

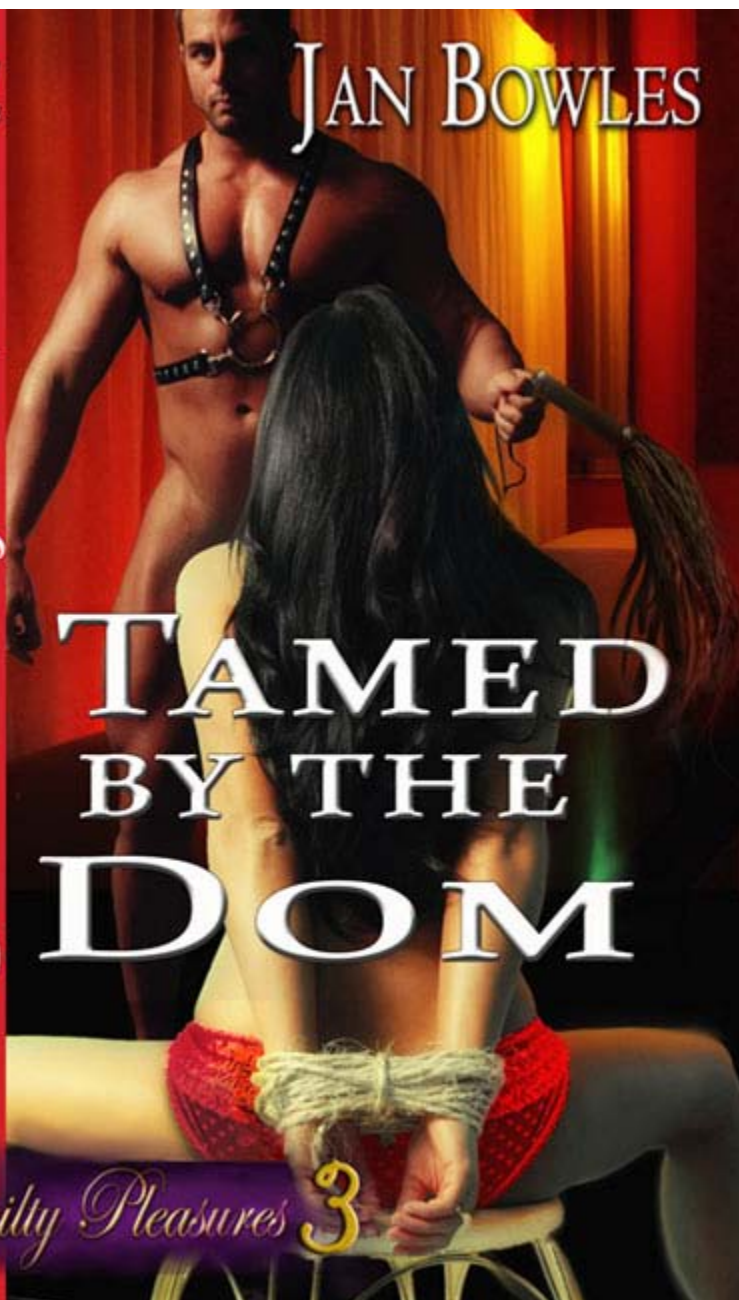
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JAN BOWLES

Everlasting Classic

TAMED BY THE DOM

Guilty Pleasures 3



Guilty Pleasures 3

Tamed by the Dom

When Katrina Masters returns to Fairfax, Texas, after seventeen years away, she finds things have changed. The guy she had a crush on at high school is now running a sex club and is a Dom to boot! Common sense tells her to steer well clear, but she's sorely tempted by his job offer.

Self-made man Colt Donahue is a strict Dom. His business, Club Fusion, is a great success, and he's not about to let the local Sheriff or the narrow-minded people of Fairfax close him down. He's here to stay.

From the moment he sees Kat, he wants her. Just one look in her sultry hazel eyes, and Colt knows the sassy, outspoken woman is for him. Nothing would excite him more than making her submit to his will.

Colt shows Katrina what a Dom is really capable of, but can he tame the firebrand into complete submission?

Genre: BDSM, Contemporary, Western/Cowboys

Length: 33,019 words

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“The fundamental glue that holds any relationship together is trust.”

—Brian Tracy

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Guilty Pleasures 3

JAN BOWLES

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Chapter One

Colt Donahue eased the SUV from his private estate and onto the trunk road. Today he was in a particularly good frame of mind. He'd just taken a call from some potential clients. If they joined, that would make twenty extra this month alone. Business was looking up. Now, at the age of thirty-seven, he finally felt like he was getting somewhere. He'd tapped into a market that had the potential to make him a very wealthy man. That's if the people of Fairfax didn't raise any more objections. The smile on his face faded. He felt pretty sure they'd find something to complain about. They always did.

Up ahead, Colt could see a Jaguar career around the bend. The driver had little or no regard for anyone else on the road.

"That's right, prick, take my half of the road, too."

Well, he wasn't going to move, that's for sure. He had right of way. The sleek silver car kept coming, a huge cloud of dust in its wake.

"What the fuck?" He only just managed to avoid a collision by turning his SUV into the ditch. His car came to an abrupt halt. "Goddamn it, Jesus."

He looked into his rearview mirror, anger surging through him. A woman wearing dark glasses and long black hair disappeared from

sight. He shook his head in disbelief. Some rich bitch had just driven him off the road. Well, there was no way he'd let her get away with it. He turned his car around in pursuit, sounding his horn as he came up behind her. It had no effect. She didn't stop or even slow down. Her stereo was on full blast, and her head swayed to the beat of the music as she made her way along the High Street. His anger grew by the minute, and he slammed his fist down hard on the horn several times. Still no effect. Just wait until she stopped her car. He'd have plenty to say to her. Several people came out of the shops to see what all the commotion was about.

When she pulled into a side street and parked outside a cat sanctuary, he jerked on his handbrake and stormed from the car.

It occurred to him that she probably thought more of animals than people, and his resentment grew. By the time he'd walked over to the gleaming Jaguar, she'd stilled the engine and switched off the loud music. He wondered why she sat staring at the double-fronted Colonial house when a closed sign hung from the door. Everyone knew the owner had recently died.

"Just what the hell do you think you're doing, lady? Don't you know you just ran me off the road?"

The woman was small and petite, and he guessed the car was much too large for her to handle. Her hands were on the steering wheel, gripping tightly so the knuckles showed white. Without removing her sunglasses, she looked at him. For a moment he thought she regretted her actions, and then she spoke.

"Don't blame me for your inadequacies."

This was not the answer he'd been hoping for. "You must have a death wish or something, lady."

"Nothing of the kind, I just drove into town. Are you sure you didn't drive off the road by yourself?"

His blood boiled, and he leaned down to her level. "I've a good mind to report you for dangerous driving."

“Any witnesses?” She opened the car door and stepped onto the sidewalk. He towered over her. He realized she couldn’t be more than five foot three. The car was obviously way too powerful for her.

“No, it would be my word against yours.”

“Then I think I would win the argument, don’t you?”

“How do you make that out, lady?”

“I’ve heard all about you and what you get up to at your private club. There’s plenty of folks around here would like to see the back of you.”

He rubbed a hand through his hair, aware that she’d turned the argument around. Now it seemed he had to defend himself. Was there no justice in the world? “How do you know what I do?”

“You don’t remember me, do you, Colt.” She removed her sunglasses. Her eyes looked red as though she’d just been crying, and she blinked several times from the harsh sunlight.

He assessed her appearance. Beautiful raven black hair fell about her shoulders and shone from the noonday sun. A small, round face with the most incredible hazel eyes he’d ever seen stared back. Her lips were like cherries, ripe and glossy, and her clothes were of the finest quality.

For the life of him he’d never laid eyes on her before. He shook his head, wondering if it was a ruse to divert him from her terrible driving. “Are you sure we’ve met?”

“I was two grades below you. I’m Katrina.”

She still didn’t register with him. The only Katrina he could remember had been a geeky girl who wore thick glasses.

She continued. “You stepped in once to stop a group of girls from taking my lunch from me.”

It all slotted into place. He shook his head. Talk about blossoming. “You’re Katrina Masters. I remember now.” He pointed to the cat sanctuary. “Your mother just died. She was a good woman. I’m really sorry.”

She nodded and turned away for a moment. He could see her bite her bottom lip as she resisted the urge to cry. “Yes, I’ve come back for her funeral,” she whispered.

All his anger dissipated. “Look, I’ll leave you in peace.” He began to walk away, but turned to face her again. “Listen, Katrina, a word of advice. Get yourself a smaller car.”

‘I’ve a few words of advice for you, too, Colt. Mind your own fucking business.’

* * * *

Kat watched Colt Donahue drive away in his BMW. The boy she’d had a crush on more than twenty years ago was even better looking now. He’d filled out, and the dimples she’d admired as a young girl were even more defined. They made him look incredibly sexy. It was ironic that he’d only noticed her the once, when a group of shitty girls had tried to steal her lunch. High school had never been a pleasant experience for her, but Colt made an impact that day, in a big way.

Too bad he was running some private deviants’ club up on his ranch. Her mother had been full of it and had spoken of little else on the telephone. The townsfolk were up in arms, determined to put an end to his unsavory enterprise. She guessed he’d move on soon enough. Fairfax wasn’t a place to stay around if you didn’t fit in, as she knew only too well.

When she’d been much younger, Fairfax, a small town in Central Texas, had been a backwater. The local residents had fought against change, clinging on to yesterday, frightened of tomorrow. It was one of the reasons why she’d left. That and a mother who said she’d never amount to anything. As soon as she turned eighteen, she’d hightailed it out of there, determined to make her fortune and prove her mother wrong.

Only the fortune had never materialized.

After a succession of failed relationships, pride was the only thing she had left. She was hardly going to admit to being a failure. That's why she'd borrowed a hundred thousand dollars to buy the Jag and some new expensive designer clothes. There was no way she'd return to Fairfax penniless. It would make some people very happy to see her on her knees. So what if she couldn't make the payments on the loan. Her mother had left a house and everything in it. After the funeral, when the dust had settled, she'd be able to pay it all back. That was the plan, because the guy she'd borrowed the money from didn't approve of late payments. She had no doubt he would send a couple of undesirable hoods to pay her a visit, rather than a stiff letter from the bank.

Dismissing the unpleasant thoughts from her mind, Kat turned and stared at the impressive façade of her mother's house. She couldn't put it off any longer. She had to go inside.

As she opened the front door and stepped over the threshold, the unmistakable smell of cat urine and stale air filled her nostrils. It had been seventeen years since she'd last seen the interior, and from the look of the hallway and living area, it hadn't changed a bit. The effects of sixty years of her mother's life lay scattered all around. It was an eclectic mixture of antique furniture and hippie memorabilia. Mary Lou Masters had been an eccentric to say the least. Maybe that's why Kat felt she'd never really fitted in. She'd had few friends at school, another reason why she'd left Fairfax at such an early age. When you had a mother who was known as "The Cat Lady" by the locals, it was hardly surprising she felt like an oddball.

A tear rolled down her cheek when she entered her mother's bedroom. She sat on the edge of the bed and pulled a pillow to her face. She breathed in, trying to capture her essence. The familiar comforting smell soothed her frayed nerves, and she squeezed the pillow tight against her body.

Guilt overwhelmed her. “Momma, I’m so sorry I wasn’t there for you.” All these years she stayed away, afraid to return and own up to being a failure.

Try as she might she could never amass any money of her own. There was always something that would come along and distract her. It usually came in the form of a great-looking guy who’d sweet-talk her into bed. The very same guy who would be gone by the time she’d woken the following morning. Why had she borrowed one hundred thousand dollars? Who was she trying to impress? She guessed that no one in Fairfax really cared what Katrina Masters had done with her life. It was just as well because she’d done jack shit. She’d achieved absolutely nothing. If she couldn’t make the payments on her loan, the hoods would come looking for her. That’s if they could find her.

Chapter Two

When Colt glanced out the window, he could just make out Sheriff Bunty's patrol car, winding its way down the drive. He glanced at his wristwatch. What the hell did the old coot want now? This must be the third visit he'd made this month alone. He had potential clients turning up in a half hour. He did not want the local Sheriff hanging around outside any longer than was strictly necessary. It was bad for business.

Colt grabbed his shirt and began pulling it on as he made his way outside. He'd just tucked it into his jeans when he reached the Sheriff's car, and he waited for him to slowly emerge from the vehicle. Colt could just make out a bag of Twinkies on the passenger seat. He figured the lawman had a sweet tooth. He'd known Sheriff Bunty since he was a small child, and guessed he must be coming toward retirement. It couldn't come soon enough as far as he was concerned.

"Afternoon, Colt."

"What can I do for you, Sheriff?" Colt didn't have time for pleasantries.

"I've had a number of complaints."

Colt folded his arms across his chest defensively. "Yes?"

The elderly Sheriff smiled and then removed his hat. Squinting from the sun, he rubbed a hand into his sparse gray hair. "The residents of Fairfax don't like what's going on here, Colt. They want it to stop."

"Am I breaking any laws, Sheriff?"

"Now, that I don't know. Are you?"

Colt breathed in. "This is a private club, for private members only. It's on private land. I'm not breaking any law in the state of Texas. I'm sure you've seen the trespass signs I've had installed recently. As far as I can tell, the only people breaking the law around here are those coming onto my property uninvited. People just like you, Sheriff, always bothering me with the concerns of the tiny-minded people of Fairfax."

"Look, son, you needn't be aggressive with me. I've every right to come asking questions. It's my job. I'm the goddamn law 'round these parts, in case you've forgotten. I've been Sheriff here in Fairfax for twenty-five years. Don't kid yourself I don't know what's going on right under my nose. You're running a sex club. If you thought there wouldn't be any opposition, then you thought wrong."

Colt took a deep breath. Arguing with Sheriff Bunty wouldn't help matters. He decided to be more contrite. "Listen, Abe, you've known me all my life. You and I tend to get on pretty well together most of the time. You know I'm a regular sort of guy at heart. Let me assure you that everyone who visits Club Fusion is twenty-one or over. They are all consenting adults. I don't allow any hookers here, and no money exchanges hands for sex. It's a lifestyle choice, pure and simple. My members come here strictly for the facilities that I offer."

The Sheriff nodded. "I like you, Colt, I really do, and I want us to stay friends. But if I hear of anything remotely illegal going on, I'll come down here and bust your balls." He placed a hand on Colt's shoulder. "That's all I've got to say at present."

Colt smiled as the potbellied lawman drove away. He could barely fit behind the steering wheel of his cruiser. He had no doubt the old buzzard would be back to harass him again. He guessed Sheriff Bunty was probably nursing a hard-on thinking about all the young women who frequented Club Fusion. All he had to do was stay one step ahead of the old bastard. He knew every law in the state of Texas. He'd

acted legally on every count. There was no way Bunty could touch him. No way.

* * * *

Kat caught the waiter's attention, and he came across to take her order. Drinking alone was not her usual style, especially in this cowboy-filled joint, but today was an exception. Big time.

"I'll have another beer," she said, raising her empty bottle. As the waiter began to walk away, she called out, "Make that two, will you?" He nodded and continued on his way.

So what if she was getting tight, she had every reason to drown her sorrows. She leaned back against the booth and closed her eyes. Life could be so unfair.

"You don't mind if I sit here, honey."

Immediately her eyes flew wide open. Some guy old enough to be her father was already starting to sit down. The beginnings of a beard covered his face, and what little hair he had was almost white. Did he really think she'd be interested in him?

"Excuse me, but I prefer to be on my own." After the day she'd had, she wouldn't be much company anyway, and she certainly wasn't remotely interested in some old guy approaching sixty.

"Now, don't be like that," he drawled. "What's a little honey like you doing all on your lonesome?"

"Look, I thought I said I didn't want any company." Kat raised her voice as she began to slide from the booth. Just as she was on the point of standing up, the old guy grabbed her wrist.

"You sure got some nerve, honey. What makes you think you're so special?"

He twisted her arm. She glared at the man. "Take your fucking hands off me, asshole."

He laughed out loud, showing a whole mouthful of fillings. His breath smelt of stale beer and cigarettes. She guessed he'd had too

much to drink, but that didn't give him an excuse to be a complete dickhead. No doubt he had a wife at home, and he was just chancing his luck.

"Is this man bothering you?"

Kat looked up to see Colt Donahue standing by her table. His powerful physique seemed to tower over her. A tight pair of blue jeans clung to his hips, and his broad shoulders filled out a black T-shirt. The dark hair of his youth was now softly peppered with gray. His piercing blue eyes took in the situation.

The stranger didn't seem the least intimidated. "Why don't you butt out, fuck face, can't you see the lady's with me?"

Colt spoke in a clear, strong voice that commanded attention. "I was talking to the lady."

Kat jabbed a finger. "This jerk won't take no for an answer, Colt."

Colt stared at the stranger, and she saw him visibly squirm. "You heard the lady. She said no. Why don't you take a hike, buddy, you're not welcome."

"To hell with you." The man threw her hand away in disgust and hurriedly left the table.

She looked up at her rescuer. "Thanks."

"You should be more careful. This isn't the kinda place for a lady to be on her own. These men are expecting a certain type of woman."

"And you'd know all about that type, wouldn't you, Colt." She couldn't quite keep the derisory tone from her voice. Colt ran a sex club. What sort of man was *he*? She took a deep breath. Surely this wasn't the way to act. She needed to put her preconceived ideas aside. Whatever Colt did in his private club was his business and his alone. At least he'd got rid of the jerk who'd been bothering her. "Thanks for the advice, Colt, but I'm a big girl now. I can handle myself."

"I've no doubt. Just words to the wise, Katrina. It's up to you what you do with them."

"Good, and by the way, call me Kat. Only people with an axe to grind call me Katrina."

At that moment the waiter came with the two bottles of beer she'd ordered. He placed them in front of her.

"A woman drinking alone is just asking for trouble. You'll get a lot of unwanted attention. You've already had a guy hitting on you. It's clear to me you've had far too much to drink."

In irritation Kat held her hands to her head. "Don't lecture me, Colt. Not tonight. I just need to escape for a while." She took a large swig of her Bud in defiance. Her voice rose an octave as she raised her gaze to his. "Okay?"

Colt firmed his mouth and shook his head. "Then I'll have to stay here with you. I can see you'll get into no end of trouble if you carry on like this."

Before she could answer, he sat down at her table. He leaned forward and took her second bottle away. "I'll look after this for you."

"Hey," she said as he raised it to his lips and began drinking. "Get your own, cowboy."

"I have." His eyes sparkled as he smiled at her, revealing the deep dimples that ran down to the corners of his mouth. Okay, so the guy was sexy, but she didn't like what he did for a living. He continued, "So tell me what's so bad that you've resorted to drink."

Kat shook her head. "You wouldn't want to know. Besides, you probably haven't got the time. Shouldn't you be running that sleazy club of yours, not frequenting this fine establishment?"

"Club Fusion is only open Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Today is Sunday. Although, I doubt you know that, the state you're in. As you seem so interested in what I do, I'll have to give you a guided tour."

"No way, Colt. Let's get one thing straight. I'm never stepping foot inside your sleazy joint."

"Fair enough." He smiled and pointed to the six empty bottles accumulating on her table. "So tell me about your day. What's made it this bad?"

* * * *

Colt relaxed back in his seat and stared at the woman he barely knew. On the outside she might have a hard edge, but experience told him that was just a façade. Kat had a vulnerability and beauty that sent all his senses into overdrive. Anyone else that hostile, he'd have left to fend for themselves. For some reason he'd yet to figure, he'd been compelled to stay and watch over her. It looked like she was heading for trouble, and he figured he'd have to make sure she got home safely.

