

BODICE RIPPERS ANTHOLOGY By Anastasia Day

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USA Email [comments@renebooks.com](mailto:comments@renebooks.com)

Dedication

To Daio, whose beautiful erotic art and stories have been an inspiration to me. (In fact, she gave me the idea for the last scene in "Blood Slave.") Daio also created the cover for this book on the Renaissance E Books site. To see more of her work, please visit <http://www.incandescent-art.com>.

Angela Knight (AKA Anastasia Day)

Content

Bondage, Beauty and the Beast

A Question of Pleasure

The Bloodslave

A Question of Pleasure

By Angela Knight (under pen name Anastasia Day)

Rose Carson slipped back around the corner of the highstone wall as Major Alan McReynolds opened the wooden gate. Heart in her throat, she waited. A moment later, McReynolds strode past, tall and handsome in his Union uniform, dark head held high. With a lover's keen awareness, she knew he felt troubled. Something in the line of his broad, muscled shoulders spoke of disquiet.

He'd be even more disturbed if he knew the woman he loved was a Rebel spy sent to play on his well-known taste for beautiful women. That she'd inadvertently fallen in love with him would be no comfort at all.

Well, Rose thought, setting her mouth in a tight line, this was the last time. Once she got her hands on that list, she'd be free of her obligation to the Confederacy, content in the knowledge that she'd done her duty. Alan would never have to know what she'd done. But if he ever found out...

Well. That didn't bear thinking about.

Enough time had passed to allow Alan to turn the corner on his way to Army headquarters a few blocks away in the heart of Washington. Quickly, Rose moved out from around the corner of the garden wall and along the walk toward the gate. Without hesitating, she pushed it open.

For a moment, she allowed herself to scan her lover's property. There was the apple tree they'd exchanged fevered kisses beneath, and there, the thorny, blood-red beauty of the rose bushes whose scent had perfumed so many passionate encounters.

And the house. The elegant two-story brick townhouse had been the backdrop of some of the happiest moments of her life. How many times had she lain in the canopied bed upstairs, writhing under Alan's skillful touch as his mouth sipped and nibbled? How many nights had she curled against his big body as he slept, her eyes burning with love and guilt?

But no matter what they'd done, no matter how Rose felt about it, she had duties she couldn't ignore. Steeling herself against the bite of her conscience, she walked up the stairs to knock on the finely carved door. Taking a deep breath, Rose folded her hands against her dove-gray skirts and waited for one of Alan's servants to admit her.

There was no answer.

Rose frowned. She'd concocted an explanation for needing to visit Alan's library, something about a forgotten book he'd told her to recover for him, but it looked as though the trip was for nothing. Impatiently, she tried the door. To her surprise, it swung open.

Well. She rocked back on her slippared feet and considered the house's dim interior. This was a stroke of luck.

Quickly she slipped inside, heading for the narrow stairway at the head of the hall. Gathering her skirts in one slim hand, she ascended.

Alan's library lay off to the right of the stairs, a dark, masculine room lined with heavy mahogany bookcases and row after row of books. Rose, however, only had eyes for the massive desk. Just last night, she'd caught a glimpse of a list of names on the desktop – and several of those names belonged to men she knew to be Confederate spies. If she could just get a look at that list, find out who was in danger of detection and arrest... She rustled behind the desk and began opening drawers.

Ah, there it was. In the top drawer, of all places. She frowned. Bad hiding place for such an obviously important piece of intelligence.

"I'm disappointed in you, Rose. I thought you'd be harder to trap."

Rose's heart leaped into her throat and she jerked her head up.

Alan stood in the doorway, his handsome face hard, a fine muscle ticking in his rigid jaw. He held a pistol pointed right at her head. She froze as he slowly advanced into the room, the weapon unwavering. Rose knew that if she so much as blinked, he'd shoot her.

"I've suspected you for some time," he said, his tone almost casual. "You were just a little bit too fascinated by things you should have no interest in. But still, I couldn't quite bring myself to believe you

could hide a viper's treachery behind such a sweet face."

Her knees threatened to buckle under her. She caught herself against the desktop. "Alan, you don't understand..."

"Oh, I understand too well." His dark eyes were bitter. "I understand you're a spy and a traitor. I understand you used my passion for you to turn me into a weapon against the Union."

Instinctively, she held up a terrified hand to ward him off. He grabbed her wrist and snatched her against him, close enough to see the cold intention on his face. "And I understand," he purred, "that you're going to tell me the name of every spy in Washington, the name of the spy master you report to, and every bit of intelligence you've ever collected."

Rose's spine stiffened in outrage. "I'm not going to tell you any such thing!"

"Sweet, by the time I'm through with you, you'll be begging to reveal every secret you ever knew."

She lifted her chin, outraged that he thought her so lacking in spirit as to believe such a ridiculous threat. "You're bluffing."

"I assure you, I am totally serious. There are any number of techniques I can use..."

Enraged, she barked out a laugh. "What sort of fool do you take me for? The Union Army doesn't torture female prisoners!"

His smile was ugly. "No. The army doesn't." His grip tightened on her wrist until she gasped. "But I'm not the army."

Ruthlessly, Alan dragged Rose to the bedroom, the gun in his free hand. With a powerful wrench of his shoulder, he propelled her into the room. She whirled around and stared at him wildly, her skirts swinging around her like a bell.

Deliberately, Alan walked to the armchair he'd brought in and sat down in it, keeping the gun trained on her the whole time. Fear and defiance blazed in her wide brown eyes and he felt a twinge of pity for her. Just a twinge, though, easily fought down. She'd betrayed him. Besides, this wouldn't take long.

"Strip," he growled.

She pulled herself to her full height. "I will not!"

"You were eager enough last night."

"You were acting like a gentleman last night."

"While you were busy taking me for a fool. Strip." Damn her. But he knew that the prospect of being naked in front of him would make her surrender. She'd start talking soon enough then, there would be no need for the other preparations he'd made.

"I won't."

He cocked the gun. "Strip or talk."

"Shoot me, then. I'm not doing either."

His mouth pulled into a grim smile as he took the pistol off cock. "Well. You seemed to have called my bluff." Alan put the gun aside. And pounced.

She kicked and fought, but her struggles did her no good against his hard, determined hands. Eventually, despite her bitter resistance, he dragged her to the bed and roped her hands to the overhead supports of the canopy with the cords she'd tied there earlier. Then he drew a penknife from his pocket and went to

work, cutting the buttons off her gown, slicing through the laces of her corset, dragging relentlessly at the fabric until it gave, until she wore nothing but her stockings and tiny black slippers.

By the time he was done, they were both panting, she glaring at him in rage, he frustrated and furious.

Now, dammit. Now she would talk.

"All right," he said.

"It's nothing you haven't seen before," she spat.

True. But on the other hand, he thought, as awareness of the situation burst upon him, she hadn't been tied before. Her white, pretty breast hadn't trembled with every breath, her brown eyes brilliant with wrath, her slim torso twisting as she fought the cords that held her. She hadn't looked so ... tempting.

