions. His body quivered and heat shot through him as she took his earlobe in her hand and inserted an earring.

“This diamond stud is my brand on my cowboy. You are my submissive and I am your dominant. You are mine, unless you’ve changed your mind.”

“I am your slave, mistress—now and forever.”

Raven smiled as relief washed over her. She wavered a little, but recovered by pulling his head to her breasts. Heat coursed through them both. She kissed the softness of his hair, and then reached over to another box. From it, she pulled a thick gold chain with a charm dangling from it. The charm included three animals—a bear, a deer and a coyote. As she placed the chain around his neck, she explained the individual meanings.

“The bear is a symbol of physical strength and leadership. Along with the deer, which symbolizes family protection and speed, it is a symbol of *first helper* in some stories, and now, in my life. The coyote is a trickster with powerful skills in hunting and keen intelligence. All three describe my lieutenant to perfection. You are my slave, now my protector.”

She clasped the chain together then loosened his hair to let it fall free.

“My ownership of you and your submission to me are stated with these two defining pieces of jewelry.”

“Thank you, Mistress Raven. What do you want me to do?”

“Make love to me and never stop.”

“Always,” he said as his lips went to her breast and laved it. Raven moaned.

## Chapter 4

“Son of a bitch! Where the hell did he get this from?”

Wayne Bridges read over the information on the Walker murder and Peter Crawford. He didn’t like what he read, especially about Crawford. He tried calling his partner, but Kyle’s cell phone was off.

“Bridges, where’s Lansing?” Arness’s voice boomed.

“Following up on some info he got on the case.”

“Then why are you in the office?”

“I had to use the computer. I thought there was another case linked to the latex one but it doesn’t...”

“Okay. Any news?” the Captain asked impatiently.

“Just seven more unsolveds—same MO.”

“Damn it!”

“Sergeant Bridges, there’s been another murder.”

“Where?”

“At Lafayette #1.”

“Shit!”

Wayne tried to page Kyle hoping he hadn’t turned that off too. *Don’t disappear on me now!*

\* \* \* \*

Kyle’s pager went off awakening him before Raven. He looked at the number and silently cursed. He knew Wayne wouldn’t page unless it was extremely important.

He cautiously slid from bed, found his cell and called his partner.

“Yeah, what have you got?”

“Another murder. Lafayette #1.”

"Damn. I'll meet you."

"Good. I've got news on the information you asked for. *We* have to talk."

"That bad?" he asked, running his hand through his hair.

"Extremely."

"Okay, I'll see you as soon as I get there."

Kyle hung up and looked back at Raven, finally asleep after facing her past. It had been hard to calm her, but once he had taken her in his arms and loved her, she relaxed.

As he went to pick up his clothes, she stirred.

"Kyle?"

"Gotta go, mistress. There's been another murder."

"My God, no!"

"I'm sorry, ma'am. Duty calls."

"Go. I'll be fine."

"You're sure?"

She nodded. Kyle kissed her, realizing how much their relationship had changed and so quickly. They had a true Dom/sub relationship, something rare and cherished.

"I love you," he said as he pulled the satin sheet from her, exposing her nakedness to him. "You are beautiful, ma'am."

"And you're mine, Lieutenant. Now go. I'll meet you here later."

He kissed her again. Temptation overwhelmed him as he bent to suck her nipple.

"Did I tell you to do this?"

"Punish me, ma'am, if you must."

\* \* \* \*

"Where the hell have you been?"

"The French Quarter."

"What the hell were you doing there?"

"Helping a friend in dire need."

"The reason for this?" he asked, handing Kyle the files on the Walker murder and Peter Crawford. Kyle looked them over and winced.

“The murder is still open; Boston PD’s looking for the guy’s girlfriend in connection with it. Whoever did it pumped the entire clip into him.”

“Why do they suspect her?” Kyle asked, trying to act impartial.

“She disappeared before they got there.”

“She’s prime suspect because of that? Any other witnesses?”

“One, but she’s unreliable. Seems she’d been trained as a submissive. He left her at the scene, as if she were a stray dog or a pet thrown out. She’s been in therapy in a mental ward ever since the murder. They doubt she’ll ever be able to survive on her own in the real world. The guy broke her.”

“What about Crawford?”

“British, six feet tall, average weight, bald. He’s called *Peter the Cruel* in their circles. He is a master into bondage and sadomasochism. Rumor has it he didn’t like Walker’s Dom/sub affair and wanted the sub—uh, Sandra Davis—the girl who disappeared. Kyle, he’s bad news. His reputation—if you can call it that—is ‘use them and lose them’. Some of his subs have disappeared, a couple turned up dead. The guy’s sadistic and gets his kicks from beatings and torture. Kyle, why the interest?”

“I’ll tell you as soon as I can. Suffice it to say, I think he pulled the trigger on Walker.”

“Kyle, what are you into?”

“I’ve been seeing someone and her path crossed Crawford’s.”

“I don’t have to tell you Crawford’s bad news and dangerous?”

“No, you don’t.”

“Kyle, seriously...”

“All right, between us—she agreed to marry me.”

“Who?”

“The woman they’re looking for.”

“Yeah?”

Kyle nodded.

“Are you nuts?”

“No, I’ve found the woman I want to share my life with.”

“She’s a suspect in a murder case.”

"She didn't do it and I will make sure Boston clears her."

"Kyle, I know you, and you're never wrong when it comes to things like this, but are you truly sure?"

"Very."

"I want to meet her."

"You will. I want you to stand for me."

"When?"

"Haven't set the date."

"Let me know."

Kyle left the files in his truck, and then he and Wayne walked over to the crime scene. They found a female victim, latex-encased for want of a better description, lying among rose petals strewn around the gravesite where a caretaker found her.

Kyle looked around and asked forensics to get footprint casts and photos of the immediate area. He looked down the aisle or street in one of New Orleans' oldest and most famous Cities of the Dead and saw Commander's Palace, a very trendy restaurant.

"Why did he decide to drop the body here?"

"Full moon last night. Caretaker got here around eight and, as you can see, it's a ways from his shed to here."

Kyle looked around and agreed with Wayne.

"The bastard's got to be stopped. I don't like the frequency."

"I hear you," Wayne agreed.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle stopped in at the district police station to access Boston's files. He learned more about the murder of Doctor Harden Walker, a well-respected heart surgeon who had been a dominant in his extremely private life. He didn't frequent many of Boston's society parties, although he had been on the *A* list for over a decade. Instead, he kept to himself. Until his murder at an elite BDSM club, no one knew of his lifestyle while gossip flew. Some of those interviewed by a Boston rag accused the sub he'd been with that night, certain it had been an affair gone bad with a cheap whore. After all, Boston society didn't dabble. Nowhere in any of the articles did Peter Crawford's name come up. *So, the bastard's got clout.*

He learned a bench warrant had been issued for the arrest of Sandra Davis as a material witness. He had to prove her innocence, or they'd never have peace.

Kyle then went through Crawford's file. He'd been suspected in the murders of several women in the Boston area. One was the daughter of a ranking city official; her body was found floating in Boston Harbor bound, gagged and obviously punished to death. Crawford always had alibis.

"Sick bastard," he muttered.

"Who, Detective?"

"A guy in Boston."

The officer shrugged and went back to his work. Kyle went back to the file. Everything Raven described about Crawford stared at him. *I'll kill the bastard! No way will he live to hurt Raven again.*

\* \* \* \*

On his way to Wayne's home, Kyle pulled out the cell phone she'd given him and hit the speed dial.

"Lieutenant."

"Mistress."

"Are you all right?"

"I needed to hear your voice."

"I needed to hear yours, too," she agreed. "How's your case?"

"Not good and neither is Boston, though I'm sure I can convince Boston PD you weren't involved."

"What about Crawford?"

"They want him, but can't prove a damned thing."

"Don't you dare try to go after him."

"He hurt you. For that, I'll kill the bastard."

"Kyle, no."

"We can't have a life together with his threats looming over us."

"Listen, we can go away. I have a place where we can overlook everyone and everything around us. It's secluded and..."

"You don't deserve a life on the run like this."

"Kyle, I need you alive."

“So do I. I don’t want to live without you. Crawford can take you away from me. If that happens, I’ve failed you, and our bond. Your collar will mean nothing.”

“I wish you were here right now.”

“I’d fuck you every way I could, mistress.”

“Keep that thought until you get here.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Lieutenant?”

“Ma’am.”

“I’m hot and wet, and my naked body aches to have your cock inside me. I want to suck you while you eat me.”

His groan echoed in the cab of the pick-up. His cock begged for release.

“My God, ma’am.”

“Phone sex is awesome, Cowboy.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

\* \* \* \*

As Kyle got to Wayne’s front door, his cell phone rang.

“Lansing.”

“Detective, this is Ivan at *The Sex Club*. I have the information you wanted. There is only one distributor in the area for fetish latex. It’s called *Sexy Delights*.”

Kyle jotted it down, along with the address.

“What about on-lines?”

Ivan gave him several possibilities before Kyle thanked him, and then knocked on Wayne’s door.

“Kyle, for God’s sake, use the key.”

“I was writing down a lead. Come on.”

They got into Kyle’s truck and headed to *Sexy Delights*. Kyle easily located it and parked out front. They entered the store and asked for the manager. A thin man decked out in black leather came to meet them.

“I’m Lieutenant Lansing. This is Sergeant Bridges, New Orleans Vice. We understand you sell latex body paint.”

“Yes, why?” he asked as he eyed their badges suspiciously.

“We’d like your list of sales over the last twelve months.”



"I cannot hand over..."

"Yes, you can."

"But my customer's privacy..."

"... Will not be invaded, unless we find probable cause. Now, do I have to go get a warrant and charge you with hindering a murder investigation?"

The manager finally relented and produced the sales records.

Off to the side, Kyle and Wayne looked over the listings and noticed two names kept ordering large quantities. The first name listed was Joy Walters, the second *N. Bondage*. Wayne noted both, along with addresses and phone numbers. They thanked the man, and left the store.

"Which do you think is our perp?" Bridges asked.

"I'd say Joy Walters. *N Bondage* sounds like he's into the life. I don't know, but my gut says her."

"How come you're such an aficionado on the *life*?"

"This case, so far," Kyle replied, though inwardly he smiled.

"But whoever's been doing this has to be strong enough to, first, get the victims into the perfect position to paint their entire body, then, carry dead weight in order to dump them wherever."

Kyle agreed with him, but they had no idea as to what the female suspect looked like.

"Let me make a quick call."

"Sure."

Kyle pulled out the other cell and called Raven while Wayne settled into the truck.

"Yes, my Cowboy?"

Kyle groaned as his body reacted to the sound of her voice.

"I love your voice," he told her.

"I love yours, too."

"I've got a question. Do you know either Joy Walters or *N. Bondage*?"

"*N. Bondage* is the name of a fetish shop. The owner has been in the business for years. He's a nice man and leads a very straight life with his wife and two sons. Joy Walters is an Amazon, for want of a better description."

“What do you mean?”

“Ever watch wrestling? She could easily match any of those women and some of the men. She competed in bodybuilding contests, then immersed herself into the dark side of the fetishes.”

“Has she always been in the area?”

“No, she’s been all over. Why?”

“She might be our killer.”

“If she is, be careful. She’s a dangerous woman.”

“I will. I have you to come home to. Have you figured out a wedding date?”

“Not yet. I’m still trying to get used to it all. Besides, I want this behind us, and not looming over us. I don’t want you hurt.”

“I won’t be. I told you, my concern is protecting you. Anything happens to you and I’ll be an empty shell.”

“Kyle, I need you, too. Please, my Lieutenant. I command you to be careful and come home to me.”

“I swear I will, ma’am. By the way, give me the house address and I’ll go straight there from work.”

“My cop didn’t research me?”

“No. Investigating you would be a betrayal of your trust—like bringing my badge and gun to our first meeting. I trust you to know what’s best for our relationship.”

“You are a very well-trained slave.”

“Thank you, ma’am,” he said, and then wrote down her Ferrara Drive address in Harahan located in Jefferson Parrish. He tucked the address into his wallet and turned away from the truck and his partner’s keen eyes.

“Can I bring the pick-up, or would you prefer something else?”

“Surprise me.”

“May be hard. You did investigate me.”

“Then bring the Jaguar. I love fast cars.”

“The Jag it is, ma’am.”

He walked back to the truck and slid behind the wheel.

“You’re hooked on this woman, aren’t you?”

Kyle grinned and started the truck.

\* \* \* \*

Raven walked around her home in Jefferson Parrish. The house looked like a smaller New Orleans mansion. It had four bedrooms, a huge den, and a spa. The garage could hold three cars and the acreage kept her privacy in tact. She lived at the end of the street and kept to herself. *If the neighbors only knew...*

When alone, she ignored getting dressed and enjoyed her body's freedom. After two calls from her cowboy, she needed relief. She took the cell with her and went into the den in the rear of the house. The previous owner had made it into a playroom, and Raven had easily made it into her room. She couldn't wait to get Kyle in here.

As this part of the house remained secluded from prying eyes, she opened the French doors to let in a breeze. The cool afternoon wind made her body ache for him more as it caressed her. As the need for him intensified, she went for a specially designed dildo. She'd had it made in crystal, and then set on a marble stool. It had been her relief until Kyle. But the short stint of phone sex had pushed her to use it. She could feel her essence running down her thighs and knew she was ready.

She eased her sensitive pussy onto the cold crystal and moved up and down. She felt the orgasm creep up on her, and then overwhelm her.

"Kyle, my love, I need you."

\* \* \* \*

"I want her found!" Crawford bellowed.

"Yes, sir. We thought we had her in Miami, but it wasn't her."

"I don't want to hear about your failures. I want her here, in front of me."

"Yes, sir," the man said as he escaped his boss's anger.

"I swear, when I get my hands on you..."

\* \* \* \*

In a warehouse loft in the business district, two women lay in each other's arms after spending the better part of several hours together. The one, dark-haired and muscular from bodybuilding, surrounded the smaller woman, who sucked on her nipple.

“Are you ready for my surprise, Chrissie?”

“Yes, what is it?” the nineteen year old runaway asked.

“Come with me.”

She led Chrissie to where a bar hung from the ceiling. She eased the girl’s mind when she explained to her how she wanted to paint her entire body, but needed to make sure she didn’t touch anything or the artwork would be ruined.

“Okay.”

Joy Walters had her latex art down to a science. First, she painted Chrissie’s wrists and ankles. While Chrissie stood with her feet apart and her arms out to the side, Joy kept her aroused. Chrissie moaned as Joy lapped at her pussy.

“Oh, Joy.”

“Grab the bar.”

After Chrissie did, Joy painted her feet and lower legs while she hung. She tied her hair up and out of the way, and then used a hair dryer to set the layer of paint on her feet and legs to set the rubbery substance faster.

She lowered Chrissie to the floor, her feet on a huge sheet of plastic. She bound her hands in specially designed wristlets and had Chrissie exactly where she wanted her.

“That feels so good, Joy.”

“I’m glad you like it.”

Joy painted her body in hot colors then, as she applied the latex to her neck, she gave her some instructions.

“As I do your face, close your eyes and mouth and do NOT open them until you’re told. Take a deep breath when I tell you to, then hold it.”

“Cool,” Chrissie enthused. The paint started to dry on Joy’s artwork.

“Now,” Joy ordered. Chrissie caught a deep breath, closed her eyes and mouth, and let Joy work her magic. Joy went to work. First, she applied a heavy and thick layer over the girl’s eyes and mouth, and then dried both areas with the hair dryer. As she did this, she put more latex over Chrissie’s nose, making sure the girl would suffocate. A few seconds with the hair dryer, then Joy

stepped back to watch Chrissie die as the rubbery material hardened, then solidified over the girl's body.

"You did well, Chrissie—a perfect work of art."

Joy took her digital camera and took some shots of her latest piece of art, then added them to her file.

Several hours later, Joy wrapped Chrissie's body in a blanket, took it down to her Mercedes and put the bundle into the trunk. She got behind the wheel and started it as she counted—Chrissie made thirty-six. *Time to skip out of New Orleans.* As she drove away, a 1999 Ford pick-up parked in front of her building.

Mindless of her near escape, Joy Walters drove her latest victim to her final exhibition.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle pulled up in front of Joy Walters' listed address. Both detectives looked at the place and wondered if this was it.

"What kind of car does Walters own?" Kyle asked as a Mercedes drove out of the alley.

"Black Mercedes and the plates match."

Kyle pulled away and followed their suspect. They'd gone to see Joy Walters first on Raven's word, and now they pursued her.

"Where do you think she's going?" Wayne asked after they had driven a while.

"The only thing I know out this way is the Superdome."

"You don't think..."

They followed the luxury car to the main gate of the sports complex. While Kyle drove off to the side and kept her in sight, Wayne called for backup.

The car pulled up in front of the main entrance and the driver got out, ignorant of the surveillance. She went to the trunk and opened it, then leaned in and lifted a large object from it. She carried it to the base of the center flagpole, and then spent time positioning whatever she had. After she seemed satisfied with her work, she turned back to the car.

"Freeze, New Orleans Vice. You're under arrest. Put your hands behind your head and kneel on the ground," Wayne yelled,

as he brandished his gun at her. Kyle covered him while he went to check what she'd placed under the American flag.

"She's dead, Bridges," he announced.

"You have the right to remain silent..." Bridges Mirandized. One half of the handcuffs in place, he went to secure her other wrist, when she spun and surprised him.

After she put Wayne down stunning him, she ran. Kyle took off after her and caught up with her, but she threw him flat on his stomach, and then began pounding on his back. He felt the force of her fists and the open handcuff as it cut his back open. Kyle tried to flip her to the side, but she guessed his moves and countered them. He went for his gun, but she anticipated his move again. A shot rang out and Kyle felt the weight of his attacker fall over him.

Pinned beneath her, he felt the pain from injuries sustained in a building collapse when he ran out of the Sixth District. His back felt like it had caught fire, the pain intense.

"Kyle... Kyle..." He heard Wayne yell.

"Get her off me!" he growled.

Sirens from approaching units pierced the night. Several patrol cars and an ambulance arrived, and medics raced to the fallen officer. Bridges supervised the officers in dealing with Joy Walters and her victim. Once the killer's body had been removed from his back, a medic asked Kyle if he could move.

"Help me up," he said. Once they did, the medic escorted him to the rear of the ambulance where a blanket was wrapped around his shoulders. He sat on the running board refusing treatment.

"You're going to the hospital."

"After I go home. I need to..."

"Why are you being so stubborn?" Wayne asked.

*Because I want Raven...*

## Chapter 5

Kyle got up from where he sat on the rear of the *bone box* and headed toward Wayne.

“Hey, where do you think you’re going?”

“Home, if you don’t mind finishing the report.”

“I’d rather see you in ER.”

“Yes, *father*, but I’m fine. Nothing’s wrong that a good hot shower won’t cure.”

“You’re sure?”

“As senior on location—yeah, I’m sure. You’ve got the collar, too.”

“But you broke it wide open.”

“You Mirandized and started the arrest. Wayne, take the credit and shut up.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good, I’ll see you tomorrow afternoon.”

“Sure, I’ll tell Arness you’re tying up loose ends.”

“Works for me.”

Kyle Lansing walked to his truck and left the scene. They had finally put a stop to a multi-state serial killer who had murdered upwards of three-dozen women that they knew of. It made for a good day and a damned good collar.

He headed back to his place to pick up his clothes and his 1996 Jag. Sleek and fast, the silver XJ6 was his *baby*. He’d gotten it through the department at one of the sales they had for impounded property. He’d gotten a good deal on it and he enjoyed driving it, the handling superb.

He headed to Harahan and by the time he pulled into her garage, he had become a *hurting puppy*—Big Time. Maybe he should have listened to Wayne and gone to ER. Unfortunately, this hadn't been the first time, and would definitely not be the last. Hopefully, Wayne wouldn't suspect how bad off the Amazon had left him. He sat and thought for a moment.

He settled into the comfort of the car seat and entered Jefferson Parrish, the complete opposite side of the New Orleans area from his own home. He had an idea where she lived. Once he made it onto the street, he had no problem finding her address. He appreciated her insight in leaving the garage door open. He closed it after he parked inside, and then crossed to the house. He pulled out his cell and called her.

"I'm here, mistress."

"Come in and find me, Lieutenant."

"Yes, mistress."

Kyle leaned against the brick face of the house and winced. He refused to let her know how bad he'd been hurt. Once he entered the kitchen, he put down his bag, stripped from his clothes to his boxers and began his search.

The house had a huge kitchen with a work area in the center and a small dining area off to the side. He went from there to a formal dining room, then into a huge, comfortable living room. He sat for a moment in a nearby chair, his back letting him know he'd made a mistake.

He followed a trail of light to a set of double doors. He smiled hoping his quest would be over soon.

Kyle pulled himself up, made his way to the doors, and slowly opened them. At first, he thought he would find a den, but what he walked into astounded him. The room was divided into two sections, with one half a library and den, the other half a bondage playroom that she could separate. Tonight, the candlelit room beckoned to him.

He saw her waiting for him wearing a form-fitting, body-hugging black lace gown, at least from her neck to her waist. The skirt appeared to be a solid black soft material, which lovingly



hugged her hips. She wore a rope necklace of black pearls, which wrapped around her neck once, then dropped to below her pussy. His mistress, a vision in black in the moonlight in her dungeon, the sight caused his body to ache, his cock needing her attention.

Kyle entered the room and stood before her, his hands behind his back, his head lowered.

"Very good, Lieutenant. I had thoughts of doing a little cock play but you seem tortured enough. Drop the silk."

"Yes, ma'am," he said and quickly obeyed.

"On your knees, slave."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, and then knelt remaining in position, his cock still begging for her touch. She put her hand on his shoulder then walked around him. Her foot gently pried his legs apart and she stood at his back.

"My God, Kyle, who beat you? I'm the only one who can inflict pain on your body."

"Permission to speak freely, ma'am?"

"Yes, please do."

"The Amazon you warned me about broke away from my partner during arrest. I tried to stop her and she retaliated."

"Why was she being... You mean she was *The Latex Killer*?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I'll kill her for what she's done."

"Wayne already did."

"Thank God."

Raven loosened his hair, and then went to face him.

"We can do this another time. I want to get your back..."

"Please, Raven. I'm fine now I'm here with you."

"I can't do what I intended with your back the way it is. Another has injured you and I can not inflict any..."

"Please, Raven. I've looked forward to being with you and mind-blowing sex. Don't hold back because of this."

"I will do as you wish, but first I will clean up your back and see how bad it is."

"Yes, ma'am."

Raven bent to kiss him. Her lips brushed over his and passion took over as her mouth covered his. He needed to taste her, his tongue exploring her and taking in every bit of her as he committed her to memory. Tears ran down his face and she tasted them. Kyle Lansing wept while he kissed her.

“What’s wrong?”

“While she pounded on me, I felt like I was back in the fire building after it collapsed in on me. For several minutes, I was terrified I’d never see you again.”

