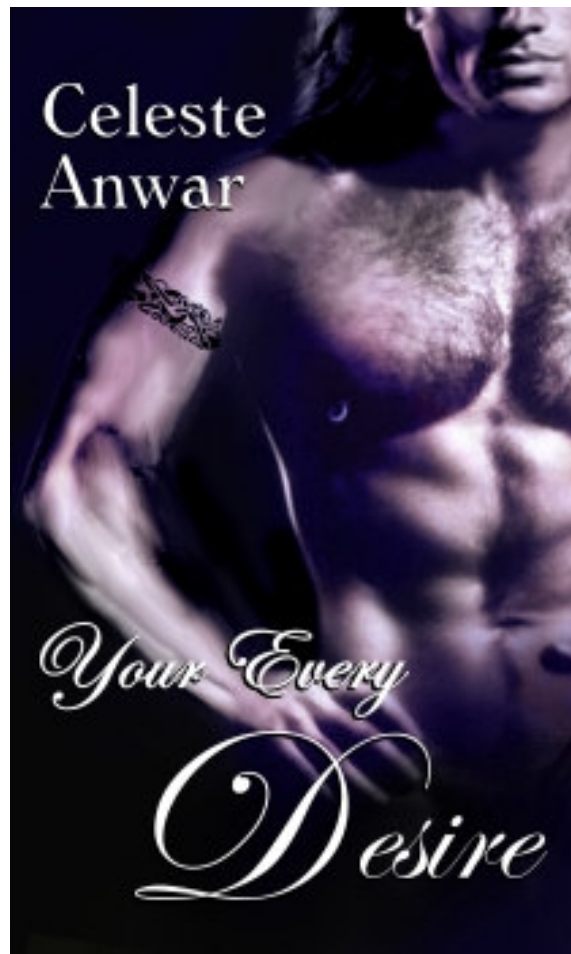


(Be sure to read the special teaser from Carnal Knowledge at the end.)



# Your Every Desire

by

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“Please tell me you’re shittin’ me, ‘cause if you haven’t developed a sense of humor along with that tight ass, I’m just going to bitch slap you right now,” Cass said, crossing her arms over her chest and giving Ananda a look that singed her eyebrows.

Ananda Monroe feigned innocence. “Huh?”

“He likes you. I can tell these things,” Cass said, taking a sip of her diet coke and still giving Ananda the evil eye. Cass was able to multi-task with the best of them.

“Who?”

Cass knocked on her own head. “Hello! Jesse! Just looking at that man makes me cream my jeans.”

“Please. That’s so gross.” She laughed and rolled her eyes. Cass had never really grown up. She still acted like they were teenagers. And yes, she could admit it. The man was hot enough to melt any woman’s insides. She’d always had a thing for dark haired men.

“He’s just ... friendly.” Ananda couldn’t help looking surprised though at her buddy’s speculation. As old as she was, she’d never been able to figure out when flirtation was genuine--maybe because she’d spent the

last ten years or so fat and dumpy and been virtually ignored by the male of the species ... unless they chose to torment her. Yeah, that could be it. Besides, she seriously didn't believe Jesse Rainer was interested. "Men like Jesse just don't look at women like me. Hell, he'd probably joke with his friends about banging a fatty if he got me."

"Pshaww! You're beautiful. You were beautiful before you lost weight, and you're beautiful now. I'm surprised you don't have to beat men off with a stick. And you are NOT fat, Ananda. When are you going to get over that?"

"Never," she muttered under her breath. People always said that--oh, she's big boned, but look how pretty her face is! Not that she doubted Cass' sincerity, bless her heart. All the compliments in the world didn't matter when they came from people who loved you--they couldn't help being biased.

True, Ananda had lost a lot of weight in the past year, but it was still hard to believe she wasn't the fat girl she'd always been. Maybe it was because she still never looked in any mirror that showed more than a head shot....

"Anyway, you're getting off topic. I heard him ask for your number. And you didn't give it to him. I've half a mind to go back and give it to him myself."

"It was a reflex action. Couldn't help it. Besides, it was a joke, okay? And he didn't exactly put it *that* way." Maybe she was prejudiced, but in her experience, it always proved true. Good looking, straight, unattached men always used her as an object of ridicule. It was only natural

for her to be distrustful of them--none had ever bothered *earning* her trust. Better to cut herself off than leave herself open to more hurt.

“Bullshit. A tight beefcake like that don’t come along that often, leastways not for mortal girls like us. It’s just--” Cass sputtered, “I’m *almost* speechless at your idgit tendencies. You’re *supposed* to be the smart one.”

Ananda rolled her eyes. “God save us. I caught that almost, by the way.” She grinned. “Besides, it’s against office policy to date at work.”

“He works in the building not that office--”

“And he’s just ... uh....” She wracked her brain, looking for the right word. “...safe I guess. I’m twenty nine now--”

Cass cleared her throat and muttered, “Thirty.”

Ananda ignored her and continued, “I’m just looking for something ... different.”

“You mean ugly?”

“You’re being shallow now.”

“I just want you to get laid, and there’s nothing wrong with snagging a purty one. When was the last time you got poked?”

“Poked? You sound like my brother now.” She giggled and forced it down, frowning to look serious. “That’s none of your business anyway.”

“HA! It’s been too long. That defense is a dead giveaway.”

Ananda turned her nose up at her.

