

Red Bottom, published by Allure Books
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Blurb: *Erotic Contemporary, Spanking, M/F HEA.* Ex marine, Beckett McCade and Evangeline Pennyflower are in for a bare bottom dispute over ownership of the Bar S Maverick Ranch.

Read an exciting excerpt: *Jesus*, he couldn't be more surprised. He was literally speechless as Evie scooted around to kneel on her knees beside him and all in one motion she peeled off the sweatshirt she was wearing. The word naked did not do justice to her voluptuous nudity as she bent over his lap catching her elbows on the armrest at his side.

"I've been a very naughty girl, Beckett," she purred in a throaty voice as he sat there like a fool while she undulated her body toward the armrest and back. Right under his nose. Emphasizing the smooth bareness of her back, the delicate hollow of her spine flaring to the curving white lushness of her pillowed buttocks. He had never seen or felt anything as erotic, and his male instinct heightened, clearing his momentary numbness and tightening his muscles.

He understood what she wanted remembering how he watched as she touched herself after the first time he spanked her, and feeling how wet she was on his fingertips after the second time he'd swung his belt across her sweet behind. It turned her on to be spanked . . . perhaps despite herself. Definitely despite herself because it turned him on too. As much as he could be turned on now, and that was plenty in his mind. He worried about what Evie expected though. Definitely hot sex, he thought. Hell, he wasn't going to let that stop him. He would just lick her pink little twat off so many times she wouldn't even notice that he hadn't mounted her.

"I've been *really* bad, Beckett," she murmured huskily. She was enticing him, arching her back pressing upward onto her elbows to clench and firm her rounded buttocks as she lifted her calves, pointing her toes. She was posing for him.

Smack!

End Excerpt.

Red Bottom

By Christina Stoke

Chapter One

Ex-marine lieutenant, Beckett McCade, downshifted his reconditioned 1949 military Jeep into a rolling stop at the entrance to his late uncle's two hundred acre ranch fifty miles south of Bend, Oregon. "Maverick" was the name his uncle had officially called his Oregon spread and as the dust settled in front of Beckett's anti-glare military-issued sunglasses his eyes narrowed as he looked up at the new pine marquee. "Bright Water?" What the hell did that mean?

His gaze swept over the high plains in front of him dotted in places with aspen and towering pine. The rest painted with short scrub grass as far as the eye could see. He could just barely see the white ranch house at the end of the two-mile road leading up to it.

"I must be losing my mind," he muttered, squinting hard through his sunglasses at the eastside of the house. Looking at what appeared from this distance to be a line of pink flags flapping in the constant high plains wind. What bothered him was the fact that his uncle had passed away over a year ago without leaving a wife or children so that now his new inheritance the "Maverick Bar S Ranch" should be deserted.

It was a testament to where he had recently been and who he was that made Beckett automatically reach for his nine-millimeter pistol packed in the back of the Jeep. Halfway there he

checked his automatic response with a barely perceived tremor before he grabbed his high-powered binoculars instead. He leaned his spine into the tough vinyl seat as he took a deep breath and tilted his face up to the early afternoon sun. How could he forget?

Still it happened in blind moments, bizarre seconds of misplaced reality that the doctors had described as perfectly normal under the circumstances. That little tidbit of wisdom coming after a four-month hospital stay, which finally evolved into a permanent medical discharge from his ten-year military career. There were literally pieces of himself that might never be the same again and he wondered for the hundredth time just how a man lived with that?

The pieces of Serb shrapnel that caught him in the back of his left thigh had been removed. Through two surgeries the bone, muscle, and even a major vein had been repaired to what the doctors had stated would be basically normal. However the small piece of Serb shell casing that had ripped into his left testicle . . . well now that was another story entirely. Maybe . . . maybe not, they couldn't or wouldn't say what the odds were on whether he would ever be able to make love again.

"Shit." Beckett rubbed a rough hand over the auburn bristles of his buzz-cut, continuing to swipe his hand down over his hard jaw and the constant five o'clock shadow he wore. He just had to be patient somehow. He had not risked ten years of his life for his country to have this end up happening. Determined to put the constant worry aside, Beckett lifted the binoculars to his eyes to study the ranch house that he'd inherited.

He'd been surprised when the letter from his uncle who he'd never been close to arrived at his hospital bed after a year delay in finding him. It must have been written days before his uncle's death from cancer and it stated that Beckett would be his only heir. The unexpected inheritance was a blessing at a time when luck had been kicking him in the ass . . . a lot. To have a place to come home too, a place to start over. He'd never been a rancher before, however he could learn.

Perhaps the delayed letter was now the reason he could see such clear evidence of habitation at the ranch house. The reason for the letter's delay was some mix up in military paperwork that had stated he was dead and not merely recuperating from his wounds. Perhaps there was an estate lawyer involved, one that had rented out the property when no one arrived for such a long period of time to stake their claim.

"There is definitely a woman living there," Beckett muttered as he adjusted the scope of his binoculars to zoom in on the sight of some very skimpy pink lingerie. All of it hung from a clothesline. A lacy teddy . . . two pairs of panties . . . one bra. All in pink, and as he swept further down the line he found his pink flags. Five of them in all and they were all . . . pink sheets? This lady whoever she was appeared to have a consuming pink fetish, he mused sweeping his enhanced gaze over the white ranch house.

No evidence of kids' toys or swings. Just a really sweet older model, red Mustang convertible parked in the drive which was a highly impractical vehicle for high plains country. There was a barbecue with some lawn furniture set up on the westside of the ranch house and that was about all he could see from this distance.

Beckett set the binoculars down on the Jeep seat beside him and reached into the pocket of his denim shirt for a toothpick to chew on. What the hell was he going to do now? He did not have the name of the lawyer concerning the estate, or the name of any lawyers in the nearest small town of Pine Grove for that matter. He would be surprised if he knew anyone or was remembered by anyone around here. He'd only spent a couple of summers when he was a kid so it was unlikely that anyone would remember him. Probably the only lawyers to be had around were fifty miles away in Bend, he thought, as his gaze kept sweeping east and then west. It seemed to him that he should at least see some cattle. His uncle had always raised a large herd and some of those cattle should be in and around the barn and corrals.

Hell, he hoped some estate lawyer had not sold his herd because that was what all his future plan's revolved around. The irritation of this thought spurred him on. There was only one way to

answer all of his questions, he thought grimly, popping the Jeep's gear into first as he headed slowly down the drive.

Chapter Two

Evangeline pulled the last pink towel out of the washing machine and plopped it into a wicker basket. Darn, who would have thought one brand-new pink nightie could cause so much pink? She would have to admit after this that laundry was just not her specialty . . . and now she would have to cope with all the pink. She swiped at the loosely tied blond ponytail on top of her head, sweeping it from her eyes as she straightened her back. Maybe she could use the color pink as inspiration in one of the new stories that she was writing, she mused, as she walked out the back screen door to hang up the last batch of laundry on the clothesline.

"Maybe I could give my sexy brooding cowboy, Jake, a woman with a pink fetish . . . hmm?" Evie pondered. It was then she heard the chugging sound of an engine and it startled her as she looked up quickly.

Calm down Evie! This was the middle of no place Oregon. Not San Francisco and that was not a woman in that old military Jeep. Still, not many people came down her driveway that she did not recognize and actually not many people came down it at all. The fact was, she could not stop being nervous that this didn't have something to do with Janet after what she'd been through. Had Janet found her? Was this a detective or some new deranged partner of Janet's horrible schemes?

Evie dropped her laundry basket and edged closer toward the house which was still a long way off while she watched a very large man, as in tall and well built, get out of the old military Jeep. She could not see his eyes because of his dark sunglasses, but the chest she could see beneath the open edges of his denim jacket and his white scooped-necked tee shirt was tanned and muscle . . . muscle . . . muscled!

"Ma'am, I did not mean to frighten you. My name is, Beckett McCade, Ma'am." As he spoke in a rumbled bass, he stopped his pacing advance on the other side of her hip-high picket fence so Evie stopped her retreat on her side.

He had to be in the military, Evie thought, looking at his rigid stance and shaved brown hair. This thought made her relax a little. Janet would never have anything to do with men in the military or more correctly a man in the military would never have anything to do with her. *I need to stop this! Janet will never find me,* Evie silently chided herself as she shielded her eyes from the sun with one hand and gazed up at the tall, Mr. Beckett McCade.

"Are you lost, Mr. McCade?" she asked, as she watched him take his sunglasses off, in a polite gesture, to reveal deep brown eyes and a hard-lined masculine face that held no boyish soft edges. Evie didn't realize it but she had stepped backward another pace. "My, um . . . family, and I haven't been in this area long enough so I wouldn't be any help to you for directions," she finished. She was hoping the lie about having a family would make him think about a big burly husband roaming somewhere near by and not the sad fact that she was here all alone.

"I am not lost, Ma'am." Mr. McCade's voice was a smooth deep tenor that rippled slowly up Evie's spine. "I am Jacob Brennan's nephew. The man that owned this ranch before he passed away in June of last year."

"Jacob Brennan's nephew?" Evie exclaimed dropping the hand that shielded her eyes. "B-But, I thought . . ."

"Thought what, Miss . . . ?" Beckett asked gazing down at the petite blond standing on her bare tiptoes and looking about ready to run at any startled moment. The lady with the pink lingerie and D size cup, he guessed . . . was pretty. Although she was trying to hide it by wearing a sleeveless tent-shaped dress that fell to the middle of her shapely calves. But the plains winds were defeating the shapeless white linen by molding its material around every bump and grind curve the woman owned.

The lady was built and only petite by his standards because he was tall. She wore no makeup and she did not need any with her cute freckles and blinding sapphire blue eyes.

"P-Pennyflower," she stuttered at him.

"Miss Pennyflower," Beckett repeated slowly. It was much too proper a name for this curvy package, he thought, at the same time he caught the fact that she had neglected to put any Mrs. in front of it. Which made him wonder about this family of her's? Mom, dad . . . kids?

"I thought you were, um, . . . dead," she gushed defensively.

Beckett's smile was slow and easier than it had been in years. His, Miss Pennyflower looked about ready to scoot away so he tried a more relaxed conversational stance and stuffed his hands into the back pockets of his jeans. That she was here alone was becoming more obvious by each hesitant step that she took backwards. But the moment his hands hit the back pockets of his jeans, Miss Pennyflower's royal blue eyes skittered to his chest where his jacket spread open wider because of his stance. Hell, it had been a long time since he'd caught any woman admiring his military-pounded muscle.

"I am not dead, Miss Pennyflower," he said slowly. "There was some mix up with my paper work though. So I can understand how you could have made that mistake."

"But this just can't be!" she exclaimed suddenly. "I *paid* for this ranch. I—I mortgaged the land and made a down payment!"

Everything about the situation changed for Beckett in that moment as he watched Miss Pennyflower's . . . what the hell was her first name anyway . . . as he watched her dainty chin firm and her incredible blue eyes sparkle with anger. And further her entire claim, its wording and its full meaning, sunk into his mind. A gentleman was a gentleman and he did not go around frightening pretty ladies . . . But hell, this was his entire future.

So maybe he cussed a little bit under his breath . . . and possibly he took a step forward, but not even over the fence. However the next thing he knew Miss Pennyflower was off like a fleet bottomed doe. And what a bottom she had, he thought, as he arrived at the back screen door just as it slammed into his face.

"Don't you dare come into my house!" she squealed from the other side of the flimsy screen door which she tugged on with both hands trying to keep him from pulling it open from the other side.

"My house," he growled, popping the screen door out of her hands as she stumbled backward into the short hallway. . . . Then his foot was nearly over the threshold when he realized what he was doing! . . . And it was then Miss Pennyflower hit his very last nerve.

"Possession is nine tenths of the law!" she exclaimed with a feminine squeal just as his boot continued on its journey over the threshold . . . and Miss Pennyflower turned to flee. "I'm calling the sheriff to arrest you! Don't you dare come any further. Don't you dare!"

Evie did not wait to see what two hundred pounds of furious man was going to do. She ran! Until she came to her bedroom where she locked herself in and dialed 911 on her phone. The entire time she was expecting her door to break open from a boot kicking it. Which did not happen as she tried to calmly explain her circumstances to the 911 operator, and her need for a sheriff immediately. Only it was calmly explained back to her that with county cuts and without the threat of a gun being involved that it could take one to two hours before a sheriff would arrive. Evie thought for one second about lying about a weapon but in the end she couldn't lie. The operator told her they were treating this as a domestic episode and Evie did not argue the stupidity of that! She just decided to explain her case to the sheriff when he showed up.

The second she hung up the phone she heard *his* voice on the other side of her bedroom door. "I heard you call the sheriff, Miss Pennyflower, and I'm glad to wait for him. If possession is nine tenths of your law, Ma'am, then I'm going into the kitchen to make myself some coffee and look over this paper I have here that states this entire ranch is mine!"

"Oh, you brute," Evie muttered at the door as she heard Mr. McCade's boots hit the hardwood

floor as he walked away down the hall. Why had she blurted out that stupid nine tenths of the law defense? Because she was afraid. She had sunk every penny she had and then some to buy this ranch, and the plain fact was she had no where else to go.

So Evie fumed for nearly half an hour going nuts thinking Mr. McCade might be rifling through her things. That was until she could not stand it any longer and she grabbed her deed on the property and stormed out of the bedroom. Halfway down the hallway she thought better of it and she began to tiptoe while listening to hear where Mr. McCade might be.

She found him exactly where he said he would be sitting at the kitchen table. She peeked around the corner and knew that without turning his head from looking out the back window that he knew she was there. Evie scooted through the doorway and quickly put the breakfast bar between herself and where he sat with his ankle propped on one leg and his arms crossed over his chest. He was about the most ruggedly handsome man that she'd ever laid eyes on but she was not going to let that affect her.

Anxiously she laid her deed down on the cream-colored tile of the breakfast bar top and tapped it with her finger, stepping back quickly. "There is my deed, Mr. McCade."

"It's not that I disbelieve you, Miss Pennyflower," he said, turning his head slowly to look at her with his deep brown-colored eyes. "I just believe that there has been an unfortunate mistake made because of the misconception about my death."

"B-But I paid money," Evie challenged. "I paid twenty-five thousand dollars for a down payment alone."

"And that, Ma'am, is the part I do not understand," he replied in a slow tenor drawl. "Just who did you pay this money too?"

Evie stepped up to the breakfast bar and clutched the edge. "Why Mr. Brennan's estate lawyer, a Mr. Lucas Snow."

Evie watched Mr. McCade shake his head as a dreadful knot built in her stomach. "But for whom, Miss Pennyflower? Who was the money from the sale of this ranch for, if all of Jacob's relations were considered dead?"

Oh no. "Why it must have been for the state. I mean surely it was?" Evie responded anxiously.

"Frankly, Ma'am, I have never heard of such a thing. If an honest lawyer thought this estate abandoned, it would have gone to the state of course. Only then the state would have auctioned it." He paused meaningfully, before he asked, "You did read your contract didn't you?"

Oh dear! She had been so upset at the time trying to get away from Janet, who was a fan of her erotic writing but turned out to be crazed. She'd been trying to get away from Janet and find a place where Janet would not find her. The signing of the contracts had been right after Janet had attacked her . . . trying and halfway succeeding in raping her! "Y-You are trying to convince me that I was swindled, aren't you Mr. McCade?" Evie asked him with an accusing tone. "Why that's—that's greedy and low down!"

Mr. McCade's jaw firmed to unyielding square bone as his eyes narrowed. "And you're not greedy?" he asked lowly.

"I most certainly am not. I paid decent money for this property and I will never give it up!" Evie exclaimed righteously.

"And *that* . . .," Mr. McCade uttered, as he stood, pushing his fists onto his narrow jean-clad hips as Evie backed into the sink. ". . . Is going to be a problem because I'm not *ever* going to give up my rightful inheritance either!"

Chapter Three

Several hours later Beckett angrily tossed his duffel bag onto the cot in the small sparse apartment built in the back of the barn. *Damn that woman.* She had sold his cattle using only a handshake between herself and a rancher named Barnes and if he didn't get both their hands' unshaken

really fast he was going to lose his herd! How that had happened he would never know because this damn place was his to begin with, and not hers!

The sheriff had come and gone saying that with the paperwork they'd both shown him, he did not have any legal recourse to kick either of them off the property. He'd also advised them that the rest was going to take lawyers and a judge. Then he'd taken Beckett aside and said while he agreed that Beckett had a right to stay on the land, he thought it would look better for Beckett if he didn't try to push any issues of staying in the house with Miss Pennyflower. It would hardly be decent, the sheriff had stated, and Beckett always considering himself a gentleman had agreed. Of course that was before he had gotten around to ask about his livestock, and now that he thought about it, looking out of the apartment's open doorway into the stables . . . Where the hell were all of the horses!

"Christ almighty, I've got to get rid of that woman."

Hell, he would come up with some way to get her money back to her even if he had to send her part of the profits from the ranch until the day he died. But he was not . . . he absolutely was *not* going to give up his dream. It was the only thing he had left. Beckett grabbed his duffel bag ignoring the pain in his groin and thigh as he headed out of the stables and back toward the ranch house. There were more than two ways to mount any effective offense, and he'd just stopped being a gentleman.

Beckett strode straight into the kitchen having found the back door still unlocked . . . Damn fool woman . . . only to stop dead in his tracks at the sight that met his gaze. It was Evangeline, he had finally learned her first name, bent over one of the lowest kitchen drawers by the stove. The only problem with this was . . . and he wasn't quite sure his male gaze thought it was any problem, was that Evangeline was dressed in only a skimpy see-through pink nightie with a pair of briefer thong panties. Her ass was gorgeous! It was womanly ripe and contoured in creamy pink-tinted skin . . . and the thong. *Jesus*, it hugged the crease of her sweet butt like a wet kiss.

Miss Pennyflower must have finally heard him because she squealed, turning around to palm her "double" D sized breasts. He'd been way off about that size. She clutched them ineffectually with both of her hands trying to cover them. Way too large and pert for that.

"What are you doing here?" she exclaimed.

Beckett narrowed his eyes; this is exactly what he needed to do . . . intimidate her. "Going to bed," he drawled. "Want to come?" He used heavy inflection on the last word suggestively.

"Are you insane?" she hissed stumbling back into the corner of the kitchen counters.

"Not looking at you I'm not," he growled over his grimace of deliberately frightening her. Yet he had to, and if anything came of it any judge would just love to hear about his condition . . . or lack thereof. So he was safe. But he certainly was never going to tell Evangeline that. This was going to be his ace in the hole. Finally good for something.

Evie tried to catch her breath. Beckett McCade was so big and so masculine and she was wearing barely nothing! She'd been going to lose herself in her erotic story writing. It was a way to escape her looming . . . and she did mean six-foot-two of looming problems. And she always wore sexy lingerie when she was writing. But now! "A-Are you going to rape me or something?" she squeaked fearfully, scooting along the edge of the counter. But she was trapped!

"Hell," Mr. McCade muttered looking down at her trying to cover her breasts from his heated gaze. "Will it get rid of you, baby doll?" he asked in a very suggestive bass murmur with his gaze deliberately lowering to her barely covered crotch.

Evie jerked her hand between her thighs to cover what her skimpy panties didn't. Mr. McCade chuckled deeply, making her skin jump and shiver. "Oh, you . . . *you* pervert!" she cried. "It will get you landed into jail for years! That's what it will get you!"

Beckett McCade's broad shoulders jerked as if she had physically slapped him and Evie felt a withering sense of satisfaction as he stepped closer and she inched her bottom up onto the counter with no place else to go. Had she pushed him too far? Even though she taunted him, she had sensed that he would never . . . Or was she wrong?

Beckett's head dropped down until they were eye level, not far because she was perching bare-toed against the counter. "I'm going to my bedroom if you change your mind." His voice was low and smoky and Evie shivered as she watched him turn around. It was then she finally realized what he meant to do and all her caution flew out the window.

"But you can't. You can't stay here, Mr. McCade!" she cried breathless, starting to follow him.

"If you follow me, little girl, I will think you are asking for it," he growled over his shoulder.

Evie prudently stopped in the kitchen doorway and watched Mr. McCade stalk down her hallway to pick the bedroom right next to hers! When there were two perfectly good bedrooms across the hall. She bit her bottom lip to keep from saying anything and watched anxiously as he went inside and shut the door. When she thought it was safe she tiptoed past his door and scooted into her bedroom locking the door firmly behind her. Quickly she went to find a robe but all she had were silky lace ones and that would never do. Only she had to go back out to the living room and get her erotic writing before he prowled around and found it!

Beckett lay on the bed with his hands behind his head, in what he assumed was his uncle's old bedroom. *He'd messed up*, he thought in frustration. He'd fallen back on his misplaced sense of honor concerning women. However no matter how much he wanted Miss Pennyflower gone . . . and he did want her gone, he still could not go so far as to make her believe that he would rape her . . . or could. No, he needed something else, he was an intelligent man and he should be able to conjure a way to make Miss Evangeline uncomfortable. Uncomfortable enough to leave here willingly. Or sort of.

Damn, she was one fine-looking woman. Probably about twenty-five to his twenty-nine. He could dream about coming home every night to her voluptuous little figure dressed up in those sexy undies. Incredibly, he even felt some sexual heat tightening his belly just remembering Evie's big gorgeous breasts sheathed in only see-through pink, and her plump little naked butt. But the arousal went no further. Where he dared it to go. There was no hot blood pumping into his groin thickening and lengthening his prick to its normal throbbing stiffness. *Hell, what he wouldn't give too!*

. . . Moments later and angrier than he had been two minutes earlier, Beckett was surprised to find Evie poking around a desktop in the living room he was about to stalk through on his way to the kitchen. He was hungry and hoping to find a beer. But in the face of Evie's ill prudence of being within his reach, and with his mood properly fouled, he stopped and decided in an instance what was going to be the cornerstone of his attack on Evie's "uncomfortable" quota.

"In the home I was raised in, Miss Pennyflower, the man was the Master and the women obeyed or they were punished," he announced loudly.

Evie squealed in surprise whirling around to face him. She was wearing a white tent dress again with a horrified expression on her lovely face. She was a woman caught, cornered, and soon to be tamed, Beckett thought, with an unexpected satisfaction lifting his chest.