"Don't you realize the position you're in?" Alan growled, fighting his own heady reaction to her. "Nobody knows you're here. I've dismissed the servants. I can do any damn thing I want to you. The only thing that can stop me is you. Telling me everything. The name of your spymaster, what you told him, everything. Now."

Her lovely dark eyes narrowed and she bit off every word. "Do ... your ... worst."

Looking at her naked vulnerability, Alan wondered if she'd be so quick to dare him if she knew how much he wanted to do his worst – or just how bad his worst could be.

Rose tugged on the cords that bound her wrists to the canopy supports and stared in uneasy fascination at Alan. He glared back, his features sharp with a strange combination of predatory hunger and baffled rage. She could feel his eyes on her bare breasts, almost like a physical touch. Despite the situation, despite the anger between them, a slow coil of hunger curled in her belly.

He took a step closer to her and his lids lowered. "Are you sure you want to issue rash challenges to me? Particularly considering your present ... situation."

She lifted her chin. "You won't hurt me, Alan. No matter how much you might want to."

Anger flared in his eyes before he concealed it. "A dangerous delusion. I assure you, I will hurt you. And enjoy it, particularly after the way you betrayed me." He paused, then said almost casually, "I think you deserve anything I care to do to you."

He was not going to terrorize her, damn him. "What will you do, then?"

Alan's jaw tightened, and she saw that her challenge angered him. "That's a very good question, actually. I've given it a lot of thought." He walked over to the nightstand beside the bed, opened a drawer, and pulled out a long white candle. "I'm hesitant to damage that pretty white skin permanently, particularly since I intend to make use of it. But I think I've hit on a compromise."

Reaching into a pocket, he drew out a wax packet of sulfur matches. As she watched nervously, he lifted his boot and struck the match on the sole in a swift, violent gesture. A flame flared to life, and he applied it to the candle.

Eyeing the burning taper, Rose felt a twinge of fear. It was daylight and quite bright in the room. What did he mean to do with that?

He turned to her, a demon's smile curving his sensuous mouth, and moved closer until the candle shed a yellow radiance over her pale skin. "Such lovely breasts, so round and smooth and tempting." He reached out with his free hand and caught one of them, a rough thumb brushing over the nipple until it tightened, grew plump and hard as heat flooded her. Leaning closer, he bent and flicked his tongue over the pert tip. She jumped at the sharp stab of pleasure.

Delicately, he took her beaded flesh completely into his mouth, suckling until her breathing roughened and her strength and anger drained into a dangerous sensuality.

Rose had never felt more naked in her life, more vulnerable and hungry than she felt now, bound and

helpless for him. And he'd never looked so big, so deliciously male. An erotic barbarian determined to make a conquest of her tight and creamy flesh.

Releasing her breast, he slid his arm around her back and forced her to arch over it, pressing hard against his mouth.

"Alannnnn," she moaned.

He raised his head and smiled at her – just as he tilted the candle over her other breast. A molten drop fell, splashed onto her nipple. She arched with a gasp at the fiery pain. Instinctively she tried to jerk back, but the powerful arm around her waist wouldn't let her escape.

"Stop! "

He merely smiled and began to nibble and lick her left nipple again – even as the hand that held the candle dripped wax on her right.

Alan listened to her gasps and whimpers, felt the way she arched and struggled in the tight grip of his arm. His cock was hard as a sword against his belly and he badly wanted to plunge it into her.

Swallowing, he took a deep breath and tried to master himself. He hadn't expected that it would go this far, hadn't expected to actually have to drip the wax on her hard little nipples.

And he certainly hadn't expected to enjoy it. In fact, when he'd come up with this particular interrogation method, he'd almost discarded it for fear that he wouldn't be able to do such a thing to her. He'd had no idea of the temptation he'd find in her pretty breast brushing his face, her lithe body surging against his, her moaning

whimpers. He couldn't have anticipated the look on her face, the desire, the flashes of pain, the secret, appalled pleasure.



Against all expectation, she found his torment of her as arousing as he did.

He was losing control of this. He was supposed to be interrogating her, gathering information vital to the safety of the Union. But God, she tempted him...

Alan gasped, feeling his heart thundering in his chest. He wanted to plunge into her, feel her wet heat closing over him...And she was wet, he realized. He could actually smell the musk of her arousal.

With a groan, he jerked away, gripping the candle hard in his fist. "What's the name of your spy master, Rose?"

She hung there, blinking at him as if stunned by the past heated minutes. Slowly, she licked her lips, her small pink tongue flicking out to trace the rosy fullness of her mouth. He almost attacked her again. "Alan, I..."

He crouched, tensing against the urgency of his lust. "Tell me and I can take you. Let me end this."

Rose whimpered. "No, please, don't make me..."

"Yes!" he roared.

Her eyes were brown and deep. "I can't."

He snarled.

As Rose watched with a combination of fear and desire, Alan lifted the candle and blew it out in a single violent gesture, then threw it to the floor. The slim length of wax thumped against the carpet and rolled.

He began to unbutton his uniform shirt, his fingers so impatient that one of the buttons popped off to sail

across the room. He didn't seem to notice. In a moment, his shirt fell open to reveal the tight, hard musculature of his chest.

His hand dropped to the fly of his trousers and worked the buttons with a series of rough jerks. Freed, his organ immediately sprang out to jut at her. Deliciously thick and hard, angled slightly upward with the violence of his lust, it was a silent testament to his intentions.

Remembering how it felt thrusting into her, Rose closed her eyes and moaned.

"Rose."

She opened her eyes and looked at him. He'd stepped closer, so close his cock almost touched her. She felt a violent need to caress it, and clenched her bound hands. "Alan, let me go. I want to..."

"Tell me what I want to know."

Rose gritted her teeth in frustration. "I can't, damn you! I've got a duty to..."

"So have I," he growled. He caught his big phallus in one hand. "Do you have any idea what I could do to you? What I want to do?" Almost unconsciously, his hand began to move, stroking the thick shaft. "You look so lusciously helpless, hanging there like that. I want to throw you down and fuck you."

She started; he'd never used that word to her before. Mesmerized, she stared at his slowly moving fist. His own eyes were fixed on her breasts, on the nipple that still wore a coat of wax. "I didn't expect to like this," he growled. "I didn't think I'd love listening to you gasp and whimper when that wax hit your pretty little nipple." His hand began to move faster and his face tightened.

Rose swallowed, taking in the way he looked standing there with his shirt hanging open, his pants unbuttoned to reveal the big cock he fisted in long strokes, his polished boots set wide.

"I think I'll go out and get a strap for that tempting ass of yours. Tie you spread eagle ... and watch your

bottom turn pink ... as I give it lick after lick with that strap – and my tongue." He grimaced through set teeth. His back arched, and she could see his thighs begin to tremble. "I wonder if ... I'll love that as much as using that candle...And then ... And then I'll fuck ... ARRRRRRRGHH!"

