

Scarlet
Rose

KyAnn Waters

Scarlet Rose

the

Cougar
meets her
master

Cougar
Club

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Meets Her
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By

KyAnn Waters

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The Cougar Meets Her Master

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Dedication

To the scrapbook girls. May we all be *Cougars* at heart.

Reviews

Delicious Darkness

Fallen Angel Reviews—I thoroughly enjoyed *Delicious Darkness*. The psychic connection that Audra and Dorian had before they'd even met was fascinating. And once they did meet? Their physical and emotional bonding was electric, with sex so intense; the words fairly sizzled as I read them. I was fascinated by Audra's spirituality, and how her white light illuminated every aspect of her life. KyAnn Waters put a unique twist on her story by including Dorian's chakra cleansing by Audra, a spiritual aspect that might have been touched on in previous stories, but something I've never read in any detail before. All in all, I found *Delicious Darkness* to be an altogether compelling and enjoyable read and am looking forward to reading more delicious fiction from Ms. Waters in the future. ~ Reviewer: Bella—Rating: 5 Angels

Sensual Reads and Reviews—*Delicious Darkness* is a very sexy read. KyAnn Waters draws the reader in from the first page and keeps you scrolling as fast as your eyes can take it in. This story was wonderful and very, very hot. ~ Reviewer: Dakota Rebel—Rating: 5 Roses

Cocktail Reviews—A white hot read with characters that meld together nicely, *Delicious Darkness* is a tale of lust, longing, and magical powers. ~ Reviewer: Nutty Nana—Rating: 5 Flutes

Chapter One

“I’m going to be forty years old in two weeks. What do I need with a husband?” Taylor Davis crossed her legs behind her desk and dangled her Jimmy Choo stiletto on her silk clad toes. “I’m in love with my work.”

“No, you’re a slave to your work.” Her best friend, Rachel, sighed into the receiver. “Your work doesn’t pull you close at four in the morning, kiss you awake, and then make tender love to you.”

“Fuck no and thank God. Why would I want that when I can reach under my pillow, pull out my vibrator, and fuck like a rabbit all night long with my *rabbit*? And think of the benefits. It never quits until I’m done, doesn’t make a mess in my apartment, and the best part, I don’t have to think of an excuse to get it to go home.”

Rachel laughed. “You’re incorrigible.”

“No, I’m practical. I’m not good with relationships.”

Television blared in the background, and Taylor could well imagine what Rachel was up to while they chatted on the phone. “Hold on, Taylor.” Rachel must have cupped her hand over the receiver. Taylor still heard her scream to, “Turn it down.”

And she smiled. Rachel had the life she wanted. She was a wife and mother. Out of high school, she’d married her sweetheart and had three boys. Damn, three men. Rachel’s youngest was a junior in high school.

“Sorry about that.”

Taylor glanced at the clock. “Is Bruce on his way home? You’re probably making a meat and potatoes meal for your motley crew.” She smiled, cradling the telephone between her shoulder and her ear while she flipped through her calendar to check the rest of her afternoon schedule.

“Not much of a crew anymore. Jason left for boot camp last month. As soon as I get his picture in his dress blues, I’ll send you one.”

“Ohh, military men. God, I love a man in uniform.”

“Hey, that’s my son we’re talking about. You can keep your cougar claws out of him.”

“Ewe, I wasn’t insinuating I wanted *your* young man in uniform.”

“Glad to hear that. I can’t even imagine having a relationship with a man in his twenties, or even thirties.”

Taylor blew out a breath. “Why would you? You have Bruce, husband of the year, how many years running now, twenty-five. Besides, I’m not talking about a relationship. All I want is sex.”

Taylor spun in her office chair and looked out over the Strip. People filled the streets. Traffic was brisk on Las Vegas Boulevard. And twenty-three floors below, her casino pulsed with energy and gamblers ready to test their luck.

“I called because I have a favor to ask.”

Taylor groaned and closed her eyes. “Don’t ask if it involves coming home to Preston, Idaho.”

“You’re a brat. Actually this is painless.”

“Then no again. I like a bit of pain.”

Rachel laughed. “You are a sick woman. Now I know why you never married, you scare men. Actually, my nephew is in Vegas, and I hoped you could get him a room for a couple of days.”

“Oh God, Rach—”

“It won’t be that bad. He isn’t expecting you to entertain him. He just graduated and moved out there. His apartment was supposed to be ready, but isn’t. My sister called me in a panic, and I told her I’d call you.”

Taylor growled and raked the fingers of her left hand through her chin length bangs, then tucked them behind her ear. “Fine, I’ll get him a room, treat him to dinner tonight, but that’s all I can do. I’m too busy to baby-sit.”

“I’ll owe you.”

Taylor grabbed a pen. “Which one is it? What’s his name?”

“Colt Foster. I don’t remember if you ever met him.”

“Even if I had, it’s been too long. I doubt I’d recognize him if I saw him.”

“He’s my sister, Janet’s, boy. She worries because he’s always been a tad rebellious. I don’t know what time

he'll get there."

"Fine, got it, and I've got to go."

Taylor hung up the phone, slipped her shoes back on and stood. She checked her reflection in the mirror. Straight, shiny blonde hair hung in a jaw length bob. She widened her blue eyes. Damn, getting wrinkles sucked. She remembered when all the makeup she wore was mascara and a sheer lip-gloss. Now she had to touch up the laugh lines with a bit of concealer.

Taylor buttoned the fitted, cream blazer beneath her surgically enhanced, abundant 32D's and ran her palms over her hips, smoothing out the kinks in the curve-hugging matching skirt. She pivoted to the side. Okay, she had a few wrinkles on her face, her figure was holding up. Hell, bring on the birthday. Forty looked fabulous.

Plush gold carpeting, cherry wood furniture and a bank of windows stretched one wall of her office overlooking the Las Vegas Strip. Manager of a resort/casino afforded her a life of luxury...and high stress.

Her office was on the twenty-fourth floor of the casino hotel, and she occupied a suite on the twenty-fifth. She worked hard for what she had and lived well. Reputed to be a bitch, but that was better than the alternative of sleeping her way to the top.

Taylor rode her personal elevator to the main floor of the casino. The buzz of chatter, music from the bar, and bells of the slots were all welcome noises. These were the sounds of money. She couldn't profess to understand the simple things or the meaning of life. However, she knew how to make money, and that kept the investors who owned the casino ecstatic.

Her high heels clicked on the marble tile as she crossed the room to the reservations desk.

"Good afternoon, Ms. Davis."

"How busy are we? I need a room for a few nights. Nothing fancy but not economy either. Anything on the twentieth floor? One of the two room suites?"

"I'm sure we have something."

"His name is Colt Foster. He's a friend of my family's. I don't know what time he'll be checking in, but notify me when he does."

God, please don't let him show up late. She needed to get some sleep. The hotel had hosted a convention. Several hundred guests all eager to learn about the exciting technological advancements of weather forecasting. Who could've predicted the group would comprise a cyclone of party animals?

Hopefully, they'd had a good time. She'd done everything possible to ensure a return venue. Competition on the Strip was tight with the major themed casinos. The Hotel Beau Monde still spoke of elegance and luxury. But with the Venetian and the Bellagio offering five star luxury, she consistently looked for ways to fill rooms and keep the guests happy.

The floor manager, Steve Mahoney, rushed to her and said a bit breathlessly, "Ms. Davis, there's a problem."

"What is it this time?"

"We have a guest accusing the dealer of cheating him."

"Oh, give me a break. I don't want to do this." She closed her eyes and mentally counted to three. Then she turned to Steve. "Okay, I'm coming."

A lascivious grin stretched his thin lips. God, she hated that he'd seen her naked. Technically, almost naked. They hadn't removed all their clothing, just enough to fuck hard and fast—too fast—at the company Christmas party two years ago. Well, she'd proved the rumor false. He wasn't gay...he wasn't a very good lover either.

"The guest doesn't seem drunk, but he is clearly on something."

"Great." If it wasn't one thing, it was something else. Guests accused housekeeping of theft, gamers had too much to drink then stripped naked to skinny dip in the pools, or on the not rare enough occasion the police arrived because a guest enjoyed a toke off a blunt and filled the halls with the pungent scent of weed.

Taylor moved in step with Steve as they crossed the foyer.

"Pit boss called security. Security called L.V.P.D."
Great.

The Cougar Meets Her Master

Colt pulled at the neck of his T-shirt with one hand, and gripped the steering wheel with the other. Damn, but Las Vegas was hot. His flight from Chicago had landed, he'd rented a car, and now he was navigating his way through rush hour traffic on a late Friday afternoon. He'd like to curse the brilliant individual who'd scheduled his flight to coincide with the mass exodus from wherever into the city, but that would be...him.

Finally, he pulled off the freeway exit directing him to the Strip. By the time he turned into the hotel parking structure, he'd organized his priorities. Check in, drop his bag in the room and hit the bar. He needed a drink to calm his frazzled nerves. Yes, bright lights, the sound of people making money; he needed to feel alive because he was dragging ass in the city that never sleeps.

He quickly found a spot and parked. Popping the trunk, he grabbed the small bag with his laptop and left his clothing. He just wanted settled. Once he checked in and breathed easy for a little while, he'd come back for the rest of his luggage. Whether from the stress of the freeway or just the hell of relocating, he needed to unwind.

A grin tugged his lips. Days like this made him realize one of the benefits of a relationship. One of the only benefits of a relationship. Sex could have gone a long way toward improving his disposition.