"Oh, *you* Neanderthal, what could you possibly mean by that? This is my home!" she exclaimed, darting to the left in an attempt to escape his steady advance. "*Oh*, don't you touch me! Don't you dare touch me!" she squealed as he caught her around the waist, whirling them both around until he ended up sitting on the couch with Evie squealing . . . bottoms up across his lap. *Yes*, Beckett thought victoriously.

"You're insane! Let me go!" she shrieked.

Beckett did not waste anymore time explaining because Evie was a mess of churning elbows and flaying thighs. So his first hard smack across her butt was a trifle off center.

"*Oh hh!* Oh! I don't believe this," she blurted, furious. Nevertheless, she was shocked enough that her legs stilled their struggling and Beckett was able to clamp his leg over her legs holding them nearly immobile. She seemed to immediately realize her mistake and she began slapping at the parts of him that she could reach, which wasn't much as he began to spank her in earnest.

Thwap! Thwap! Thwap!

"*Oh* this is so childish!" Evie cried, and then she began to try pinching him.

"Ouch," he grumbled. "Hell, stop that!" Evie had gotten a good pinch into his bad thigh before he'd caught hold of both her wrists and clamped them together behind her back. She was good and caught now and her siren's rump was squirming beneath his gaze.

"Oh, you . . .you . . . *you*, brute! You, beast! You, pervert!" she screamed.

Thwap! Thwap! Thwap! Thwap!

"Oh hh!"

Damn it, Beckett cursed silently, the material was bunching up around Evie's wriggling ass and he couldn't even feel his own palm burning. He sure as hell wasn't affecting much but her dignity.

"If you think, *Mr*: Brute, that this little episode is going to convince me to leave here, you are mistaken!"

Beckett gritted his teeth to the grinding point, and then he used his free hand to start hauling Evie's dress upward.

"What are you doing?" she squealed.

Hell. Beckett's gaze filled with Evie's bare ass. She still had a lustful little thong on! He lifted his hand with anticipation for some bare ass slaps to her sassy rump. With her buttocks bared it was going to sting much more and he schooled his strength not to hurt her more than a nice red rumped spanking. He wanted her to feel the burn and sting but more important was the position and domination. Slap! Slap! Slap!

"Ow!"

Christ, Evie's buttocks were lusty turned upward in a raised arc over his lap, and each slap he applied to them jiggled the plump cheeks individually, turning her ivory flesh a stained pink color. The squirming of her ass beneath his nose was nothing less than sinful . . . and the strip of satin wedged deep in the crack of her butt was criminal. He veered his aim directly for it. Slap!Slap! Slap!Slap!

"Oh hh! *Ow!*" Evie cried as the stinging of Beckett's broad hand slapping across her bottom reverberated to all of her senses. The chief one being humiliation and embarrassment over the exposure of her bare behind to Beckett's gaze. Helpless, she tried to roll her rear end to the left to avoid the inevitable. Slap!Slap! "Ow!" she cried, that didn't work so she tried rolling her hiney to the right.

Slap!Slap! "Ow! Ow!" Darn! Beckett was centered right on the crease of her butt no matter where she rolled and his hand was wide. "Mr. McCade, *pleass-!*"

Smack! "Ouch!" Evie cried, mortified that she'd been about to beg Beckett to stop spanking her, and she shouldn't, she wouldn't do that! Smack! "Ouch!"

Maybe? Smaack! Smaack! "Ouch, don't!" she cried, there was a time and place for everything she decided as Beckett began to really spank the tender under curves of her buttocks with sharp stinging slaps. "*Please* stop!" she begged him shamelessly.

"What?" Beckett growled, stopping to shake his hand and to gaze down at Evie's rosy pink-tinted buttocks flexing with quivers over his thigh.

"It hurts, Beckett. P-Please stop."

"I will stop when you agree to call the man and get my damn steers back."

"T-That's all you want?" Evie asked in a rough voice trying to turn her head to look back at him. Her irises were a bruised bluish purple color with her unshed tears.

"Yes, that is all I want this time," Beckett replied laying his hand on the curves of Evie's warm bottom. Not spanking this time, just still.

"Oh," she gasped and he thought her voice sounded suddenly husky. Hell, her satin bottom felt incredible and he actually tensed to hold back the impulse to squeeze one of her pudding-filled buttock cheeks beneath his wide palm.

"I would, Beckett. I s-suppose that it's only fair. B-But it doesn't mean I'm leaving because I'm not."

Hell, Beckett lost the battle with his hand and he stroked one cheek of Evie's flushed little behind

with a gentle circular motion. "We will see about that later," he muttered.

"Oh hh," she sighed again in a breathy sound.

"Right now you are going to tell Mr. Barnes that the deal is off and you want those steers back." Reluctantly, Beckett gave up the rounded curves of Evie's bottom as he began to slowly let her up and then he helped her to stand. Hell, she was so pretty with her flushed cheeks and her luminous blue eyes. She was definitely wary, not sure quite how to behave, and he wondered if she knew that she was rubbing her behind as she peeked at him hesitantly.

"That really hurt," she finally said in wonder.

"Yeah," he agreed.

"Well I better get the number," she murmured scooting away.

Evie wasn't quite sure what to think. Her tongue was bursting with recriminations and justification except she kept her mouth tightly clamped shut for fear of what Beckett would do. Shoot, that really stung! Maybe it was her shock or surprise but Beckett McCade's calloused hand sure stung her bottom. Yet the most ironic thing about this was that she wrote about this stuff. She had three published spanking stories and she'd never been spanked in her life. *Oh* . . . not until now, she thought, bringing Mr. Barnes phone number back into the living room.

She had to stand over Beckett because he was on the side of the couch where the phone was and he did not seem inclined to move. She really couldn't help but notice Beckett's mounded biceps or the way his pectorals traced hilly in and out expanses across his chest, a muscular chest just barely contained inside his scooped-neck tee shirt.

"Umm, Mr. Barnes, please." Evie stubbed her toe around in the carpet between Beckett's boots. "Yes hello, Mr. Barnes, this is Evangeline Pennyflower. Oh yes, I see you got all the cow . . . But you see Mr. Barnes . . . Oh, there are more on the east side? But you see that is . . . And it will cost *that* much? But you never said a thing! Now just a minute, Mr. Barnes . . . "

"Evie, give me the phone."

Evie's hand shot out gladly into Beckett's palm. Phew! This ranching might just be like the laundry, she thought pessimistically as she watched as Beckett palmed the receiver.

"What's wrong?" he asked sternly with his serious brown eyes focused entirely on her.

Evie decided that it felt very good to dump this on someone else's very broad shoulders. Because it was a whopper and Beckett wasn't going to like it! And it would be very good if he were mad at someone else beside her . . .

"Evie?" Beckett grasped her hand and his palm was scratchy and warm, very solid.

"Beckett, Mr. Barnes said that I have to pay for moving those steers and he never said anything about that before."

"Did you approach him about selling the steers?" Beckett asked her quietly.

"No, Beckett, he said that Mr. Snow sent him. And Mr. Snow called and said that I needed to sell them and put the money down on the money that I owe for the land."

She looked so earnest, Beckett thought, as he pulled Evie down to sit beside him. Hell, he'd like to get his hands on the slick Mr. Snow. Yet if his guess was right Mr. Snow was long gone and Evangeline Pennyflower had absolutely no head for business. He wondered briefly how she made her money, twenty-five thousand dollars was not spare change. It was probably family money, he thought, as he steeled himself for his conversation with Mr. Barnes. He was going to get his steers back!

Evie listened to Beckett argue with Mr. Barnes for twenty minutes before she was luckily able to make her escape. Thinking it would be best to let Beckett McCade cool off and wait to find out what happened in the morning. She prudently locked her bedroom door and went straight to her dressing mirror to look at her sore bottom. Dropping her dress quickly Evie even wiggled gingerly out of her thong panties so she could turn around and view her bottom in the mirror. Her buttocks were really red especially along the bottom curves!

"Red apple. Um, no . . . rosy red."

She liked to describe things in color for inspirations on her creative writing and always before this she'd used complete imagination but now she had experienced the real thing. And if her guess was right about Beckett McCade's determination, she was going to feel his big hand spanking her bottom again. It was then she realized with surprise that her nipples were puckered and her pussy which she liked to think of creatively as her juicy peach, was wet! She was aroused. It was just like when she was writing at times and she had to stop to-to . . .

"Uoo," she whispered, breathless. Then she immediately moved to the bed feeling the cool air touching her naked skin as she pulled back the old fashion quilt on her bed and plopped one of her sturdier pillows in the center of the mattress. She kept lots of different size pillows on her large bed and she completely forgot the over-head light in her increasing arousal as she lay down with her belly over the pillow and her bottom hiked upward.

She felt her jettison nipples scrape the linen sheets and she moaned laying her head to one side. Slowly she spread her knees wider . . . and then wider, digging her hand under her belly until she could touch herself.

"Uoo. Ooo." Her body was so hot and her peach was so wet as she rubbed her clitoris and undulated her bottom feeling the exposure of her position and unable to think of anything else but Beckett's large hand smacking her bare bottom.

"Oohmm!"

Chapter Four

"Ah- Ah- God!"

Chloe felt the hot cream bursting into her mouth and she swallowed around Ravenscar's big throbbing organ stretching her lips.

Beckett's fingers twitched on the piece of typing paper he held. What the hell was this, he wondered lowering his gaze to read more?

Chloe thought somewhere in the back of her mind that she should be appalled. But she wasn't! Crazy, she was excited and she could not stop thinking about Lord Ravenscar putting his mouth to her sex the night before.

Ravenscar was still shuddering when she pulled her lips away from him and looked up at his harrow cheeks and his glazed black eyes. But just as quickly his gaze turned feral. "I want to watch you masturbate, slave," he commanded thickly.

Slave? Beckett blinked and hunched over the typing paper again. Damn, was Evangeline Pennyflower writing this stuff?

Chloe gasped in shock and maybe . . . maybe some excitement? She could not deny that there were times when she touched herself at night beneath the bed covers. But to have a man watch her do this! To have Ravenscar watch her. She was horribly embarrassed and confused in her feelings except she had gone so far already. She had gone so low or to such new heights, she could not comprehend. But he allowed her no hesitations nor will of her own as he pressured her onto her back, and then he stretched onto his side at an angle to her.

"Bend your legs and spread your knees."

He would see everything! Everything. She did as he commanded her with her eyes closed and her body trembling.

"Your cunt is ripe . . . and wet," Ravenscar whispered sinuously.

Chloe moaned helpless in anguish, and a strange compelling excitement. Then his hands were on her thighs pulling her across the mattress until her bottom hit his chest. Oh! He lifted one of her calves

up over the bunched muscles of his shoulder.

"Put your fingers in your pussy."

"Ravenscar p-please," she pleaded.

"You want your child back," he hissed in accusation. "Prove it to me," he finished in a whispered snarl.

He owned her, Chloe thought desperately as graphic visions of all the ways he might use her skittered through her mind. And there was nothing she could do to stop him. There was no way for her to say no. Yet the most terrible feeling was that she was not sure that she wanted to. She had never felt so sexually charged as when Ravenscar commanded her. She had never known that she could be a sexual creature.

Arching her body Chloe dipped her fingers into her sex, finding the place of her secret pleasure. Feeling her own moisture and heat. Touching the tender folds of flesh then finding the elusive bead, over which she began to rub slowly.

She whimpered in need when Ravenscar kissed her inner thigh and kneaded her buttocks with his big hands pulling the quivering cheeks open and closed with each massage. Compelling her beyond need into hot passion, she moved her fingers faster in the tissues of her sex chasing the bead of flesh that was growing bigger and tighter.

"I own you," Ravenscar murmured, splitting her buttock cheeks digging his fingers into her flesh.

"Yes," Chloe mewled senseless, jerking her hips up higher at each spike of pleasure her fingers rubbed over her.

"Look at me," he commanded and she did, seeing the dark passion in his black irises. His gaze lowered to watch her touching herself.

"Ravenscar," she panted, circling her finger harder, spreading herself open wider to him with her arching hips while his hands cupped her behind.

"You like this," he accused huskily.

"Yes, Yes," she cried mindless, and then in surprise when one of his fingers entered her . . .

"Entered her what damn it?" Beckett growled hotly, although he could guess!

He spent the next few minutes searching to see if there was any more of this story but that was it. However, there were other stories on Evangeline's desk. Two appeared finished and he picked up one called enticingly "Spanking Missy." Hell, he was hot and bothered, he thought squeezing the inside of his thigh over his jeans, thinking his dick might just be a little bit engaged. It didn't feel quite as soft as usual. Either way though, he was going to read another one of these stories right now . . . in bed, naked!

When he got to his room though, right before he turned on the light, he heard a muffled thump on one side of the house. His entire body grew still with instant tension. Instead of turning on the light he dropped Evie's story onto the dresser and he turned quietly back to the hallway. His instincts were sharp and his guts were hard. There was someone outside in the dark. He went to the front door deciding to come around the side of the house.

Unfortunately for him it was a moonless night and he did not know the lay of the land surrounding the ranch house. He would make up for that first thing in the morning, he admonished himself, just as he accidentally kicked a bucket in the dark with his boot. The clattering sound pierced the moonless night and he stilled. His only hope now was to listen, however after several minutes he heard no sign of escape and assumed if there had been someone out there they were long gone by now. Still, he continued to check around the house and especially the area where he thought the intruder would have been, and that would be between his and Evie's bedrooms.

A moment later he was stunned at the sight that met his eyes through Evie's open window into her lit bedroom. Miss Evangeline Pennyflower was masturbating! She was completely nude on her bed like an exquisite sensual siren. Ohman-Ohman. If she spread her shapely legs any wider or pushed her sweet ass any higher she would be chugging! As it was her entire voluptuous body undulated as she

moaned in sexy "Oh's," and "Hm's," while her fingers smeared circles into her coral-pink and very wet pussy. Damn, he had a great view of everything she owned from behind with her face turned sideways into the mattress. Suddenly, her awe-inspiring butt came up higher just like she was begging for . . .

"Ohmm! Ohmm! God-God! *Ohohhhhh!*"

Hell! Beckett nearly fell to his knees, he could even see Evie's tight coral-pink vagina spasm. He rubbed his crotch instinctively and incredibly he felt some firmness. *Hell*, a man would have to be in his grave not to get some reaction out of this. Even Evie's dainty little toes were pointed! Then she collapsed slowly over her pillows with a satisfied sigh and she stretched out sinuously.

Beckett tried to gather his thoughts. *Nope*. Then he tried to pull together his resolve. *Nope*. Hell, he shouldn't pass this up. This had 'uncomfortable' written all over it. He really needed to use this to up Evie's uncomfortable quota. Call out something through her open window. Make some suggestive remarks and embarrass the hell out of her.

Only just he couldn't. It was just too special . . . too precious . . . and it was all his. So in the end he just watched her fall asleep cuddling naked and beautiful on top of her bed. And when he was positive she was asleep he hoisted himself quietly into her room through the window where he turned to shut and latch the window closed. No way was he going to leave that baby open. He even drew the curtains closed and turned out the light before he locked her door and quietly left. Let her wonder about the light and curtain, Beckett thought with the first real smile he'd had in a long time.

Chapter Five

Early the next morning Evie stumbled sleepily down the hallway to the bathroom. It was too early to be up, her groggy mind informed her, and she was going to pee and go back to bed for at least another good hour. Her hand was on the doorknob to the bathroom door as she yawned and she yawned again while opening the door. And then, she screamed!

It was Beckett. Completely, utterly, totally naked from his shoulders down to his big toes! And he was dripping wet with a towel over his head.

"Jesus *H. Christ*," he bellowed as he blindly grabbed her, because of the towel over his head, she supposed, and he pulled her up against his sopping wet . . . *hard* . . . torso! Evie squealed as any righteous woman would do because besides Beckett's sinewy, hard, and lean masculinity . . . she was nude also! OhmyGod, how could she have forgotten he was here?

"Are you all right, Evie? Is someone after you?" Beckett shouted at her as he turned and fumbled to slam the door shut.

Someone after her . . . someone *after* her? Only six-foot-two feet of hot male flesh plastered against her! The towel over Beckett's head slipped down to his shoulders, as he growled . . . literally growled. "Answer me, Evie!"

She panted as Beckett jostled her and she could feel the tips of her nipples crinkle up tight, then poke the wall of Beckett's upper rib cage beneath the mounded shape of his pectorals. *Oh dear god*, but he was built! "I-I," she sputtered.

"Hell, you're *naked*," he hissed suddenly, releasing her as though her flesh burned his hands which did not surprise her one bit because it felt that way. Evie stumbled and her spine met the closed door as she tried to cover her breasts with one arm while she used her other hand to cup the red curls between her thighs. She was stupefied . . . stupid . . . speechless, and her eyes were still glued to every rock solid inch of Beckett's hard muscled body. Oh dear! Seeing her plastered gaze all over him, Evie watched as Beckett blushed. Then he turned belatedly and covered a little bit of his towel over his penis, until her view was of his tight sinewy buttocks. Oh double dear!

"You do not have to throw yourself at me like this, Evie. You could just ask!" Beckett snapped at her looking over his shoulder.

What? What?! "Oh *you*, . . . *you* arrogant, conceited, Neanderthal," she sputtered with a squeal, clutching everything she owned even tighter. "I had to pee! And . . . *and* this is my bathroom!"

Beckett whipped around to face her still holding the towel strategically at his groin. "Do you always tiptoe through the house naked?"

"Oh!" Evie screeched. "What I do in my own house, Beckett McCade, is my business!"

"Well hell, Lady, run around naked for all I care! I've already seen all of you."

"Oh you, *you*," Evie sputtered, and then perhaps she screamed a bit. "Turn around! Turn around right now!" Evie decided she must have looked hysterical or suicidal because Beckett's eyes widened and he turned around. She didn't wait as she grabbed the door knob behind her and she bolted from the room screaming. "I want you out of my house! I want you out of my house now! I'm calling the sheriff!"

"Go ahead," Beckett challenged her stalking barefoot behind her as she scampered down the hallway. "It won't do you any good," he said loudly. "Remember what the sheriff just said!"

"*Ohhh*," Evie squealed in frustration, slamming and locking her bedroom door.

"That's right, hide in your bedroom," Beckett shouted from the other side of the door. "But just let me tell you something, Miss Evangeline Pennyflower, as soon as you do come out of there I am going to tan your bottom red for threatening me. Why don't you just tell the sheriff that?"

Evie fumed in her bedroom for nearly half an hour, daring herself to pick up the phone. But she couldn't. She just couldn't. Because she realized that it wouldn't do her a bit of good. Just like Beckett McCade knew it wouldn't! The sheriff would just laugh at her. "Spanking," he'd say, and then it would be all over the county. He would tell it to people she didn't even know and who didn't know her. But they would know her then and just imagine what they would think.

Oh! But they had never had their bottom spanked by a big brute of a man, had they? Even more tragic was the fact that she didn't own a decent pair of jeans to put on in the hopes that Beckett might not pull them down. Just dresses, that's all she had! She only had two choices and she knew it. One was to leave, and she was never going to do that and the other was to just take her spanking. Just like Beckett McCade intended because he was trying to run her off. But it just wasn't going to work. It just wasn't!

Well, she would just go out there and face him not giving him the satisfaction of knowing it hurt. She would not yowl or protest. *Hmmmm*? No, maybe she would even act as if she enjoyed it. "Yes! That's it," she exclaimed. "Just like one of my books." She stood, encouraged now and marched over to her closet to dress according to her new scheme. "Two can play at this game, Mr. Beckett McCade," she announced bravely as she tugged open the door.

Beckett sat at the kitchen table brooding over his morning cup of tea. There was *no* coffee, no meat, and no sugar to be found anywhere in Miss Pennyflower's kitchen. He had the sinking feeling that Evie was some type of new age vegetarian. That left him with nothing more substantial to eat than the one egg he'd found in the refrigerator and a couple of slices of some chalky tasting full grain bread.

"I'm ready, Beckett," Evie's voice gone sultry said behind him. Beckett turned his gaze slowly trying to hide his surprise at her showing up before dark . . . to nearly topple over his chair when he took in what she was wearing.

It was some kind of sex kitten outfit and Evie had the figure to do it justice. She wore a skimpy pink halter top and no bra beneath showing her dimpled belly button and bare midriff with a frilly little mini skirt and her blond hair tied on top of her head in a loose ponytail. She wiggled all the way over to him and promptly bent over the kitchen table right under his nose. The skirt she wore was too short for those acrobatics' and her twin butt cheeks popped out for his gaze, looking smooth, satiny, and ripe. Hell, she was wearing another thong. This one sported a dainty white strip kissing deeply into the crack of her plum-shaped ass.

"I'm ready, big boy," she purred, running one of her hands lovingly over her pink powder-puff

bottom in a blatant sexual way.

"Shit," Beckett cursed under his breath as he stumbled up and backward a step. What the hell was going on here? He nearly wished that he'd had a chance to read the spanking fiction of hers. Maybe that would have given him a clue. Because it looked as though Evie wanted him to spank her in some kind of sexual way!

Now just a damn minute. Beckett frowned down at Evie, bottoms up, across the kitchen table. She was blushing and her eyes were clenched tight, she was so embarrassed. *Well hell.* She was making herself do this, trying to fool him into thinking it turned her on . . . like unfortunately it did him!

He grinned. "I'm using my belt this time."

Evie's eyes popped open and she stuttered after a few moments. "Uoo, I can hardly wait." Then she wiggled her bottom at him while her fingers turned white gripping the edge of the table.

Beckett kept a serious look on his face as he made a big show of removing his brown leather belt from the loops of his jeans. He even snapped it a couple of times nice and loud as Evie's rump squirmed and she looked up at him over her shoulder, trying to hide the dread in her deep blue eyes. He bent the belt in half with his hand around the two loose ends and with his free hand he reached for the top of Evie's thong panties.

"Beckett, please," she suddenly pleaded with her head hung down.

"You can always leave, Miss Pennyflower," he said callously. Incredibly feeling a heavy weight in his balls.

"*Never*, you brute," she hissed, still not looking at him. "Just get this over with," she finished tightly.