He took a swig of his Bud and motioned with the bottle. "You were about to tell me why you're drowning your sorrows."

"Bad news I'm afraid."

She finished her beer and put the empty bottle on the table. When she tried to gain the waiter's attention by snapping her fingers, Colt took her hand in his. "I'll get you one in a minute."

Her fingers relaxed in his grasp, and it took her awhile to focus on him. When she did, her hazel eyes looked sad and unguarded. The woman looked defeated by life.

"Go on," he urged, stroking the soft flesh of her palm with his thumb. It seemed to calm her.

"Momma left her entire estate to a cat charity. Can you fucking believe that?"

It certainly sounded a little harsh. He'd been left his father's ranch when his parents had died in a car crash some three years ago. Not to be left anything would have felt like a kick in the teeth. Given the same circumstances, he guessed he'd have felt pretty pissed, too.

"Didn't she leave you anything?"

She shook her head. "Not one cent."

He continued, "Perhaps it's because you didn't keep in contact with your mother."

Kat just stared at him. "I telephoned my mother all the time, Colt. I even had her visit on occasions. Now I've got until Friday to leave the house I grew up in."

"That's too bad, Kat." He really felt sorry for her. "At least you don't need her money. You're a successful woman in your own right. That beautiful Jaguar you nearly ran me off the road with is proof of that."

She shook her head and burst into what he could only describe as hysterical laughter. "That's just smoke and mirrors." Kat bit on her bottom lip and removed her hand from his grasp. On the verge of tears, she breathed in and said, "Look, Colt, thanks for the help, but I really should be going." With that she stood and began moving away from him. Occasionally she clung onto a chair to steady herself. Just at the exit, she stopped, and he watched her fish a set of keys from her purse.

He shook his head and drained the last of his Bud. He'd seen her Jag outside. Now it looked as though he'd have to babysit her some more before she hurt herself.

Chapter Three

No sooner had Kat opened the driver's door, than the keys were wrenched from her grasp.

"I'll take those."

An all too familiar deep voice assaulted her senses. Colt just couldn't resist bugging her. She spun around and glared at him. "You again. Give those back. I need them."

"Not a chance in hell," he ground out.

In defiance she placed her hands on her hips. "Fuck you, cowboy, how am I supposed to get home without a car?"

Colt smiled benignly, a wicked twist to his lips. "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn, but something protective inside of me wants to stop you from getting into even more trouble." He took a deep breath as he stared at her. "We'll leave your car here, and I'll drive you home."

Kat had met his type before. Her whole life had been full of men like Colt Donahue. "Oh I see. You think that by driving me home, you'll get me into bed. Well, I've come across your sort before, and it just ain't gonna happen." She'd had her fill of being used. At the age of thirty-four, she was wise to it.

"Let's get one thing straight, lady. I don't take advantage of women, especially ones that can't hold their liquor. Besides, I prefer my sexual partners to be a little more, shall we say, submissive, and less confrontational."

When her mother had first mentioned that Colt Donahue was running a sex club, she'd looked it up on the Internet. Club Fusion boasted pleasure pits, spanking rooms, dungeons, along with a

nightclub that offered plenty of BDSM and public humiliation. It had certainly piqued her interest when she'd looked at photographs of the amenities. Racks, whips, and ropes hung in abundance from the walls. Now they held a fascination she wasn't quite ready to acknowledge. What would it feel like to let go and put complete trust in someone else? Well, she'd learned over the years never to trust a man. They always let you down.

Trying to quell the fascination she had with his BDSM lifestyle, she retorted angrily, "Being submissive is not my style."

"I can tell." With a hand on her back, he guided her over to his BMW, and without a word, opened the door for her. Within a few minutes he was driving her back to her mother's place. With the silence between them developing, she studied his profile in detail. He had a strong jawline and full lips. His dark hair was cut to taper in at the neckline. Everything about him commanded her attention, from the expensive designer watch he wore to the light smattering of masculine hair on the back of his hands. His long fingers expertly guided the car as they turned into a side street and headed for her mother's house. His featherlight touch on the steering wheel was a sure sign that he was relaxed and at ease with himself.

"Why so angry, Kat?" he asked eventually. "I know it can't be pleasant being snubbed by your own flesh and blood, but surely as you're financially sound, you can at least get on with your own life."

Her hands clenched into fists. Colt had it too easy. Maybe that was why he was so dismissive of her situation. "Things are not what they seem, Colt. The designer clothes and the Jaguar back at the bar are all bought with borrowed money." She looked directly at him. She could see the surprised expression on his face. "I don't have a cent to my name."

A frown creased his forehead. "Then why did your mother leave you penniless?"

She took a deep breath. "I don't really want to explain, but here goes. I've been spinning my mother a yarn for the past seventeen

years. I made out I was doing really well. That I'd achieved a lot in my life.

"Once a month I'd telephone my mother. What I lacked in personal success, I'd more than make up for with exaggeration. A thousand dollars would become ten thousand dollars. A job at Walmart would become a personal assistant to a big hotshot lawyer in the city. A small one-room condo would become a large apartment, complete with a private swimming pool and sauna."

He shook his head. "Why? And why borrow money to come back here after all these years?"

"I wanted to be seen to be doing well. I didn't want to return to Fairfax after seventeen years as a failure."

"So you've got yourself in debt, pretending you're something you're not."

"I know it's ridiculous, but I suffered when I was younger. I felt like an outcast here. I wanted to show them all that Katrina Masters has succeeded in life."

Colt maneuvered the car across an interchange, and then turned back to her. "You're good at one thing, that's for sure."

"What's that?"

"Lying. You lied so well, your mother thought you didn't need the money and left you with nothing."

If Kat hadn't been so tight, she'd have cried. "Yeah, the irony of it all."

Colt nodded. "So how much do you owe?"

"A hundred thousand dollars, plus interest."

He let out a long, slow whistle. "How are you managing the repayments?"

"I'm not. I've already missed the second one."

"Then you should think about selling that car. It's far too powerful for you anyway."

"I can handle it. But I know you're right. It has to go."

Colt parked the car outside her mother's house. "I guess you'll be returning home soon, so I probably won't see you again. Where is home these days?"

"A trailer just outside Pasadena. I haven't got any plans made. Everything I've done recently has centered on mother leaving me an inheritance. Now I've got to figure out what I'm going to do next. Besides, apart from the trailer, there isn't anywhere I can go. Guess I burnt all my bridges when I left Pasadena. I'll find a job somewhere local and rent myself a small place. It's got to be better than where I was living." She held out her hand. "Keys, please. You haven't just taken the keys to the Jag, the house keys are on there, too."

Colt took her keys from his jean pocket. "I can always offer you a job, Kat."

"Doing what?"

"I need someone to run the reception for me at Club Fusion."

She shook her head. "I'm not standing around wearing nothing but a leather thong." Colt's gaze swept over her from head to toe, and she knew he was picturing the imagery in his head. Flippant remarks with a man like Colt could get her into some serious trouble, and she answered irritably, "Besides, I told you I'll never set foot in the place."

He grinned, showing his dimples. "So you did, but that was before I found out you're desperate for money."

"Not that desperate."

"You really have the wrong idea. You should come to my club and take a look for yourself. You've already made up your mind, but you know absolutely nothing about Club Fusion. I promise you, it's not nearly as depraved as you think."

"Thanks, but no thanks." She fiddled with the house keys in her hand. "Colt, thanks for being a nice guy. I know I'm drunk because I don't usually reveal anything about my private life." If she weren't careful, she'd say too much. Working on instinct, she kissed his

cheek, and then slid from the car. She smiled as she walked to the front door.

He lowered the window of his BMW as she moved unsteadily toward the house. "Kat, if you change your mind, you know where to find me. I'm putting an ad in the newspapers at the end of the week. So the position of receptionist won't be available for long, especially as the money is so good."

She shook her head and smiled. "I'm sure it is, but don't hold your breath, cowboy."

* * * *

One week later

Kat concluded that borrowing a hundred thousand dollars was the dumbest thing she'd ever done. Even dumber than going around Fairfax and asking if anyone had a job. To her, the townsfolk seemed to take intense pleasure in telling her there were no vacancies of any description.

As she drove the battered Jeep out of town, she repeated a conversation she'd had with the owner of the grocery store, and she mimicked the woman in the same whiny, nasal voice, "What happened to your Jag, Kat?" She thumped her fist against the steering wheel. "It's gone for good, Mrs. McCreedy. I much prefer to drive this piece of shit."

After trading the Jag in at a local dealer, and losing twenty thousand bucks on what she'd paid for it just a fortnight ago, she'd managed to reduce her debt. Although, the unscrupulous hoods who'd loaned her the money had also added an extra charge of three hundred dollars for the late payment. Now, with the loan sharks breathing down her neck, she'd have to go cap in hand to Colt Donahue for a job. That's if he still had one.

As she steered the beat-up Jeep along his private road, she grimaced and spoke out loud again. "Shit. Guess I'm gonna have to eat some humble pie."

The old ranch house came into view. Built in the Colonial style, it had deep wraparound wooden verandahs. Huge marble pillars guarded the main entrance. Three floors high, the white painted walls stood out amongst the greenery of trees and shrubs. Two large gray dogs unfurled themselves from a swing seat on the porch and trotted out into the yard as she parked. Although they didn't bark, the inquisitive hounds were waiting for her to emerge from the Jeep. Kat took a deep breath. She just hoped humble pie tasted good.

* * * *

Colt smiled to himself as he watched Kat Masters step from the Jeep. He shook his head. There was something about her that piqued his curiosity. Those long legs in tight jeans, and that abundance of thick, jet-black hair that cascaded over her slim shoulders and pretty red blouse, heightened his libido. He wouldn't mind knowing Kat on a more intimate basis, though her temperament was not conducive to his style of lovemaking, to say the least. He'd just finished a six-year relationship with Angie before she'd returned to Australia. Four years of that they had indulged in a dominant, submissive partnership. Kat certainly needed mastering and bringing into line. He laughed. It would take a lifetime to bring a woman like her under control. She was mixed up to the point of being uncontrollable. He guessed she was trying to get her life into some sort of order because the svelte Jaguar she'd once owned had changed into a rundown, beat-up pile of rust. If she'd come about the job, then perhaps he should give her a chance. For the position of receptionist, he needed a woman able to look after herself, and she fit the bill perfectly. He couldn't imagine her taking any crap from his members. As many of them were submissive, he guessed they'd pay extra for something like that.

He went into the reception area and opened the front door. She was just walking up the short flight of steps onto the porch, and he called, "Hi, Kat, good to see you again."

"I might have known you'd look smug, Colt. I've come about the job you mentioned, so if it's gone, let me know and I'll be on my way."

"Easy, Kat." He held up his hands. The woman looked almost on the point of leaving. He'd never known anyone as skittish as her before. "No one's trying to make you feel a fool. The job is still available, so if you want it, you'd better come in."

Her eyes narrowed on him for a moment, and then she stepped over the threshold. "I guess I changed my mind about your club. It's a woman's prerogative to change her mind, right?" She sounded defensive.

"Of course it is. I'm glad to see you took my advice and got rid of the Jag. It was way too powerful for a woman to handle. What's the Jeep like, any good?"

Her lips pouted. "It looks and drives like crap."

He put his arm around her shoulder and guided her toward his office. "Take a seat, Kat. I'll just get a personnel form. Would you like a drink?" He pointed to a dispenser in the corner of the room. "Or perhaps, you'd like something a little stronger. Bourbon?"

"No, I'm fine." She sat in the chair opposite his desk and crossed her legs. She looked nervous as she slowly scanned the interior of his office with her beautiful hazel eyes.

When he placed the relevant form on the desk, he asked, "What are you looking for?"

"Chains, whips, ropes, gimp masks."

He shook his head. She really had the wrong idea about the club. "You won't find any in here."

"Oh?" Her brow creased in puzzlement.

"I'll explain everything when I show you around. What address are you living at now, Kat?" He held a pen ready to fill in the form.

"I'm not. If the job's not available, I was going to leave Fairfax today."

He leaned back in his chair and steeped his hands against his chin. "And go where?"

She shrugged. "Wherever my last dime takes me." When her gaze held his, he knew she was telling the truth. Kat was an enigma. She might be able to fend for herself, but he found her vulnerability intoxicating. How many times had the school of hard knocks visited her?

"I've a spare room," he said, without really thinking about the consequences.

"Under what terms?" she asked cynically.

"What terms would you like?"

"A bedroom with a lock as far away from yours as possible."

He stared at her. It reminded him of negotiating a session with a sub. "Done. Anything else?"

"Access to a kitchen and one day off a week."

"Done. Anything else?"

She shook her head, and he raised a brow. "Perhaps you'd like to know the pay?"

She smiled and he saw her shoulders visibly relax. "It might be a good idea."

By negotiating the living arrangements first, Colt knew exactly where Kat was coming from. He guessed men had used her, time and time again. "I reckon you've had a hard life, Kat, but believe me when I say, I don't take advantage of anyone, least of all a woman down on her luck. For the first month you'll receive two thousand dollars cash, plus your board and lodgings. In three months' time, when you've settled in, and I see how good you are at your job, I'll pay twice that amount. Is that acceptable to you?"

"Yes."

"Then follow me, Kat, it's time to show you around Club Fusion."

Chapter Four

Colt hadn't lied when he'd said the pay was good. The money would certainly help with her debts. He led her through a door marked private. Colt pointed to the sign. "When we're open for business, this door is kept locked at all times. This is the private accommodation. I thought you'd like to see your room first."

"Does anyone else stay overnight?" she asked. It was wise to know what she was letting herself in for.

He turned and looked at her. "No one else, other than Romulus and Remus."

"Who are...?"

He motioned with his thumb over his shoulder. "You've already met them. They're my two wolfhounds."

"Oh." At least they seemed friendly enough.

He led her up a flight of steps. "My room is on this floor, but since you want a room as far away from mine as possible, yours will be on the top floor."

As she followed him, her gaze rested on his cute butt encased in a pair of tight jeans. He sure had a sexy walk. Her eyes drifted to his strong, powerful shoulders, and she licked her lips. To be held in his arms would make her feel so safe and protected. She shook her head. Colt was way out of her league. Besides, he lived a BDSM lifestyle, and that just wouldn't suit her personality. She sighed resignedly. *Just push any fanciful notions from your head, Kat. Men always get you into whole heaps of trouble.*

He guided her up another flight of stairs, and along a narrow corridor. "You can take your pick of the rooms, but this one is the

furthest away from mine.” He showed her into a light, airy attic room. “What do you think?”

Kat took in the pleasant surroundings. The brass bedstead and the patchwork quilt looked homely and inviting. The room had plenty of storage, too. She nodded her approval. “I like it. Where’s the bathroom?”

“I’ll show you.” Colt removed the key from the door and handed it to her. His piercing blue eyes held hers as he placed it in her hand. This close she could see his dark lashes curling down onto his cheeks. Her heart rate increased. Why were all the good-looking guys unobtainable? “Keep this key safe because I don’t have a spare.” Any other man she wouldn’t have believed, and she should apply the same rules to Colt, but for some reason that eluded her, she instinctively knew he spoke the truth. He pointed to the door next to hers along the hallway. “This is your own personal bathroom. It has a shower and bath, in case you’re partial to a long soak.”

When they were back on the ground floor, she guessed he’d show her the business end of the club. Now, she’d be introduced to the fetish lifestyle, whether she wanted to or not. Still, working at Club Fusion was better than going hungry or driving out of Fairfax in a beat-up Jeep, not knowing where she would spend the night.

He opened a door, and she followed him inside. Whatever she’d been expecting, this wasn’t it. The place looked like any upmarket bar in any city in the world. Swish seating of chrome and leather lay scattered between mahogany tables. Surprise must have shown on her face because he laughed out loud.

“This is where couples relax and talk with other like-minded people. This is level one. Genitalia must be covered at all times. This means no sex, no BDSM practices allowed. Believe it or not, this is the most popular part of Club Fusion.”

“I’m quite surprised. It all looks so normal.”

He smiled at her as though she were a small child. “You’ve a lot to learn. I’ll show you through to the next level.” Through a set of

swing doors they entered a large room. By the look of the floor she guessed this must be the nightclub. "This is called Scandals, and it's level two. Light spanking and humiliation are allowed, and guests are permitted to dress as they wish."

He led her through another door, and they entered a dark hallway. Doors led off in every direction. "This is level three. Anything is allowed. Everything, that is, except prostitution." He pulled back a curtain. "This is the pleasure pit." A large room painted deep red and gold was filled with soft furnishings and seating.

"It all looks very innocent," she commented as they walked along the corridor. "But I suppose that's to be expected, when there's no one here."

"Working on reception, you shouldn't really need to come this far into the club. So you probably won't see very much at all."

He opened another door and she recognized it as the dungeon she'd seen on the Internet. Her heart banged in her chest when she caught sight of the manacles and restraining furniture scattered about. "Now this looks like a torture chamber."

"Maybe, that's one point of view, but don't forget, Kat, it's all consensual. Couples get a lot of enjoyment from this type of experience."

"What do you do at Club Fusion, Colt? What's your role?" He hadn't really explained what he did, and she was curious to know more.

"Oh, I just play the Dom role."

"Are you a real Dom?" She'd never met a Dom before. Although Colt was certainly a very attractive man, she wouldn't know he was a Dom if she happened to walk past him the street.

"Yes."

He must have sensed her next question because he said, "I have total control over anything and everything that goes on here at Club Fusion. My word is law. Usually I just oversee the smooth running of the place and see that my guests have everything they require."

However, sometimes if I'm minded, I might spank unruly behavior and bring naughty girls back into line. Some guests have subs and slaves that need extra discipline from the Master, and I'm happy to oblige. But, most of the time I'm just a showman, acting the Dom role."

"Is that all?"

He stopped walking and turned to look at her. "I don't have sex for money, if that's what you're thinking."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to offend you, it's just, well, I've never set foot in a place like this before."

"I much prefer to get to know a woman over a longer period of time. I like to build up trust in a relationship, that way I get more satisfaction. I recently finished with a long-term girlfriend. It just came to a natural conclusion, and then she went back to Australia." He smiled. "So, Kat, would working here fill you with horror?"

"No. I've seen worse in dead-end bars."

"Good." He lifted her chin and she stared into his eyes. All of a sudden she felt like that innocent fourteen-year-old girl Colt had rescued from the bullies at school. "What you have to realize, Kat, is a place like this runs on trust. God knows what you've had to put up with over the years because I can tell just by looking at you that you don't trust anyone in this world, especially men."

Kat closed her eyes and bit her bottom lip. He was so close to the truth, it hurt. She breathed in and dug deep. Very deep. There was no way she'd let him in. She opened her eyes and stared directly at him. Her voice ground out the words. "I manage fine."

He stroked her cheek with his thumb, and then let her go. "This is one of the spanking rooms we have." He opened a door and she peered inside. She could see an assortment of canes, whips, and sex toys used for punishment and reward. She couldn't imagine trusting any man enough to let them spank *her*.

"So." He gently touched her hand. "Would you be happy to work here, Kat?"

“Yes.” Just to be able to settle for a few months would be a welcome change. “When do I start?”

“Tomorrow.”

* * * *

The next day, 8:00 p.m.

Kat made her way down to the reception area, glad for the change of scenery. Her bedroom was quite comfortable, but very restrictive. Staying in her room hour after hour was not an ideal situation, but better than the alternative. A cheap, sleazy motel, would be far, far worse.

