

## EVA'S LESSON

By Angela Knight

Damien's alarm system was expensive and elaborate; the brochure boasted it was the best in the home security field.

Eva disarmed it in less than twenty minutes.

Twenty minutes of cold sweat and thrumming pulse, but still, a mere twenty minutes. She allowed herself a smug smile as she picked up her dance bag and slipped into the huge stucco monster Damien called home.

Her penlight throwing a tiny spot of illumination, Eva padded through the darkened foyer in her expensive aerobic shoes, her thin, black lycra bodysuit feeling as tight and comfortable as her own skin. Dark hair whispered against her shoulder blades as she moved, a delicious sensation she didn't allow herself to savor.

Negotiating the living room on the balls of her feet, Eva threaded her way deftly around the furniture as she headed for the winding stairway. As she went, she directed a fond smile toward the huge, angular shadow that was a familiar couch. It had been difficult to remember she was supposed to be casing the place as she'd sprawled on that couch last night, Damien's clever tongue circling her nipples. Eva had longed to let him do a lot more than that, but she'd resisted the temptation. Much to Damien's chagrin.

Still smiling at the memory, Eva moved quickly up the stairs, then down the long hallway at the top of them. She didn't even glance into the imposing glass-and-chrome office she passed, or at the Monet that concealed the wall safe. That was the decoy, Eva knew. The real safe was in the bedroom, inset into the floor, a comfortable armchair parked over it.

Click.

Eva froze, one foot hovering above the thick pile carpeting, almost gagging on her own heart in fright. She waited and listened, mouth gone dry, but the sound didn't come again. Finally deciding that the click had just been one of those random sounds big houses make, Eva took a deep breath--her first in almost a minute--and went on.

Having determined the sound was harmless, she let herself enjoy the lingering sting fear had left in her blood. She was doing this for the adrenalin rush, after all; a heiress to a billion dollar newspaper empire hardly needed to hock a lover's stolen jewelry.

Damien was only the most recent in a string of wealthy bored bachelors Eva had merrily ripped off in the past few months. He was also the only one she regretted; the others had all been as thoughtless and spoiled as boys, interested in nothing but stock quotations or polo or getting laid. And not a decent lover in the bunch.

No, that wasn't exactly true. There'd been Garrett Byrne, her fifth target, the owner of that multi-million dollar security firm. Sheer ego had motivated Eva's attack on Garrett's personal security; the media called him "a modern Sherlock Holmes," and she'd longed to test her wits against his.

But Garrett proved to be a very nice man, and Eva had deeply regretted the whole affair. So much so, in fact, that she'd anonymously returned her loot. In retrospect, it seemed like such a good idea Eva had decided to return everything else she took, as well. It was the excitement that motivated her, after all.

So, she told her conscience as she slipped into the master bedroom, Damien would get his diamonds back.

Going quickly to the armchair, Eva pulled it a couple of feet out of place, grateful for the thick carpet that muffled the sound. She knelt and aimed her penlight downward at the spot the chair had occupied, probing at the thick pile with delicate fingers until she found the flap. Flipping the square of carpet back to reveal the door of the inset safe, Eva reached into her dance bag and pulled out a small box. Working quickly, she clicked the box into place against the code pad that controlled the safe's locking mechanism.

Tense with anticipation, Eva sat back on her heels and watched the box's LEDs flash while its sensors and computer determined the door code. A moment later, the display settled on a string of numbers. She tapped the code in, and the door popped open with a pneumatic sigh.

Licking her dry lips, Eva reached into the safe's black interior to discover the velvet contours of three boxes. She promptly began pulling them out and flipping them open like a child attacking her Christmas presents. The first box contained a triple strand of antique pearls, the second held a string of diamonds the size of marbles, and the third, a number of smaller pieces tossed together with haphazard carelessness. Eva counted ten rings, six sets of jeweled cuff links and a pair of tie clips. The necklaces were very fine indeed, though she suspected that some of the smaller pieces were of lesser quality.