"My pleasure," he murmured, watching the crack of her cute ass clench tight as he pulled the thong down over her hips and to the back hollow of her knees. The position and the view of Evie's naked vulnerability was the most carnal he had ever experienced in his life. He cautioned himself to curb his natural strength, he wanted to sting Evie's bottom, make it rosy-pink like some good old-fashioned little girl's spanking, he had no intentions of crossing any lines into beating. Still he wanted Evie squirming and a few tears would not hurt.

Smack!

"Oh hh!"

Beckett watched mesmerized as the twin rumps of Evie's pudding-filled ass cheeks drew inward dramatically with the slap of his belt. He could tell Evie was going to be very vocal about this just like any little girl would be in the attempt to make their punishment lighter.

Smack!

"Ow, Beckett!"

Beckett ignored Evie's theatrical cry, knowing the belt stung but not as badly as she was howling. Instead he watched her feminine buttocks lurched inward then upward as he swung the belt again through the air toward the sensuous crack of her squirming ass.

Smack!

"Oh hh!"

Now Beckett saw two pink lines of punishment beginning to stain Evie's pillowed rump cheeks as she danced around on her toes while holding her upper body flat and tense across the table. Man-oh-man, punishing a woman's butt was intoxicating

Smack!

"Ouch-ouch! Beckett!"

With a precise aim bent completely toward the lustful, Beckett slapped his belt across the tender under curves of Evie's dancing ass. He watched the belt cupped underneath both of her buttocks lifting her into a high-stepping prance! The eye-catching sight of her jiggling feminine ass was riveting.

Smack!

"Ow-OW!"

Now Evie's luscious ass cringed with dramatic clenching motions tightening along the tender crack!

Smack!

"Oooooo!"

The belt hooked around both of Evie's buttocks, corralling her opulent flesh for a split-second with snapping force!

Smack!

"Ooooplease!" Evie's rosy ass cheeks danced upward, wriggling with another tight pucker that was ungodly lustful!

Smack!

"OOOOOPLEASE!" Evie screeched as she pushed upward off the table and Beckett caught both of her flinching buttock cheeks again!

Smack!

"Nooo more!" Evie begged with a dry sob, covering her hands over the bright pink marks on her punished bottom as she made an attempt to get away. But he had her cornered in the breakfast nook. There were tears in her eyes as she turned to face him backing against the window with her panties down around her knees. "Isn't that enough, Beckett?" she pleaded.

Hell, he wished . . . He wished like hell he could kiss her. She was just so damn sexy. This spanking was just so damn sexy. "Maybe," he muttered, as he stepped closer and Evie scrunched against the window tightly. "If . . .," he murmured.

". . . If what, Beckett?" she whispered. "If what?"

He was close now only a hand's space from Evie and she had to tilt her head back to look up at him. He really loved her freckles. "If three things," he said.

"Three," she breathed, licking her rosebud lips with the tip of her tongue. She seemed more breathless by the minute and not from the spanking.

"First," he began slowly. "You will promise not to threaten me with the sheriff again." He brought the belt up slowly and let the loop trace Evie's delicate collarbone.

"All right, Beckett. I realized it not do me any good, if I did. So I promise."

Feisty to the end, Beckett thought, as he languidly traced the belt loop down through Evie's cleavage. She quivered. "Secondly, you will come into town with me so that I can do some shopping. I'm not leaving you here to get into more trouble."

"I-I can do that," she whispered, just lightly lifting her breast up to him. But he caught the motion.

"And thirdly," he murmured, rubbing the belt down across her bare midriff . . . down . . . down. "You'll kiss me."

"Mmm." Evie's eyelids had fluttered shut as his belt loop stroked beneath her short frilly pink skirt. Right down into the V between her thighs that was bare because of her panties stilling hanging off her knees. Beckett got the distinct impression that Evie had not really heard his last request. She was just so sensual. So easily stimulated.

"I said, kiss me," he murmured dropping his lips to within a hair's breath of her lips.

"Mmm, Beckett, if you say so," she murmured, definitely a bit senseless as he felt her do little undulations against his looped over belt.

Well hell, he was never one to let a prime opportunity pass him by and Evie was so sweet and ripe, he wanted to taste her. He was not sure what he could do with it, but damn even though his dick wasn't up to shape didn't mean the rest of him couldn't react like live wires touched to an ungrounded circuit.

"Oh-*mmm*," Evie purred as his lips slanted over hers. She was hot all right, as hot as a Fourth of July firecracker, Beckett thought, delving his tongue deep as he dropped the belt and he put one of his arms around the back of Evie's waist.

Ohgod. *God*. Beckett McCade could kiss and kiss, Evie thought, winding her arms around his neck. Drawing her body up against the hard tall length of him just as his tongue smoothed heaven over her tongue.

"*Mmm-mm*," she purred, wiggling in closer to him as her tongue dipped and parried with his. She was mindless and aroused beyond her imagination, and then suddenly she was lifted upward and she found herself sitting in his lap. Their lips never stopped devouring each other as Evie twisted her mouth over Beckett's lips, kissing him back heatedly, barely feeling her sore bare bottom against his jeans.

Ring! Ring!

Instantly, they both stilled as the phone kept ringing and Evie realized, while her mind tried to clear, that Beckett had one of his big hands between her thighs! One of his fingers had been teasing the very damp crease of her sex and her panties were still down around her ankles. *Ohmygod*.

Evie pushed away from him at the same moment he lifted her to stand, as he muttered, "I'd better get that."

It took Evie only a few befuddled moments of getting her panties pulled up to realize that Beckett was answering *her* phone. She was just about to snap at him when she saw the furious look in his deep brown eyes.

"It's your *new* lawyer," he muttered, nearly throwing the phone at her as he turned and stalked out of the kitchen.

Chapter Six

Beckett was glad to see that Evie had changed back into a blue tent dress to go into town. He could just envision the response if she'd wiggled into town wearing the sex doll outfit that she'd had on earlier. He did not mind having a private view of all of Evie's curves displayed, nonetheless he was old fashioned enough not to appreciate any other man getting his eyes full. It was damn possessive and he knew it was, the only problem was, he shouldn't be anywhere near possessive about Evie. This . . . was . . . not . . . good.

"Let's take my Mustang," Evie announced, walking toward the red convertible right before he grasped her wrist and tugged her toward the Jeep.

"We're taking the Jeep," he said.

"But why?" Evie exclaimed, trying unsuccessfully to dig in her heels.

"That Mustang is a damned foolish car to have out in this country. That's why," he said glaring down at her. "Now get into my Jeep."

Evie huffed and her blue eyes glittered, sizing up his resolve, right before she climbed into the passenger seat of the Jeep and he closed her door. "There is nothing wrong with my car," she puffed defiantly as he walked around to get into the driver's side.

"Think of it as a compromise to save your already sore bottom," Beckett quipped, enjoying Evie's huff of indignation and the way she scooted as far from him as she could get. "Lock the door," he said, thinking she could fall out if she hugged the door any closer.

The first rut he purposely drove over bounced Evie back to the middle of the seat and the second had her clutching his arm for balance.

"This is terrible!" she exclaimed.

Beckett hit another rut and he grinned when Evie practically strangled the muscular bulge of his upper arm with her bouncing double D sized breasts. "You get use to it," he offered insincerely. She was just too much fun to tease.

"You are doing this on purpose," she accused, just as the Jeep's tires hit the blacktop highway and their bumpy ride smoothed out.

"Yeah," he agreed, completely unrepentant but surprised a moment later when Evie laughed and continued to hold onto his upper arm with her hands and lots of breast!

"You won't mind if I hold onto you then, just in case you become more mischievous?" Evie asked smiling up at him.

"No, Ma'am," Beckett muttered. Damn, she was gorgeous when she smiled and laughed. Like she was sharing it intimately with just him. He relaxed a bit and smiled himself as they took off for the nearest town of Pine Grove about fifteen miles away.

POP!

Evie screamed!

Beckett cursed violently, trying to fight the steering wheel with all his strength as the Jeep began to spin out of control after blowing a rear tire. They'd been doing fifty-five miles per hour at the time.

"Hold on, Evie!" he shouted as the Jeep skidded onto the gravel shoulder of the highway and he knew by the tilting that the Jeep was going to flip! Worse yet the Jeep did not have seat belts. In a split second filled with pure instinct Beckett launched himself at Evie and his momentum carried them both out of the higher side of the tilting Jeep.

"Beckett!" Evie screamed as Beckett turned their bodies to make sure his body took the brunt of the fall with Evie on top of him. "Becketttt!"

Evie could not believe it. Beckett had acted like some kind of commando. He'd saved their lives from being crushed beneath the Jeep when it ended up tilted onto its side. He'd taken the entire impact when they fell onto the grass at the edge of a pasture. And now . . . Now!

"Beckett, *please* wake up," she pleaded, brushing dirt and grass from the bristle of his hair, and then she smoothed her fingertips over the hard contours of his face. He was so deathly still and she checked him as best as she could for any evidence of blood. She didn't find any but she could not help thinking about internal bleeding or broken bones. "I need to get help," she whispered caressing Beckett's cheek anxiously.

It was hot. The damned Iraq desert . . . even at night because he was so close to the sand . . . crawling on his belly. He could feel them, and Sargent Shue was dead from a single shot five minutes earlier. They knew he was here! His stealth cover was blown. He could smell the sweat of one of them nearly on top of him!

"B-Beckett," Evie choked as Beckett's incredible strength forced through his forearm clamped over her throat and the back of her neck, tightening until she could not breathe! One second Beckett had been unconscious as she leaned over him and the next second he'd grabbed her in a death hold. She'd seen this hold in movies before where men snapped other men's necks. Oh God! She clawed at Beckett's chest as the muscles in his forearms tensed and she knew he was going to snap her neck! The movement pulled her over his chest until her face was inches from his. His brown eyes were dazed with a frightening lethal glaze as her own vision began to blackout while her small fists pounded feebly on his shoulders.

"My *God*," Beckett hissed suddenly. Evie choked and coughed . . . sputtering as the lethal hold to her neck was released and she fell flaccidly upon Beckett's chest. "Oh God, baby! Are you alright?" Evie found Beckett now leaning over her as she tried to swipe at the tears in her eyes. "Jesus, I never meant to hurt you," he expelled harshly. "I never meant too."

Evie could feel Beckett shaking as she put her arms around him and held on. "I'm okay," she whispered hoarsely. "It's all right, Beckett."

Beckett's entire powerful frame was shaking in her arms as his hands sketched jerky caresses along her back from where he supported her up off the ground. "I thought I was somewhere else," he uttered. "I thought I was back in the desert. *Jesus*, they said I could have flashbacks, but not this."

So Beckett had been to war, Evie thought, he had been to dangerous places and it had not been nice and neat, but it had scarred him. She tried to find her voice but it hurt and was scratchy. "You saved my life," she whispered.

It was then Beckett looked down at her and his beautiful brown eyes were so haunted. He caressed her cheek, her temple, and carefully examined her throat with slightly roughened fingertips. "The Jeep's tire should never have blown like that. Those tires are new," he muttered.

Evie's hands ended up on either side of Beckett's tight waist and she petted upward feeling the heat and strength of him beneath his tee shirt. "New tires," she whispered, trying to smile.

"I know the Jeep looks old but I've been over every inch of it *and* put new tires on it."

He looked so serious but he wasn't shaking as much now. "Are you hurt, Beckett? You took the entire fall."

He looked grim as he pulled her to a sitting position while he kept his arm around her. "No, I'm all right," he said, watching her closely as she brushed some grass and dirt from her dress. "How about you?" he asked slowly in his deep baritone voice as his hand squeezed her waist.

He'd nearly killed her, Evie thought, and she should not brush it off. She knew she could use it. He was vulnerable. All she'd have to do is exclaim that she was terrified of him. Make a big deal about it. He would leave the ranch . . . she knew he would. She remembered how he spanked her with his belt this morning. How much it stung. How much, inexplicably it turned her on. She remembered his powerful body shaking in her arms just now. She was a fool, but . . . "I'm all right, Beckett. But I promise I will never try to wake you up again without at least a ten-foot stick in my hand to poke you with." She tried to smile. "You stopped, Beckett, and that's all that matters."

Beckett looked grim and wary but nodded his head, and then he said, "Let's see about the Jeep."

Chapter Seven

Evie could not believe it but Beckett used only his muscular build to push the Jeep back over onto all four of its tires. Such a tangible view of his strength made her shiver and realize how truly gentle he was with her. He was silent and grimmer than she'd ever seen him as he went about changing the tire. It was morning and a sunny one. Soon Beckett's denim jacket was set aside as he worked leaving only his white sleeveless tee shirt. His skin was darker than her's, a light bisque color as though tanned beneath a hot, hot sun. The desert maybe? The Gulf War?

Evie turned from watching the incredible flex and draw of Beckett's muscles as he moved. She'd never seen a man more powerfully built. *Had he been in the gulf war*, she wondered, looking down the asphalt highway? Would he tell her if she asked? They were not exactly friends, and the lawyer that she had contacted that morning had said that she barely had any legal leg to stand on. She did not like that lawyer's voice or his advice. She would call another one.

"Do you have any hired hands at the ranch, Evie?"

Evie turned to look at Beckett. He was just rising to stand brushing his big hands together. The gaze in his brown eyes was serious. "I . . . ah." Evie tried to clear her thoughts. "No," she managed. What was wrong with her? Maybe she was more affected by the wreck than she thought.

"So, no other people work around the ranch at all?"

Evie shook her head firmly. "No, Beckett, just me." She did not want to know what he was thinking, she thought, watching him putting away the jack. He had said the tire could not have blown on its own.

"What were you going to do with it? The ranch?" Beckett asked as he came walking toward her slow and powerfully.

"What I *am* going to do with the ranch," she stated with emphasis. "Is to plant organic vegetables." She thought he would laugh at her but his square-lined handsome face merely looked thoughtful.

"But you don't need two hundred acres to grow organic vegetables. What were you going to do with the rest of it?"

Ohno. Evie flinched she was so startled. *How could she have forgotten?* "I . . . um." She thought

furiously. "Well, . . . I thought . . ." She paused, looking down the road still trying to come up with a plausible lie. "Wildlife!" she suddenly blurted, turning back to him. "Refuge," she added belatedly, narrowing her eyebrows in what she hoped was a serious manner.

Erotic books. Organic vegetables. And now a wildlife refuge. Well hell, Beckett thought, why the hell not. He could believe just about anything anymore, he decided. But of course not when Evie was avoiding his gaze because she was trying to lie about something. He just couldn't figure out which part though. He knew the erotic writing was true. That left either the vegetables or the refuge? Still, he had something much more important to consider at the moment. Someone had been at the ranch house outside Evie's bedroom last night. He'd found the boot prints this morning and now someone had tampered with the tire on his Jeep, but the tire was blown too badly to prove anything. Yet he knew it. And it was deadly force that had been used against him. Someone had known he was at the ranch within moments of his arrival, and they didn't like it. That meant someone was watching the ranch house.

"Well aren't you going to laugh at me?" Evie asked, shifting his thoughts back to the moment. "I mean organic vegetables and a wildlife refuge aren't as macho as ranching cannibalized 'beef' cattle."

Beckett nearly grinned. Evie seemed to get a mite irritable when she was trying to lie. But he had confirmed the answer to one of his questions, he thought, as he cupped her elbow steering her without words toward the Jeep. "So you are a vegetarian?"

"I most certainly am. And there is nothing wrong with that," Evie replied primly as he helped her into the passenger seat.

"That's what I was afraid of," Beckett muttered, walking around to the driver's side of the Jeep.

"And just what does that mean?" Evie questioned in a righteous sounding voice.

After that they had a rousing fifteen-mile discussion of the merits of vegetables as opposed to good old-fashioned beef while Beckett continued to drive them into town. He actually enjoyed the banter between them. Evie had a quick intelligent mind, it was just her common sense that was a bit skewed. When he pulled into the parking lot of the small town grocery store called McDee's, Beckett noted there was a hardware store across the street.

Pine Grove was a small one gas station town trying to be quaint to catch the eye of any occasional tourist it could lure. Tourists on their way to the mountains for skiing or over to the Snake River in the summer for camping. The town had a café, the feed store, and several 'antique' shops. Which he would guess sold things more like garage sale items. There were also two clothing boutiques, the gas station, and on the outskirts of town, one small motel. Pine Grove was just a dot on the map for the several hundred ranchers around its perimeter.

Beckett parked the Jeep shutting off the ignition, as he turned to Evie. "I have to go to the hardware store first," he began, but Evie interrupted him.

"Oh that's fine. I need to do some shopping of my own," she said with a vague wave of her hand.

Beckett bit back his immediate questions of what, where, and why as Evie blithely stepped from the Jeep. He was reacting entirely too possessively about her, he thought grimly. Besides, whoever was causing problems seemed to have targeted him.

"Let's meet back here in an hour," Evie finished giving him a questioning look.

Hell, he wanted to ask her where she was going. She looked nervous for some reason. But he just muttered, "Fine."

Evie forced herself to give Beckett a breezy smile as she turned away from him wishing that he would get going so she could sneak off to the clothing boutiques. That was where she intended to buy at least three pairs of jeans. She realized that it probably wouldn't help but it could make Beckett pause about pulling down her jeans to spank her again. It was worth a try. And she was certain that the chances of her bottom being paddled again were very high because, unfortunately, she already knew of one big . . . *huge* major mistake that she'd made about the ranch. The problem with this mistake was that she truly had forgotten to tell Beckett and that was the second thing she needed to do quickly. She

needed to try and call Mr. Carroll and see if there was any hope of "un-shaking" their hands on the deal that she'd made with him. Darn, and Friday she was suppose to sign the papers at the bank. That was only two days from now!

Evie glanced over her shoulder to see Beckett still standing by his Jeep watching her with his deep brown eyes. She fumed a moment then realized of course that he would see her new jeans when they met again in an hour because she fully intended to wear their stiffer weave home. So she needed to stop acting like she was some kind of spy on a covert mission or something.

"Mmm," she muttered, thinking maybe she should make her writing character, Angel, with the pink fetish a spy also? That would certainly interest her brooding cowboy, Jake. Her hand closed on the door knob to La Bells boutique as she glanced in the display window. "Fire engine red," she murmured to explain the color of the beautiful sweater displayed in the front window. She liked red yet never dared to wear it with her reddish hair. But of course now that she had dyed her hair blond perhaps, she could?

There were several customers in La Bells already, housewives, she thought as she went to see if she could find the red sweater in her size. This was sometimes a bit of a problem because she was so busty. But not for La Bells, they appeared to cater to fuller figure women and she soon had her red sweater and two different styles of jeans to try on. If everything fit, she would just wear it out of the store, she decided, and then she really needed to find a pay phone and call Mr. Carroll.

Evie stopped inside the entrance to the small dressing area. It consisted of a short corridor with four dressing alcoves. Two on each side which were covered by curtains and all the curtains were closed. It seemed too quiet for anyone to be back here though. She listened for another minute, then said, "Excuse me. Excuse me."

No answer. Well, the least people could do is open the curtains when they left, Evie thought. She could see that anyone leaving would have to turn around just to close the curtains. That made it seem stranger that they would all be shut. Ignoring the strangeness, she picked the first stall and hung up her selections on the small hook that was provided. The mirror was full length and she plucked her blue dress up over her head, kicking off her sandals in the small space. Then just as she reached for the red sweater the lights blinked out. That's when she heard a door close and the dressing room became pitch black!

Evie sucked in an immediate and startled breath. She could barely see her hands as she dropped the red sweater and fumbled in the dark trying to find her blue dress. All she could think was that the sales people did not remember she was back here. Maybe they were going to lunch or something . . .

Click Click

Evie straightened at once with her dress clutched in front of her wishing desperately to see. What was that noise? Was someone back here with her? Should she call out? She held her breath, listening. If someone was back here with her that didn't seem good did it? Then she heard a rustling sound and she backed into the mirror. Someone was in here with her.

"I'll scream," she exclaimed loudly to the blackness in front of her.

Someone chuckled in the pitch blackness. It was a low, deep, and menacing sound! If it was a man or a woman Evie could not tell, and then she heard the curtain in front of her suddenly jerk open. Evie screamed barely focusing on a dark figure taller than her petite height, and then she heard heavy boots running toward the back of the dressing room. Away from her, thank God!

Chapter Eight

"Evie!" Beckett caught Evie as she plowed into him. His arms automatically going around her as they rocked in the doorway to the dressing room.

"There was someone here!" Evie exclaimed as Beckett kept a hold of her but reached over to flip up the light switch.

"Is everything all right, Sir?" a lady's voice asked behind them.

Beckett shielded Evie's barely dressed state with his body while he quickly studied the scene in the dressing room. "The light back here just went out and my friend got a little scared." That explained Evie's scream, he thought. "Could you give us a minute?" he finished over his shoulder.

"Of course, Sir. I will have someone come and check the breakers and electricity immediately," the sales lady said as she moved away.

"There was someone *here*," Evie whispered with a frightened hiss into his shoulder.

"I believe you," Beckett answered in his slow manner as he noted the door in the very back of the dressing room was cracked open. "Were you going to try that on?" he asked Evie as he held her closely.

Evie turned her head against his shoulder to look back. "No! Oh God, that wasn't here before," she puffed in a frightened whisper.

Beckett hadn't thought that Evie meant to try it on. It was a trashy bondage outfit with a thick studded black collar and bands of leather which he assumed were suppose to be strategically placed on a woman's body. There were also six-inch spiked high-heels, and Evie was shaking badly in his arms. "All right, Evie, let's get you out of here."

"Yes," she pounced in a gush as she stepped back to look down at the dress clutched in front of her then back up at him. It seemed ridiculous, he had seen every inch of her in their short relationship together, places she didn't even know about . . . and he really should keep working her uncomfortable factor around him. But she was clearly shaken . . . *Hell*. He turned his back. "Now tell me exactly what happened, Evie," he muttered.

Evie told him while she finished dressing and went to retrieve her purse and sandals. He didn't like the sound of it. Not one bit. That low chuckle of the assailant angered him and the fact that some pervert had, had Evie trapped, barely dressed in the darkness, made him furious. "Evie, I want you to go out front and wait with the sales lady while I check out the back door to this place."