Colt was waiting for her, leaning back against the reception desk. He wore a pair of hip-hugging jeans and a white T-shirt that clung to the contours of his broad chest. He looked hot as hell, and her stomach twisted with sexual longing. She had to remind herself that he was just a man. No different from all the other men who'd let her down.

“There you are,” he remarked as she walked up to him. “You don't have to stay in your room all the time, Kat.”

“I didn't want to intrude.”

“The ranch spans a hundred acres. I assure you, you won't be intruding. Anyway, are you comfortable with what's required here?”

“Of course.”

“My guests won't be wearing much. I hope that won't bother you?”

Kat laughed. “I'm not a shrinking violet, Colt. I can handle myself.” She raised a brow as her gaze swept over him. “I had thought you would be wearing a lot less yourself.” Her flippant remark almost made her blush.

“Thought or hoped?” He smiled when she didn’t answer. “I just monitor what’s going on, see that everything is legal and aboveboard. I don’t get involved with the customers.”

“Oh?”

“No, as I said, I like to get to know someone first.” Colt glanced at his watch. “The first of our guests should be arriving soon. If you need me during the evening, I’ll be around making sure everything is running smoothly.”

Two hours into her shift, Kat realized she was enjoying herself. The guests were friendly, and the time slipped by quickly as she took their coats and answered any questions they had. When a prospective new club member telephoned with a query she couldn’t answer, she went in search of Colt.

The heady beat of the music drifted through the club as she went first to the bar and then the nightclub. Everyone looked happy, the occasional laughter bursting through. Colt had been right. The bar was the most popular area, where groups of people congregated, apparently deep in conversation. Surely they couldn’t all be talking about sex? He wasn’t in either place, so she took a deep breath and pushed open the door to level three.

All sorts of moans and groans came from every direction. She peered in the pleasure pit, guessing he wouldn’t be there, but looking all the same. It was very dark. All she could see was group of naked writhing bodies joined together. Her attention was drawn to a door opening behind her and as a man wearing just a pair of leather shorts stepped out, she could see into the dimly lit punishment room. A woman lay over a soft bench, having her bare butt spanked. By the sound of the moans coming from her, she was enjoying it, too. She knew she shouldn’t stare, but she couldn’t help herself.

“Kat, I didn’t take you for a voyeur.” Colt’s sudden appearance at her side made her spin around to face him. Startled, she held a hand to her mouth.

“I was looking for you.”

“I was behind the bar.”

“Sorry, I didn’t see you. There’s a telephone call for you.”

The woman being spanked became more vocal, and Kat motioned with her thumb over her shoulder. “I can’t believe she’s enjoying it.”

Colt smiled. “You’d be surprised, Kat. I’ve spanked women to orgasm before now.”

Kat just stared at him. For a woman who’d always had unsatisfactory sex, the idea that she could be spanked to climax seemed far-fetched. “Colt, your ego must be huge. It’s impossible to spank a woman to orgasm.”

He leaned down and whispered in her ear. “Believe me, honey, I could have you begging for sexual release without any problem whatsoever.”

The idea of Colt administering a spanking on her bare butt made her pussy go wet. Then reality struck home. Colt was just teasing her. With her hands on his chest, she playfully pushed him away. “Well, thankfully you’ll never get the opportunity to try it, Mr. Overblown Ego.”

As she walked away, she could hear him laughing. “Maybe not, but I know the idea turns you on.”

Chapter Five

One week later

“I’ve finished tidying the reception area. Is there anything else I can do, Colt?” Kat asked as she walked into the bar.

He smiled. She’d been working at Club Fusion for a week now, but she still appeared wary.

Colt handed her a cloth. “Here, help me dry these glasses, and then place them on the shelf ready for tonight.”

Her shoulders were stiff as she picked up a glass. Unable to resist, he asked, “Are you happy working here, Kat?”

“Yes.”

Colt withdrew a tray of steaming glasses from the machine and placed them on the drainer. “Are you sure?”

“Yes, why do you ask?”

He shrugged. “You just seem to be holding back, that’s all. I did tell you you’re more than welcome to use the facilities at the club, but so far I’ve barely seen you.”

Kat picked up another glass, and began to dry it. “I don’t mind my own company. I’m used to it.”

However much he tried to cajole Kat into conversation, she refused to open up to him.

There was something about her that aroused his senses. Yes, she was independent, strong-willed, and well able to look after herself, but she was clearly vulnerable, too. His inner self, the part that made him a Dom, wanted to tap that vulnerability. He wanted to dominate her, and bend her to his will. He figured a woman like Kat wouldn’t

be easily mastered, but that would give him even greater satisfaction when he finally tamed her. Ah, yes, taming Kat Masters would prove the perfect aphrodisiac.

He guessed she was gripping the glass too tightly, because it broke in her hand cutting her badly. Immediately, she ran her cut finger under the tap. Her blood colored the water red. "How stupid of me."

"Here let me see."

"No, I'm fine."

"For god's sakes, woman, stop being so independent." Disregarding her answer, he took hold of her hand and looked at the cut. It wasn't too deep. He dried the wound with a piece of tissue, and then found a plaster. "You'll live," he said.

"Thank you."

Her gaze connected with his. She was so close he could smell her perfume and feel the heat from her body. He noticed her pupils dilate as she looked at him. Fuck, he wanted to kiss her.

She must have sensed his next move because she stepped away, saying, "I must get on with my work." He smiled to himself as she picked up the cloth and began drying the glasses once more.

Was it fear or desire he'd seen in her hazel eyes? Maybe it was both. If that were the case, then he may have found the perfect woman.

* * * *

One month later

Colt strolled through the reception with the last of his guests. "Now, y'all come back soon. Don't be strangers."

"We sure will, Colt. We've had a great time as always," his guests replied.

He waited until the couple had reached their car before closing the doors and locking up. After rubbing a hand over his face, he glanced at his watch. It was just coming up to five in the morning, and the sun had started to appear over the horizon.

Colt turned and studied Kat as she tidied the reception area. She wore a low-cut black blouse and simple skirt. He smiled, noticing that each time she'd wear something a little sexier. By leaving her to dress as she pleased, he found she naturally erred toward more revealing clothes. If she carried on this way, she'd soon be wearing practically nothing. It pleased him that she fit in so well. The clients liked her, too. First, because she was pleasing on the eye, and secondly, because she was very professional at her job.

"Leave that, Kat. It's Sunday morning. We've got plenty of time to tidy up. Come, have a nightcap in the bar. I think we deserve one." Kat had kept to herself for the last month, but the past few days he'd encouraged her to stay for a drink after hours. For that half-hour before he went to bed, he liked to wind down. Talking with Kat made a welcome change to drinking on his own.

They made their way into the bar. Luke and Abbey were just finishing up. When they sat at the bar, Luke handed him the keys. "The money's in the safe, Colt."

"You and Abbey going to have a nightcap?"

Luke shook his head. "Thanks, but we have a cab waiting outside. We're gonna get off now."

Colt nodded. "Sure. Thanks for all your hard work. We'll see you both on Thursday."

"You bet. I'll lock the door on my way out."

Colt knew the wages he paid more than made up for the unsociable hours. That was something he'd learned from his father. You pay the going rate, plus ten percent, and you get loyalty and allegiance. You pay the going rate, minus ten percent, and you get despondency and laziness.

When they were finally left alone, Colt leaned across the bar and grabbed a bottle of bourbon and two glasses. "I don't know about you," he said as he poured the liquor, "but I really enjoy this part of the day."

Kat smiled. "Me, too."

Colt couldn't help but let his gaze wander down to the revealing neckline of her low-cut blouse. Her cleavage rose and fell with her breathing, defining the womanly swell of her breasts as they thrust upwards into incredible soft mounds. How he would love to slowly drift his tongue across the soft flesh until she moaned in ecstasy.

He raised his gaze to hers. Her eyes looked sad as she sipped at her bourbon. "What are you thinking?" he asked.

"This is the first year that I haven't been wished happy birthday."

"What, today?"

"No, yesterday, last night."

"Why didn't you say? I'd have given you the night off."

"Not much point celebrating my thirty-fifth birthday on my own, Colt. It wouldn't be much of a party. Besides, it's just another year without achievement."

"Right, if you're not gonna celebrate your birthday then I'll have to do it for you." Colt actually felt guilty, he guessed if he'd looked at her personnel file he'd have known in advance. "Tomorrow, I'm taking you out to the finest restaurant in Fairfax, no expense spared. It's my way of making amends for missing your birthday."

Kat giggled. It was the first time he'd known her so relaxed. "I didn't say it to get special treatment, Colt."

"I know." He raised his glass. "Happy belated birthday, Kat."

Their glasses touched. "Thank you." She had a wistful look in her eyes.

"Do I get a birthday kiss, Kat? I've been wanting to kiss you since you started working at Club Fusion." Colt knew he was taking a chance, but the opportunity was too good to miss.

Her lashes briefly fluttered closed, and she licked her lips. "I'd like that, Colt. I'd like that more than anything."

He leaned forward and wove his hand into her hair, circling the nape of her neck with his fingers. Her long, silky locks tumbled across his bare arm. He hadn't been this close and intimate with a woman since Angie had left, and that was four months ago. He stared into her eyes as he brushed his lips across hers. When she didn't pull away or resist, he deepened the kiss, reveling in the softness of her mouth against his and her sweet feminine scent. A moan escaped her lips as she responded to his touch and teased her fingers into his hair. Their tongues touched as she tentatively allowed him to explore her mouth.

The telephone began to ring behind the bar, and he could feel her start to withdraw. "Leave it," he whispered close to her ear.

"No, I can't, it could be important."

He released his hold and watched her walk around the bar and take the call. He knew it was an excuse. Kat was certainly wary of starting a relationship with him. During the week, he barely saw her. Had she been deliberately keeping her distance?

When she replaced the receiver and began to walk from the bar, he called after her, "What is it?"

"One of the guests has lost a diamond ring. They think it's in the dungeon. I'll just see if I can find it."

"Kat, leave it until tomorrow."

"It'll only take a moment to look, Colt," she said as she disappeared through the doorway.

Colt swallowed the rest of his bourbon and put the empty glass back on the bar. My God, she was an infuriating woman. Kat Masters had to know that he always finished what he started.

Chapter Six

To Kat, the dungeon had never looked so appealing. She closed the heavy reinforced door behind her and leaned back against the wall. Her legs still trembled from the effects of Colt's wonderful kiss. She just knew he would make a great lover, too. She put a hand to her chest and breathed deeply, trying to regain her composure. Anyone would think she was a schoolgirl and not a mature woman of thirty-five.

Once she'd caught her breath, she scoured the floor for the missing ring, anything to keep her mind from Colt Donahue.

When she heard the dungeon door open behind her, she continued the search. She felt frightened to meet his gaze. The man was a Dom. What exactly did he want from her? She had nothing to offer him.

"I said leave it, Kat."

Unable to acknowledge his presence, she moved to the other side of the room.

A quick glance in his direction rooted her to the spot. She saw a look of pure sexual intent on his face. She knew he wanted to kiss her again. With no escape, she leaned back against the cool wall of the dungeon and awaited her fate.

Her breasts heaved with excitement at the sheer intensity she saw in his gaze. He took her hands in his. "You don't make this easy, Kat." Colt lifted her arms above her head. A gasp left her lips when a set of manacles was secured to her wrists.

"You bastard, Colt, no." Why say no when her whole body yearned for his touch?

“You’ve forced me to take action, Kat. I just want to kiss you. This way I’m making sure you stay put.” Completely at his mercy, she craved his kiss like no other.

His fingers stroked slowly down her bare arms, sending ripples of desire pulsing through her body. She knew her pussy was wet. One hand gripped her waist, and the other caressed her cheek as he lowered his mouth to hers. A smile spread on his lips as he stared into her eyes. This time, his kiss deepened straightaway, and his tongue dueled with hers.

Her fingers tensed as his hand moved to cup her breasts. The contact of his skin on her sensitive flesh sent a shock wave flooding through her body and made her moan her appreciation. He broke the kiss and trailed tiny caresses down her neck. “Tell me to stop, and I will,” he said against her exposed cleavage. His tongue snaked out to taste her, and she arched her body in response, pulling hard on the steel manacles securing her wrists to the wall. They only heightened her sense of losing control, making unknown pleasure pulse through her veins. God help her, she didn’t want him to stop. “Colt,” she whispered.

Immediately his lips sought hers, controlling her, dominating her, making her yield to his will. He roughly hitched her dress to her thighs and slipped a finger inside her panties. When he spread her legs wide with his own and touched her aching clitoris, she bucked with the contact.

“Oh, honey, that’s so rewarding. Your pussy is really wet.”

Fighting for breath, she stared into his eyes. “I’m not your type, Colt. I won’t buckle under.”

“Kat, honey, you might not know who you really are, but I do, I can see it in your eyes. You want me to take control of your life. You want to yield to me. You want to feel safe and protected.”

“You’ve the wrong woman. It’ll never happen.” Sadness enveloped her. Kat had never felt safe and protected in her life. Why would Colt be any different? He was a man just like all the rest.

“You just need to trust.” He stroked her face with his hand, brushing the hair from her eyes. His strong physique towered over her, yet he was so gentle with her. His other hand clasped the burgeoning nub of her clit, squeezing it between his thumb and forefinger. Kat bit onto her bottom lip, trying to quell the whimpers of pleasure that wanted to erupt from her lips. He kissed her mouth, caressing her slowly as he stared into her eyes. “You’ve never trusted any man, have you, Kat?”

“No, they always let you down.” Her whole body arched as a finger slipped inside her soaking wet channel. “Oh, Colt.” She closed her eyes, savoring everything about him. His touch, his smell, his unique presence.

“Look at me.” She opened her eyes and looked directly at him. “I can give you what you really want. What you need.”

“You can’t, no man can. I’m a lost cause.”

He caressed her clit again, pleasuring it between his fingers. “You need this. You need me.”

She gasped. “I’ve never needed any man. I’m fine on my own.”

His lips covered hers as his fingers invaded her sex. He slid them deep inside her cunt, over and over until moans of pleasure tore from her lips.

“I can make you come like never before,” he assured her.

“I don’t come. I can’t come. I’m frigid.” The words felt like grit in her mouth as she spat each one out. It had always saddened her that she’d never been able to achieve orgasm. When she’d had sex before, only on the rare occasion had it been pleasurable, but she’d never been able to climax with a man. Perhaps orgasms were the ultimate myth. She looked up into Colt’s eyes. “I told you I was a lost cause.”

“Kat, you’ve been mixing with the wrong men. Just trust me.”

“No.”

“Then tell me to stop. Tell me you’re not turned on.”

“No.”

Their eyes connected, and she saw the knowing smile that briefly touched his lips. He was right. Her heart beat to a rhythm she'd never known before. Colt intoxicated her. He overwhelmed her with his presence.

He roughly pulled at her blouse. The buttons pinged and popped as the lacy material ripped noisily apart. When her breasts bounced free, he massaged them with his fingers, enjoying their weight in his hands. He took a nipple into his mouth, licking the tender peak with his tongue. "Some women are made to be fucked really slowly, Kat, and you're one of them. Trust me, I know exactly what you need."

"I don't trust any man," she whispered.

Slowly, Colt sunk to his knees in front of her. He unzipped her skirt, slipping it down her legs, and then tore the panties from her trembling body. Virtually naked in front of him, she whimpered. "Colt." She could see her breasts heaving with excitement in the subdued lighting of the dungeon. All around her the instruments of restraint hung from the walls. Her wrists pulled against the manacles as he lifted her legs.

Using his weight, he pressed her back against the wall, spreading her legs wider with his broad shoulders until they rested on his forearms. Open to his darkest desires, he stared at her neatly trimmed pussy.

"Beautiful, just beautiful. I'm going to fuck you until you can't stop coming." As soon as he finished speaking, he lashed his tongue over her aching clit. The sensation caused her to moan out loud. Her whole body went rigid when he did it again.

"Fucking hell, Colt, that feels so good."

He speared his tongue deep inside her vagina then sucked on her clitoris again until she whimpered his name with need. "Colt." His teeth gnawed at the sensitive flesh, and she whispered, "Colt, please." No man had ever done that before. His skillful tongue lapped her entire slit, over and over until she felt delirious with enjoyment.

A tightening sensation began to spread at her core. Her stomach twisted until a feeling of desperation filled her thoughts. She'd never begged a man in her life, and she had no intention of begging now. Instead she just murmured, "Colt..."

Kat could barely breathe as he slowly drifted his tongue up to her belly. His lips kissed her quivering flesh. When he let her legs down onto the floor, they felt like jelly. He caressed his tongue up her torso and circled her nipples before drawing the prominent peaks slowly into his mouth. Her whole body arched as he sucked on the hardened nubs, and her wrists pulled helplessly against the restraints, heightening her arousal.

When Colt removed his T-shirt, her gaze feasted on his broad shoulders and finely honed chest muscles. They bunched and flexed as he pulled down his jeans and cast them aside. His cock stood to attention against his perfectly toned washboard stomach. He held the huge shaft in his hand, gently stroking it, pulling his foreskin back to reveal its glistening head.

"Are you ready for the fucking of a lifetime?"

Kat licked her lips as she studied the huge purple crown and bead of pre-cum on the tip. Her fingers flexed. "Let me go, Colt. I want to touch you."

He smiled as he opened a foil pack with his teeth and began slowly rolling a condom down his magnificent, erect penis. "Kat, you should know by now that I make all the rules. You do what I tell you to do, and what you need is a good hard fucking up against this wall. I can see it's long overdue." His voice was deep and sexually charged.

He cupped her chin and rubbed his thumb across her parched lips. His eyes held hers. "Now, I'm gonna spread you wide open. You need breaking in to my way of thinking." Her pulse rate increased at the sheer intensity in his gaze. Colt raised her one leg, and then slid his hand underneath to cup her buttock. He did the same with the other leg, physically lifting her from the floor until her thighs were hooked over his forearms. The contact with his warm skin sent her senses into

overdrive. Kat could feel his hard cock press deliciously against her pussy. Spread-eagled with her arms chained above her head, she had never felt more like a sexual woman.

“Colt,” she murmured breathlessly as he invaded her just an inch. She squirmed, needing more, much more.

Her whole body arched, and her head tipped back as he slowly slid inside her. He was so huge every nerve ending pulsed around him as he pressed her harder against the wall. He ground his hips against hers over and over, pumping his shaft deep inside her. His strength and vigor overwhelmed her. His masculine scent intoxicated her.

Like a piston, he drove inside her, rocking his hips back and forth until she screamed with pleasure. “Colt.”

“This is what I’ve been wanting to do since the first time I saw you. Fill your cunt with my rock hard cock. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Colt.”

He pumped harder still. “Who’s in charge?”

“You are.”

“Say it again.”

“You are, Colt.”

A delicious wanton feeling built inside her, and she arched her back into his deep penetrating strokes. He lowered his head and circled her nipple with his tongue, drawing the peak into his mouth, nipping at it with his teeth.

She watched his stomach muscles flex as he continued to pump his thick shaft deep inside her. Her womb seemed to pulsate and quiver, and she felt her pussy clamp down on his cock. Every nerve ending appeared supercharged as ripples of pleasure began to radiate around her body.

Colt slowed the pace, working his prick in long penetrating strokes. He stared into her eyes. Suddenly, her whole body went into a delicious spasm that twisted deep inside her pussy. “This can’t be happening.”

“It is, just go with it.”

“I can’t.”

“You can, and you will. Understand.”