Colt entered the hotel and went to the front desk. He felt a slight bit awkward having his aunt pull a favor, but he'd only been informed at the last minute that there was a problem with his apartment. Apparently, a broken pipe had done some water damage. They assured him the repairs were underway and that the delay would only be a few days.

The woman behind the reservations counter smiled when he approached.

"Colt Foster. I believe Taylor Davis is expecting me." Colt glanced around the busy lobby of the hotel. Marble floors stretched the length of the room. French décor accented the plush settees. Most of the casinos he'd played at didn't offer comforts in the lobby. They were too eager to get gamers to the tables. Obviously, the Hotel Beau Monde wanted to appeal to those who enjoyed

pampering and elegance as much as the excitement of the pits.

“Yes, Sir. She has a room ready for you.”

He gave his attention back to the woman behind the polished marble counter. “Excellent.” At least something was working out as planned. He’d have to thank his Aunt Rachel. She’d really come through in a pinch.

Colt pulled out his wallet and handed the woman his credit card.

“No Sir, the room is complimentary.”

“I insist.” Getting him a room on short notice didn’t imply he expected not to pay.

She shook her head. “You’ll need to speak with Ms. Davis. I’ll inform her of your arrival. She’s invited you to dine with her tonight in the hotel restaurant.”

Perfect. He could get a drink while he was there. “I’d like a few minutes to get settled in my room.”

The woman slid his key cards into a paper sleeve and handed them over. “Enjoy your stay.”

He pocketed the keycard. “Thank you.” He would. While he had access to the amenities offered by the hotel, he planned to take advantage.

Crossing the lobby to the bank of elevators, he ascended to the twentieth floor. Brushed stainless steel, mirrors and marble—the elevator spoke of elegance. He thought about the woman at the helm. If you read the business news, Taylor Davis, was reportedly a cold, calculating bitch, a real ball breaker to some. Yet to hear his aunt talk, Taylor walked on water. Dinner ought to be interesting.

The room was just as elaborate as the rest of the hotel. The phone on the desk rang.

“Hello?”

“This is Jennifer from the front desk. Ms. Davis has made dinner reservations for seven o’clock. She’s left instructions for you to meet her in the restaurant.”

“Instructions?” The line was quiet.

“Um...did you want me to give Ms. Davis a message?”

“I’d prefer to leave my own messages.”

“She’s unavailable at the moment. If you wanted to speak with her, I suppose you could go to the indoor pool off the exercise room.”

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“She’s swimming.” More silence. “Thank you, Jennifer.”

“Certainly.”

Colt hung up the phone. The hotel might speak of elegance, but the security needed improvement. Jennifer had obviously been made aware of his arrival. However, she still shouldn’t have freely given information on where to find Taylor. That didn’t mean he wouldn’t find her.

The exercise room didn’t sound like a bad idea. He’d rather get laid, but his hand was the only willing partner at the moment. So instead, he went back to the car for his luggage, changed into shorts and a wife beater, and headed for the gym to do thirty minutes on the treadmill.

As he approached the exercise room, he could see a few guests using the equipment. There was an elliptical machine, a Stairmaster, recumbent bicycle and two treadmills. Two televisions, mounted in the corner, had the sound turned down. One flashed Keno and the other subtitled twenty-four hour news.

Colt approached the treadmills. He smiled at the woman jogging along at a good clip. “How’ya doing?”

She couldn’t hear him. Earplugs led to the Ipod clipped to her shorts. Her creamy skin glistened from a long workout. Blonde hair, damp with sweat, pulled into a ponytail at the nape of her neck, but he couldn’t tear his eyes away from the erect nipples straining against the front of her tank. Two glorious, full breasts bobbed with the cadence of her run.

Damn, he’d thought about sex too much today. He could imagine sliding his cock between those heavenly orbs, thrusting until he draped a pearl necklace of cum around her long graceful neck.

Jeezuz. Blood rushed to his groin, giving him the pleasant pressure of an erection at the worst possible moment. Better to get his ass on the treadmill and stop thinking about a titty fuck.

Taking a long deep breath, he willed his erection to submit. Mind over matter. Fuck. Contrary to what he wanted, his cock wasn’t ready to obey.

Colt took control of all aspects of his life. He stayed fit, was career driven, and liked a woman with a sharp edged tongue who was willing to do exactly what he

asked. Completely submissive to his desires, that was the pleasure of a sub. Her enjoyment and satisfaction was just as much his responsibility.

Glancing out the windows along the back wall, he looked out over the indoor pool. Dozens of people splashed around, but there were only a few individuals swimming laps. He figured one of them had to be Taylor Davis. A woman he suspected was a lot like him.

Feeling a bit more in control, he stepped onto the treadmill, set the incline and speed and started with a brisk walk to warm up.

Ah, fuck me twice.

He faced a wall of mirrors. The woman on the treadmill next to him had her eyes downcast and had increased her speed. Her arms pumped, body moved in a fluid motion and her hypnotic bouncing breasts made him sweat, increased his heartbeat, and he still hadn't hit his stride on the treadmill.

The woman grabbed her water bottle, stretched her neck and greedily drank. When she lowered the bottle, their eyes met in the mirror and she grinned. "Hi."

"Hello." He nearly swallowed his tongue. Startling blue eyes caused a tightening in his chest and a sucker punch to the gut. He wished he could think of something to say, but "are you a guest or do you work out here often" would sound asinine, considering they were in a hotel gym.

Instead, he ramped up the rpms and set his tempo to hers. Within a few minutes, his blood was pumping, perspiration beaded on his forehead, dripped from his temple and trickled down his back. This was the perfect prescription for his lethargic funk.

The woman increased her incline. Colt matched the pace. Admittedly, he had an advantage. She'd been on her treadmill longer, and she had to be feeling the burn. He increased the speed. Muscles bunched and strained as he pushed harder, forced his body to perform. Blood pounded in his ears. Adrenaline surged.

The woman jumped her feet to the sides of the track and laughed. "Thank you," she said breathlessly and turned off her treadmill. "I haven't had a good run in so long."

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Colt powered down his treadmill. "It's better to exercise with a friend."

The woman grabbed a towel and wiped her neck and arms. She patted moisture from the crested mounds of her beautiful breasts. "Are you a trainer?"

"Something like that." If given the opportunity, he'd enjoy giving her his version of training.

"It's easy to see you spend time in the gym."

Glancing in the mirror, he noted his physique. He knew he had a nice body, but his efforts weren't to score points with women, although looking good was important. "Thanks."

He turned his attention back to the woman. Petite yet an incredible rack. Trim hips, toned arms, and a flat stomach. "You should stretch. Your muscle recovery time is improved if you do."

She glanced at the clock. "I know you're right, but I'm meeting someone."

He glanced at the windows out to the pool. Yeah, he had to meet someone, too. Doubtful Taylor still swam. He needed to grab a shower and meet her for dinner. However, that didn't mean dinner would occupy the entire evening. "Would you care to join me for a drink later tonight?"

Her eyes traveled over his toned body with a gleam of appreciation. Yeah, he knew the look. One eyebrow arched. "Maybe we could meet up later?"

His cock jumped at the prospect. "Eight o'clock."

She laughed and draped her towel around her neck. "I have dinner plans. Meet me in the bar about nine. I should be able to shake my companion by then."

He felt heat radiating off her skin. The sweet scent of a hard workout blended with the subtle fragrance of her perfume. A bead of sweat rolled down her neck and trickled between her breasts. He'd love to follow the trail with his tongue. Pluck those luscious cherried nipples with his lips. And run his palms over the firm curve of her rounded ass.

"Nine o'clock."

They walked to the elevators. The doors opened, and they stepped in. Colt pressed the twentieth floor. He leaned against the wall and chuckled. "We haven't

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introduced ourselves.” He held out his hand. “Colt Foster.”
“Oh shit.”

Chapter Two

“You!” Taylor groaned and leaned her head against the elevator.

Colt Foster was supposed to be a pimply eighteen-year-old boy fresh out of high school and fresh off the farm. This Colt Foster was twisted steel and sex appeal. Olive complexion, dark hair trimmed on the sides but with a bit of curl on top. Heavy brows, brown eyes, and he sported a trimmed mustache, goatee and a thin line of groomed beard along his jaw. Probably in his late twenties.

The fantasy of those incredible cabled arms wrapped around her burst into flames. She quickly doused any other flames, like the one that had been building in her core. She held out her hand. “Taylor Davis, your babysitter for dinner.”

Colt grinned. “Taylor, it’s a pleasure to meet you. Thank you for getting me a room.”

“No problem.” The only problem she had now would need to be satisfied with her trusty rabbit.

Taylor watched the digital numbers continue to click higher as the elevator ascended rather than stare at the virility of the man sharing her space. The easy flirtation from the gym fizzled out. This was her best friend’s nephew, which made him so far from doable. Damn it.

“Taylor, is there problem?” His lips tilted into a lopsided smile. “Your emotions show on your face.”

She rolled her eyes. “I don’t have emotions.”

He stepped closer, and his breath tickled her flesh. “Do you intend to back out of your invitation to dinner?”

“No, but I don’t intend to stay for drinks.” Her eyes raked his beautiful body. She had to admit, she was attracted to him. Flutters swarmed her tummy and her pussy clenched. *Just a drink*. She wanted a long slow sip of Colt. She swallowed the disappointment.