"Uh-huh," she mumbled distractedly as she fumbled with her purse.

Beckett stepped closer to her and knuckled her chin upward lifting her gaze up to his. Her irises were the color of black-tinted sapphires. "Did you hear the story I told the sales lady?" Beckett watched Evie blink slowly. She was dumb with shock.

"Um-yes," she murmured.

"Good," he said, rubbing the side of her delicate chin with his thumb. "Stick to that story if anyone asks, and now go wait for me."

"All right," she answered, turning away.

Beckett thought it showed how rattled Evie was because she didn't argue and she obeyed him without questions. He checked the label on the bondage outfit and the high heels. Of course they weren't from La Bells. He made a mental note of the sizes and names on both, and then he went to check the back doorway. The lock had been clearly jimmied with a screwdriver he would guess. Carefully he walked out the door, he didn't expect the pervert to still be around but caution was his instinct.

At the back of the building was a gravel alley. He looked both ways with his gaze searching the backs of the other stores down the line. Nothing. Nowhere to hide really. He stepped out onto the gravel and looked back at La Bells checking the roof for a possible escape route. The roof was too angled and the next roof beside it too far for a reasonable escape. He turned back to look at the gravel and noticed something behind the next building. As he walked over to examine it, he decided that it looked like the skid mark of one tire. A motorcycle? He crouched down ignoring the tightness in his injured thigh and he touched a fresh oil spot. A motorcycle with an oil leak had been here recently. The oil was still fresh and had not seeped into the gravel yet.

Beckett stood, and then he headed back into the rear of La Bells, debating what to do. He had a footprint, a sound at the ranch, a blown tire, and now someone possibly terrorizing Evie in La Bells dressing room. The last could have been mischief or burglary except for the bondage outfit. Yet none of

it was really enough to call the county sheriffs with, and Pine Grove did not have a local cop. Beckett hooked the hanger with the bondage outfit onto his finger as he passed through and made his way to the cashiers counter.

Evie was standing beside the cash register still looking pale but she held a La Bells shopping bag so he assumed she had bought something from the store. Before the sales lady could question him, Beckett laid the bondage outfit across the counter in front of her. "I found this in the dressing room and the back door as been jimmied open. Maybe the light wasn't faulty after all."

The clerk looked startled, and then shocked, when she really looked at the black leather outfit lying across her counter. "S-Sir," she stuttered uncertainly.

"You don't sell this type of thing here do you?" he asked slowly.

"Oh no, of course not," she exclaimed. "I cannot imagine how that got here. I will need to call the owner immediately."

"You do that," Beckett said, leaving his name and the ranch's phone number for the owner to call before he walked Evie out of the shop.

"Beckett, what do you think happened?" Evie asked as they stopped outside the store.

"I don't know, Evie, there seemed to be some fairly strange things going on here. You and I are going to have to sit down and talk about this when we get back to the ranch. But right now I need to get my groceries."

She looked worried "All right, Beckett, but I will go with you okay?"

"Sure thing." He gave her a leisurely grin. "Maybe I can persuade you about the finer qualities of a thick beef steak."

Her cute nose crinkled, as she sniffed. "I doubt it."

But at least Beckett figured that Evie didn't look quite so afraid, now she looked like she might wish to argue with him.

It was Janet. It had to be, Evie thought, as she wandered behind Beckett in McDees grocery store. She really should pick up a few things but she couldn't think straight. Janet had found her or someone working for Janet had. Even after everything she'd done to hide herself, changing her name, her hair color, and even her location, but still, Janet had found her! That meant that there was no place she could hide, even if she had the money to do it with. She might not have been convinced that it was Janet except for that bondage outfit. Then the sales lady had confirmed the outfit was not from La Bells. *Of course it hadn't been*, but she'd been foolishly hoping.

"Does the grill work?" Beckett asked.

Evie stared at him stupidly. "Um-yes," she answered vaguely, and then she watched him pile several thick steaks into his grocery cart.

Money. God, Evie thought if she just had some money maybe she could try to hide again. What choice did she have? She looked at Beckett's broad back as she followed him through the frozen food section. She only knew of one way to get the money she needed, she thought miserably. But she vowed to herself . . . she swore that she would sign the ranch back over to Beckett. Even though it would be double mortgaged when she was through!

Forty-five minutes later, Evie saw a black Bronco parked at the ranch house as soon as they turned off the highway onto the road leading up to the house. *Oh no.* Beckett had seen it too.

"I wonder who that is?" he questioned, glancing at her quickly.

Evie knew who it was, it was Mr. Carroll from the bank and she couldn't let Beckett find out about the sale of the land! "It looks like a neighbor rancher of ours," she said hastily, forcing brightness into her voice. "Mr. Carroll, I think? Oh," she gushed. " . . . And he can talk and talk. He can drive people nuts. You better just let me talk to him and get rid of him." Beckett didn't even look at her and she frowned. Was she that bad a lair?

Beckett studied Mr. Carroll as he pulled up to the ranch house. He could feel his nerves were on the edge to be so suspicious, the man was obviously a prosperous rancher. Mr. Carroll stood by a new

Bronco, he was an older man wearing a new broad-rimmed cowboy hat and jeans. Beckett glanced at Evie again. Why was she lying to him? He watched her hurriedly exit the Jeep before he'd barely rolled it to a stop. Something was definitely up, and he decided it was time to meet one of his fellow ranchers

Chapter Nine

"You underhanded low-down dealing, witch!" Beckett bellowed.

"Oh God-Oh God," Evie huffed as she scrambled through the barn desperately looking for a quick place to hide. Beckett had ruined everything with Mr. Carroll. The entire land deal had been shot down and now Beckett was after her with his belt pulled loose from his jeans and his temper in a furious state.

"Was that the scam all along?" Beckett shouted.

Sounding close. *Too close*, Evie thought, as she scooted around some bales of hay in the corner to hide. This was ridiculous . . . juvenile to be running and hiding, and she felt her heart pounding anxiously.

"Double mortgage the land and high-tail it out of town," Beckett accused loudly. "One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars is a pretty good investment for twenty-five thousand, Evangeline!"

"It wasn't like that!" Evie cried stupidly, then she slapped her hands over her mouth in horror that she so foolishly blurted that out loud when she was trying to hide from . . . !

". . . Damn it, Evangeline! I just stopped being nice!"

"When were you *ever* nice?" Evie cried at Beckett as she backed into the barn wall watching him stalk furiously toward her. He'd found her and he was enraged! "No matter what you say, Beckett McCade, this is *my* ranch to do whatever I want with!" she cried senselessly.

Oh God. Beckett's crisp-angled masculine features drew back so fiercely, Evie knew he might hit her as she cried out twisting her body to press her face into the barn wall away from him.

Thud!

Evie screamed as Beckett's fist hit the plank right next to her cheek and she jumped at the same time. But she couldn't move or escape because Beckett held her against the wall with his large body pressed along her spine.

"I want you *gone* from here, Miss Pennyflower," he hissed lowly into her ear, pressing his big hard body into her, until she gasped, clutching her fingers at the boards before her. "And," he continued relentlessly. "I'm going to do everything legally and illegally that I can do to accomplish that!"

"I'll leave!" Evie cried suddenly breaking out with a sob. "I have to leave," she finished, covering her face with her hands. It was too much. All too much!

"*What* did you say?" Beckett hissed in astonishment.

Evie felt Beckett's tall body move, unpinning her from the barn wall. "That's what y-you wanted, isn't it?" she sobbed, twisting around to face him. "Well I'm leaving!"

She didn't wait as she strode past Beckett who looked dumbstruck. She couldn't stop crying as she ran toward the ranch house thinking a bit hysterically that she would pack and leave immediately before Beckett could threaten her anymore. Or Janet could capture her!

"Evie, wait a minute!" Beckett grasped her shoulders from behind just as she was through the back doorway and halfway down the short hall to the kitchen.

"No!" she cried, twisting away from him and she stumbled through the entrance to the kitchen where Beckett put his forearm around her waist to steady her from falling. She was just about to scream at him when through her blurry vision she focused on the kitchen around her. "Oh my God, Beckett," she uttered, suddenly terrified. The entire kitchen had been ransacked, everything broken, even the things from the freezer had been strewn out onto the floor. Evie hiccuped in the middle of a sob that she was trying to stop wondering blankly if they'd been robbed.

"Get behind me now," Beckett muttered, releasing her waist and shoving her behind him. "You

should stay here . . . ," he began.

"No," Evie hissed, grabbing the back waistband of his jeans.

"All right," he answered quickly, reaching a hand behind him to squeeze her hand. "But stay right there behind me, baby, okay?"

"Yes, Beckett," she replied, putting her other hand to the side of his waist as he moved forward.

Evie crouched when Beckett crouched. She twisted when he did. But they found no one there, thank God, except more devastation until they came to the last room left to check . . . her bedroom. "I'm sure I left the door open," she whispered to Beckett. He turned slightly grasping her wrist and pulling her to the side of the closed door. He'd gotten a pistol from his room and now held it gripped in his hand pointed toward the ceiling.

"Stay here," he whispered and when she opened her mouth to argue with him he mouthed in a barely audible, "Please."

Evie looked at Beckett's intense brown eyes, and then at the gun, reluctantly nodding her head. She did not want him to open that door. She didn't want either of them to go in there, she wanted them both to back out of here now and call the sheriff. But that wasn't Beckett's calling. He was a solider. She could see that clearly. She thought he must be very good at it.

Evie watched Beckett move to the opposite side of the doorway with his spine hugging the wall as he reached down with his free hand to slowly test the doorknob. She held her breath half expecting a torrent of machine gunfire to explode like in the movies. *She was definitely losing it*, she thought as Beckett slammed open the door and followed its sudden opening inside, posed in a crouch. Evie plastered herself against the wall waiting for the gunfire, praying that Beckett wouldn't get hurt or find anyone still in there.

After what seemed an eternity but had to be only minutes she heard Beckett saying, "It's all clear, Evie, but stay . . . ," Evie moved into the room, immediately clasping her hands over her mouth to keep from screaming as Beckett's last word echoed. ". . . There."

Someone had destroyed her room of course, she had expected that, but what she saw was more personal. "Is that blood?" she exclaimed, and Beckett came forward grabbing her into his embrace as she whimpered. He cradled the back of her head with his forearm pulling her more solidly into his embrace.

"It's just red paint," he said tightly.

Evie moaned burying her face into Beckett's solid shoulder after seeing her lingerie spread across the room. All of it was torn and some, especially her panties it seemed were smeared with blood red paint. "Oh God, it's Janet," she whispered wildly. "She's found me! She's coming after me again!"

"Who's Janet?" Beckett muttered, but he knew Evie's wits were nearly at their crumbling point as she sobbed into his shoulder. He bent at the waist catching the back of Evie's thighs with his forearm as he lifted her and carried her from the room. The entire time thinking that whoever this fucking Janet was she'd just made a big mistake, because he was not going to stand for anyone terrorizing his woman!

Beckett had reason to remember his explosive and immutable thoughts about Evie two hours later after the sheriff left and he had the fuller picture to deal with. Especially when Evie looking miserable and lost sitting next to him at the kitchen table, mumbled. "I should leave."

Beckett leaned back in his chair looking at her. She looked like hell with her red nose and tangled blond hair. The problem or perhaps the solution to this was, Evie looking like hell was gorgeous to him. "You are not going anywhere," he stated in a clipped no-nonsense tone.

She looked up at him in surprise with a wobbly bottom lip and he had the distinct impression that she'd just caught herself from throwing her arms around him in another weepy display. "I don't know what to say," she murmured.

"That's just it, baby doll, you are wrung out. I'll bet you can barely put together a complete sentence right now. Neither of us has eaten all day, and if you think I'm cleaning up this mess by myself, well think again, honey." Beckett kept his expression bland as Evie looked at him with a slightly dazed look that she'd had all afternoon.

"I could fix us something to eat and clean up in here," she finally said.

It was all he could do not to smile. He did not want to argue with her and was certain she wasn't up to it. "Great," he smiled, and she graced him with another wobbly smile. "But don't do too much in here, Evie. Just enough to get a meal in us. We will really tackle it tomorrow after we've had some rest, all right."

"All right, Beckett," she answered getting up slowly. "Are grilled cheese sandwiches and some soup okay?"

Beckett hid his grimace thinking about the big juicy steaks he'd bought which would be ruined by now still sitting outside in his Jeep, as he smiled and said, "Great."

Beckett kept an eye on Evie in the kitchen making sure she didn't do too much as he straightened up the living room a little bit. He lifted the couch back on its legs, the coffee table, and two end tables. The lamps were broken but the phone was in one piece so he set it on the table beside the couch. That's when he turned looking at the desk area and realized that all of Evie's story papers weren't just strewn around they were torn to pieces.

"Damn," he muttered. They were ruined . . . all of that work, and if Evie saw this right now she could possibly collapse. As it was, she was holding on by a thread. Evie should have a computer for her writing, he thought as he hurriedly began snagging pieces of paper and putting them into the desk drawers. He'd never had anyone stalk him of course but this was sick.

When he'd first listened to Evie telling the sheriff about Janet, and how Janet had stalked her when she lived in San Francisco, he'd been a little surprised. The woman with woman thing. Even the sheriff seeing how distraught Evie was hadn't made her elaborate all that much by saying he would call for the papers on her case from San Francisco. Beckett wondered if they could have been lovers? That bondage gear and Evie's lingerie all ripped apart and smeared with red paint certainly smacked of intimate crimes. Crimes of a jealous lover? Yet he had a hard time believing it.

All Evie had said in a mumble to the sheriff was that Janet had started out as a fan of her writing but later it had turned ugly. She'd told the sheriff she was sure this was Janet stalking her again, although they had no evidence. There were certainly a lot of unanswered questions but he wasn't going to push Evie now. That could wait. He could protect her well enough now with what he did know.

"Beckett, it's ready," Evie called to him from the kitchen. "Do you want to eat in there or at the kitchen table?"

Beckett immediately thought it was better to keep Evie out of the living room for a while so he went to join her in the kitchen. They ate in silence and he was glad to see Evie eat a whole sandwich plus a bowl of soup. She'd made him three grilled cheese sandwiches conscious of his extra bulk. He had to admit it wasn't a bad meal, reminding him of being a kid eating grilled cheese sandwiches and tomato soup with his best buddy, Josh.

"I can make some more," Evie offered, still looking fragile and pale.

"No, I'm stuffed," he answered, getting up to pick up their dishes. "Why don't you take a bath and get ready for some sleep." He walked the dishes over to the sink. "Stay out of your room, you can find a tee shirt or sweatshirt in my things to wear and sleep in my room. I will take the couch."

"Beckett, I don't know what to say. I . . ."

Beckett turned toward her. "Not tonight, Evie, all right. We will get through all this in the morning after we've both gotten some sleep."

Evie brushed some strands of her tangled hair back from her face and dipped her eyelashes. "Thank you," she whispered, leaving suspiciously quick as though she were near to tears again.

"It's all right," Beckett murmured to the empty room. "I'm not going to let anything happen to

you, baby doll."

Chapter Ten

Evie slept the sleep of exhaustion for three hours but then she woke up sleeping in Beckett's bed with one of his blue military sweatshirts on. His scent was all around her on the pillows and sheets, a clean masculine scent that reminded her of pine and freshly dug earth. Evie sighed knowing that she would never get back to sleep, knowing also that her life was a complete and utter mess.

She tossed and turned for another thirty minutes before she decided to get a drink of water and maybe just peek at Beckett. She thought just seeing him for a moment would make her feel better. He was being so kind to her, considering how mad he'd been over the land deal, but she promised herself not to think about any of that now as Beckett had convinced her. She would deal with it tomorrow and right now she just wanted to see Beckett for a minute, perhaps reassure herself that he was there and she wasn't alone here with Janet lurking God knew where.

She was barefoot and she'd left the door ajar so she didn't think she'd made much noise when she tiptoed into the living room, seeing at once that Beckett did not fit on the couch very well. His big feet were split wide apart. One foot was hanging over the armrest and the other was dangled over the edge of the couch. His deep muscular chest was bare and his knees were showing with only a beige blanket crumpled around his midriff, making her wonder what he might be wearing . . . If anything?

"Is something wrong, Evie?"

Evie sucked in a startled breath while her gaze refocused from Beckett's body to his face. He had one arm bent at the elbow and tucked behind his head. She stared at the football-sized bulge of his muscular biceps. "No," she gushed on a exhale of breath as her fingertips twisted the front of the sweatshirt that she wore.

"Couldn't sleep?" he asked, raising his big body up to a sitting position. "You know that I will keep you safe don't you?"

Evie looked uncertainly into Beckett's intense brown eyes. *What was she really doing here?* Yet she knew deep down inside herself, didn't she? "No, I . . . yes, I," she stuttered.

"Come here, Evie." Beckett held out his hand. "You're shivering standing there."

Evie didn't need any more encouragement. She might try to hide things outwardly at times but she could not lie to herself. She wanted to be in Beckett's arms with him holding her tightly.

Beckett scooped Evie in next to him and she clung to his chest. Warm and soft. What he wouldn't give to be able to make love to her. It was unique because he'd been so damn mad at her today. Hell, she'd tried to sell his land and hadn't apologized for it. She was as stubborn and as mouthy as he was at times. Yet ever since he'd proclaimed in his hidden thoughts, that she was his . . . Hell, he'd wanted it more than anything.

"Beckett, will you spank me?"

Jesus, he couldn't be more surprised. He was literally speechless as Evie scooted around to kneel on her knees beside him and all in one motion she peeled off the sweatshirt she was wearing. The word naked did not do justice to her voluptuous nudity as she bent over his lap catching her elbows on the armrest at his side.

"I've been a very naughty girl, Beckett," she purred in a throaty voice as he sat there like a fool while she undulated her body toward the armrest and back. Right under his nose. Emphasizing the smooth bareness of her back, the delicate hollow of her spine flaring to the curving white lushness of her pillowed buttocks. He had never seen or felt anything as erotic, and his male instinct heightened, clearing his momentary numbness and tightening his muscles.

He understood what she wanted remembering how he watched as she touched herself after the first time he spanked her, and feeling how wet she was on his fingertips after the second time he'd swung his belt across her sweet behind. It turned her on to be spanked . . . perhaps despite herself.

Definitely despite herself because it turned him on too. As much as he could be turned on now, and that was plenty in his mind. He worried about what Evie expected though. Definitely hot sex, he thought. Hell, he wasn't going to let that stop him. He would just lick her pink little twat off so many times she wouldn't even notice that he hadn't mounted her.

"I've been *really* bad, Beckett," she murmured huskily. She was enticing him, arching her back pressing upward onto her elbows to clench and firm her rounded buttocks as she lifted her calves, pointing her toes. She was posing for him.

Smack!

"Uooo!" Evie was surprised by his sudden move and she jerked her flinching rump away, lifting upward to brace herself on her hands with her arms locked. That left him a perfect target as he slapped his big hand across the plump curves of her butt. *Smack! Smack!*

"Oo more, Beckett!" she squealed as he reached upward and clasped his free hand around one of her firm melon-sized breasts. *Smack-Smack-Smack!*

"Ow-Ooo!" He caught her distended nipple between his forefinger and thumb and he plucked at it. *Smack! Smack! Smack!*

"Ow! God! Oh mm!" Evie thrust her breasts forward as her ass turned pink and both cheeks squirmed beneath his slapping hand. He squeezed her fat nipple harder between his fingers, pulling it forward as he swatted her butt some more. "Oh God, Beckett!" she cried passionately. *Smack! Smack! Smack!* "Oh. Oh. Owwww!" *Smack! Smack!*

The force of his spanking was pushing Evie over the armrest with each smack to her naked ass, making her whimper sharply as he continued to knead her breasts, swatting bright red spots onto her plush buttocks. The custard flesh of her ass flinched every time his big palm landed with a crack.

"It's so sore!" she squealed. And he smacked her defenseless ass again. "Ow!" she yelped. "That's enough. Enough!"

Smack! "It's enough . . .," he uttered.

Smack! "When I . . .," he continued.

Smack! " . . . Say it is!" he finished. *Smack-Smack-Smaack!*

"Ow! Ow! Beckett, please!" she begged, squealing as she tried to reach one hand around behind her to cover her vulnerable bottom.

He swatted her hand away and plied the sides of her rump half a dozen times for good measure, before he stopped, leaving Evie gasping limply over his lap and the armrest. *And his dick semi-hard!* God, he could feel it in his boxer shorts. It wasn't limp! *God* help him, he craved so deep to let Evie take his dick out and stroke it, just to see what would happen. It was akin to a pain inside him as he fought with it. He couldn't live with himself if she held his cock in her hand and nothing happened.

So he fought his yearning with other actions. Spreading his long fingers on either side of the sultry crease of Evie's buttocks as he stroked downward with his middle finger slipping it between the lips of Evie's wet and aroused pussy. "You're turned on," he murmured, as she gasped her pleasure at his finger's touch.

"Yes," she whispered on a breathless hiss. "Please don't spank me anymore," she finished on a plea.

"We'll see," he muttered, probing his finger deeper between the swollen hot pillows of flesh as she mewled in a low sound of pleasure.

"Here, Evie?"

"Oh yes, Beckett. Touch me there. *Please*. Oh-Oh hh. Yes, yes!"

The tender bulb of flesh Evie was begging him to play with was engorged with hot blood and straining as he rubbed the flat of his middle finger over the throbbing tissue. She was bent further over the armrest with her breasts hanging over the edge and her buttocks arched upward with the pressure of his finger rubbing hard circles in her twat.

He bent his head and he kissed the hotly spanked flesh of her ass. "Oh, *mm*, yes!" she cried,

gyrating sensuously over his finger as her knees spread and her buttocks rose higher into his mouth. *Christ, what a pistol.* And the erotic mood completely swamped him as he began to swat her butt with one hand while rubbing hard circles over her clit with his finger.

"Ow!" she jerked over his finger, squealing. *Smack! Smack! Smack!* "Ow! Oh, Beckett!" she yelped, wiggling her ass like a sultry tease begging for more as he spanked her and ravaged her dripping twat at the same time.

"Ouu, God! God! Beckett," she mewled, shuddering as she climaxed over his finger. Her thighs quivered against his wrist as her clit pulsed with four hard beats and his fingertips became drenched with her release.