Raven held him to her breast, at a loss for words. She held her slave, a giant among men in many ways, as he wept like a scared child. She knew he’d never done this before and it sent electricity through her. His hands went to her back and pulled her close.

“Thank you, Kyle.”

“Why?”

“How many others have witnessed this?”

“No one, ma’am.”

He suckled her nipple, hating the lace between them. The soft fabric against the length of his body aroused him even more. She needed to treat his back but she needed to heal his heart and soul first. Raven held him as Kyle sobbed.

\* \* \* \*

“Mister Crawford, we found her.”

“Where?” he yelled.

“New Orleans.”

“Are you sure?”

Yes, sir.”

“Get me a hotel or a house in Baton Rouge and another house in New Orleans and I want these alterations done.”

“Yes, sir,” he said, relieved. Crawford issued his orders and the staff hustled. The anger seemed to be gone from the man, as he became a bundle of enthusiastic action.

*Peter the Cruel* was happy.

\* \* \* \*

"There, your back looks a hundred percent better." Raven announced after she cleaned each cut and the gash in his neck. She kissed each one, and then put antiseptic on it.

"Mistress, how much more torture must your slave go through?"

"Call out sick because your back still hurts and I'll show you."

"I already told Wayne I'd meet him after one."

"I want you all day."

Kyle looked at her, unable to refuse her. He leaned over to pick up the phone and called his partner.

"Hey!... Yeah. I won't be in. The back's worse than I thought and my doctor wants me to rest."

"Tell her she's good in my book. Anyone who can get you to call in is amazing. I'll tell Arness you're taking a couple days..."

"Thanks, man." He hung up.

"What did he say?"

"He thinks you're amazing."

"Why?"

"I never call out and I have so damned many vacation days socked away."

"I can think of a lot to do."

"Good," he said. "Now..."

She pulled him up and he gazed at her. The lace hugged her body showing every curve. Her nipples peaked against the design, her full breasts calling to him.

"Remove the skirt," she commanded.

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

Kyle slowly undid each button on the skirt, all seven crystal buttons. He placed it on a chair and caught his breath. The lacy dress continued down to the floor accentuating her ass, her pussy—every scintillating part of her. He groaned as his cock hardened and his body begged for her.

She led him to the other side of the room.

"You told me you wanted to experience bondage?"

"Yes, ma'am."

“Safe word?”

“No, ma’am, I trust you.”

“Stand between the posts.”

She watched him as he obeyed without question. She took each hand, lovingly kissed it, and drew each finger into her mouth to suck on them. As he groaned, she cuffed him to the posts. She knelt at his feet and shackled them.

She stood back and groaned at the sight of his tall, muscular body in shackles.

“All right, slave. You want to experience thrill?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

As she spoke, she took a leather thong and, with great care, tied it at the base of his cock. She saw his hands clench and smiled, the pressure right.

Raven knelt and took his cock deep in her throat. Slow at first, she increased her pace on him. Involuntary reaction took over as he began to pump his cock in her mouth. Harder and faster, she took him to the edge.

“Mistress, I...”

“Yes,” she gasped as he exploded. She took his come and enjoyed the taste of him as he filled her with his seed. *Please, fill my body later and...*

She moaned as he pulsed, the thong keeping him ready for her whenever she wanted him.

“I should punish you for—” she started.

“Please, mistress, anything you want!” His hands clenched into fists as he fought the chains. She knew how he felt. She’d been there once before.

She stood and, on tiptoe, she kissed his neck before she nipped at his nipples. His cock throbbed, his body restrained and he loved it.

Raven disappeared behind him. He had an idea where she went because he remembered the cabinet behind him. His answer came quick as he felt the sweet sting of her flogger, then her soft touch.

“This is for getting yourself hurt by that Amazon after I expressly warned you about her.”

“Yes, mistress, forgive me,” he said as she repeated it on his other side, then several more times.

“I’ll be right back.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said while inwardly begging her not to leave. He had bad feelings, an omen something would happen to separate them. *No...* Relief coursed through him when he heard her return. He couldn’t help himself and glanced at her over his shoulder. He caught his breath at the sight of her—erotic and gorgeous.

“My Lieutenant is misbehaving, isn’t he?”

“God, yes, ma’am. Please...I need to see you.”

“Shh, my darling cop,” she said as she came back to stand in front of him. She held a plate in her hand and put a piece of food on the end of a fork, then fed him. She fed him more, than helped him drink some wine.

Next, she poured the wine over his body and licked it from his skin as it ran down the length of him. He moved his hips to get closer to her. He needed to touch her or to have her touch him. He’d lost himself in her and loved it.

She slid to her knees after she poured wine in a glass then drove him nuts as she took his swollen cock, constantly aroused by the thong, and dipped it into the glass. Raven drank some wine as she cupped his balls, then took his cock to her lips.

“Feed me, cowboy,” she commanded.

Raven took him deep as always, her tongue licking the wine from his velvet cock. She tortured him as he felt his blood boil in his cock from the fire she’d ignited in him. Again, he met her pace and together, they rocked each other’s world.

Her hands teased him and as he exploded, her finger pressed against his anus.

“Raven...” His call echoed through the house. As it did, he could hear her moans as she took him. His breath uneven, he gasped for air as his body shook.

Sometime during the siege on his senses and at the height of it, her finger slid into his ass and drove him further than he could ever have imagined. He broke out in a cold sweat as he fought the shackles. Raven drew back and smiled seductively.

“Just where I want you.”

“Please, let me hold you.”

“Not yet.”

Kyle Lansing groaned as she kissed him, her finger slowly torturing him. He swelled again as she took him once more. His body shook when she freed first his feet, then his hands. He dropped to his knees in submission, then pulled her close and kissed her.

“I love you, Raven. I am yours. Use me, walk on me, but just don’t ever leave me!” Kyle’s mouth covered hers again. He pulled her tight against him, his body reveling in her presence and the feel of her touch. His hands came back to her face and held her as if he feared losing her.

“Kyle, what’s wrong?”

“I don’t know, but something’s in the wind. I can feel it and my instincts have never been wrong.”

“For tonight, it’s just you and me, no one else. I want you to remove my restraints.”

“Yours?”

“I am aching for you but this dress...”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said as he kissed her again. He slid it down her body releasing her from its confines. He groaned feeling her breasts against his chest. Once she was naked, he drew her into his arms.

“You know what to do. You did it last night.”

“As long I can...”

“No, no Dom/sub. Just do it.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said before he carried her upstairs to her bedroom. He laid her across the king-sized bed and placed his cock to her lips. He pulled her on her side and moved his leg to support her head. His lips went to her dripping pussy, lapping at her clit.

While he teased her, his finger played in her cream, and then slid into her anus. She closed around him.

Raven took him and felt his breath catch as her finger slid back into his ass.

Together they took each other, both their bodies shaking from the sensations. He rolled onto his back, taking her with him. She pressed her clit to his mouth as his tongue went deeper. Her legs squeezed his head to bring him closer.

The mistress and her slave lay together in absolute contentment while in a human knot, loving each other as no one else could. Moans emanated from the room joining the sounds of a beautiful Southern evening.

\* \* \* \*

A private Gulfstream jet landed at the Baton Rouge Metro Airport. A small entourage got off and went to a waiting limo that took them to a rented estate on the outskirts of the city.

“Did you set things up as I instructed?”

“In the works, sir. They are altering the bedroom as we speak but it’ll be another day, maybe two. As soon as it’s done, you can move in.”

“How close to her?”

“In the French Quarter near her club.”

“Very good. Is there a master?” Crawford asked.

“No, but she may have a sub.”

“Excellent. I’ll show them both how the system works.”

“Bad news. Joy Walters is dead.”

“How?”

“Cops caught her dumping one of her various victims.”

“Shit. I planned to use her in this but...oh, well...” Crawford said as he promptly forgot the woman. She no longer existed, so he no longer cared. His life now centered on making Sandra Davis—or whatever she called herself now—pay for her disobedience and whomever she’d become involved with would pay too.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle feathered kisses along her body as she panted, her breathing erratic. He suckled her breast as he slid his cock into her

drenched pussy. He rolled to his back and had her sitting on him, impaled on his body.

He lifted her hips, and then let her ride him.

“Ride me, baby,” his baritone voice crooned.

“Yes, my master, yes,” she cried as she obeyed him. He watched her breasts move with her body and felt his engorged cock swell more. She cried out to him, reverting to her beginnings in Boston with Harden.

“Please, master, may I come? Please...”

“Yes, mistress,” he yelled.

“Kyle, my God, I love you.”

She fell to him, their lips meeting as he took her screams into his mouth. When they felt the last ripples fade away, she kissed him.

“We’ve gone full circle. You are my master as I am now your willing slave.”

“How fast can you get dressed?”

“Why?”

“We’re flying to Vegas.”



## Chapter 6

“Bridges?”

“Can you get away for a few hours?”

“Why?”

“Raven and I are getting married in Vegas and I need my best man.”

“And how do you propose I get out there and back by the time shift starts?”

“Meet us at the airport in two hours.”

“You’re not?”

“Why not? It was left to me, from what I hear. I should use it.”

“Kyle, it’s all been... Why now?”

“I’ve found someone to share my life with.”

“This Davis woman?”

“Raven? Yes.”

“What about Boston?”

“Husbands can’t testify. Besides, I know she’s innocent and I’ll prove it when we get back and I get the evidence.”

“How are you going to tell her?”

“More than likely, she knows already. She had Sam Collins check me out.”

“THE Sam Collins?”

“Yep.”

“And if she doesn’t know?”

“She’ll find out about the cop she’s marrying. I know I should have told her, but it hasn’t come up.”

“I wish you luck, man.”

“Will you stand for me?”

“Yeah, why not? Besides, while I’m in Vegas, I can put money down on how long your marriage to a dominatrix lasts.”

“How long have you’ve known?” Kyle asked with a snicker.

“I checked her out. She’s deep in the Dom/sub lifestyle.”

“I know. Does knowing that change your mind?”

“No, as long as my best friend is happy and she’s brings you the peace you need.”

“Thanks, Wayne. I appreciate it.”

Kyle hung up and called to arrange for their flight.

“Hank? Yeah it’s me.”

“Long time.”

“Too long.”

“What can I do for you?”

“I need the plane if the old man’s estate hasn’t sold it.”

“You haven’t heard?”

“Heard what?”

“When he died of cardiac arrest and your mother died right after... They tried to get a hold of you.”

“I heard they died six months ago—right?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I guess the Lear’s out then. His lawyers sold it?”

“No, when they passed...well... As much as you didn’t get along, they left everything to you. The lawyer...”

“Yeah, he tried real hard to find me.”

“I hear ya, son. Where do you want to go?”

“Las Vegas—three to go out, one immediate return, and then one return tomorrow night for two.”

“Good, when?”

“Two hours.”

“Sure, no problem.”

“Thanks.”

“Anytime and it’s good to have you back.”

“I’ll never be back, but I know what you mean.”

Kyle hung up and sat back. *How the hell do I tell her?*

He heard the water stop as Raven turned off the shower. He knew what he had to do and he had to do it as soon as possible.

Raven walked into the bedroom, naked and gorgeous. Still aroused from the thong, his cock ached for her. He slid to his knees; hands behind him with his head bowed and slowly began.

“Mistress, I need to tell you something.”

“What?” she asked, concern in her voice.

“I need to tell you about my past.”

“No, you don’t. It’s your present I love.”

“But my past affects it in a big way.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I am an only child, the son of Richard and Cynthia Lansing. As it stands now, and for the past six months, I’ve been worth over twenty-five million dollars.”

“I know, Sam’s report told me.”

“You’re not mad?”

“No, I hoped you would tell me when you were ready.”

“But it changes things.”

“No, you’re still the vice cop who left his badge and gun out in his truck to prove to me your personal stake with me. You’re still my slave and I am your mistress, while I am a slave to my master’s body. Right now, my body wants you. It doesn’t matter, as long as we’re together. I have my history, you have yours. It’s impressed me how you’ve never asked.”

“I’ve trusted you to tell me, mistress. As a cop, I constantly obtain personal information I don’t want or need from witnesses when I don’t want it. I want you.”

“Kyle Lansing, I love you whether you’re the man needing my guidance and domination, my slave and my master, the vice cop who knows what he wants and gets it, or the millionaire. I don’t care if you have planes, yachts, homes, or whatever. They didn’t make you, you did. I’m sorry you weren’t closer with them, but obviously, deep down they loved you very much. My security came from Harden, who made sure I would survive on my own. He made wise investments and I have as well. I own property in Louisiana and Washington. I’m happy and I have you, I don’t need anything more.”

“How may I serve you, Mistress Raven?”

"I want you to fill me with your come. I want that massive cock of yours to fuck me and hard. I want to be your slave."

Kyle's cock grew more. She knelt and removed the thong, then kissed his velvety skin. Without a word, he moved to a sitting position and pulled her to him. She eased herself slowly down on him as he suckled her nipples. Slow at first, the pace increased.

Her breasts bouncing as she rode him caused his body to lose any control he had. He stood up as Raven enveloped his cock and took her across the room to the door, where he pinned her. Her petite body drove him crazy. He pounded her and she begged for more. She wrapped her arms around him.

"Master, may I come?" she pleaded.

"Raven, yes," he yelled as he fucked her. She cried, tears in her eyes as she screamed his name.

"Kyle...Kyle..."

While his body supported her, he pressed his hands to the wall over her to support himself. Chills ran through him, an omen he needed to ignore—at least, for now.

\* \* \* \*

"You have got to be kidding me."

"Nope. The old man went for the best," Kyle said as they gazed at the Lear jet he had owned for the past six months.

"Lansing! I'm your father's attorney. My condolences..."

"Save it. We weren't close, especially after he threw me out and told me never to come back." His hand gripped Raven's tighter, her support needed and welcomed. "He didn't care if I survived the collapse because it was undignified for a Lansing to do manual labor. Everything I am or have has been because I made it happen."

"You might read this."

"Summarize it, sir. I'm sure you know its contents."

"You're good, Lansing. Your reputation doesn't do you justice." He took a deep breath and went on. "In essence, he regretted everything. Your mother wanted to be at the hospital with you, but he forbade it because of his stubborn pride. He left it all to you, hoping you'd take it and keep the Lansing finances

profitable. You needn't worry about inheritance taxes or the like; your name has been on all legal documents since your birth. The deaths of your parents came at an untimely point in their lives as they wanted to make amends but knew it wouldn't be possible."

"Anything else?"

"Your mother wanted you to have this and hoped you'd know what to do with it."

Kyle took the box, shook the nameless attorney's hand, and waited for him to leave them. When the man left, Kyle opened the box. Inside he found his parent's wedding bands and his mother's engagement ring, a five-carat Marquis-cut sapphire surrounded by diamonds. He choked back tears because the ring had been in the family since the 1800's.

He closed the box and told the pilot they were waiting for Wayne to join them, and then he could fly. He took Raven onto the plane, her hand enveloped by his. He turned her to him, went down on his knee, and took the ring out.

"Raven Blackheart, will you marry me and be my mistress for life..."

"...And your willing slave? Yes, Kyle, I will."

After he slid the ring on her finger, he kissed her. He wanted more but held back. For now, holding her centered him.

He smiled at her. She wore black jeans with a velvety jacket over a silk tank top with very thin straps. He removed the jacket and groaned, her nipples had become hard and desirous. He brushed his thumbs over them and they became firmer. A gasp slipped out as she began to melt. He gazed down at her navel and gasped.

"When?"

"I've had it pierced for years but had no special reason to wear anything until now."

"You're amazing," he said as he fingered the charm, the exact duplicate of the one she'd given him to wear—her brand. He smiled, and then kissed her.

"Excuse me; is this the flight to Las Vegas?" a quiet voice asked. Kyle grinned and stood up, his arm around his mistress.

“Wayne. Thanks.”

“I had some reservations about this, but seeing this woman, I give you my blessings.” Wayne shook Kyle’s hand, then gave Raven a kiss. “I don’t know what you’ve done but he’s a changed man, and for the better I might add.”

“Thank you,” she said.

“So this is all yours now?”

“Always has been. They put my name on everything. Funny thing is everyone knew but me.”

“Interesting.”

The plane left New Orleans and landed in Las Vegas a few hours later.

\* \* \* \*

A man sat in the living room of a leased Baton Rouge estate and anticipated the conclusion to a bad situation. At his feet lay his latest work in progress. She had been difficult to train, but he’d finally won out. She wore her collar well, her arms cuffed behind her. She made an excellent doggie slave, always ready for her master, no matter where he wanted to screw her.

“Allison, my dick needs relief.”

She murmured as she rose wearing an O-ring in her mouth that was big enough to accommodate him. She found his dick and mechanically serviced her master. He loved the feel of a woman sucking him and languished in her attention while knowing she wouldn’t embarrass him. She wouldn’t come or he would punish her, the scars evidence of this.

A man entered the room, a stranger to Peter Crawford’s cruelty.

“Excuse me, I didn’t know...”

“What is it, Bejar? Allison doesn’t care if you see her submissive side.”

Bejar, clearly uncomfortable, turned toward the window to avoid the sight of something that should only take place behind closed doors.

“The house will be ready tomorrow for your inspection and anything you want to add.”

“Very good. Information on who she’s with?”

“He’s a vice cop—a very good one. His partner shot Joy Walters.”

They heard a faint reaction from Allison.

“Get off me. Bad slut,” he yelled as he slapped her. “You have been repeatedly told not to pay attention to anyone but me.”

“I’m sorry, Master Peter. How may I...”

Crawford stood, fixed his pants, and then kicked her as he would a stray animal.

“Tell me the rest.”

“Ten years a firefighter, he left the department because of spinal fractures. Now he’s a lieutenant in vice, well-respected as an investigator and in line for promotion.”

“A vice dick hanging around with a whore. Good conflict of interest. Tell me more on the medical.”

“Here, sir,” Bejar said as he handed him a copy of Kyle Lansing’s medical files from the fire department.

“Good, I’ll break her, then I’ll break his fucking back.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Keep me advised of their whereabouts.”

“Yes, sir,” Bejar said before he ran.

\* \* \* \*

Several hours later, Kyle and Raven left their hotel room at *The Mirage*. Kyle had brought his black suit, the coat dropping to an inch or two above his knees, an Old South look. The black satin paisley vest matched the dress of his wife-to-be and a black shirt finished the outfit. He tied his hair back and began to pace as he waited for Raven.

As if on cue, she appeared and astounded him. Her dress was strapless and black, her color. It hugged her curvaceous body and caused his protective side to awaken. Over the tight little black dress, she wore a black lace overdress. Stiletto heels raised her to his chest but it didn’t matter, his mistress would always tower over him.

“You and black lace are meant for each other, mistress.”

“I was meant for you.”

He bent to kiss her, his hands sliding the hem of her outfit over her hips. Bare skin against his palm brought a groan from him. The tiny thong she wore thrilled him. She felt his cock strain against the Versace suit and gently massaged him.

“Oh, mistress.”

“Do you want your thong, slave?”

“Later, ma’am.”

Raven smiled, more in love with him than ever.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle, Raven and Wayne left the hotel and walked to the *Starlight Wedding Chapel*. When Kyle asked the front desk for a recommendation, it topped the list.

Once inside, they met with the minister, Father Clive, a British transplant. He had loved Las Vegas from the moment he arrived and had never left. His wife greeted them, and would stand for Raven.

“Dearly beloved...”

After the traditional service, they exchanged wedding rings—simple gold bands Kyle purchased a few days before on Bourbon Street. He preferred them to his parents’ rings. He had other gifts for her for later.

“May I introduce Mister and Mrs. Kyle Lansing? May you enjoy life and increase the Lord’s flock. Be happy, my children, and congratulations.”

After they finished, they walked outside the chapel and stopped.

“Congratulations, man,” Wayne said as he shook Kyle’s hand. “Raven, take care of him.” Wayne kissed her.

“I intend to.”

“I’ve got to get back so I can get the reports done.”

“Thanks, Wayne. I appreciate this. The pilot’s ready and waiting. Tell him to come back after eight.”

“Morning?” Wayne asked with a wicked grin.

“Night, pal,” Kyle said laughing.

They hailed a cab for Wayne to go to the airport, and then walked down the street. They found a sex shop, Raven gasping at



how open Vegas seemed. They went in and acted like two kids at FOA Schwartz.

Raven bought him a pair of tight black leather pants and a set of chaps. He chose a black leather and lace body suit, which she filled out perfectly. Several hundred dollars later, they left with several bags.

"I can't wait to get you in those pants," she murmured.

"I can't want to get you naked."

They hurried back to the penthouse suite at *The Mirage*, where Kyle had made sure they wouldn't be disturbed. Once the elevator doors opened, he carried her to the door. She slipped the key card in and pushed it open, and then Kyle carried her across the threshold to the huge suite of rooms on the top floor.

"I married a traditionalist after all."

"Yes, ma'am, you did," he said as he kissed her. The bellman dropped the bags inside the door and quietly left the newlyweds, since Kyle had tipped him earlier. No way would they be disturbed, as he had paid for the entire floor for their honeymoon.

\* \* \* \*

"Married?"

"Yes, sir. My man heard they we're flying to Las Vegas. We're sure they are there to get hitched."

"Damn her to hell!" Crawford's voice boomed.

He thought back to the time he had her in the Boston house. One week under constant restraint, so she couldn't have her freedom. He wanted her dependant on him and no one else. *Why else would I have murdered Walker? Now, she goes and marries another Dom?*

\* \* \* \*

Kyle carried her through the suite to where a king-sized bed waited. He gently laid her down, put his Stetson to the side of her, and kissed her—long, passionately, and full of love.

"You are beautiful, Raven Lansing."

"You are so damned handsome, Kyle Lansing."

He kissed her, his hand tenderly at her neck. Her arms went around him and they felt as if time stood still for them. Until this, they'd never just lain like this, nothing else involved—just simple, pure attraction.

"I love you," they said together, then smiled.

She slid his coat off, then his vest. He kissed her as she unbuttoned his shirt. Once she touched his naked chest, sparks flew. He pulled the shirt off and dropped it with the vest and coat in a pile on the floor next to the bed.

"My God, you're gorgeous," she exclaimed.

"No, my mistress, you are."

She smiled as she tried to sit up. He helped her to her knees and as he went to remove her clothes, she stopped him.

"Allow me," she said as she rose up on her knees. She seductively removed the lace overdress, and then reached for the hem of the little black dress. Kyle stopped her.

"No, my turn," he told her. First, he tugged at the top of the dress and released her breasts into his waiting hands as they begged to be free, needing his attention. He teased her nipples, and then took each one in his mouth to suckle them. She moaned with delight, as she desired more of him.

"Raven, your tits are perfect."

"And all me."

"Good," he complimented. He teased her nipples again, and then blew his breath over them. The feel of it caused her breasts to ache for him as she moaned.

He slid the dress over her hips, then off. He left her wearing a skimpy black thong.

"Hold that thought," he said as he removed his boots, pants and boxers. He pulled her to him and drew her into a kiss. Her eyes widened as he surprised her.

SNAP.

She grinned.

"You devil, I should punish you for that."

"Whatever you want but first, I want to finish lazily seducing you."