Alcohol had played a part in most of the regrets she

had in life. All she had to remember was Steve Mahoney. If she had a drink with Colt, she might as well fuck him right now. That thought spiked her heart rate.

“I’d like to change your mind.”

“Your aunt is my best friend.”

His deep, seductive chuckle tightened her nipples. “I don’t need permission, Taylor. I’m a big boy.”

Her eyes dropped to his groin. Of that, she had no doubt. The hardened length of his erection tented his shorts. “Are you always this aggressive with women?”

“Always.”

She felt flushed. A man who wasn’t afraid of a challenge. The bell chimed and the doors opened. “This is your floor.”

He closed the space between them. “Thank you again, for the suite.”

Oh damn, his lips moved closer. He was going to kiss her. Adrenaline flooded her veins. Her heart pounded. Lips parted, and she sucked in quick shallow breaths. So close.

“See you at seven o’clock.” His lips, soft yet firm, brushed her cheek. The doors closed, and the elevator continued to her floor. Taylor sagged against the wall.

Colt entered the suite and took a deep breath. He hadn’t put much thought into what Taylor Davis might look like. She was his aunt’s best friend. Not for a single moment had he suspected the cougar in the gym could be his dinner date.

He didn’t usually pursue older women, not with his predilection for control. Taylor’s haughty confidence offered a challenge. He cupped his erect cock with his palm. And damn, he was *up* for anything involving Ms. Davis.

Stripping off his shirt, he wiped the sweat from his chest with it as he walked to the bathroom. After he turned on the shower, he took off his shorts. The water heated quickly, and he stepped beneath the steaming spray. “Ahh.”

He slicked his hair. Water sluiced over his body. Colt braced his hands against the marble tiled wall, closed his eyes, and lifted his face to the needles.

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Standing there, he listened to the sound of the water, the buzz of the fluorescent lighting, and the pounding of blood in his ears. His cock throbbed and his balls ached. He ran his hand down his torso, pinched his hard beaded nipples, and visualized Taylor standing in the shower with him. Grabbing the base of his shaft, he imagined Taylor dropping to her knees, opening those luscious pink lips and taking him into her sweet mouth.

His stroke was firm and steady. Pressure built in his sac. Blood pumped into his cock. Harder, thicker, thinking of the woman in the gym. Her tits were big with perfectly puckered nipples poking through her tank. Pleasure rolled through his body. He tightened his fist, thrust his hips and continued to slide the taut skin over his thick, turgid length.

The crown of his cock darkened to a deep purple. He pressed his thumb to the slit, and his other hand cupped the sac. A moan erupted from him. He bent his knees and clenched his ass.

In frenzied rhythm, he increased the friction, imagined pumping his cock into Taylor's mouth. Water cascaded over his head. Balls drew up tight to his body. With a shout, hot cum spurted from his throbbing cock. Waves of release roared through his head. Muscles in his forearm bunched, fingers clenched, and he continued to milk the pleasure from his dick.

Colt's chest rose and fell from exertion as he rinsed. He shut off the water, grabbed a terrycloth towel from the rack and dried off. Then he wrapped the towel around his waist and stood before the bathroom mirror, running his fingers through his hair.

Taylor only wanted dinner. Colt wanted a whole lot more. And he always found a way to get what he wanted.

By six-thirty, he waited in the bar. Sitting in the suite drove him crazy. He wasn't the type to remain idle. Around him, the casino pulsed with life. Gamblers surrounded the tables. A group of older women clustered near the slots. Everywhere he looked lights flashed.

As alive as the casino was, it wasn't where he wanted to be. He wanted Taylor naked, writhing beneath him, or on her knees while he crammed her full of his cock from behind. He wanted to tell the hell-on-wheels executive

exactly what to do and have her do it. More than any woman he'd met before, he'd like Taylor Davis to submit to him.

This was Vegas, baby. Sin City. Now if he could only convince the cougar to sharpen her claws and scratch his itch.

As if he conjured her from an erotic wet dream, she entered the bar. Taylor smiled when she saw him.

His tongue felt thick in his mouth. His cock instantly filled with blood and swelled to aching proportions in his tight denim jeans. With a bold, confident strut, she crossed the floor in black stilettos. Her short skirt hugged her curves and stopped mid thigh, and her blouse plunged in the front just enough to give him a tease of her incredible breasts.

Colt stood. "You look stunning." Before she could object, he threaded his fingers through her silky hair, cupped her head and gently pressed his lips to hers. Sweet, like sugar, but hesitant and not intimate. She stiffened and he released her lips.

"What do you think you're doing?" she hissed.

"Kissing a beautiful woman."

"Not here."

"Then somewhere else?"

"Absolutely not!" Red tinted her cheeks, and her eyes blazed. "Are you aware of my position in this hotel?"

"Yes, and I can think of a dozen other positions I'd like to see you in."

She paused, eyes widened, and then she burst into laughter. "You certainly are cocky."

He put his hands on her hips and pulled her close. "You have no idea." Although she should have a good inkling now. His cock pressed to her cleft.

"Colt," she said his name on a breath, "are you sure that's your name and not the impressive weapon you have held against me?"

"In this," he fingered the edge of her blouse, "you're just asking to be frisked." He hooked his finger on the neckline, tugged gently and looked down her blouse, seeing the lace edging of her black bra. "I'd like to cuff you to my bed," he whispered. "Come with me."

"Where?"

His lips lifted on the corners.

“Oh hell, Colt, I’m not sleeping with you.” Fluttering pulse beats danced under the delicate skin of her neck. She nervously glanced around the room. Then she turned back to Colt and met his eyes. “This...you and I...can’t happen.”

Colt caressed her neck with his fingertips. “We’re in Vegas. Let’s bet on it.”

“Literally?”

“Sure. If you draw the high card, we’ll go into the restaurant, talk about our families back in Preston, and then we’ll say goodnight. I’ll go to my room and get myself off again. What will you do in your room?”

She sucked in a breath. “What makes you think you can talk to me like this?”

“I think I can persuade you to do anything I ask.”

Her shoulders stiffened, but she still smiled. “I should tell your mother.”

He chuckled and shook his head. “What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas.” Not that his mother would be shocked. Nothing he did surprised his family. Never been one to conform to their ideals. In fact, he bucked against authority...that is, unless it was his.

Taylor shifted from one foot to the other. “If I know one thing about Vegas, it’s that the house always wins.”

“Prove it.”

“Fine, let lady luck decide.” She spun on her heels and strode toward the casino pit. He followed.

Noise, cigarette smoke and cocktail waitresses all contributed to the ambiance that was Las Vegas. Taylor slid onto a stool at the blackjack table and smiled at the dealer. Colt slapped a twenty down before she could take out any money.

The dealer set a small pile of chips on the table. “All in,” Colt said and slid the chips into the betting circle. The night would ride on a single turn of the cards. If the house won, he lost. But if the cards played in his favor the night was bound to get interesting.

Taylor spun on the seat and met his stare. A smile tugged on her lips. “You’re feeling lucky?”

“In about two minutes, we’re both going to be feeling lucky.”

The dealer dealt the table. "This is our hand. Winner take all." The jack of clubs showed face up. He didn't bother to look at his hole card. Anticipation for the hand paled in comparison to what he felt for Taylor. The dealer worked around the table. The man to the right tapped the green felt for a card and busted. The dealer paused over their cards. Colt shook his head. "Stay."

Taylor's pink tongue peeked from between her lips. One brow arched.

A moment later, Colt flipped over their cards and the dealer announced, "Twenty-one," and stacked double the chips in the betting circle.

Colt smiled. "I win."

She swallowed, and the seductive movement in her throat had his dick jumping in anticipation. "So what do you want?"

"Room service."

Taylor took long even breaths to keep her knees from shaking. Could she fuck her best friend's nephew? It wasn't as if Colt was an eighteen-year-old high school graduate. Clearly, Rachel had meant collegiate when she mentioned his graduation.

Taylor's position at the hotel made her aggressive, dominant and stole her femininity. When Colt stared into her eyes, all she felt were flutters. Some twisted part of her wanted to see if she could please a man like Colt, a real man that saw her as a woman. Every thing about him screamed sex. Hot, sweaty, curl the toes fucking that would leave her body spent and her mind numb.

Could she say yes? Damn, would he let her say *no*?

She stood, shook out her hair and sighed. "Let's go." It surprised her that she said the words like it meant absolutely nothing to her that a man at least ten years her junior was about to take her to bed. It was a huge fucking deal. She didn't take men to her suite...to her bed. Rachel had asked her to get him *a* room...not her bedroom.

Moisture damped her panties, and her nipples were painfully tight. She'd noticed the way he stared in the gym. Definitely a breast man.

She crossed the lobby with Colt towering beside her.

Tall, cut and devastatingly handsome, how stupid could she be? Of course, she was going to fuck him.

The elevator doors opened. Colt stepped in behind her. As soon as the doors closed, his hand snaked out and wrapped around her wrist. He hauled her against his chiseled chest.

“Not here,” she whispered. “This is a casino. You’re watched everywhere except the privacy of your room. I’m not letting my staff see me groped in an elevator.” She ran her hands over his sculpted pectorals.

He angled her body closer to his. “They can’t see you grope me.” He covered her hand and drew it down his torso, over his rippled abs to cup the swollen length of his erection behind the fly of his jeans.

Her trembling fingers gripped his bulge and measured the thickness. The elevator doors opened, and a couple stepped in with them. Taylor spun around, facing the doors, and smiled. “Good evening.”