As she watched in dizzy hunger, a jet of sperm shot from his cock to splash on her belly.

Aftershocks of climax still sparked along Alan's nerves as he walked to the drawer and took out a long rope. Going back to her, he pulled his penknife. Two quick passes of the blade freed her wrists, but before she could get away, he forced her back on the bed. "Alan, what are you...?"

"I've got business to attend to, and I'm not going to leave you running loose."

As he looped the rope around her chest to bind her arms to her side, he noticed how the cord caught under her nipples. Alan licked his lips and wound the rope around her again so that the rosy little crests were pinched between the lengths of hemp. She squirmed in discomfort as the fibers tormented the delicate flesh.

He made a few fast passes around her wrists to tie them off, still eyeing the saucy tilt of her nipples imprisoned in the rope. Looking up, Alan found her dark eyes locked on his face, wide with a combination of desire and fear.

Unable to resist investigating the depth of her passion, he reached between her smooth thighs, smiling at her gasp. She was very wet.

Nostrils flaring, he thought about leaving her tied in a way that would maintain that sexual excitement. Maybe with something buried deep in that creamy little pussy...

He remembered the candle. It lay on the floor next to his boots. Alan bent to pick the candle up and gave it a frowning look. It was too long for the task he had in mind for it. With an easy twist of his big hands, he broke the taper in two and leaned over her again. His fingers parted her, and the tip slid into her wet flesh easily. He smiled and drove it in and out.

"Alaann," she moaned. "Don't. That's humiliating."

His mouth pulled tight, and he removed the candle. "So is the way you used me."

Come to think of it, he owed her a little humiliation.

In the nightstand was a bottle of oil he'd used the day before to massage her slender back. Now he used it on the second half of the candle, intent on giving Rose a lesson in shame she wouldn't soon forget.

She yelped in alarm when he rolled her over and spread her cheeks to gain access to the tight little hole between them. Ignoring her protests, Alan presented the blunt end of the candle to her anus and bore down. He had to use force to drive the candle into her exquisitely tight ass, particularly when she began to groan and struggle against her bonds. "Damn you, Alan!" she gasped. "Stop that!"

Involuntarily, he imagined what it would be like to shove something even larger into her tight rear opening. His spent phallus stirred and lengthened. Perhaps after he got back...

Inserting the pointed taper into her creamy vagina, Alan passed the end of the cord up between her cheeks and lips, making sure that the cord pressed her clitoris while trapping the candles within her. He looped it once around her hips to keep it there, then dragged her ankles up and roped them together.

Finished binding his prisoner, he straightened and looked down at her. She looked delicious, her nipples pouting around the tight bite of the rope, her sex wonderfully spread and stuffed.

"You," she told him, glaring up at him with snapping dark eyes, "are a bastard."

He grinned at her. "Yes, I am. Maybe you'd better keep that in mind."

Whistling in satisfaction, he turned his back on his pretty captive and sauntered out.

Rose writhed as the twin candles rubbed together inside her vagina and anus. What a clever, vicious bastard Alan was, knowing just how to tie her to drive her mad.

And to stand there and caress himself while she watched, dying for him... She gritted her teeth and tried to ignore the hemp gnawing at her tender breasts. Just think about something else, Rose, she told herself. Don't remember the way that hard phallus feels when he pushes it into you, don't think about his mouth and his tongue and his hands.

An escape plan. That's what she needed, a way to escape. Maybe the ropes around her wrists... Rose pulled and twisted her arms, hoping Alan hadn't been as careful as he should be.

All she got for her trouble was the rasp of the harsh rope over her aching clit. Growling, Rose subsided. Her sex felt so swollen, so engorged with blood, so hot and aching that just squirming made it worse. If only she could free herself. She wouldn't run. She'd lie in wait for that bastard, Alan, and then she'd...

...Tie him spread eagle on the bed and impale herself on his massive organ until they both screamed in pleasure.

Dropping her head back against the mattress, Rose moaned.

Alan strolled down the street, ignoring the curious stares of passerby no doubt wondering why he wore his uniform overcoat in such warm weather.

It concealed his huge erection.

He kept picturing the tiny dark opening of her anus spreading around that candle. He'd ordinarily never consider sodomy, but now it seemed ideal, a sweet punishment to torment Rose while sating his need to drive his cock hard and deep into her. Over and over.

He knew Rose's erotic hunger was one of the best weapons in his arsenal. If he could keep her trembling on the edge of orgasm, sheer frustration might loosen her tongue where no amount of torture ever would.

On the other hand, a little torture couldn't hurt either. He had several things in mind that should prove very effective in bringing Rose to heel. All he needed was a few tools. And he knew just where to get them.

Robinson's was a tack shop that catered to wealthy gentlemen, but it sold a lot more than saddles to those savvy enough to know about the store's back room. Alan had never felt a need for its stock, but he'd heard rumors about it from various dissipated sorts with adventurous mistresses. Now he was glad for that knowledge.

Walking into the shop's expensive interior, Alan took a deep breath of air, scented with leather, and walked over to the proprietor. "I'd like to see the stock in the back, please."

Robinson, a rotund little man, shot him a single sharp look and came around the counter to escort him through a heavy oak door in the rear of the room.

To Alan's surprise, he found Captain Michael Grey looking over a selection of light riding crops. The captain, a tall, muscular blond, quirked a brow at him in surprise. "McReynolds. Somehow I never expected to meet you here."

Alan's smile was dry as he moved over beside the other man. "I've recently acquired a mount who needs a firm hand."

Grey grinned, his handsome face taking on a deeply masculine expression of anticipation. "Yes, I have one of those myself. It can be very rewarding." He paused delicately. "Is this the first occasion you've had to discipline a ... filly?"

"As a matter of fact, yes." He eyed the crops and frowned. "These seem a little heavy. I don't want to cut her."

Grey nodded at Robinson who stepped behind a counter that was a replica of the one in the front. Bending, the shopkeeper pulled out a long narrow box and flipped it open.

"This should be more what you want," Grey said, gesturing at the box. Alan, moving closer, saw that it held a series of light whips with lashes made of woven silk. "They won't inflict any real damage, but the reaction from your mount should be highly satisfactory."

Alan nodded and selected one. Turning, he propped a foot on the lower rung of a chair standing to one side, brought his arm up, and slashed the whip hard across his thigh. It stung, but he thought Grey right about its relative harmlessness.

"This should do nicely," he said, and he handed the whip to Robinson. "At least for a start." He cocked a brow at Grey. "This particular filly is a bit difficult."

"If you find that further discipline is called for," Grey suggested delicately, "I can suggest several devices that may accomplish your ends."

"Oh?"

Grey nodded at Robinson and the man reached behind the counter again.

Rose moaned, feeling the candles torment her as she shifted. God, she wanted Alan so badly, longed to feel that thick hard organ digging into her eager flesh. Unfortunately, she knew that he would never give her what she wanted unless she told him everything he wanted. And she couldn't do that. People would die if she gave in; Alan would see to it.