While he spoke, his hands cupped her rear. Fingertips stroked her pussy and tortured her clit as he kissed her. She moaned as he drove her over the edge. His cock throbbed against her belly, begging to be taken.

She kissed him and felt him enter her slowly and deliberately. Her body clenched around him. As he moved her up and down on his shaft, their kiss deepened. His lips moved to her breasts and he nipped at them. She pulled him tight against her, tears of joy in her eyes. *Now, I have it all.*

Kyle exploded into her and as he released his seed into her hot pussy, he pulled her down tightly against him. He nipped her earlobe as he said her name. Their bodies locked together, both refused to allow any space between them. They remained like this for what seemed an eternity.

“I have something for you.”

“What?” she asked.

He pulled a long velvet box from the table next to the bed, and then opened it. In his hand, he held a beautiful gold chain that measured over half an inch wide.

“You’ve branded me between the diamond and the collar. You call me master. I collar you, mistress, as you did me. You are mine, mistress. You are mine, slave.”

“I am your slave and I want you to use me. Thank you, master, for the honor.”

“What does it feel like to have a slave worth twenty-five million?”

“No different.”

“Would my wife want to have our children?”

“I have something to tell you.”

“What?”

“I may already be pregnant.”

“How do you feel about it?”

“I want you to fuck me until we’re sure I am. I want to have your children...”

“You’re sure?”

“Slave, I command you. Fill me with future Lansings. Fuck me until I cry out and then do it again. Don’t hold back. I want you to do it as hard and powerful as you can. Please, Kyle, I beg you.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Put the chaps on and swerve those gorgeous hips of yours.”

He obeyed her and she became drenched as she watched his loose cock swing with his body’s movement. She went to him and inspected the look, loving what she saw. In the rear, his perfect ass was naked and ready to be touched, while in front his cock waited, ready to be ridden. She put his hat on his head to complete the look.

“Well?”

“I love what I see. I’m hot as hell and my pussy needs relief. But before that, assume the position.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said as he leaned against the wall, feet apart, arms spread above his head.

She took out a thin crop and snapped it over his left cheek, then his right side. After each crack, she massaged the area and kissed him. She put the crop aside and slipped between her husband’s body and the wall. He gasped when she took him deep. As she moved on him, his hand went to the back of her head and helped her. Her hands grabbed the chaps for support as he came, his sweet taste driving her crazy,

“Raven,” he cried out as he pulled her up and pinned her against the wall. He drove into her pussy as she clung to him.

“Ride me, baby.”

“Yes...yes...” she cried out.

\* \* \* \*

Wayne Bridges threw his keys on the table by the front door. He took off his cuffs and then his shoulder holster, which he put in his desk drawer.

“How was the wedding?” Della asked.

“Perfect. Raven’s a wonder, especially being a good foot shorter.”

“I’m glad he found someone to be happy with.”

“I’m sure they’ll stay married forever.”

The phone rang.

“Bridges,” he said, and then listened to the caller.

“Son of a bitch...”

## Chapter 7

“Della, I have to get back to the office. I won’t be long,” Wayne told his wife of twenty-nine years. He thanked God she understood his job and accepted the odd hours. He’d been very lucky.

Back at headquarters, he went straight into Kyle’s office, where he could talk in private, and closed the door. He called his contact at the airport in Baton Rouge.

“Joe, I got your message.”

“Yeah, we’ve got a Gulfstream out here in from Boston.”

“Owner?”

“Peter Crawford.”

“Anything else?”

“My records show he’s at a house on the outskirts of the city.”

Joe gave him the address.

“Any idea when he’s leaving?”

“No.”

“Thanks.”

Wayne hung up and sat back. He picked up the phone and called another contact he had—this one in the New Orleans Realtors Association.

“Margo, how are you, love?”

“Good, stranger, what do you need?”

“I love it when you get to the point the way you do.”

“It’s your voice, lover. It just sends me over the top.”

They’d had this relationship for years. Margo and his wife had gone to real estate school together. Della found it wasn’t her cup of

tea and walked away while Margo had become extremely successful. Their friendship had endured for years.

"Can you find out if there are any new listings for Peter Crawford of Boston? He could use any variation or Sandra Davis or Harden Walker."

"How soon do you need it?"

"Yesterday."

"I love a challenge. I'll call you."

"Thanks."

Now, the wait began. He called Boston to see if he could get any more details on Crawford. What he learned made him sick. Kids playing in the Common found the naked body of a woman. It had been obvious she'd gotten on the wrong end of a whip. They had found the body of the only witness to Harden Walker's murder. Crawford was tying up loose ends.

"Damn it, why couldn't you have stayed in Boston?"

\* \* \* \*

Peter Crawford arrived at the home in New Orleans, his sub at his heel, his entourage following behind waiting for his orders. From the outside, it pleased him, a good amount of land, great security—everything he wanted. They walked inside and straight to the master suite. He grinned when he saw the two columns designed into the original house modified to his specifications. A third column lay on the floor waiting to be erected between the originals. All would have chains sunk into them for his *guests' stay*.

The man would be a handful to start with but once he took care of his weakness, the rest would be smooth sailing.

"What about the guestrooms?"

"The man's is as you specified. The table has been placed in the center of the room. The other one has the cage waiting."

"Excellent."

As plans stood, he'd bring the newlyweds to the house. He planned to inflict serious pain to the cop's back to make him easier to deal with. What a fire had previously started, he would finish. He had two sets of ideas for her. Either she'd wake up caged as his other women had been when they first came to him, or shackled in

his bedroom, where he could torture her at will. He'd make her master watch as she endured a slow, painful death while he proved the man wasn't worthy of being called *master*.

Peter Crawford grinned, pleased with the prospect of seeing Sandra Davis. His body reacted to the thought of the one who had escaped.

"Allison!"

His slave ran to him, dropping to her position at his feet, her head on his shoe.

"You know what to do."

\* \* \* \*

Kyle removed the chaps, naked for his wife. She purred in contentment while he slid in next to her, his hand on her stomach.

"You said you might already be pregnant?"

She nodded.

"I haven't had the need for the pill or anything like that, so it's possible."

"Then we'll make it definite."

"Then attend to your mistress, Lieutenant."

"Yes, ma'am."

Kyle gently rolled her over, and then pulled Raven to her knees. Her hands went to the headboard for support as Kyle teased her. He dipped his fingertips into her crème, and then seduced her as she watched him lick his finger, tasting her essence. His cock pressed against her, then easily slid into her. He tortured her slowly, Raven moaned and begging him to take her.

"As you wish," he told her as he drove her over the edge. The harder he thrust into her, the more she wanted as she craved her husband's cock within her.

He pushed in, and then pulled back. He drove her again and she cried out for his mercy.

"Please, Kyle...oh...oh..."

The minute Kyle felt the explosion begin, he grabbed her breasts. He enjoyed their natural movement as he pumped his cock in her pussy, but he needed her tight against him. He drew her back to his chest and held her as his cock filled her. She gasped for



air and leaned against Kyle, needing his love and strength. He continued his siege on her body wanting to give her what she demanded from him. Kyle nuzzled her neck while he buried his face in her gorgeous black hair.

She needed to face him and turned in his arms before she wrapped her legs around him. He guided his cock to her entrance and pulled her down on his shaft. She kissed him, her breasts brushing over his hard, muscular chest. Her nipples hard, her body ached more than she could have thought possible.

“Fuck me, Cowboy,” she commanded.

“Yes, my Blackheart,” he answered as she rode him. She gasped as she felt his finger press into her ass. She smiled while she kissed him and her legs tightened around him as she felt the orgasm wash over her.

Kyle growled when she cried out. The heat between them intensified, both drenched in passionate sweat. The double sensation kept her shaking for a long while afterwards. Kyle held her as her body quivered.

“Mistress, are you all right?”

“When I’m in your arms, always. In fact, I don’t ever want to leave this bed.”

“Nice thought, wife.”

“Hold me, slave.”

“I am,” he assured her, and then he kissed her, his tongue exploring her mouth as if for the first time.

“Mmm...” she purred.

Kyle easily rolled her over to lie beneath him as he suckled her nipple and teased the other. His cock swelled more as it begged to fill her.

“Mistress?”

“Don’t ask, slave. Just do it. You have my standing order. I’m doing something no Dom should ever do.”

“What?”

“I want you to fuck me every chance you get, the more the better. I have an insatiable hunger for you and it needs to be fed. I

don't care if we ever leave this bed again. Please, don't ever stop loving me."

"My God, woman, where did this come from?"

"I'm terrified of losing you."

"You won't."

"What about Peter Crawford? He'll..."

"Shh. I'll take care of him. I will do whatever it takes, even if I have to set aside the badge to do it. He won't get away with what he did to you. Raven, you are my life. If I lose you, I don't know what I'll do."

"But...did we make a mistake?"

"How so?"

"The wedding. I can't let my past endanger you. I should never..."

"Whoa, Raven. We didn't make a mistake. I asked you to marry me and came into this with my eyes wide open. I don't want anyone else."

"Kyle, I..."

"I love you. I need your dominance. I need to know we are one. I don't want to go back to the loneliness in my life or the deep hole it lived in. I want you, no matter what."

All she had been through for the past several years overwhelmed Raven. Kyle held her while she sobbed, finally allowing herself to grieve her master's death, and deal with the fact she'd been on the run. She wanted to enjoy her life and her husband. The realization she might get her life back overtook her.

"I love you, Master Kyle," she whispered.

"I love you, too, Mistress Raven. I need you more than you know."

As Kyle held his wife, he swore to himself to kill the bastard who'd all but destroyed her and who now wanted to finish what had been started in Boston.

*I will kill the bastard!*

\* \* \* \*

Wayne Bridges worked through the day to get updates on Peter Crawford's whereabouts. The more he read about him, the harder he worked to nail him.

On the internet he put out a request for information from any department having dealings with the maniac. He groaned.

Los Angeles, San Francisco, Honolulu, then Chicago and New York.

All reported hideous and grisly murders, all with the same MO's and all pointed to *Peter the Cruel*. Charges had never been filed in any case, though all remained open.

It seemed his game centered on sadistic domination, the kind to degrade and humiliate the submissive beyond repair. He read of some who had survived the man's wrath—one in intense therapy, the others' suicides. He shook his head. *No wonder Kyle's wife did what she did.*

He checked his watch, still too early to call them. He wanted to wait until the Lansings came home from their honeymoon before he gave them the bad news.

Wayne thought back to their wedding. He loved Raven from the moment he met her. He could tell exactly when she had come into Kyle's life. He didn't know what it was between them and he didn't care, but Raven obviously gave Kyle exactly what he needed.

He'd known Lansing for years. He'd come into the department from a career shattering injury in the fire department and quickly gained a reputation for being a meticulous investigator. Nevertheless, Wayne knew he missed something in his life. The thrill of a successful undercover operation or solving a huge case gave him the usual adrenaline rush any cop got, only Kyle searched for something more. He figured the mysterious Raven Blackheart had fulfilled his friend's need, sure of it when they jetted to Las Vegas and married. Now, they were being threatened by her past—one she escaped several years before, but now came back to haunt her in a dangerous way—and he made it his personal mission

to stop it. He knew Kyle would kill Crawford in order to protect his wife. He had to stop him from making a huge mistake.

"Kyle, you'd better have patience with this one," he said to himself.

The phone rang.

"Bridges?"

"Sir, we've got a vic in Pontchartrain you may be interested in. The Coast Guard just fished her out of the lake."

"Talk to me."

"Naked except for a collar and leash, one of the s/m's gone wrong, I think."

"Why?"

"Coroner said she'd been tortured over several months and her shoulders had been in the same position long enough to cause damage."

"Name?"

"Not yet."

"Send me the report with photos."

"Yes, sir."

Wayne hung up and cursed as he added his notes to Crawford's file. He prayed Margo would hurry up and get back to him.

"Where the hell are you, Crawford?"

\* \* \* \*

Crawford returned to Baton Rouge, angry once more. His slut had married her new master and his sub had died at his feet after he kicked her one too many times. She had lasted longer than any of his others—but she had misbehaved for the last time.

"Find me another," had been his orders as two of his men went to obey him.

Sandra Davis had angered him beyond comprehension. She'd run, escaping him. No master could allow a sub to be insubordinate and he would not let her live to be a thorn in his side and a mark on his reputation.

As he thought about her, his dick swelled and his body ached for relief. Not one of his subs could ever match her in looks; the

woman was erotically gorgeous. Her beauty had been the reason for Walker's murder; Crawford had to have her and would not rest until he trained her the correct way.

The door opened and two men dragged a voluptuous blonde into the room. She fought them, her nudity arousing *Peter the Cruel*.

"No, please. I'm not that kind of..."

"By the time I'm done with you, you'll beg me to fuck you."

Lisa Thomas struggled to free herself, but only tired herself out. She'd been in a store in the French Quarter when two men abducted her. They took her out the rear of the store to a waiting car and brought her to Baton Rouge, where they took her clothes and locked her into a cage of all things. A man ordered her to sit like a pet and Lisa wanted to be sick.

"You are here to be trained by Master Peter to satisfy his every whim. Life can turn very ugly if you misbehave."

"Why are you doing this?"

"Master Peter commands it."

"Who the hell is he?"

"The man who holds your life in the palm of his hand."

"Please let me go home. I won't tell anyone, I swear."

"Where is she?" a voice boomed. Lisa cringed.

The men opened her cage and yanked her from it as she tried to hold onto the bars. She fought for her life, though she felt the sting of humiliation. Her husband would never understand this. She continued to beg them to let her go but the men ignored her.

They took her into the master suite of the huge house and held her while she struggled. A man stood in front of them and surveyed her while her body betrayed her as it reacted to his gaze. She looked at the bald, British man and trembled.

"Bad slut. You need to learn control!"

"Please, I'm not a slut. Please, let me go."

"They all say the same thing."

The man nodded and the others released her.

"Thank you, I..." she began trying to shield her nudity from him with her hands.

“Silence,” he screamed as he backhanded her to the floor. He grabbed her by the hair and pulled her to her knees. His other hand held a thick leather strap, Lisa cringing from the sight of it. He nodded and, as Crawford held her in place, one of the others cuffed her hands behind her. The other one attached restraints to her upper arms then held a length of chain in his hand. She cowered more at this but the man in front of her refused to let her falter.

He placed the strap around her neck and buckled it closed with a small lock attached, and then he hooked the chain—her leash—to it. She closed her eyes and wept as he unzipped his pants and dropped them. He pressed her head to his dick and ordered her to take care of him. She shook her head, refusing to answer his needs. She needed to hold onto the little shred of dignity she had left—if she had any.

“Do it, slut.”

“No, I can’t.”

“Get it,” he commanded. One of the men left and returned with an O-ring set-up. He forced it into her mouth, and then strapped it on her. Her jaw hurt from the size of the ring, but she sensed more would happen. She didn’t have time to think about it as Crawford grabbed her head, and then shoved his dick through the ring and into her mouth.

“Do it, now, Sandra...” he ordered.

“No...”

She bolted at the feel of cold steel at her temple.

“I don’t have time for this, Sandra. Do it now, or I’ll blow your brains out!” Lisa didn’t want to but she wanted to live more, the last shred of pride gone, taken from her by a maniac who called her *Sandra*.

Once she had taken him, he dragged her to a specially designed stand. On something like a balance beam, he bent her over it and laid a thick strap over her waist to secure her to it. He spread her feet apart and placed her head on the shelf in front of her. He continued to threaten her with the gun.

“I like to watch knockers bounce as I fuck cunt,” he announced. “I see you’re ready.”

He drove into her, a quick release following. She cried, unaware she had misbehaved.

“Crop,” he ordered as she started. “You came without permission.”

Hours later, she remained unconscious and still over the beam, beaten for whatever reason he thought she had misbehaved.

*Peter the Cruel* had done the impossible—he’d gotten worse.

## Chapter 8

Kyle and Raven lay in each other's arms, two people madly in love with each other and blissfully unaware of the threat waiting for them when they returned home.

Raven stirred and gazed up at his face. She loved him—how his beautiful long blonde hair fell over his shoulders, his body... She groaned as her body ached for him. Kyle slept, motionless except for his steady, even breathing.

She slid from his side and quietly moved to his stomach but continued below his waist to where his flaccid cock rested. Rarely had she seen him like this but it gave her the unexpected chance to wake him.

Raven kissed him, and then traced him with her tongue. As he swelled to her touch, she dipped the tip of her tongue into the slit and tasted the drop of pre-cum waiting for her.

Curled in a ball at his side, she played with him, and then worked to rouse his emotions and desires. When she felt him ready to come, she drew back and rubbed him. She wanted his hot release on her body. As he exploded, he rolled toward her, Raven bathed in him.

Her pussy clenched as she licked his cock clean. She started at the feel of his long, graceful fingers entering her. As he finger-fucked his wife, his thumb pressed against her anus. Her pace quickened, especially when his other hand went to her head and pressed her to him.

She moaned as he slid inside her again. She went to her knees as she sucked his cock, her breasts brushing his side. His lips moved with her as he came, this time, deep within her throat. She wanted



to pull back, to go to his luscious mouth and kiss him, but he held her in place.

“No, slave. I’m on the verge again. I need your pussy where I can lap at it and drink from you.”

She moaned and moved to the position he wanted.

“Mistress, while you feast, I will fuck you twice before I impale your body on mine. I love you, Raven Lansing.”

“Please, Kyle, do what you want. Use me, I don’t care. Oh, my God...”

“Then when I’m finished, I’ll do it again,” his deep voice said as it drove her to another arousal.

“Please, master, please...”

Kyle nipped her clit, and then drove his tongue into her pussy again. His finger returned to the heated confines of her ass and she closed around not one, but two long, thick fingers. He pounded her ass as he drank from her and his finger tortured her clit.

“Push up,” he commanded her.

She did, going on her hands as she took his cock for the third time. He groaned as her breasts slapped against his chest. Again, she cried out, his cock spurting into her mouth.

“Kyle, please...” she begged.

“Yes, ma’am,” he said as he eased from her, then loomed over her and drove his cock hard into her core.

She arched her back so he could take her nipple in his mouth.

“Fuck me, Kyle. Please!”

Pinning her beneath him, he fiercely thrust into her, and then withdrew.

“I want you pregnant, Raven. I want a family with you.”

“I want the same. I need you. Oh...Kyle...” she moaned as he filled her. Her screams echoed through the suite. His name filled the room, followed by hers.

She dug her nails into his back, needing his rock solid body to keep her in place beneath him. She found her constant, as she became his, both of them meant for each other.

Kyle did as he promised and took her again as he had a few moments before. Spent, they lay together afterwards. Kyle

watched her sleep as his fingers tangled in her hair. He kissed the ends of it, then the top of her head.

He wanted her again but knew she needed to rest. He'd found pure energy with her, something he thought he'd never find. For all his good looks, his muscular body and everything else his mistress loved him for, he couldn't find the perfect woman to share his life with—at least not until Raven Blackheart. A case of love at first sight, life with her gave him what he needed. She dominated him but he didn't feel any less of a man for it.

Kyle researched the life before contacting her. He heard of her by reputation on the street from a previous investigation. Few men could handle female dominance. Kyle felt secure in his role as slave to a beautiful woman, a merciful Dom.

He wasn't sure how it had blossomed into the complete circle it had, but it did, and he finally felt good about his life. They didn't need specific times or reasons to switch roles, it just happened. Raven calling him master drove him insane with love for her. He didn't have to explain anything to her; she understood and gave him what he needed. *God, if Wayne knew any of this, what would he say?*

Best friends for years, Kyle found there were certain subjects they couldn't discuss. When it came to BDSM, Wayne didn't care who knew how he felt about the subject. He'd seen the nastier side of sex being in vice. No way did he consider the lifestyle as normal or did it have anything good about it. Wayne definitely wouldn't understand about Kyle, though he had taken to Raven the minute they met and he knew about her.

Kyle smiled, unable to get over how beautiful his wife was. His body ached to take her, his cock begging for the chance to be enveloped by her body.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey, yourself."

"Penny for your thoughts?"

"I want to fuck you."

"Sounds good to me. How can your slave serve you?"

“Not this time. I want us as lovers, no commands or anything. I want it as it happens, however it happens.”

“Then if I sit up like this and pull your mouth to my breast...”

“I’ll suck on it and want more.”

“Then do it. Make love to me and I want you to fuck me without holding back.”

Kyle pulled her to him and kissed her. He took her breast in his hand and drew it to his mouth. He suckled her nipple while she held his head to her chest. She gasped as he thrust three fingers into her damp pussy while he teased her clit. She went with him, moving in time with his thrusts.

“Ride me, baby,” he said as he pulled out and thrust his cock into her core. “Ride me,” he repeated as his mouth covered hers in a kiss so filled with emotion, it surprised them both. She pulled back to look at him.

“Kyle, look at me,” she tried to say. “Look at me when you...”

“Raven, I will. I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

Kyle gently rolled them over as Raven’s body ached to remain close to him, even though he had sank his cock deep within her. He cupped her ass while he thrust in and out. The sight of her breasts bouncing drove him over the edge.

“Raven, my God you’re gorgeous and your tits...”

“Kyle, I...oh...oh...”

Raven screamed, calling Kyle’s name as he drove her over the edge and beyond. She felt like she was falling and the only safety net she had was his massive cock buried inside her. His cock impaling her, she clenched around him and met his pace until he pressed his thumb to her clit. This pushed her into emotions she could no longer hold back. Her body shook uncontrollably while her husband laid siege to her senses.

Kyle’s hands went to her hips and held her tight to him. He needed to drive his cock into her pussy, sinking it so far inside her, that her nether lips kissed his balls. The thought of it caused him to swell more and fill her.

“Almost, mistress.”

When it ripped through them, the orgasm washed over them as sweat ran down their bodies and they enjoyed each other. The sexual heat intense, Raven clung to him, weak, while trying to regain her strength.

“Thank you.”

“For...”

“Our child. After this, I have to be pregnant.”

Raven slipped into a deep sleep, happier than ever. Kyle kissed her forehead as he held her close to him.

“I love you.”

\* \* \* \*

After they enjoyed the hotel’s buffet, they left for the airport, where his jet waited. Unable to get used to this part of his life, he looked at it in awe. Before he took her on board, he pulled his cell phone out and called Wayne.

“Bridges.”

“Hey, it’s me. Anything?”

“Yeah, Crawford’s in the French Quarter and from what I can put together, he knows she’s here and he’s waiting.”

“What do you mean?”

“He’s been laying out some serious cash to get info on her. Word has it, he’s not happy at all.”

“Damn!”

“He’s got people at *Club Nocturne* and your place. I don’t know any place else but if she lives away from the club, don’t go there.”

“Ok, I’ll call you when we’re back.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m not sure yet.”

Kyle hung up and looked at his wife. Raven had heard his side of the conversation and didn’t like it. Fear filled her eyes.

“Kyle, what?”

“Crawford’s in the French Quarter and he’s waiting for us.”

“We can’t go back there. He’ll...”