The older gentleman nodded his head, stood next to his companion and faced the doors. Shit, doesn’t Colt listen? He moved behind her and fit the persistent, engorged weapon contained in his jeans into the crack of her ass. With subtle movements, he ground against her.

She couldn’t help arching her back. Reckless. Wanton. Wild. Heat radiated off Colt and blazed through the thin fabric of her clothing. She wanted him feeling as out of control as she was, only he didn’t seem to care that they were in a public place. In fact, the moan that just tickled her ear made the gentleman glance over his shoulder at them. She smiled.

Hell, Lady Luck had to be a woman because she understood the magnetic attraction of formidable men. The elevator stopped on the twentieth floor.

“Excuse us.” Colt propelled her out of the elevator.

Her hearty laugh echoed in the corridor. “I hope not everything about you is this rushed.”

“I fully intend to take my time.” Dark smoldering desire in his eyes leapt to flames of passion. He skimmed his key card through the lock. The click of the handle spiked her heart rate. He pushed the door open, and she entered the darkened room, sliding her hand along the wall to turn on the lights.

“Don’t.” Colt’s voice was sharp. “Don’t turn on the lights, don’t move—”

“*Don’t* tell me what to do.”

Breath swooshed from her lungs as his arm wrapped around her waist and pulled her back flush against his front. He claimed her from throat to thigh.

“Let me go.” She wiggled but couldn’t break from his hold.

“No. I want you to stay.” He tightened his hold, grinding his cock into her ass.

“Fuck you.”

He growled. “And I’ll fuck you, too.”

She stiffened when his wet tongue laved the base of her neck. “I don’t take orders.”

“What if what I tell you to do feels good?” His lips brushed against the shell of her ear, quelling her resistance.

Shivers broke along her skin. His hands trailed over her shoulders, then down along her sides, detailing each rib before sliding around to the front and cupping her breasts.

“Ask me, don’t tell me.” She angled her neck to the side, giving him more flesh to kiss.

“Please, don’t turn on the lights.” He pinched her nipples, then pressed his thumb to the hard peaks. “Enjoy the darkness.”

Taylor clamped her teeth into her bottom lip to keep from moaning. Intense pleasure flashed from her nipple to her clit. She sucked in a breath.

“Shh,” he whispered near her ear. “Don’t speak, and please, don’t move.” His hands slid to her hips. A tug on her zipper, and then she heard the sound of the teeth unlinking. Her skirt slipped past her thighs and pooled at her feet. Moisture flooded her panties, and her pussy clenched with want. “*Will you spread your legs?*”

“Better.” She did as he asked.

His voice dropped to a dark, seductive whisper. “Now...don’t...move.”

Colt positioned her arms against the door as if he would frisk her like a cop. Not that she could hide anything. She stood in thigh high stockings, black Prada’s and a wispy blouse.

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Blood pounding through her veins echoed in her ears. Her own breathing sounded loud in the confined space by the hotel door. The dark room cocooned them in solitude. She rested her forehead against the door, lowered her eyelids and listened. Rustling fabric, muffled voices from the corridor and hum of the air conditioner. Then she heard a luggage zipper.

“How can you see?”

Suddenly he was there. “No speaking.” His hands splayed across her bare ass. Calloused fingertips danced across her flesh, teasing her. Finally, he slipped his finger under the string of her thong and pulled the creamy panties to the side.

Warm wet kisses along her neck made her shiver. He reached around and cupped her breasts in his large palms, lifting them, testing their weight, then plucking the nipple through her blouse. Taylor almost whimpered, but she swallowed hard and forced the sound back.

Tracing the crack of her ass with his finger, with deliberate slowness, he slid lower, closer to her heat. Finally, he dipped one thick finger deep into her cunt.

“Oh Jeezus.” Taylor sagged against the door.

Colt pulled his finger from her drenched channel. She tried to pivot toward him, but he pressed his chest into her back and pinned her flush against the door.

“Do you like that?”

What kind of sick fuck was he? Moreover, what kind of sick fuck was she for feeling more turned on than she had been in years? Adrenaline raced through her veins, her heart pounded. A shiver of fear snaked up her spine. He was strong, demanding, and damn but she wanted him to overpower her.

If only he wasn't her best friend's nephew. If only he could be a few years older. She didn't want marriage, didn't want children. Meals came from the hotel restaurant. Hotel housecleaning took care of her apartment.

Why was she thinking anything? Colt's sure hands trailed over her soft curves. This was sex. They had tonight.

Taylor wiggled her ass into his groin. “Please.”

Even in the dark, she could hear his smile. Grasping

the edge of her panties, he snapped the elastic, tearing them from her body. One finger thrust into her cunt, then a second, slamming in and out, flicking against her G spot.

“OhJeezusFuckMeMiaFuckMeFuckMe.”

Stars exploded behind her eyes. Her knees buckled and her inner walls quivered, tightening on his fingers and sucking him deeper into her heat.

Before her spasms ebbed, he spun her around, dropped to his knees and replaced his finger with his tongue. Nothing as skilled as his oral ministrations had wreaked havoc on her before. So close. A hum vibrated in the back of her throat.

Grabbing one of her stilettos by the heel, he lifted her leg, opening her legs wider. Firm sucking of her engorged clit followed searing swipes of his talented tongue.

Taylor was a hot mess as she rode his thin mustache. Slight movements of her hips ground her pussy against his mouth. She clenched her teeth to keep from crying out. Colt had told her not to move, and damn it, she was trying not to. He also told her not to talk, and she'd bite off her tongue before risking the tortured delight of his oral assault.

“You have the sweetest pussy.” He moaned and licked the full length of her. Another orgasm built in her core. Each rasp of his tongue brought her closer to the precipice of mind-numbing euphoria. Her fingers gripped his shoulders.

Slurping sounds echoed in the darkened room as he lapped her cream. His tongue danced over her folds, circled around her clit and worked the hard nub between his lips.

The leg supporting her weight trembled. Stomach muscles tightened, thighs quivered, then Taylor broke apart again. She couldn't remember a time when a lover had thought about her pleasure more than his own. Emotion tightened her throat, yet a smile titled her lips. Thank God the room was dark. She didn't smile when she came. She had sex. That's it. She didn't make emotional connections, especially with a playboy set on rocking her world.

Oh, and he was doing a damn fine job of it. His

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tongue stabbed into her heat, nibbled on her clit and bathed her folds in hot kisses. Another orgasm built deep in her core.

Colt put her foot back on the ground, and she felt the acute loss of his heated kisses.

“I need to taste your beautiful breasts.”

“I knew you were a tit man in the gym.”

“What else do you think you know about me?” He lifted her shirt over her head and dropped it to the floor. Warm, moist heat enclosed her nipple through the sheer lace of her bra.

Taylor arched her back, sucked in a shallow breath and nearly cried out from the fierce pleasure. “Oh God, that I’m glad you’re tenacious. It comes from your youth. An older man would’ve given up.”

He chuckled, and the vibration rippled through her. “I know what I want when I see it.”

“Exactly, tenacious.”

He slowly drew the bra straps down one shoulder and then the other. Peeling back the lace, he freed her heavy breasts. “Beautiful.”

She smiled. “How do you know without the lights on?”

His tongue laved her erect nipples, curling around the taut bud and pulling it into his mouth. “I see with my hands.” He lifted a breast to his lips, gently bit the crested peak, then sucked more flesh into his mouth.

A pop sounded in the room when he released her nipple. Squeezing her breasts, he lifted and pushed them together. Then he buried his face in the cleavage. Licking and sucking, he ate her flesh. He rolled her nipples between his thumbs and fingers, and the sensations flashed into her clit.

“You’re right, I want to see you.” He released her. A moment later, he flicked a switch, and the room flooded with light.

A gasp broke from her lips. He stood near the wall, eyes dark with passion. Slowly, never breaking eye contact, he pulled off his shirt, and her mouth watered. Hair trailed in a thin line from just above his navel on rippled abs, disappearing into his jeans. A tribal band tattoo circled his python-like biceps. He stalked two steps

closer and lifted her into his arms.

The moment was heavy with anticipation as he carried her to the bed and gently set her down. While kicking off his boots, nimble fingers loosened his belt. Then he stepped out of his jeans. "Do you want fucked? Do you like a big cock between your legs?"

Taylor swallowed, but she didn't seem to have any spit in her mouth. Her heart beat a nervous tempo. Oh hell, she was about to have sex with Rachel's nephew. She closed her eyes and shook her head. For so many reasons she shouldn't be here.

"Was that a no?"

"No, but you realize tonight is a one-time event."

"Do you think once will ever be enough? Look at me."

Her eyes snapped open and locked on his face. Pleasure flitted across his smile. He dropped his boxer briefs.

Swallowing became easier. In fact, her mouth salivated at the sight of his glorious cock bobbing in front of her face. Long, thick, rearing up from a thatch of black hair. Beautiful, dark with blood, the mushroom-shaped head glistened with juice. As he stepped closer, he wrapped his hand around the base.

Taylor leaned forward and drank in the sweet and pungent aroma. She reached around, cupped his ass, pulled him closer and opened her mouth. Flavors of spice and male burst on her tongue. Closing her lips over the head, she sucked the crown, drawing out the delicious arousal. She hummed, opened wider and slid her lips down the shaft.

She glanced up while savoring the hot, smooth texture of cock in her mouth. He watched every stroke of her tongue, every movement of her lips, taking pleasure from the sight of her sucking his shaft.