Frowning, Rose clenched her fists. She had to maintain her silence, no matter how her lust tormented her. She wouldn't be responsible for those deaths.

The bedroom door creaked open and Rose twisted her head around as Alan strolled in with a long brown paper package tucked under one arm. He dumped it carelessly on the leather armchair and walked toward her, hands busy on the buttons of his coat. "Miss me?" he asked, grinning down at her.

She was tempted to say something unladylike, but bit her lip.

"Nothing to say? That's not very wise of you." He settled a hip on the bed beside her and reached for the thatch of soft curls between her bound legs. She gasped in outrage, but there was no way to keep him from worming a finger between her thighs and probing at her candle-stuffed sex. "MMmm." His smile was slow and wicked. "Poor Rose. So hungry. So wet. Would you like to come?"

Her eyes flared wide, then narrowed in suspicion. "I thought the idea was to keep me hungry."

He reached into a pocket and pulled out that penknife again. "Well, yes." Taking her bound ankles in one big hand, he sawed carefully at the rope until it began to drop away from her in loops. "But I think maybe you could use a little relief. Not much, though." The curve of his smile deepened. "Just a taste."

Her feet sprang apart as he released them, tingling, though he hadn't tied her so tightly as to block circulation.

Before she could move, he took her ankles in his hands and dragged them over his shoulders. With a hungry growl, Alan buried his face against her sex, pushed aside the coil of rope that still trapped the candles, and began to lick.

She gasped. The sensation of his long, hot tongue rolling skillfully over her wet flesh seared her right to the bone. Her thighs jerked, the muscles beginning to spasm almost at once. She'd been so hot for so long. Helplessly, Rose began to pump her hips against his face, twisting at each talented tongue stroke, each lingering suck. She was going over...

He stopped.

Her hips strained upward against his powerful grip, but Alan had withdrawn, lifting his head to watch her with eyes that burned. "What's the name of your spymaster, Rose?"

"BASTARD!"

"I'm sure he is, but I doubt he answers to that. What's his name?" Fighting a wave of rage and desire,



Rose spat, "I'm not telling you anything, you Yankee son of a bitch."

Even in her present mood, she found his smile chilling. "Interesting choice of words, Rose. I think it's time you found out just what we Yankees do to pretty little Rebel captives."

So hard he thought he'd burst, Alan stripped out of his shirt as he stared at his prisoner's lifted ass. She'd given him a hell of a fight when he'd cut her free of the ropes and bent her over the rail at the foot of the bed, but she might as well have saved herself the effort. There was no way she could stop him from tying her ankles to the frame, lashing her wrists together and tying them to the head of the bed with a three-foot length of rope until she was stretched hard across the bed. Then he stuffed three pillows between her stomach and the rail. It was a deliciously arousing pose, one which spread her sex and displayed the rosy little hole he was dying to stuff. He took a half step towards her...

Clenching his fists, Alan managed to stop. Later. Right now, he had to do his job. He veered toward the paper package he'd left on the chair and ripped it open with shaking hands. Several objects fell out, but it was the whip that interested him. He picked it up and turned to her.

She was watching him, brown eyes wide in alarm. "What are you going to do with that?"

"What do you think?" His voice sounded more husky than menacing.

Rose jerked, lifting her head and shoulders off the bed, but she couldn't free herself. "No! Alan, you can't!"

"And I won't." He smiled. "All you have to do is tell me what I want to know."

Her eyes flickered in search of an escape that was nowhere to be seen. "Alan, please. Don't you understand? It's not just me; people will die if I give you that information."

"People will die if you don't." Jaw tightening, he moved up behind her. "Union soldiers, betrayed into ambush by the spies you shield. I can't afford to ignore this, Rose. If I could, you wouldn't be here. You'd be free, or you'd be in jail." He lifted the cat. "Now. Who is your spymaster, Rose?"

"Go to hell."

"Not without company." And he slashed the whip down hard across the curve of her rump. As the lashes of the cat bit into her smooth skin, she yelped, twisting.

For a moment he hesitated, eyeing her bottom anxiously. It had been a hard slash, but to Alan's relief, he saw no mark except a slight blush. His mouth curved into a grim smile.

He brought the whip down again, laying a diagonal slash across her pretty bottom. His next strokes were rapid and hard, one after the other until she writhed, the sweet uplifted bowls of her ass clenching and jiggling.

His breathing roughened as her struggles alternately displayed and hid her sex and puckered rose. He'd probed that tiny hole earlier when he'd freed her, and he knew it was still oiled from the candle. Ready for his use.

For a moment he pictured her lying voluptuously vanquished in the aftermath of a long, slow bugging, her anus swollen from his hard thrusts, dewed in his sperm.

He grinned and snapped the whip down across her tempting cheeks again.

Rose yelped as the next cut fell on her bottom, slashing a line of fire across her skin. She couldn't believe he was doing this to her. Yes, she'd known he would be dangerous if he ever found out. She'd even wondered a time or two if he would kill her. But this... She hadn't expected to be subjected to this kind of erotic torment, this sensuous humiliation.

Anxiously she twisted around until she could see Alan in the mirror across from the bed. His muscle-knit chest shone sweat burnished and rippling as his arm rose and fell with each merciless stroke. His face looked tight and feral with hunger, hot eyes locked on her bottom. She tried to suppress the bucking and twitching that seemed to incite him to flog her even harder, but each flaming stroke of the whip defeated her determination.

Alan flung the cat down and reached for her rump, only to arrest the movement in mid-gesture. Jaw tight, he strode around to sit on the bed in front of her. Slipping a hand under her chin, he lifted it and forced her to meet his eyes.

"This has to stop," he growled. "Now. Your spymaster, Rose."

"I can't!" she wailed.

"Damn you, you'd better!" He set his jaw, his eyes burning. "Don't you see what's happening to me?"

"Forgive me, but I'm more interested in what you're doing to me."

"So am I." His nostrils flared. "I'm utterly fascinated by every twitch of your ass, every gasp and moan and whimper. It makes me hard, Rose. It makes me want to fuck you."

Starting up at him, she found she couldn't speak, couldn't move, half-hypnotized by the dark lust she could see blazing in his eyes.

"It's almost beyond my control, my sweet," he said, his voice low and growling. "If you keep resisting me, if you refuse to submit, I can't guarantee my actions." He stood up in a rush of male power and reached for the buttons of his breeches. A second later, she was confronted by the hard thrust of his rod. "It's up to you."

She looked up at him and licked her dry lips. "Oh, no. You can't escape responsibility by saying it's all my fault, that I drove you to it. If you're excited by torturing me, the fault's in you."

His head jerked up and a startled flicker of self-awareness pierced his lust. "You ... have a point. No gentleman would do to you what I've done."

Alan got up from the bed and moved around behind her. Rose took a deep breath, relieved that he'd

come to his senses at last. She'd known the man she'd loved couldn't do such things to her. As for the flicker of disappointment she felt ... well, she'd ignore that.