“I know,” he said as he held her tight against him, her touch giving him comfort. “We can’t go to the club or my place and I figure he’s got Harahan staked out as well.”

“Where do we go?”

“I have an idea. Go on board and I’ll join you after I make some quick arrangements.” He kissed her, and then watched her board the jet. He sought out his pilot and asked him to fly them to Shreveport instead.

“Yes, sir,” the man said as he made notes.

“Do I remember right? My old man had a helicopter...”

“Yes, sir, a Bell corporate.”

“Can it meet us in Shreveport?”

“If that’s what you want, sir, yes,” he answered.

“Make it happen.”

“Yes, sir.”

“By the way, what is your name?”

“Gavin.”

“And forgive me for asking this, but I’m still learning about everything...you worked for my father?”

“Now you, Detective Lansing.”

“How long?”

“Seven years.”

“And you’ve been wondering about your job?”

“In a way, sir. In fact, we all have.”

“Well, if you make this happen and get my wife and me from Shreveport to the mansion in one piece, you will have no worries and I’ll see to it you get a raise.”

“Yes, sir. I can have the Bell pick you up and land on the estate’s helipad.”

“When did that come about?”

“Two, maybe three years ago.”

“Perfect. When you’ve filed the new flight plan, we’ll be ready to fly.”

“Yes, sir, and may I thank you? We’ve all been in limbo since their deaths. It’s a relief to know you’re...”

“Just what did happen?”

“Your parents were in Hawaii on an afternoon drive. He suffered a coronary while behind the wheel, lost control of the car and they plunged into a deep gulch. Both died instantly.”

Kyle remained silent.

"We wondered why you never came back to the house after it happened."

"I didn't know until we flew to Vegas and Hank told me. The lawyer came by and told me I'm worth a lot now and..."

"I'm sorry, sir. We've missed you."

Kyle was silent again for a few moments longer, unsure what he should say. He nodded and got on the plane with his wife. He needed her desperately.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle slumped in one of the Captain's chairs and ran his hand through his hair. Everything had finally hit him and he felt he was spiraling out of control.

"Are you all right?" Raven asked, her hand on his shoulder.

"Now I am," he said. Her gentle touch warmed him and gave him reassurance of something stable in his life. His large hand covered her tiny one, needing to hold her to him so she couldn't leave him.

"Talk to me."

"I...my God... I..."

"Lieutenant, tell me or I will have to punish you."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, slipping into the submissive at her command. "In the last month, I've met and married perfection. You are the only sure thing in my life right now. I broke one of the most horrific serial cases in the last several years, learned my mistress' Dom wants us both dead, and I'm twenty-five million dollars richer. I have all this to worry about because no one could tell me the old man had died and taken my mother with him. I have an entire staff wondering if I will fire them or not and I don't know how to handle it."

"I saw the pilot smile."

"I told Gavin if he got us to New Orleans in one piece, he was set for life."

"That should be easy enough."

"No, ma'am. Crawford has men at my place, the club and Wayne thinks at Harahan."

“Then where will we go?” she asked, worried. “The only safe place would be your jail.”

Kyle smiled at the thought.

“Interesting, but no. Gavin’s flying us to Shreveport, and then he’ll have the corporate Bell fly us to the estate. If I remember right, the place is pretty secure.”

While he talked, she massaged his neck. The feel of his ponytail on her hands caused her body to ache for him but she held her desires inside, knowing he needed her. She felt him relax as his tension abated. He leaned his head back against the chair and began thinking.

“Tell me everything you can about Crawford.”

“Why?”

“I need to know how to fight him.”

“You can’t. He’s too powerful a dominant.”

“Talk to me, Raven. What might be meaningless to you could be what I need to defeat him.”

Raven told him everything she could remember. His skin crawled a few times but she was there, his support when he needed it.

“I don’t know how, but I will put him away and throw the key in the Gulf,” he said quietly. Raven knew he would and felt the security she needed to deal with the monster. With Kyle, she knew she’d survive. He wouldn’t allow Crawford to harm her. For once, she felt good about her past, her present and their future.

## Chapter 9

A black corporate Bell helicopter easily set down on a helipad behind the main house at *Springton Pointe*, an estate including the main manor, guesthouse, carriage house, pool house and stables. Down on Lake Pontchartrain sat the boathouse and several craft of various sizes. From anywhere on the estate, one could see a spectacular view of the lake and the city of New Orleans.

Security had been increased after Kyle's father threw him out and left orders not to allow him on the property ever again. Now *Springton Pointe* became his safe haven.

"Halt!" a strange voice ordered.

"I'd drop the gun now, officer."

"This is private property."

"And I'm the owner, or don't you recognize the hel-o? I'm also a vice cop."

"I want some ID, Mister."

Kyle slowly turned around, his badge evident on his belt. He had taken to wearing it around his mistress once they married and they became aware of Crawford's threat.

"My wallet is in my back pocket. Drop the gun now. You don't want to do this."

"Hands up. You too, ma'am."

The detective in Kyle took over. He quickly subdued and disarmed the man, confiscating his weapon.

"I don't know who trained you, but they did a half-assed job. Now if I were you, I'd quietly apologize and keep quiet, or I'll slap your ass in jail for assaulting a police officer and being stupid."

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir."



"My name is Kyle Lansing and this is my wife. We own *Springton Pointe* and I want you off my property."

"But..."

"Now," Kyle stated emphatically.

The security guard ran to his car and sped away. Raven watched her husband in action and knew he had acted emotionally, but he'd been right in his threat. She looked at him as she spoke with Gavin, and then waited for him to join her.

"Raven, I'm sorry. I just don't like being drawn on," he explained.

"I understand. The guy handled the situation unprofessionally and you were well within your rights. Ending it your way saved a life."

He pulled her closer and held her.

"Thank you."

"Anytime."

They walked up to the mansion, where the Lansing's housekeeper waited to meet them.

"Mister Lansing, it's about time. When Gavin let me know you were finally coming home and bringing your new wife with you, I immediately got things ready for you."

"Thank you, Katherine. This is my wife, Raven."

"Miss Raven, welcome."

"Thank you."

"If you get the chance, we can discuss how you'd like the estate run."

"I think it should stay as it is for now. You obviously are doing a wonderful job, so I think it'll be fine for now."

"Yes, ma'am."

Kyle excused them and led her into the house. Before they entered, he picked her up and carried her over the threshold. She hugged him as they stepped into the huge entry. He put her down as she looked at the polished marble floor, the huge crystal chandelier, the enormous split stairway...

"Raven?"

"What?"

"Are you all right?"

"I'm not sure."

"You'll get used to it."

"I hope so."

\* \* \* \*

"Sir, they left Las Vegas but did not fly back to New Orleans."

"Where did they go?"

"Shreveport."

"Why there?"

"Not sure, sir, but they left there by helicopter and flew to a private estate across the lake."

"Who owns it?"

"Kyle Lansing."

"What?" Crawford asked as he sat up.

"It's his, along with other properties, businesses and profitable financial investments."

"How much is this damned cop worth?"

"Over twenty million."

"Shit!" Crawford cursed.

Crawford went to the study where he'd set up an office and sat at the desk. The latest information came as a shock to him because now he fought old southern money. Then he smiled.

*If I play my cards right...*

\* \* \* \*

Wayne had just received the latest surveillance reports when his cell phone rang.

"Bridges."

"It's me."

"Where are you?"

"The estate."

"You're kidding."

"Right now, it's safe."

"I'll send a couple cars over."

"Don't. He'll wait the detail out. He's got nothing to lose."

"How do you want to play this?"

“Good question. You can put one car on the front gate. Then let me know their reports. I’m not sure about the newer security guards. Hell, I’ve already fired one.”

“Why?”

“He drew on me to start with.”

“Dumb ass.”

“Anyway, we’re pretty secure on land. The lake, I’m not so sure about but I think I’ve got time until this maniac puts it all together.”

“I sure hope so. He’s a bad one who needs to be stopped.”

“Tell me about it. Raven told me more and it made my skin crawl.”

“We found a connection between our latex killer and Peter Crawford.”

“Oh?”

“He set her up here and several other places after life got too hot for her. He got her going here.”

“Damn it. I guess he’s into Latex.”

“That’s not in any of the info and the ones who could say anything are all dead. Did Raven...”

“No, and she would have. Hey look, call me when you hear something.”

“I want to talk to you once an hour.”

“Yes, father.”

“I’m serious. I don’t want to find out after the fact. I want to know immediately, when I can do something about it.”

“Gotcha. Talk to you in a bit.”

\* \* \* \*

Raven walked around the mansion to give Kyle time to do his job. She knew how worried he was and he had to coordinate with his partner and the department.

Crawford’s presence in New Orleans terrified her and angered Kyle. She could see him cover his own terror as he acted like the macho detective everyone but she knew. She knew his soft submissive side and prayed Crawford wouldn’t find out because the maniac would use it against him to get his way.

She hated how her past had brought Crawford into their lives. She'd finally found happiness with a man she loved and now *Peter the Cruel* threatened them. *Why? Why after I've finally found peace and what I've always wanted?*

Raven found her way upstairs and to Kyle's room. At least she figured it was since their luggage sat at the foot of the bed. The room had an extremely masculine air and she loved it, though she felt a little out-of-place. She looked around at the various parts of his life—trophies for football and wrestling, training and service certificates, plus something she hadn't expected. She had married a musician.

In the corner sat three guitars—a bass, an acoustic and a twelve string. She smiled and it hit her how much he'd lost when his father disowned him. Part of his life remained in this room, just waiting for him to return. The day had come—Kyle Lansing had returned to his boyhood home.

She sat on the cedar chest at the foot of the sleigh bed and took in the essence of Kyle Lansing. The more she learned about the boy who had grown into the man, the more she understood him and his need to call her in the first place—his need for her.

He had been hurt deeply by a dominant personality; only this one had used power and status to force Kyle into submitting to the proper way of life in his father's mind. Kyle couldn't do it and had to strike out on his own, leaving everything behind until he realized his own personality was as domineering as the man's who had cast him aside—his father. *How can parents do that?*

She knew how much he needed her dominance and quiet support. Evidently, from what she could see, he didn't get it when he needed it from his family. It was a wonder he had ever been whole, although life as a vice detective kept him distracted, or at least it did until they got together.

Raven smiled as she thought of his dominance over her. It shocked her when she suddenly begged him to tell her how to please him. She thought she would never submit to any man again after Harden's murder and Crawford's treatment, but Kyle had

come to her and opened the possibility up again and she reveled in it.

No man had ever taken her as Kyle did and no man ever would. Kyle was it for her. God forbid anything happened to him, because she knew she would never survive the loss.

Snapping out of morbid thoughts, she looked around again. She heard his voice in the hall and her body reacted, begging for him. She stood and went to the center of the room to wait. It didn't take long.

"Katherine, tell the staff to take the night off and I expect them back by noon."

"And what can I do for you?"

"A quiet dinner for two, then the night's yours."

"Yes, sir, and thank you. Welcome home, Mister Kyle."

Kyle entered the room, closed the door and stopped, stunned by his wife. She stood in the center of the room, her head bowed and her hands out to him. His heart ached, his cock swelled and emotions rocked him.

He went to her, knelt down with his hands behind him, and gazed at her.

"Mistress," he whispered.

She gazed at him and smiled, her heart filled with longing for his touch.

"We seem to be at check."

"I can solve this little problem."

"Oh? How?"

"I'll show you."

\* \* \* \*

"Kyle, where..."

"I did a quick walk through the house on my way upstairs. I learned a lot about my parents by opening doors I was never allowed to go through."

"But, what..."

He led her up a stairway to the next floor where the estate's servants once lived. Half the rooms had been either closed up, or

used as storage. One door opened up to a part of his parents' lives he had never suspected.

"Welcome, mistress."

Raven stared at the room, awed by what he showed her. The dark woods and furnishings softened the impact of the *playroom* in front of her.

"Kyle, this doesn't mean what I think it means?"

"I think so."

"Your parents..."

"Big time."

"This is expensive stuff and not the styles for those who only dabble. This is serious."

"I know."

"Lieutenant, strip and assume the position on the frame."

"Yes, ma'am."

While he did, she locked the door, lit several candles, and searched for the right toy. Once she found it, she went back to him.

She quickly checked in one of the armoires and found a sheer black dressing gown. She removed her clothes and slipped into the diaphanous robe. Then she grabbed what she'd found to play with, and then checked Kyle's position.

Click.

Kyle heard three more clicks as she restrained him to the frame.

"I see this is a special design," she said as she stood in front of him. The frame was designed for comfort and exposure of specific attributes. "I'm happy my slave is ready for me."

"Yes, ma'am."

She heard his groan once he saw her, the sheer fabric hugging her curves, the sash at her waist pulling it tight to her body.

"Do you like what you see?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I want you to tell me how you see me at this moment."

“You’re gorgeous, Raven. Your tits are perfectly round, your nipples begging for attention. I see you’ve shaved your hair to guide me directly to your waiting and soaked pussy. I need to...”

She flicked the flogger across his hip.

“I will tell my slave what he needs.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said as he felt her soft touch where the flogger had been used.

She brought the shaft of the flogger up the inside of his leg, then down the other. She reached in front of him and cupped his balls, his cock more erect. She flicked the flogger again and he started between the sting of it and the light grip she had on him. Her touch sent him soaring until she surprised him.

Raven discovered an ottoman and slid it over. She sat on it and looked up at him. He gazed into her eyes and longed for her. She took his cock into her mouth and her tongue played with him. She would bring him almost to release, and then shocked him as she used the flogger.

Before he could realize what she had done, she tortured his cock again and repeated using the flogger. He groaned the fourth time, his body begging for relief as he fought his restraints. Tremors crept through him as he desperately held back, each time harder. He wanted to plead with her but knew his place. He’d behave or take her punishment, it didn’t matter. Raven had him where she wanted him and he wanted to be there. *If only my parents knew how much we had in common.*

His mind raced as he forced himself to obey her silent commands and hold back until she allowed his release. He thought he knew what erotic meant but learned he had been only partially right. Raven showed him, his body desperately wanting to pass this test of their Dom/sub relationship.

Raven knew he could hold back no longer. She teased him, and then gripped his ass, wordlessly telling him to move with her. He held his groans as she took him over the edge until his hips bucked and he felt sweet release. She took the heated desire of her husband’s explosion and greedily wanted more.

“Please, mistress. Punish me because I haven’t any strength left to please you.”

She stood letting the robe fall open since the sash had loosened. He groaned as she brushed her nipples along his hard muscular body. His cock throbbed against her as she pulled him into a kiss.

“It seems you have more in common with your father than you thought.”

Kyle Lansing groaned.

\* \* \* \*

A young secretary left the law office she’d worked at since high school. Dark haired, her classic suit hid her obviously curvaceous body. She walked to her car in the small lot next to her building, her life taking a sudden and fatal course. As she tried to put her key into the door lock, a hand came from behind her and clamped over her mouth. She tried to struggle and dropped her handbag, briefcase, and keys while she tried to get away from her attacker.

She felt a sting in her arm, then a burning sensation. Darkness loomed in her world as her body slid to the ground, though the man caught her before she collapsed.

When she woke hours later, she wore nothing but a leather collar attached to a post by a chain. A cool breeze chilled her naked body.

“How much do you want to live, Sandra?”

\* \* \* \*

Raven released her husband, who sank to the plush carpeting, spent. She helped him into bed, where he tried to slow his breathing.

“Raven, I...”

“Shh, Cowboy...” she said as she massaged his shoulders.

“How can I with you straddling me like this?” he asked with a devilish look. She slid her body along his so his cock would tease her clit. His hands went to hers and pinned them behind her.

“Ride me, wife.”



She smiled as she eased herself onto his cock, her body immediately clenching around him. As she moved, he grinned at the sight of her breasts—free and full of wanton desire.

“Raven, I love you.”

“I love you, Kyle... Oh...oh, my...God...”

\* \* \* \*

Sandra Evans tried to get away from the bald-headed Englishman, who loomed over her. He grabbed her chain, wrenching her neck. The look in his piercing blue eyes terrified her.

“Please...”

“Silence!”

She cringed from the venomous tone in the man’s voice.

“You will obey me.”

Shivering, the woman wept as she tried to escape him, but he was too strong. She kicked him, her efforts rewarded by a backhanded slap.

Rage enveloped her as she felt his hatred and feared for her life. Sandra Evans closed her eyes and prayed.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle and Raven enjoyed a late supper. Katherine had the cook prepare Kyle’s favorites. Because she remembered his love for shrimp, he smiled when he saw several different dishes waiting for them. Fried shrimp with a cocktail sauce made from a family recipe, scampi, shrimp Alfredo, and basic cocktail shrimp—Kyle thought he had died and gone to heaven.

“My wife and good food—what more could I ask for?”

“We could keep working on the family you want.”

“That is fun but I don’t consider my life with you work.”

“I’m glad. I’d have to punish you if you did.”

“Hmmm, interesting,” he said as he dipped a shrimp in the sauce and fed it to her. She twisted noodles on her fork and fed him. After they finished dinner, Katherine served desert and coffee, though Raven asked for tea.

“Are you all right?” he asked.

“I’m fine. I don’t like coffee.”

After they finished, they took a walk around the property. Kyle showed her everything and told her stories of his childhood. When they came to the pool house, Raven looked at the inviting water. Without warning, she stripped out of her clothes, and then dove in. When she broke the surface, she saw him watching her.

"I command my slave to join me."

"Yes, ma'am," he said as he dove in fully dressed.

"Kyle," she admonished.

"What? You said to join you. I did as my mistress commanded me. You never said anything about clothes."

"Ok, you have me there."

Kyle grinned. His mouth covered hers and together, they slid beneath the surface before coming up for air a short time later.

"Wow, I could get used to this."

"Could? Are you planning to leave me?" he asked, a hint of hurt in his voice.

"No, I'll always be with you. This is overwhelming me at the moment."

Kyle breathed a sigh of relief as he pulled her into another underwater kiss. Before she realized what he was doing, Raven felt his naked body wrapping around her.

His cock nudged her clit and she gave him access. She gasped midkiss when he entered her. Torturously slow, he took her to heaven. She cried out as she clung to him.

"I've never been fucked underwater before, Kyle," she said when they surfaced.

"There's a first time for everything."

"It better not be the last."

"Mister Lansing," a voice called from somewhere in the pool house.

"Yes," he called.

"Detective Bridges on the phone."

"Tell him I'll call him in ten minutes."

"Yes, sir."

Kyle got out of the pool, grabbed a robe, and picked up the poolside phone. He called Wayne, and then listened as he learned about a recently found murder victim.

"Where?"

"St. Louis Cemetery #4."

"I'll be there in half an hour."

\* \* \* \*

Kyle dressed in tight-fitting black jeans and tee shirt. While he pulled his boots on, Raven brushed his hair out and tied it back. She kissed his neck and he groaned.

"Woman, you keep brushing your tits against me and I won't go."

"That's the idea."

"I have to go."

"I know, but I..."

Kyle turned to her and pulled her against him, a serious look in his eyes.

"You'll be safe here. The estate's secure and Crawford shouldn't know about this yet."

"What are you trying to tell me?"

"You said you bought property in..."

"Yes, in..."

"Don't tell me, at least until this is over."

"Kyle, you're scaring me."

"Good, I want you to be scared enough to be cautious."

"But, why..."

"I can't tell what I don't know."

"Oh."

"Baby, if anything happens to me, I want you to leave here and head to wherever. I'll find you when it's safe."

"How?"

"I'm a detective and a damned good one, Raven. It's my job."

"But, what if it's... If you..." she started, unable to say the words.

"Baby, I swear. I will come to you when it's safe."

"I don't want to leave you."

“And I don’t want you to, but it’s the better alternative to Crawford killing you. I refuse to visit your grave. Raven, you have to trust me.”

“I do, Kyle. My God, I trust you with everything—my life, my heart, my...”

Kyle’s mouth covered hers, his tongue delving deep in a rough kiss. His emotions taking over, he had to taste her—his Raven. It terrified him how close they were to Crawford’s threat. She’d run from Boston thinking Miami and New Orleans would be safe. Now she hid at the Lansing estate, her life in someone else’s control. *Why?*

“I love you, Raven.”

“I love you, too, Kyle. Make sure, Lieutenant, that you come home to me or I’ll have to punish you.”

“Anything my mistress wants,” he swore as he kissed his wife, then left to meet Wayne.

Raven watched him leave, aroused at the sight of his gorgeous ass in his tight jeans. Her body reacted and Raven ached for him. She decided a shower would help her relax and endure her time alone.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle arrived at the murder scene, his badge prominently displayed on his belt. Instead of his shoulder holster, he wore his Glock in a waist holster. A right-handed shooter, he found it easier to draw his weapon when his gun sat on his left side, grip facing forward. Still, he preferred the shoulder rig when he wore it.

“Kyle, over here,” Wayne said as he approached.

“What do we have?”

“A message.”

“What?”

“She’s been violently used,” Bridges said as he pulled back the sheet covering the body.

“Latex?”

“Yep.”

“But we...”

“We did. Our perp had ties to Peter Crawford. He evidently got started in *the medium*.”

Kyle looked closer and understood where *The Latex Killer* learned her trade.

“Damn it!”

“Kyle, we need to talk.”

“What?” he asked as he stood up.

“I think he’s leaving you a message.”

“Why?” Kyle asked his curiosity piqued.

“Several reasons—first, the latex. Second, look at her. She’s the image of your wife if she had blonde hair. Third, the collar and other bondage stuff and fourth, the victim’s name is Sandra.”

“Sandra?” Kyle asked as he pieced it all together.

“Wasn’t that the name of the girl in Boston—Sandra?”

Kyle closed his eyes, clearly seeing the facts. The murder victim had been used as a pawn in a very sick game of revenge.

“Raven is Sandra Davis, isn’t she? I want to make sure of the facts here.”

Kyle looked at him and nodded.

“What the hell are you into?”

“Wayne, we’ve been friends for a hell of a long time. There are some things I’ve never told you because it might jeopardize our friendship.”

“Don’t tell me you’re into this Dom/sub crap?” he asked jokingly.

Kyle stared at the car in silence.

“Kyle, no. You can’t be serious. After all your years in vice? You know better.”

“Wayne, Raven’s my dominant and I’m her sub. She’s given me what I’ve searched for after...”

“Are you crazy? What if the guys at the station...”

“That’s why you are just finding out now and it’s only because you already knew about the case. I trust you and I hope this doesn’t kill our friendship.”

“A few weeks ago it might have, but I’ve met your gorgeous wife and now I wonder what its like. The woman you married is extraordinary.”

“It’s not a lifestyle for everyone and it’s not what we see when we bust some of the sex shops. Raven and I have extremely deep feelings and love for each other.”

“Then I’m happy for you both.”

“I’ve got a favor to ask.”

“What?”

“If anything happens to me...”

“I’ll make sure she’s all right. Della will love her, too.”

“Thanks, man. I feel the weight off my shoulders.”

“What do you know?”

“I think he’ll try to get to her through me.”

## Chapter 10

“Hey, Lieutenant.”

“Hey.”

“Are you all right?”