Clicking her tongue in satisfaction at her haul, Eva dumped all three boxes into her dance bag and reached down to close the safe.

And felt something cold and metallic press against her cheek.

"Mummy," growled a masculine voice, "will be shocked."

Eva jerked around, instinctively bringing up her penlight and throwing its beam across her attacker. Garrett Byrne regarded her malevolently, his blond hair shining in the faint light, an nine millimeter automatic in one hand. Its deadly muzzle was a bare inch from her face.

"Garrett!" she choked out. "What are you doing here?"

"I think that's pretty obvious, don't you?" Keeping the gun pointed at her, he bent and grabbed up her dance bag. "Really, sweet, there's nothing easier to catch than an overconfident thief." His growl became a bark. "Down on the floor, palms flat against the carpet over your head."

Eva obeyed, feeling so sick she thought she might throw up.

"And," Garrett added wickedly, "spread your legs."

She would have lifted her head to look at him, but the muzzle of the pistol was pressed to the back of her skull in a warning she didn't dare ignore. A hard knee dug into the small of her back as the detective began to search her with impersonal efficiency.

"Really, Garrett," Eva managed, despite the lump of bile in her throat, "you don't really think I could hide

a weapon in this getup...?"

"You've got any number of weapons in that getup, sweet, and you know it." He grabbed one wrist and brought it down behind her back. Eva felt something cold click around it.

He was handcuffing her.

A moment later, after encircling both her wrists in steel, Garrett grabbed her by the upper arm and helped her roughly to her feet. Shoving the gun into her face, he continued his search, passing a hand over her chest and down her torso, then between her legs.

Was it her imagination, or did that hand move more slowly this time? Then again, being felt up by a glorified flatfoot was the very least of her problems...

"Picturing the headlines, sweet?" Garrett asked shrewdly, staring into her no-doubt sickly expression. "Newspaper heiress turns cat burglar, rips off rich boyfriends.' Your father's business rivals will jump on the story with glee in their ink-stained little hearts. And Daddy will have a stroke."

"I was going to return everything!"

"Sure you were."

"I always have before."

"Which was damn stupid of you," Garrett told her bluntly. "It was a dead giveaway we were dealing with somebody who was stealing for kicks, not money. And since you'd dated every one of your victims days before each heist, a fool could have figured it out."

"So why'd it take you so long?" Eva sneered, stung.

"I couldn't believe you were doing it," he admitted. "I didn't want to believe such a nice kid could use people so coldly."

"What you didn't want to believe," she said, desperate to wound him, "was that I'd gone out with YOU solely so I could case your apartment and rob you blind."

Garrett took a threatening step toward her...

And the room flooded with light.

"So you caught our pretty cat burglar," Damien said, sauntering into the room. "Good work."

"The loot's in the bag," Garrett told him. "I'd say not even Daddy's high-priced lawyers will be able to get her out of this one."

Grimly fighting an impulse to cry, Eva watched Damien stroll toward her. "I'm afraid you won't find prison very pleasant, darling," he said, his tone polite, matter-of-fact, though a nasty smile played across his wide mouth. There was something brutal in the cool, broad planes of his face Eva had never noticed before. It occurred to her that Damien looked like a thug. A remarkably handsome thug, but still, a man no woman should trust.

"You set me up," Eva said numbly. Damien had known what she was doing last night, had tried to seduce her while planning to send her to jail.

"Doesn't feel very good, does it?" Garrett asked, smirking.

She lifted her chin and managed not to beg. "You know I'll get probation. I won't end up in jail."

"I wouldn't be so sure of that, sweet," the detective told her. "Breaking and entering carries a mandatory jail term in this state. The best you can hope for is a light sentence--possibly a year. And a year in a woman's prison feels a lot longer than it sounds."

"It's a pity about her mother," Damien commented idly. "There'll be the publicity, of course, but I imagine worrying about Eva's physical safety will be even worse."

"You play, you pay. She should have thought of that before she started breaking into people's houses."

"Well, yes--but really, her mother IS an old friend of the family..."