“You read too much. I know what you’re really looking for.”

Ananda kicked her under the table. “You’re the one that got me started on *those*.”

“You’re such a tightass.” Cass chuckled. “Couldn’t’ve been me. These virgin eyes would never dare look at ‘smut’.”

Ananda grunted.

“Speaking of smut....” Cass paused a minute and fished around in her purse as she continued, “I got this address I want you to check out next time you’re feeling adventurous. I know it’s in here.... Success!” She pulled out a business card and pushed it across the table, face down.

Ananda eyed it dubiously. Cass and her porn sites. Granted, they were of the highest quality and always entertaining, but she wanted something more tangible. Looking at pictures of naked men just didn’t get her off, and she highly suspected these women’s sites were just for gay men. Perhaps a new vibrator was what she needed to get her spunk back. She’d thrown the last antique away and sworn never to buy another--they were too damn addictive. But it beat the hell out of having one huge, muscular arm....

Sighing, she picked up the card. It was heavy stock, the edges embossed in a frame around a single line: YourEveryDesire.com.

The name caused a shiver to skate up her spine. “What is this?” she asked, holding it up to the light to see if there was some watermark telling more. There was nothing but that one bold, intriguing line in cursive script.

“What’s it sound like?” she taunted, ever the tease.

“It sounds like you should tell me where you got this.”

Cass tucked a dark strand of hair behind her ear and grinned, raising Ananda’s suspicion. “I’m not telling.”

“Cass,” she said warningly, frowning. Your Every Desire.... She had to get some work done--she couldn’t waste time surfing some website. It

irked her that it intrigued her enough to consider skipping work. Old, sensible Ananda would never do that though.

“Just go to the address and be prepared for a mind blowing experience. Oh yeah ... make sure your digital camera is hooked up.”

\* \* \* \*

Ananda was wrong about Cass distracting her. She'd been so busy finishing the new layout for the magazine she hadn't had time to think beyond the pain in her lower back and the ever present ticking of the clock down to deadline. The building was empty by the time she finished--nearly midnight. Outside, the moon had risen and the sultry air cooled to a low simmer. It was going to be a hot summer, she predicted morosely. She caught a late run bus to her street, the rigid seats agonizing on her worn tailbone. A long weekend in air conditioning and a handful of aspirin would do her wonders.

Dead on her feet, she trudged up the single flight of stairs to her apartment and entered, greeted only by the blue glow of her computer screen. She'd forgotten to turn it off when she'd stopped by her apartment to retrieve some files before returning to work. The ivory business card Cass had given her at lunch was tucked into the corner, beckoning her, but she steadfastly ignored it.

Flipping lights on as she went, Ananda dragged herself to the bathroom, popped some aspirin, and took a long, hot shower. Finally, when

her muscles were as substantial as jelly, she got out, slipped on a camisole and panties, flipped the lights, and crawled into bed with her hair wrapped in a towel. She was too tired for anything more rigorous.

Once the lights were out though, her mind came alive despite her body's protest. The red dial of her clock taunted her with each passing minute. It was still sort of early for a Friday, and she could sleep late in the morning.... Over and over she thought of reasons to get out of bed, and with a growl, turned on the bedside lamp and sat up. *To hell with it.* She'd see what the site was about and *then* go to bed. And in the morning when her eyes were puffy and black from lack of sleep, she'd call Cass over for a personal ass kicking session.

Ananda pointed the digital camera away and settled herself in front of the computer, curling her legs in the seat. As she waited for connection, she drummed her fingers on the desk, listening to the low volume monitor speaker chirp softly as the modem connected to the network.

Chewing at a nail, she pecked the address into the browser, double checking the address before hitting enter. A red screen appeared, blurred forms slowly coming into focus, until she found herself staring at writhing shapes beneath crimson satin--like bed sheets draped over lovers. It went black suddenly, a white cursor blinking lonely on the dark screen.

So far, she wasn't really impressed. Cass had finally lost it. She moved the mouse up to close the window and the cursor started to life, typing.

*What do you desire, Ananda?* The cursor stopped, awaiting her response.

“How the hell did they know...?” Cass. She must’ve set her up. Okay, she’d play along.

Smug, she typed: *Mind blowing sex.*

*Not specific enough.*

Wasn’t this supposed to be ‘your every desire’? Shouldn’t it be easy?

Ananda sat back, scrounging her tired brain for inspiration. Geez, what did she want? Thinking about it, when it came right down to bare fantasy, she wanted what the heroines in all those erotic stories had, but pinning it down to specifics was difficult. All right, so she’d been reading too much, and she was horny as hell.

She tried again: *I want to live out an erotica.*

*Not specific enough.*

More? She was having to think too much to have a good time. Maybe that’s what the problem had been all along. She’d always been a brain, a thinker. What she wanted was to lose control and have the burden of responsibility taken off her shoulders. She was tired of having to make all the decisions, do all the work, be the creative one. Couldn’t she just be lazy a while? Men were just too submissive these days--they didn’t have to *do* anything. Submissive ... a breathy word in her mind that conjured all sorts of forbidden images. Ananda swallowed hard and settled her fingers over the keyboard.