Kat gasped as another ripple pulsated through her. Then it happened, one spasm after another flooded her body. She cried out, “Oh, my God, Colt.” Her breasts heaved as her stomach undulated with the most wonderful, intense pleasure imaginable.

Colt made two bold inward strokes, and his face fractured with his own release. All her emotions suddenly surfaced. The feeling of sexual failure, as far back as she could remember, lifted from her shoulders. She wanted to thank him, and hold him in her arms. Tears flowed unchecked down her cheeks at the monumental change in her life.

Kat Masters wasn’t frigid, after all.

Chapter Seven

Colt lifted Kat into his arms. He stroked her head against his shoulder. "It's okay, Kat," he soothed as he unclasped the manacles from her wrists. Her first orgasm had ensured her submission. Though instinctively he knew it would take a lot more than that to bring Kat Masters fully under control. The woman had a wild streak that might never be broken.

As he sat down, he nestled her against his chest. Tears ran down her cheeks and dripped onto his bare flesh. He kissed her forehead and whispered, "Shh, you're supposed to be happy."

"I am," she sniffled, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand.

"You could have fooled me."

She looked up with tear-stained eyes, and his heart melted. He'd only known her a short while, but already he could tell that if he gained her complete trust, and unconditional surrender, then he might just have found the perfect woman. Although, he realized if he was to win her trust, he would have to take things really slowly.

"Thank you, Colt. I guess I was a little overwhelmed by my first orgasm. I've always thought there was something physically wrong with me."

"No, you just needed to make an emotional connection with the right man first."

"I've had my share of lovers, so why didn't it happen before?"

"Like I said, you need an emotional connection." He raised her chin with his fingers and kissed her lips. "By controlling you, I heightened your arousal. Some women need the extra stimulation, visual, verbal, and physical. I guess you're one of them, Kat."

“Does this mean I’m your sub?”

Colt smiled into her eyes. “Girlfriend, yes, but as for sub, I don’t think you really know what that means.”

Her lips pouted petulantly. “You had me chained to the wall. If that’s not submissive, I don’t know what is.” Kat’s feistiness had already returned.

“A Ds lifestyle encompasses the entire range of BDSM practices. I think you’ll find I only used bondage. Domination was barely touched upon, and as for sadomasochism, forget it.”

“Oh, I guess you mean spanking and humiliation.”

“Kat.” He cupped her chin and forced her to look at him. “I think you need to do some serious reading on this matter, because spanking is just a light form of control. There are other far more pleasing methods of, shall we say, reaching a lover’s limits.”

Her brows drew together in puzzlement. “What exactly do you get out of it, Colt?”

He took a deep breath. He’d tell it how it is, no holds barred. “It makes me feel incredibly powerful to have complete control over a woman. And I mean complete control, Kat. When a woman trusts me enough with the pain and pleasure that they feel, that turns me on more than anything.” The immense enjoyment he experienced when they pleaded for release was simply immeasurable.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t feel able to trust anyone that much.” She touched his cheek and he turned and caressed her palm with his lips.

“Always be true to yourself. I wouldn’t want you to do anything you’re not happy with.”

“If you like extreme lovemaking, won’t it bore you being with me?”

He held her close in his arms and kissed her hair. “I like you, Kat, and I really enjoyed the sex we’ve just had. A Ds relationship is built on trust. It doesn’t happen overnight. It develops over time. Now I want you to tell me all about yourself.”

“Why?”

"I want to know everything."

She shook her head. "I'm quite a private person, Colt. Talking about myself doesn't come easy." She raised her arms above her head and yawned. "It's gone five in the morning, and I need to get some sleep." He knew Kat was being evasive. In order to gain her compliance, he had to know everything about her.

"Very well." He stroked his hand into her beautiful dark glossy hair. "You're gonna stay in my bed from now on. Understand. All you have to do is tell me something new about yourself, every night, just before you go to sleep, that's all I ask."

"I wouldn't know where to start."

"You can start at the beginning when you first left Fairfax."

* * * *

Kat felt a serene calmness as Colt carried her up the short flight of stairs. It was strange she felt so calm, considering he wanted to know everything about her, things she'd never told anyone before.

She giggled when he pushed open the door to the bedroom with his foot. The whole room was painted an opulent red and bordered on being gothic, with large, ornate mirrors and fine white drapes on the windows. "I might have known you'd have some handcuffs." Two sets hung from his big cast-iron bedstead. When he set her down on the bed, she pointed at the walls. "I guess Angie, your ex, had something to do with the decoration."

He smiled and tossed the handcuffs into the bedside drawer. "Amongst other things. How did you know?"

"A hunch. Downstairs is very tasteful, but this is terrible."

He laughed. "Did you just insult my ex-girlfriend?"

"Yes. If you want me to stay here, I'm going to redecorate."

"Not to your taste?"

"No." She guessed it was okay, but she just didn't want to feel his ex-girlfriend had any roots left here. The idea of lying in a room that

Angie had created just didn't do it for her. Kat figured that she was really jealous of his ex.

He pulled back the covers and slid inside the bed. "Come on in. We'll talk about that in the morning."

Kat settled in the bed, and he put his arm around her, drawing her against his naked flesh. He felt so warm as his whole body spooned against her back. She closed her eyes and breathed in. "Oh, Colt, your powers of recovery are remarkable. I can feel it pressed between my ass cheeks."

"You bet, honey." He leaned across her and switched off the bedside lamp, sending the room into total darkness. It made her doubly aware of him. "So, you left Fairfax when you were eighteen. Still just a girl, really."

"That's right. I think I had about a hundred dollars to my name. I'd been saving for years, doing small jobs around the neighborhood. To finally be able to leave the place that had caused so much distress felt like bliss. Fairfax is a godforsaken hole."

"Go on," he urged.

"I took the Greyhound to Pasadena. I figured it was as good a place as any to start afresh. Things started to look up when I found a job at the local Walmart store. It didn't matter to me what job I did, just so long as I could support myself. I managed for six months on my own, and then I met Bobby." Kat could feel her whole body stiffen just mentioning his name. She guessed Colt could feel it, too, because he began stroking her arm with light caresses of his fingers.

He kissed her cheek. "What did Bobby do?"

"He was an assistant manager at the store. I was just gaining in confidence." She breathed in. "With the money I was earning I was able to buy some neat clothes, and I managed to get my nails and hair done. I was flattered when Bobby took an interest. He was really good-looking. Bobby was twenty-one and had gorgeous green eyes. He seemed so worldly compared to me. I'd always been the geeky girl at school. You know, the one with bad hair, unfashionable clothes,

and thick glasses. The other girls considered me an oddball. No boy ever invited me to the senior prom.” Her voice cracked. She didn’t want to remember anymore. “Can’t I leave the rest until tomorrow, Colt? I’m tired out.”

He held her tighter in his arms. “I’m sure if you tell me, you’ll feel better.”

“I don’t think so, but here goes. I was a virgin when I met Bobby. I didn’t know what to expect. One evening he invited me back to his place. Bobby liked to play rough. I guess he didn’t like it when I changed my mind and wanted to leave. He sort of calmed down after that and suggested I have one more drink before he drove me home. The next thing I knew, I woke up. It was seven in the morning, and my clothes were all disheveled.”

Colt exhaled a long slow breath. “He raped you?”

“I don’t know for sure. I didn’t go to the cops. I knew I’d lost my virginity, but I couldn’t remember anything about it.”

“Rohypnol, the date rape drug?”

“Looking back, yes, I think it was that, but I was only eighteen and didn’t know about such things then.” Kat remembered the utter feeling of loneliness that had descended on her afterward. “I left the store soon after the incident. I couldn’t stand working with him.”

“Why didn’t you come back home to Fairfax?”

“Things became complicated.”

Colt stroked a hand down her arm, and she turned into his embrace. Although her eyes were open, she could only just make out the outline of his shape in the darkness. Even though she couldn’t see him, she took great comfort from his nearness. He made her feel far safer than she’d ever felt before. “How complicated?” he asked eventually when the silence between them drifted into minutes.

The idea of continuing the conversation into the early hours of the morning just didn’t appeal to Kat. Her whole body felt stiff and not relaxed. Some things were best left unsaid. “I’ve kept to my side of the bargain, Colt. I don’t want to say anymore.”

“Okay, baby,” he whispered close to her ear. His hot breath fanned against her neck as he spoke. “I’ll hold you tonight. I’ll keep you safe.”

Kat closed her eyes and held her breath. She didn’t want to become emotional. She turned on her side and bit her bottom lip, holding everything in check. The past threatened to break through her defenses. The dam of indifference she’d placed in her heart almost crumbled. In silent determination, she clenched her fists into tight balls. Her self-control hardened as a tear slid down her cheek and fell onto the pillow. Just because Colt had been nice to her, it didn’t mean she had to reveal all. Some things were best left unexplored. That way they couldn’t hurt you.

Colt’s strong arms wrapped around her and she melted back against his torso. “I’ll look after you, Kat. Nothing can harm you now.”

She breathed in. If only she could trust him enough to believe that. Life would be so simple.

Chapter Eight

Colt stared at the enigma that was Kat Masters. Her dark lashes curled down onto her cheeks, and her full, cherry-red lips were slightly parted. In sleep she looked so beautiful and calm. Yet, he knew from some of the things that she'd told him in the early hours of the morning that her apparent serenity was just a mask. It looked like she'd had a traumatic early life. He knew she'd gone to sleep barely holding back her tears. He figured Kat was damaged goods. A woman like her might never be able to trust him. Deep down, he guessed she thought all men were bastards.

Colt stroked a hand through her silky black locks that spilled across the pillow. They felt so soft and feminine against his flesh. He wanted to know everything about Kat, down to the smallest detail. If it were the last thing he did, he'd make sure he'd win her trust. How, he didn't know, but he was determined to succeed.

He leaned forward and kissed her lips, then smiled as her eyes immediately flew wide open. Two beautiful hazel orbs stared right back at him. He could see the flecks of gold and green around the irises. "Hi, sleepyhead. I would have said good morning, but it's way past noon."

"Oh, what time is it?" Kat made to sit up, but he stopped her with a hand on her shoulder.

"There's no need to get up, we've only had a few hours sleep. Why don't you roll this way, I've something here that just won't quit." He pulled the covers back and then smoothed a condom down his erect shaft.

"My God, Colt, have you been hard all night?"

“You bet. I couldn’t help thinking of all the things I’m going to do to you in the coming weeks and months. It made sleeping almost impossible.” He grabbed her wrist, and she giggled as he lifted her onto his torso until she straddled him. “There’s no time to lose. I want to see you enjoy yourself. So come on, baby, this is all for you.”

He loved the look of happiness that spread on her face. For the time being, their lovemaking would be all about her gaining in confidence.

Her slim fingers lightly smoothed across his chest as she positioned herself over him. He gazed at her as she slid down the entire length of his erect penis. A raw, sexy moan escaped her lips as he filled her completely. When she bit on her bottom lip, he started rocking his hips, spearing his cock deep inside her, over and over again. If there was one thing in particular Colt prided himself on, it was his self-control. He had such stamina and sexual prowess that he could work his cock inside a woman for hours at a time without spilling his seed. He knew she’d have no problems climaxing. Any preconceived notions she still had about sex would now be blown away.

“What are you smiling at, Colt?”

“I was just thinking how very beautiful you look.” He raised his knees until his muscular thighs came into contact with her flawless back. “Lean back, I’ve got you.”

Kat complied. She stared into his eyes as he slowly lowered his knees halfway. Her whole body arched, her weight resting on her elbows. Now the angle of penetration would astound her. He glanced down, watching his own body where it joined so intimately with hers. The hairs on his chest and a slight shimmer of sweat caught in the light coming from the window. His cock glistened with her feminine juices as he thrust repeatedly inside her. Thanks to her new, reclined position, he could see the underside of her large breasts and the rose-pink nipples, now peaked and thrusting upward with her growing

arousal. He rocked his hips into hers, enjoying the soft mewls that fell from her parted lips as he impaled her with his cock.

Her pussy clamped around his shaft as he slid repeatedly inside her. “Don’t stop, Colt,” she breathlessly whispered.

“You bet, baby.” He thrust inside her, lifting his hips to hers.

“Oh...” Her lips parted, and she moaned with pure pleasure as he thrust again. Her breasts heaved with her increased breathing. Her hands fisted into tight balls and she licked her lips. He knew she was close. She dug her nails into the duvet and grasped it firmly in her fingers. “Colt, it’s...” Her words trailed away as she climaxed in whimpers of delight. The muscles of her stomach undulated with her intense enjoyment. He could feel her pussy tighten repeatedly around his hard cock until she collapsed breathless back against his legs.

“That was amazing, Colt,” she eventually said as she gasped for air.

With no time to lose, he urged, “Roll onto your knees.” She did as he ordered, kneeling in front of him. He rubbed his hands over the delicious swell of her butt that rose before him. Smoothing his palms over the two peachy globes until he rubbed his fingers into the creamy cleft. To judge her reaction, he pressed a finger to her cute puckered hole. She tensed immediately. He guessed she’d never been touched there before. “Have you ever had a man make love to your ass?”

She shook her head. “No,” she answered meekly. “I don’t think it would be that pleasant.”

“If you’re with the right man, it can be a very pleasurable experience, Kat.”

“I’m not sure I can believe that.”

“Not today, but one day soon I’ll introduce you to it. In the meantime I think you’ll like this.” He guided his erect cock to her juicy pussy and entered her slowly from behind. Due to her recent orgasm, she was even tighter around his dick. That was one good reason for pleasuring a woman first.

He grabbed her hips and began pumping inside her again. Each thrust, each delicious lunge elicited a moan of pleasure from her lips.

He stroked her clit using his fingers to caress her sensitive nub. He worked his cock inside her from base to tip, rubbing the entire length over the sweet spot inside her.

“Colt, oh...” She pressed her head to the mattress and grasped the duvet, twisting it in her fingers until the knuckles bared white. Moans of ecstasy tore from her lips as she climaxed again. “What’s happening to me?”

“I’ve found your G-spot.”

* * * *

Kat enjoyed a long soak in the bath. As she luxuriated in the warm, soapy water, she thought of Colt. It had been a new experience for her making love first thing in the morning. In the past it had been totally unsatisfactory and had taken place in an atmosphere of alcohol-induced bravado. It had been easy to kid herself she’d been having fun until the next day when the liquor had worn off. Sex had always been uninspired and left her feeling shortchanged. With Colt, it was totally different. Her whole body tingled with newfound energy. In total, she’d climaxed five times, one after the other. She smiled. Kat Masters had multiple orgasms. How cool was that?

When Colt entered the bathroom, she couldn’t stop staring at him. Just what was it that made him so different from the other men she’d known? Wearing blue jeans and a white T-shirt, he certainly displayed a presence that commanded her complete attention. His strong physique and handsome face just proved too irresistible to ignore. His sparkling blue eyes held hers as he smiled at her.

He kneeled down at the side of the bath and took the sponge from her hands and began lathering on some soap. “I’ll wash your back,” he said as he lifted her hair away from her neck. The warm water cascaded over her tired muscles as he smoothed the sponge across her

aching shoulders and down her spine. When he began rinsing, he spoke.

"I know I said I'd take you for a meal for your belated birthday, but I thought we'd go for a horseback ride this afternoon instead. There's plenty to explore around the ranch. Perhaps, we can take a picnic with us. The trouble with working into the early hours of the morning, it puts you out of sync with everything."

"Mmm, I'd much prefer that anyway." The idea of going to a stuffy restaurant didn't appeal to Kat. She'd seen Colt ride out most days on his horse, and to actually be invited along filled her with joy.

"Good." He kissed her shoulder and handed back the sponge. "I'll be ready to leave in a half hour. Will that give you enough time to soothe your aching flesh?"

"Yes." She guessed he was already thinking about their next lovemaking session. He leaned forward and kissed her.

"You sure have a satisfied look on your face," he murmured close to her lips.

"I feel satisfied." Kat had never felt so contented.

"It's good to see." He stood and began walking from the bathroom.

"Colt."

"Yes?" He opened the door before resting easily against the doorframe. He looked intently at her.

"Thank you for being so understanding."

"You're welcome, baby. Half an hour, remember, or I might start changing my ways. I know what you women are like with long baths."

"Don't worry, I'll be there." She knew nothing would keep her away from him for long.

When she arrived downstairs, dressed in jeans and a red blouse, he'd already saddled up two horses. They waited, tethered to the verandah outside, their tails swishing impatiently. He placed a hat onto her head as she came out onto the porch decking. "The sun's

mighty fierce about now.” His two large dogs raised their heads, idly watching what was going on before settling back into sleep again.

He put his arm around her shoulder and guided her over to the smallest horse. “This is Midnight. She used to belong to my mother. She’s getting on a bit, so she won’t give you any trouble.” Kat almost fancied she saw a look of sadness drift into Colt’s eyes. She knew his parents had died in a car crash a few years ago. She, of all people, knew some emotions could never be healed.

Kat smoothed her hand down the graying, velvet muzzle. The old horse seemed to approve because she nodded her head and snorted several times. “I like you, too, Midnight,” she said, moving to the side to get a handhold on the saddle.

“Here.” Colt held out his hand, and she raised her knee. Immediately she was whisked into the air to sit astride the old black mare.

Colt placed a black cowboy hat on his head and flashed her a grin before effortlessly mounting his horse. He whistled, and the two Irish wolfhounds rose and stretched their legs. “Come on, you lazy good for nothing hounds. You can come for a ride, too. You’re getting idle in your old age.”

Kat giggled as the dogs slowly padded out onto the parched dry earth of the yard. “I think you’ve upset them.”

“Not for long. They love to run alongside the horses.” A quick flick of the reins saw them on their way down a track and onto the hundred acres of land that made up his ranch. After a while he turned and asked, “Would you like to up the pace?”

There was nothing she’d enjoy more, and she urged her horse to go faster. Soon they were galloping along the dusty, winding track. The wolfhounds kept up as their loping gait quickened. Kat knew her face held a smile. The sound of pounding hooves sent the blood racing through her veins. Coming back to Fairfax had been the best thing she’d ever done. Colt moved ahead, his long, lean physique at one with his horse. He’d never looked more at ease with himself. Her

heart was beginning to open up to him. If he kept chipping away at her armor, she knew she'd fall for him in a big way. The only worry on the horizon was his preference for a BDSM lifestyle. She guessed she'd do as he suggested and read more about it. That way there could be no misunderstanding.

Chapter Nine

Stretched out on the picnic blanket with a hat protecting his face, the warmth of the sun beat relentlessly down onto Colt's body. Surely this was perfect? A warm wind whipping through the trees, a glass of chilled wine, some cold cuts of meat, and a beautiful woman lying next to him. He breathed in. Nope, it couldn't get more perfect than this.

He raised his hat and stared at her. She looked totally relaxed, chewing a piece of grass. Occasionally, he'd hear her hum a familiar tune. The dogs were lying in the shade of a big oak tree. Once in a while they'd open an eye or flick their tails. Colt lay back and covered his face with his hat once again, listening to the soft neighs of the horses tethered close by. The gentle buzz of a bee caught his attention as it went about its business.

Within a few minutes, Kat moved across and rested her head on his shoulder. "Tell me how you came to set up Club Fusion, Colt. Why do you choose to run a sex club?"

He wrapped an arm around her and held her close, stroking a hand into her soft dark hair. "I guess it all started when I met Angie. As you know, we were both into the BDSM lifestyle.

"Angie suggested running a club where like-minded couples could meet and talk. When I looked into the logistics, it seemed a lucrative way of making money."

"What was Angie like?"