Suddenly his hard hands gripped her bottom, parting her cheeks. "I suppose," Alan grated, "this means I'm no gentleman." To Rose's shock, the broad head of his shaft pressed against her anus.

"ALAAAAAAAAANNNNNNN!!!"

A tight, feral smile cut Alan's face as he leaned into her. Slowly the big head of his cock penetrated the muscular ring of her anus, sliding relentlessly inward despite her desperately clamping muscles. Her asshole was well-greased, and the power of his hips insured she couldn't keep him out.

Fighting every inch of the way, he drove the width of his organ deeper, then deeper still, breathing in harsh gasps. She babbled threats and pleas in a voice high with anxiety, but he ignored her protests and burrowed deeper.

Finally he was in to the balls. He stopped, eyes narrowed as he fought not to come on the spot, her conquered rectum massaging his massive cock with its oiled, silky walls. He'd known reaming her would be delicious. Why else had he been imagining this moment since he'd impaled her ass on the candle?

"You're hurting me," she said breathlessly.

He grinned. "I know." Slowly he began to withdraw, savoring the feeling of his cock sliding along the tight channel that felt so slick and hot. Rose sucked in a gasp.

Alan set his feet to gain purchase and pushed, biting his lip in delight. "If you submit to me, it will get better."

She whimpered. "It ... can't. You're too ... big."

He suspected his answering smile must have a demonic cast. "All the more reason to submit, then." But

the going was getting a little easier now, as if she had begun to adjust to the invasion despite herself. Sweating, he began to pick up the pace.

"What if..." She hesitated and sobbed out a breath. "What if I agree to tell you what you want to know? Will you spare me?"

"No." The word was out before he could even consider it, but it was just as well. He was not going to abandon his conquest now. Hewasn't going to stop until he'd come in the depths of her ass.

With a growl, he began to ride her faster.

Rose twisted at the fiery shaft bisecting her bottom. She knew she deserved it for her disloyal impulse to betray her country.

Each long, merciless thrust bounced her against the bed rail as his pelvis ground against her sex. Yet the pain no longer felt like a knife in her ass. He was right that surrendering to his phallus made the penetration easier.

Turning her head, she saw him in the mirror, hunched over her in his breeches and boots, reaming her, his face twisted in predatory hunger. She felt a curl of arousal as she watched him, a spurt of pleasure rising through the pain and shame of his invasion. A strange delight rose at each withdrawal as his big shaft slid from her, only to torment her again on its return.

Alan looked up and his eyes met her in the mirror. He smiled slowly. Reaching between her thighs, he found the hard bud of her clitoris. Slowly he stroked it as he buggered her. She caught her breath as the pleasure strengthened, swirling up from her pearl like a kindling fire. She whimpered.

"Why, darling," he gritted, driving the next stroke with such power that her breath left her lungs, "is that desire rising in your eyes? Can it be that you enjoy having your ass reamed by a Yankee bastard?"

She twisted and gasped.

"Well, I don't mind telling you, I love ramming your Rebel asshole. What a sweet, tight little butt you've got."

Rose pressed her eyes closed. The fire aroused by his skillful fingers met the painful blaze of his bugging cock, and the two seared her with lust.

"Get used to it, darling," he purred, leaning over her until his breath stirred her hair. His fingers swirled over her clitoris. "I'm going to be fucking you this way frequently. You're just too tight and tempting to resist."

She squirmed. The desire she'd felt all day now leaped hot again, and the smooth, even strokes of his shaft drove it higher. "Thick," she whimpered. "You're so cruelly thick."

He growled. The pace of his hips had picked up, grown erratic and urgent as he bugged her. Her thighs quivered with each stroke of his fingers. She began to shiver in waves.

"That's it. Come on my Yankee cock. Let me feel that little asshole squeezing me." His voice was a deep, velvet drawl. She shuddered helplessly.

Without warning, he shoved so brutally deep, she jumped. She could feel his phallus jerking deep in her bottom as he groaned in pleasure. "Take it," he rumbled. "Take it all!"

Her orgasm crashed over her like a wave, washing away pain and shame and duty, leaving nothing but the raw delight of Alan's cock pulsing out his cream in the depths of her ass.

Rose sat on the velvet seat of the closed carriage wrapped in the folds of her cloak. She wore nothing more, and she squirmed at the feeling of the red silk lining rubbing over her breasts and thighs. Flexing her bound hands, she wondered what she'd do if the cloak slipped.

A silly concern, really. Considering the hard expression on Alan's face as he sat across from her, she might do better to worry about where he was taking her and what erotic torment he'd prepared for her tonight.

She'd been his captive for a week now. Seven endless days of exploring aspects of herself she'd never imagined – and would have rather remained ignorant about. The leap of her passions as his hard palm slammed down on her bottom, the way she grew shamelessly wet when he screwed tiny clamps onto her nipples, the excitement of wondering when he'd break, when he'd throw her down and ride her in a frenzy of hunger.

It was no wonder she'd been able to resist his torture, she thought, twisting her bound hands in her cloak. She loved what he was doing too much.

But tonight ... tonight he'd stripped her and wrapped her in her cloak, slipped a feathered mask over her face and hustled her out to his coach. And she had no idea where they were headed.

Had he decided to turn her over to the authorities? No, surely he'd have dressed her first...

The carriage lurched and stopped, rocking on its springs. Alan opened the door and stepped out, nodding the coachman away. As he reached in and helped her out, he wrapped one arm around her to make sure she stayed modestly concealed by the cloak. Rose felt perversely grateful for his consideration.

Stepping down, she found she stood in front of a huge, very stylish house with peaked gables and gingerbread fretwork. Alan put his hand to the small of her back, urging her forward. She approached the staircase on dragging slippered feet.

As they climbed the steps, one of the house's double doors swung wide, revealing a tall, handsome blond in a Union uniform. The blond smiled and waved them inside.

"Alan, what...?" Rose murmured as their host closed the door behind them, leaving them in a wide foyer.

"You're in no position to ask questions."

"Up the stairs, Major," the blond said, nodding toward the winding staircase off to the left. Alan tightened his grip on her waist and urged her toward it. She couldn't fight without giving the blond a tempting view, so she set her teeth and went where he directed.

On the third floor, they found a carpeted hallway lined with doors, all firmly closed. The blond moved around them and led the way to the third door on the left. Producing a key, he opened it and stepped inside.

Rose followed him in, her chin tilted to hide her fear.

It was only when the blond moved to re-lock the door from the inside that she realized Alan hadn't followed.

Rose took a step back as the big blond turned to her with an unholy smile. "What ... what's going on? Where's Alan going?"

"He's left you to my care, sweet." He began to move toward her slowly. "He believes he has taken too gentle a hand with you, and he's entrusted me with the task of bringing you to heel."

Rose backed away, eyes widening. "Who are you?"

"You," said the blond, reaching for her cloak, "may call me Master Grey."