*I want to be ... dominated.*

*Accepted. Selecting match.*

Ananda waited anxiously, watching the small clock on the screen tick off the seconds. After a minute, a window popped up on her screen. In it, she could see a man swathed in darkness. A keyboard lay across his lap. A



T-shirt stretched tight across his chest, baring muscular arms, and a Celtic tattoo curled around his right bicep like a lover's hand. His face remained in shadow save for the full lower lip and hard, square line of his jaw, dark with stubble.

She tingled in secret places just looking at him. He definitely fit the bill in fulfilling her every desire. Bless Cass. Sleep was the furthest thing from her mind as she watched his long, tapered fingers type.

*I want to see you.*

Ananda chewed a nail, looking at the camera, still turned away. *Is it necessary?*

He smiled. *It ... heightens the experience. I want you to enjoy yourself.*

Jesus, she'd never done anything like this in her life. What difference did it make? She'd never meet him in real life anyway ... and the benefit was he knew nothing of her past, couldn't know she'd once had a weight problem. He'd only see her--the real her. Taking a fortifying breath, she removed her towel and shook out her hair, then turned the camera to face her. Nerves wound tight, she sat back down.

*You're lovelier than I imagined.* He smiled again, warming her insides. *Good. You're learning already. Do you have voice conference?*

She nodded, blushing at the unexpected compliment, and plugged the headset in. She often used it for work. It had never once occurred to her to use it for play. Pushing her damp hair back, she fit the headset on, greeted instantly by his voice.

He'd set the keyboard aside and propped his hands on the desk. "Do you want me to dominate you?"

Ananda shivered at the husky whisper in her ear. A little warmth and she'd swear he was right behind her, leaning close. "I do," she said, looking into the camera.

"What is your safety word?"

A safety word in case things went too far beyond her comfort zone. "Narcissus," she whispered, settling back in her chair.

"You must obey only my commands--nothing else until the word is spoken."

She nodded.

"You must say it," he whispered.

"I agree to obey your demands."

"Good. Follow the line of my finger with your hand ... touch yourself. Like this." He traced a finger down the column of his throat, over the planes of his chest, circling his nipples. Ananda followed with her own hand, suddenly eager to touch *him* and be touched in return. There was something elusive about him, beguiling and provocative. His jaw worked as he swallowed, tightening her insides in a knot. He looked hard all over, and she couldn't help wonder how it would feel to be crushed against him.

"Rub your nipples. I want them hard for me."

A pulse beat between her thighs with his soft, insistent commands. His urging aroused her, emboldened her. The camisole moved silkily against her nipples as she rubbed her palms over them. They hardened instantly, tenting the delicate fabric on the taut peaks of her breasts, aching, begging for the heat of his mouth. She wanted more but couldn't have it, and it was driving her crazy. She moaned softly, frustrated.

“Take off your top.” When she hesitated, in a forcible voice, he said, “Now.”

Hesitant, she stood and pulled the headset away as she drew the top over her head. Dropping it to the floor, she shielded her breasts with one arm and put the headset back on as she sat once more.

“Drop your arm. You’ve nothing to hide.”

In all her years, she’d never felt so exposed, so vulnerable. No man had seen her naked since her college years--and even then she’d kept her shirt on. His breathing grew heavy in her ears as she slowly lowered her arm, her skin prickling under his scrutiny, nipples tightening in reaction.

He sucked in a sharp breath. “You’re beautiful. Never be ashamed of your body. My hands itch to touch you, cup your breasts, pinch your nipples. I want to taste your skin, run my tongue in your every crevice. Would you be as sweet as I imagine...?”

Each soft word plucked her insides like an instrument. She’d sing for him if he asked it. He moved his hands to the hem of his shirt, catching her attention as he drew it up and over his head, flinging it out of sight. Light glinted off the gilt of a silver ring in each nipple, and dark hair sprinkled across his sculpted chest, drawing in a line down his stomach.

“Would you like to see more?” he asked.

“Yes. Please.” Anticipation sped her pulse, heated her skin. It was getting hard to breathe, to think straight.

He stood and slowly unbuttoned his fly, letting the jeans drop on his hips to reveal his cock. From a trimmed thatch of dark hair, it stood straight out from his rippled belly, engorged, and a thick, silver ring pierced the

large rounded head. Metal balls studded his length, gleaming wickedly in the glow of his screen.

Moisture gathered in her folds just thinking of having him burying that monster inside her, wondering what the silver would feel like in her pussy. She nearly moaned, inexplicably weak.

“Do you like what you see?”

“Very much,” she whispered, hoarse.

“Your turn.”

Emboldened, she stood and pushed her panties down and kicked them away. “Do you like what you see?” she repeated him when she stood naked before him, thrilling in her newfound freedom.

“I want more,” he growled, cupping his cock in one large hand. “You make me so hard for you. Sit down and put your feet on the desk. Yes, like that. Good. Open your legs, baby, let me see inside you.”

A flood of hot liquid saturated her cleft at his husky command. She collapsed back as she opened her legs wide, tilting her pussy up to the camera, watching as he stroked his hard cock to the image of her splayed legs.

“Touch your pussy,” he whispered. “Show me how wet you are for me.”

Ananda slid her hand down to her slit, past her engorged clit to her swollen folds. She ached so much, needed to feel him inside her--it had been so long.... She stroked a finger down to the edge of her passage, juices gathering on her hand, soaking her.

“Push it inside--hard.”

She groaned and thrust deep, arching her head back.

“Keep your eyes on me, baby. I want you to see what you do to me.”