His blood was roaring in reaction as his muscles bulged and tightened. In an instant he toppled Evie over onto her back with a swipe of his forearm. Instantly coming down between her legs until he had his tongue buried in her still quivering twat. "*Eoo*," Evie squealed, grabbing the top of his head with her fingers as her thighs spread open along his distended shoulder muscles. Her heels settled on his back as he lapped his tongue deep into her pussy and she cried out arching into his face. *Christ, yes! Yes!* Evie was musky, hot, and salty with lubrication from her first climax as he tongued her shuddering pussy, and then he poked his tongue into her snug vagina.

"*Ah*. God! Beckett! Ooh—uooo," she squealed, passionately riding his face until his chin was brushing the sweet crack of her ass. He grabbed her large breasts into his hands as he poked her vagina again with his tongue. In and out—In and out. "Ooo, baby! Baby!" she cried humping her hips and digging her fingers into his scalp.

Damn he wanted to roar! He wanted to shout! He'd never had a woman react this way with him before. Evie was so aroused, so passionate and wild, she swept him away. She made him feel like the greatest lover God ever created. And, when she climaxed again she arched beneath him with her head thrown back and the bottom of her bare feet pressing hard against his biceps. He could feel her orgasm on his cheeks, on his tongue, in his mouth as she convulsed and kept jerking in tense spasms. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh hh hh," she moaned with deep straining sounds.

Beckett continued to soothe Evie's breasts with gentler hands palming them in circles as he rode the end of her climax through with his tongue laid deep into the folds of her pussy. Then suddenly she went limp beneath him with a puff of air, and he realized in astonishment that she'd fainted. The little death. Incredible! He'd gotten a woman off enough to experience the little death.

Beckett wiped his mouth on his forearm and came up over Evie scooting her body until he was beside her and she was wrapped in his arms. *Hell*, he should have been spanking women years ago but he was glad it was with Evie . . . only Evie. He wondered if he could live off just this, if his dick never got hard again. Hell yes he could! It wouldn't be nearly as mind boggling and intoxicating as a good thorough fucking but it could just keep him sane. Only it wasn't fair to Evie, to any woman, but Evie was so passionate and sensual. She deserved the whole package . . . deep, deep inside of her thrusting as only a man could do.

"Hell," he hissed low, and painful. Evie felt like heaven, peace, and love in his arms, she was so softly round and naked. He just curled his bigger tougher brawn around her protectively. Maybe he shouldn't have done what he'd done tonight but he wasn't going to let himself regret it. The possessive qualities that made him a man holding his woman wouldn't allow him too.

His agitated thoughts did not allow him to fall asleep for a long while, and then as he was trained when danger could be near, he slept lightly. Yet he slept better having Evie right beside him where he knew he could protect her instantly if the need arose. She was a restless sleeper and unconsciously in his sleep he adjusted to her wiggling, lifting an arm or leg out of the way until she was comfortable again. So even though he was sleeping, lightly . . . warily, it must have taken him a little while to realize . . .

"*Evie*," Beckett choked, coming awake and realizing that Evie had her hand on his dick. And more! Her soft tongue was wetting the head! *Hell! Shit!* Evie's tongue swirled over the broad head

dripping moisture and heat, and his hands clenched into fists entwined in her silky blond hair. How could he tell her? Her slender fingers curled around the boneless column of his dick with slow up and down motion, while her mouth sucked the head with short suction smacks. *Jesus*, any man would have been going wild by then! His entire body shuddered, and then he heaved up off the couch, careless of Evie, who yelped as she got dumped on the floor.

"I *can't*," he snarled, leaning forward to grab Evie's upper arms and bodily pull her to stand before him, as he hissed angrily, "I've been injured. I'm *impotent*." She gasped as he rudely dropped her to the floor again, and then he grabbed his sweat pants from the floor beside the couch. "I'm going for a walk, Evie. Put your clothes back on and go to bed," he uttered caustically.

"But, Beckett," Evie exclaimed, finally having found her voice. However it was too late because Beckett was already gone.

Evie grabbed Beckett's sweatshirt and clutched it to her chest as she slumped onto the couch in stunned disbelief. *Impotent?* Beckett was too-*too* male to be impotent! Wasn't he? "Oh you're being stupid," she exclaimed. He'd said injured. Anyone could be impotent if they'd been injured. Suddenly she felt alarmed, as though she wanted to claw over every inch of Beckett's body and see how bad they had hurt him. Nameless they's that had wrought physical, and what must be painful injuries on Beckett's body. And, his mind.

She remembered now seeing him limp once or twice, yet she'd never thought to ask. And she remembered clearly when he'd held her strangled in that death hold during his waking nightmare. "Oh God," she sighed with a painfully tight throat. "What did they do to you, Beckett?"

It hurt. She hurt so badly for Beckett that tears scalded her eyes as she slowly pushed herself up off the couch and pulled the sweatshirt on. Impotent! She was numb, maybe heartbroken, definitely confused as she wandered back to Beckett's bedroom. She laid on the bed awhile with Beckett's lingering scent around her, wondering if he could feel anything. "Of course he can, you ninny," she chide herself.

Injury did not mean that his feelings had been taken away. She'd never been made love to by a man the way Beckett had taken her tonight. It was not that she had a lot of experience either, except in her imagination. But she knew that what happened tonight was special. Very rare and very special. It was more than the lovemaking, it was the passion and the trust that simmered between them. There was no other man that she could have been as abandoned with. There was no other man that got her as crazy, as angry, or as furious either.

A small laugh escaped her then. *Oh yes*, and she certainly made Beckett angry enough too. People said passion and anger were strongly intertwined and, oh God, Beckett was passionate. He'd wrung so many feelings out of her with his fingers and his mouth. The thought of never having him touch her again nearly made her cry. She couldn't let that happen. Somehow she couldn't ever let that happen.

Chapter Eleven

When Evie woke in the morning she realized that she'd slept longer than she'd intended to. After a quick shower she ended up putting on some of the clothes that she'd bought at La Bell's. So she came into the kitchen wearing the red sweater, blue jeans with their stylish baggy waistline, and bare feet to find Beckett working on the lock on the back door. She assumed he was fixing it because it had been broken in the break in.

"Good morning, Beckett," she said brightly stopping a few paces from him to peer down at what he was doing.

"Evangeline," he muttered, glancing up at her, and then back down to the lock.

Evangeline? So formal, Evie thought. So that was how he was going to play it? All cool and formal as though nothing had happened. She had wondered what he would do. Well, she just was not

going to let him get away with this! So before Beckett knew what she was about, she swooped right down into the middle of his work winding her arms around his neck and she started kissing him!

Oh mm, even surprised Beckett kissed like heaven. His lips were parted in surprise so she took advantage and dipped her tongue into his warm mouth. Wow! She basically tackled him so he had no choice but to put his arms around her waist as the back of his shoulders hit the door frame. He might have been intending to set her away from him when he dropped the screwdriver and clasped her bare waist in the space between her sweater and baggy topped jeans. Only instead his tongue got engaged with hers!

When she finally came up for air, it took a lot of determination through her breathless aroused passion to be the one to speak first. "Oh hh, sugar man, I've never felt like you made me feel last night when you made love to me." Her voice was husky and all but purring as she clung to Beckett.

The look on Beckett's face was nearly comical it was so complex and changing. He was astounded, perplexed, wary, and maybe starting to become irritated at his own confusion. Evie decided instantly that she had shaken Beckett up enough . . . for the moment, and she reluctantly disengaged herself from hanging onto his muscular frame. She took two steps backward and smiled up at him.

"Evie, did you hear what I said last night?" he asked her slowly.

Evie really liked the way Beckett's straight lips were swollen slightly from her kissing. "Mmm," she murmured distracted, then clearing her thoughts from Beckett's lips, she said, "Yes, sugar, I heard all of it." She swung around, and then she swung her hips as she walked back into the kitchen. "Do you want something to eat, sugar man?" she asked throwing him a sultry look over her shoulder.

"Damn it, Evie, this is not a joke," Beckett muttered, slamming the back door and stalking inside.

Evie turned to face him. "Did that kiss feel like I was joking, Beckett?" she asked him seriously. He scowled at her. She stepped up to him and lifted her hand to rub it slowly on his muscular chest beneath the black tee shirt he wore. His muscles were expanded to steely hardness with his tension. "I'm not joking, sugar man. I want to talk about it . . . I mean do you think it's permanent or . . . ?"

Ring! Ring!

Beckett grasped Evie's hand and held it still on his chest as he reached to grab the phone. His deep brown eyes were charged with intensity as he held Evie's gaze and spoke into the receiver. "Bright Water Ranch."

"That was just a warning, military grunt," rasped a heavy voice into Beckett's ear. "Stay away from my angel or you will be sorry!"

"Yeah, when hell freezes over," Beckett growled into the receiver just as he heard a click on the other end. He slammed the receiver down and looked at Evie. "Who calls you, angel?"

Evie's eyes widened with instant fear. "Janet," she whispered, then she asked more strongly, "Was that *her* on the phone?"

"This is really starting to tick me off," Beckett muttered as he pulled Evie into his embrace. She was shaking. "It was a woman trying to disguise her voice by speaking in a low hiss. She warned me to stay away from her angel."

"No one has ever called me angel, but her. She started w-when . . .," Evie stuttered to a halt.

"Started when, Evie? We need to talk about this. You need to tell me everything," he said.

"I need to leave! I need to get out of here," Evie exclaimed, pushing away from him.

"Oh no," Beckett growled, and he grabbed Evie by the waist from behind, pulling her back against him and holding her there with his forearm before she'd gone two steps. "That's why you were going through with the sale of the land wasn't it? Because you don't have any money to leave."

"I will *sell* something," Evie exclaimed, wriggling against his forearm. "I will sell my Mustang and buy a bus ticket." She puffed an exasperated breath, pushing against his forearm before she huffed. "I thought you wanted me gone?"

"Christ, you are the most irritating woman I've ever met," Beckett muttered, and then he exclaimed harshly, "But you are *mine*."

Evie went still with her spine stiffening against his chest. "What did you say?"

Beckett dipped his head and nuzzled the curve of her neck, then he kissed the smooth soft skin. "What, no sugar this time, honey buns?" he teased and Evie began to wiggle against him again. "Okay, sweetheart, but you will admit that we have a lot to talk about. And I want to help you, Evie, I really want to help."

"I don't want you hurt," she whispered.

Beckett turned Evie around and lifted her up to sit on the counter so that they were eye level as he exclaimed, "That's what you are worried about?"

Evie's royal blue eyes sparked with defiance. He loved her much better defiant than afraid. "Yes," she said with emphasis. "But myself also," she finished in a mumble.

"But before you go haring off, will you at least sit and talk to me?" he asked gently. Evie was about as skittish as a colt. "Besides, sweetheart, you are not getting out of here before you help me clean up this mess and . . ." Evie started to say something, but he clamped his hand over her mouth. "One more day won't make that much difference, and I promise if after we talk, you still want to go I will help you. But, I will help you do it in the safest way."

Evie's blue eyes were wary and considering over his hand, and then with quicksilver emotion that was all Evie, she broke her mouth away from his hand and launched her arms around his neck for a tight embrace. "Oh, Beckett," she whispered fiercely. And Beckett figured that was the best non-answer he'd ever gotten.

Chapter Twelve

Beckett yawned as he flopped onto his newly made bed. He and Evie had cleaned the kitchen and living room and now each of them were working separately on their bedrooms. For a while they were both studiously ignoring the problem of Janet and whether Evie would be leaving. It was as though they had a silent agreement to catch their breaths. But for some reason he was unusually drained, he thought, glancing at the sheaf of papers in his hand. It was Evie's story called "Spanking Missy" and he thought, he would just read it quickly before giving it back to her. It would surprise her to find this one intact after discovering all of her other stories had been torn to pieces. *Maybe she would smile*, he thought, yawning again, besides a little rest would not kill him. So he began to read.

Missy couldn't believe that her boss David Payne was going to spank her, as in over his knees with her dress hiked up and only her shivering Italian silk panties as a barrier. It was undignified, humiliating, and he used a straight wooden ruler off his desk that stung!

Whack Whack! Whack! Whack!

Oooo, it burned! David caught the underside of her wincing buttocks and Missy tried not to squirm, biting back her gasps. She would not give him the satisfaction to know how much he hurt and shamed her! She would take her licks silently, remaining mute when he was finished, and then she would go back about her work. She would . . .

Whack Whack! Whaaac-!

"Ow!" Missy cried involuntarily. David was really switching her behind! This was no childhood spanking scene. She gripped his ankles, the only thing she had to anchor herself to as she felt him raise his arm for another blow!

"Having problems with the newest member of our team already, David?" drawled a masculine voice to their right.

Missy nearly died of embarrassment, realizing that her barely clad bottom was in full view of David's co-commander of the project, Steven Riley. She made one fruitless attempt to get up, but David held her easily with his muscled forearm across the small of her back. Oh, she wanted to scream and she refused to look up at Steven.

"Damn, Evie, you can write," Beckett murmured stifling another yawn as he rolled onto his stomach on the bed and turned to the next page of her story. He continued to read.

"It seems, Miss Newman, believes she may flout our rules," David said heavily. "She went unescorted to the site last night."

"Jesus, don't you know how dangerous that is?" Steven asked with anger inflicting his voice.

Missy remained stubbornly mute, struggling with a host of emotions at being in such a submissive position in front of these two men. Maybe she had been wrong to go exploring but this punishment was Gothic!

"It appears our newest member has a stubborn streak, Steven," David muttered. "One we cannot afford to allow to continue."

Oh! She could not help it! "You speak as if you both were some sort of Gods here!" Missy gasped angrily.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Oww! Oooh! Stop! Stop!" Missy choked painfully. She didn't know what she'd do if David kept striking burning stings across her behind. She might cry! "P-Please," she begged him in shameless defeat.

"It is not enough yet," Steven said. "She needs to be completely subdued."

"No, please," Missy pleaded in a barely audible voice. Then incredibly she felt one of their hands on the back of her panties. "You can't!" she gasped as she tried to bring her hands around to stop the downward pull of silk. But one of the men caught her wrists as the other man pulled her panties down very slowly to her knees. "No," she whispered helpless.

"Jesus, we've been on this island for two years, David. Do you know how long it's been since we've seen a woman out here?" Steven muttered.

Oh mercy what did that mean, Missy wondered? She knew this island, that the institute was studying, was very isolated but-but!

"She is the only technical photographer we could convince to come out here and you know that, Steven," David muttered.

"Umm," Steven answered, sounding distracted.

"And," David continued, "Missy realizes that her entire MBA rides on finishing this project. So in a manner of speaking she is as stuck as we are. Even if the boat was coming back any sooner than six months."

"No, you are right," Steven said, clearing his throat. "I just became sidetracked for a moment. Let's spank her bottom until she can't sit comfortably for a week, and then maybe she will accept our rules here as law."

"I do!" Missy gasped. She was already subjugated and humiliated what could more groveling hurt? And she didn't- Didn't want David to smack her naked bottom any more. Oh God!

"I vote for more paddling, Missy baby," Beckett murmured in anticipation as he unconsciously ground his hips on the bed a few times. Then he realized what he was doing. Humping like a dog. But! He rolled over onto his back and grabbed his crotch. Damn if there wasn't life there. He was semi-hard, even as tired as he was, all from reading about spanking a woman's behind. It was incredible. It was blessedly encouraging. If only he could stop yawning and see how far this was going to go. With determination he rubbed his heavy eyelids and he began reading again.

David and Steven looked down at Missy Newman's naked buttocks already stained red on both firmly rounded cheeks from previous whacks of the ruler. It wasn't enough and both men knew it. It was too dangerous on this remote island and they had a responsibility to keep every man, and now this one

woman alive on their team. No one could flout the rules. Even the men took lashes across their backs if necessary. It had happened once in the two years since they'd already been here but that man was gone now. Moreover, they both knew how much they needed Missy's technical photography skills. With her work completed they could all leave the island in six months. Without it, who knew?

Both men had discussed the possibility of enforcing the rules on a woman when they realized that Missy was coming and there was no one else they could get. This is what they decided and they would go as far as it took. Yet neither man consciously realized what a turn on it would be to bare a beautiful woman like Missy's ass. To spank her softly curved naked buttocks or to have her in such a blatantly sexual and submissive pose. Yet that is what they needed. They needed Missy to be submissive or perhaps a better word was obedient. And she did seem sweet-natured, impulsive perhaps, but pliable. She just had to understand without any doubt that she could not be impulsive here.

"I'm truly sorry, Missy, but this is for your own good," David said quietly.

"No, please, David!"

"Sorry, sweetheart, but David is right," Steven said.

"Oh no," Missy whispered helplessly.

Smack! Smack! "Ow! David!"

Smack! Smack! Smack! "P-Please, David!"

Smaack! "Oww!"

Smaack! "Ooww!"

Smaaack! "Ohooo!"

Steven took the ruler from David, listening to Missy's sobs as he generously plied the ruler down her pale wincing thighs. Her white skin burned red with each swat as her flesh jumped and flinched while she whimpered helplessly. She wasn't taking the spanking well at all and he was glad. He sincerely hoped they would not have to do this again.

Chapter Thirteen

"Beckett!"

Coming out of his silent reading with a jerk, Beckett heard the small scream from Evie's bedroom on the other side of the wall as though from a great distance or through cotton-stuffed ears. He threw aside the sheaf of papers he'd been reading, or thought he did, but his hand seemed to be moving in slow motion. He should have been standing by now, rushing from the room, but everything seemed to be moving slow through the hazy focus of his eyes. He'd been drugged! It came to him in seconds, or long minutes, he couldn't be sure as he groped along the bed trying to swing his feet over the edge to get up.

Then he heard Evie scream his name again! Beckett fought the insidious lethargy with all his willpower, shaking his head roughly as he felt the adrenalin of fear for Evie pumping through him. It was enough, he was strong of mind and body. He might move slower, but he would move!

When he opened his bedroom door, he heard Evie scream once more. "Beckett!"

"He won't help you! I crumbled enough sleeping pills into the orange juice jug when I trashed this place to put down a horse."

The voice was a woman's voice but it was deep and harsh, Beckett thought. Their voices were coming from Evie's bedroom where the door was opened. Was this Janet?

The voice sounded again. "It just shows how much I know you, Evie. I knew you wouldn't drink the juice. Just apple and grape juice, isn't it angel?"

"Get out of here! Get out of here right now, Janet, or I will call the sheriff!" Evie screamed. Then there was scuffling sounds. "No you don't!" Janet yelled.

"Let me go!" Evie screamed.

He had to be careful, Beckett thought, savagely resisting the urge to rush into the room at the

sound of Evie's terror. His mind wasn't working right and he needed to realize that nothing Janet had done so far showed that she would fatally harm Evie. There were some things nearly as bad but he told himself insistently that he had a little time to plan his next moves. He needed it. Janet would know that he could not be at his best. That was why he did not consider bringing his pistol into play. He could not take the chance that his drugged senses might get Evie accidentally shot.

No, he needed to think. Think! But it was hard with his mind skipping and missing on the adrenalin peaks running through his body. Yet he finally remembered Evie's window, and if he knew her it was open. From there he could see inside undetected and perhaps get into her bedroom with a lot of surprise on his side. So on his way through the kitchen he picked up a five-pound bag of potatoes and he quietly made his way out the back door.

"Put it on!" Janet hissed.

"No!" Evie cried, looking at the hideous bondage outfit lying on the bed quilt as the tall redheaded Janet waved a long-bladed knife through the air from the other side of her bed.

"If you don't, angel . . .," Janet uttered viscously. "I will take this knife and slice pieces from your unconscious lover in the next room!"

"No," Evie whispered in a low terrified moan. She knew Janet would do it, she knew what this crazed woman was capable of! Slowly, she reached for the scanty black leather outfit. "You have to promise not to hurt him. You have to promise me!"

Janet hissed out an outraged breath with her shocking red lipstick outlining the cruel slant of her voluptuous lips. "I'll show you, little girl, how much better a real woman is than that muscle-bound jerk. How could you let him touch you?"

"I don't know!" Evie cried in her fear, clutching the outfit to her chest. Nothing seemed more important than appeasing Janet and keeping her and that awful knife away from Beckett!

Janet seemed surprised, and then pleased, at her fearful outburst and her demeanor changed to cajoling. "It's alright, angel," she soothed. "I know how lonely a pretty little girl like you can get. How lonely and scared. These big brutes can just take advantage of you and all of your steamy passions."

In her fear, Evie could only nod her head frantically glad to keep Janet talking and not doing anything worse.

"But you just put that hot little outfit on, angel baby, and I will show you all that you are missing. I watched him spank you through the window, doll, and I can do better, baby. I can make you squirm and make your cute little ass so red. We will play out some of the scenes from your best stories."

"Oh, God *no*," Evie hissed, unable to stop her exclamation.

Janet's green eyes narrowed as she slapped the flat surface of the knife against the black leather of her biker pants. She was a beautiful woman but with some uncomprehensible hard edge of near maleness in her. Perhaps it was the masculine cut of her red hair or the way she carried her tall body that made Evie feel like she was facing a dominating aggressor.

"You just put that outfit on now! Or I'll . . .," Janet hissed, turning toward the open bedroom doorway.

"No, I will!" Evie exclaimed as she turned toward the window, with her back to Janet, and she quickly began undressing. The outfit was similar to the one that had been hanging in the dressing room at La Bell's. This one had an inch wide leather strap that went across her breasts covering only her nipples and it hooked in back. The bottom was a pair of black leather chaps that belted around her waist but left her sex in front and her bottom in back exposed. Evie tried to leave her pink lace panties on as she put on the six-inch stiletto high heels.

"Take your panties off too, angel," Janet ordered harshly behind her. "I'm going to whip your ass bare. Just like you like it. I brought a special whip!"

"Oh, God, please," Evie whispered beneath her breath with her whole body shaking as she agonizingly pulled her panties down. She thought desperately about the window to the side of where she was standing. The glass was shut but she thought she may be able to open it and jump out of it

before Janet could catch her. Only that would leave Beckett completely vulnerable in the next bedroom. She was so afraid that tremors ran along her skin as Janet ordered her to turn around. But just before she turned, Evie glimpsed an incredible sight through the window.