Alan watched through the hidden spy hole as Grey bound Rose's hands and flipped the end of the rope through a hook in the ceiling. She was half-bent over a padded bar, but the way her wrists were tied arched her so that her breasts and ass thrust out as if begging for attention. Attention Alan was quite sure they'd get, if he knew Grey.

And he did, which was precisely why he'd insisted on watching. He wasn't sure he trusted the captain not to hurt Rose for the sheer pleasure of doing so.



And what a pleasure it was. That, Alan knew from his own experience.

A slight, cruel smile curving his mouth, Grey walked over to a small Japanned casket that sat on the mirrored vanity. He drew out a ceramic jar and Alan tensed in anticipation. Grey had told him of the cream that jar held, described the effect it would have on Rose. And the idea filled Alan with a combination of lust and jealousy.

Slowly Grey pulled on a pair of leather gloves and carried the jar back to Rose's stretched and helpless body.

"I imagine you must be pretty curious by now," the captain said, dipping two fingers into the cream. "Perhaps you even feel a bit betrayed that the Major would turn you over to me."

Rose tossed her head and eyed him haughtily from behind the feathered mask. "I'm sure I'm no longer surprised by anything the major does. He takes a positive delight in cruelty."

"Of course he does." Grey walked around behind her and paused, contemplating the white, delicately rounded curves of her bottom. "Nothing stiffens a man's cock quite like having a lovely, helpless woman at his mercy. His to torment. His to fuck."

Leaning forward, he pressed his cream-covered fingers deeply into Rose's sweet sex. She jumped in her bonds and gritted out, "I imagine such things would be arousing – to a sadist."

"To any man, Rose." He dipped his leather-sheathed fingers into the jar again. "Men have a need, an instinct, to dominate. And the conquest is all the sweeter when it's a beautiful woman who is forced to submit."

Grey paused and contemplated her pouting sex, then began to work the cream inside. His smile was slow and hot. "Her cries of pain and surrender heat his blood until his rod is as hard as a sword."

He dug his fingers into the jar again, scooped out a generous portion, and, before she could move, thrust them deeply into her anus.

Alan growled in rage, the sound drowned out by Rose's startled yelp.

"Oh, come now, Rose," Grey said, grinning as he screwed his fingers more deeply into her. "I'm quite sure Alan has made use of this little hole already. How could he resist?" Your pain was his pleasure, your submission, his victory."

Briskly he drew his fingers out of her and turned to the rack of whips hanging on the wall. Alan tensed, but Grey abided by their agreement by choosing the lightest silk cat-o'-nine-tails for the next phase of the punishment.

Rose watched him saunter toward her, flicking the cat. Her brown eyes were bitter. "I've been whipped before. That toy will do you no good."

Grey's smile stretched, slow and deadly. "It will," he purred, "where I'll use it." Drawing his arm back, he laid the silken lash hard, right across her rosy little nipples.

She cried out in rage and pained surprise, bouncing on her toes. Grey's second strike caught her before she had time to recover from the first, making her generous breasts jiggle. She writhed, throwing back her head until the long tendons of her throat slid and worked.

Grey stopped and deliberately began to unbutton his breeches. Alan noted with surprise that he wasn't totally hard yet; apparently such scenes were common enough to him to lose some of their erotic impact.

Alan himself was hard as a rifle barrel.

"I want you to watch what flogging your big, pretty breasts does to me," Grey said softly. "Watch, and know how little mercy you can expect."

WHAP!WHAP!WHAP!

Rose's shoulders worked, her torso twisting as she fought to get away from the burning sting of the little whip, her nipples swelling and flushing. The captain's cock lengthened, slowly going a deep red as it hardened to impressive proportions.

WHAP!WHAP!WHAP!

She was crying out now, in high, gasping yelps of pain.

"That's right, sweet. Sing for me," Grey crooned, his massive organ swinging with every stroke.

Suddenly he arrested his hand in midair and looked closely at Rose's face, her eyes screwed shut, her teeth clamped in her lip. "It's taking effect, isn't it?"

"What?" she gasped without opening her eyes.

"The drug in the cream," he said, running a hand over his big shaft. "The drug that makes you crave cock."

Rose gasped. Her breasts burned, her nipples swollen from Grey's relentless whip, but that pain was negligible next to the fire blazing in her sex and rectum. An image floated through her mind: Alan, looming over her, shafting her in long, skillful strokes. She whimpered, wishing desperately that he was here now. He'd take her, he'd put the fire out...

"How," said Grey seductively, leaning closer, "would you like to feel my cock sliding into your tender little quim?"

Her eyes flared wide and flew to the big phallus that thrust from his unbuttoned britches. She licked her lips. It looked so hard...

He smiled slightly, sliding a hand over the object of her fascination. "Just imagine, Rose. It would be so hot..."

She couldn't. She didn't even know him. It would be wrong. It would make a whore of her. It wasn't like with Alan, the man she loved and once dreamed of marrying...

But she was burning, itching for a long shaft driven deep, and Alan wasn't here.

"You need this, Rose," Grey told her, his voice seductive, tempting as Satan's.

"Yes," she whimpered, deeply ashamed. But the hunger in her didn't care about shame. It cared only for his cock.

"I wonder," Grey said with a smile she found chilling even in her present mood, "just how much you do need it. Would you like to find out?"

She struggled to concentrate past the flames licking her core. It was so hard to think. "What do you mean?"

"You'll see." Moving closer, Grey pulled a folding knife from his pocket. A few passes of its sharp blade and Rose could straighten from her bent pose over the rail. Her back ached savagely, but not as much as her sex. She braced herself against the rail and tried to catch her breath.

"Well," Grey said abruptly. "You're free now. What are you going to do?"

"I don't..." she began, and stopped, rubbing her abraded wrists. She couldn't think. Her sex felt twice its normal size; her every breath tormented her clitoris.

Then, as she watched in bewilderment, Grey walked to the door, inserted the key, and twisted it. With a flourish, he swung the wooden portal wide.

"There, Rose. You're free. You can go."

She blinked at him suspiciously. "Go?"

"Yes. You're not a captive anymore. I'm releasing you."

Rose took a step toward the door – and groaned as the fires leapt. Her hand flew to her sex before she could stop herself. Involuntarily her eyes slid to Grey's big phallus, jutting so temptingly as he stood by the doorway.

He smiled and moved closer. "I wonder which you would rather do: leave – or kneel at my feet and suck my cock."

Outrageous suggestion. She wished her head would clear enough to let her tell him so. The very idea that she would go to her knees and take that big, plum-shaped head between her lips, caress the thick shaft, swirl her tongue around it until he grew so hard with lust that he would fling her to her back and drive to her depths in a deep, pounding fuck. Of course she wouldn't do any such thing.

Rose directed her feet to take another step toward the door. She was quite surprised when her knees gave out and dumped her in front of Grey's massive prick.

She was even more astonished when she felt its great plum head slide seductively between her lips.

Alan watched in angry jealousy as Rose's sweet mouth engulfed Grey's cock. He knew it served him right; he'd brought her here to be punished, and now he'd been hoisted on his own petard.