She watched him pump his cock, harder and faster, each time pushing her fingers inside herself, rubbing her clit with her thumb.

The climax was building inside her, turning her blood to fire. She could almost feel his heat pressing against her, feel the cold silver teasing her opening. She stretched, driving her fingers inside again and again, and the orgasm burst upon her in a blinding wave. Still she plunged into her depths, until his cock pulsed and a jet of cum spewed from his erection.

She collapsed, dropping her feet to the floor--drenched and sated. The musk of her femininity hung in the air, arousing.

“I’m afraid I couldn’t dominate you properly. You make me lose control, baby.” He shook his head, wiping himself off with a towel.

She liked that, a lot. He’d still given her a helluva ride, without even touching her. There was something so erotic about pleasuring yourself in front of someone, before a handsome stranger. The thought pulled her up short. She needed to see him, to know what he looked like. “Can I see your face?”

He tensed in the action of pulling his jeans on, sat down without buttoning the fly. “No. I don’t think you’re ready.”

That wasn’t true. Hadn’t she proved how adventuresome she could be? She sat on the edge of her chair, leaning forward. “Why not?”

He considered her several minutes before finally saying, “The only way you can is to allow me to possess you ... in every way.”

She swallowed, taken aback. “That’s a hard bargain.”

He smiled. “You have no idea.”

“Okay. I’ll bite.”

“Promise?” He pulled up the keyboard and typed something in. “This is my address. If you decide you want to see me, I’ll be waiting.” He stood and the screen went black. He’d turned off the connection. There was no way to contact him now except by the address he’d sent. And that was just too much to ask--for her to go meet a stranger? But then, hadn’t she done much, much worse?

\* \* \* \*

“Oh ... my ... gawd! I can’t believe you did that!” Cass shrieked, bouncing excitedly in her seat and fanning herself.

Ananda cringed, sinking down in their usual booth in Remy’s bayou shack. “Shhhh! I don’t want everyone knowing my sex life.” Ananda blushed furiously, almost sorry she’d told her ... but not quite. She couldn’t help grinning in the face of such excitement.

“Who? There ain’t no one else here but us and Remy. Anyway, tell me you’re going to visit him. You *can’t* pass this up.” She sat up and wagged a finger at her. “I won’t let you.”

“He could be some psycho, Cass. The world’s too dangerous for real sex. Besides, you know how I feel about one night stands.”

“Uh huh. You’re just being chicken. It’s Saturday night, we’re both free, I say we drive over. I’ll be your backup. If I hear you screaming--uh, being murdered--I’ll save you.”

“You’re *so* not being funny.”

Cass arched her brows, her mouth set in a grim line. “You’re going.”

“No.” Cass continued her death stare. “*NO*. There’s nothing you can do to drag me there.” Ananda looked smug until Cass got up and threatened her within an inch of her life. When stuck between Cass and a hard place, it was always best to choose the latter. And of course, being stuck with a hard piece was infinitely more fun.

Ananda had been surprised to find he lived in New Orleans. She hadn’t caught an accent, but then, he’d only whispered to her the entire time, so it was difficult to tell. She couldn’t help but feel meeting him would taint her experience, and hated spoiling it, but Cass wouldn’t let it be.

Cass drove them in her Taurus, since Ananda didn’t own a car, and they arrived at the townhouse in fifteen minutes.

Ananda looked out the passenger window across the street to his building, a cold sweat on her brow. She wiped it away, disconcerted to feel her stomach clenched in a knot. “It’s dark. No one’s home. Men don’t stay home if they think they can go out and get a piece of ass.”

“He was here last night. Oooh.” She rubbed her hands together excitedly. “Maybe you’ll catch him in bed.”

“Hmph. At this hour? Not likely.”

“Stop dragging your ass and go up there. If you’re back in less than five minutes, you’re gonna get it, and then *I’m* going up.”

“Yeah, yeah.” So she needed a prod in the ass. She was still new to this adventurous side of herself--it needed all the coaxing it could get.

Ananda got out of the car and walked to his building. The porch light came on as she raised her fist to knock, sending goose bumps over her skin.

The door opened, but she couldn't see anything more than the general shape of a very tall, very broad shouldered man. His cologne teased her nostrils, intoxicating, spicy. Lordy. He smelled good enough to eat.

Was it him? Or could it be a roommate? She didn't know anything about him. She laughed nervously, shielding her eyes from the fluorescent bulb shining on her face. "You're going to think this is crazy, but ... uh ... were you on a site last night--?"

"I knew you'd come," he said, his voice a husky, satisfied growl that made her tingle in all the right spots.

Jesus, that voice ... where did she know it? He was so ... potent in person, or perhaps it was her own reaction that made her think that. "I almost didn't."

"Silence."

The game. He wanted to play the game. She felt weak inside just thinking about it. But hadn't she initiated it--wasn't it what she wanted? He stepped aside and she walked in, hesitant. She turned to face the open door. "My friend's waiting outside. I need to let her know--"

He shut the door solidly. "Nothing exists now but this room. You live only for me until the *word* is spoken."

"You promised me your face."

"Only when you give yourself to me completely. Come."

He took her hand in his, the callused skin abrasive on her palm, heightening her sensitivity. He led her deep into the house. Dark as it was, she slowly grew accustomed to the dimness. Ahead, a soft yellow glow limned his body.