"If you think I'm letting the little bitch off, you're crazy."

"I'm not suggesting we let her off," Damien said. "But we could handle this privately."

"Forget it," Garrett told him coldly. "She's going to get a lesson she won't forget."

"But wouldn't it be so much more pleasurable to teach her yourself?" His voice was a velvet purr that sent a shiver snaking along Eva's spine.

For the first time since seeing Garrett and his gun, Eva felt a breath of hope. She didn't care what they did to her, as long as they did it quietly. Damien was right; this whole thing would kill her parents. She'd been an idiot to take such chances with their happiness, just to alleviate her own aimless boredom.

"What have you got in mind?" Garrett asked.

Damien nodded at her casually. "Well, she is a lovely girl. And if she treated you anything like she treated me, she promised a great deal more than she delivered."

"Good point." Eva decided she didn't care for Garrett's grin at all.

"Well, Eva?" Damien asked her suddenly. "Do we call the police now, or do you agree to submit to whatever punishment we decide on?"

"That depends," Eva said cautiously, "What kind of punishment?"

"Something erotic, I think," Damien said judiciously. "No permanent damage, in any case."

No PERMANENT damage? She wasn't sure she liked the sound of that. On the other hand, she didn't seem to have much choice. "All right. Whatever you want."

Garrett and Damien promptly gave her a pair of identical lupine grins that made her wonder if she'd just been subjected to a game of "good cop/bad cop." Not that it mattered. She still had no alternative.

"Good," Damien said. "Strip."

She stared, caught off guard by his crisp order. "Now?"

"Unless you want me to call the police..."

Eva studied the two uneasily. Damien was leaning against the paneling, relaxed and arrogant, while Garrett watched her with a sort of feline tension in his big body. He still held the gun pointed at her. Each man was considerably taller than she, and both were fit and muscular, though Damien was gymnast-lean while Garrett was broad, built like a boxer. It was an inherently dangerous situation--but then, Eva liked dangerous situations. "You'll have to cuff me," she told Garrett.

Garrett moved behind her to do the honors at her wrists, then stood back to watch her undress. Tension pooled in his shoulders, and he felt his groin tighten as she began to pull off the bodysuit. She was amazingly cool about it, he thought. If she found the situation frightening or embarrassing, it didn't show.

She did have to wiggle to get out of that ridiculously lycra suit, though, and the movement did entrancing things to her bare, firm ass. He heard Damien's breath catch. When Garrett looked toward his friend, however, he was wearing a bland expression which didn't quite reach his black eyes. Garrett was glad he wasn't the only one who was responding to the erotic potential of the situation.

Then Eva bent to pull off her shoes, and Garrett's eyes snapped back to the breathtaking view she presented him. Her cunt, spread by her pose, looked deliciously damp and pink, and her legs were long sweeps of muscle and satin skin. Garrett licked his lips and pulled his gaze away...to meet Damien's. His friend dipped a lid in a lazy wink. Garrett had to bite back a laugh.

Eva straightened and stepped out of the pile of discarded lycra. "Well?" she asked, a faint challenge in her tone. She turned to look at Garrett over one shoulder. He managed not to glance guiltily away, though he knew she'd caught him eyeing the sweet, rhythmic lines of her body. "Damien?" Garrett managed.

Damien started as if belatedly remembering his cue, then walked to the bureau and opened a drawer to pull out the bundle of clothesline Garrett had bought. The rope was a dead giveaway that they'd planned to blackmail her from the first, but Eva didn't protest. Perhaps she realized that Garrett really had intended to put her away when he'd approached Damien about trapping her. It had taken some fast talking on Damien's part to get him to agree to the punishment scenario.

Still, Garrett had to admit the situation had potential.

"Lie down on the bed, darling," Damien told Eva, gesturing with the clothesline. She obeyed without protest.