“No, I’m not with you.”

“That sounds good to me.”

“I told Wayne,” he said quietly.

“He knows about us?”

“Yeah, and he’s cool about it.”

“But you told me how he feels about the subject.”

“It seems he met a raven-haired beauty and saw another angel.”

Raven grinned. She liked Wayne Bridges, and felt relieved. The last thing she wanted was for any kind of rift between them.

“Hey, I’m going to be tied up a while longer on this.”

“As long as you’re tied up with work and not enjoying the fun with someone else,” she teased.

“Mistress, do you know what you are doing to me at this moment?”

“Tell me, Cowboy.”

“I want you so much right now—my jeans are tighter than when I left you earlier.”

“Good, I’m glad. You’ll come home to me sooner then.”

He groaned and she smiled.

“Seriously, will you be all right till I get there?”

“I’ll be fine.”

“You’re sure?”

"I plan to slip into your favorite sheer black robe and go downstairs to watch TV on the plasma set. I've read about them, so I figured I'd see if they're worth it."

"Raven, I love you."

"Do your job, Lieutenant. I'll be here waiting for you."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Besides, the sooner you solve your case, the sooner I can make my slave come for me. I want to take your velvety shaft in my..."

"My God, woman, stop," he groaned in a harsh whisper. She laughed, the sound of it sending thrills through him, evident from his cock straining for release.

"I want you home with me in one piece."

"I'll talk to you when I get home."

Kyle put the cell phone down and looked at what he had spread out on the conference room table. The more he read, the sicker it all made him. Wayne came in with takeout and coffee, both ready for the next few hours ahead.

"I want to make sure this bastard goes away for good," he said as he and Wayne looked over everything. They connected the *Latex Killer* case with *Peter the Cruel*, not only in New Orleans, but also in several other cities. The man had to be stopped.

Several hours into their investigation of Crawford for the Evans murder, a uniformed officer delivered a package addressed to Kyle. He opened it and paled.

"Damn it!"

\* \* \* \*

Raven sat in the den watching a movie. She loved *The General's Daughter* with John Travolta in the lead role. Curled underneath an afghan, she lost herself in the film.

So wrapped up in the movie, she didn't hear the four men who crept with military precision up to the house from the lake when they broke into the solarium at the rear of the house, then made their way to their unsuspecting target.



Using silencers on their weapons, several staff members and guards lay dead as they searched the house for Peter Crawford's latest quarry. They found her alone, their job easy.

"Don't move or I'll blow your head off."

Raven froze.

"Enough," a British voice yelled. The armed man backed off. "Leave us!"

The men left. Raven pulled the afghan tighter regretting her choice in negligees—sheer black and very revealing. She tried to reach for the cell phone to call Kyle, but she knew Crawford all too well.

"Three years it's taken me to find you and you're as beautiful as ever. You must have a merciful Dom, Sandra."

"You're mistaken. I'm not this *Sandra* you think I am. Now, would you please leave, or do I have to call the police?"

He touched her hair and her skin crawled.

"I thought you were beautiful with blonde hair, but the black is even more erotic."

"I don't know who you are, but please leave," she repeated, grateful she no longer had the Boston accent. A voice coach in Miami had done wonders. Now, she prayed she wouldn't lapse back. "My husband will be home any minute."

"He's on a murder investigation, Sandra. An event I orchestrated so we could have some privacy."

"I don't even know you. Please, leave or..."

She slid her hand to the phone, slowly flipped it open, and pressed send. She let the phone drop to the cushion by the pillow on which she leaned. She prayed Kyle would hear what was going on.

Crawford stood in front of her, chills overtaking Raven's entire body. The Devil couldn't be this intimidating.

"It's time for you to come back to Boston. You have been bad enough."

"My husband won't appreciate this. I've asked you to leave. Now."

"Sandra..."

“My name is Raven Lansing. I don’t know who—”

Crawford’s hand went to Raven’s neck and squeezed. She tried to get his grip to loosen up, but he continued to tighten his hold on her.

“I will take care of the nice detective and then you will have no reason to refuse your master.”

“I’m not...going...any...where...”

“You have been a thorn in my side long enough!” Crawford stated as he lifted her from the sofa, the afghan falling to her side and covering the pillow secreting her phone.

“Let...”

“Very nice. I see you’re even more beautiful now than before. The South’s been good to you.”

Crawford tossed her into Bejar’s arms and they left. Raven struggled with him and slipped from his grip, only to be caught again by Crawford. He slipped a tablet into her mouth, and then clamped his hand over it to make her swallow it. With the slight strength she had remaining, she tried to wriggle away, but his strength overpowered her.

By mistake, she swallowed it and cursed.

As the drug took effect, Raven prayed he wouldn’t hurt Kyle. She knew Kyle would come after her *loaded for bear*.

She focused on Kyle as darkness wrapped around her.

*Please, my Lieutenant, help me...*

\* \* \* \*

Kyle poured over files and the current Evans case. The cell phone Raven had given him rang. He picked it up about to say something, when he heard the conversation in the background between his wife and Peter Crawford. When the voices faded, he groaned, then picked up the phone to call Wayne, busy in the lab.

“Bridges?”

“He’s got her. They just left the house.”

“I’m on my way back upstairs. Stay there.”

When Wayne walked in, Kyle was pacing. He didn’t have to ask how his partner was doing—Wayne knew.

“Kyle, the city won’t pay for another carpet.”

Lansing stopped, and then started again.

"Talk to me, man. What happened?"

Kyle explained about the open cell phone line when she called him.

"I was about to say something, when I heard her talking to someone else in the room. I recognized the British accent when he spoke. She denied being Sandra Davis but he wouldn't quit. The last I heard, they left and took Raven with them."

As he talked, they walked back to his office.

"How did she sound?"

"Terrified. It sounded like he tried to strangle her. Raven told me he likes to use extreme pressure on the throat in order to control his *slaves*."

"Have you heard from the staff?"

"No, and I can't get any answer when I call."

"Ok, we know where he's taken her. I have a couple of men on the street outside the house with orders to let me know when there's movement. Let's get to *Springton Pointe* and..."

"They won't see anything."

"Why?"

"The only way he could have gotten into the house had to be lakeside. I had guards out front. I knew I couldn't do anything about the lakefront but I figured the high volume of traffic would hold him off until after dark when I got home."

Kyle paced more, inwardly berating himself for not being on his game where Raven's life was concerned. He had failed in keeping his mistress safe. Now, he had to get her back in one piece.

"Lieutenant, this just came for you."

"Thank you, Jones."

Jones, the desk sergeant, handed him a box, then left. Wayne closed the door and the blinds to give them privacy.

With shaking hands, Kyle opened the box, and then slumped into the chair in front of his desk, pale.

"Kyle, what is it?" Bridges asked.

No answer.

"Kyle?"

Lansing held up the black negligee and the gold chain she'd worn since the night he *collared* her. Underneath them sat an envelope.

"She was wearing this last night. She must have put it on after I left to meet with you. The chain she's worn since I gave it to her."

Kyle gripped the chain tight in his hand, refusing to let go of what could be his last tie to her. He knew she had to be going through hell because a sub never willingly removed a collar unless the dissolution of the relationship was by mutual agreement. No way would she go with Crawford of her own free will. He nervously opened the envelope.

*I have my sub back and you can find someone else. But, if you insist on pushing your dominance over her, then come to the estate and we'll see who the stronger Dom is.*

With the note enclosed in the envelope, *Peter the Cruel* had returned her wedding band. Kyle felt sick and lightheaded while emptiness crept into his world.

"She wouldn't have taken the chain or her wedding band off," he said as he held her ring with the necklace.

"What do you want to do?"

"I have to go there. I need..."

"Kyle, he's set a trap for you."

"I realize that, but I can't let him have with her without trying to get her back."

The phone rang, Bridges picking it up. He handed it to Kyle.

"Lansing?"

"You want her and so do I."

"She is not property."

"She is my sub. I'll talk about her however I please."

"Raven is my wife and I'll kill you if you touch her."

"Words are good but can you back them up?"

"When and where?"

"You know where I live. I'll expect you—alone—at midnight."

"I want to talk to Raven."

"She's sedated at the moment."

"If you've hurt her..."

"Save it, Detective."

"I mean it, Crawford."

"So do I."

The line went dead, the exact way Kyle Lansing felt.

"What?" Wayne asked.

"Midnight at his estate."

"You're not going in there alone!"

"I have to, or he'll kill her."

"We'll set something up."

"Fine. I need you to get her out of there and to safety if anything happens to me. I don't want anyone else seeing her and I want you to get her out of town in case there are any repercussions or retaliations."

"That's your job."

"Wayne, I mean it! Promise me!"

Wayne Bridges knew his friend's determination and when he became serious like this, Wayne had no choice but to go along with whatever Kyle wanted.

"Kyle, I..."

"Swear it. I don't want..."

"All right. I swear I'll get her away from New Orleans. Where do I take her?"

"She knows where to go. She's going to wherever she owns property and wait for me to contact her when it's safe. We talked about..."

"Where?"

"I don't know. I didn't want to know in case Crawford or his boys won out."

"Smart idea."

"Thanks, Wayne. So why do I feel so stupid?"

\* \* \* \*

Raven bolted awake. She heard the clinking of chain links as she moved. Her hand went to her neck and she gasped. Crawford had taken her necklace—her husband's collar—away from her. She looked at her hand to see her wedding band gone also. Anything tying her to Kyle had been stripped away, as if he didn't exist. Crawford had done the same after he took her from Harden. The sheer dressing gown gone, the only thing she wore was a thick leather collar attached to the chain. She closed her eyes and wept.

She heard a key unlock the door and looked toward it, noticing she was in a cage. Humiliation tried to overtake her, but for the moment, Raven refused to allow it. She closed her eyes pretending to be unconscious and waited.

"Wake up, slut. I want to talk to you."

She ignored him. She knew his plans and inwardly swore to herself to refuse him and push the plan along. If he meant to kill her like the others, she'd have to live with it. She knew how Kyle would handle things and tears came to her eyes. *Lieutenant, I am so sorry...*

After a code was entered into the security lock, the door to the cage opened. Crawford stepped in and stood before the mat he allowed her to lay on. He walked to her and pried her legs apart with his foot.

"Very nice cunt. Very nice."

She curled up and pulled away.

"Put this on—NOW!"

"No."

"I will punish your defiance."

"Go ahead. Finish what you started in Boston, but I will not be a willing participant."

"Damn you!" he yelled. "Bejar!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Help me get this tramp dressed."

"Yes, sir," he said as he pulled out a long thin knife. He held it at her throat, propelling her to stand. "If you don't, I'll cut your throat."

Slowly, Raven stood, careful not to let the blade cut her. Crawford had definitely refined his methods since he had kidnapped her in Boston so long ago.

“Put this on and be quick about it. We don’t have time for games.”

Crawford handed her a rather pretty piece of lingerie. Haltered at the neck, the front of it tapered down over her breasts into a ‘V’ above her navel. The same material crisscrossed over it as thin straps tied the outfit to her body. A soft piece of satin brocade covered her pussy, meeting the ties in the center of her lower back. In essence, the bottom front of the garment turned into a thong with barely anything covering her back. While being a little outfit, it seductively covered enough.

“Ah, my scarlet woman,” Crawford said. “I picked the red to go with your reputation—at least, my idea of it.”

Raven would have loved it if Kyle had bought it for her, but now she hated it. One good thing came to her—at least she was dressed.

“Come,” he said, tugging on the chain. The tip of the knife at the small of her back stopped her from doing anything stupid or rash.

“Why are you doing this?” she pleaded. “Please, let me go. I won’t say anything, I swear.”

“That’s right, Sandra. You won’t. Not if you expect to keep your husband alive.”

Crawford loved the terrified look in his captive’s eyes. He pulled a red scarf from the pocket of his tuxedo jacket and handed it to Bejar, who tied it around Raven’s mouth.

“I realize you have forgotten your training over the last three years. I’ll allow you that, but you will learn again and you will be my slave.”

He yanked on the chain and led her from the room to a hallway, then into the master suite of the house. Numb, she followed him. He knew which strings to pull. She’d do anything to keep Kyle alive and safe—even submit to *Peter the Cruel*.

He pulled her to the end of the bed, removed the scarf, and then sat on the edge. As soon as he did, his current slave ran to service him.

"This is what I expect of you, Sandra."

"No, Peter, I won't."

Crawford held his temper while his slave worked away. When he finished with her, he slapped her for some minor infraction and sent her away. He fixed his pants and concentrated on Raven.

"I expect respect from you," he stated. "Now, your stance leaves a great deal to be desired. Spread your feet, hands behind you, head bowed," he ordered as he positioned her. He walked behind her, his cock straining in reaction to her gorgeous ass, one he'd fantasized about for the last three years. The back of the outfit as a thong exposed it to him.

Raven's skin crawled as she trembled. She heard him walk to and open a drawer behind her. He walked back to her then pushed her to bend at the waist, her ass exposed more. She tried to concentrate on holding the new position to keep her mind off what she knew he planned to do.

"Three years, you have been away. Three years, you've made me a laughing stock because I couldn't control you. Three years of punishment has to be carried out."

She cried out when the riding crop hit her naked skin. Her hands clenched with each crack but she refused to ask him for mercy. She would not give into him. After several hits, her body numb to the pain, her thoughts concentrated on Kyle. *How in the hell would she ever face him?*

"Beg, slave!"

Raven refused and lapsed off. She didn't remember falling to the floor or anything else. She only remembered Kyle. *Help me...*

\* \* \* \*

Kyle went over Wayne's strategy for storming Crawford's house in the French Quarter. He could have been happier with the plan but he'd left it up to Wayne, trusting him with Raven's life.

"I'm going home to get ready."

"Kyle, anything I should know?"



“I’m leaving my badge here. You do what you have to and make it happen as we discussed. Make sure she’s safe and don’t be surprised by anything you see.”

Kyle left the station and headed to *Springton Pointe*, where he had to face an empty house. When he got home, he found the carnage *Peter the Cruel* had left. Several of the outside guards lay dead. Inside, he found several of the servants, who had returned early, dead in various first floor rooms.

Methodically, he searched the first floor, ending up in the den. He found her phone, still on but hidden under a pillow, thanks to the locator. He shut it off and gripped it tight. Imagining what happened, he went upstairs to their room. It had not been touched, meaning the kidnappers hadn’t invaded their private world.

Kyle placed her jewelry and phone on the bed by her pillow and wrote her a quick note.

*Dearest Mistress,  
Your collar and wedding band are with your phone. Take them  
with my undying love.  
If you are reading this, I am no longer able to keep you safe. I  
will find you, no matter what, if I am able.  
I love you, Raven—always.  
Your loyal servant, lover and husband,  
KL*

He placed everything together and went to his closet. He pulled out the leather pants they had bought in Las Vegas, and then took a shower. The heat eased his tension but couldn’t do it like his mistress’ hands. He leaned against the wall, his body aching for her. His cock throbbed, swollen and begging for her attention. Thinking of Raven did this and he knew he had to control his body and his mind if he was to succeed in getting Raven back.

Kyle pulled the pants up and adjusted himself for comfort. The leather hugged his body as she wanted. He stopped and thought back to the night in Vegas—their honeymoon.

“Mistress, are you sure?”

“Yes, Lieutenant. I want to see every bit of you, especially your cock as it begs for me.”

Kyle smiled as he brushed a tear away. He made sure of his look—he put on a tight-fitting black leather shirt he'd had for years, one he thought he'd never wear again because he'd bought it before he'd been ousted from this house, and then told never to come back. His parents accepted their son the musician, but not their son the firefighter.

Actually, his father had never accepted him, his mother followed the old man's lead. After finding their playroom, Kyle understood more the reason why his mother acted the way she did. Where Raven had her independence from him, unless she allowed his dominance, Cynthia Lansing had been the true submissive in every way. Richard Lansing had ruled every second of her life and her feelings. *Damn him!*

Kyle looked at his life, his eyes resting on the guitars. He hadn't touched them in years and never thought to buy another one after he left. He picked up the twelve-string, then tried it, happy it was still tuned right. He feared years of no use had ruined its sound but fortunately, it had not.

Once he had it in his hands, the urge to play took over. He began a song by Trace Adkins—

*Lonely won't leave me alone...*

## Chapter 11

Near eleven, Kyle left *Springton Pointe* and headed to his house on the opposite end of the Parrish. He needed some specialty items from his gun safe. Once he got home, he felt a little better, but the place no longer comforted him. No place did if Raven wasn't there with him.

He looked around and noticed someone had searched the place. Whoever had gone through the house had been methodical and careful, only Kyle knew they had been there. The hair on his neck stood on edge, his instincts on alert.

Certain things had been moved, though the search had been meticulous. If he didn't have to meet Crawford in less than an hour, he'd take a better survey of things. He picked up the phone and called Wayne.

"Yeah, it's me. Send forensics to my house and the coroner and investigations to the mansion."

"What the hell happened?"

"Somebody searched my place. There probably won't be any prints, because the guy was good. At the estate, they took out six in order to get to Raven."

"They're on their way. Are you..."

"No, I've got extremely bad feelings about this."

"What do you have in mind?"

"I've got the wire here for my hatband. I was going to try it."

"I wondered where that one got to!" Wayne said, laughing as he tried to ease the situation if only for a moment or two.

"Anyway, it'll give me something for a little bit."

"Ok, how about weapons?"

“The usual.”

Wayne knew he meant a long knife he would hide in his boot and a small throwaway gun for the other.

“I see you’re going with expendable ones?”

“Yeah.”

After a moment of silence, Wayne had to say something.

“Kyle, good luck, man.”

“Thanks. Remember you’re...”

“I know. Take care of your gorgeous wife and make sure no one gets a hold of her.”

“It’ll work, as long as those other idiots in the squad don’t find out about us.”

“They won’t. I’ve got it figured how to explain her if anyone asks.”

“How?”

“Federal witness. Let’s face it—outside you, me and Arness, mention the Feds and they run from it.”

“I never thought about it that way. Yeah, you’re right. Great idea.”

Kyle thanked him, and then hung up. He put the weapons in his boots, and after doing so he left for the French Quarter mansion of Peter Crawford.

*One of them would not see sunrise, he vowed.*

\* \* \* \*

Raven woke, disoriented and unable to see. She took stock of her situation and slowly tried to picture what Crawford had done. She started with her head, several things obvious. First, she tasted the ball gag he’d forced into her mouth, and then sensed a blindfold and as insurance, a velvet hood covered her head. *What has he done to me?*

Her wrists hurt from the wristlets she now wore. The weight of her unconscious body hanging from them had caused pain to radiate through her now that she could tell what he’d used to restrain her. Her feet touched nothing and it only confirmed the fact of her suspension in an effort to use extreme measures to control her.

Her ass and back hurt from the crop and she realized he had continued the attack long after she'd passed out. *Peter the Cruel* had definitely earned his name.

Raven heard voices and remained perfectly still. Hopefully, she would be able to stave off any more of his plan, at least for a little while. *Keep dreaming.*

\* \* \* \*

"Is she conscious yet?" Crawford demanded to know.

Bejar checked her carotid pulse, a steady beat was evident.

"She'll be coming around in a little bit. She's got a strong pulse."

"Good. I don't want to have her miss anything once my guest arrives. Ah, she is awake."

Crawford strode across to where he had Raven held, hanging by her delicate wrists and suspended an inch from the plush carpeted floor. He walked around her, taunting her.

"You will behave, or your husband dies. Plain and simple."

A weak whimper gave him his answer. Crawford laughed, the sadistic sound causing her to shudder. She loved Kyle with everything she had. It turned her stomach knowing what Crawford could force her to do in front of her husband. The threat to Kyle's life terrified her, but what hit her harder—Kyle's reaction to all this. She concentrated on her husband, a relative newbie to the lifestyle. Even though he easily took to, and accepted, her domination over him while able to exert his own, she feared his naïveté to her position right now.

Right now, Raven had to submit to an acknowledged master, an unwritten rule, although most Doms didn't follow this. She knew Crawford could and would force the issue to prove who had the power. She knew she'd have to obey him, or the punishment would be severe. Crawford could use the crop again or worse—he could go after Kyle. *My God, how will he handle the beating Peter the Cruel dished out earlier?*

She prayed Kyle would hold his temper. Between the recent changes in his life and this, he could very well be near the edge.

Anything could push him over it. *How can I calm him if I can't see him?* Crawford thought of everything. *Damn him!*

"Did you hear me?"

Crawford's question startled her back to reality. She remained still, waiting for his next move.

Crack!

She bit down on the ball gag, the pain searing through her.

"You are to listen to me when I speak," he ordered.

Another snap over her already sensitive ass and her worst fears came true. She felt blood run along the curve of her ass and down the back of her leg. Tears welled in her eyes, fear in her heart.

"You will do as you are told, slave. No matter what, you will obey your master—me. Your husband is outranked by me and as such, I am his master."

A whimper told him she heard him.

"Good, at least now, we're on the same track."

Crack.

She listened as his sadistic laughter faded, the door closing telling her he'd left her alone—at least for now.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle drove into the service alley behind the French Quarter mansion Peter Crawford now leased. As he came down the street, he shut his lights off, then slowly let the car move in the narrow lane used for deliveries and other services the owners did not want seen by the public. Once he turned the car off, he sat for a moment and waited.

Slowly opening the door, he stepped out, then left the door ajar, though no alarms went off. On a night like this, every sound seemed to be magnified considerably. The less warning Crawford had, the more of an advantage Kyle might.

Drawing a gun from his shoulder holster—he'd changed his mind and traded his Python for another one he wouldn't miss if he lost it—he crept up the rear steps to the porch, which appeared to wrap around the first floor of the beautiful old house. He'd always wanted a house here, but things had changed and the only thought he had was of Raven. His stomach tightened more at the thought of

Crawford touching her in any way. After a deep breath and a great deal of strength in his movements, he made no sound as he followed the porch to the front door.

For his size, he had a talent for being as silent as a leopard, a trait that had served him well over the years. As he proceeded, he passed several sets of windows and took a moment to peer in through each one, checking each room quickly. So far, nothing.

When he reached the front door, he made sure the safety was off on his automatic and he was ready to fire it at a second's notice. Somehow, he knew Crawford would leave him a trail leading Kyle to exactly where Crawford wanted everything to happen. *The son of a bitch is slick, I have to give him that much. Lead the prey to the lair, where it's safe.* With the barrel of the gun, he pushed the door and it swung open with a creak. Crawford definitely expected him.

He walked into a huge entry, checking everywhere for Crawford or his men. His back to the wall, he took a breath before checking each of the rooms. The living room, dining room, parlor and kitchen checked out—no unfriendlies. As he went to leave the kitchen, he heard footsteps. He backed behind the door and waited.