"Why?"

"I'd just like to know, that's all. She seems to have played a key part in your life. You spent six years with her. That's a long time to be

with someone. Besides, there aren't any pictures of her around the house. I just want to fill in the gaps."

He shouldn't be surprised that Kat was starting to ask questions. He guessed she wanted to know all about him. There were some things he knew would be difficult to reveal. To be honest, he'd always pushed those thoughts from his mind. Sometimes it was best not to think too deeply.

"You don't need to be jealous of Angie, Kat. We split up a long time ago."

"I'm not jealous."

"Are you sure? You already want to redecorate the bedroom." Colt guessed jealousy had a part to play because he couldn't tolerate the idea of her with any other man, either.

Kat smoothed her hand over his chest, her fingers tracing over the buttons one at a time until she reached the bare flesh of his neck. She gently stroked his lips, letting the back of her fingers drift across his cheeks. Her eyes were hooded as she stared intently at him. "I love these lines, Colt, at the side of your mouth. For as long as I can remember, you've always had dimples, but they're so sexy now, especially with this five o'clock shadow."

"So you like dimples and rough skin, eh?" He raised his brows.

"I've a confession to make. I had a crush on you when I was fourteen. I first fell for you when you rescued me from all the aspiring prom queens. They took great pleasure in making fun of the geeky girl and her oddball mother." She smiled wistfully. "I used to dream about you every night. You were my knight in shining armor."

"That's real nice, honey." He became serious, and his brows drew together. "The money you borrowed, Kat? Did you manage to pay it all back?"

"I'm managing."

He lifted her chin and looked intently into her eyes. "If you need any help, just let me know. I can easily pay it off for you."

She shook her head. "Like I said, I'll sort it out myself. Besides, it reminds me of how stupid I've been. Talking of reminding, you haven't yet answered my question."

"Which is?"

"What was Angie like?"

He rubbed a hand over his face and into his hair. Kat would not let this go. "She's tall, slim, and blonde."

"She sounds very beautiful, Colt."

"She was, *is* very beautiful," he replied, knowing full well where the conversation was leading. He supposed he'd just have to go with it.

He guessed Kat must have thought his melancholy was a sign of regret because she said, "It sounds like you had the perfect relationship with her."

"It's not what you think. We'll never get back together again, Kat. What we shared is finished for good."

"But what happened? You both set the club up, and then you split, almost immediately after the doors opened to the public. Why?"

He closed his eyes tightly shut, trying to keep the memories at bay. "Leave it, Kat. Just leave it."

Immediately she pulled away and sat bolt upright on the blanket. "Okay, but don't expect me to reveal any more about myself. If you're not up for it, then neither am I." He could hear the irritation in her voice. He guessed Kat would always say it as it was.

He took a deep breath. "After I met Angie, we lived in Minnesota for a while. She had a good job as an air hostess, and we had a child together, a son. When Josh was two years old, he caught meningitis. He didn't stand a chance. One minute he was a healthy toddler, the next he was in hospital fighting for his life on a respirator. When he died, both Angie and I fell apart. He was our world. He meant everything to us. I found it hard to accept he was dead. I just couldn't discuss it. Not with the doctor and certainly not with Angie."

“It was as though my life ended that day. We tried to make a go of it. That’s why we came back to the ranch when my parents died. Angie thought if we set the club up it might take our minds off things. It did for a while. We were so busy we didn’t have time to think, but once everything was in place, it all came flooding back. The hurt and the accusations. We said a lot of hateful things to each other.”

He’d treated Angie coldly when he couldn’t cope himself. Instead of comforting her, he’d turned away.

“Angie needed me and I wasn’t there for her.”

“Oh, Colt, I’m so, so sorry.” Kat put her hand on his. “It’s not your fault. People grieve in different ways. We all cope the only way we know how. Sometimes our actions affect others more than we think. We make our decisions, and we have to live by them.” She squeezed his hand. “Do you have a picture?”

He nodded, and then dug into his jean pocket. He pulled out his wallet. In one of the panels was a photograph of his son. He tried not to look, but he couldn’t help glancing at the fair hair and cute, chubby face. “That’s Josh, he was my boy. My beautiful, beautiful boy.” His voice faltered as he handed it to her.

Kat’s fingers shook as she took the photo from him. She wiped a teardrop away with the back of her hand. “He’s beautiful.” Her eyes were huge as she blinked back the tears. She sniffed and breathed deeply as she gazed at the horizon. Her lips trembled. “I had a son, too. I had Bobby’s son. He died shortly after I gave birth to him, but at least I got to hold him in my arms first. That’s why I couldn’t come back home—Bobby raped me, and I was pregnant with his baby.” Silent tears ran down her cheeks and splashed onto the blanket. Kat just sat there cross-legged, not making a sound, just staring into the distance. He guessed there was a whole lot more to tell.

“Oh, Kat, I’m so sorry, baby.” Colt pulled her into his arms and held her tight. He didn’t want her to see the moisture in his own eyes. His lips sought hers, soothing, comforting, and giving. Their kiss felt bittersweet and tinged with sadness. Filled with might-have-beens and

silent regrets, with missed opportunities and shattered dreams. He wrapped his legs around her and rolled her on top of him. Her tears quietly dripped onto his face. “Shh, baby. We’ll be fine. We’ve got each other now.”

He cupped her chin, kissing away her tears. One large tear plopped straight onto his cheek and trickled down his neck. When she eventually focused on him, she looked so sad.

“I’m so sorry about your little boy, Colt. He looked so beautiful.”

“He was. I’m sorry about your loss, too. What was his name?”

“I named him Ethan Tyler Masters. He was beautiful, too. He came about for all the wrong reasons, but I loved him like any mother would love their child. He was just perfect.”

Colt held her tightly to him, and she buried her head against his chest. His hand shook as he smoothed his fingers down her hair. Their lives may have been worlds apart, but they shared one fundamental thing. Colt gritted his teeth. They both knew what it was like to lose a child.

He was just about to speak when a long gray snout nudged his neck. Kat shrieked with laughter as both wolfhounds made their presence felt. Curiosity had got the better of them, and they’d come over to see what all the fuss was about.

Colt laughed, too, as much in relief as sadness. “Hey, boys, get lost, will you?” He looked at Kat and smiled. “I think they’re hungry. Guess we’ll have to make a move soon.”

She put a hand on his. “Thank you.”

“What for?”

“Helping me to trust you. I’d never told anyone before.”

Chapter Ten

One month later

Saturday night was in full swing at Club Fusion. Occasionally, the steady beat of music would drift through to where Kat worked on reception. There was always something to attend to, coats to collect, and cabs to call. The complimentary business cards were looking a little depleted, and she leaned down to retrieve a fresh batch from the cupboard below her desk.

Aware that someone had walked up to reception, she called out, "Just a moment, and I'll be right with you." When she stood back up, her eyes widened as she came face to face with the law. She felt a little shell-shocked but tried not to let it show. "Sheriff Bunty, it's been a long time, what can I do for you?" Kat remembered him well. When she'd been a young girl, he'd featured a lot in her life because he'd constantly been sniffing around her mother. She guessed she'd always known, even as a child, that Sheriff Bunty and her mother had been intimately involved. Twenty-five years ago, Sheriff Bunty had a young wife and two children of his own. She'd always had a low opinion of the local lawman.

His eyes scanned her from head to toe. Kat wore a low cut dress that displayed her breasts to good effect, and she couldn't help noticing, Sheriff Bunty let his gaze linger a little longer than necessary on her exposed cleavage. "Kat, you're right, it has been a long time. Almost eighteen years I reckon." He lifted his hat from his head momentarily. "I'm real sorry to hear about your mother. She was a lovely, gentle lady."

Kat nodded. “Yes, she was, but I didn’t see you at the funeral, Sheriff.”

“Public duties prevented it. I did send some flowers, wrote the card myself, too.”

Kat remembered the bouquet of flowers placed on her mother’s casket with the simple words, *You’ll be greatly missed, all my respect, Abe*. It was hardly a great send-off for someone who’d shared her mother’s bed for the best part of ten years.

“I heard you were working here,” he said after a long pause.

“That’s right,” she answered defensively. She’d never trusted the cops and least of all Sheriff Bunty. “There’s not a law against working here is there, Sheriff?”

“That depends on what you do here.” He looked smug as he studied her.

Aware that he’d just insulted her, she smiled sweetly. It wouldn’t do to sound off. “I don’t need to justify myself to you, Sheriff.”

“I’d just like to take a look around.”

“Why?”

“I’d like to see that everything is legal and aboveboard.” Colt had warned her that the potbellied lawman had been making a nuisance of himself. She figured, as Fairfax was a pretty law abiding town, the old guy just had time on his hands and most likely dropped in to Club Fusion on the off chance of seeing some young naked flesh.

“You got a warrant, Sheriff?” She knew the guests wouldn’t like a cop in uniform snooping around. Many of them did not want their real identity known, choosing to use pseudonyms instead. They certainly did not want their sexual preferences made public knowledge.

“Do I need one? This is just a friendly visit. Me and Colt go way back, honey.”

“Sorry, Sheriff, I’m under strict orders from Colt not to let anyone go into the club without his permission. I’m afraid our guests here at Club Fusion wouldn’t appreciate their evening being disturbed.”

The Sheriff looked impatient. "Perhaps, I should speak with your boss, honey. This is man business."

Kat bristled at his sexist comment, but she didn't take the bait. "He's in the club. Wait here, while I get him."

"Fine. You just run along and do that, sweetie. Tell Colt I want to speak to him, now."

Kat turned abruptly from the lawman and walked away. She opened the door and strode into the bar area. Club Fusion had become even more popular in just the short time she'd worked here. Every week there'd be new customers coming through the doors. They wore anything from leather trousers to slave gear and chains.

Kat had done plenty of research in the past few weeks. She'd read nearly everything worth reading on the Internet. Some of it was not to her taste, but she had to admit it intrigued her. The idea that she'd allow Colt total control over her made her pussy go wet. The thought that he would be wholly responsible for her needs and basic desires had begun to consume her. Colt excited her like no other man. She wanted to be mastered and controlled by him. In truth, she had fallen in love with him. What better way to show that love than to give herself entirely to his care? There was just one nagging doubt. Did she trust him enough in order to let go completely? She'd stopped trusting men years ago when they'd taken advantage of her generous nature. So why should Colt be any different?

Maybe she'd approach him later and discuss her thoughts. Their relationship had developed recently. Since he'd told her about the loss of his own child a month ago, she'd slowly opened up to him. Little by little, she'd told him nearly everything. There were just a few things she'd left out. Like the money she still owed. It bugged her because she'd been paying back large chunks, but the debt didn't seem to be getting any smaller. Still, it was her cross to bear. She'd made a mistake, and she had to live with it.

Colt wasn't there when she scanned the bar area, so she entered Scandals nightclub. The place was certainly heating up. She found

him in the seating area of the nightclub, talking to a couple. The woman wore a latex cat suit and the man just wore a leather thong. She guessed the woman was his Mistress. Kat was no shrinking violet, but it still took a bit of getting used to seeing grown men led around on chains by their Mistresses. Now that was why she was glad Colt was a Dom. He was a masculine male, through and through. He wanted to dominate her sexually and not the other way around. In her own mind, it was the natural order of things. Though, each to their own was her motto. It was just her sexual preference.

As she approached, Colt excused himself from the couple. Dressed in a T-shirt and jeans, he strode over to her. "What is it?" he asked, clearly concerned by her sudden appearance.

She breathed in his distinctive masculine scent. Just his close presence made her look forward to when they would fuck again. He made every night special. Holding on to his arm, Kat whispered close to his ear. "Sheriff Bunty's in reception. He wanted to take a look around, but I told him he couldn't do that without a search warrant. I hope I did the right thing."

Colt squeezed her shoulder. "You're a star. What the fuck does that old asshole want this time? Tell him I'll be there in two minutes."

* * * *

"Sheriff Bunty, nice of you to drop in," Colt said as he came through to reception. His irritation with Bunty was mounting daily, but he wouldn't show it. He held out his hand. "Come, through, to my office, it's a little quieter than out here." He glanced at Kat. "If anyone needs me, tell them I'm otherwise indisposed."

He guided the lawman into the room, and then closed the door. "So what can I do for you, Abe?" he asked as they both sat down.

The Sheriff removed his hat and smoothed his fingers over what little hair he had left. "The townsfolk are getting mighty vocal on what you're running here, Colt."

Colt relaxed in his chair. He hoped he gave the impression of not giving a fuck. “Just tell me what I have to do to get you off my back, Sheriff.”

“Son, are you propositioning an officer of the law?” Bunty drawled.

“Nothing of the kind.”

“Good, because if you were, I’d bust your balls.”

“I just want to know what it will take for you to leave me in peace.”

“Son, I’m coming up for retirement soon. My copybook is unblemished, apart from this here establishment lowering the tone of the neighborhood.” The Sheriff’s mouth twisted with distaste. “I want to leave my job with the respect and good wishes of the people of Fairfax. I want them to know I’ve done everything I can where your sorry ass is concerned.”

Colt breathed out. He figured the Sheriff wanted his head on a plate, just to appease the great and the good of Fairfax. “So, what do I have to do?”

“Close down.”

“That’s not gonna happen, Abe, and you know it. I’ve made sure I’ve done everything legal. There’s nothing you can do about Club Fusion. Just face facts, it’s here for good.”

“Then I’m gonna keep coming until I find something. People always slip up. There’s always something they overlook.”

“Abe, be careful what you say. You wouldn’t want me putting in a complaint for police harassment, would you?”

Sheriff Bunty stood and walked over to the door. “They’ll throw it out. I’m just doing my job. It’s what’s expected of me. If I find anything untoward, I’ll be here with a search warrant, guests or no guests. No need to get up, I’ll see myself out, Colt.”

Colt breathed out. Sheriff Bunty was not joking. He wanted to close his club down so he could retire with the blessings of Fairfax. He opened a drawer and pulled out a glass and a bottle of bourbon. He

wouldn't normally drink while on club duty, but the conversation had left a bitter taste in his mouth. He poured a good measure and put the bottle back in the drawer.

He swallowed a large shot. The fiery liquid quenched the anger that had built up inside him.

"That bad, huh?" Kat commented as she came into his office. She closed the door, then walked behind him and began massaging his tense shoulders. She certainly had a talent for it. Slowly the pressure ebbed as her fingers worked their magic on his taut muscles.

"The old bastard wants to close me down."

"He can't, can he?"

"I've made double sure I've done everything legal."

"Then you've nothing to worry about."

He smiled. "I guess you're right, baby." He pulled her onto his lap, and kissed her lips as he wrapped his arms possessively around her. "Thanks, you sure know how to calm a man."

"Colt?"

"Yes?"

"You know you like the BDSM lifestyle." Her fingers trailed over the sensitive flesh of his neck.

"Yes, baby. I've never hidden it from you, have I?"

Her lips pouted provocatively as she sought the right words to express what she wanted to say. "Well, I've been doing a lot of reading recently on the Internet, and it kinda intrigues me, too. I know we'd both get even more enjoyment from sex if I were to agree to be your submissive."

Colt smiled at her. Kat wouldn't quite look him in the eye. He guessed she was a little embarrassed of broaching the subject with him. Although he wanted that type of relationship with her more than anything, he didn't think she was quite ready for it, yet. He clasped her chin with his finger and thumb and tilted her face, so she looked at him. Her lashes swept open as her gaze connected with his. Those beautiful hazel eyes melted his heart. God knows he wanted to

possess her completely. For the past two months, he'd thought of little else. Now here she was offering her submission to him on a plate. So, why wait? Deep down he realized that the relationship would flounder if she didn't want to embrace the BDSM lifestyle one hundred percent.

Kat was a headstrong woman, and although she'd been very open about her past since the day she'd told him about losing a child, he knew she didn't quite trust him. He figured she thought he was exactly like all the other men she'd known. Just using her until something better came along. Well, that was not his style. He liked Kat. *Damn it, you know it's more than that, Colt.*

When the time came, he would relish her being his sub. Bringing Katrina Masters into line would be an extremely pleasurable experience. His cock hardened at the mere thought of it.

"So, what have you learned?" he asked eventually as he hitched her skirt higher on her thighs. The creamy smooth skin of her legs looked inviting as he caressed the soft flesh with small strokes of his fingers.

"I read that there's a contract," she giggled, "of course, that's..." She stopped talking when he pulled one from a drawer and placed it on top of the desk. Kat just stared at it. He guessed she thought it was a myth. Well, he'd push her all the way to see if she was genuinely interested.

"Shall we write one now?" he asked casually.

Chapter Eleven

Colt handed her a pen. Her heart rate accelerated as she looked at the contract. She'd read all about them on the Internet, but somehow just seeing one in front of her made her knees go weak. "Stop sitting on my lap and stand up. It will make it easier to fill the form in." When she did as he asked, he lifted her skirt and began lowering her panties, sliding them down her legs and off her body. "You just have to fill in the blank spaces." He smoothed his hands over her hips, sending a delicious rush of adrenaline through her veins. "In the first space write my name, and in the second space write your name. Then read the first paragraph out loud to me."

"Okay." Kat couldn't believe she was actually filling in the contract. What the hell was she getting herself into? She gasped as Colt stood behind her and pressed his hand against her pussy. Colt was so exciting. Every time he made love to her he added extra levels of sensuality. Surely being his sub would be wonderful, too?

Her voice faltered as she read out the document. "*I, Colt Donahue, hereinafter known as Master, do take into my care Katrina Masters, hereinafter referred to as sub. I promise to care for her and attend to all her needs. The sub promises to give their body unto the Master whenever they so desire. The Master may use the sub's body as they see fit in all ways but those listed below.*"

Every word she read filled her with growing excitement. What exactly would he do to her? Colt circled her clit with his fingers, and a moan tore from her lips. She knew her pussy was soaking wet. "The idea of being my sub turns you on, doesn't it, Kat?" He slipped his fingers effortlessly inside her.

“Yes,” she whispered. She wanted him to possess her. To take her now over his desk.

“So what don’t you want me to do? I’m happy to negotiate.”

“Colt, I can’t think straight. What if someone comes in?”

He chuckled. “Kat, this is a sex club. I hardly think they’ll be worried. Besides, the door’s locked. If you don’t put any restrictions down that means I can do literally anything to you, so you really should think deeply about it. What didn’t you like reading about on the Internet?”

“I didn’t like the edgeplay. It would scare me.” The idea of being asphyxiated for sexual gratification was not to her taste. Thankfully, Colt was allowing her to choose how far they would go.

“Then put that in the box at the bottom, anything else?”

Her hand shook as she wrote on the contract. When she heard Colt unzip his jeans behind her, a pulse of pure need flooded her body. He pressed his hard cock against her bare ass. Already she felt as though the power had shifted between them. “Come on, baby, bend down, lean across the desk. I know you want me.”

Kat rocked her hips and pressed her bare ass back against him. A moan tore from her lips as he slid deep inside her wet pussy. He gripped her waist. She took deep breaths, trying to concentrate on writing the contract. “Anything else, baby?”

“I don’t want to be locked up in small spaces, I don’t want any needle or knife play, and I don’t want my feet tickled, either.” Her words all came out in a breathless rush as he began thrusting his huge cock inside her.

“Okay. Write them down in the box, and then choose a safeword. If that’s everything, sign on the dotted line at the bottom. Remember, the contract is for a minimum of six months.”

An exhilaration she’d never felt before filled her mind as she signed the document with a final flourish of the pen. There, it was done. She closed her eyes wondering if she would later regret her decision.