Intoxicating power surged through her. Knowing she pleased him hurtled her closer to another orgasm. She needed him, something, shoved between her legs. Her pussy hungered for his weapon. Reaching between her legs, she plunged two fingers inside her hot core. Cream flooded her hand. She rocked her hips, sucked feverishly and teetered them both on the brink of release.

His roar filled the room as he hauled Taylor to her

feet and propelled her to the center of the bed. With the sleek precision of a hunter, he moved to the table and grabbed a condom. He tore the package open and stretched the latex over his penis.

Determination and strength oozed from him. His eyes raked her flesh. Nerves sizzled, rioting beneath the surface.

Covering her body, he sipped her lips. Tongues entwined, velvet strokes, and then he boldly plunged into her mouth. Hot. Breathless. Needing. She wrapped her legs around his hips as the crown of his cock parted her soaked folds. She gasped. Shivers ran down her spine.

“Tonight is for you.” And he plunged into her wet, heated sheath, deeper, until his balls nestled against her ass. Slowly retracting, he surged forth again. Speed increased, each rhythmic stroke fanning the flames of her passion.

This man appealed to her on an unfamiliar level. She felt feminine, beautiful, desirable, and in submitting to him, she tapped into an unknown source of arousal. Writhing beneath the bonds of his body, pleasure reigned unlike anything she’d experienced before. Experts claimed a woman entered her sexual prime at forty, yet she hadn’t realized she could feel this alive.

Her hips rocked, meeting his forceful thrusts. Banging into the top of her channel, exquisite friction inflamed her depths. Her nails dug into his shoulders, and she melted around him.

Liquid heat flowed through her veins. Pressure built. Her chest tightened. Clinging, yet giving. Her internal walls shattered, and spasms rolled through her clenched core. Her thighs burned, holding tighter to Colt’s hips. He continued to leisurely piston into her cunt as she creamed around his long, thick cock.

Leveraging up on his arms, he kissed her lips and drove slow and easy into her heat. Taylor unlinked her legs from around his hips and put her feet on the bed with her knees bent.

A soft chuckle breathed against her ear. “You feel so good,” he whispered. “Admit it, you love fucking.” His cock slid hotly into her velvet sheath. He undulated his hips. The shift in movement triggered a spontaneous orgasm in

her.

“Yes,” she hissed through clenched teeth. Her body bowed off the bed. “Oh God, I can’t take anymore.” Her clit screamed from oversensitivity.

“Maybe we just need to give your sweet peach a rest.” He pulled his cock from her throbbing cunt. “Turn over onto your hands and knees.”

Men didn’t tell her what to do. Generally in business that was her role. But butterflies filled her stomach when Colt gazed at her. Carnal hunger knifed through her chest and took her breath away. She wanted to give him equal pleasure. “Yes, Master.”

A devious grin stretched his mouth. “I’m glad you understand you’re my slave.”

“Slave?” Her lips titled into a smile.

“Yes, my sex slave.”

A flicker of apprehension lit her expressive blue eyes. Then a nervous chuckle escaped her slightly parted lips. Her chest rose and fell with shallow breaths. “Okay, I’ll play along.”

Of that he had little doubt. But he could also see she didn’t fully understand what he wanted from her. She would. Until then, he’d expose her through experience.

He leaned in and softly kissed her lips. “To play you must do exactly what I say. Do not disobey. You can say stop, and I’ll stop.”

He heard her swallow, and her fingers applied gentle pressure to his sternum pushing him away. “I’m not sure I’m ready to play with you.” She sat, pulled a pillow from beneath the bedspread, and used it as a shield to cover her body.

Colt stood and stripped off the condom. His balls throbbed with the need to come. However, she had to submit if they were to continue. He hoped they had more than tonight together, and he’d never be satisfied with a vanilla sexual relationship. Too much fire in her eyes, determination, strength. To have power over her would be tremendously erotic.

“When we met in the gym, you asked if I was a trainer. Your training is over. From this point on, failure to obey will result in punishment.”

The bed dipped under his weight. He slid in next to her and pulled the pillow away. He wanted to see her heavy breasts, the puckered nipples betraying her calmness. The intoxicating scent of her sex perfumed the air. He combed his fingers through the silky blonde hair above her ears.

“I promise,” he said with emphasis. “I will never hurt you. I knew the moment I saw you, I would own you.”

“Own me?” Her eyebrow arched.

“Yes. Own you. Don’t worry, Taylor. You have all the power in this relationship. You say the word, and it all ends.”

“Is this a relationship, Colt? We’ve known each other since this afternoon.”

“Tonight, and whatever happens in the future, I *will* dominate you. So my sweet—and I do mean sweet—Taylor, do you submit?”

She licked her lips, her glance shifting from his eyes to his swollen cock. Emotions played across her face. “I’ve always been in control.”

“Not with me.”

A twinkle of excitement glinted in her eyes. “Then you want me to call you Master?”

“There aren’t any rules...except mine. Using Master is a show of submission.”

Taylor thought for a moment. “I’ll please you, Master, because I know you are going to please me.” Then she rolled over onto her hands and knees, and her head dropped between her shoulder blades.

There was nothing as luscious as her ass in the air, her swollen glistening pussy pouting. Blood rushed into his swelled cock, engorging the crown. Pre-cum oozed from the tip. Quickly sheathing his tool in another condom, he then moved in behind her. Using his fingers, he spread her juices, lubricating her tight little rosette.

Tension coiled in his gut, and his shaft felt like granite. Fear that he’d hurt her kept him in control. But what he wanted to do was pound her hard, fast—total dominance over her body.

Anticipation crackled like an electrical storm on the hot summer night. He pressed the head of his penis against her tight rim. He clenched his teeth and eased in

an inch. Only the sound of their labored breathing filled the room. Slow and steady. A little in, careful movements stretched her tight hole before pulling out. Reaching between her legs, he searched out her clit. Thumb strokes gently brushed against the hot sensitive bud.

Taylor cried out, thrust back, and impaled herself on his shaft. Another sharp cry pierced the air. Momentarily motionless, she gulped in air. "Oh my God, you're huge."

"Shh." He wrapped his body over her back and waited for her anus to accept the intrusion, waited for the burn of anal play to pass. He filled her. Smooth walls gloved and the tight rim of her rosette pinched the base of his cock.

Taylor arched, pushing her ass hard against his groin and moaned. "Oh, Master." She hesitantly tested the name. "If it pleases you, I'm ready for you to fuck me with your enormous cock?" Damn, but she was magnificent. She flipped her head up, her hair in wild disarray, glanced over her shoulder and smirked a teasing smile. "Please."

Colt smacked her ass with the palm of his hand. Then he slowly pulled his length from her body, reveling in the tortuous pressure of her tight rim along his shaft. His fingers gripped her hips, thumbs spreading her cheeks, and he watched his cock slide back into her sphincter.

"More," she panted. "Give me more."

"Please?"

"Oh God, please."

He pounded her ass. Faster, deeper, rougher, his strokes built to a crescendo as he gasped for breath. Every muscle tensed. Balls drew up tight. Plunging. Retracting. Again and again.

Taylor screamed as she vaulted into orgasm. The pressure brought him to release. Jets of hot cum shot from his cock. Waves of euphoric pleasure rolled through his body. Blood pounded in his ears, and adrenaline flowed through his veins. Sweat trickled down his chest. Musk and sex filled his nostrils.

Finally, slipping from her body, he collapsed to the bed, tossed his arms over his head, and gulped in air. Taylor curled into his side and traced her delicate fingertips over his sternum.

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Holding her tight, snuggling her close, he tunneled his fingers under her hair and massaged the back of her neck. "Are you okay?"

She nodded.

"Come on, let's get some sleep." He tugged on the comforter.

Taylor put her hand on his forearm. "Don't ask me to stay."

Colt paused, searching her face. Had he hurt her? She hadn't said stop, rather her pleas for a rough, raw fuck had taken him to the heights of erotic ecstasy. "Why?"

She touched his face, trailing a finger along his thin beard. "Because I won't say no to you and because I want to go to my own apartment. I'm too old for slumber parties."

With the exception of the comment on her age, her reason pleased him. He kissed her deeply, thoroughly, then released her. "I'll dress you."

Taylor couldn't remember the last time she'd slipped from a man's bed to make a stealthy retreat to her apartment. What scared her most was that she hadn't wanted to leave Colt.

Damn, the sex had been incredible. She never would've thought submitting to a dominant male could be so arousing. Knowing that she, a woman on the cusp of forty, could turn on a virile man like Colt had been the greatest aphrodisiac. Once past the point of no return, he could've done anything he wanted. Driving him into frenzy had become her only objective.

Maybe because she always was the boss. Letting someone else control her passion had been unfamiliar and incredibly erotic. Part of her personality was taking charge of situations. She knew how to make split decisions, handle millions of dollars, and command hundreds of employees. She wasn't used to feeling inept, and she didn't often have to ask how to do something. Never in her life did she think she'd ask a man how he wanted fucked. Her past sexual experiences were usually fast and efficient.

Taylor punched the code to her apartment lock and

let herself in. Air-conditioning blasted from the vents. Her eyes closed, and she relished the tightening of her nipples. She sighed and slipped off her heels.

On the way to her bedroom, she stripped off her clothes, dropping them on the floor. Wickedly exhausted, she didn't care about anything but the delicious soreness in her limbs...not to mention the tender ache between her legs. Colt had ridden her hard, pulled every ounce of pleasure from her body, and left her spent, yet surprisingly rejuvenated.