One man entered the kitchen. Kyle broke his cover long enough to knock the man out swiftly and quietly. He took his weapon, holstering his own and before he left, he found some heavy twine and a towel, then bound and gagged him. *One down...*

Kyle rechecked the entry, and then headed for the solarium. Empty, it left him the library. Taking another deep breath, he entered the last room on the first floor. Nothing, except an envelope set in the center of the highly polished oak desk, nothing else on it aside from the letter. His neck hair on edge, his stomach tightened. Carefully, he picked up the envelope addressed to him and pulled out the sheet of paper inside. In bold lettering, it said:

*Come to the master bedroom and you will see what happens  
when a sub needs to be punished.  
Your wife is waiting for you...  
Hurry!*

Kyle looked at the letters closer and cringed. The letter had been written in blood and somehow, he knew Crawford had used Raven's for his invitation.

"Master bedroom, here I come—you bloody bastard!"

\* \* \* \*

Raven waited for Crawford's next act. She could tell Kyle had to be near from the tension in the air around her. She felt his presence and cringed. Crawford would kill them both just for the sport of it and not think anything of his actions. He'd leave no trail, or any evidence for the police to catch him and he would get away with yet another murder. She thought back and remembered how the man walked away from his public execution of Harden Walker, leaving her virtually to take the fall for it once the police found her.

"Ah, Sandra, still hanging around, I see," Crawford taunted with sadistic glee. *Damn you!*

She felt him remove the hood, a cool breeze caressing her skin. Next, he removed the blindfold, and then spun her to face the center of the huge master bedroom of the old New Orleans home. She squirmed, the light of the room hurting her eyes. *How long had she been like this?*

"I want you to watch everything I do. If you close your eyes, I will punish you, or I will take your disobedience out on the good detective."

Tears overflowed her eyes as Raven wept, unable to say anything and unable to plead for her husband's life.

The door burst open as Kyle literally flew in, landing on the floor in front of her. She screamed as she watched several men fight with him. He held his own until he stared down the barrel of their automatic rifles.

"Enough, Detective, you're wasting time."

\* \* \* \*

Kyle quietly took each step and listened. At the top of the grand staircase, he stopped and looked. He went to the large set of doors, figuring he should go in there and the master suite would sit behind them. Some of these rooms had small foyers and he wondered if this had one or not.



As he made his way down the hallway, several men came at him. They fought him landing blows in his lower back, stomach, and head. Kyle held his own, but the constant barrage on his back began to take its toll. Crawford knew his medical history and now used it against him. Kyle cursed, his enemy was good at his business.

The brawl went on as antiques broke, chairs smashed. One hit him from behind before the other one landed a blow, forcing him through the set of double doors, where he landed on the floor. He went to get up and froze, the barrel of a gun in his face.

“Enough, Detective, you’re wasting time.”

Kyle looked up to where the voice came from and saw Raven, his gorgeous wife. On any other day, her red body suit would look fabulous, now it spoke of death.

“Raven...”

“Her name is Sandra. Get that straight!” Crawford admonished. He nodded and one of the guards kicked Kyle in the side. Kyle got the exact picture of how the evening’s activities would go—minor infraction, pain. He hoped Wayne could hear what happened and know when to act. Fortunately, one of Crawford’s men had picked up his Stetson, putting it on an out of the way chair. *We’ll soon see how sensitive it is.*

Crawford walked to Raven, Kyle watching every movement. *Peter the Cruel* spun his wife to face the bed, Kyle cringing at the sight of her bloody back.

“Do you punish your slave when she misbehaves?”

“She doesn’t need discipline,” Kyle said, affecting the role as his wife’s dominant.

“She’s a bad girl, as you can see. She left her true master and ran away, hiding from me for three long years. I have a lot of discipline yet to dole out to her for her disobedience.”

“Since she is my sub, you shouldn’t touch her and respect my present dominance.”

“Wrong, Detective,” Crawford said, nodding. Kyle felt another pain in his side, but held his reaction in check. He figured

one of the two of them would suffer from this man's maniacal whims.

Raven didn't move, but he could see the tension in her body. He tried to figure out how to stave off Crawford's sadistic desires, but came up short.

Crawford spun Raven back to his view, her eyes wide open. Kyle knew Crawford had to have threatened her.

"It's all right, slave. Master can take this," he said to calm her. Another hit. *What the fuck...*

"You may not speak to her. She's mine."

"I don't think so, Crawford. She's mine. She submits to my commands, not yours. She pleases me, not you."

"Wrong, Detective. You have taken another master's sub. She went with you and to your bed without permission. For that, you both suffer."

"No!" Kyle howled. Until this, his men had kicked or punched him. This time, he felt something hard hit him in the middle of his back. He fell to the floor in agony, knowing what they had done. He saw the terrified horror in his wife's eyes as she realized the truth.

The son of a bitch had his men break his back. He couldn't move, the pain was so overwhelming. He watched Crawford release Raven, intending to lead her away. He removed the gag, and then shoved her at Kyle as a last minute thought.

"Lieutenant, my God!" she said as her hair covered his face.

"Listen to me, Raven. He's broken my spine. I can't help you, but you have to escape. Go to wherever and I swear I will find you if I can." His words came out slowly as if he had trouble breathing and speaking.

"Kyle..."

"I love you, mistress."

"I love you, too. Kyle, what can I do?"

"Kill the bastard. My gun is near my hat. If you can't, then run."

"I can't leave you, master," she moaned.

“Good girl, throw him off. Remember, I love you forever. Now, as your Dom, you know what I want you to do.”

“Yes, master.”

“One more thing,” he whispered.

“What?”

“You are a hot one in red.”

“Enough already,” Crawford yelled as he yanked Raven back and threw her across the room. She made her way to Kyle’s hat, his gun in one hand while she held the Stetson over it and her body as if hiding herself.

“Come, slave. See how I punish errant masters who usurp my property!” Crawford proclaimed. She shied away, horrified as Crawford kicked her husband.

They heard a commotion downstairs. Crawford ordered his men to take care of the disturbance.

“Lock the door on your way out.”

“Yes, sir,” the last man out said as Crawford heard the lock engage.

“Come, Sandra, see what happens when someone disobeys me.”

“I already have. My back...”

“... Will hurt more if you don’t behave.”

Kyle barely moved, his back in agonizing pain. He could sense where Raven was and prayed she could do what he asked her to do.

*Please, Raven, take the shot...*

“Detective, it’s time,” Crawford said as he aimed a Smith and Wesson service revolver at his temple. “Irony, isn’t it? A cop shot by a cop’s service piece.”

Kyle heard him pull the hammer back, his heart slamming against his chest. *Please, mistress, take the shot!* The pain was so overwhelming, his body reeled from the shock. He felt as cold as he had only felt once before when he almost died in a building collapse. He’d come full circle. *Please...*

“Crawford!”

Crawford spun to face Raven, ready to shoot her.

“I’ll kill you, bitch! You won’t make a fool out of me again!”

"And I won't let you do it to me again," she stated. Kyle's Stetson hit the floor as she held the gun on Crawford.

"You're dead, do you hear?" he screamed, squeezing the trigger. A shot rang out. Kyle closed his eyes and prayed. He heard a thud as Crawford's body hit the floor. Another thud he guessed to be the gun Raven shot Crawford with came next.

"Raven..." he gasped.

She ran to him and lifted his head to rest on her leg. He looked at her as she wept.

"No tears. You did well."

"I don't want to leave you."

"You have to. He's got friends who have to be stopped and Wayne learned they're out to get you and me. Now, I'm no longer a threat."

"Kyle, I want to help you get through this."

"Do as we agreed. I'll find you when I'm healed and it's safe."

"I want to be with you, Kyle. I love you. Please..."

"I know, baby, and I love my mistress. Do you think I want to lose my wife? I need you more than anything, but I need you alive and safe. Please..." Kyle begged her, and then screamed in pain.

"Kyle?"

"Raven, I don't want this anymore than you do, but it has to happen this way or I will lose you."

"To whom?"

"Crawford's into some serious shit. Several of his subs are dead—not by his hand. Wayne's been getting more evidence of this. One of them stated in front of witnesses how he would kill you."

"When?"

"Several weeks ago. He told me earlier this evening. It's not safe for you. Please... Oh, my God..."

The door flew open, Wayne entered with his gun drawn.

"Wayne, he needs a doctor. Crawford had his spine broken. He's in pain and can't move."

"Wayne, get her out of here!" Kyle cried out, pain in his voice.

“Kyle?”

“Raven, go!”

“Come on, honey. He’s right. There’s a leak somewhere in the department. If you’re seen, you could sign both your death warrant and Kyle’s.”

“No!” she cried, holding Kyle tighter. He groaned at the nearness of her breasts.

“Raven, come closer.”

“What, Lieutenant?”

“I can’t feel anything below my lower back. Am I reacting to your gorgeous tits?”

She looked down, his cock hard and begging for attention.

“Yes, master, you are and I would take care of you if we were alone.”

“I know, love, I know.” He tried to kiss her but the slight attempt to move hurt him. “Please, let me kiss you. I can’t...”

Her mouth covered his, their tongues dancing. Tears dropped from her eyes to his face.

“Don’t cry, baby. I’ll find you.”

“I love you.”

“I love you more than my own life!” She held him. “Wayne, now!” Kyle ordered, choking back tears.

“Come on, honey. He’s right. Here, put my coat on.” Wayne gently pulled her away and from the room. Kyle could no longer see her. The pain was intense.

*Please, God, take care of her.*

\* \* \* \*

Medics followed Detectives Curtis and Lee into the room where Kyle lay in agony. Curtis went to Crawford, while Lee went to Kyle.

“Lieutenant?”

“Lee, is Crawford gone?”

“You mean dead? Yes. Who shot him?”

“A federal witness. She’s in custody.”

“Where? We didn’t see her.”

“Trust me.”

“But the reports,” Lee persisted.

“Burt, right now, I don’t care. Where’s the medic?”

“Right here, Kyle,” answered Bill Downey, Paramedic command.

“My back’s been broken. I have feeling when the pains take over and some above my ribs, but I cannot move.”

“Ok, I know this sounds strange, but relax. You know we have to board you and you get to wear the compression blocks and a cervical collar so we can keep whatever is not hurt stabilized.”

“Yeah, just do it. I’m in enough pain.”

Downey, with the help of the others, stabilized Kyle and prepared him for transport to Tulane Medical Center, where Kyle’s neurosurgeon operated on him after the fire. The familiar sound of a helicopter’s rotor blades told Kyle that Downey planned to fly him.

The flight crew came in and everyone moved to the backboard Kyle lay strapped to. Downey stood at his head.

“On my count...one...two...three...”

The six men lifted Kyle onto the stretcher from the aircraft, and then they took him to the waiting bird. The pilot waited for their *hot load* to be secured onboard, then he flew the fallen detective to the hospital.

*Raven, I love you...I will find you...Raven...*

## Chapter 12

Wayne made sure the private charter flying Raven Blackheart Lansing to her new home was fueled and waiting for their arrival and immediate takeoff. Before they went to the airport, he quickly drove her to *Springton Pointe* to pack a bag and get whatever she needed.

She changed into jeans and a silk blouse, wincing. The light fabric reminded her how bad Crawford had *punished* her.

Fortunately, she had the foresight to set up accounts in her new home after years on the run from Crawford taught her what to do.

“Can I have a few minutes?”

“Sure, but if I yell, we have to leave.”

She nodded and waited for him to go downstairs. She found a piece of paper and a pen, and then slipped into the playroom.

*My dearest Kyle—my master, lover, husband and slave, I don't know where to begin after I say I love you. The emptiness in my soul is already unbearable and it's only been half an hour. I am leaving as we agreed, though I don't want to and I miss you.*

*I've always loved the ocean and high places so I can look at the cresting waves against the rocks, feel the wind through my hair, see the light at night.*

*I command you, my Lieutenant, come to me once you heal and it is safe. I will wait for you until my dying day and longer.*

*Your loving mistress,*

R

*P.S. Please take care of the house in Harahan. If you must, a separate sheet signs over my power of attorney to you for any business dealings in New Orleans. RBL*

She left the message in the playroom, and then took the letter and power of attorney downstairs. She found Wayne and had him sign as witness so Kyle could do anything needed. Wayne signed it and she slipped everything into an envelope before addressing it to Kyle.

“You don’t have to...”

“I won’t make it hard on him. If he changes his mind...”

“Honey, he’ll come to you as he promised. I know him. He’s so deep into you...”

“Time changes everything. Separation changes everything. What happened back there has changed things. I can only hope he keeps his word.”

“He will,” Wayne said quietly.

“Do you know the reason I chose *Blackheart* for my last name?”

“I always thought it came from your heritage.”

“Are you kidding? I was born a natural blonde with Norwegian blood. When I ran from Boston, I headed to Miami, where I dyed my hair black and came up with a *new me*. A raven is black, like the color of my hair...”

“And?”

“Black hearted is how I felt about love and sharing my heart and soul with anyone else. I was cold and darkness held my soul. I didn’t make friends and kept my distance. Then I met someone who intrigued me—a cowboy. I agreed to his desires and he warmed my heart and soul while giving me a reason to live. Kyle has taught me love is possible for me. Now, my heart sees the black again and will until I know he’s mine forever.”

“Raven, he’s got a long haul ahead of him. He’s in surgery now, or will be soon. His surgeon is the best, but he’ll have therapy and rehab ahead of him.”

“And I should be with him.”



"He's not the type to accept being treated different. I learned that the first time."

"I know, but I don't know if I can take the..."

Wayne held her as she cried. She cringed when he touched her back.

"Raven, your back."

"Crawford punished me for running."

"You need a doctor."

"We don't have time."

"Leave it to me and trust me."

"But, it's not up to you or me!" Raven's mind wandered, as Wayne worried about shock.

"I need to clear this case as soon as possible. Warrants go out over the next several days to arrest the principles, then the trials start. Kyle will be protected and more than likely won't be needed to testify."

"But I'm the one who murdered Crawford."

"I have you and the gun. No one else saw you and the four guards in the house are dead. No witnesses."

"What about his slave?"

"We found her dead."

"Dead? How?"

"Overdose. She felt you were taking her master away and couldn't take being pushed aside. Then Crawford punished her and drove her emotionally over the edge."

"So there are no witnesses?" she repeated.

"Nope, Curtis and Lee didn't see us."

"But if they ask questions?"

"You're a federal witness in the program."

"Interesting."

"You'll be fine and he'll join you as soon as he can. The man loves you too damned much. Now, let's go."

She nodded and left the study. While Wayne stayed back, he made a phone call to a friend.

"Meet us at that private airfield and bring your med kit."

\* \* \* \*

Wayne drove her to the private airstrip used for VIP's, like the President or federal witnesses needing to leave the area without publicity seekers finding them. As far as things went, Wayne considered Kyle's wife a VIP. He knew Crawford's associates had the French Quarter staked out and figured they'd watch the main airport. Wayne's use of the service alley was ingenious, especially when he drove Raven out in Kyle's pick-up. When they arrived, another car sat near the plane. Raven tensed, fearing the worst.

"Relax, he's traveling with you."

"What? Why? Who..."

"*What* is, he's a friend of mine, who just happens to be a doctor at an exclusive clinic. *Why* is, your back needs to be treated and he's very good at what he does. Because of his physician's oath and doctor/patient confidentiality, he cannot tell me, Kyle, or anyone else about you or where he treated you. The new privacy laws are to your advantage. He'll make sure you're safe, and then he can tell me. He'll fly back here as if nothing ever happened. *Who* is, well let me introduce you."

Wayne took her bag and escorted her to the corporate Gulfstream waiting for her.

"Mike Fontana, Raven Lansing," Wayne introduced them.

"Pleased to meet you."

"Hi," she said hesitantly. "Wayne, does he know about..."

"Somewhat, but don't worry. He's a Dom..."

"No, this won't work. I'll wait till I get to..."

"Mrs. Lansing, the reason your husband went to the internet was from a suggestion I made to him. I understand your hesitancy, but I cannot abide what has been done to you. I have never ever done anything like what he did to you to any of my subs. Wayne called me because of my connections with the lifestyle."

"Wayne, what's going on?"

"The *lifestyle*, as you call it, is not for me and Della, but I respect how others feel about it. I've seen it from the sadistic side, like tonight. You and Kyle, Mike and his lady—y'all have beautiful

relationships. That's the good side to it. I would never do anything to compromise it for any of you."

Raven thought about what he said and smiled.

"Now I know why you two get along so well. How can I ever thank you?"

"You just did."

He pulled her close making sure he was careful with how much pressure he put on her back.

"Once you get on board, tell the pilot where and you're on your way."

"Can't the flight plan be traced?"

"Not from here, because the manifest will list Doctor Mike Fontana and guest. Relax, Raven. I made a promise to Kyle and I will keep it. Trust me, I've got your six."

"Marine?"

"Gunnery Sergeant, ma'am."

"All right, Wayne. I believe you. I need you to promise me something."

"What?"

"Take care of him."

"I will. One thing, you won't be hearing much from here. It's to keep you safe. Kyle will wait until he's one hundred percent—plus—sure it's safe, because he will not endanger you. You are *THE* most important being in his life and he will not risk your life for anything."

Raven nodded, tears streaming down her face.

"Go ahead. I want to get to the hospital."

"Tell him I love him."

"Definitely, now go."

She hugged him, and said good-bye.

Wayne Bridges watched her board the plane followed by Fontana. He hated this. Raven should be at the hospital, not flying away from Kyle and their life together. Once the plane's lights disappeared from sight, he drove back to Tulane and waited while Kyle endured surgery—this time, a long one.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle lost consciousness in the helicopter. He'd told Downey what he needed to know about his back, and then shut everything out. Wayne had taken Raven away as agreed. As long as he knew she was safe, it somehow made sense.

When Wayne told him about the syndicate and cartel connections, Kyle forced his best friend to make sure she got away unseen. He had no idea where, and for now, it was for the best. If, for some unforeseen reason, one of Crawford's associates asked, they could torture him all they wanted and he honestly wouldn't be able to tell. He knew his wife didn't understand and someday, he hoped to explain it to her. *Soon, mistress...*

Kyle briefly awoke in the emergency room, saw his doctor, and relaxed, knowing he was in good hands.

"Kyle, we need to get started."

"Fine, I'm not going anywhere."

Kyle realized what he said and winced. The injury that ended his career in firefighting in New Orleans Sixth District put his career as a cop on the verge of ending. Arness had all but given Kyle the specifics of his future promotion once Arness retired; something Kyle had worked hard for. He loved his job, and wasn't ready or willing to give it up yet.

It made no difference, none of it did. Since he'd met Raven online, they had fallen in love, married and talked about a family. He'd learned of inheriting over twenty-five million—his family's estate, private jet and other toys his parents had. All he had ever wanted was their love and support, not their assets. Even all his money couldn't keep Raven safe. He cursed his situation.

He vaguely heard the anesthesiologist tell him about his part of the procedure. He fell asleep, oblivious to physical pain, or anything else for that matter. Of course, he saw Raven and wanted her more.

*Patience, Lansing, patience...*

\* \* \* \*

Once the Gulfstream successfully took off, Fontana opened his medical kit.

"May I?" he asked, cautiously feeling his way with her. He knew Raven Lansing was gun-shy thanks to what had occurred earlier, but he needed to look at her back and he was worried about shock. He promised Wayne he would call and advise him on her condition.

"Sure," she said hesitantly before she turned and removed her blouse and loosened her jeans. She closed her eyes when she heard him gasp. A tear escaped, followed by a flood.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Lansing."

"Raven, please."

"Yes, ma'am," he said as he took out antiseptic and a soft cloth. She flinched when the damp cloth touched her as she reacted to a stinging sensation. She let out a deep breath she had no idea she was holding.

"I am sorry, Raven."

"It's all right. I should have expected this. Crawford was sadistic in his treatment of subs and people who got in his way. This is mild, considering he ordered his men to break my husband's back."

"What did they use?"

"A fireplace poker. The man who did it could have been a body builder. He just kept pounding and pounding and..."

"I knew the man lived up to his reputation, though I didn't know he surpassed it."

"Now, you do."

They didn't talk for the rest of the flight. Fontana wanted to get her to open up some more, but she sat by herself, just staring out the window. With a stopover in Denver to refuel, they spent the better part of seven hours during the flight in silence.

"Mrs. Lansing, we'll be landing in twenty," the pilot announced.

Fontana looked over to where she sat—a lonely shell of a once vibrant woman.

“Raven, did you hear the time frame?”

“No.”

“I’m sorry we didn’t meet under different circumstances.”

“I am, too. I’m sorry about the flight if I was rude.”

“I understand. Kyle’s a good man.”

She nodded, unsure how to answer him while at a loss for words and unable to put simple thoughts together. She started to say something, then stopped, then tried again—nothing.

“I’m sorry.”

“Raven, here’s my card. Call me if it’s an emergency and I’ll go from there.”

She nodded.

“Do you need a ride anywhere? Do you want a limo?”

“That would be nice. Thank you.”

“Come on, let’s see what we can find.”

He helped her with her jacket then, after telling the pilot he’d be back in a little while for the return flight, he escorted her inside the terminal. They found a rental car desk instead. He waited with her until an attendant drove up in a car; she honestly had no clue as to which model. *What did it matter? Without Kyle, nothing mattered.*

\* \* \* \*

Several hours passed. Wayne and Della waited for news. A nurse ran by the lounge where they waited. Doctors went in, and then came out of surgery. He checked his watch and groaned.

“What, my dear?” Della asked drowsily.

“It’s been twelve hours.”

“And it’s liable to go longer. Wayne, you know what they used on him.”

“But, the longer...”

“I know, the more serious his injury.”

“Bridges, what’s the latest?”

Wayne jumped up.

“Still in surgery, Captain.”

“Damn. Any idea how much longer?”

Wayne shook his head and slid back on the couch next to his wife, then stared at the floor. Della held him as he finally allowed his emotions to flow.

“My best friend is in surgery and could be paralyzed for life. His wife can’t be here, thanks to an ongoing threat. She should be here with him.”

“Why isn’t she? We could have protected her.”

“His decision. He made me promise.”

“Where did she go?”

“Don’t know. He set up a private charter. She told the pilot once she got on board and they left.”

“But, what if...”

“I don’t think he thought about tonight’s possible results. I know he never considered all this. We underestimated the scope of Crawford’s reach. Hell, we didn’t learn about his damned connections until right before all hell broke loose.”

“We’re still getting information?” Arness asked.

Wayne checked his watch again as he nodded. Della squeezed his arm. Arness paced.

*Why?*

## Chapter 13

*Six months later*

Kyle looked around *Springton Pointe*. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and neck as he walked from the gym he had installed before he came home from the hospital. He headed to the master suite, where he showered. The heat felt good on his back, which was stronger each day, thanks to his drive. Since his release from Tulane and rehab, he pushed himself to get stronger.

The doctors couldn't believe his progress, though Dr. Ethan Locke, his surgeon, knew why. Somewhere in the United States or abroad, his wife waited. No matter what they tried to do to slow him down, Kyle Lansing ignored them. He needed to do this for her.

After dressing, then tying his hair back, he went downstairs. He passed by the playroom—their playroom—and the one place he hadn't been since he'd taken Raven inside their world. He slowly entered and stopped, glancing around the room. Closing his eyes, he remembered back, but when he opened them, he gazed at the bed and saw the image of her lying in front of him, naked and inviting. His cock ached at the thought of his mistress. As he turned to leave, something caught his eye.