Eva expected to be tied in the cliché spread-eagle position, but Damien proved to be a lot more creative than that. He wrapped a length of rope around her right upper thigh, brought her right ankle up to her buttocks, and then looped it a few times, bending the leg double. Damien served the left leg the same way with a few quick and skillful passes. Then, bringing the end of the clothesline up between her legs, he snaked it around her torso to encircle her breasts so that the tight cord pressed just under the nipples. That done, he extended her arms over her head, wrapped them several times, then bound her hands together and tied them to the headboard, leaving a couple of feet of slack.

Garrett watched sardonically. "Dame, did you get a merit badge in bondage, or what?"

"No, I just have a vivid imagination."

"You must have interesting fantasies."

"I certainly do," said Damien, straightening with a grin. "And I plan to act a couple of them out. Where's Eva's loot?"

Garrett shoved his gun into its shoulder holster, then picked up the abandoned dance bag and tossed it to his friend, who caught it neatly out of the air.

Damien set the bag down on the bed and began to paw through its glittering contents. He absently pulled out the diamond necklace and handed it to Garrett, who eyed it with admiration as he continued to dig.

"This is some very fine ice, my friend," Garrett said. "Your mother's?"

"God, no. It's a little too gaudy for Mother. I planned to give it to Corrine, but I haven't had the chance."

"Your mistresses must love you, if this is an example of the kind of gifts you give."

"Actually, I'm planning to break off with her...Ah. Here we are."

Garrett looked down into his hands. "Tie clasps?"

"A gift from Corrine. Actually, I wouldn't have minded if Eva had lifted these; they're vulgar as hell. Corrine has no taste."

"That must explain you, then," Eva growled, looking uncomfortable in her eight feet of clothesline.

"No doubt," Damien said cheerfully, then sat down on the bed beside her and bent to take one pink nipple into his mouth. Garrett heard her gasp as he nibbled and sucked.

"She's got very responsive nipples," Damien commented, after a minute or so of playing with them.

Garrett swallowed. Both rose nubbins were pointing proudly at the ceiling as Eva's pale breasts jiggled with her rapid breathing. She was as aroused as they were, Garrett thought.

The realization sizzled its way straight to his dick.

Which was when Damien suddenly brought up a tie clasp and attached it to Eva's right nipple.

"Dame, what the hell are you doing?" Garrett demanded as Eva gasped.

Damien opened the clasp and let it close again, rolling the nipple between its tiny gold jaws. "She took them, she can wear them," he said coolly, watching Eva's face. Her eyes had drifted shut, and she licked her lips. He attached the other one, and she caught her breath.

Garrett moved around to the other side of the bed and sat down, then reached for the tie clasp Damien had abandoned.

When Eva felt both men begin toying with her breasts, she moaned helplessly, shocked at the strength of

her own arousal. She'd expected to stoically endure whatever the two men decided to do to her, but things were not going as planned.

The fact was, Eva had never been in such a erotic predicament in her life. She was completely helpless, at the mercy of two handsome and dangerous men with kinky imaginations--and she was loving every second of it.

Garrett was flicking the tie clasp he'd claimed with a blunt finger, and each flick sent heat spiralling straight to her cunt. Damien was tugging the other nipple with his clasp, catching it between the jaws and pulling it upward slightly until the clip slid free, then recapturing it.

Eva shifted her hips, feeling her pussy flooding, heating. She wished one of her captors would give it the same attention they were paying her aching tits. Unable to help herself, she spread her legs and moaned.

Garrett, watching her, turned to Damien with a wicked grin. "I just thought of another spot for Eva's loot. Got any KY?"

Damien gestured to the top drawer of the oak night table that stood on Garrett's side of the bed. The detective dug out the little tube, then walked over to Eva's dance bag and burrowed in it until he found Corrine's diamond necklace.

"Do you have any idea what that necklace is worth?" Damien protested.

"So I'll wash it."

"But...Oh, what the hell," Damien grumbled. "I never liked that piece anyway."

Eva was so horny she didn't care what Garrett stuffed into her, so long as he paid attention to her aching clit while he did it. She lifted her hips eagerly as he sat down beside her and leaned over her hungry cunt.