Lights from the Strip cast a glow in her room. Taylor pulled down the bedspread and crawled into bed. Cool cotton sheets caressed her whisker burned flesh. Closing her eyes, she let the memories of Colt flood her mind. No need for the rabbit to take the edge off her stress tonight. Her body was wondrously replete. With a deep sigh, she sank into the comfort of her bed. The hum from the air-conditioner lulled her mind. *Ah, sleep.*

The phone next to her bed rang, starting her awake. Her heart pounded. It took her a moment to realize she'd barely drifted off and now some asshole better have a damn good reason for ringing her up in the middle of the fucking night.

She sat up in bed, yanked the receiver off the cradle and put it to her ear. "Hello," she snapped.

"We have a problem."

"Steve?"

"Taylor, we need you in downstairs...now."

She blinked, forcing her foggy head to wake up. "Give me a few minutes." She'd need a hot shower to be alert enough to function. Besides, the scent of sex clung to her. She'd shed her steely determination and her aggression while she was in Colt's arms. The bitch of the Hotel Beau Monde needed her balls back.

"The police are here." Silence stretched as she waited for the rest of the statement. "And so are the FBI, DEA, and they have a couple of K9 units. Taylor, they want to talk to you."

"Oh shit."

Chapter Three

Taylor scrambled into tan, linen slacks and a cream-colored blouse, slipped on high heels and rushed into her private elevator.

DEA—Drug Enforcement Agency? This was Las Vegas. Every hotel dealt with the occasional busts on their properties, but local law enforcement usually handled the arrests.

The elevator doors opened on the main level. Steve stood there, eyebrows furrowed and gnawing on his bottom lip.

“They’re waiting for you,” he quickly said. “Are you involved in this, Taylor? Are you in some kind of trouble?”

“Are you insane? At this point you know more than I do.” However, that was about to change.

“The feds busted Al James in a sting at the Firefox.”

Taylor stopped in mid-stride and latched onto his arm. “What happened?” Al James ran Fortress Security...the security used here at the Beau Monde as well as several other casinos on the Strip, including the Firefox. Fortress provided advanced surveillance, identification, background checks and other high-tech security technologies.

“Evidently he’s been running drugs out of casinos. My guess? The reason the FBI, drug dogs, and DEA officials are crawling all over our offices is that the Beau Monde is now involved in the sting. Al had inside associates. Taylor, they’re here to make arrests.” Steve’s eyes rested on her. “They’re asking for you.”

Taylor continued across the lobby. “Are you suggesting I’m under arrest?” Her heels clicked on the marble tile. “Because that is absolutely ridiculous.”

Taylor entered the heart of hotel security. Computers chirped and a wall of monitors detailed every square foot of the hotel. Tables in the pit were watched, the slots, the restaurant, the bar and the registration desk. Security

viewed everything recorded on the surveillance cameras throughout the Beau Monde from this room.

An officer shook her hand. "Can we speak?"

Colt didn't expect to see much of Taylor during the day. He understood that she had responsibilities to the hotel. Instead, he explored a bit of Las Vegas.

Entering the casino, he glanced toward the reservation desk. What were his chances of running into her on the casino floor? Probably not good. He approached the front desk.

"Hello, Jennifer. Could you page Ms. Davis for me?"

The same reservationists from yesterday forced a smile. "I'm afraid she's unavailable today."

Colt didn't want to create a difficult situation for Jennifer, so he nodded and walked away. Damn, the longer he was apart from Taylor, the more she worked her way into his thoughts. He'd never have suspected a woman could get under his skin so quickly, yet she had.

Going to his room and waiting for her to come to him when she finished with work didn't sound appealing. Nevertheless, that's what he did.

He kicked back on the bed in his suite and thought about the night ahead. Maybe before Taylor, he'd have ordered up a porn flick and beat off a few times. Or wander the casinos for some gaming action...of the female persuasion. Now only his slave would suffice.

After the evening news, he still hadn't heard from her. He rang the front desk. "Ms. Davis has gone home for the day."

"This is her guest, Colt Foster. Please ring her suite for me."

He waited for the call to transfer. After a moment, her sleepy voice answered.

"I missed you today."

"Colt," she said on a sigh. "I'm sorry. This isn't a good time. We've had some serious issues here at the hotel, and I'm exhausted."

Leaning back in bed, he let her voice wash over him. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"I'm surprised you haven't heard. I thought the guests would be talking about the police arresting hotel

employees.” Her deep and gravely voice broke. “It’s long and complicated. The fire is out, but the cleanup will start tomorrow.” He heard the unspoken information. She wouldn’t have time for him.

“Ah, baby, let me come take care of you.”

“Not tonight, I haven’t been to bed yet...since I left you. The call came in last night about ten minutes after I’d gone to sleep.”

Colt held the phone between his shoulder and ear and slipped on his boots. “I’m taking care of you tonight.” His voice dropped. “It would please me. Are you going to tell me no?”

“Twenty-fifth floor.” Her voice caught. “Room 2560.”

“Five minutes.” He hung up the phone and grabbed a couple of things he’d purchased today. As he headed out the door, he reconsidered the objects in his pockets. Taylor was tired, but he didn’t intend to be back in his suite tonight. And as much as he needed to get inside her, he wouldn’t press for sex. That didn’t mean he couldn’t motivate her to relax in his own special way.

A quick elevator ride and then he was at her suite, knocking softly on the door.

“Hi.” she said and then tears filled her eyes.

“Oh, baby.” He stepped into her apartment, pulled her close and kicked the door closed behind him.

Long, slow strokes over her back seemed to calm her shakes. She inhaled deeply and shuddered with her exhale as he kissed her temple. “You can tell me what happened while you soak in the tub.” Colt wrapped his arm around her shoulders. “Lead the way.”

Like the woman, the apartment reflected subtle elegance and classic style, simple furnishings and fresh cut flowers on glass topped tables.

In the bathroom, Colt turned on the water in the large jet tub. He held up a bottle of bubbles. She nodded, and he poured some of the pearly pink gel into the water. Then he went to Taylor. Tired lines creased her brow. Stress dulled the fiery sparkle in her eyes. He traced her brows with his thumbs, cupped her face and gently kissed her.

Her lips softened, mouth opened, and his tongue explored the delicate tissue inside the hot recesses.

Tongue stroked tongue. A simple intimate kiss quickly spiraled into a frenzied mating of mouths.

Colt pulled back and unbelted her robe. The material pooled at her feet. "Get in the tub."

"Hmm. Yes, Master." A slow smile spread across her lips. "Thank you...for coming up. I hate to admit that I really don't want to be alone. I need a friend."

Colt held her hand while she stepped over the edge of the tub and slipped beneath the steaming water. Then he stripped off his shirt, shucked his jeans and climbed in with her.

Facing her, he slid his legs along the outside of hers. He took one of her feet and began massaging slow circles into the instep.

"Oh, that feels heavenly." She closed her eyes and leaned her head back.

"What happened today?"

Her eyes parted into narrow slits. "Are you sure you want to talk about my work?" Her other foot nudged his hardened cock. "Wouldn't you rather discuss other pressing issues?"

"I've got all night to fuck you."

She chuckled. "Not all night because I need to sleep. Tomorrow I meet with the board and explain how the company I contracted to provide security has been using the hotel as a local pharmacy. Not street deals, but major distribution." She ran her fingers over the foamy surface of the water. "I think my only defense is that the Beau Monde wasn't the only hotel involved, and we had the fewest arrests."

Colt trailed his fingers around her ankle and over her calf. He hated that he couldn't take this pressure from her shoulders. But he could offer advice. "You start by cleaning house. Although I benefited from the information, the woman at the front desk never should have given me your location in the hotel."

"I can't fire everyone. People depend on their jobs. They depend on me, and I take the responsibility very seriously." She rolled her head. "But I do recognize that changes need to be made."

"Las Vegas is a booming town. Why do you think I chose to relocate here?"

Her face scrunched. "I don't know anything about you." She cocked her head to the side. "Except that you own me." She grabbed his foot and began the same ministrations.

"I've accepted a job with the L.V.P.D."

"You're a cop?" His foot hit the water with a splash.

"Mmm. Sort of." He lifted her foot and sucked her big toe into his mouth. His eyes met hers. Taking her toe from between his lips, he went back to massaging her instep. "I'm a detective. Major case squad. I specialize in computers and electronic equipment."

She furrowed her brows. "What does that mean?"

"Child pornography, cyber terrorism, just about any major crime committed through the Internet or crimes where evidence is believed stored in a computer, those are my cases. If I didn't work for the good guys, I could probably get into the Pentagon's computer system." He grinned and winked. "I could get into yours."

She snorted. "I needed someone like you around here."

No, she needed *him*. She just hadn't realized it yet.

Water sloshed over the side of the tub as she readjusted. "You have a huge responsibility."

He shrugged. "I won't bring my work home. Come here." Scooting closer, holding onto her thighs, he lifted her onto his lap. When she wrapped her legs around his waist, Colt grabbed his cock and nudged her folds. Leveraging her body, Taylor eased his erection into her heated sheath. "Ah fuck, you feel good. Ride me, baby."

Twice as wide as a regular tub, there was plenty of room to maneuver. Without separating their joined bodies, she reached over, turned on the Jacuzzi jets and sat with her knees on the outside of his hips.