But that self-aware thought vanished like smoke as Grey's prick began to slide deeper between Rose's full, moist lips. Her lashes fanning her cheeks, she closed her eyes and suckled him with desperate force.

Grey leaned back a bit to watch her, smiling a purely male smile of triumph that made Alan want to punch in his teeth. If she was to kneel submissively at anyone's feet, it should be his.

"That's it, girl," Grey purred, wrapping a big fist in her long, dark hair. Slowly he flexed his hips to shove his cock deeper down her throat. "Come on, sweet, I know you can take more of it than that."

Rose widened her mouth obediently and forced her head closer to his belly, making a little choking sound of distress at his width. After moments of fruitlessly attempting to engulf him, she drew back and eyed the big shaft a moment as if trying to come up with a strategy of attack. Then, delicately, she put out her tongue and began to swirl it over the sensitive head. Her tongue looked long and pink, describing an erotic curl as it went to work.

One small hand came up and reached into Grey's breeches to fondle his heavy balls. Her fingers appeared very white against the dark, wrinkled skin with its thick pelt of wiry blond hair.

Grey shuddered, his eyes sliding shut as his head rolled back on his shoulders. With slow, even thrusts, he worked his dick against Rose's eagerly laboring tongue.

She looked up at him, her dark eyes shining with a feverish kind of hunger. "Do you want me?" she breathed, and licked at his organ again.

"Ohhhhh.Oh, yes. Suck me, you little bitch."

Rose darted her head forward and took him in again, sucking so vigorously that her cheeks hollowed. Grey's knees buckled, then straightened again.

She pulled back again and looked up at him, one long hand holding his cock in a possessive grip. "I'm so wet, Grey, so hot. Wouldn't you like to..."

Damn her! With a snarl, Alan whirled away from the spy hole and strode for the door. His booted foot hit the wood and it bounced open, making Grey and Rose jump.

"Any fucking you get, you slut," Alan snarled, "will be done by me."

Rose squealed, kicking, as Alan's hard, callused hand descended again and again on her bare bottom.

"She's pinkening nicely," observed Grey in a tone of polite interest in direct contrast to the size of the bulge she could see in his uniform trousers.

"I know. It's such a lovely shade."

"Bastard!" Rose spat, struggling desperately. But her legs were clamped between Alan's and he gripped her hands in one of his. There wasn't a damn thing she could do to save herself from his violently stinging blows. Worse, the spanking made the heat in her belly flame even higher.

"You know," Grey said, "technically speaking, it's not her fault. We did drug her with that cream. Otherwise she would never have been so willing to wrap that sweet mouth around my cock."

"I know that." But the burning impacts of his hand didn't slow. "I'm beating her ass for the sheer satisfaction of it."

"I know ... OOOW! ALAN! ...something you'd like ... OW! ... even more, you Yankee son of a ... AH!"

"If it's punishment you've got in mind, it occurs to me that a bit of fucking might do the job nicely," Grey said.

"Didn't you hear her?" Alan continued to pound. "She wants it."

Rose glanced up and froze at the slow, sadistic smile spreading over Grey's face. "Perhaps she should be more careful about what she wishes for. I think the sensation of two cocks sliding into her tight little holes might be..." he hesitated, and the smile widened, "an embarrassment of riches."

Alan rocked back on his booted heels and watched Rose squirm in the harness that held her suspended from the ceiling. The leather straps circled her waist and shoulders, and her knees were drawn up to her chest and clipped to the straps. Her hands were lashed together and bound over her head to the same ceiling hook that held the harness .

The position left her pink sex spread wide and ready below her kicking calves as she writhed in the harness – a tight, delectably helpless package, ready for male pleasure. "Inventive rig," he commented.

Grey eyed their struggling captive with satisfaction. "Yes, it does solve a multitude of problems. She can be penetrated any way that suits with a minimum of awkwardness. And, of course, she can be flogged just as easily."

Rose's dark eyes glittered at them over her gag; Alan could almost feel the burn of her rage. She'd been so bitter and vocal in her objections that Grey had buckled a length of leather over her mouth to silence her.

Frowning, Alan moved closer and reached to probe between her thighs. Despite her earlier complaints, the delicate lips felt slick and dewed with desire. He felt his cock pulse in lust. Slipping a finger deeply into her channel, Alan lifted his head to meet her dark eyes. They looked vague and hot with hunger. Suddenly she jumped, a muffled sound escaping from the gag.

"I've always loved a tight female ass," Grey said from behind her. "I don't know about you, McReynolds, but I am more than ready to begin."

Alan swallowed. "Yeah. So am I." He reached for his fly.

Breathing hard through her nose, Rose watched Alan free his beautifully erect cock. The harness put brutal pressure on her armpits, and her doubled pose made it difficult to breathe, but her drug-induced desire was so great, she didn't care. The need to feel Alan thrust into her devoured her.

Eyes glittering, her lover stepped between her wide-spread thighs. Staring into her face, he touched her sex with the broad, smooth head of his organ, then dragged it back and forth through her desperate slit.



Her core seemed to open and clench as if reaching for him. Unable to help herself, Rose made a muffled, pleading sound behind her gag.

Alan smiled slowly. Then, with a skillful twist, he drove into her. She caught her breath at the feeling of her needy tissues spreading hungrily around his hard satin organ. He drew in a hissing breath and his eyes slid closed. Big hands closed over her hips, holding her still as he began a forceful hunching. She wanted to reach for him, but her bound hands could only clench at one another.

With a greedy growl, Alan buried his face in the curve of her throat and nibbled and sucked at the taut flesh as he gored her in long strokes. She quivered helplessly as his big shaft sated the hunger that had tormented her since Grey had anointed her with that demonic cream.

A pair of broad hands closed over her hard nipples to pluck and twist them. "MMmmm. Nice, eh?" Grey purred in her ear. "All that cock in your hungry little cunt. But what about your ass? As I remember, I greased your tiny bung pretty thoroughly too..."

His hands tightened painfully on her breasts, immobilizing her. Something blunt and smooth probed at her anus. "Luckily, I've got just what you need."

Rose whined behind her gag as his massive length began to penetrate her. Alan paused, buried deep, to allow Grey to complete her impalement.

Slowly the Union captain drove his organ deeper into Rose's asshole until, at last, she was completely stuffed with hard male flesh. She gasped helplessly, unable to breathe, trapped and gored.

With a single violent gesture, Alan reached up and dragged at the buckle of her gag until it fell free and she was able to suck in a grateful breath.

"God, she's tiny," the captain grunted. "I don't think I've ever had such a tight asshole." Slowly he began to withdraw, his organ sliding along her well-greased channel. Rose squirmed, finding something almost satisfying about the feeling. The deep, relentless burn of the cream he'd used was soothed by his hard,

ruthless cock .

He stroked inside again as Alan withdrew. Rose felt the two thick shafts pass each other in her helplessly spread body. She could only writhe. "Nooo," she moaned, though she'd die if they stopped.