On a small shelf near the door, a piece of paper folded in half and standing against the wall sat, his name in Raven's handwriting. He unfolded it and groaned.

*Master,*

*Please don't forget what we do to each other. I wish I could take  
this room with me, but I didn't have time to pack. Maybe  
I can have one waiting in the basement of a house of light.*



*Come to me, my Lieutenant, if you still want your mistress.*

*Forever yours,*

*Raven*

Tears came to his eyes. *If you still want your mistress...*

"Raven!"

His anguished cry echoed throughout the lonely mansion. He folded it again and took it down to the study, where he placed it with her letter and power of attorney. He sat at his desk in agony. Thinking of her drove his body over the edge and the only way to satisfy his need was Raven. Only his wife would make him feel whole again.

The ringing of the phone brought Kyle back to reality.

"Lansing."

"How are you feeling?"

"Lonely."

"I can imagine."

"What's up?"

"We're busting the last of Crawford's associates tonight. Want to join in?"

"Why not? Maybe I'll get my mind off..."

"It may be a distraction, but you won't stop thinking about her."

"I know. Sorry, its one of my D-I-D days."

"D-I-D?"

"Down in the Dumps. I just found a note she left for me before she left."

"Man, why don't you go after her?"

"Not until it's safe. If you get this guy tonight, then maybe..."

"Maybe?"

"Are you positive you've got everyone?"

"Everyone who threatened your wife, you mean? Yeah, tonight will nail the last one. You won't be needed to testify since I took charge of the case months ago and, as I hear rumblings of change at the office—you're on solid ground."

"What are you talking about?"

“Nothing—really. Meet me at the office around three.”

“Sure, why not?”

Kyle hung up and sat back. Tonight would be a test. If he could handle himself on the job, then he had nothing stopping him from finding his wife.

\* \* \* \*

At three, Kyle walked into his office, the one Wayne settled into during his absence. Wayne left everything of Kyle’s in place, except for the framed photo of Della. Kyle smiled but rued the fact he had no pictures of Raven at all.

He gazed out the window overlooking the city and asked himself, *Where would she have gone?* He sat down, the feel of his chair comforting. He felt a little more like he belonged somewhere.

The top folder on the desk caught his eye. Simply titled *Raven*, it was a plain folder, not a departmental one. He opened it and his breath caught.

He saw a medical report dated the night she left New Orleans.

*Patient’s back from shoulders to knees—swollen and/or long bloody gashes, some deep open wounds. Cause—riding crop used as punishment. Applied antiseptic to areas, dressed deeper wounds and gave patient painkillers. Some shock evident. Prognosis: will heal without adverse results, though some scarring may occur.*

He saw the signature of Mike Fontana, a good doctor and one he would get absolutely no information from. He respected his patients’ privacy in all areas and with the new privacy laws; he was as good as a safe with his patients’ histories. If he’d been with Raven to her destination, Fontana would never say—one avenue he couldn’t take, though the knowledge she survived the beating eased his mind some. It hurt knowing she might have physical scars to her beauty, but it made no difference—he wanted her regardless.

The next sheet listed local contacts. He remembered she’d mentioned her lawyer, Sam somebody. He looked at the list and found a *Sam Collins*. Quickly, he jotted down the attorney’s phone number and made a note to visit *Club Nocturne*. Maybe, someone there knew something.

"The file's for you. I figured you'd want it sooner or later, so I left it for you."

"Thanks, Wayne."

"I haven't been able to get the flight records yet. You hired one of the best in confidentiality."

Kyle smiled as he silently cursed his efficiency.

"Get a subpoena."

"PC?"

"Probable cause—we think she may be in danger from this organization and she needs to move for her own safety."

"You've hung around with me too long."

"Do you still know any friendly judges?"

"After this case, they love me. High profile, big connection cases—between the bench and the DA's office, they're in heaven."

Arness stuck his head in the office.

"Lansing, good to see you. Conference room, both of you—now!"

Kyle nodded and looked at Wayne. They wondered what was up; concerned because Wayne had been the only one who knew Kyle might join him on the bust later. As they went to leave the office, Kyle stopped him.

"What's going on?"

"Got me."

They went to the conference room where the entire squad and the district's uniforms waited. *If these people are all on this operation...* They took their seats as Kyle acknowledged some of the guys he'd worked with.

Arness stood at the head of the table, the room quieting some.

"Gentlemen, as you are all aware, we plan to make the final arrests in the Peter Crawford case this evening. We are positive this will bring to a close one of the largest networks dealing in drugs, prostitution, porn and other heinous activities. One of our officers has suffered personal loss at the hands of Crawford. His wife is in hiding, fearful of this syndicate's reach. He is finally rejoining us to take not one, but two, medals of valor."

The group waited while Arness paused.

“The first is awarded to Detective Lieutenant Kyle Lansing. During the apprehension of *The Latex Killer*, he suffered injuries to his back but ignored them in order to close the case. Detective?”

Kyle stood, impressive in his black leather jacket, twill shirt and jeans. He removed his hat as he joined Arness at the podium. The medal presented, the captain went on.

“For service above and beyond the call of duty, professionally and personally, the Department awards you the Bronze Star for Meritorious Service. Congratulations, Kyle.”

“Thank you, sir.” He turned to the group, waiting for the applause to die down before going on and grateful the captain hadn’t gone into the details of the night at Crawford’s house in the French Quarter. “I’d like to take this opportunity to thank the Department for both awards, though the second incident was of a highly personal nature. As you all know, my wife had to go into hiding, even from me, in order to stay alive. It’s been a long, lonely haul the past six months due to Raven’s absence.”

He took a breath, looking at the Bronze Star, the highest award the New Orleans Police Department could give. It meant nothing with Raven gone.

“While Detective Lansing collects his thoughts, I have one other item to deal with. As you all know, I plan to retire in a few months, maybe a year. The brass is aware of whom I want as my replacement, but he’s lacking a bar on his collar in order to command this squad. It is with great pride I read the following:

*To: Kyle Lansing, Detective Lieutenant*

*From: The Office of the Chief, New Orleans Police Department*

*Ref: Captain’s promotion*

Kyle looked up at Arness, shocked.

*It is with great pleasure I announce the promotion of Kyle*

*Lansing from Detective Lieutenant to Detective Captain.*

*Congratulations and best wishes.*

Arness handed Kyle a velvet box with his captain’s bars and his gold captain’s shield.

“Congratulations, Lansing.”

“Thank you, sir!” Kyle said, and then stood back to salute. The room broke into applause. Kyle accepted the good wishes of his friends and fellow officers. Wayne gave him a hug, slapping his shoulder.

“Congratulations, man.”

“You set me up.”

“That I did, but this Lieutenant wants his Captain next to him when we take down this last link.”

“Lieutenant?”

“Yep. We’ll share the office until you move into the big guy’s.”

“It’s all yours. I’m still on medical remember? Plus, I’ve got to find her.”

“I figured you’d say that, which is why Arness’ retirement is so open-ended. He goes out once you come back.”

“If I come back.”

“Don’t tell him that!”

“Wayne, I...”

“I know. It’s between us. That’s why I wanted you here tonight.”

\* \* \* \*

Later in the evening, Kyle and Wayne finished out the last pages of reports clearing the cases against Peter Crawford and his infamous associates and preparing them to go to the District Attorney’s office for prosecution. Wayne took credit for the work the way Kyle wanted it.

“If I hadn’t asked you to check him out...”

“It works out for all concerned. Now, go home with the file, get a good night’s sleep, and start fresh tomorrow. If you need anything, call me.”

Kyle left the office but first went to Raven’s house in Harahan. He had been having someone check on it for him, but he wanted to do it personally so he could look around and see if he could find any clue as to where his wife might have gone. He promised her he would find her, no matter what. As a detective, he should be able to do something simple like find a missing person. *Right...*

In the living room, he found nothing except a meticulously neat, magazine-perfect room. The dining room and kitchen yielded nothing and he went to her den. He noticed her love of reading and smiled. When he'd been at the house before, he had been so wrapped up in Raven, he never noticed anything but the playroom half of her den, and her bedroom—no, her bed, with Raven in it.

He looked at the bookshelves learning more about her. She had every book by Laurell K. Hamilton and Christine Feehan. She liked other authors, but he found nothing outstanding. He looked at her collection of Civil War reference books, several books about European castles and found one—very out of place in his mind. He pulled out a book on American lighthouses with several pages marked.

Unaware of what he had found, he took the book to her desk and searched it, but found nothing. One last thing he wanted to look at waited for him in silence. His hat on top of the book sitting on her desk, he went into the playroom where they'd spent one hell of an evening.

Kyle remembered that night, seeing her gorgeous body as he mastered her. His cock swelled, letting him know it needed relief and release. *Raven, I need you.*

\* \* \* \*

Once back at *Springton Pointe*, he opened the book he'd brought home from Raven's, and looked at it. He gazed at various pictures of lighthouses in the United States. It amazed him how many there appeared to be. He looked at ones located on the Great Lakes, the East Coast, Gulf Coast and the West Coast.

He came to the marked pages and saw nothing that stood out or called to him. He sat back and thought. Suddenly he pulled out her note from the playroom and found her reference to *her house of light*. He reread her letter and found mentions of the oceans, high places, watching the waves, and the wind through her hair.

Going back to the book, he looked at what she had marked. Three pages and one lighthouse located near Seattle, Washington. Mariska Light guarded the rocky coast above Seattle overlooking Puget Sound.

“Well, it’s not the ocean but...”

Kyle heard the clock from the hall strike two. He realized it was too late to call Collins and the call would have to be made later in the day. Then the fact that real estate transactions were public record moved him to go online. While he waited for his connection to the internet to complete, he had another idea.

Opening his desk drawer, he pulled out his cell phone, the mate to Raven’s and a direct line to her and no one else. He turned it on and first checked to see if Raven had left any messages but found none. He tried calling her, only to get an automated message stating the user’s phone was not receiving and to leave a message. Kyle hung up. *What in the hell would I have said to her anyway?*

With access to the internet complete, he began his search of real estate transactions dealing with the area around Mariska Light. The only one of note within the last year was listed under *S. Walker* for a lighthouse. He continued searching, but found no other listings.

He thought for a moment and jotted down some questions to look into in the morning. *What was Raven’s real name? Sandra what? What was the name of the man Crawford framed her for killing?*

He put the letters into the book, made some more notes to remind him of who he needed to see while making sure his pilot stood by to fly him to the Pacific Northwest at a moment’s notice.

Kyle lay on one of the black leather couches he bought right after moving in. Something about Raven naked on black leather. His cock strained against his jeans, as it always did when he thought of her. He groaned, got up and went to his gym. With no one up to bother him, he stripped out of his clothes and worked out in the nude. He needed to feel free of restraints. Raven had taught him to enjoy it and he understood more what she meant. His cock throbbed, begging for her, as the rest of his body ached in agreement.

*Soon...*

\* \* \* \*

Kyle awakened after ten after falling asleep coming out of the shower the night before. He lay sprawled across the bed naked,

feeling her absence. His longing for her intense, he vowed to be in her arms within twenty-four hours.

He drove to headquarters to look at the police reports from Boston. He learned Raven's real name was *Sandra Evans* and her lover's name was Harden Walker. *S Walker. Clever, my mistress.*

He called Sam Collins and learned he was defending a custody hearing at the courthouse. When the attorney finished and left the courtroom, Kyle planned to be waiting for him. He left before Wayne returned; leaving him a note telling his friend he might be going out of town for a bit. His next stop, the courthouse.

Kyle waited an hour for Collins to leave the courtroom and met him as he exited.

"Mr. Collins, I'm Kyle Lansing."

"I was wondering when you'd come to me. How's your back?"

"Better," he answered. "Mr. Collins..."

"Son, please. I know why you're here. Can you come to my office?"

"Sure. When?"

"Right now."

"Good."

They walked to the attorney's office a block away. Kyle liked it—a relaxing country air to it.

"Come in. Can I offer you coffee?"

"No thanks. I realize this might put you in a bad position, but do you know where my wife is?"

"And if I claim privilege?"

"I'll still be on a plane this afternoon to find her. All I need is your confirmation of where I believe she went."

Collins pulled out a file from a locked cabinet Kyle assumed he used for delicate or high profile cases. He placed it on his desk and stood up.

"I have to check on something and I'll be back in a few minutes. If, while I'm gone, you happen to go through it, please make sure you put everything back as you found it and don't tell me."



Collins got up and left. Kyle took him at his word, slipped behind his desk, and opened the file, shocked to see a letter addressed to him from Raven.

Slowly he opened it:

*My dearest Master,*

*If Sam has seen fit to give this to you, my worst nightmares are fact. I can't even think how you feel or what I'm putting you through. For that, I am sorry.*

*I pray you will forgive me, but if you choose not to, I'll have to live with your decision. I want you to come for me willingly. If you choose to, you'll be able to find me at Mariska Light, Washington.*

*Please, my Lieutenant—*

R

He quickly slipped the letter into his pocket when he heard Collins return. He closed the file and stood up, meeting Collins as he entered his office.

"Thanks, Mr. Collins, I appreciate your help."

Kyle left the office almost running. He didn't see the smile on Collins' face.

\* \* \* \*

Within the hour, Kyle sat onboard his private jet, his heart racing as they left New Orleans behind. In a little over seven hours, he'd be landing in Seattle, almost twenty-six hundred miles away from the home they briefly shared.

Six months and over half the country away... He winced at this, and then settled in for the long flight. He prayed she hadn't changed her mind. He wanted her more than he had ever wanted anyone or anything in his life. The long months of rehab had made it worse because of their separation. He'd thought about her every second of every long day as he recovered from the back surgery that could have ended his life and career if something had gone wrong. *Please, mistress, I need you...*

\* \* \* \*

Twenty-six hundred miles away, Raven Lansing settled into her new home in Mariska Light. The lighthouse had guided ships

along a small strip of Puget Sound since the turn of the century. Its beacon lit up the night but she had gotten used to its brightness, which, at first, had kept her awake.

A fixed light, it had been easy to live with and she didn't have to contend with the fog signal, because the larger lights around her handled such warnings to anyone daring enough to travel the Sound in the fog.

Over the last few months, she tried to come up with some plans for her future. Financially, things had been set. *Club Nocturne* remained a profitable venture and she'd hired a good man to square the accounts and run the place in her absence. She learned of a similar club in Seattle needing help and spoke with the owner. It looked good and she'd be able to be a silent partner in some respects, though she'd already told him what to change, the response to her suggestions well received. Her finances from *Club Nocturne* and *Midnight Encounters* allowed her to enjoy her life—at least, what she could.

Six months and she ached for Kyle Lansing. After she received word he'd made it through surgery and would recover, she'd heard nothing more. She'd read updates on the case in *USA Today*, since it had international connections. The articles would refer to a threatened witness who remained safe in hiding and she assumed they meant her.

One thing concerned her—she found no mention of her lieutenant. *Had Crawford hurt him more than she thought, or had been led to believe?* She worried until one day while on the internet, she happened to check the website for *The Times-Picayune*. Her lieutenant now held the rank of Captain. She printed the article and placed it in her jewelry box.

In the mirror, she looked at her reflection. Her collar in place and her wedding band on her ring finger, she thanked Kyle for leaving them for her. She felt naked without them. She touched her collar, the thought of Kyle putting it on her causing her body to react. Her nipples peaked and she felt wet heat between her legs. She needed to come, but refused to until her husband came to her

and told her if they had any hope of a life or future together. Now, she had an idea what nuns went through.

*Please, I love you...*

She pulled out the cell phone she'd bought as a direct link to him. It sat in the drawer where she'd put it the night she came here. She hadn't turned it on and didn't know if it even had any charge left. Flipping it open, she found it had a recent incoming call. She checked to see if he'd left a message, but found nothing.

The date/time feature told her the anonymous call had come the day before. The thought of him trying to contact her caused her body to go crazy. She still refused to allow her body to enjoy what it craved, what she needed. She felt her desire and need for him increase with the possibility she might hear from him, but then she became a realist.

*What if he had gone south and died? Someone could have been checking to see where the phone called. Could it have been Crawford's people looking for her?*

Her mind raced as she shut the phone off and threw it back in the drawer. She closed it and tried to calm herself. She didn't need to become stressed. She couldn't take any more bad news.

*I have to keep thinking he'll come for me.*

"Please, Lord, help him find his way home to me. Please..."

\* \* \* \*

The warmth of the afternoon sun lured Raven outside to enjoy the beautiful weather. The chill of winter neared and Raven decided to go into Seattle to do some shopping and stop in to see how *Midnight Encounters* was doing.

She needed some warmer clothes. The man who once owned the lighthouse told her it was drafty, but the fireplace would warm the entire building. She slid behind the wheel of her Cadillac Escalade, a beautiful red SUV, and then drove into the city.

Finding a place to park between the places she wanted to go, Raven locked it and walked first to the club, where her first meeting went well.

"Jean-Claude, one suggestion, if you could make the office suites on the second floor into a small living space, I'd appreciate it."

As she spoke to him, he nodded. It didn't matter what she said he loved it. He agreed to a makeover and an upstairs suite for her. With the suite, she would have somewhere to stay when she came into Seattle and decided to remain for a few days. He smiled knowingly as he began making contacts for the project.

"Oh, and make sure the back entry remains clear. I don't want the fire department fining you."

"Yes, ma'am."

She smiled, and then left. By the time she finished, she carried bags containing a complete wardrobe of comfortable pants and oversized sweaters, sweatshirts and blouses. She had gained some weight since she'd come here and it was not about to stop—at least not for another few months.

Once she stowed her bags in the SUV, she went to get a glass of iced tea, needing something to drink. She sat at an outdoor café with a magazine when she heard something from a nearby radio.

*The last link in the ongoing arrests of the Peter Crawford case in New Orleans has been arrested. The man, Jesus Bejar, has been arraigned on numerous charges and held without bail. Bejar has long been considered Crawford's number two man, though his outward personality belied his real job. Most insiders referred to him as el ratón—the Mouse.*

Raven sat back. *Was it finally over?*

\* \* \* \*

At Mariska Light, Raven went inside, dropping her bags by the door. She went downstairs to her playroom, the one waiting to be christened, only when Kyle was with her. Ignoring her favorite toys, she went over to a closet where she kept a supply of candles in case the power went out. She picked one, then closed the cabinet and took it upstairs, placing it in the front window.

She'd once read of an old custom of placing a candle in the window to guide a lost soul home. She would try it and see if it worked. She said a quick prayer, and then took her bags upstairs to

the master bedroom. She put them on the bench at the end of the brass bed she'd bought in a village north of Mariska Light.

Raven had the same fantasy when she looked at it. Her lieutenant—no, captain—tied to the bed while she took his magnificent cock deep into her throat and took him. She loved the feel of him in her mouth, missing it desperately. It never died—she would suck on his cock and he would move to her and lick her clit as he drank from her.

Her breasts ached for his touch and she thought of the other fantasy. She wanted Kyle to arrest her, handcuffing her to the bed to interrogate her body, though as things stood now, she wondered how sexy she still was. *Six months had really changed her! Oh, boy, had it ever!*

Looking at the clock, she decided to get a quick dinner, and then go for a walk. She loved the warm breeze coming in from the Sound and decided she would enjoy it while she could. One thing she needed to prepare for was the harsh winters this part of the country endured. She contracted with a local logger for wood to keep her lighthouse heated.

After her dinner, one that made no impression on her, she grabbed a huge plaid shawl and left to walk along the cliffs to a place she'd found. She loved this place, spending time there reading, thinking and dreaming. She sat watching the sunset, the breeze blowing through her hair.

"Kyle, wherever you are, I am waiting for you. I love you and need to feel your body surrounding mine. I need to taste you and drink from your life. I need to command you, Kyle, as you need to command me. Kyle..."

A gull flew off leaving Raven to her misery and alone once more.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle's private jet landed at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport at almost nine in the evening. He went and leased a black Range Rover. The attendant brought it to the front of the center and he slid behind the wheel. He went to the police headquarters in

a small town named Acadia, figuring to get the right directions to Mariska Light. *If anyone knew, they would...*

"I'm Detective Captain Kyle Lansing, New Orleans Police Department. I am here to follow up on a lead we have in a cold case we've reopened."

"Didn't your people just break open the Crawford case?"

"Yes, sir," he answered carefully, the hairs on his neck standing on edge.

"We had some dealings with the bastard, but couldn't get enough to nail him."

"Do me a favor and call Detective Wayne Bridges and give him what you have. It can always help to strengthen the case."

"What about the mystery witness?"

"They found her dead, murdered. We figure one of Bejar's men found her and took care of that one last loose end," Kyle lied. He trusted his fellow cops until it came to Raven's safety. Until he had her in his arms, he'd lie out the ass to keep her safe.

With directions in hand, he left the station. Once in the Range Rover, he took out his cell phone and called Wayne to advise him of the conversation.

"Good move with the witness story. I don't think we have any worries, but if Seattle's asking..."

"Actually, it's a department on the way to Seattle, which made me wonder."

"I see. I've got a friend in Seattle. I'll call him."

"Good."

"Be wary, my friend. Just in case."

"I will, trust me. I'm too close now to screw things up."

"Call me."

"Yes, father."

Kyle hung up, concerned over the new development. He drove to Seattle and found a hotel, staying at the Fairmont Olympic in one of their deluxe suites. He took the business extras so he could keep up with the status of Lansing, Limited. Since coming home from the hospital with almost nothing to do, he delved into the dealings of the company he now owned.

By the end of the first week, he had doubled the value of the corporate stock and added another five to six million to its worth. A takeover of a smaller company had been in the offing, one he quietly finished. *If only the old man could see me now.*

In his room, he stripped down, changed into swim trunks and sweats and went to the hotel fitness room. He worked out, needing to keep up his conditioning, then hit the pool for fifty laps. The heat from the spa eased the tension in his body, though only one woman could ease his soul.

Back in his room, he hooked up his laptop and emailed Wayne.

\* \* \* \*

Cowboy: *Any news on small town PD?*

WayneB: *You'll never believe it, but the feds have been trying to find a guy from Crawford's bunch who went underground.*

Cowboy: *And...*

WayneB: *He turned up in your little police department.*

Cowboy: *Was he after Raven?*

WayneB: *No, but he stated he knew your real reason for being in the area had nothing to do with a cold case.*

Cowboy: *How?*

WayneB: *Good question.*

Cowboy: *Any more freelancers?*

WayneB: *Not in that area, but I'd act like you were unable to find what you're looking for.*

Cowboy: *Lansing, Ltd. does have business near here.*

WayneB: *Take care of it, and then go to her.*

Cowboy: *Keep me informed.*

WayneB: *10-4.*

Kyle signed off and sat back. *So close but so damned far away.* He sat on the bed and rubbed his temples. *Could he stand waiting any longer?*

\* \* \* \*

Three days passed. Each night, Raven Lansing lit the candle and said the same prayer. Each morning, she woke alone. She'd get up and get her morning tea. The beauty of Mariska Light—she

could live naked and no one could see. No one came to see her, making her life less complicated in many respects.