He was naked. She swallowed, wondering how she could have missed such an important detail--and if she was ready for something like this. But she knew she'd never get over her shyness unless she started acting on her desires. It was time she grew into her womanhood.

He turned away from the door, keeping his face in shadows, and gestured her inside with a sweep of his arm.

The room glowed with squat candles set on shelves and sporadically covering the floor, surrounding a central table. Except it didn't look like any table she'd ever seen. The surface was covered in thick padding, not unlike a pillowtop mattress, and cuffs on chains extended from each corner with two extra near the middle, lengthwise edge.

He moved up behind her, touched her shoulders, drew his rough hands down her soft biceps. "Don't turn around. I'm going bring you to the edge of release again and again, until you beg me to ram my cock inside you," he whispered, mouth near her ear, breath hot on her skin. Ananda shivered, an ache clenching her womb. She wanted him now, without names, without identity, only skin and heat between them.

She held still, afraid of what he'd do--or not do, unable to bear waiting longer. Ananda bit her lip as he moved his hands from her arms and settled them on her hips, his fingers teasing the hem of her blouse.

"Take it off."

With trembling hands, she grasped the hem and pulled the mini-t over her head and dropped it to the floor. He pressed a palm flat on her back, moving his fingers down the hollow of her spine.

"I like that you wear no bra."

She didn't need one. Her breasts were practically non-existent--a trait she'd inherited from the Indian side of her family.

He curled his hands around her ribcage, fingering the shallow undersides of her breasts. "I like how tight your breasts are." He stroked his tongue up the side of her neck. It was wet and hot. "I could wrap my mouth around them. Do you want me to? Do you want me to suck your small nipples until they ache for me?"

Her throat had gone dry. She couldn't speak, could only nod.

"Not yet. I want to savor you. Take your shorts off, and your sandals."

Ananda did as he asked, adding to the pile of her clothes. She stood only in her panties, and was glad she'd at least had the forethought to wear silk.

Something hard pressed against the cleft of her ass, cold and hot all at once. Oh god.... She clenched her hands, biting her lip.

"I'll make the hurt go away. Bend over and put your hands on the table."

She was far enough away from the table, her ass tilted up when she bent over it. She sensed him kneel behind her, felt his hands move up the front of her thighs as his tongue glided along her lower back, leaving a trail of heat. He scraped his teeth along the edge of her panties, fingers whisper soft on the tops of her thighs, brushing across her apex lightly, maddening her with their nearness.

"You're wet for me already," he said, his voice muffled with distance and the flesh of her ass cheeks.

He nipped her with his teeth, caught the silken fabric and tugged it down, slowly exposing her cheeks to the conditioned air. He seized the front of her panties and dragged them down her legs, impatient, rough.

“Spread your legs. Farther. More,” he said, his voice hoarse, needy.

She moved her feet apart until her pussy was wide open, her folds separated to the cool air. Her juices seeped down her thighs in anticipation.

Kneeling behind her, he did nothing, letting her anxiety grow by the minute. Her nerves were stretched to the limit, reaching for him, begging to be touched, feeling out for any whisper of movement, any heated breath. When she felt the first hot probe of his tongue, she thought she would scream.

He moved down the crevice of her ass, past her *taint* to her soaked folds.

“Oh god,” she whispered as he flicked his tongue across her labia. He nipped her thigh in warning, and she bit her lip to stifle her cry.

Pain and pleasure ... a heady mix that had her blood racing. He moved his hands up once more, holding her folds open as a book, baring her inner core to his greedy mouth. His tongue thrust deep and hard inside her pussy, and she moaned, arching her back as he twirled it inside before he withdrew and moved up to her swollen clit.

That was what she wanted, what she'd longed to feel for so long, what no vibrator could mimic. The hot, wet feel of a man's mouth wrapped around her clit, driving her crazy. He took it into his mouth and suckled. She thrust back without thinking, felt the grind of his chin against her pubic mound. He sucked harder, with near bruising intensity, until she thought she'd pass out, then he slacked, flicking his tongue rapidly over the clit,

faster than any finger. Sucking and massaging, he built her to the edge of climax. She gasped for breath, clenching around him, getting so close. She knew she had to be smothering him but she didn't care, could only think of that mouth, working her clit to climax, *needing* to climax.

He stopped suddenly, leaving her on the brink, and she screamed in frustration. He slapped her buttocks, hard, making the tender flesh sting. Her skin jumped in response, sensation heightened. The waves of orgasm ebbed and flowed, never reaching the crescendo.

He stood behind her, cupped her sex with one large hand, teasing her with his deft fingers.

"Please," she begged. If he didn't make her cum, she'd die.

He slapped her right buttock in response, harder than before. The combination of stinging pain and the faint flick of his fingers on her clit made her gasp. The sting felt almost as good as his stroking, in some perverse reversal of nerve endings. She groaned and he popped her again, stinging her, massaging her clit and cheek, soothing the small hurt away.

"Don't make a sound. Don't speak," he said, a warning growl.

"I need you."

Her left buttock received a slap. The skin tingled. She bucked against him and he cupped his body around her. She felt the cold ring of his cock in the cleft of her ass. She wiggled against him, and he groaned, bit her shoulder, hard, before he pulled back.

"I ... can't ... deny you."