When she placed the pen on the desk, he pressed a finger to her clit. No, she could never regret anything with Colt. He'd made such a difference to her life already. She loved him. He worked his cock inside her over and over, building the pressure. "I'm going to enjoy mastering you," he whispered in her ear as he thrust again. "I'm gonna do things to you that will have you begging for sexual release."

"I don't beg. I never have."

"I know, baby, but you will. You belong to me now."

She stretched further across the desk, bracing her hands along its edge and stared at the contract she'd made with Colt. There it was in black and white. Colt owned her body and soul. The thought sent ripples of pure pleasure pulsating deep inside her pussy.

"Oh, Colt...that's..." Her whole body arched taut like a bowstring, and whimpers of sexual gratification fell from her lips. As she succumbed to the most powerful orgasm ever, she heard Colt's deep voice groan as he too climaxed inside her.

When they finally caught their breath he withdrew from her, and then adjusted her clothing, pulling her dress down over her hips. He kissed her cheek. "Thank you, baby."

Kat handed him the pen. "You've got to sign it, too."

He took the pen from her grasp and immediately signed the document. When he was finished, he placed the contract in the safe and then turned back to her. He stroked a hand down her face and rubbed his thumb over her lips. His gaze burned into hers, leaving her breathless with its intensity.

"Expect to make good on your promise, one day, very soon, Kat."

* * * *

Ten days later

Colt finished his paperwork and began clearing his desk. He felt in a really good mood. Takings were increasing month on month. Last

weekend had been his best yet. Club Fusion was getting a reputation for all the right reasons. Word of mouth from satisfied customers was bringing more and more business through the doors.

It was too late to deposit the takings at the bank, so he put them in the safe. Just as he was about to secure it, he noticed the contract he'd made with Kat. Colt picked up the document and glanced at it. He hadn't yet enforced the agreement. Somehow, he still felt she wasn't ready. If he pushed too far, too fast, she might actually withdraw from him or even leave. He'd much rather wait and choose the right moment to begin her training in earnest. That way their *Ds* relationship would get off to the perfect start.

Once the safe was locked, his attention was drawn to the sound of a large black sedan arriving outside. No sooner had the car drawn up than Kat ran outside to meet it. He watched her get in the back and close the door. Colt scratched his head. This was the third time he'd seen it here. He folded his arms across his chest and waited. Two minutes later, Kat emerged from the car and began walking back toward the club. It certainly looked odd. He realized how little he knew about her. Always guarded, she'd told him the bare minimum about her life before coming to work here.

Intrigued by what he'd seen, he walked out into the reception area as she came through the front door. "Who was that?" he asked.

Kat shrugged. "Nobody important." She made to walk away, but he held onto her arm.

"I asked who it was," he said again, this time barely keeping the impatience from his voice.

Her eyes widened momentarily, he guessed she was surprised by his tone. "Oh, they're just some people I know. It's all to do with Momma leaving her estate to the cats' charity."

"I see." He squeezed her arm a little tighter. "You can confide in me if you feel the need to discuss things. I know you've had a hard time coming to terms with your mother's death and the fact that she left you without a cent to your name."

“I’m sorry, Colt. I’ll try to be more open in future.”

He was just about to speak when the sound of a second car drawing up outside filtered through the half open door. He looked out the window. “Fuck, that is all I need.” Sheriff Bunty’s cruiser turned slowly in the drive and parked outside. With a smile he didn’t feel, Colt went to greet him.

“What can I do for you this time, Abe?”

“It’s the company you’re keeping, Colt. I just ran a plate check on your visitors, and wowie, those Oklahoma plates sure turned up a hornet’s nest.”

Colt frowned. “What visitors, Abe?”

“Oh, I see, playing dumb, are we? I’m talking about the visitors that were here less than ten minutes ago. These guys sure ain’t no Boy Scouts.” Sheriff Bunty lifted his hat from his head before shielding his eyes from the sun. “Now, let me run this past you, Colt, and you tell me if any of it sounds familiar.” Colt noticed that Sheriff Bunty smiled smugly as he spoke. “How about this for starters? Wayne Thomas Rowley, aged thirty-five, spent most of his adult life behind bars. Mainly on account he’s partial to manslaughter and actual bodily harm. He has this annoying habit of throwing acid in the faces of young ladies he doesn’t much care for. And then there’s his friend.” He looked briefly at his notebook. “Dwight McCoy, aged forty-two.” He chuckled to himself. “Yeah, this guy’s a real sweetheart, too. He’s just recently come out of San Quentin after serving a fourteen-year stretch for armed robbery. This lowlife even has form as a juvenile going right back to when he was just twelve.”

Sheriff Bunty placed a hand on Colt’s shoulder. “You sure do keep bad company, son. Fraternizing with known criminals is probable cause to get a search warrant on this place. I’m gonna close you down once and for all.” Bunty looked triumphant, puffing out his chest like a prize peacock. Colt guessed he’d be crowing about his victory for weeks.

Fuck, all the hard work he'd put into this place, now it looked like it was all for nothing. What the hell was Kat playing at? What was she doing associating with pond life like those two? Most importantly why had she lied to him? Now it looked like she'd cost him his business. As he watched the potbellied lawman get back in his car, he clenched his hands into fists.

The Sheriff lowered the window of his cruiser. "I'll have you closed down by the end of the month, Colt. Rely on it, son."

If it were the last thing he did, he would get to the bottom of this. He turned and walked inside. Now, he would serve up some swift justice of his own.

* * * *

Colt certainly didn't look very happy when he returned from his conversation with the Sheriff. He stormed through the front door and went straight into his office. After two minutes, he came back out.

"Katrina, would you come into my office, please."

"Of course, Colt. What did Sheriff Buntly want?"

Kat followed him, stopping abruptly as she saw the contract on his desk. The one she'd signed some ten days before. Her nerves had been on tenterhooks ever since, wondering when he would implement the agreement. It looked like now might be it. She swallowed hard and looked straight at him. He still appeared angry. His eyes barely focused on her. He seemed to stare straight through her.

"I'm going to ask you just one more time, Katrina. Who are those men you were just talking to?"

"I've already told you the answer, Colt. They're lawyers. They've come about Momma's will."

"Don't lie." He slammed his fist against the desk. "I've just had Buntly threaten me with closure because of those so-called lawyers of yours. You're going to tell me who they really are. Understand."

Kat's stomach churned. Colt was really angry with her. "I didn't lie. It is to do with Momma's will—"

"Katrina." He warned.

She clasped her hands together, feeling terrible. Suddenly, she couldn't stop herself from speaking. The words left her mouth in a garbled rush. "They're the people I borrowed the money from. Because I missed a payment, they don't trust me. They won't leave me alone. They keep coming to the club for their money. They frighten me, Colt. They really frighten me. I think they're capable of anything."

"Why didn't you say something? I said I'd pay them off."

"It's such a large sum of money. I didn't want to burden you with it."

"I see. So how much do you still owe?"

Kat winced as she said, "Ninety thousand dollars. I've paid back over eighty thousand dollars already, but the amount doesn't seem to go down. They even add a thousand dollars every time they come and collect the money, too." She hung her head in shame. "Is the Sheriff really going to close you down?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry, Colt." She could feel large tears brimming in her eyes. Now Colt would hate her, too. "I'll pack my things. I'm sure you'll be better off without me around."

"Oh, no, you're not leaving, Katrina. You and I have a contract. Remember."

Her head lifted sharply, and she watched him wave the signed document in front of her. His eyes appeared like hardened steel as he stared at her. "You wouldn't enforce it now."

"Try me."

At that moment, Kat felt as though he hated her. "Why?"

"Why not. I've waited long enough. You were never going to trust me, were you? I've had it with the softly softly approach. Now I'm

going to do it my way. The way I should have from the very beginning.”

“What are you going to do?”

“You’ll find out.”

Kat lifted her head defiantly. She knew she deserved his punishment. “Let’s get one thing straight, Colt. I wanted to be your submissive, but I don’t have it in me to yield to you. You’ll never get me to do what you want.”

Colt folded his arms across his chest. “Katrina, the time for talking is over. Your training has begun. Now, go to the punishment room, and remove all your clothes. I’ll be along in ten minutes.”

Chapter Twelve

Kat sat on a chair and rubbed her hands over her eyes. She'd been sitting naked in the punishment room for at least half an hour. Maybe Colt wouldn't turn up. Maybe he'd changed his mind. Just as she was on the verge of putting her clothes back on, he finally walked through the door. He looked like he meant business. He'd removed his T-shirt, and the contours of his chest muscles caught in the subdued lighting of the room.

Without looking at her, he commanded, "Come over here."

Kat stood and walked over to him. She looked up into his face. Devoid of any emotion, he roughly took hold of her hands and bound them together with a large leather strap. He then shackled her feet with a chrome spacer bar. It fit between her ankles, spreading her legs wide. He lifted her arms above her head, securing her to a metal ring that dropped down on a heavy chain from the ceiling. Positioned almost dead center in the room, he could walk right around her, intimidating her at will. Unable to move, Kat's heart rate accelerated. What would happen now?

"The first thing you have to realize in a Ds relationship is the element of punishment and reward. When you do something that the Master likes, you get rewarded." He smoothed his hand down her body, his fingers drifting over her breasts. Her whole body shuddered at the unexpected pleasure that pulsed through her. Colt walked around behind her. "Likewise, when you do something that the Master does not like, you get punished." Immediately when he finished speaking, a wooden paddle was thwacked hard against her

bare butt. Kat bit down on her bottom lip as pain slashed into her body.

“Being nice to the Master gets you rewarded.” He walked in front of her and touched her clitoris, stroking it with his fingers. Kat closed her eyes, trying to control her reaction. “Have I told you to close your eyes?”

“No, I’m sorry, Colt.” She stared at him. He looked magnificent as he stood over her. His broad shoulders commanded her attention. When she raised her gaze to his, the breath caught in her throat. His vivid blue eyes held her captive with their intensity. She could no more look away than stop breathing.

“You don’t need anyone, do you, Kat?”

“No, I never have. Men always let me down.” *But not Colt, Colt never let you down.* Kat refused to listen to her inner self, adding defiantly, “I’ve never needed anyone.”

“We’ll see. In the meantime, do you think you should be punished?”

“Yes.”

“Interesting.” His brow lifted as he contemplated her answer, and then asked, “Why?”

“Because I didn’t trust you with the truth.”

“So, what do you think you deserve?” He raised the paddle in his hand, bringing it level with her face. “How many spanks?”

Kat swallowed. If she chose too few, he might give her a whole lot more. “Twenty.”

“Because you have pleased me by answering truthfully this time, I will administer just five strokes of the paddle. What do you say?”

“Thank you.”

“Thank you, what?”

“Thank you for being so lenient with me, Master.”

“That’s better, you’re learning.”

Kat braced herself as he stood behind her. The first two stung, then her flesh began to burn, and a warm sensation spread into her ass

cheeks. This time she couldn't stop herself from closing her eyes as her punishment continued unabated. She bit her bottom lip once more, refusing to cry out as the paddle contacted hard with her burning butt.

Still standing behind her, Colt threw the paddle on the floor and immediately wrapped his arms around her, drawing her against his hard lean body. His one hand caressed her breasts. The other smoothed a path to her face where he cupped her chin with his fingers. Kat rested her head back against his torso, enjoying his warmth and the feel of his skin against hers. She was kidding herself. She needed him, and she knew it. Deep down, she really loved him. Surely she wanted him to love her, too? Her heart broke. With the loss of his club, Colt would never forgive her now.

"You should have told me about the money, Kat. I am very disappointed."

"I'm sorry," she whispered. Her arms secured above her head were beginning to ache, and she longed to change the position of her feet.

"From now on, you will confide all your thoughts, wishes, and desires. In future, you will hide nothing from me. What you need is structure in your life, Kat. Structure and guidance. From now on, I shall direct you daily. Your main focus in life will be to please me."

When she didn't answer, he clamped her nipple hard between his thumb and forefinger. Unable to move from the intense pain, she twisted her head against his shoulder.

"When I address you, you will answer me."

"Yes, Master."

"That's better." Slowly he released her sensitive flesh, and she relaxed back against him, breathing hard. She altered her stance trying to find a more comfortable position. Thankfully she could cope with her aching limbs because she knew it would displease him if she used her safeword.

He walked to the side of the room and began undoing a thick rope fastened to the wall and attached to the chain holding her upright.

“I want you to kneel on the floor.”

With her arms still held taut above her head, he slowly lowered her to a kneeling position and then retied the rope. Her whole body swayed as the pulley system she was secured to took her weight.

Kat knew he was still angry with her. Of course he was angry. He was about to lose his livelihood because of her stupid mistake. Just why hadn't she confided in him? None of this would have happened if she had. Sheriff Bunty was a prize bastard. He always had been.

“As your Master, I choose when and how you receive pleasure. While I'm angry, you will receive none. My own enjoyment is your only concern now.” Colt stood in front of her and unzipped his jeans. He pulled out his hard cock and held it in his hand. The head looked inflamed and dripped with pre-cum. “It is your duty to worship your Master's cock.” He lifted her chin tilting her face upward. “Open your mouth, little sub, you have a lot to make up for.”

He filled her mouth with his prick, pushing it right in until it touched the back of her throat. Kat greedily sucked on the purple crown, enjoying the heady, masculine scent that filled her nostrils. She wanted to please him and make up for the way things had turned out. Sheriff Bunty filled her thoughts. If only there was a way to stop him getting a search warrant. Her mother must have been crazy for having an affair with him.

Colt held her head in his hands as he begun thrusting inside her mouth, fucking her face. She breathed in through her nose, trying to relax as he used her for his own enjoyment. Kat had read all about the Master sub roles. She knew it was his way of stamping his authority. Her arms swayed above her head, and her naked breasts came into contact with the material of his jeans, rubbing deliciously on her aroused nipples. If Colt thought she wasn't enjoying this, then he was wrong. This was the most exciting thing she'd ever been made to do, and with the mood Colt was in, it could only get better. She wanted him to dominate her. That meant his main focus was her. For the first

time in her life Kat felt truly visible. For a woman who had spent her entire life in the shadows, it was a revelation.

Exhilarated by events, thoughts popped into her head like missiles firing in a war zone. When Colt finally came in her mouth, she swallowed hard, drinking down his cum with a smile on her face. Inspiration had struck at the most opportune moment.

She looked into his eyes as he withdrew from her mouth. He stroked a hand over her face, smoothing his thumb over her lips in just the way she'd come to love.

"Master, may I speak?"

"Go ahead."

"I may have a way to stop Sheriff Bunty closing you down."

"Go on, you may tell me more, little sub."

* * * *

Two hours later

"You have done well, little one." Colt relaxed back in his chair and glanced at his new sub sitting opposite him. Kat didn't seem at all disturbed by the experience in the punishment room. He guessed she'd relished the attention. Hopefully, she had given him the means to rid himself of Bunty's constant interference once and for all. If it worked, then he could devote a lot more time to training her. His cock hardened at the thought of what he wanted to do to her.

Of course, there was the not so small matter of the large sum of money she still owed. Now that might prove more difficult. He steeped his hands together and tapped them against his chin as he looked at her. "Do not think you have redeemed yourself entirely, because I am not happy about the company you choose to keep. So while I sort out the Sheriff, I want you to go to our bedroom and prepare yourself for me."

“Yes, of course, Master.” She rose from the chair and hesitated by the door. “What’s going to happen?”

“I’m going to introduce you to some BDSM play techniques.”

“Oh?”

“We’ll find out what your tolerances are, and then take it from there.”

“Techniques?”

“Simple and effective, Kat. Those are the best ones.” He raised his brows as she wavered at the door. “Is there anything else you want to say?”

“Do I get to know what they are in advance?”

“No. Anticipation is a key part of your training.”

“I see.”

He picked up the telephone. “I shouldn’t be more than an hour.” He began dialing the Sheriff’s number as Kat left the office. He knew she was worried, but that was part of his enjoyment. He could achieve wonders in a sub’s mind by stretching their anticipation of what was to come. It wasn’t just about control and sex. It was about the mindfuck, too.

A familiar voice answered the telephone on the third ring. “*Sheriff Buntz’s office.*”

“Hi, Abe, it’s Colt. We need to talk.”

“Look, son, I’m not gonna change my mind. I have probable cause. As soon as I’ve sorted the necessary paperwork, I’m applying for a search warrant. With the information I now have, it’s just a matter of time before Club Fusion closes its doors once and for all.”

Colt touched the package that Kat had given him. He smiled. “Are you sure about that, Abe? I have something here you might be interested in. I’m guessing you’d rather not have it made public knowledge.”

“Are you still trying to coerce an officer of the law, Colt?”

“Does the name Marlene Masters mean anything to you, Sheriff?”

The silence on the end of the line spoke volumes. Colt smiled as the Sheriff hurriedly said, *“I’ll be there in ten minutes.”*

Chapter Thirteen

True to his word, Sheriff Bunty's cruiser turned up ten minutes later. This time, instead of going to greet him on the steps, Colt let the lawman come to the front door himself. As he stepped from the car and strode across the yard, Colt could see the worried look on his face. He certainly looked different than earlier in the day when he'd been strutting around like a show-bred schnauzer.

As he pushed the front door open, Colt met him in reception. "Come into the office, Abe. This won't take too long."

Bunty followed, clutching his hat nervously in his hands. "I'm presuming any information you've got comes from Marlene's daughter Kat, and as such, it ain't worth a hill of beans. You an' that floozy of yours ain't got nothing on me. Besides, I've been looking into Kat's past, and she sure isn't an angel. Katrina Masters is hardly a law-abiding citizen. She's got previous. If I recall rightly, she has several convictions for minor misdemeanors. She was also charged with being drunk and disorderly in Pasadena, twice. If she's the best you got, Colt, you got jack shit."

Colt nodded, feeling sick to his stomach. "I see you've been doing a little digging, Abe." Bunty had run a check on Kat just to cover his own back. Well, he might have unearthed some minor wrongdoings, but it made fuck all difference to the information he had on the potbellied lawman.

He casually picked up the bundle of letters neatly wrapped with a large pink bow that she'd given him and pulled one at random from the pile. He opened it up and began reading. "*Marlene, you fucking prick tease. I saw you in Church on Sunday and I know you had no*

panties on. You deliberately hitched your skirt up so only I could see. You need a lesson you won't forget in a hurry, girl, and I'm the guy to give it to you. When I come over tonight I'm going to rip off your clothes and fuck you over the nearest—"

"Enough, enough." The Sheriff took a large handkerchief from his pocket and began dabbing his heated face. "Goddamn it, I told Marlene to destroy those fucking letters. She said she'd thrown them on the fire." He pressed the crumpled linen square to his perspiring neck.

Colt lifted the bundle of letters from his desk. "Looks like she kept them all. Just shows you what love letters mean to a woman. Kat found them under the floorboards when she was clearing out the house. They clearly show you were having sexual relations with her mother, for a good ten years or more. They sure make interesting reading, don't you agree?" He drew in a breath and tut-tutted. "And you with a wife and kids, too. By the way, Abe, how is your good lady wife Maisy these days, and your sons, Zach and Brandon? I went to school with those guys, and we were good friends back then, still keep in touch even today."

"It's not what you think, Colt. Marlene and I shared a real love affair when we were both much younger. I adored her. We spoke at length about me leaving Maisy and starting a new life together away from Fairfax. But like you said, I had kids to think about."

"I'm not trying to destroy your life, Abe. Underneath all your piety, I think you're a pretty regular sort of guy. I just want you to leave me alone, and stop busting my balls over the club. You know as well as I do that everything is legal and aboveboard here."