She went back to bed after putting on the morning news. A news report shook her.

*A police lieutenant in one of the small towns between Seattle and Tacoma has been indicted in the ongoing case to break the Peter Crawford syndicate. Authorities in Acadia, a town of six hundred, have turned the man over to federal agents, who arrested him. He's being held without bail.*

Raven almost dropped her mug of tea. Crawford's reach had been near by all this time and she had been totally ignorant, not keeping an eye out for anyone following her. *What had she been thinking?*

*Lansing, Limited today announced...*

She turned the television off, unaware she missed seeing her gorgeous husband as he closed a deal in Seattle for controlling interest in a shipping company with links to sea, rail, and over-the-road transport, clueless to the fact Kyle was so close.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle hoped she would see the report and call him. He left his cell phone on, praying she would use their direct line, but so far, she had not. He'd left word at the desk to put any calls from her through immediately, or find him with the message if he went elsewhere in the hotel. He refused to chance missing her if she contacted him.

He worked out as he had the first night, stopping at the desk on his way back to his room—nothing.

*Please, Raven...*

His phone rang, not the one she'd given him, and he silently cursed.

"Lansing."

"It's me. Will you slow down? Between cop and corporate, you've been damned busy."

"I figured if I went public, I could nail two birds with one stone."

"What do you mean?"



“I took the heat off my presence while using it as a way to let Raven know I’m here.”

“I see you made some money in the meantime. The stock is soaring.”

“What can I say?”

“I wish you luck, man.”

“Thanks, Wayne.”

He put the phone down after ending the call, then took a shower, his thoughts on Raven—her beautiful tits, her luscious lips, her hot pussy—her. His cock throbbed needing her more than he could say. He clenched his hands as he held his pounding head. He hadn’t had a headache like this since he met his wife. Only she could ease the tension.

Kyle looked at his watch. Three in the afternoon and nothing from her. The aching getting worse, he knew he could wait no longer. He had to go after her—tonight.

## Chapter 14

The fourth night Raven lit the candle, making sure it wouldn't catch the curtains. Going to the fireplace, she threw the match into the flames. She stepped back, hugging her arms around herself. Even the sweater she wore couldn't keep the chill away. She stared at the flames thinking.

Several months had passed since the night she last saw her Kyle. In contact with Fontana, he told her Kyle's condition hadn't changed. He suffered paralysis and, until the swelling went down, they wouldn't know if he'd walk again or not. He refused to see anyone and Raven could only imagine what he needed. She knew she was a calming factor in his life. *If she'd been with him, but then again, if they had never met, Kyle wouldn't be paralyzed now, would he?*

She knew he lay in Tulane University Hospital alone, wanting to see no one. Fontana told her Kyle had specifically named her when he issued his demand. He didn't want her to see him crippled. He didn't want her wasting her life on someone who couldn't give back.

What upset her most happened when Sam Collins called her with a message from Kyle. If she wanted a divorce, he would sign anything to make her happy. *Happy?*

She hadn't been happy since Crawford exacted his revenge on them. Life as they knew it had been turned around to a point she didn't understand—one day, perfection, the next, upheaval.

Since she stopped hearing from Fontana and Collins, time went on without her, leaving her behind. Days ran into days, nothing getting through to her but one very important thing in her life. In a short while—a month, maybe two—her life would

change for the better. She had to get her present focused, or she could destroy what little happiness she had left.

She'd made preparations both at the lighthouse and with Jean-Claude. She'd gotten the essentials together at both places, so she wouldn't have to worry about anything later.

Raven climbed the steps to the second floor of the light-keeper's home, the building next to the main light. She went to the room next to hers, the farthest away from the light and facing away from the beacon. She went in feeling the warmth from the fireplace. The former owner had not lied, it warmed the entire place.

She went to the crib waiting for the baby's arrival, the heir to the Lansing fortune and the child Kyle would probably never see. Raven had no intention of using their child to gain her husband's attention. Aside from her neighbor, Jean-Claude was the only one who knew. She hadn't told Sam or Fontana, knowing it would slip out to someone who might tell Kyle.

If, as he said, he didn't want her, then he didn't want the child he had begged her for. Fortunately, she had money—financially set from investments—money she'd put away over her three years on the run and profits from both clubs. She didn't have to worry about their security, though she had concerns he might try taking the baby away from her later, if and when he found out.

"No, Kyle wouldn't do that," she said out loud.

Every day, she debated this, and everyday, she refused to believe Kyle hated her. His note left with her collar and wedding band had said *I will find you when I'm able*.

"I guess you're not up to it."

Her hand went to her stomach, the baby active. *At least I'll always have some part of him in my life.*

"We'll be fine, little one. We will," she told the baby. *Who was she kidding? She was trying to reassure herself, not the baby.* She went over and over things again and it hit her—her fears about his naiveté had proven true. She choked back tears at the realization.

Kyle Lansing had not been a sub long enough and it must have crashed in around him. She failed him, her training substandard as

Crawford implied. Crawford had been right about her. At least Crawford would never hurt anyone again.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle sat through another business meeting, this one involving the acquisition of industrial space to lay down an operations center in the Pacific Northwest. He wanted diversification and expansion. The deals he made on this trip would insure his goals. After all, if he wound up spending his life with Raven here, he needed the company to keep him busy when Raven didn't. He intended to put his life on hold while Raven became his center.

As much as he wanted to, he wouldn't go back to the police department, except to work one last case before he retired. He'd put Wayne up as his replacement as Arness had him. Right now, he couldn't begin to think any further ahead than the next few hours.

Once the meeting ended, he thanked everyone for their patience with him. The businessmen left and he relaxed, finally alone. He tore off the tie he wore and unbuttoned his shirt. The constant need to wear suits bothered him, as he had never been one for convention. Once he established himself in this new world, the clothes would change to what he felt comfortable in. Kyle kicked off his shoes and socks. He needed to relax if tonight was to be successful.

Kyle looked at his watch and decided to stretch out, maybe sleep. *If he had his way, he would be up all night.*

\* \* \* \*

After another dinner by herself, this time, a casserole from her neighbor down the road who felt sure Raven didn't take care of herself, or her *impending blessing*. She appreciated Mrs. Elliott's concern and the food tasted good, but Raven had come to hate eating alone.

She cleared the table, put the leftovers in separate containers and washed the dishes. She'd give the casserole dish back when she went to her doctor's appointment later in the week. She put everything away and caught sight of the sunset.

Wrapping her shawl around her, she went up to her overlook where she stood and watched the day fade into a starry moonlit

night. A ship made its way toward Seattle guided by the numerous lights along the coastline, hers included.

She pulled the shawl closer to her as a breeze caught her hair, blowing it out behind her. She closed her eyes for a moment, opening them when the baby moved. She smiled, in love with this lasting gift from Kyle. She'd be able to take a few more weeks of loneliness knowing she would have the little one in her life. She might not have her husband but she would have his child, one part of him she would protect vehemently.

"We'll make it, you'll see," she said, more to reassure herself, the usual thoughts returning. She looked over the Sound as another ship sailed north out of the area, tears in her eyes. *Why had the powers above taken the love of her life away?*

The wind chilled her tear-streaked face but she didn't notice. A dinner cruise ship sailed past. She watched couples on board dancing and having a good time. Raven cried more. *No one should be pregnant and alone.*

"Damn you!"

\* \* \* \*

Kyle steered the Range Rover into the small village sitting in the shadow of Mariska Light. He parked in front of the small café, reminding him of the one he saw in several seasons of *In the Heat of the Night*.

"What can I get for you, Mister?"

"A cup of coffee and some information."

She put a mug on the counter in front of him and poured him a cup of coffee. He waved off cream and sugar, preferring to take it black.

"What do you want to know?"

"The lighthouse—can you tell me about the owner?"

"She's only been here about six, maybe six and a half months—keeps to herself though. Cora Elliott takes her a casserole now and then. She does it for everyone around here—at least she has at one time or another."

Kyle took a sip of the hot coffee and waited for her to go on.

“She’s a pretty thing—black hair with blonde streaks. With her looks, I’m surprised she doesn’t have a man in her life. Of course, Cora thinks she’s a recent widow.”

“Why’s that?”

“She wears a gold wedding band on her left ring finger and she’s got a glow about her. Damn shame she’s by herself.”

Kyle smiled as he drank some more coffee. *Not for long if I can help it.*

“How come the interest, if you don’t mind my asking.”

“I’ve been investing in the area and plan to use the shipping lanes. I’ve been trying to learn about the lighthouses and Mariska Light is one of the few fixed beacons along this stretch. I’d like to take a look and see the difference between them.”

“She’s up there, but I don’t know if she’ll talk to you. She’s gun-shy when it comes to strangers. Cora thinks something happened to her before she came here.”

Kyle finished his coffee and asked her how much he owed her.

“Don’t worry about it. I hope you find what you’re looking for and come back.”

Kyle slipped her a twenty.

“Thanks for the coffee and the information. You’ve been a great help!” He put his hat back on and turned to leave.

“Good luck, Mister...”

Kyle tipped his hat and smiled, then left. He saw the look on the woman’s face, the same one he got from a lot of women he’d talked to over the course of two careers in public service. Flattered and sad because none of them had any idea he had been branded by one woman and one alone.

He drove up the road towards Mariska Light. The road narrowed as he neared it since the light sat at the end of it. His stomach tied in knots, the butterflies huge. *What if she...*

“Think positive, Lansing,” he said as he took a deep breath.

He parked next to a red Cadillac Escalade SUV. He got out of his Range Rover and quietly closed the door, not wanting to upset her, and from habit. He went to the door, noticing a lone candle burning in the window. It reminded him of the custom of a candle

leading lost souls home. Knocking on the door, he waited while his body reacted to the closeness of his mistress. His cock fought for attention—the attention only she could lavish on it.

After no answer, he took a deep breath and knocked again. He took a chance she might be out walking and followed the path to the rear of the small house. The view was spectacular, and he took a moment to look at the sunset.

He surveyed his surroundings as waves crashed against the rocks below him. As the sunset faded, the starry moonlit gave the place a romantic atmosphere. He prayed it all worked out in his favor. He turned toward the sound of footsteps approaching and caught his breath. He knew it was her; his mistress, his wife, his Raven. *Please let this go right...*

“Excuse me, can I help you? This is private property.”

“I’m here to see the owner to ask about the light.”

“At this time of night?”

“What better time? It’s in operation and...”

“Why are you really here?”

Kyle froze, the tone of her voice worrying him.

“I’m sorry. I made a mistake. I won’t bother you again,” he slowly said as he turned away from her to leave. *Had she truly changed that much? How could she not recognize him?* He started back towards the drive, praying she’d stop him. He wanted her desperately but couldn’t and wouldn’t push her. She’d been through enough already.

He got to the Range Rover and stopped. *What the hell was he thinking?* Turning around, he went back to where he left her, but Raven was gone. He went to the front door, knocked, and then leaned against the door jamb waiting.

The door flew open.

“Look, I told you...oh, my God...”

\* \* \* \*

Raven walked down the slope from the overlook to the yard and the house. A tall man wearing black stood gazing at the water. She became wary of this man since she hadn’t had anyone visit since moving here.

She'd finally sent him away, watching him leave. Something familiar about him stopped her, but she couldn't figure out what. She fled to the back door and went inside, locking the door. She couldn't breathe for some reason as fear mounted within her. The man had an intimacy about him and his voice sent heat racing through her as only one man could. The baby chose to become overly active at that moment overwhelming her senses. She leaned against the counter for support while she tried to calm herself.

*What just happened?* Her nipples hard, she had creamed at the sound of the stranger's voice. *God, was she that desperate?* It had been over six months and she reacted like this to the first man to come to her door. *Damn it!*

She grabbed the edge of the countertop, feeling strange between the baby and the assault to her senses. Her head spun, clueless as to what to do. She didn't know if she should forget about it and chalk it up to a stranger truly interested in the lighthouse, or should she run after him?

It didn't take long for the answer to her question as she heard a loud knock on the front door. She tried to gather her remaining sanity as she walked to the front entry. Pulling her shawl around her, she took a deep breath and opened the door.

"Look, I told you...oh, my God..."

In front of her stood the most gorgeous man in the world—her world. Her mouth dropped as she felt her legs weaken. She felt his arms around her as she began to slide to the floor. Heat shot through her, proof of who her visitor was.

"K-K-Kyle?"

"Yes, mistress," he said as he carried her to the couch. He pulled the shawl over her wanting her to keep warm.

"It's really you? I'm not dreaming?"

"No, ma'am, I'm really here. How do you want me to serve you?"

"Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

"Mistress Raven, I have been away from you for over six months. I'll accept whatever punishment you see fit to dole out!" She looked at him standing with his feet apart, his hands behind him



and his head bowed. She reached up and beckoned to him. He leaned over and she took his hat, then put it on.

“My God, you’re gorgeous.”

“But not as much as my mistress, or my slave, or my lover, or my wife.”

“Kyle?”

“Mistress, tell me what to do. It’s been so long.”

“Follow me and don’t say a word,” she said as she got up and led him downstairs to the playroom she had put in immediately after her arrival. She couldn’t believe this. Raven closed the door leaving them in darkness.

“Mistress?” he called out unable to remain silent. She let it slip.

“I want my slave to strip. Then you will seek out your mistress and tell her what you feel.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said as he obeyed her. While he did as she told him, she moved away from him to the bed near the opposite wall. Quickly removing her clothes, she stretched out on satin sheets and waited for his touch.

“Mistress?”

“Follow my voice,” she said.

“Yes, ma’am,” he said. Pleased, she felt him next to her. Anticipation overwhelmed her, followed by apprehension. She felt his hand on her head as he groaned.

“Mistress, I’ve missed you.”

“As I have missed you.”

“Why can’t I see you?”

“I want you to touch me. I need you to reintroduce yourself to my body—every inch, every curve, all of me.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said as he gently explored her. He traced her face, and then let his fingers brush her neck and shoulders, then her breasts.

“Well?”

“My memories are not very good.”

“Why?”

"My favorite tits seem fuller," he said as his mouth covered her nipple and suckled it, followed by the other.

"Kyle, I..."

She felt his hand on her stomach, the moment of truth at hand.

"Raven?"

"Yes?"

"Why is your belly rounder and moving?"

"Your child feels your heat the way I do."

"Where's the light?" he demanded.

She leaned over and switched on the bedside lamp. The warm glow of it highlighted the swell of her stomach. He placed his head on her and felt his child move.

"When?"

"In a little over six weeks."

"Why didn't you get word to me?"

"Your refusal to see me; your offer to give me a divorce, not hearing anything from you or about you until you showed up on my doorstep—need I go on?"

"First, I left you the note saying I would find you, no matter what. I didn't want you to see me as a cripple, but more important, I feared for your life. There were still a lot of arrests to be made and the threats ran rampant. I mentioned the divorce for two reasons—to give you an out and to get the heat off you. I couldn't get in touch, because I needed to wait until the last bust several days ago."

She brushed her fingers over him as he talked. All of his reasoning made sense, considering what had happened in the first place.

"Besides, I have been extremely public trying to tell you I had made it to Seattle. I prayed you would call me."

"What did you do?"

"The news earlier. I've been doing major investing around here and expanding Lansing Limited. The meeting this afternoon ended with a press conference."

"I turned the news off once I heard about..."

“...Bejar’s man? Damn it! I wanted you to know I was in the city so I called...”

The baby kicked again stopping Kyle in mid-sentence. He laid his head on her as her fingers played in his hair.

“I guess this means I’ve got to behave?”

“The hell you do! I’ve dreamed of this moment. I’ve refused to allow myself any release since I left New Orleans and you.”

“My God, Raven, I’m sorry,” he said as his mouth locked onto her lips and his tongue explored her mouth, tracing familiar territory to recommit it to memory. His hand held her breast, his thumb on her nipple brushing over it. Her body ached for him as she pushed herself closer to him. His groan pleased her as she caressed his cock—even more magnificent than she remembered.

“Captain, I...”

“You know?” he gasped.

“You made *USA Today*. Now, Captain, I want your cock in my mouth as you tongue fuck me.”

“With pleasure, ma’am.”

He moved around, lying on his side. She parted her legs, one over his body to give him access to her clit. His hand on her breast, they looked like a Siamese knot.

“Kyle, this isn’t working.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said as he moved on top of her. “Let me know if I hurt you.”

“I have a better idea.” She moved him on his back then placed her knees on either side of his head. The minute her clit came near enough, his tongue lapped at her. As he drove his tongue into her core, his fingers played with her while his free hand went to her ass, one finger pressing for entry. Raven groaned, and then took his cock deep into her throat, her lips touching his balls.

Raven took him, pushing his cock to the hilt, and then drawing back. Kyle’s siege on her pussy drove her closer to the edge.

“Kyle,” she said as she drew back to catch her breath.

“Mistress?”

“May I come for my master?”

“Oh, God, yes. Please, do it now and don’t hold back.”

“As my master wishes.”

Raven took him deep once more, pumping him hard and with raw passion, the kind felt after a sexual fast. Her pace intensified when he took her to the edge and she moaned.

“Drown me, baby.”

Raven’s body needed those words. Months of pent up desire drowning him in her essence as the floodgates opened, Kyle groaned. His siege continued as she caused him to explode. She took it all, feasting on him. She wouldn’t ease up, wanting more—greedy and hungry for him.

“Raven, my love, my wife, come to me.”

She rolled to his side, spent. He loomed over her, taking her legs and parting them, her ankles at his neck when he raised her hips and positioned his cock at the entrance of her pussy.

“Raven Lansing, I want to fuck you and hard. If you can’t do it, tell me now before it’s too late.”

“Kyle, do it please. My God, I can’t wait any longer. Six fucking months was too long.”

“Then get ready for one hell of a ride, woman.”

Kyle sank his cock deep within her, as her pussy clenched around him, refusing to let go. He held her ass while he slowly eased her down to the bed.

“Wrap your legs around me.”

Raven did and he thrust into her—hard and with no mercy—his desire drove him to pound his cock into her. He watched her breasts move with his thrusts and felt his cock swell.

“Your gorgeous tits are even more beautiful now.”

She smiled, unable to speak. She cried out, her hands holding the sheets for dear life as he exploded within her filling her with his seed. When he felt the last spurt, he drew back from her. She cried out his name begging him for more.

“Did you say more?”

“Yes, Kyle. I need you. I’ve hungered for your cock fucking me for far too long.”

He kissed her, and then rolled her over supporting her so she wouldn't put weight on the baby.

"I've dreamed of this," he whispered as he pushed her to her hands and knees. Kyle thrust into her again, driving deep into her core. She cried out as he pounded her again, fierce emotions ruling him.

"Kyle, oh, oh..."

He leaned over her and caught her breasts as they moved freely.

"I love your tits like this. I love you, Raven."

"I love the touch of your hands holding them."

He pulled her to him; her body spooned against his, as he drove her to the edge. As he released into her, he squeezed her breasts while her fingers became tangled in his long blonde hair.

"Kyle, please."

"Please what, my radiant wife?"

"Never stop. Oh, oh, oh..."

Kyle smiled as she screamed, then kissed her neck before he nipped at her ear lobe. He held her against him tighter, not wanting to let go.

"I'll never let you go, mistress. Never again."

## Epilogue

The last several weeks of her pregnancy had been a fantasy, thanks to Kyle. They spent every minute they could together. If he went into his recently opened office in the city, she missed him. When he returned to her, she rejoiced.

The small village welcomed him with open arms. He donated money to build their new firehouse and laid the groundwork to replace their 1973 American La France ladder truck. He could finally give back to the fire service, a longtime love of his.

When Christina Lansing came into their lives, the world stopped for them as they enjoyed their newborn daughter. Kyle worked from the lighthouse and made sure his mistress had everything she needed, the emotional calm a godsend for both of them. Without his mistress, he felt lost—a feeling he banished from his life once he had his wife back.

“Christina’s down for the count. The fresh air tired her out.”

“Good,” he said, standing before her, the sunlight bathing her in the warm glow of a late afternoon winter day. He took her into their playroom, checked the baby monitor, and stood gazing at her.

“My beautiful slave, I want you naked.”

“Yes, master!” By the time she shed her clothes, Kyle had taken his off and put on the leather chaps they purchased in Las Vegas. She caught her breath at the sight of his hardened desire, his cock throbbing for her touch—only for her.

“I want my slave to shackle me, bind my cock, and suck me.”

“With pleasure, my lord and master.”

She led him to the crossbar and handcuffed him to it, then placed a spreader bar between his ankles and attached the leather

restraints. Next, she pulled the thin leather strip from his gorgeous hair and bound his cock catching his balls in its web. He groaned as she stood, brushing her full breasts along his body. She gasped at the heated sensation from her sensitive nipples against his body. She pulled him into a kiss and slid down the length of him to kneel at his feet.

She put her hands behind her and let the tip of her tongue tease him, licking drops of pre-cum from his slit. She gazed at him seeing his body's reaction. He groaned the minute she took his cock deep into her mouth. The more she teased him and took him, the more his hands clenched.

Kyle thrust in and out, keeping time with her.

"Hold my ass, slave," he commanded. She did and his pace quickened.

Raven took what he had to give her, hungry for more. Kyle couldn't get enough either.

"Slave?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Once I release you, you will take me to a place of your choice and fuck me every way you can—without mercy. I want to feel your soul as you drive me."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh, and Captain..."

"Raven?"

"I want another child. Christina will not be alone."

"Yes, ma'am."

Once he held her in his arms, he laid her on the bed in the playroom and, as commanded by his mistress, he took her every way possible.

Kyle Lansing found happiness as a retired New Orleans Police Captain, an entrepreneur, and slave to his wife's dominance while mastering her as he did. Raven loved the freedom of no longer running and having her husband master her and dominating him. Whichever way they found worked and they loved each other without question.

Neither Kyle nor Raven knew when the change in the dom/sub relationship would occur and they would switch—it just happened. It didn't matter as long as they were together and always in love. It had been them against the world and they won out.

Raven's black heart found what it had needed, sought for so long, and she refused to ever lose it, or Kyle. She found she could love and be loved—life was perfect.



## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

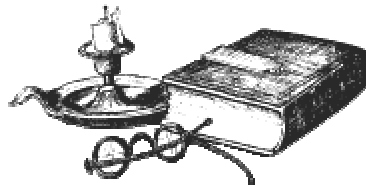
Christy Poff lives in southeastern Pennsylvania with her husband and two teens, although her son is in the Air Force stationed in Minot, North Dakota and remains a cell phone call away.

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 Civil War history and has done extensive research into the times. This love and research have resulted in several Civil War novels looking for a home. CHASE FOR AN ANGEL was born from this and the others followed.

She loves old cities with charm and history like Charleston and New Orleans, the wide open spaces in Wyoming, the Dakotas, Civil War battlefields and the hustle and bustle of Las Vegas and seeing the rest of the US. One day, she hopes to see Ireland with her daughter and both Canadian coasts.

A volunteer firefighter for over twenty-five years, she's been able to use her experience in several published works for others and even in some of her own works in progress.

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