But her cunt wasn't where the necklace went.

Garrett pried her muscular little cheeks apart and started applying KY to her rosy, dimpled asshole.

"Now, wait a minute!" Eva squeaked.

"Uhuh, princess. Take your punishment like a good girl," Garrett told her with a grin, and stuffed a large diamond up her ass.

"That," Damien observed, "is amazingly lewd."

Garrett, grinning even more broadly, pushed the next diamond on the string past Eva's tiny opening. "My," he told her mockingly, "you ARE tight, aren't you?"

Eva writhed helplessly as Damien worked on her nipples with the tie clasps and Garrett relentlessly stuffed her asshole full of chill, expensive necklace. At the same time, the detective rubbed her clit and slid a finger in and out of her steamy cunt, so that rather than being painful, the whole experience started to get to her.

She was whimpering by the time he was finished.

The two men leaned back to eye her with a certain wicked satisfaction. Eva, wound in clothesline, tie clasps pinching each nipple and a hundred thousand dollars worth of diamonds up her ass, waited to see what they would do to her next.

"The pearls," Damien decided.

A moment later, that clever tongue of his was circling her erect clit while his broad fingers worked a triple strand of iridescent pearls into her pussy. Garrett, meanwhile, had gone back to her breasts, alternately sucking them and working them over with the clasps.

Damien's tongue swirling through the folds of her lips, Eva whimpered, "I can't take this any more."

"Should have thought of that before you started ripping off every male you met," Garrett said, and bit her tenderly.

"Oh GOD. Somebody, please fuck me!"

Damien caught the end of the pearl strand and pulled it out of her, then pushed it slowly back in. "Sorry, darling. We're not done with you yet."

"I've got money..."

"So dowe . Shut up." Damien dragged three diamonds past her asshole, bent his head to suck her clit fiercely, and drove them back in one by one.

"OKAY!" Eva cried desperately. "I've learned my lesson, I'll never do it again!"

"You bet your sweet ass you won't," Garrett told her. "I'll be watching you like the proverbial hawk." He twisted a clasp slowly.

"Oh, please, you're driving me insane! Damien, darling, fuck me..."

"Well," said Damien, slowly pulling the entire string of pearls out of her swollen cunt. "It is a tempting thought, I'll admit... What do you think, Garrett?"

Garrett lifted his head to regard the pearls Damien held swinging from one hand. They were so wet with her arousal they almost dripped. "Certainly looks tempting. How does a little double penetration sound?"

"I think it'll take at least that to cool her off, poor thing," Damien agreed.

"Personally, I've got a yen for that tight little ass."

"Fine with me," Damien said.

Eva watched with frantic hunger as the two men stood up and began to strip, revealing bodies that were deliciously hard all over--particularly when it came to cocks. She moaned at the thought of having both thick pricks buried in her starving body.

Damien finished first and lay down on the bed beside her. With easy power, he reared up and brought her helplessly bound body over on top of his. A twist of his hips impaled her on his huge shaft.



Because of the way she was bound, Eva could do little but moan as Damien's broad hands caught her hips and raised her just enough to accommodate his upward strokes. Feeling each long thrust fill her to the heart, she arched her back and shivered.

Then Garrett grabbed the end of the necklace and began to pull it slowly out of her ass. As each diamond popped clear, blending exquisitely with the sensation of Damien's shuttling cock, Eva spiked closer and closer to a searing climax. When the last gem squeezed through her anus, she threw back her head and screamed...

Garrett grabbed Eva's writhing hips and parted her cheeks.

Before she had time to begin her downward slide from climax, he drove his cock up her ass.

When she became aware again, both men were moving slowly against her, and two massively erect pricks stuffed her fore and aft. She quivered helplessly, teetering between pain and blind pleasure.

"Sweet," Garrett whispered into her ear, sinking his shaft into her even as Damien slowly pulled his out, "you've got the tightest ass I've ever fucked."

"And wet. God, she's so wet..." Damien rolled his head back into the pillow, shuttering his eyes against the sensation.