He pushed her forward, until her upper body lay across the table. Leaning over, he stroked his hands down her arms and guided her hands into the cuffs. He tightened them then moved away.

Distantly, she recognized the soft rustle and tear behind her of a condom being opened, but she had barely registered that fact when he came to her again.

With strong hands, he grasped her thighs, lifting them up around his hips as he moved between her spread legs. This was what she'd come for, no noble cause, for more than curiosity. She wanted him to fuck her. It was a primal, basic need she'd denied too long.

Ananda tensed as his cockhead teased her opening, moving slow, stretching her wide, wider than she thought possible.

He was huge, and his cock ring ground against her, a foreign object that made her shudder as he worked inch by agonizing inch inside. Once his cockhead passed her outer rim, he thrust fully into her.

Ananda screamed as the metal studs bumped along her pussy, so rough and hard she spasmed against his shaft in blissful shock. She clenched her fists, arching her back as he drove deep, nudging her cervix. She tightened around him, and he pulled out, leaving the ring inside her before thrusting home again.

He moved her forward with each stroke, grinding her clit against the roughened cloth of the table, her nipples pebbling with each abrasion. Ananda bit her to keep from crying out, felt the orgasm building, intensifying, growing closer.

He lowered her feet to the floor, leaned over her, his strokes faster, harder. Speed kept them short, potent, the metal balls rigid against the edges of her pussy. He pushed his hand into the mass of her hair, urging her to arch her head back as he bit the side of her neck, sucking her flesh hard.

She couldn't hold back any longer, couldn't contain herself. She cried for more, begged him in unintelligible moans and gasps. She sounded like an animal and she didn't care. The climax rushed through her, singing in her veins as her heart pounded in her chest. He bit into her neck as she clenched around him, spasming in ecstasy, and he thrust inside one final, soul shaking time. His cock pulsed in her core, shuddering his release, and he collapsed atop her, pressing kisses along her damp back.

"Narcissus," she breathed heavily and dropped her brow against her forearm, debilitated beyond reckoning.

He caught his breath and pushed off her with shaky arms, standing. Walking around the table, he stopped directly before her. Ananda squeezed her eyes tightly shut, not wanting to break the spell.

"Look at me, Ananda," he said softly.

"How do you know my name?" She refused to look up, even when she felt his hands free her from the cuffs.

"I've known it all along. I've wanted this since the first time I saw you, but you ignored me from the beginning."

No. No, no no. The hair stood on the back of her neck as he spoke, his voice undisguised by quiet, by whispers and lusty growls.

Slowly, she opened her eyes and pushed herself up to her elbows. It was him--the man she'd secretly crushed on since she first started working at her new job. He looked solemn, cautious. Black hair curled on his forehead, damp with sweat as it clung to his skin. Eyes blue as the gulf stared down at her, wary, unblinking, unashamed of what he'd done. He'd seen her fat. He'd seen her thin ... he'd seen her naked and been inside her.

Jesse Rainer.

“Oh god.” She dropped back down and covered her head. “Kill me, please.”

She heard movement, hoped he’d abandoned her to die from embarrassment. Instead, he pulled her from behind and spun her around, wrapped his arms around her like a cage.

“Let me go!” She couldn’t get any leverage on him with her hands trapped against his hard chest.

He leaned her back, keeping her off balance, his mouth nearing her own. She opened her mouth to flail him alive with words, and he crushed his lips to hers, plunging his tongue inside her mouth. Ravenous, he probed her, moving one hand down to roughly squeeze her ass as he kissed her greedily, hungrily.

Her embarrassment burned away at the heat of his mouth possessing her. He sucked her tongue into his mouth, ravenous to taste her, leaving no crevice unexplored. She moaned, breath mingling with his, his scent all around her, enveloping her senses, winning a battle she had no heart in fighting.

When she melted against him, he broke away from her mouth, smiling crookedly. How could she have been so blind not to recognize the mouth that had taunted her dreams and waking hours?

“I’m yours, Ananda. For as long as you’ll have me,” he whispered hoarsely, pressing small kisses on her nose, cheeks, and chin when she remained silent.

“Well?” he asked before sucking at the corner of her jaw.

“I’m ... uh ... oh.” She gasped and swallowed hard. “...not so sure I should give you the ... mmm ... yes, like that. The ... uh ... satisfaction.”

She shook her head. “Stop it. You’re making it really hard to ... think.”

He grinned against her cheek. “That’s the idea. You think too much. That’s what your friends say.”

“Jesus! I forgot all about Cass! She’s still waiting for me outside.”

He pulled back, looked her in the eyes, grinning. “No. She knows you’re all right. She set this whole thing up. Said you were too pig-headed to recognize a good thing even if it should bite you on the ass. Which, I’ll be happy to prove her wrong if you’ll bend over again....”

Ananda frowned. “I’ll kill her. I swear--”

He silenced her with a kiss that promised many more nights of sublime domination ... not that he could deny her anything she wanted. Ananda grinned wickedly as he broke the kiss, leaving them both breathless and wanting more. No, there would be no denying her wants. And therein lay the ultimate fulfillment of her every desire.

THE END

Below is a special sneak peek and Celeste Anwar’s next lusty Cajun tale:



## CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

by

Celeste Anwar

### CHAPTER ONE

“Hold it, bitch.”