"Yes." Alan dipped his head and found her swollen lips, kissing her with hungry intensity. Grey's thick fingers caressed her nipples again, plucking and rolling even as he fucked her ass with lingering strokes. At the same time, Alan's pelvis ground into her clit, his rod shuttling back and forth in her wet sex.

Rose tossed her head, feeling surrounded by male muscle and bone. There seemed to be far more than four hands on her, and she felt plugged to the throat with cock. It should have hurt. Instead, she felt only a voluptuous pleasure that grew with every stroke.

"I envy you, McReynolds," Grey growled suddenly. "Having a tight, luscious little captive like this to bugger and fuck. No wonder you haven't told headquarters."

Alan's hands tightened on her rump. "They'd just put her in some dark little hole of a jail. Much better to..." he drove in a hard, deep thrust, "take care of her privately."

"And so piquant to have a Reb spy at your mercy." He circled his hips and she whimpered as his organ tormented her rectum.

"Yes." Alan's eyes blazed down into her. "Bound and helpless." His voice roughened, his face darkening. "Ready for ... whatever I want..." He groaned.

They were driving into her quickly now, merciless in hunger. Each stroke stretched and tormented her, stuffed her, jolted her with a blend of delight and pain.

Grey came first, freezing with his organ buried to the balls in her ass, growling like a wolf. The feeling of his big cock impaling her provided a painful counterpoint to Alan's last pounding lunges, his hips digging into her clit.

Rose convulsed with a scream as the pleasure exploded through her in a long, pulsing eruption. Even as her orgasm crested, she heard Alan's triumphant bellow.

Alan's hot mouth closed over Rose's clit. Gently, relentlessly, he began to suck as her thighs twitched with the first pulsing waves of orgasm. Catching his dark head close, she came, keening and twisting as though with a seizure. And still he drew on her button, driving her higher, harder, until she fell back, limp and sated, her thighs spread on the cool sheets.

Dimly, Rose felt him draw away, heard the creak and shift of the bed as he moved up to lie beside her. And, even through her satisfaction, she found herself wishing that he'd entered her, ridden her hard instead of simply bringing her to ecstasy with his mouth.

Aniggle of dissatisfaction pierced her pleasure. Two weeks had gone by since Alan and Grey had taken her together, and nothing had been the same.

As if realizing that he'd gone too far that night, Alan hadn't touched her for three days afterward. Rose hadn't minded at the time; she was so sore from the violent fucking she'd gotten that she was hardly up to anything more.

But as time went on, she realized things had changed. True, sometimes he still took her almost ruthlessly, but for the most part, he'd treated her like spun glass. He hadn't tied her, hadn't spanked her, hadn't buggered her. Hadn't even questioned her.

It came as a nasty shock to Rose when she realized she wished he would.

There'd been something so violently arousing about those times, about her helplessness, about watching his control slip until at last he had no choice but to take her. She might have been his prisoner, but he'd been a captive too.

Now all that seemed to be over. Had he gotten bored with her? Was he keeping her out of some sense of duty or guilt or some combination of the two?

"Rose," Alan said, "there's something I've got to tell you."

Frowning, she looked at him. He met her eyes, then looked away. Rolling off the bed, he paced to the window as if he couldn't meet her eyes.

Was he about to send her to prison? Was he going to let her go? And why did she suddenly feel this sinking fear – not of incarceration, but of never seeing him again?

"What is it, Alan?" Rose heard the steadiness in her own voice and was relieved. At least her desolation didn't show.

He braced a muscled forearm against the window frame and leaned against it, back rippling. "There's something I've been keeping from you. Something important."

The last of her sensual languor disappeared. "What? What's happening?"

"Lee surrendered two weeks ago."

Stunned, Rose could only stare.

Alan laughed, a short, harsh bark of sound. "The day after Grey and I tortured you, as a matter of fact."

She licked her lips and found her voice. "Why didn't you tell me?"

His broad shoulders rounded a moment, then straightened with a jerk. "Because I knew you'd demand I let you go. And I didn't want to be your last memory of me to be my brutalizing you with that bastard Grey."

She should be angry. She knew that. So why did she feel this perverse leap of joy?

No, she knew why. It meant Alan still loved her, even knowing she was a spy. He hadn't wanted to let her go.

"I've made arrangements to get you a proper gown," he continued, sounding almost matter-of-fact. "I had to do some fancy lying to your landlady to explain why you disappeared for so long, but I think I've pulled it off. You'll want to bathe and dress first, but I'll take you home as soon as you're finished."

"What if I don't want to go home?"

Alan's head jerked around toward her as his eyes widened. "Not go home? Why?"

Rose stared at him searchingly. "Why did it matter so much that the night with Grey was not our last together?"

He pivoted to face her, both hands going behind his back, feet bracing until he stood at parade rest. "Because it was wrong. I had no business taking you to him like that, letting him..." He stopped and swallowed, looking away. "The other things I did were bad enough, but allowing Grey to sodomize you... I don't know what I was thinking. When I saw you sucking him, I..." He drew in a hard breath. "You don't do things like that to the woman you love."

"Love." The bloom of joy she felt burst wide into wonder. "But I'm a Rebel spy, Alan. I lied to you. I..."

"You were serving your country."

"So were you. You had to get me to talk."

His mouth twisted into a bitter line. "That wasn't patriotism. That was lust. That was something dark and..."

"Exciting."

Alan looked at her, caught between shame and defiance. "Yes, it was. It was wrong. You said yourself, I'm no gentlemen to do such things and enjoy them."

"Then I'm no lady. Because there were times..." Rose broke off and took a deep breath. "There were times I enjoyed them too. It was exciting, being at your mercy, feeling your hunger. Even the punishments... I don't know why I felt that way, but I did. I do." She clenched her fists. "And I don't want to leave."

His eyes flared with something hot and dark. Then he looked away. "You can't stay."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be wise."

"When have we ever been wise?"

"Rose," he exploded, wheeling toward her, "there are times I want to take you like that again. I dream about you tied up and helpless, squirming under that damn silk whip. I dream about bugging you, about making you get down on your knees, making you suck me the way you did Grey. You've got to get away from me."

"What if," Rose said carefully, heart pounding, "I have the same dreams?"

"How can you?" Disbelief and despair vibrated in his voice.

"How can I go back to being a proper Southern belle, all cool and distant and painfully proper?" She took a deep breath. "How can I do that when I remember what it felt like to be at your mercy – and love every minute of it? I can't, Alan. And I don't want to."

Deliberately she moved between the canopy supports of the bed, turned her back to him and lifted her hands, grabbing the overhead rails.

Slowly, disbelieving, he took a step toward her, then two. Then he turned away and strode toward the bureau. He reached into the top drawer and brought out a length of rope and a bottle of mineral oil.

Five minutes later, Rose was roped securely to the bed frame, whimpering as Major Alan McReynolds drove his cock into her ass in long, violent digs. But even as her rectum burned under his assault, she sighed in pleasure and relief. She was still his captive.

And he was still hers.