Potatoes?

Crash!

"Get down, Evie!" Beckett yelled. But he was already through the broken window and rolling across the bed to tackle Janet.

"What the hell!" Janet screeched, ending on a loud woof of air as Beckett plowed into her.

Janet was a big woman and in good physical shape as she twisted away from his attempt to tackle her waist and bring her down to the ground. Beckett roared an awful battle cry as Janet hit the wall and he plowed into her, it scared her enough to make her turn and scramble through the doorway. The knife she carried clattered at his feet as he kicked it under the bed, and he grabbed the door slamming it shut.

Janet must have realized quickly what had happened because she immediately began to screech on the other side of the door. "God damn you, open that door! I'll kill you!"

The pounding and scraping on the door sounded like Janet was attacking it with her boots and fists. Beckett knew that they only had a few moments before Janet realized through her fury that they could escape through the window. He turned to Evie who was backed against the wall clutching her hands between her thighs as tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Beckett," she whimpered, shaking and terrified.

Damn it, he couldn't comfort her. There was no time at all. He gritted his teeth against the continuing pain in his thigh and he jumped across the bed to grab her, as he uttered, "We have to get out of here *now*, Evie."

Beckett did not wait for any answer as he swung Evie through the window and she nearly toppled over on the six-inch spiked heels she was wearing. Then, he jumped out of the window behind her. He grunted at the pain shooting into his groin, but he ignored it. Still aware of Janet pounding on the door behind him, he grabbed Evie and lifted her up over his shoulder making her squeal.

"I'm sorry, honey," he hissed, as an apology for her ignoble position, then he limped into a stiff legged sprint toward his Jeep. He would have to take a chance that Janet had not tampered with the Jeep because he did not have Evie's Mustang keys. His hand landed on Evie's bare bottom to hold her over his shoulder as her fingers dug at the waistband of his jeans from behind to balance her precarious perch. Beckett saw Janet's Harley motorcycle out of the corner of his vision as he dropped Evie onto the passenger seat of his Jeep. He did not even waste time going around the Jeep to the driver's side, he just swung in over Evie, and he yelled tightly, "Hold on tight, honey. We're going to ram Janet's Harley."

Damn! He wished he had a moment to appreciate the sight of Evie and what she was wearing. He caught glimpses of the red curls between her thighs, and her big breasts roped in tightly against a band of black leather as he started the engine and backed the Jeep up with skidding tires. He was backing straight for the Harley when he saw Janet at the back doorway of the ranch house.

Beckett immediately locked his arm straight across Evie's midriff, and he yelled, "Hold on, baby!"

Thump! Crunch! Scraaaaap!

"Oh hh!" Evie squealed at the impact.

Beckett kept right on going, bumping and thudding with the high whining of twisting metal as he drove his Jeep over the top of the Harley now spilled onto its side. He came off the other side with a crunch and he gunned the Jeep because Janet was running up to his side of the Jeep.

"You, maggot! You, military dick!" she screeched.

Oh man his ears were burning, Beckett thought as he made sure gravel spit up onto Janet's face as he drove the Jeep away from her, while he yelled, "Best man wins!"

Janet's enraged screech was high-pitched behind them as he gunned the Jeep down the driveway.

When he reached the end of the long driveway right before the highway, Evie nearly climbed into his lap, yelling, "Stop, Beckett, please!"

Beckett pulled the Jeep over behind the fence beside the marquee. The highway was still a hundred feet beyond. He had not intended to enter the highway, he had other plans. Janet was not going to get away with this, or get away with terrorizing them any further. But he needed Evie in a safe position. Although it seemed she had pressing problems of her own, he thought, catching a glimpse of her scarlet stained cheeks before she buried her face into his neck. Her plush anatomy was strangling his right biceps.

"I can't go in p-public dressed like this, Beckett," she exclaimed, in a muffled mumble into his neck at the same time his hand, attached to his forearm nestled in the small of her back, settled over one of her cream-filled and entirely naked buttocks. Beckett squeezed that plump feminine cheek into his big hand, and Evie puffed an acknowledging breath, clutching him tightly. "I'll just die if anyone sees me like this," she moaned into his neck.

It took a lot of willpower to hold back his imminent chuckle that was half relief at having Evie safe but also just more bone-deep appreciation for what made her so special to him.

Still, he couldn't help but . . . "Sweetheart, you have to swear your most sacred oath on something and I will gladly give you my tee-shirt."

"What, Beckett?" she asked nuzzling his neck.

Beckett tunneled his fingers through Evie's windblown blond hair at the side of her face as he whispered in a low rumble. "You've got to promise me you will let me stand behind you and watch you walk away wearing nothing but those chaps, honey buns."

"Honey buns!" Evie exclaimed, in feminine outrage. But it lost some of its vigor being blasted into his throat. And he willingly ignored it, because she was nearly strangling him with her whole body shaking as, God help him, he rubbed her bare little butt with his big wide hand. "Later," he murmured trying to sooth her a bit because as much as he really wanted to expand this moment . . . rescuing the damsel in distress and all, he knew he had to get moving. So with a lot of reluctance, born of relief and the tangible presence of a beautiful half naked woman in his arms, Beckett reached for the Mike on his CB radio. As he called for assistance though, God help him, he really couldn't help but notice the enticing red curls between Evie's thighs.

Hell, Evie was a redhead. A true bonafide redhead. It had been too dark last night to judge this revelation.

Chapter Fourteen

When Beckett returned to the ranch house, he came through the back entrance silently. He'd already checked for signs of Janet outside, and now with his back hugging the hallway wall, he could hear Janet further in the house. She wasn't in the kitchen and he thought it sounded like she was in the living room, then he heard her yell angrily.

"God damn it, Evie, where did you put those Mustang keys!"

Crash!

Beckett tensed, it sounded as though Janet had swiped the entire desktop onto the floor. He had to be careful, she could have picked up another knife out of the kitchen. He remained silent and considered his options carefully. He knew if he went into the living room it might turn into a brawl and he could get hurt but more than likely he could seriously hurt Janet.

On the other hand, he thought, if he just stayed hidden making sure she didn't leave before the police came. He continued to listen to Janet muttering as she searched the room. It sounded like she was pulling the desk drawers open.

"Found'em!"

Shit! Beckett immediately retreated on silent feet into the kitchen. He could make his stand there

or . . . quickly he retreated further down the short hallway to the rear screen door. He'd just made it through when he caught a glimpse of Janet coming in his direction. Quickly he sprinted with a stiff legged limp toward the Mustang. He preferred working out in open, more than in the confines of the house.

He'd just popped the hood on the Mustang when Janet came out the back of the ranch house. She'd not seen him yet, her gaze was turned in the direction he and Evie had escaped in the Jeep. He lifted the hood on the Mustang slowly.

Squeak.

Janet's head jerked as she turned her vivid green eyes on him. She was a striking woman, a tall redhead decked out in tight black Biker leathers that showed off her statuesque curves in stark relief. She was beautiful except for the vicious and hateful look on her face. Beckett smiled slowly at her as he grabbed the starter wires giving them all a yank.

Janet screeched in outrage and started after him at a full run. "You can't have her, you limp dick G.I. Joe!" she screamed.

Beckett did not stick around but headed for the old barn. He just didn't relish a toss and tumble with Janet the Amazon, but he could see that she wasn't carrying a weapon.

W-rrr! W-rrr! W-rrr! W-rrr!

The sirens screeched overhead as Evie leaned forward from the backseat of the sheriff's car. "There she is!" Evie yelled. "That's Janet!" Then, Evie saw Beckett running with a stiff-legged limp just before he disappeared behind the old barn, which left Janet out in the open. Alone. Evie watched Janet stop running after Beckett with a furious look on her face as the three sheriffs' cars surrounded her blocking any escape she might attempt.

"Stay here." the sheriff ordered Evie as he exited the vehicle with his rifle drawn. Evie could hear the sheriffs yelling at Janet to put her hands above her head and turn around slowly. Finally, Janet complied and Evie turned her gaze to look for Beckett. She saw him by the side of the barn. He was bare chested holding a fist full of wires and looking seriously grim.

"You're *impotent*, you ex-military scum!" Janet yelled viciously, glaring at Beckett as one of the sheriff's grabbed her wrists to handcuff her. "He can't even get it up for her," she continued yelling as she was pushed toward one of the sheriff's cars. "I've seen his medical release! G.I.Joe, wanna be lover boy, has a limp dick!"

"Shut up," the sheriff ordered Janet as he wrested her into the back of a brown Bronco.

When Evie turned her gaze back to Beckett, he was gone. She leaned forward hastily intending to get out of the sheriff's car, but then she remembered what she was wearing. He must have gone around the side of the barn out of view, she thought anxiously.

Beckett figured the sheriff could find him if he needed him. He angrily tossed the Mustang's starter wires against the inside wall of the barn, then he slouched against that same old weathered wood. Hell, it was one thing living with it, but hearing it out loud like that was gritty and emasculating. *But damn it to hell*, it was the truth and he'd better start realizing it and quit playing games he had no hope to finish.

Thirty minutes later the sheriff found him and offered him a ride back to his Jeep stating that Miss Pennyflower had scooted inside to get dressed and Janet would be going to jail for a long time. Beckett accepted the sheriff's offer of a ride. Luckily he missed seeing Evie as they drove to his Jeep and then they shook hands. Beckett watched the sheriff leave as he sat in his Jeep, and then he looked back up the road at the ranch house. He couldn't go back there. He shouldn't. It was all out in the open now and neither of them could hide from it.

Beckett turned the ignition on the Jeep as he took one last look at the ranch house. Evie would be waiting for him ready to thank him for saving her. She'd be full of kisses and hugs, probably leaning heavily toward more heated embraces. And that was the problem of his own making, he admitted freely. Angry, he popped the clutch into first gear and headed for the highway.

He wasn't sure where he was going, and he wasn't a drinking man, but maybe it was time to start.

Chapter Fifteen

The hardest part, Evie reflected on that evening around midnight, had been finding a ride into town because Beckett's trail had not been hard to follow. And the reason it wasn't hard to find out where he'd gone and what he'd been doing, had her silently fuming. All right, she was just plain angry. First he hadn't said a word. He'd just left! She didn't know where he'd gone or if he was coming back. Luckily, he hadn't gone any further than Pine Grove. But then what really made her steamed was the fact that it was Friday night, and any one of the women patrons of Frank's Tavern could tell about the bare-chested hunk of a man who'd been in the tavern earlier. All night, at that!

Yet what really made her seethe was the description of the two buxom blonds that Beckett was reported to have stumbled out of the tavern with. It was anyone's guess who the women were, just two passers-by going through town. Now Evie stood in front of the town's small six-room motel beside Beckett's Jeep just glaring at the door she knew he had to be behind. At least they had gone to the motel, she thought furiously, so she could find him and . . . !

She didn't know what she would do but if he was in there with two blonds she was going to be livid! And really hurt. She decided that she wasn't even going to knock, she and Beckett had a history together. She had a right, didn't she? Besides she was too scared and angry to think clearly about being right or wrong at the moment. She didn't know what she would have done if the door had been locked but it sprang open at her shove. It hadn't even been latched.

"Oh my" Evie exclaimed taking in the sight that filled her gaze as she looked into the small motel room. It was Beckett, or more precisely it was Beckett's very naked behind. He was sprawled on a king-size bed with his jeans strangely still on and hanging around the top of his boots, which were also strangely still on. His boxer shorts were blue satin. Wow! They were hooked on his knees as he lay on his side leaving her with a spectacular view of his tight muscular buttocks. He appeared to be asleep. Near unconscious. And unless the two buxom blonds were in the shower? He could be alone.

"Beckett," she whispered, peeking into every corner of the small room to verify that Beckett was as alone as he appeared to be. Then she inched her way into the room noticing that the entire room smelled like whiskey. "Beckett," she hissed again in a low whisper, but he didn't move at all.

Evie scooted further into the room to peek into the bathroom and saw that it was empty. The whiskey fumes were stronger as she passed Beckett and she concluded that he wasn't injured at all. He was just passed out drunk! The details of what must have happened worked slowly through her thoughts as she returned to the door and she shut it. She would be willing to bet that Beckett's money and wallet were gone. He'd been duped and robbed in his obvious drunken state and now . . . ?

"A kind person would wake him up," she muttered as she circled him, slowly eyeing his muscular backside. Only she wasn't feeling very kind, she was still extremely angry. How could he leave her like that? How could he pick up two blonds? It did nothing for her sense of justice that he could have been robbed, left virtually defenseless, so anyone could . . . ?

"Oh, I *couldn't*," she exclaimed noticing the sifting of light brown hair covering the curves of Beckett's flanks. The sinewy hanks of his buttocks looked nearly tender along the under curves, she thought, and the way he was sprawled onto his side, arched the small of his back making his buttocks appear rounder than normal. She just happened to notice his belt hanging in the waistband of his jeans gaping around his boot tops, and before she knew it she was pulling it free. *Oh boy*, she thought righteously remembering this belt doubled over smacking her hiney.

"Mmm," Evie murmured folding the belt over and running its looped end in tentative circles over Beckett's sinewy rump.

She peeked around the front of him and finally took a good look at Beckett's 'Majestic mast.'
"No," she muttered against that creative description in her mind for Beckett's endowment. "Honey

pump?" *Mmm*, Evie gazed down mesmerized, Beckett was limp but . . .? "Piercing sword of hot male flesh." *Oh yes*, she liked that better or . . . "Thick. Wide. Long-," Evie looked down again. "-Long," she drawled, emphasizing reality. "Oh, Beckett, you have cute balls too!"

They were fleshy pink colored, smooth, and round with a tantalizing full look as if about to pop. Goodness gracious, if Beckett ever did get hard, he would be 'Outstanding!' Caught in her fantasy reality mode, Evie wasn't really aware of how industriously she'd been using the doubled over belt to fondle Beckett's anatomy.

But Beckett moaned suddenly, startling the heck out of her with the belt loop cradled beneath his cute pink balls. She looked down at his limp but impressive piece of anatomy, then up at the dark shadow of his unshaven chin. He mumbled again. She stepped closer with the looped belt moving upward . . .

"Mmouth, Lacy, trry mmouth," Beckett mumbled.

"Oh!" Evie expelled sharply. "You, *you*, you! Beckett, you!" she stuttered in outrage with her hand acting as though entranced with a will of its own as it swung forward. The looped over belt sailed through the air toward the harden hams of Beckett's muscled buttocks. *Smack!*

"Wh-What," Beckett grumbled with his hard rump muscles flexing inward, then relaxing to their normal tight sinew again.

Evie thought Beckett sounded like a man who had been shook on the shoulders to wake up but didn't want to, not like a man who had just been smacked on the rump with a sturdy leather belt. *Darn!* She would just have to try harder to get his attention.

"I'll show you, Lacy!" Evie hissed angrily, and then louder for Beckett's benefit. "Come on, honey bun's, this will be fun."

"L-Lacy," Beckett mumbled.

"Oh!" Evie exhaled sharply. The nerve. The gall. The hurt! *Smack!*

"Ouch!"

That's it, Evie thought, Beckett was beginning to stir. *Smack!*

"Damn it," Beckett mumbled with his head turning sluggishly on the bed.

Smack! Smack!

"Ouch, woman! What are you do . . .?"

Smack! Smack!

"There, isn't this fun, Beckett?" Evie exclaimed as Beckett made a groggy looking attempt to evade the sting of the belt by trying clumsily to draw his knees upward. The new position gave her even better access to his tight muscular buns! *Smack! Smack!*

"Ouch! What? Ouch! What in the hell? Ouch!"

Evie could see that Beckett was really coming out of his stupor now as he rolled up onto his knees leaving her a split second of stellar access to his bent over subservient buttocks. *Smack! Smack!*

"OUCH!" Beckett kept rolling his body, finding himself in the air for a split second before he hit the floor. His confused mind telling him that he'd just fallen off a bed. "Is someone spanking me?" he grumbled hoarsely trying to bring his bewildered senses into focus. "With a belt?"

"Maybe you want to call out for, Lacy, again?"

"Evie?" Beckett looked over his shoulder. "Shit." It was Evie in all her glory and spitting mad by the look on her face.

"You asked for her mouth, Beckett!" Beckett blinked at Evie in what he figured must look like a red-eyed owl imitation. "Her mouth, Beckett!" Evie stamped her small foot. "What is wrong with my mouth?" Evie started to really fume swinging his belt back and forth in front of him. "And you had to go find another person's mouth?" Evie's chin pointed and her eyes narrowed as she glared down at him. "Lacy's mouth," she hissed.

Ah oh. The trouble was he had absolutely no idea what Evie was ranting about. But hell, it didn't sound good. Not good at all. Something about another woman's mouth. Lacy? Who the hell was Lacy?

Shit, if he could just remember what he'd been doing, but it was all a kaleidoscope blur and . . .

Smack!

"Ouch! Damn it, Evie! What the hell!"

Smack! "Ouch!" Damn it, that time Evie smacked the under curve of his bare butt as he ignominiously rolled around in the small space between the bed and the wall try to evade . . . *Smack!* "Ow!" Shit! His boxer shorts were twisted around his knees and his jeans were tangled around his ankles. *Smack! Smack!*

"Shit," Beckett grunted tightly, trying to keep from yelping like a . . . *Smack! Smack!* "Ah! Hell! Evie!"

"You've been a very naughty boy, Beckett," Evie exclaimed as she swung his belt forward in an arc to . . . *Smack!*

"Agh!" Ah hell, resigned, Beckett pulled his upper torso up over the edge of the bed and positioned his bare ass right at Evie. "There!" he growled. "Have at it, baby doll. Take . . ." *Smack!* "All," he grunted. *Smack!* "Your aggressions . . ." *Smack!* "Owwout on me!" *Smack! Smack!*

Jesus. Beckett squirmed his butt and clenched his teeth. This stung! *Smack!* "Agh!" He looked over his shoulder to see if Evie was wearing down any. Nope. *Smack!* He winced hard as the belt flayed across his buttocks. He'd never in his life been in such submissive yet extraordinarily sexual position. Sexual? *Smack! Smack!* Ouch! He managed not to make a sound as he clenched his ass cheeks tightly. Yeah sexual! As in arousing, stimulating. Horny as hell. *Smack! Smack!*

Damn, he was hard!

Chapter Sixteen

"Evie, I'm sorry," he pleaded suddenly, pushing up on his arms to look over his shoulder at her.

"Sorry?" she questioned breathless with a surprised look on her face as she finally held the belt still in her hand. "Sorry," she murmured again hopefully.

"Yeah," he muttered, pushing off the bed to stand, then tottering his body around to face her. His jeans and boxer shorts inhibited a graceful turning. "Really sorry, baby." Hell, he didn't know what he was sorry about, but if what Evie was saying was true, it sounded bad enough to warrant an apology from him. Besides he was as hard as a pole at the moment and he would get down on his knees and grovel if he had to, not to waste this opportunity.

Evie's sapphire blue irises caught his gaze, then they slid down to his groin and she did a cute double take, as she whispered, "Beckett?"

"Yeah," he smiled slowly, lecherously, and proudly.

"Because I spanked you?" Evie asked in wonderment.

Oh no. "Ah, well now. I don't think, baby, that is the total reason for . . .," he stuttered.

"It is!" she exclaimed, interrupting him as she tossed his belt onto the bed and she sidled closer to him. "You've become horny because I spanked your bottom."

"Oh no," Beckett growled, grabbing Evie around her waist as he toppled them both backward onto the bed.

Evie squealed excitedly at the surprise. "Did to," she challenged.

Hell, who was he to argue with a hard dick and a cute voluptuous babe in his arms. So he hedged. "Maybe because you were the one doing it?"

"Oh, Beckett." Evie planted herself on top of his chest and kissed his chin with an adoring look, only then her gaze turned abruptly wary. "Beckett, did you . . . ?" She used his chest as a surface to push off, locking her arms straight as she looked down at him. "Did you let this, Lacy? I mean h-her mouth or . . ."

"No," Beckett expelled emphatic, as he pushed the crook of Evie's arms and collapsed her onto his chest again. He would remember that! "I think she just rolled me. Pulled my jeans down after I

passed out. I'm guessing my wallet is gone."

"It is," Evie chirped happily resting her small chin on the muscled hollow in the center of his chest as he felt one of her hands sneaking down over his belly. Her exploring fingers testing the ridges of muscle over his abdomen and he sucked in a tight breath feeling his fully erect dick bounce stiffly in anticipation.

"Beckett, you have such cute balls," she stage-whispered with a sexy come-hither smile while he stopped breathing for two full seconds feeling her hand moving lower. Her soft palm slowly closed around the thickened column of his erection and his breath expelled from his lungs in a rush of pleasure.

"Evie," he groaned sharply with a suspicious burning sensation beneath his now clenched eyelids as his hips bowed upward following Evie's hand pulling on his cock. "It's *you*," he gasped as she pumped his cock with tightening fingers. Once. Twice. Three times. "Oh, *baby*, yes," he moaned uncontrollably.

"Beckett, you are so hot . . . oh, sugar, you are so hard for me," Evie whispered as she fisted his cock a little faster while her first finger began stroking the crease in the head with each upward slide.

"Jesus," he hissed with his thighs twitching as small tremors ran through him. There was a raw burning sensation in his balls that nearly made him wince, but at the same moment intense pleasure overrode any discomfort, and then . . .

"Oh hh, Beckett," Evie gushed, approving, as her first finger stroked along the crease in the head of his cock and she found the drops of his pre-cum there. Her finger smeared the creamy substance over the sensitive head of his dick. Then she dragged her finger downward through the tender crease following the slow downward pull of her hand as she stroked the throbbing column of his cock.

"Ah-," he choked inarticulately, bucking his hips to the pumping of Evie's hand. He was enthralled, consumed, and his entire body could do nothing more than concentrate on his own fierce arousal. There were no thoughts of Evie's pleasure, of touching her, only his dick and how hard it was. And how long it had been since he'd felt this way. He didn't care that his jeans were still slouching around his boot tops or that Evie had taken his wrists one at a time with her free hand and now held them above his head in a submissive stance as she pumped his cock a little faster.