Kaeli Jackson stopped instantly at the mouth of the dark, narrow alley, a chill creeping up her spine at the mugger’s high, nasal voice. The door to Inferno was only thirty odd feet away, but she’d never make the run in her heels. She hadn’t gotten decked out in a year, and she’d break something if she tried it. The bass from the music pounded outside--there was no chance they’d hear her scream or anything else. She was on her own.

The mugger moved up behind her. “Damn you’re phat, bitch.” ‘PH’ phat he meant by the tone of his voice--he damn well wasn’t commenting on the size of her ass. She didn’t want to tell him phat went out a year ago. He pinched an ass cheek and she gritted her teeth, biding her time, hands clenching.

He snickered and released her. “Gimme your purse.” He wrenched at it on her shoulder and she slipped it off, dropping it on the sidewalk from his grasp.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to,” she babbled like a helpless female, glancing down and watching him stoop to grab the purse. His hand snaked out, and she lifted her foot to grind her heel into the back of his hand--the meaty part near the thumb. Blood welled instantly. His high pitched scream rattled her eardrums. She twisted, grinding him into the rough pavement, knocking him back on his ass with a shin kick she’d learned in CardioKick.

He sat back, clutching his hand to his chest, crimson rivulets streaming down his arm. Kaeli got her first look at her would-be attacker. *A damn punk ass kid.* Why were they always kids? Quick perusal of the pavement confirmed he didn’t even have a weapon--stupid damn kid. Hell, even she packed in these neighborhoods, not that it had done her any good.

“What the hell are you doin’ robbin’ people when you ain’t even got your pubes yet, brat?”

He glared at her. “For the hell of it, bitch.”

Kaeli crossed her arms over her chest, narrowing her eyes. Should have known it by looking at his gear--baggy britches and tight, long sleeved shirt, a chain on his waist. He had skater extremist written all over him. Just like a damn extremist--it was getting to where they’d do just about anything for a rush. “Fair enough.”

She bent and snatched his wallet off the chain. He didn’t try to stop her--still nursing his wound. He’d live, that was sure.

“You can’t rob me! That’s not fair,” he said in a whiny voice.

A sure sign of immaturity. “Insurance, brat. Now get out of here. You’re damn lucky you wasn’t brandishing or I’d sic the cops on your ass right now.”

He continued glaring but scrambled to his feet and backed away until it was safe to run.

As he disappeared around the block, Kaeli sighed, wondering if it had been a wise move. She knew he was priming for prison, but she’d put enough fear in him maybe he wouldn’t do anything else tonight. She’d make a call to the cops once she got inside and turn his wallet in--not that the cops would do anything more than spoil an already marvelous night.

As it was, she wouldn’t be surprised if he was taken in and sued *her* for hurting him in the mugging--it was the American way, after all.

Kaeli had just turned back toward the club when clapping came from near the dark alley’s entrance. She halted and tensed, expecting renewed attack. Maybe she had gone crazy....

“That was an entertaining show, petite,” a deep, rumbling voice spoke from the shadows. Gooseflesh raced over her skin just listening to it.

“Who the hell are you?” She couldn’t help being defensive. She’d just been attacked, after all. She put the kid’s wallet into her purse, slipping her hand on the butt of her gun.

“You don’ need a pea shooter for me.”

She startled inside, tightened her hand on the butt. How the hell did he know that? Lucky guess was all. Had to be.

He chuckled and moved into the light. Kaeli’s breath hitched, and if she hadn’t been frozen in place, she’d surely have melted at the smoky look

the stranger passed over her. Thought became chaotic, sluggish as she did a once over and went back for more.

Blond. Golden. Adonis. He looked like some badass metal band member--a lead bass guitarist. Long, wavy hair trailed down to his chest, muscles but not breadth hidden beneath a tight black T-shirt that tormented her. He had classical features: squared jaw, dimpled chin, straight nose, and smiling, full lips--but the combination tantalized when Grecian statues left her cold as the marble used to carve them. The man oozed bad boy like people expelled carbon dioxide--and he was definitely just as dangerous in too great a quantity.

Tribal tattoos twirled about his muscled arms, and painted on leather pants completed his ensemble. She tried to look away, but her eyes stayed rooted to his groin. Couldn't go any farther than that bulge, thumbs ... thumbs hooked in his pockets, framing his groin like a picture. It was one of those subtle moves all guys did but few could pull off because they didn't have the package. This one definitely had it goin' on.

He sauntered toward her, that cocky stride that couldn't help but garner any straight woman's attention. "Navarre Lyssandro."

Kaeli gaped at him. "Huh?" Once she'd seen him, her mind had blanked beyond the need to procreate--fast. NOW.

Someone that damn sexy was nothing but trouble.

Navarre chuckled, standing just inside her comfort zone, crowding her until she took a step back. He leaned against the lip of the alley, leisurely running his gaze down her body. She shivered, the tips of her breasts tingling with imagined contact.

"You asked who I was, I tell you. Navarre Lyssandro."

He had an accent. Damn his hide, he had an accent! French and Southern rolled into one tantalizing package that had her near salivating. She shouldn't lust after a stranger like this--it was completely foreign to her. Kaeli glared at him, unwilling to succumb to a damn Cajun. "What are you doing here?"

"Meetin' a friend, chere. You goin' tell me your name pretty lady?"

Never in her life had anyone accused her of being a lady. "Kaeli Jackson."