She rocked slowly at first, timing her movements with the back and forth swish of water. Jets pulsed from the sides, the head and the rear of the tub. Dying bubbles foamed again. Colt held her hips but let Taylor control their tempo. Tonight she needed tenderness.

He bent his head and pulled one of her taut peaks into his mouth. Her back arched, and her thighs gripped firmly to his hips. Tight walls gloved his shaft, milking him as she edged closer to orgasm.

Hunger to keep this woman welled in his chest. Never before had he wanted to be saddled by a relationship. Tonight wild horses couldn't drag him from this panting, gasping lady. She clutched his shoulders, rocked faster. A chuckle bubbled from her throat, and then she melted into him. Ecstasy washed across her face. Delicious laughter echoed in the bathroom. Water swished in the tub and flowed over the side. Complete abandon. Spasms locked on his cock, holding him deep inside her hot sheath.

Taylor slowed her pace. Her eyes, heavy with desire, rested on his face. "Your turn." She reached behind her back, found his sac and rolled his balls in her fingers.

"Minx." His cock stretched and thickened. He bucked high into her channel.

"Shouldn't that be cougar?" She tugged his scrotum, and with a jolt, he lost control.

"Ah fuck." Pressure released. Blood thundered in his ears. The orgasm ripped through him, from the tip of his dick to the curl of his toes. Muscles tensed and then the storm ebbed. The water calmed. Taylor collapsed, her breasts pressing into his chest.

Colt lifted her off his lap. "Stay on your knees." With a cloth, he gently washed his semen from her folds. He looked into her eyes. "I'm sorry. I should've worn a rubber."

She held still. "We're both responsible."

"I'm clean," he said. "Before I accepted the new job, I had a complete physical."

"Me, too. I haven't been with anyone except the energizer bunny since my last exam."

They climbed from the tub. The floor was soaked. Colt's clothes and Taylor's robe dripped bath water.

"Massage oil?"

"Do you want a massage?" she asked, opening the vanity.

He tugged her close and kissed her lips then took the bottle from her hands. "On the bed, on your stomach."

She preceded him into the bedroom. The bed angled toward the window so that she had an unobstructed view of the Strip's skyline. Without lights on, the glow from the city cast shadows on the walls.

Taylor crawled onto the bed.

“Face down,” Colt said.

He climbed on next to her and poured a generous amount of massage oil on her back. Taylor was all smooth lines and soft curves. Using the pads of his fingers, he worked deep into the muscles. “You’re tense, baby. You need to relax.”

“Part of the job. I eat stress for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.”

He chuckled. “Well, that’s the first thing that’s going to change. I’ve got something more satisfying for you to eat.”

“Oh, that feels good.”

Colt worked his palms along her spine. Her shoulders relaxed, and her breathing shifted. Shallow breaths followed deep shuddering exhales. The muscles in her ass tightened. Slightly parting her thighs, she ground her pelvis into the bed. She was getting hot and so was he. His solid cock knocked against his stomach.

“Don’t move. I’ll be right back.”

She mumbled something into the pillow. Colt went to the bathroom, grabbed a couple of condoms and his cuffs, then returned to the bed.

He sat on the edge of the mattress. “First a question. Do you trust me?”

She rolled her head to the side. They stared at each other for a long moment then she nodded. “I’ve never met anyone like you before.” She sat up. “All day today, while being interrogated, while watching trusted employees arrested and taken to jail, my mind kept returning to you. Of how I felt in your suite and how much I wanted to feel that way again.” Her head bowed. “There is this desperate part of me.” She crossed her arms over her body in a protective posture. “A part that worries I won’t please you and that these wonderful feelings will disappear.”

Hooking a finger under her chin, he lifted her head. “You please me. You have no idea how much.” But she would. He’d show her. Leaning forward, he kissed her lips, kissed her eyes closed, then kissed her mouth again. Parting her lips, he plundered, savored the sweet taste of her.

Breathless, he pulled back.

“Tell me what to do,” she whispered. “Here, with just the two of us, giving you pleasure is my pleasure.”

Perfect. “Lie on your stomach and grab the bars of the headboard.” She did, and Colt snapped the cuff to her right wrist, threaded it around the bar before snapping the other steel bracelet on her left wrist. Then he straddled her rounded ass. Not only could she not use her hands, she couldn’t move her arms.

He leaned over her back. “When my touch feels good, I want to know. Moan, scream, you can even use that sharp tongue of yours to curse me. You can move as much as your restraints allow, but don’t come.”

“What?” She turned her head to the side and smiled. “Aren’t you going to fuck me?”

He chuckled. “Oh yeah, I’m going to fuck you.”

“You’ve cuffed me to the bed, and intend to use your weapon on me. There’s no way I can keep from coming.”

“Then I suppose you don’t get dick.” Sitting up, he stroked his shaft. Once. Twice. He pinched the engorged head, and Taylor licked her lips.

“Yes, Master. I won’t come. If I get close, you have to stop.”

He moved lower over her thighs so that he had better access to the sweet, wet heat between her legs, and then he ran his finger down the crack between her cheeks and plunged his middle finger into her liquid warmth. “Or you can come and take your punishment.”

Her butt came off the bed, and he thrust deeper. While he twisted and turned his finger, he gently bit the firm globe of her ass. The cuffs rattled against the brass headboard. “Oh jeezus, Colt, you’ll kill me.”

He brought his hand to his mouth and licked her honey from his finger. “I’ll take you to heaven.” He maneuvered behind her, grasped her hips and lifted her to her knees. Arms bent at the elbow supported her upper body. Then he licked her from clit to ass. Her back arched, and her ass pushed into his face.

She moaned, wriggled, and finally whimpered. He teetered her on the precipice of climax by sucking her folds and curling his tongue around her clit. When her juices trickled down her thighs, her muscles tightened and her body began to tremble, he’d pull back, keeping

the elusive orgasm just out of reach.

Finally, Taylor cried out in frustration. "Please fuck me. Please make me come."

"Where's the energizer bunny?"

"Under my pillow."

Colt pulled his finger from her clenching cunt and moved to the top of the bed. "Do you masturbate every night?"

She gasped. "Yes."

"What do you think about? What's your fantasy?"

She didn't speak.

"Answer me."

"I have lots of fantasies. Which one do you want to hear about?"

Colt found the rabbit and turned it on low.

"If you buzz my clit, I'm going to come."

He was counting on it. Punishment/pleasure, for Taylor they were synonymous. Cream dripped from her pussy. "Damn, you taste so sweet." He licked her again. "Tell me what you think about while you work bunny into your hot little rabbit hole."

Circling the head of the vibrating dildo over her wet pussy lips made the pink silicone shimmer. She squirmed and angled her pelvis for him to push the vibrator deeper.

"Do you play with your tits?" He reached beneath her and fondled the heavy mounds. A taut nipple pressed to his palm.

"Yes," she said, breathless. His hand moved around to her hips, stroking her flesh, caressing everywhere.

"Do you slide your finger into your ass the moment you come?"

"Colt!" She tried to sound shocked, but he felt her tremble. The piercing agony of intense arousal firmly held her in its clutches.

"Tell me."

Palming her ass, he parted her cheeks and licked her again.

"Oh God." Her hips rocked. "It doesn't matter what I fantasized before. I'll never masturbate again without thinking about your long, fat cock fucking me." A shiver twitched her body. "I can't hold back. Oh, Colt. Please. FuckMeFuckMeFuckMe!"

Colt pushed the pulsing rabbit into her pussy until only an inch remained in his hand. The rabbit ears stimulator zinged her clit. With his other hand, he thrust a finger into her ass.

Violent shakes racked her. While her head thrashed on the bed, she bit the pillow. Muffled mewling spurred him to push her over the edge. Not just coming, he wanted her flying apart.

One orgasm merged into a second, and Colt continued to tease her puckered rosette with his finger. He increased the speed on the rabbit, spinning Taylor out of control. She screamed. Unintelligible murmurs blended with her heavy gasping breaths.

After tossing the rabbit aside, Colt quickly sheathed his cock in a condom. While her internal walls continued to contract, he thrust into her quivering core. Hands no longer fought the cuffs. She white knuckled gripped the bars of the headboard.

Down on one knee, he leveraged over her hips and pounded into her. Hard, fast, violent thrusts claimed Taylor. *Mine. Mine. Mine*, he thought with every plunge of his rigid cock. His balls slapped against her. Cream slicked her channel and dripped from his sac. Hot smooth walls gripped his shaft, and the crown banged against the top of her core.

“One more time, come with me, baby.”

She nodded, and Colt lifted her hips, giving him deeper penetration.

“Yes, right there,” she said.

Colt slammed into her. Long, strong strokes, enjoying every inch of her hot flesh encasing his.

Her walls gripped him tighter. Taylor cried out, and he followed with a shout of his own.

Collapsed over her back, he marveled at the woman beneath him. Her responses were unlike anything he’d experienced before. Almost as if they were mentally linked. She intrinsically knew what he needed and gave it freely. Emotion lodged in his throat. Never before had his role in a D/s relationship been as clear. She needed him and damn it, he needed her.

Long moments passed before he slipped from her body and rolled to his side. The clink of the cuffs against

the brass reminded him that her arms had to be tender. He reached over the side of the bed and grabbed the key off the floor where he'd left it.

"How do you feel?" he asked while he freed her.

She dropped her arms, then immediately wrapped them around him. "Wonderful. Incredible. And maybe just a little afraid because I don't care what happens tomorrow. Right here, with you, is perfect."