"Baby," he hissed, jerking his hips and flexing his wrist against Evie's hand as his head arched backward straining the tendons in his neck. He was barely aware that Evie was crouched over him, until he felt the tip of her hot tongue lick over one of his hardened nipples. "Ohman," he groaned tightly as his body shuddered in response.

"You're so hard, sugar man, so hard and so long for me," Evie murmured huskily as she hungrily licked around the circumference of one of Beckett's penny-sized nipples before flicking her tongue over the tough aroused spike in the middle. Making Beckett groan again. This was for him. All for Beckett. She was totally concentrated on her man and loving him like he'd never been loved on before. She stroked his long broad penis faster.

"*Mmm*, sugar man, you taste so good," she murmured tonguing his other nipple before sliding her tongue down to the sprinkling of hair around his belly button. He hissed when she plunged her tongue into his navel and his penis strutted upward like a live thing in the fist of her hand. But she held him down, putting more pressure on his wrists and holding his thick hot penis like an anchor to keep him in place as she thrust her tongue in and out of his navel as though she were the man mounting him.

"A-. Christ. A-," he growled, shoving his penis through the curling of her fingers as fast as she ravaged his navel. Evie thought perhaps she would never see Beckett lose as much control as he was in this moment, while she held him down by his wrists and at the wide base of his cock. She leaned forward to lick the head of his straining penis with her tongue. "A- Jesus."

"Let me love you, sugar man," she murmured around her tongue's motion as she liberally laved the head of his penis, feeling all the smooth contours, the tender crease, and the ridge around the head. "Oh yes, sugar," she whispered as he groaned and the head of his penis twitched beneath her tongue.

"I'm going to take you in my mouth, sugar man, all ten hot inches of you."

"Oh God, Evie," Beckett rasped. "Aaa-!"

Evie took Beckett's penis into her mouth slowly closing her moist lips around the thick shaft as she took more of him deeper into her mouth. His hips rose to meet her with intimate thrusts that she willingly accepted as she filled her mouth with him. Then she began to suck.

"*Baby*," Beckett groaned, bucking beneath the exquisite pleasure of Evie's mouth sucking his cock deep. He could barely breathe, he couldn't think at all expect for a searing heat in his balls that was burning beneath the rapturous drawing of Evie's lips. "Oh baby, baby," he babbled in deep guttural moans of pleasure as he began to rock his hips in rhythm with Evie's rapidly sucking mouth. If he was pushing her too far, or too deep, he was too far gone to care as he should. Yet she took all of him into her mouth, more than he thought possible on some strokes with her lips wetting his balls at times. "Christ," he groaned, fisting his hands above his head as his whole body began to shudder. He was going to cum! Christ, he was going to cum!

Suddenly, Evie loosened her mouth from around the shaft of his cock until she had only the head in her hot mouth. Then she began to draw on him with quick hard fast jerks of her mouth. Just the head, faster and faster, as her hand began to squeeze and fondle his balls.

"Evie!" Beckett exclaimed, feeling his eminent ejaculation. His thighs spread open while his hips strained upward as he lost his breath and his belly clenched into marbled muscle. Just then his sperm shot free, burning all the way down to his balls before the pleasure exploded behind it. A pleasure so fierce that he could barely breathe as it racked his body with hard pulsations, flexing his cock in deep shudders!

He'd fainted!

Evie looked down at Beckett and she still couldn't believe it. The little death? *A man*? Then she grinned. Of course she should not take all the credit, Beckett still had to be moderately inebriated and she might not mention that to him later when she bragged to him about her accomplishments. *Oh boy*, was she going to brag to him, rub it in because she loved him so much. *Oops*, she probably ought not tell him about that for a little while, she thought, as she scooted around on the bed and pulled Beckett's boots off one at a time, then his jeans. He didn't move an inch so she guessed he had gone into a deeper sleep.

Evie covered him up, then she searched his jean pockets for the keys to his Jeep. It seemed Beckett was going to have to find a ride home to the ranch and it was nothing less than he deserved, she decided as she shut and locked the motel room door behind her. Because she had a sudden overwhelming passion to write and a good writer never ignored those intensely creative urges, so she just had to get to the ranch quickly and find her paper and pencils.

Chapter Seventeen

That next morning Evie read out loud to herself . . .

Angel watched mesmerized as the five leather strips on the end of the riding quirk she held snapped sharply across Jake's sinewy buttocks. Jake's knees bent with the impact as his buttock cheeks tensed inwardly to pose like harden hanks of muscle. His breath hissed through his clenched teeth and from her viewpoint at the side of his nude body, Angel saw Jake's penis harden and jut upward with a spellbinding curve.

She knew that curve, had felt it deep inside her plummeting her senseless. As senseless as she intended to make Jake now, Angel thought, as she drew her hand back for another lash. "Tell me, Jake," she commanded huskily.

Jake turned his hot amber colored eyes on her. "Whip me harder, pink angel." His naked chest expanded as he worked his wrists against the bonds holding his arms above his head. "Spank me," he

uttered lowering his thick brown eyelashes against the hard curve of his cheek bones.

Sssss... The quirk sung as it whipped through the air. Smack! Jake's knees nearly buckled as Angel watched his butt muscles clench tight. When the flayed end of the quirk fell away from the lashing, Angel saw the red welts painting lines across the crease of Jake's naked ass.

"Yes, pink angel," Jake groaned, and then he hissed, "Again, honey."

"You've been bad, Jake. You've been so bad I'm going to make your bare ass pay," Angel said watching Jake's slow grin right before he winced because she lashed his defenseless butt again.

Evie paused in her reading and the dusting of fine hair on her flanks raised as though a feather had been brushed over her exposed behind. Beckett was there, behind her. He had been. She smiled and continued to read out loud, poking the eraser of her pencil on the point of her chin.

"When Jake lifted his gaze to Angel again, his amber eyes were molten-."

"Mm," Evie paused lifting her pencil to cross out the word molten.

"Were heated with lust," Beckett offered in a rumbling bass voice behind her.

Evie flipped her long blond hair over her shoulder to fall down her naked back, turning her gaze to peek at Beckett. "Excellent," she murmured with a second or two of a searing gaze of her own before she turned back to add Beckett's words and continue to read out loud.

Jake's gaze slid down over Angel's naked breasts. Full firm breasts as white as ivory with cherry colored areolas' and tautly aroused tips. His gaze lowered to her bare midriff and the creamy dimple of her belly button showing over the worn brown leather of his chaps. The only thing his pink angel was wearing. A tear drop of his seed escaped his throbbing cock as he sucked in a tight breath. "Again," he expelled.

"Oo," Evie puffed, coming to an immediate stop in her narration because Beckett's warm broad hand was playing over her bare behind. "Do y-you-," Evie cleared her throat trying to concentrate. "Do you think Jake should ask Angel to whip him again?"

"Is Angel wearing his chaps and nothing else?" Beckett asked.

"Um, huh," Evie nodded.

"Well then, baby, I think Jake will let his pink angel do anything to him she wants."

Evie giggled, setting her papers down, turning from her stomach onto her back on the couch to look up at Beckett. "You think so, hmm?" she asked watching Beckett's gaze travel over her nakedness, wearing nothing but black leather chaps.

"Oh yeah," he muttered in a rough voice with his gaze resting on the red curls shaved into a heart shape between her thighs.

"So you think this plot might work in my story? With the woman spanking her man?"

"Sometimes, baby, sure thing. But right now you owe me," Beckett said lifting his gaze to her's.

"A walk, darling, in nothing but those chaps. A prance maybe if I'm lucky and use my belt right on your sweet behind. Right now it's time for me to be masterful." Beckett paused, giving her a slow hot grin.

"And later we will switch."

"Later?" Evie asked giggling.

"Oh yeah," Beckett answered. "And I changed my mind about the belt, we need a ruler. A wooden one. I read something about that somewhere. And, baby it turned me on."

"It did?" Evie asked, suddenly a little bit more excited. "Did you really like it, Beckett?"

"I loved it, Evie, and later I'm going to tell you how much but right now I'm going to get that ruler and take you over my knee. Then I'm going to make you walk around so I can see your gorgeous red ass."

"Oh, Beckett."

"Yeah, baby doll," he answered bending suddenly to grab her around the waist. In one second flat

he had her hauled up over his shoulder as he stalked toward the bedrooms. "I know I saw a wooden ruler in my uncle's dresser," he muttered.

Evie laughed excitedly, thinking that there was no time like the present to start their intimate games, so she . . . "Oh you, brute! Put me down!" she squealed wiggling and squirming over Beckett's broad shoulder. Instantly she received a sharp slap on her hiney from Beckett's large hand making her squeal at the sting, and then fight harder. By the time he had reached the bedroom and found the ruler he had swatted her wriggling butt a dozen good times before he tossed her onto the bed and came down after her.

She playfully fought him until he had her belly down over his thighs, and then he raised his knees pushing her butt upward into a thoroughly submissive position. She kicked her legs and wriggled her butt energetically barely able to hold her upper body level with her elbows pushed into the mattress. "No, no!" she cried. "Don't whip me, please!" But it was an act and Beckett knew it because she really wanted her bottom paddled so she struggled more enjoying the feeling of Beckett imprisoning her. He grabbed the back waist strap of the chaps she was wearing and he pulled upward arching her fanny even more submissively as her elbows gave way and . . .

Wack!

"Oo!" Evie squealed, the ruler really stung her bare butt.

Wack!

"Ooo!" This was more than Beckett's belt or his palm and she was completely helpless to stop him as he laid the ruler sharply across her buttocks four more times while she yelped and squirmed. She gripped the bed quilt into her fists as He paddled her hiney three more times.

"O!" "O!" she cried, she knew begging Beckett would not stop him. She could only take the spanking, but then something began happening as it had before. She was becoming aroused and the more he swatted her bare buttocks the heavier her arousal grew. Suddenly he released the back strap of her chaps but as her hips lowered he whacked her vulnerable bottom again with the ruler. She yelped at the fierce sting, as Beckett ordered, "Get up, honey buns, its time for you to walk for me."

With the ruler as impetus, Evie scrambled quickly off Beckett's lap, yet he caught her bare rump with another whack making her squeal as she tried to cover her backside with her hands. Finally she was standing in front of Beckett with her palms rubbing her sore bottom, but his gaze was solely for the swatch of red curls between her thighs, meticulously trimmed into the shape of a heart.

"I love red hair," he murmured, then he lifted his gaze slowly over her bare midriff, her naked breasts, her lips and then his gaze reached her eyes. The coffee brown color of his irises was heated with appreciation for what he was seeing, and then he grinned, slowly falling back on his elbows tapping the ruler in one hand on the bed.

"And now that walk, honey buns, slow and easy with lots of swing, baby."

Evie blushed, surprising even herself. She'd never been in a more sexually charged moment. Beckett wanted her to exhibit herself for him, a real show of her naked behind wearing only the chaps. It was beyond anything she ever imagined doing in real life yet she knew Beckett would swat her bottom if she didn't do it. That tease of domination thrilled her and she could feel the liquid heat in her sex as she turned slowly around for him arching the small of her back and plumping out her behind.

"Damn, woman, you've got one gorgeous ass," he expelled behind her. "And it's striped with my punishment marks. Now let's see you wiggle it for me." Evie sucked a tight excited breath in peeking over her shoulder at Beckett. "Wiggle your ass for me," he murmured again tapping the ruler on the bed for emphasis.

Some part of her relished this and another part of her was reluctant but most of her was so aroused that . . . She bent over and began wiggling her hiney at Beckett.

"More," he uttered behind her and she loved the deep base of his voice gone raspy. She knew he could see everything. How wet she was for him as she sensuously undulated her bottom with all her imagination. He groaned deeply as she separated her thighs using her hands to fondle the curves of her

buttocks, then she straightened arching her back and lifting her hair up over the top of her head. Slowly she began to walk with lots' of hip swinging motion and he uttered a deep helpless male sound behind her.

She loved that sound from low in his throat and she sought more swinging around to face him with her arms high above her head holding up the long tendrils of her hair. His gaze went immediately to her large breasts lifted high with the pink nipples in their centers puckered to fat spikes. The dark intent in his brown eyes sent goose bumps shivering over her belly and lower as she glided toward him rolling her hips aggressively. His gaze immediately dropped to her sex and the red curls glistening in the morning sunlight filtering through the bedroom window.

"Have you ever had a lap dance, sugar man?" she asked in a deeply suggestive purr.

"No Ma'am," Beckett rasped watching Evie slowly widen her legs as she moved closer to the edge of the bed corralling his knees between her thighs. The bulge of his hard cock was uplifting in his jeans and pushing roughly at the top of his belt as Evie undulated her body in a languid ripple from her naked breasts to her fiery red-topped pussy. He nearly expired on the spot as he used every ounce of his willpower to keep from grabbing her.

Evie wasn't done yet, he shouted silently at his adamant cock. He wasn't going to miss this no matter how much his thickheaded prick wanted to be lord and master of the moment. So he gulped a couple quick breaths trying to steady himself. But then Evie rolled her hips like a Burlesque dancer and she bent over brushing her breasts all over the front of his tee shirt.

"Ohbaby," he hissed senselessly, desperately wishing he had a hundred-dollar bill between his teeth. But then Evie undulated her hip's lower smearing her hot pussy lips over his cock and he knew it had to be a thousand-dollar bill at least. He could feel the dampness of her arousal wetting the outline of his cock through his jeans and he knew he was a goner

Evie squealed as he tumbled her over onto her back in the middle of the bed and he rolled coming up over her to straddle her hips with his knees. He ignored the twinge in his thigh protesting this position as he grasped Evie's wrists and pulled them above her head. The motion arched her spine raising her hips and belly to him like a feast as he lowered his head and lazily licked her belly button. She moaned deep and inviting as he tasted the rest of her warm belly, then he moved to the heavy under curves of her breasts.

"You taste like warm honey," he murmured, licking his tongue through the deep valley between her thrusting breasts as her wrists fought his hand hold and her hips squirmed between his knees. She was as hot as molten lava and when their lips met it was nothing nice and easy but hot and feverish. They tongued each other aggressively as he held her twisting wrists and rode the outline of his cock over her writhing pussy.

"Please, Beckett," she gasped around his probing tongue. *He had his baby hot alright*, Beckett thought, nearly deliriously himself as he finally let go of her wrists. Evie wildly clutched his tee shirt, pulling and tugging as she heaved it up over his shoulders and off his arms to land in a pile around his neck. Their lips never stopped attacking each other as her fingers groped hurriedly on his belt buckle, tugging open the snap on his jeans, and pulling the zipper down quickly. An instant later she was pushing his jeans and boxer shorts combined down over his rump until his cock sprang free. "I can't wait, sugar man," she cried in a passion rough voice.

They both stopped with their lips parted in heavy breathing barely inches from each other as they stared into each other's eyes. The passion was fiercely biting at each of them and Beckett knew they both needed the fulfillment right now. This instant. But the position was awkward. Hell, he'd never get his jeans off for this in time so he used his well honed muscles lifting Evie by her waist as he sat back.

"Put your legs around me, pretty baby," he hissed with a passion strained voice as he lowered her body over his lap while capturing her lips again turbulently. When Evie's bare breasts touched his chest, he groaned. It felt as though her puckered nipples were branding him. She clutched at him flattening her breasts into the wall of his chest. Skin on skin. *Ohman*, she was soft and voluptuous, then the head

of his dick touched her wet, ready vagina.

Evie mewled low and excited in her throat as her arousal drenched the head of his cock. He never felt anything like it, it was like warm syrup oozing over the sensitive head of his dick as he prodded her tender opening. She moaned, digging her fingernails into his shoulder as her neck seemed to lose its strength and her head fell back.

"Please," she hissed hooking her ankles around into the small of his back and he prodded her again, just the head, in and out. "Oh *God*, Beckett." He prayed to God too, it felt so good as he held her above his rigid cock by just the strength in his arms and he did it again, moaning with her at the incredible feeling. "You're teasing me," she cried trying to lower herself onto his cock but he held her at bay playing his own game with just the head, in and out.

He'd been insensitive to her feelings last night when she'd taken his cock in her mouth so loving and wild. But this morning he was determined to make up for it. This was just the beginning of their life together and he was going to give her ecstasy this time, both of them together.

He gritted his teeth against his own fierce passion watching Evie's breasts heave as a little bead of sweat trickled through her ample cleavage. He did it again, in and out, and she gasped swinging her long hair over his boot tops with her neck arched backward. Hell, she was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen, and in her abandon she was completely and utterly his. He did it again, in and out, and she began quivering. It was time. He did it faster. Faster! "Beckett!"

Oh god she was coming. And Evie had never felt anything like it as Beckett pulled her down over his thick hot cock filling her completely. The walls of her vagina convulsed wildly around the width of his cock as he just held her there while she climaxed around the incredibly tight fullness of him deep inside her. It was unbelievable and she could not catch her breath.

The little death. Beckett gritted his teeth with a hard grin. All these lasts moments of self denial had been worth the tremendous effort it took him not to spill his seed just yet. He caught Evie's languid body laying her back as he kept himself inserted inside of her. He quickly wriggled out of his boots and jeans a comical effort as he tried to keep himself inserted in his baby. But he managed it to his greater stimulation and Evie was just coming too when he finished, ending with his knees between her knees and her legs spread widely as he rested on his elbows and began thrusting his cock into her slowly.

"Beckett," she murmured pouting her lips up at him like a kiss as she began to move with him. "What are you doing to me?" she asked in a little breathless murmur.

"Just getting started," he uttered rolling his hips, making her moan, and then moan again as he kept up the rolling motion while he quickened his speed. She clawed at his biceps lifting her legs beneath his armpits as her feet bobbed high on his shoulder blades and he pushed faster feeling the clutch and draw of her inner muscles around his cock. The cool leather of the chap's she wore slid against his sweaty skin as he took her deep pushing forward more and swinging his hips faster.

Hell, he had to be touching her womb, he thought, as he intensely concentrated on every tingle and ripple of pleasure that washed over him. And he pumped harder starting to completely lose the battle with his control. But he wanted more, so he slowed nearly coming to a stop leaning his head down to kiss Evie's swollen lips, as he murmured, "I want you from behind, pretty baby. Will you get up on your hands and knees for me?"

"Yes," she moaned mindlessly around his kisses. She was his. And he helped her up, helped her turn around for him. Her pose was carnal, thrilling, and submissive as he came up on his knees behind her widely spread buttocks. Instinctively he knew that she would like this position best of all after having seen her naked and playing with herself on her bed that first night. And he was right as he took her hard and fast from behind, no longer able to hold anything back as he bucked into her rapidly.

The marks were still on her buttocks for him to see as he held her hips pushing and pulling them while she went down on her elbows offering herself up to him completely. It was the best, and Evie was with him all the way screaming his name now as she climaxed again and he came with her spilling his seed deep and hot inside her.

His belly roaring of pleasure doubled him over her back as he barely caught his weight on his hands. The throbbing release of his dick went on for ecstatic minutes as Evie's inner muscles clutched at him with their own quivering discharge of pleasure beats. Leaving them both gasping until he fell onto his back dragging Evie with him. She landed with her spine half on his chest as he held her beneath her breasts. He could feel the stormy fluttering of her heartbeat, as he finally gasped out, "I love you, baby."

"Oh, Beckett," she gasped. "I love you too."

And Beckett knew that was the best answer he'd ever gotten. However, a few moments later he heard Evie murmur still breathlessly. "Sugar man, I think you are going to make me into one excellent writer."

Beckett grinned wolfishly. No, he thought maybe that should be lecherously not wolfishly, it was more creative.

The End.

Read a chapter excerpt of "His Saxon Slave" a erotic medieval from Danielle Fonda

Chapter Two

The stronghold of Garth fell that night as the dark Norman lord, who was now her master, had predicted. Kiana learned his name was Lord Bonar De Skye, known as Black Boar to his men. She thought the naming apt, for when he returned to the tent in triumphant, he was wild and savage in appearance. Sweat and other men's blood spotted and tangled the knotted mass of his long raven-black hair, while his eyes blazed with a brilliant blue fever in them. When his blazon gaze swooped down on her, Kiana cowered beneath the fur wishing desperately that she was able to flee, while she struggled vainly against the ropes binding her ankles and wrists behind her. She watched with horror-filled trepidation as the dark lord began to undress.

He would rape her now with the fever of victory pumping hotly through his veins. She had seen this before, when death was cheated and the battle was won. "Berserkers," her people called men so crazed. Still in her consuming fear and anxiousness she sought to try.

"I am but a maid!" she wailed.

The dark lord merely sneered with a forceful lift of his firm lips and a flash of clean white teeth. Kiana watched helplessly as he pulled his bloody tunic up over his head and she saw his naked chest for the first time. He was so large, so deeply muscled, with thick black hair covering his chest from shoulder to shoulder, and then more from his neck to his rigid belly above his braes. It was wholly uncommon for her to see so much hair over bronzed, thickly muscled flesh.

She gasped at his power and his raw maleness as her body shook nakedly beneath the fur covering. He shoved his braes down swiftly, tugging off his hide boots, and her gaze became instantly riveted to the ruddy coarse appendage between his sinewy thighs. A male cock. So bold and engorged it was. It curved rigidly, thrusting outward above his heavy male sacs.

"Nay!" she wailed, even as he stalked toward her, with his male cock poised at her stoutly, like an angry villain. Then he was beside her, dropping to his knees as he tore the fur away from her nakedness. "Nay!" she shrilled again, trying to jerk backward away from him. Yet, with her wrists tied behind her and her ankles lashed together there was no place for her to flee.

"You will *not* deny me, slave," he growled hotly, grasping the rope between her ankles with his extensive hand, and then he lifted with the strength of his muscled arm. The motion pitched her onto her back with the dark lord lifting her legs and forcing her to bend at the waist, leaving her body shaped like a corner and her bare legs straight before him.

"Mercy," she panted uselessly, while she twisted and tried to thrash her bare legs to freedom.

Hopeless. It was hopeless, as the dark lord's upper arm muscle bulged tightly with the strength he used to pull her to him, until her naked buttocks butted against the tops of his knees. Her toes were under his chin, with her ankles on his collar bone, while her heels clipped the thick black hair over his right breast muscle.