"Kaeli," he said, savoring her name like choice wine. It sounded so much better on those lips.

She swallowed and offered her hand like an automaton. He shook it, his hand warm, callused ... lingering. She withdrew quickly, palm itching to know more of him than that brief contact allowed. She never drank, but tonight she needed something cold and hard to quench her libido.

Anger was good. It kept her head vaguely clear of confusing thoughts when she concentrated on being outraged. "Why the hell didn't you help me when that kid attacked? Or called someone?"

He cocked one dark brow. "I walked up after you'd already taken him down, petite. After that, I jus' enjoyed the show."

"Excuses, excuses." Kaeli grunted. "Wouldn't want to hurt that purty hide of yours, eh?" And it was a purty one, but not girlish in any way. She couldn't stop looking at him. *Trouble. Keep telling yourself that. Trouble.*

"I couldn't chance you gettin' hurt if I came up and distracted you."

"Very heroic of you." She was being an asshole but couldn't help herself. Hell, the guy said he hadn't been there from the start. She was

always like this around hunks. No damn wonder she hadn't been laid in forty forevers. Prickly bitches just didn't seem to hold much appeal for men for some unfathomable reason. It spoiled her mood just thinking about it.

"Not all women want to be rescued, petite. Besides, I didn't know but what you weren't some militant feminist. I don't like bein' chewed on," he paused, grinning, then continued, "not like that...."

She couldn't help smiling at his innuendo. She'd definitely had a craving for big meat right now. And she couldn't blame his reasoning for holding back when he'd come. Where she was from, men had been blasted for one thing or another until they'd lost all shred of their manhood. They'd been bitched at so much you couldn't even expect to have a guy come up to you anymore and ask for a dance or buy you a drink. It was hell being a woman these days.

"You forgive me, petite? I'll be your shinin' knight next time you're attacked."

"Sure." She shrugged. She could take care of herself--she was used to it.

As snippity as she'd been, he still offered to see her into the club. Once they passed through the blackened glass doors at the entrance and the music blasted their eardrums, he left her to go to his friend.

It was a shame really. She'd always liked those charming bad boys. He was almost enough to make her forget how the night started. After going to the bar and phoning in a tip and leaving the kid's wallet, she ordered a white russian and set out to find her friends. She spotted them almost immediately, getting off the dance floor.

Shawnda and Mina waved, and she followed them back to their table. It was a little quieter in the corner away from the dance floor. Only minimal yelling was needed to communicate.

“Girl, what took you so long?” Shawnda asked after hugging Kaeli and sitting down.

“Ya, I’d done give up on you coming. Called the hotel five times and got no answer,” Mina said, settling into her chair.

“Sorry. I got mugged just outside the club.” Kaeli took a sip of her drink and grimaced at the alcohol stealing her breath.

“Omigod!” they screamed in unison and passed hugs all around. “What happened? Are you okay?”

Kaeli smiled at them. “I’m all right. Just some damn kid looking for kicks. That ain’t the half of it though. Some guy came up right after.”

Mina perked up, instantly recognizing Kaeli’s interest. “Oh?”

“Spill it, Kaeli. Was he hot?”

“Take a look for yourself, Shawnda. He’s right over there.” Kaeli hooked a thumb over her shoulder toward the opposite corner of the bar where she’d seen him sit down.

They both stood and gaped. “Jesus! Kaeli, which one is it? They’re both gorgeous,” Shawnda said.

“The blond one. His name’s Navarre.”

“On a first name basis now?” Mina asked as she sat. “Why didn’t you jump him when you had the chance? We came here tonight for dick, and girl, you need it worst of all.”

Kaeli nodded. They’d all been single so long, she was sure she was growing cobwebs.

“I’d eat him up. You don’t pass up a good thing like that when it comes along.” Shawnda finished off her fuzzy navel and leaned back in her chair, narrowing her dark eyes at Kaeli in mock severity.

Kaeli shrugged. “He’s not my type.” At their guffaws, she grinned. “All right. Lies, all lies. I want him so bad I can practically taste it.” Glancing over her shoulder through the smoky interior, she saw him stand up and walk toward the exit.

“Damn. He’s leaving.”

“Well, go after him,” Shawnda prodded.

Torn, Kaeli sat there. She talked big, but when it came down to doing the deed with a virtual stranger--no matter how hot--she was all talk and no action.

Shawnda and Mina both stood and grabbed her arms, hauling her up.

“Get the lead out of your ass and go after him before he gets away,” Mina said.

They were right. You only live once. “Just bitch slap me for the coward I am if I come home early tonight.” She pulled free. “You sure y’all will be all right?”

“Hell, we were having a great time until that guy bit Mina.”

“Huh?” What the hell kind of city was this? Muggings, guys biting girls in clubs--wait, that sounded like home. Mental forehead smack.

“On the dance floor. We were grinding and then he just up and bit me. I smacked him good. You know I don’t allow that without dinner first.” Mina grinned. “Now, quit stalling and go.”

Kaeli nodded and hugged her friends, then headed to the front entrance. She knew he’d come through the alley. There was a good chance



he'd leave that way too. Liquid courage surging through her veins and ears ringing, she walked as fast as she dared. It was as she neared the corner of the building that the sounds of a fight finally registered in her brain.

Someone was getting the shit kicked out of them. She rounded the edge and froze, heart suddenly pounding. "Jesus H. Christ!"