Sheriff Buntz ran his fingers through the smattering of gray hair on his scalp. He looked irritated and deflated at the same time. "What about those lowlifes who turned up the other day, Colt? I can't just ignore them."

"I'm glad you brought that up. Kat borrowed some money from the wrong people, that's all. They have nothing to do with Club

Fusion. They've not invested in the club, and they're not on the payroll. They have fuck all to do with anything. I never even knew who they were until you told me." Colt took a deep breath. "Listen, Abe, what I propose is this. You don't bring the information you have about these guys to the attention of the judge, and I won't bring the attention of these letters to your good wife and those nosey journalists at the Fairfax Gazette. What do you say, Sheriff? Neither of us really want to hurt each other, do we? Besides, if you hurt me, you hurt Kat, and she's Marlene's daughter, the woman you loved."

The Sheriff scratched his head. "I guess you're speaking sense, Colt, and if you like, in memory of Kat's dear mother, who recently passed away, I'm sure I could find a way to help. I've always been a fair man."

"I know, Abe." Colt moved across to his safe and opened it. In full view of the Sheriff, he placed the letters inside and then spun the dial. "I think you can safely say these letters have well and truly disappeared for good."

"It's all been a misunderstanding, Colt. You let me know when these guys come calling again. I'll kick their sorry asses over the state line. But I'm telling you now, they're the type that won't take kindly to being shortchanged."

"I fully intend to pay them every last cent, Abe. I just want them to go and never come back."

* * * *

After a long bath, Kat wandered around the bedroom in her red silk gown. She looked at her surroundings, and she was glad that the Gothic decoration had been replaced by a soft pastel shade of pale green. The soothing color relaxed her because every so often her heart would race in anticipation of what Colt was about to do to her. She picked up her watch from the dresser. It had been over an hour, and Colt still hadn't showed up. Maybe he couldn't get Sheriff Bunty to

change his mind. If that were the case then he wouldn't be in a very good mood.

Kat stared at her reflection in the mirror. She'd brushed her hair into a thick, glossy black mane. It was the style Colt preferred, and at the moment, she'd do everything she could to redeem herself in his eyes. She'd shaved her pussy, too, making it silky smooth in an effort to please him. Kat pinched her pale cheeks, wondering if she should have put more makeup on.

When the door to the bedroom opened, she spun quickly around. He smiled as he took in her appearance. "Don't look so worried. I don't bite all the time."

Kat breathed a sigh of relief. It looked like he was in a better mood. "How did it go with Sheriff Bunt?" she asked nervously, afraid of his answer.

"Good, very good, little sub. He's gonna leave Club Fusion well alone from now on. It's about time, too, because he's been busting my hump for the past year." He gently feathered the back of his hand against her cheek. "You have prepared yourself well. Now, while I have a shower, I want you to set the scene. A few candles and an ice bucket should do it."

Kat smiled. "Sounds romantic, Colt."

His vivid blue eyes held hers as he grazed a thumb over her lips. "Only the very best for you."

"What wine should I bring?"

Colt smiled as though she were a small child. "You choose."

Glad for something to do, Kat filled a silver bucket with water and ice. Choosing a good Chardonnay and two glasses, she then brought everything up to the bedroom on a tray. To finish setting the scene, she dimmed the lights, letting the flickering flames of the candles cast their eerie shadows around the bedroom. She'd just finished when Colt came through from the bathroom. Wearing just a towel tied around his waist, he came over to her.

He held out his hand. "Give me your robe, and then lie on the bed."

Kat slipped the red silk gown from her body and handed it to him. His gaze devoured her from head to toe as she did as he commanded. The satin of the bedspread felt delicious against the naked flesh of her back and ass. Colt followed and straddled her torso, his weight pinning her down. Already she could feel her breathing increase as she gazed into his eyes. He leaned over to the bedside cabinet and withdrew several silk ties from a drawer.

"I noticed the leather restraints I used in the punishment room chafed your wrists, so today I'm going to be very kind to my little sub. I'll use these instead."

"There's no need to tie me up, Colt."

He pinched her nipple hard, making her wince. "Don't answer me back. One thing you should remember. A sub never questions her Master."

She swallowed at the intensity in his gaze. "Sorry, Master. It won't happen again."

"Good, I will overlook it this time." Colt took hold of her arms and held them over her head. He stretched them apart, anchoring them to the wrought iron bedstead with the silk ties. Next, he placed two pillows under her butt, raising her pussy so her back was arched. He then secured her ankles to the base of the bedstead with two more silk ties, spreading her legs wide open.

"This is perfect," he murmured, grazing his hand past her freshly shaved pussy lips. A moan tore from her as he slipped a finger into her vagina. "And wet, too. Looks like I've found your kink. You like being tied up and vulnerable, don't you?"

Kat panted in short sharp gasps. "Yes, but it scares me, too, Master."

"It's all about trust, Kat. The fact that I have complete control turns you on." Colt moved from the bed and walked over to the dresser. He opened the drawer and pulled out a package. As he came

back and sat on the edge of the bed, he said, "I've bought you a present." He held up the box. "I'll open it for you. What do you say to your Master?"

"Thank you."

"That's not good enough." He bent down and nipped hard at her nipple with his teeth.

Fighting the sudden sharp jolt of pain, her words came out in a rush. "Thank you, Master, for looking after me so well."

"That's better, you're learning."

With her breathing getting out of control, Kat watched him open the package. Her gaze took in his masculine body, highlighted by the flickering candlelight. He looked so broad and powerful next to her. She could see her breasts heaving with excitement and the soft mound of her baby-smooth pussy raised up with the pillows and spread open for his enjoyment. God help her, she wanted him to dominate her and bring his hedonistic delights to pleasure her body.

He removed a glass object from the box. At first she thought it was an ornament of some kind because it refracted in the light with glorious iridescent colors of purple and gold. It was only when she looked more closely that she realized what it truly was.

Colt held up the phallic sex toy in his hand. "This is made of hand-blown glass. I've had it shipped in from Switzerland." He gently touched his fingers against her cheek. "Those cheap and nasty vibrators are not for you, baby. I wanted something far more sophisticated for my sub."

Kat writhed at the sight of the bulbous glass head and long shaft of the dildo. Would Colt really use it on her?

He smiled. "There's someone very skilled making these delicious beauties." He held it closer for her inspection. "They're so attractive to look at, some people have them on display."

"I've no doubt." She looked him straight in the eye. "I don't need it. You're all I need."

“I decide what you need. This is the second time you’ve questioned me, don’t let there be a third.”

“I’m sorry, Master, I’m forgetting myself.”

“Don’t worry, baby, I’ll make sure you receive the full benefits of its design.” Colt reached over to the ice bucket on the bedside stand and discarded the bottle of Chardonnay, placing it on the floor. He held up the refracting piece of glass and then plunged it deep into the ice bucket leaving it submerged in the icy water. “You see, Kat, this beauty will remain cold for a long time. Just think how it will feel in twenty minutes time when I slide it deep inside your wet pussy.”

The idea made her struggle against her restraints. “No, Colt, I don’t want it.”

He cupped her chin and made her look at him as her breathing accelerated. “Are you going to use your safeword?”

“No, maybe, oh, I just don’t know, Master.” She frowned, unable to think straight.

“Breathe, Kat, breathe. Do you want to use your safeword?”

Slowly everything came back into focus. “No, I’m fine.”

“Good girl.” Colt smoothed a hand over her hair. “You are right to trust me. It’s called play, and it will stop if you’re not happy, but you have to use your safeword.”

Kat breathed deeply. She’d never trusted a man in her life before. She wanted to trust Colt. She loved him. This was so exciting, yet scary at the same time. Briefly, she closed her eyes. “I trust you, Colt.”

He leaned forward and kissed her cheek. “I’ll go and get some scented massage oil. It’ll help relax you a little.”

Chapter Fourteen

When he returned from the bathroom, his gaze swept over Kat's beautiful naked body. Spread open and vulnerable, she looked breathtaking in the flickering flames of the candlelight.

He had to remember to go slow. It had been a long time since he'd trained a new sub, and he'd forgotten that they often became agitated by the simplest of things. He poured some massage oil onto his hands and began slowly smoothing it over her body, rubbing it into her breasts and along her restrained arms. Soon, the heady smell of lavender and chamomile began to fill the air. Her skin felt soft as silk as he rubbed the lotion down her legs. A few faint moans escaped her lips.

"You didn't come close to using your safeword in the punishment room, why?"

Kat looked straight at him. "I deserved your discipline."

He nodded as he tenderly massaged her neck muscles, using his fingers to work on the tight knots. She closed her eyes, obviously enjoying the sensation. "You like defined rules, Kat. When you have boundaries, you feel safe. I can give them to you, but you have to trust me."

"It's hard to just let go. Whenever I have in the past, I've been let down."

"I know. This is what the training is all about. It conditions you to receiving my instruction."

"I don't know. All I can think about is that glass sex toy in the ice bucket."

He chuckled. "That's the response I want. The anticipation heightens everything I do to you. In the end, you'll be begging me for permission to climax."

He guessed Kat didn't know how far he could push her to achieve that result. But push her he would. It was his goal. It was what turned him on.

"Feel better?" he asked.

She nodded. "Much."

"Then I shall continue." Colt reached into the box and pulled out a smaller glass object. He held it up. "This is for you, too."

"What is it?" she whispered.

He guessed she already knew. "It's a glass butt plug, made by the same company. It's to remind you that one day soon, I'm going to fuck that ass of yours. It will also help stretch your anal muscles for when I do." He waited for her response. All he could see was the rapid rising of her breasts. He poured some lube onto it and held it against her puckered hole. Her whole body jolted with the contact and she gasped, her lips parting as she drew in air. This was what he enjoyed the most, seeing the reaction of his sub, battling against her fears and insecurities. He guessed that was his kink. It made him feel strong and powerful. He pushed it in, feeling her anal muscles fight to reject it then her sphincter gave way as he pressed it fully home.

He leaned over her as she fought for breath and kissed her lips, trailing his tongue down her neck to savor her breasts. He lapped at her nipples, drawing them into his mouth until tight moans escaped her lips. "What do you say?" he whispered against her luscious creamy flesh.

"Thank you, Master."

"You're such a well-behaved little sub, you deserve all my attention." He caressed her body with tiny kisses, working his way down to her stomach where he lapped his tongue over her navel. Her flesh undulated as he moved lower, trailing his mouth down to her silky smooth pussy. A whimper escaped her lips, and he felt her

whole body go rigid as he lashed his tongue over her clit. Her legs trembled as he did it again, and he heard her cry out.

“Master, that feels so good.”

Her exposed position meant Colt could see everything. He pulled the protective hood back from her clit and slowly drifted his tongue over the bared nub. Kat jolted with the contact as though an electric shock had traveled through her body, pulling hard against the restraints in an effort to escape his devious tongue.

“Don’t move,” he ordered.

“But, Master, I can’t help it. It burns.”

“In what way, little sub, good or bad?”

“Oh, good, Master, but too much, umm.” Her breathing went into overdrive, and she panted fast and hard, trying desperately to keep still as he continued to tease her.

“Do you want me to cool you down?”

She must have figured his next move because she became increasingly agitated, thrashing her legs as much as the restraints would allow. “No, yes, Master, stop.”

“Little sub, you have to choose. I’ll continue doing this until you ask nicely for your present.” To emphasize the point he stroked his tongue slowly over her exposed clit again.

“Oh, no, please, Master, stop please.” Her whimpers of protest only served to fuel his arousal.

“This is so enjoyable, little sub. I could do this for hours, your pussy tastes divine.”

“Master, please, I need my present, please.”

Colt smiled, he was getting his sub to a point where, in order to escape one stimulus, she would rather embrace another, far more coercive one.

He lifted his head from her soaking pussy and then stared down at her flushed face. Keeping his weight off her body with an arm either side of her head, he flicked his gaze to her eyes and then kissed her lips. “I’m so glad you want to receive your present now because I

know you'll enjoy it. There's just one thing, little sub." He stroked his hand down her cheek, enjoying the control he now had over her. "You're not allowed to come without my permission. If you break the rules, you will be severely punished."

"What will you do, Master?"

"I think hot candle wax dripped over your nipples is a good deterrent, don't you, little sub?"

"Yes, Master."

* * * *

Kat watched as Colt removed the chilled glass sex toy from the ice bucket and wiped it dry on a towel. Her whole body craved the final act of sexual release, but how could she control that most basic of human emotions? Over the last few months, Colt had taught her how to achieve multiple orgasms, now he wanted her to deny her own body? This just wasn't fair.

When Colt touched the glass phallus to her mouth, she instantly became aware of how intensely cold it had become. Her eyes followed his every move. She writhed on the bed, trying to edge away as he brought it closer to her body. The sudden movement made her even more aware of the butt plug embedded deep inside her ass. The feeling of fullness amazed her and only added to the forbidden pleasure.

He lay between her legs, his one arm at her side, keeping his weight from crushing her. Through hooded eyes, she watched him trail the chilled sex toy down her body. When it touched her breasts and circled her nipples, she let out a gasp. Her areolas contracted from the intense cold. "Master, it's like ice, please don't..." Her words trailed away as he drew the bulbous tip along her stomach and pressed it into her belly button.

"You have a beautiful innie, little sub."

Kat closed her eyes and fought against the restraints. They only added to the feeling of being out of control.

“Little sub, I insist you watch, in order to fully appreciate your present.”

She opened her eyes as he ordered and stared anxiously down the length of her bound body. When he touched the glass sex toy against the outer lips of her pussy, her stomach quivered and shook. Kat licked her lips. He moved it slightly, pressing it against her clitoris.

“Does that feel good, baby?”

“Oh, yes, Master, so good.”

He separated her clit from its protective hood, exposing it fully, and then did it again. “And this?”

Exquisite pain and pleasure pulsed through her body. The combination felt unbearable. “Oh, yes, Master, but too much.”

Her whole body arched like a bowstring as he lifted it from her sexual nub and began pushing it slowly inside her. The contrast of the heat of her body and the intense icy cold of the phallus made her cry out. “Master.” She panted, taking short sharp breaths to control her breathing. She was so aroused, it felt almost painful.

Colt began expertly sliding the sex toy in and out of her cunt, positioning it to come in contact with her G-spot. She knew if he continued she’d climax. “Master, please stop, I won’t be able to help myself.”

“You know what happens to naughty subs who don’t follow their Master’s instructions.”

“Stop please, Master.”

Colt squeezed her clit hard and the imminent climax receded. “Control your breathing, it will help.” In the middle of the most erotic experience that had ever happened to her, it was easier said than done. Her whole body shook as she grappled with her emotions.

When Colt released his rough hold on her clit, he continued pumping the glass phallus inside her sex, building the pressure until

she screamed. “No, I don’t want to orgasm, please stop, Master. I don’t want hot wax poured on me. I’m begging you, please.”

He must have heard the urgency in her voice because he relented and pulled the ice-cold toy from her pussy. It was with equal relief and longing that she watched him toss it aside. He moved up the bed and stroked a hand through her hair. His eyes were burning brightly and totally focused on her. “Did my little sub demand her Master do as she asked?”

Her pussy ached so much to be touched, it was almost unbearable. On the verge of tears she pleaded, “I need you, Master, fuck me please, I can’t bear it.”

“I don’t know if you want it badly enough, little sub. I don’t even know if you deserve a good fucking. I thought you didn’t beg?”

“I do, Master, I do. I’m begging you now, please, I need you, I’ll do anything.” Kat felt desperate, she’d never begged in her life. By begging, she was feeding into his power trip. It was exactly what he wanted her to do, but she didn’t care. She needed him to take away the deep ache that pulsed in her wanton pussy. Her whole body demanded it.

He cupped her chin and rubbed his thumb across her parched lips before sliding it deep inside her mouth. Kat sucked hungrily on it as she stared into his eyes. Their connection felt tenfold. “Stay in position,” he ordered. He leaned down and released the silk ties from around her ankles. It took all her effort to stop herself from drawing her legs together. Colt removed the towel from around his waist. “I know this is what you want, little sub.”

Kat’s eyes feasted on his cock. It looked bigger than ever, the head engorged and glistening with his intent. Desperate for him, she thrashed her legs, banging them against the mattress. “Please, Master, fuck me hard, I’m begging you, I’m begging you, please.”

Colt positioned himself between her legs and then gripped the ironwork of the bedstead tightly. The powerful muscles of his arms and shoulders, defined and taut. She could see the masculine hairs on

his forearms picked out in the soft glow of the candlelight. He looked down into her eyes as he rose above her. "Prepare to be fucked by your Master. It is my right to fuck you. It is your duty to be fucked by me."

As soon as he sunk inside her she came, crying out his name in ecstasy until he covered her lips with his own. His tongue sought hers as he began stroking his cock deep inside her. Using the cast-iron bedstead as leverage, he pounded his thick length inside her over and over again. Kat wrapped her legs around his ass, gripping him tightly to her, never wanting to let him go. She arched her back, savoring each delicious lunge and thrust of his huge prick deep inside her pussy.

The butt plug intensified the feelings pulsing through her. She had never felt so full. When another spasm began to develop deep inside her, she arched again, pulling her arms against the restraints that bound her wrists.

"Please," she whispered.

He released her ties, and she wrapped her arms around him, cradling his head in her hands, savoring the silky touch of his hair as it fell through her fingers. When Colt slowed the pace she knew he was close. Using the whole length of his cock, he made two delicious inward strokes. Her breath caught as she stared into his eyes and another incredible orgasm spasmed inside her as he, too, succumbed to passion, spilling his seed, with a deep guttural growl.

Chapter Fifteen

Colt smiled into Kat's eyes. He'd just spent the last ten minutes massaging her body with oil, making sure her aching limbs were revitalized. With a sub, it was his duty to show his pleasure, and ultimately, when appropriate, his displeasure.

"How are you feeling, baby?"

"Spaced out," she answered, as she came to rest her head on his shoulder. He kissed her forehead as she snuggled closer and wrapped his arms protectively around her. He'd always enjoyed the winding down time with a sub, but even more so with Kat. He guessed he loved her.

He stroked his hand down her arm. "Yes, it's quite a high to come down from."

"I didn't know it could be so intense, Colt."

"Baby, that's why people practice this lifestyle. They can't get that surge of endorphins any other way."

"Mmm, I'd agree with that." Kat traced her hand over his chest, gliding her fingers across the contours of his muscles. "I would have loved to see Sheriff Bunt's face when you showed him Momma's letters. I almost feel sorry for him, almost, but I'm sure he caused her to go off the rails in the first place."

"Yeah, well, I wouldn't waste too much sympathy on him. He came up with a whole bunch of reasons why you wouldn't make a good witness."

Kat tensed and raised her head. "What did he say?"

He stroked his fingers over her shoulders, regretting mentioning it. "It doesn't matter, Kat. It all happened a very long time ago."

“He told you about the charges, didn’t he?”

Colt shrugged. “We all make mistakes, baby. It doesn’t mean we’re bad people.”

Her lips pouted. “Now I’ll have to explain, or you’ll think the worst of me.”

“Never. I’d never think the worst of you.”

She shook her head and smiled. “Uh-uh, now I know what you’re capable of, I’m not going to keep anything from you. That way you won’t be able to coax it from me at a later date.”

Colt laughed and playfully touched her nose. “Too bad, that was to be my next move.”

Kat rolled away and lay on her back, staring at the ceiling. She raised her hands to her forehead. “After my baby died, I felt so empty. There was nothing left except this big empty scar inside me that just wouldn’t heal. Nothing seemed to help. That was when I started to drink too much. Alcohol took away the pain. It numbed the hurt. It helped me forget.”