Still, he lifted her ankles upward past his shadowy jaw, his arrogant nose, and then he pushed his head between her lower calves, until she hung around his neck like a hapless pagan charm. Her cries were choked as she thrashed her nude buttocks against his upper thighs. Yet then suddenly . . . horribly, she felt his male cock slide between the lips of her exposed sex. She stilled instantly at the foreignness of this newest assault, and it was then she sensed his male sacs lying deeply in the separated crease of her behind.

She shot a frenzied look at his crazed eyes and she saw her fate sealed in his red-rimmed eyelids, with his blue irises sparking fire. Her breasts jiggled erratically with her labored breathing, bringing the devil lord's gaze down to them. His hands stretched forward quickly to seize each of her breasts into the grip of his roughly calloused hands. She whimpered against the onslaught, bucking vainly against him. The abrasion and heat of his hands filled her, as he squeezed the swelling mounds of her breasts between his demanding fingers.

She cried out in denial, yet this was not the worst of it, for she felt the blunt head of his male cock sliding through the damp lips of her sex. She panted as she was consumed with the heat and strength of him everywhere her body struggled against his unyielding body. She had never felt the sensations that were rushing through her before.

However then, the dark lord rasped her nipples, plucking the tips roughly with his fingers and a moan rushed from her throat against her will. The cleft of her buttocks wormed around his heavy male sacs, but the fight had changed somehow as an alien wetness surged in her sex smearing the shaft of the dark lord's cock. A cock that he used to thrust through the widely parted lips of her sex. Back again, then through again, with his weighty male sacs caressing her rear entrance on each return stroke. "*Oh hh,*" she puled senselessly above the dark lord's heavy rasping breath.

Bonar thrust the shank of his cock through the cleft of his beautiful slave's dripping wet cunt. So hot. So wet and tender. The wetness fed him, dripping over his shaft, clinging to the head of his hotly aroused cock. He thrust. Withdrew. Thrust again as his beautiful slave moaned and rode the staff of his cock, like a humping bitch in heat. He told himself that he did not care that she was engaged now. That she rode him heatedly, not fighting him any longer.

Save it was a lie, because the wetness she exuded quickened him deeply. He'd never felt the like of it before. And the scent. The scent of her dripping sex mingled with his sweat and steamed into his nostrils like a heady vapor. It excited him. It drove him as much as her handsome and shapely feminine body. The feel of her was exquisite in his hands. Her breasts were balls of firm flesh, her ribs fragile, and her waist smoothly indented. Her thighs were satin and her buttocks were round circles of creamy flesh.

He rocked on his calves and he thrust his cock between her cunt lips again . . . then again. He looked down to see the head of his prick engorged and red with arousal, sliding through her wet blond curls that tried vainly to cling to the fat head. The rage was upon him with victory and lust pumping hotly in his blood. He was the conqueror. The lord. *The master* . . . and he wanted to fuck a woman, hard and fast. Deep. He wanted this woman that he played with so carnally. She was beautiful. So shapely. Her face was exquisitely wrought. Her long hair was like golden fire, and he owned her in a way that men rarely took women. She was *his* slave.

He rumbled deep in his throat, grasping the top of her thighs, levering his hips backward, angling the bloated and dripping head of his cock lower, searching by feel for the virgin entrance he sought. He envisioned the tightness of this virgin haven as his raging lust drove him on. He had always craved a virgin . . . wanted to fuck one, and feel how tight they must be. The knobbed head of his cock fitted to the entrance. Heat firing heat. Wetness mixing together. Trembling female flesh that would be forced to

yield. His gaze lifted to his beautiful slave girl and he saw the terror in her dark blue irises. His chest heaved and the air came so sharply to his lungs that it hurt. He *would* rape her, he thought, trying to goad himself, looking at her delicate and emotionally ravaged face.

"*Hellfire*," he swore savagely, dropping forward to brace himself on his hands over her, and pushing the tops of her kneecaps to the taunt tips of her raspberry colored nipples. She grunted a stifled scream with the loss of air in her belly. But not because he had fucked her. Not because he'd raped her virginity. Nay, fool that he was, his cock now lay on her scrunched belly with his hairy balls covering her wet cunt.

Bonar cricked his neck to the side, gritting his teeth as he shoved his raging lust back to more normal bounds. Barely. He gazed down at his slave with her pouted lips and frightened blue eyes. "You will *not* deny me," he commanded hoarsely.

"Nay," she puffed with the backs of her thighs and buttocks quivering wildly against his chest and belly. Her blue eyes skittered fearfully over his face.

"It is well that you agree, slave," he asserted, still goading himself into thrusting into her virginity. He would take it, there was no denying that, yet her feminine delicacy, so frightened of him, caused him hesitation. He'd never fucked a woman that he found as beautiful as he found this woman. It caused him unusual feelings. He wanted to rape her . . . he wanted to fuck her beauty hard, but at the same moment, he wanted to touch her and hold her close.

He could well see that her wrists tied behind her back pained her in this position and he did not like that look upon her lovely face either. He grunted in disgust with himself as he pushed his big body to a kneeling position over her again. The motion dragged her bound ankles upward by the rope slung over the back of his neck. The view was more lustful than any he'd ever engaged upon. Her pink cunt so inviting beneath the strut of his aroused cock poised above it. His hands ended up on her rounded hips with his fingers spread out over the pliable mounds of her buttocks. The feel of her was carnal. She was firm, yet made of supple warm flesh for him to shape in his large hands.

"You will call me Master," he muttered, letting the power of those words and certainties wash over him, before he blurted, "Say it!"

"Master!" she cried out, arching her buttocks upward at the groping of his hands on her creamy flesh. He could fit her tightly rounded ass into the palms of his hands. Her breasts thrust upward beneath his gaze as her blue-black irises gazed at him anxiously over the taut buds of her reddened nipples. She was helpless beneath him, completely within his power as he kneaded her ass, making her buttocks squirm in his wide palms.

"Have you ever taken a man's cock into your mouth, wench?" he demanded.

Yea but his lovely slave's anxious gasp answered his question, before she stuttered. "N-Nay, Master."

"You *will* worship mine," he stated boldly. "Now look at it!" he demanded sharply, groping her quaking buttocks deeper. Her trembling gaze hastened downward to his massive cock, and then with arrogance, he twitched the beast beneath her horrified gaze. It was at that moment he decided that this beautiful wench would one day look upon him with appeal. She would worship his thrusting cock with kisses and sighs.

Read a chapter excerpt from "Owning Arabella" erotic regency from bestselling author Shirl Anders

Chapter Five

Arabella came awake with a start. She was groggy and confused with a dull pain in her temple. Her first coherent thought was anguish over Nicholas, which drove her from the bed in disorientation. "Nicholas," she cried.

"You are forbidden to speak another man's name!"

Arabella nearly screamed at the sound of a man's voice so deep and filled with anger. She'd not seen him, she had not even seen where she might be. She nearly fell, but reached her hands outward instinctively and caught hold of the back of a settee in front of her. A settee that she had not known was there. It was then her muddled gaze focused on the large profile of a man sitting below her, on the same settee she held onto. For dear life.

It was him, Arabella realized in shock as he turned his head to face her. It was the fearsome spellbinding Lord Peregrine, and then she remembered why it was she knew him at all. He owned her!

"My name is Darth and that is the only man's name that will come from your lips. Tell me that you understand me properly." Lord Peregrine snarled these words with his marred face twisted into a frightening mask of anger, illuminating the predatory gleam in his gray eyes.

Arabella gulped fearfully and began to turn. She would run from the mad man with his barbarous veneer and his wicked intentions. But suddenly Lord Peregrine groaned, with a harsh anguished sound, and Arabella saw from the corner of her gaze that it really was pain she could see on his scarred face, and perhaps not complete anger. He seized his face into his hands bending forward, and still she thought to run, especially while there was a chance to escape him.

Pain, the word sliced through Arabella's mind, stopping her forward motion. She could not leave him in pain, she could never leave another human being in pain. She forced herself around the settee, realizing then that she was naked. Only at that same moment Lord Peregrine moaned again, a horrible sound, and she forgot her unclothed state as soon as she had thought of it. Moving swiftly to his side Arabella placed her hands to Lord Peregrine's hands and she pried them away from his face.

"Lay back, my Lord, I am a healer and I would help you."

"There is no help when it comes on me." Darth hissed through gritted teeth.

"Then it cannot hurt for me to try," Arabella insisted, pushing him backward, until his head lay on the arm of the settee. It was an easy accomplishment in his suffering. His eyes were clenched against obvious agony as she began to massage his temples with some firm circular motions. She massaged along his scar, up into his scalp, and then down his cheek, especially around his eye. It looked as if he had been sliced with a sword. However, by the look of the scarring, she could tell it had been years ago.

"It grips you most when you are tired," Arabella stated firmly, knowing that tension would serve to draw up the scarred flesh tightly, inflaming it. She had seen injuries of its measure before, although not in the face, when working with her mentor Lady Serena on the island of Jamaica. Lady Serena was an elderly black woman, a native of the island, and considered a black magic shaman. What she really was, was a native doctor of herbs, but she said that she never minded the superstitions surrounding her, if it let her help more people.

"Have you tried heat?" Arabella asked, noting that Darth had relaxed slightly.

"It does not work," he replied through gritted teeth.

"Then we will try cold. I will be right back, do not move." Arabella looked around the large room and spotted the water basin. She went to it and found there was cloth, which she got damp. On her return, she stopped long enough to pull a flat linen from the bed to wrap around her naked body before, she returned to Lord Peregrine's side. He lay on his back with his hands in fists at his sides and his eyes still clenched tight against the pain. Quickly, Arabella placed the cold cloth over Darth's face and stepped behind him to place her hands on his neck, which was coiled stiffly with tensed muscles. She began to massage his neck and shoulders as she talked, trying to relax him.

"A healer must use whatever they have available, Darth." It would make him feel better to hear his given name, she decided. "So I tell you this will work, but I have something in my herb satchel that will help you much more, and I will give it to you and show you how to take it for the next time this happens." She understood that she was rambling in her concern, nevertheless, Darth's muscles were loosening beneath her fingertips. "You must always strive to obtain your rest, which will help also." Arabella moved her hands up the sturdy column of Darth's neck, and then under his chin massaging

deeply. "Oh, I have just thought of a cream that I will give you. It will help to keep your skin pliable." Her fingers deftly found the pressure points behind Darth's ears, then she moved her fingertips back up to his temple. She heard him sigh in relief, applying the pressure points seemed to have work. "My cream smells of jasmine, however, I will mix yours with a more masculine scent, sandalwood perhaps." "No, jasmine," Darth murmured, catching her wrist and bringing it up to his nose to inhale. "Like you."

Startled by the gesture, Arabella was brought fully around to her circumstances. She twisted her wrist from Darth's strong grasp and stepped backward. The seizure was gone now, she could see that.

"Do not stop," Darth said, however he sat up, swinging his long legs to the floor as turned his head to look at her. A short distance because he was so tall.

"But I think you are better," Arabella replied taking another step backward with her hand jerking upward to clutch the edge of the linen wrapped above her breasts.

"I am, and I thank you. I would never have believed it, Arabella. It seems it is another reason that I find that I am certain now that I have made a wise investment." Darth actually smiled and it made his brutal face turn appealing with a heady sensual quality to it.

"Investment," Arabella gulped. Truly frightened now. Taking another step backward, she wondered now how wise it had been not to take her chance to run. Only she could not ignore her nature, and her nature did not allow her to leave a person, any person, in pain if she could help it.

"Do not take another step away," Darth suddenly ordered and clearly Arabella understood that he meant her faltering retreat. "My investment of now owning you," he finished.

Arabella's heart froze as Darth's words hung heavily in the room, although, his Lordship did not seem to feel that way. He looked satisfied. "There has been a mistake, your Lordship," she whispered.

"Darth."

"Darth, then. There has been a terrible mistake."

"I see none, but the paper right here, which states quite clearly that one Arabella Ormonde belongs to me. Tis even dated."

Arabella wanted to scream at him, to tell him that she was from a good and decent family. She was no slave that he seemed more than willing to accept her as. But suddenly, she remembered Victor's last words to her as she fought with him in the hallway of the inn. "Keep your mouth shut or Nicholas dies!" Arabella felt tears forming as she fought them back. *Sweet Mary*, what was she to do, standing with only a linen to cover her beneath Lord Peregrine's indomitable presence, and he believed he owned her and she could not tell him differently. She would not risk Nicholas' life.

"I am a healer and I can cook or work at any labor. I would work very hard for my release," Arabella stated, lifting her chin.

At her statement, the indomitable Earl merely stood and looked down at her. Evil incarnate. The entire motion making Arabella want to turn and flee, but even she with her less than worldly ways realized there was nowhere she could hope to escape a powerful Lord such as Darth was.

"That is accommodating, Arabella, but not helpful to me. I have more intimate duties in mind for you and incidentally there is no clause stated in these papers for release. Tis lifetime enslavement."

Enslavement! Arabella stumbled backward at the word . . . At the intentions.

Chapter Six

Darth's hand snaked forward, grabbing the edge of the linen between Arabella's breasts. "I told you not to step backward again," he uttered, pulling Arabella and the linen closer. Darth realized that he had to prove his dominance early on if he hoped to mold Arabella. *And, he did.* With each moment he was close to her, he found himself more determined . . . if not crazed

"You are afraid of me?" he asked flatly looking down at her.

Arabella jerked her gaze away from Darth's impaling gray eyes. "Of you, not your scar." Arabella

wondered with feverish thoughts why she had thought to clarify. Perhaps it was some inner self preservation which read Darth's diabolical intentions and she sought to soften the blow upon herself.

Darth was staggered at Arabella's response. It was true that she was afraid, he could see it. He expected it. However, she did not seem in anyway appalled by his visage. And that excited him." That is proper, Arabella. It is just the way I would have it in fact." Darth pulled Arabella closer still, taking her chin firmly in his wide hand, pressing upward, until she had no choice but to look at him. "Are you a virgin, Arabella?"

Arabella's eyes widened at the implication as trembling fear coursed her belly and both of Darth's hands tighten around what they were holding, as if anticipating her flight. She would not tell him! If he intended rape, well then, he would have to live with the consequences. Because it would be rape. She would fight him with all her power, so he knew it for what it was. *Sweet Mary*, she had no hope of winning against his strength, if that were his intentions, and why else would he ask her?

"I cannot abide stubbornness from my property, Arabella. Tell me at once or I will be forced to punish you!"

Arabella was petrified, yet she would not let Darth see her fear as she stared up at him with defiance. "Rape me if you will, you *beast*."

Oh my God, why had she said that? Darth flinched. Arabella knew her last word had hit its mark and she was surprised that she did not feel more satisfaction at hurting him as he was intent on ravishing her.

Darth pulled once forcefully with the hand that held the edge of the bed linen between her breasts, ripping it away without warning. Arabella was so stunned, she did not even scream as he grabbed up both of her wrists and placed them together in one of his broad hands. Clamping his fingers around them tightly he began to pull her along behind him. "Rape, Arabella? There will never be rape between us. You will be willing, I can assure you!"

Darth pulled her to a dresser, where he opened a drawer and rifled through its contents with his free hand. Arabella finally found her wits and thought to escape him, twisting her wrists and panting with the effort, until he squeezed his hand even more. He was strong as seen in his powerful body stretched tautly beneath the silk of his white shirt.

She yanked again, screeching, "Let me go!" But he did not budge. He was like a sturdy oak tree, immovable to her smaller frame and she saw, with alarm, the two belts he pulled from his drawer. One was a two-inch leather strap and the other was a much thinner trouser tie.

Punishment! Darth had said punishment! Arabella squealed again, but it did her no good as Darth hauled her to one of the bedposts at the end of the huge four-post bed. There he lifted her wrists high over her head as she wiggled and fought his hold. But he took the thinnest belt and wrapped both of her wrists, pulling them higher to bind the belt around the bedpost securely. Bringing even her heels off the ground. She was hung helpless and naked, heaving from the exertion of trying to escape him.

"*God*, you are beautiful," he uttered, swiping a broad hand across his scarred mouth as if he had not meant to say it.

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Red Cloak of Abandon, by Shirl Anders.

“Erotic Regency” Meet the "Lady Rogues" an adventurous name for a small group of original young society ladies. Alas, but they will never be the diamonds of the rough in their first coming out season. However, they have the wit, the boldness, and the determination enough to take the uneven odds against them, and shape them into winning advances. Red Cloak of Abandon, sets the ringleader of the Lady Rogues, Affinity in sensual and dramatic pursuit of Lord Lawrence Fabier, the mystifying Duke of St. Martin. Law, who is caught from one tragic episode in his past that he spends his life now trying to atone for. His hidden life as the, "Benefactor," of London’s prostitutes, remains secret as it must, until one woman starts asking questions about him. The mystifying Lady Affinity whom he cannot ignore as he catches her rifling through his home, stealing his hidden journal of erotic dreams, and meeting his increasing intrigue boldly at every encounter.

His Saxon Slave, by Danielle Fonda

“Erotic Medieval” Bonar De Sky known as the Black Boar to his soldiers, lays siege to the Saxon stronghold of Garth. Kiana has been captured helping the Welsh bowmen escape off the cliffs. Bonar’s

second in command Goth wants Kiana strung and whipped as the enemy, but Bonar decides in a moment to keep the young blond-haired wench as his slave. Kiana is taken to Bonar's tent and stripped and bound against escape. She is now the fierce Norman warrior's slave. When Bonar breaks the siege, he returns to his tent wild-eyed with the blood of victory, and he is intent on taking his Saxon slave beneath him. "Berserkers," Kiana's people call warrior's like Bonar and she knows the dark Norman will take her heart and soul as no man has done before. This story is a rich Medieval tale, where a slave is a slave and warrior's can be rough, yet still darkly handsome barbarians. The story only gets more erotic and adventurous with each turn of the page.

Lairds of the Eagle, by Missy Strom

"Erotic Medieval" Laird Donan Glenncannon and his brother Shancy happen upon a crudely given auction, where the beautifully innocent Analise is being sold to the highest bidder by her evil stepbrother. Donan cannot take his eyes off sweet Analise and he knows that he wants to save her. Yet, he is only a crippled living in a chair with wheels. He was felled on the Crusades and his legs no longer hold him strong. But that does not stop the courageous warrior from saving Analise. And then the adventure truly begins for Donan who is unsure about his sexuality, and Analise who is positive and willing about hers. . . and his! Much more adventure and graphically romantic sex scenes fill this story set in Medieval times, about saving the lovely damsel in distress.

Future Fantasies Volume One, by Candy Dance.

"Erotic Futuristic" Two stories . . . Two captive women for semi-science fiction fans 'Cherry-girl' is from the future of sexual robots and not many men. Where a real woman Lisette takes fate into her own hands by masquerading as a sexual 'bot.' 'Princess-Concubine' follows the excitement of the conqueror and the conquered when Shybell Lee sacrifices herself to Prey Hunter to save her world.

Future Fantasies Volume 2: Three Naughty Stories, by Christina Stoke

"Erotic Future" These three sci-fi short stories are Over The Top naughty and sexually explicit! 'Her Captain's Command': Done in the first person, for him and for her, this is an erotic tale of eventual submission and darkly tangled lust and love. Set on a distant planet, in the midst of harsh survival, a man and a woman test the boundaries of need. When they believe there is no other chance.

'Two Fallon Warlords Bride': Two men . . . one woman. Two different races, yet both human. Intrigue, male bonding, telepathy, & eroticism make this futuristic story an interwoven tale testing the boundaries of our sexual experiences.

'Callis': An escaped prisoner and a woman. He has nothing to lose. He sees what he wants and takes it. No one can stop him. Least of all her. Possession, ravishment, lust, and love, fill this deeply dominating story of a man taking a woman as his.

Rapier, by Candy Dance

"Erotic Futuristic" Captured and imprisoned by tough enemy aliens, Rapier Lieutenant Bran Fuller and the young civilian woman named Starling are forced to have sex. Both are naked with pain inducing collars around their necks, and a seven-foot alien demanding crassly that they "fuck." Bran has not seen a civilian woman in years, yet he has no time to soothe the obviously innocent Starling's fears. He must take her or they will both be killed. Yet, he is shocked to discover that Starling was a virgin! Yet, when his Rapier team comes to rescue him, Bran cannot forget about the lovely Starling. The story plot only becomes more adventurous after Bran rescues Starling, with intriguing twists and turns always leading back to exciting sexual encounters.

Red Bottom, by Christina Stoke.

"Erotic Present Day" Adventure. Bottoms up for all those spanking fiction lovers! If you love

spanking try this buns squirming story by Christina Stoke! Meet ex-marine lieutenant Beckett McCade and erotic fiction writer Evangeline Pennyflower for a bare bottom dispute over the ownership of the Maverick Bar S Ranch in this full storyline.

Maiden Bound, by Danielle Fonda

“Erotic Medieval” Lord Huge of Avranches, Earl of Chester is a powerful man. He commands vast lands on both sides of the ocean. He has been a victorious warrior and a conqueror, and he trusts very few but his own agile mind. It is time for him to wed, to seal his legacy, yet even in this, Hugh demands complete control. For the first time in his life he must admit his shortcomings in the act of mating a woman so well as to bind her heart and soul to him. Yet, he is not daunted, but a thinking man, and he sets forth to learn the art of seduction and women. He takes the beautiful woman, Emma, as a slave, and through his command of her, he intends to learn everything about women and their passionate desires. While the commander of his guard, Lazarus, an impertinent, mystifying, and thoroughly masculine Mongolian battles wits and sexual acumen with Hugh's widowed sister-in-law, Lady Bernadette.

Pagan, by Christina Stoke

“Erotic Futuristic” Torrid and original as only Christina Stoke can write them. Visit a world where the men have never seen a softly curving female before, but only the gaunt and rawboned femmen of their planet. Z'dar is a planet where the femmen and the men live combative and separate lives, only coming together once a cycle for feral matings. The femmen want only to dominate the men, and with their barbarian strength and cunning poisons they nearly do. Enter into this world Maya, a female never before seen by a man and a Prince such as the warrior hunter Black Fall and his companion brother Dun. This is an erotic tale in the style of the barbarians of Gor. Where a woman falls slave to two masculine warriors.

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