Colt briefly closed his eyes, knowing that pain only too well. He watched her grip her hands into her hair, but didn’t say anything. Kat needed to confide in him. If he interrupted her now, she might never find the courage to tell him. He just took her hands in his and held them tight.

“I spent the next five years in a stupor. I can barely remember what happened. I guess I got into trouble with the law when I had too much to drink. Me and my big mouth. Luckily, I managed to kick that habit before it completely ruined me.” Her tear-filled eyes sought his. “I guess I’m not a good person. I’m no saint, that’s for sure, and I never will be.”

“Baby, I don’t care what you were like all those years ago. I love you as the person you are now.”

The breath caught in her throat, and he heard the hitch as she fought for air. Her eyes looked huge as she stared at him. “You do?”

“Of course I love you.” He held out his arms. “Come here.”

Kat sunk into his embrace. "I've always loved you, Colt. I've loved you since I was fourteen, when you saved me from the bullies at school. I loved you then as a girl, and I love you now as a woman." He felt her tears flow freely over his chest as she held on to him.

Colt combed a hand into her hair, feeling the dark silky strands fall through his fingers. "Now all we've got to do to keep you on the straight and narrow is pay off those loan sharks. After that you will never mix with people like that again. Understand."

"I understand, Colt."

"How much money do you still owe?"

"Ninety thousand bucks. It's such a huge amount."

"I know, and I'm very displeased, but we'll address that in due course. First, though, we need to get them off your back before we can move on with the rest of our lives."

"Do you mean that, Colt?"

"Of course I do. These are not nice people, Kat. I don't like them having a hold over you."

* * * *

One month later

Kat's stomach churned as she watched Colt count the money one final time, and then slip it into a canvas bag. She swallowed hard, sighing inwardly. *So much money*. His mouth firmed into a thin line of disapproval. When he glanced at her she could feel his anger from the other side of the room.

"I'm sorry, Colt." She loved Colt with all her heart, and it saddened her that her stupidity had brought this unwanted trouble to him.

"It's too late for sorry, Kat. I want them gone from our lives and the club for good." He held up the bag of money. "There's no alternative but to pay them off. You clearly didn't ask what the

interest rate was. These people don't lend money the same way a bank does, for fuck's sake."

"I don't know how to make it up to you."

"Believe me, you will be making it up. As soon as they've gone, I have plans for you."

"Oh?"

"I've been too lenient with you lately. All this talk of love has made me too soft with you. It's time to show you what your Master is really capable of." Kat could see the burning intensity in his gaze, and she swallowed hard. She knew that look. Of all the personas that Colt showed her, the one when he was in full Master mode excited her the most.

"Of course, Master," she replied, slipping easily into her sub role. When Colt took control, she felt safe and secure. She bowed her head and came to kneel at his side. During the past month, he had taught her to respect her Master at all times. Now would be a good time to show him how obedient she had become when he wanted to dominate her. Maybe then he would not be too harsh when choosing her punishment.

He cupped her chin and angled her face to his. "While I deal with these lowlifes, I want you to go to the spanking room, and select a cane, a strap, and a paddle. Take them to the bedroom, and then prepare yourself for me. I shall administer your discipline accordingly, depending on how well you present yourself."

"Yes, Master." She rose from her knees and walked slowly from the office, her head still bowed, her stomach knotting in excitement and anticipation. To have his undivided attention for hours on end would be breathtaking. What would the punishment for ninety thousand dollars be?

* * * *

Colt folded his arms and leaned back in his chair. He glanced at the bag of money on his desk. All that hard-earned cash. He shook his head. Too bad he had to pay these loan sharks off. He didn't want them having a hold on him or Kat. He loved her even with all the trouble she'd caused. He'd pay ten times that if he had to, but she had to know that he didn't approve of what she'd done. He had to show that he meant business. By sending her away to get ready for his discipline, he could enhance the final effect. Now she would be on tenterhooks wondering what he would do.

Well, it was time to show her he wouldn't tolerate any more misbehavior. By doing this, he could correct her waywardness. She responded well to his commands, but a little more deterrent would be good for her in the long term. Without defined boundaries, Kat was a woman likely to go off the rails. Her reliance on alcohol in the past was proof of that. He figured she needed his guidance to stay on the straight and narrow.

When he heard a car draw up outside, he turned and saw the black sedan approaching. Colt breathed in. Dealing with lowlife scum was not his idea of fun, but in this case he had no alternative. He grabbed the bag of money and headed outside.

His dogs followed him out onto the drive and sniffed around the tires before lifting a leg and relieving themselves on the bulging rubber. He climbed into the back of the sedan. It reeked of stale cigarettes, and the two guys up front looked at him, unsmiling. One had a large scar on the side of his cheek, and the other wore a dark five o'clock shadow.

"You ain't Kat," said the one with the scar.

"You'll be dealing with me from now on."

"Fine, I don't give a fuck who pays, so long as they do."

"So, how much do you need to go and not come back?"

The man with the scar couldn't resist laughing. "That crazy fucking bitch tried to skip her payments, so we had to make an adjustment. She owes us an awful lot, Mister."

“She told me ninety thousand dollars.”

The man with the scar spoke again. “Now, let me see, she’s put us to a hell of a lot of trouble. Why don’t we make it a nice round figure, say one hundred thousand dollars.”

Colt knew that the price might go up, so he handed over the bag. “There’s ninety thousand bucks in there.” He then dug deep into his jeans and pulled out the rest. “Here’s the other ten.”

He watched them count it until they were satisfied it was all there.

“Tell Kat it was nice doing business with her. Anytime you want a loan, you know where to come.”

Without answering, Colt got out of the car and began walking back to the club with a dog on either side of him. As the sedan drove away, he saw Sheriff Bunty’s cruiser meet them on the way out. He watched the lawman lower his window and speak to the occupants of the car before they continued along the track.

While the Sheriff turned his cruiser around outside the club, Colt went into his office. He opened the safe and withdrew the bundle of love letters. He then went outside and handed them to Bunty. “You’d better have these. They’re too hot even for my taste. You were a real stallion back in the day, Abe.”

The Sheriff nodded. “I was young once, Colt.” He paused for a moment. “That still don’t mean you didn’t photocopy them.”

“On that, you’ll just have to trust me, Abe.” Colt rested his hands on the cruiser’s roof.

“Guess I will, but I think you’re a man of your word.”

Colt nodded in the direction of the black sedan. “What did you say to those guys?”

“I told them that if I ever see them around here again, I’ll kick their sorry asses clear across the state line. They won’t be back. Rely on it.”

“Good. Well, Sheriff, guess I’ll go about my business.”

“Yeah, you do that, son. I won’t be bothering you from now on. I’ve got more important things to do with my time. I ain’t found nothing worth reporting here at Club Fusion.”

“And you won’t, Sheriff.”

“That’s good to hear.”

Colt stood away from the car as the Sheriff restarted his engine, and he watched him drive away. It had cost him an extra ten thousand bucks to get rid of the scum, but it had been worth it, and now it looked like Bunty was off his back, too.

His thoughts turned to Kat. He figured she was already pacing the floor awaiting his discipline. Well, he’d let her stew a little longer. A nervous sub always gave the best results.

Chapter Sixteen

Tiny butterflies pulsed in Kat's stomach as she paced the bedroom floor for the umpteenth time. She nervously wrung her hands together as she came face to face with the implements for her punishment. The disciplinary trio—a paddle, strap, and cane—looked menacing, waiting for their finest hour when Colt would connect them with her flesh.

She'd taken extra care preparing herself, making sure she looked her best. She couldn't afford to upset Colt any more than she already had. When she heard a door opening further along the corridor, her whole body went rigid. She breathed in, her fate sealed.

The atmosphere felt supercharged as Colt noisily pushed the door open and entered the bedroom. His gaze held her captive as he walked up to her. Kat could feel herself shaking with nervous energy. His hair was still wet from a recent shower, and he wore just a pair of jeans. The lean muscles on his chest and shoulders defined and hard as he stood over her.

He brushed the hair away from her face. "You have prepared yourself well, little sub. Do you know why you need to be punished?"

"Yes, Master. I've cost you a lot of money. I deserve your discipline."

"You have and you do. But it's not about the money, Kat. It's the fact that you kept it to yourself, making the situation far worse. The punishment I administer now will focus your mind. Hopefully, next time, you'll remember to confide in your Master."

"Yes, Master, I will."

“Now, I want you to choose the method of your punishment.” He pointed to the selection of spanking implements that lay on the bed at his disposal. “Which one would you like me to use?”

Kat stared, wondering which to choose. The cane looked too thin and painful, and she guessed it would hurt the most. Colt had used the paddle on her before, and that was a painful experience, too. She picked up the leather strap and handed it to him, not daring to look him in the eye.

“This one, Master,” she whispered. He cupped her chin and forced her to meet his gaze. He seemed all-powerful and alpha male as he stood over her.

“Now, remove your robe,” he ordered.

When Kat stood naked in front of him, he bound her wrists together with a silk tie. Her heart began hammering in her chest. Colt was the perfect aphrodisiac. She loved being at his mercy. It turned her on.

“Kneel on the bed.”

She did as he ordered.

“Lean forward, and bury your head in the mattress. I want to see that creamy ass of yours stuck up in the air.”

She did as he demanded, kneeling on the bed with her butt thrust upward. He then tied her ankles together. “I don’t want my little sub kicking me when it hurts too much. Which it will,” he added with chilling effect. He poured baby oil onto his hands before gently caressing them over her ass cheeks, making her purr in appreciation. “I don’t want the strap harming your soft skin. This will stop it marking.” Slowly, Colt drifted his hand between her legs. Kat knew she was wet. “I can see the idea of a spanking turns you on, little sub. When your bottom is hot and pink, and you can’t stand the pain anymore, I’m going to fuck you here.” He pressed a finger to her puckered hole, and she bucked with the contact. “I’ve waited long enough. Today, your ass belongs to me. All of it.”

Kat whimpered as he stood and braced herself for the first blow. She heard him taking a couple of practice swings against the iron bedstead. The chilling noise both unnerved and excited her in equal measure. Without warning, the leather strap cracked down hard on her bare butt, making her squirm and bite her bottom lip. The afterburn quickly spread down to her pussy. She wanted to shout out *Master, I'm sorry, Master, please forgive me*, but she didn't.

He leaned down putting his face next to hers. 'I've had to pay out a hundred thousand dollars because of your bad behavior, little sub. I can't let that go unpunished.' Another stinging blow connected with her reddened ass cheeks, bringing more heat into her bare butt.

The strap lashed across her again, this time focusing on the left cheek. She held her breath, knowing another one would soon rain down on the right. It did, and stinging warmth inflamed her butt again. Her pussy began to throb as the heat spread quickly through her ass. Kat resigned herself to making sure she would always tell Colt everything in future. There would be no more borrowing money from the wrong people again.

"Are you going to be a good little sub in the future?" The leather strap cracked across her butt once more.

"Yes, Master," she answered quickly as the pain pulsed through her again. When yet another blow impacted her ass, it caused her to squirm. Her pussy burned with heat, making her wet and aroused.

"Do you know why I'm angry?" He thwacked her again.

"Yes, Master, but it hurts so much." Her rump glowed with heat as he did it again.

"It's meant to. It focuses the mind," he said as he strapped her butt again. He leaned down to her level and whispered in her ear. "That's nine, one for every ten thousand bucks, but because I had to pay out an extra ten thousand dollars, I'm going to give you one more."

Kat closed her eyes, regretting her decision to borrow the money. Tears blurred her vision as Colt strapped her bare ass one final time. She whimpered, biting into the duvet to stop herself from crying out.

* * * *

Ten minutes later

“Come, lie across my lap, little one. Never let it be said that your Master does not have a benevolent side, too.” Still bound at her wrists and ankles, Colt laid Kat over his knees and immediately began soothing her reddened behind with the palm of his hand. He could feel the heat rising from her perfectly shaped buttock cheeks. He let his fingers trail into her sex. She was soaking wet. “You naughty little sub. You liked being spanked by your Master.”

“Master, I can’t help it. Please, my pussy is on fire.” She squirmed, trying to get his fingers to pleasure her even more.

“I think I’m going to have to administer another spanking, just for enjoying the first.” He smoothed his hand over the glowing pink flesh and then lightly brought his cupped palm in contact with her butt cheek. Gradually, he built the rhythm, alternately spanking and caressing his palm over her butt cheeks. Soon her ass glowed the hottest pink.

“Now, I don’t want you mixing with the wrong type of people ever again. Understand,” he stated, bringing his hand swiftly into contact with her heated flesh.

“Yes, Master.”

“I shall keep a close watch on my little sub, to make sure she is following her Master’s orders.” Colt smoothed his hand over her burning ass then delivered another stinging blow.

Moans of pleasure began to flow from Kat’s lips as he continued the spanking. “Oh, Master, please.” Her whole body writhed on his lap. He knew from past experience that she was on the point of orgasm. Colt gently palmed her butt several more times, bringing sexual pleas from her lips. He’d brought wayward women to orgasm with just a spanking before, but Kat was a delight to discipline. He

knew that she enjoyed her submissive role with a passion. She reveled in his control. She needed his dominance and guidance.

“The Master is pleased with his sub. You may come now.”

Slowly, he slid his fingers deep inside her wet pussy, caressing her clit with his thumb as he did so. He felt her cunt contract around him as she climaxed. Her whimpers of enjoyment filled the bedroom, making him feel horny as fuck.

Now all compliant, Colt moved her back to the bed and lay her face down, placing several pillows under her stomach to raise her butt. He untied her bound ankles. Her breathing was heavy, and he kissed her ass cheeks one by one. “Open your legs, little sub. Your Master is going to stretch you now.” Kat immediately did as he commanded, spreading her legs wide for his personal enjoyment. He knew she was mentally fighting the idea of having her ass fucked. “You’re such a good little sub,” he praised as he smoothed a hand over her inflamed, burning butt.

Colt spread some lube on his fingers and then held them against her cute puckered hole. “I want you to relax little sub. Do you understand I’m going to fuck your ass now?”

“Yes, Master, but I can’t relax. I’m frightened.”

“There’s no need to be. I’ll look after you.”

“I know that, Master, but I can’t.”

“Do you want another spanking?”

“No, Master.”

“Then unclench your butt.”

She did as he demanded, and he immediately pressed a finger inside her anus, working around the sphincter until she began to relax. Using more lube, he speared two fingers inside her. Kat moaned and buried her head in the duvet, starting to enjoy the sensation, which he figured she found far more pleasant in reality than she’d anticipated. When he could comfortably insert three fingers, and he was satisfied she was sufficiently stretched, he went into the bathroom.

He turned as he reached the doorway. In her prone position, she looked perfect. All open and surrendered to his will. This was what turned him on, and he knew Kat loved it, too. “Don’t move, little sub. I want you just like that for when I return, or you will feel my displeasure once more.”

* * * *

With her ass tipped in the air, Kat waited for Colt to return. She could hardly believe it. He had brought her to orgasm with just a spanking. She hadn’t thought it possible, but the sensation when he disciplined her over his knee was just mind-blowing. Her pussy had glowed hot from the very first time his hand smacked her butt.

She could hear water running in the bathroom, and then the unmistakable sound as he came back into the room. The breath caught in her throat as she felt the bed move behind her. Colt had a way of raising the stakes every time. He’d always make her await his arrival, building tension and anticipation in her mind. Tonight was no different. Only this time was the first time she’d ever had anal sex, and she was scared.

He trailed tiny kisses up her back as he moved over her, holding his weight from her body with his strong arms. When she felt the head of his hard cock come into contact with her butt, she immediately let out a whimper.

Colt kissed her shoulder. “Relax, little sub, it’ll be much easier on you. There’s plenty of lube in place.”

Slowly, he pressed the head of his penis inside her virgin ass. The sharp burn contrasted with the warm glow still pulsing from her butt cheeks. She buried her head in the duvet as the invasion continued. Kat panted several times to ease the sting. Once he was past her sphincter, he slid further inside her.

Colt brushed the hair away from her face and licked and nibbled her earlobe as he began working his cock. “The Master has branded you, little sub. You belong to him now, always.”

His sexily spoken words made her arch back, and spread her legs wider, allowing him greater entry to her butt. With her wrists still bound, she braced herself on her elbows, lifting her upper body as she gave herself fully to him.

“Take me, Master. I’m yours. I belong to you now.”

Colt thrust harder and faster inside her. His balls slapped against her aroused pussy lips with each delicious lunge. Incredibly, she could feel a tight spasm developing at her core, building in intensity until a huge wave exploded in her womb. Nerve endings detonated and popped as a tremendous rush contracted inside her and flowed out to every part of her body. Her orgasm blew her mind. On the verge of collapsing, Colt came, too, spilling his seed inside her, making a deep sexual moan in her ear until he was done.

They both fell, almost lifeless, into an exhausted, tangled heap. Intertwined and at peace, he gently kissed her shoulder and then withdrew from her ass.

Colt propped himself back on the pillows and pulled her into his arms. He undid the tie around her wrists and cast it aside. She fit so perfectly on his shoulder. His warmth surrounded her as he combed a hand into her hair, letting it slip through his fingers.

“I’ve been thinking, Kat. I want to renegotiate the contract with you.”

“Oh?” Was her Master upset with her?

“Six months was not what I had in mind.”

Kat could feel herself tense. Had he achieved what he desired and now wanted to move on to a fresh sub? “Have you had enough of me? Should I leave?” she whispered.

He cupped her chin and angled her face to his. “After the sex we’ve just had? Are you kidding? I want a permanent contract, Kat. I

love you and want you to marry me. I think we make the perfect match. You're exactly what I desire in a sub and in a woman."

"Do you mean that, Colt?"

He smiled and rubbed his thumb over her lips. The way he stared at her made her feel like the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow.

"I know life has dealt you some tough blows over the years, Kat, but I think with my guidance and understanding you can be truly happy."

They'd both had to face the death of a child. They both knew how it felt, and they both gained comfort from the other's knowledge. It was a bond that could never be broken.

Over the years, all the things that had been missing up until now had been the catalysts to make her act badly. She blinked back the tears beginning to form in her eyes. All she'd ever needed was love and complete understanding from a man. Colt gave her all those things and more. He gave her security and peace of mind. He made her feel safe and protected for the first time in her life. Now she had a new beginning because Colt loved her.

Her heart swelled as she looked at the most beautiful, horny, sexy man in the world. "You are the only one I will allow to tame my wild, willful ways, Colt."

"Is that a yes then, little sub?"

Kat wrapped her arms around him and kissed him passionately on the lips. "I love you with all my heart, Colt, and my answer is, of course, yes—Master."

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

At present Jan Bowles lives with her husband in an old farmhouse in Lincolnshire, England, UK.

She would like to think that she's a free spirit, having lived in various parts of the UK and Europe. When she was younger she lived in Los Angeles, and traveled by car across the entire length of Route 66 to Chicago and then finally linked the journey to New York. It was an experience that Jan has never forgotten.

Jan has an inquiring mind, and will often muse about events having an everlasting effect on the human psyche. There is always a reason why people act the way they do. You just have to look below the surface. She hopes to bring these ideas to her writing.

When she's not writing Jan likes to paint large landscapes and sweeping vistas. She loves walking, and there's nothing more she'd rather do, than stand on the top of a hill with the wind blowing through her hair, and yep, if it's raining that's all the better. Jan says there's nothing like nature to make one feel truly alive.

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