He kissed her lips, tenderly yet passionately. Then he held her tight to his chest.

"Colt," she said tentatively. "I don't do slumber parties." Her fingers traced over the breadth of his carved chest. "But I want you to stay."

Sighing, she relaxed into his embrace, and Colt adjusted the blanket over them. "Get some sleep."

He watched her fall asleep with no intention of leaving. The dark circles under her eyes had faded and the soft lines of her face weren't tense with stress. He brushed her blonde hair from her forehead and kissed her softly.

Something special happened between them. Connections like the one they discovered in each other were rare. A smile tilted his mouth. He didn't own her. No, in this relationship, he didn't have a doubt as to her power. He pulled her close and sighed. She'd found a way under his skin...and it felt fucking incredible.

Taylor was dreaming. She felt like a flower coaxed to open by a warm rain. Delicious tenderness radiated from her core. She spread her thighs.

So real. She arched her back. Exquisite thickness eased between her legs and into her hot folds. Soft kisses tickled the back of her neck. Coming awake, she realized Colt's arms were wrapped around her. Positioned behind her, he thrust his cock into her center, bringing her sleepy desires to life.

Barely opening her eyes, she glanced at the glowing numbers of the bedside clock. Rachel was right when she'd told her that there was nothing better than waking to the delicious kisses of a lover. Making love in the middle of the night did feel incredible. Well, 3:47 A.M. to be exact.

KyAnn Waters

Taylor sighed when her master reached around and fondled her breasts. A shocking truth flashed in her thoughts. She was falling in love with Colt Foster.

Oh shit.

Chapter Four

Taylor never would have believed the morning after could be so comfortable. After a cup of coffee, Colt had gone to his suite, and she'd dressed for work. Today she had the daunting task of figuring out how to minimize the inconvenience of being short staffed. A board meeting would eat up most of her afternoon, but it wasn't as if she could avoid her responsibilities.

In her office now, and dreading the rest of the day, at least she had the wonderful memory of last night, the middle of the night and again this morning to sustain her.

Her intercom buzzed. "Yes."

"Mr. Foster to see you."

Oh no, she couldn't do...*Colt*...now. "No."

"No?"

"Yes, tell him I said no." Jeezus did she need to spell it out for the staff. She'd had too much shit on her plate to cater to ineptness. "I won't see anyone without an appointment."

"Oh, he does have an appointment."

"Then send him up." This was not happening. She'd set him straight right now. Her office was not part of their playground. Damn him. This was why relationships didn't work for her.

Taylor had two sides to her personality. One part of her enjoyed the high stress career, but the other liked her private life private. The two didn't cohabit the same minutes of a day. When she was at work, she was the bitch of the Beau Monde, and she liked that. But hell, when she was with Colt, every fiber of her loved being his slave.

The elevator dinged and opened. Colt entered her office looking every bit a detective. Designer business suit, polished shoes, he emitted quiet confidence with determination simmering beneath the surface. He didn't smile when he saw her.

“Did you tell me *no*?” He stalked across the room. “I don’t care where you are or what you’re doing, I own you.”

Damn her traitorous body. Cream flooded her panties. “I’m at work. You’ll have to accept that here, I’m the boss.”

His eyes narrowed, but she held her ground. “You’re brave this morning.”

“Right here, right now, I’m the bitch of the Beau Monde, and if you have an appointment with me, you’d better make it quick because time is money and my schedule is full.”

“Quick?” He moved fast, so fast she couldn’t react when he pushed her against the wall, hiked up her skirt, snapped her panties and thrust two fingers deep inside.

“Oh, fuck.” Her breath caught and her heartbeat raced. Blood pounded in her ears, and a little piece of her reveled in the fact that she’d disobeyed.

“Admit it, you love this. You want to be told what to do.”

“Oh, God, Colt, only by you.”

“You’re mine. I own you.”

Heaven help her, she couldn’t resist. She dug her nails into his shoulders and rocked into his hand.

“Open my pants, take out my cock.” She popped the button, lowered the zipper, reached inside and clasped her fingers around his hard pulsing length. He hissed through his clenched teeth. “Wrap your legs around me. Guide me in, baby.”

She did, and he plunged, hard and fast. Three strokes and she careened into an orgasm. Euphoric bliss numbed her mind. Bright light flashed behind her closed eyes. Colt’s muscles bunched under her fingers, the wall bit into her back and she’d never felt so desired.

Veins in his neck bulged, his lips pulled tight, and hot cum shot inside of her. Tears welled in her eyes. She pressed her lips to his, thrust her tongue into his mouth and gave him everything she had.

Part of her worried because he already owned her body and with every plunge of his cock, claimed more of her heart. Involving herself with a man still in his twenties was a risk. In the short amount of time they’d been together, she recognized that fucking Colt was like a

drug. He took her power, but in that, gave her strength. As he slipped from her body, she looked to her next fix.

He released her legs, but when they tried to hold her weight, her knees buckled. She clutched his jacket and felt his piece strapped under his arm. "You have a weapon." They both glanced at his cock. Not the one she meant, but she'd forever associate his cock with a gun—his piece. Now her piece. He'd staked his claim on her, and damn it, now she wanted the same.

Semen trickled onto her thigh. Great. Her panties were shredded and she'd smell of musk and sex for the rest of the day. She certainly didn't have time to go to her apartment to shower and change.

Colt adjusted his clothing while she cleaned her leg with a tissue from her desk.

"I brought you something." He reached into his pocket, pulled out a scrap of lace and elastic and dangled it in front of her face. "I want you to wear these today."

She took the piece of pink from his hands. The butterfly front was a clit stimulator. "You'll need to explain."

"I have the remote."

Taylor laughed. There was absolutely no way she'd walk around the rest of the day knowing he could give her a spontaneous orgasm at whim.

"This is your punishment for coming without permission." He pushed the button in his hand. The panties vibrated with a soft hum. She had a meeting with her boss. What if Colt chose that moment to make her come? Would he dare? She glanced into his face. Oh yes, he would and that thought thrilled her.

Bending over, she stepped into the panties and pulled them over her hips. She adjusted the butterfly to fit snugly against her nub.

Colt buzzed her briefly.

"Oh," she startled.

"Feel good?"

"Not at all. Barely felt it, so turning it on while I'm in my meetings today would be pointless."

He grinned as he slipped the remote into his pocket then glanced at his watch. "I'm also here on business. I have an appointment with you, Ms. Davis."

He mentally tossed her from one subject to another, and she was struggling to follow. All she could think about was his control over her sexual responses. More worrisome was the sureness that she enjoyed this man too much for her peace of mind.

“What are we doing, Colt?”

He didn’t speak, simply stared at her.

“I’ll be forty in two weeks.”

“Happy early birthday. I’ll be sure to give you your birthday spankings.”

Desire heated her blood. “Will you be around in two weeks?”

“I hope so.” He held his hand out to her chair, indicating she should sit. Then he sat in the chair on the other side of her desk and crossed an ankle over his knee. “But it is entirely up to you.”

“Huh?”

“Speaking to you now as the bitch of the Beau Monde, you need a new head of security, and I’m applying for the position.” He leaned forward. “To the woman I’m falling in love with, I hope you’ll find numerous other positions and duties for me to perform.”

“What about L.V.P.D.?”

“They can’t compete. The benefit package you provide is unmatched.”

“Don’t you think I’m too old for you? I have no interest in marriage or kids. I don’t want what Rachel has and never will.”

“Fuck no, and thank God.”

She recalled saying the same thing to Rachel.

Colt stood and paced across the floor and her breath caught. His eyes met hers. “I own you.”

“For how long?”

He chuckled and cocked his head to one side as if he didn’t quite know himself. “I can’t see us getting bored, can you?”

“No. Oh, hell.” She raked her fingers through her hair. A relationship with Colt was impossible. How would she explain that, while she hadn’t snagged her cougar claws into Rachel’s uniformed military son, her detective nephew hadn’t escaped unscathed? Taylor had literally scratched her cougar claws down his back.

The Cougar Meets Her Master

“Yes,” she whispered. Regardless of anyone else, Colt rocked her world in a way no one ever had. Whatever *this* was, she didn’t want it to end.

“Yes, to what?”

“Yes, I’d like you to head security. The board will want to meet you and make the final decision. I can’t foresee a problem.”

“And us?” He moved closer.

She understood her submissive role, wanted it...wanted him. He showed her the missing part in her life. The part that wanted to belong to someone. Not belong, he owned her. She lowered her eyes. “And yes, Master.”

His dark eyes glinted with mischief. He reached into his pocket and the butterfly over her clit fluttered. She grasped the edge of the desk. Shallow breaths puffed from her trembling lips.

Colt came closer to lean over the desk, his mouth close to her ear. “And Taylor, while on duty, I’ll always have my cuffs.”

“Oh shit!”

Also available

Delicious Darkness

by

KyAnn Waters

A fugitive from a dark dimension, Dorian Hunt seeks a total bonding. Like a vampire needs blood or a werewolf needs the moon, Dorian needs to anchor himself to a woman of white light in order to survive. Without the mating, within one lunar cycle his might and magic would cease to protect him.

Audra Quinn has always been afraid of the dark. As an empath, she knows when Dorian enters her small metaphysical bookstore, that he is the man who can help her realize her true potential as a woman of white light.

Bounty hunters from his dimension are lurking in the shadows waiting for their opportunity to capture him, dead or alive. Dorian knows he will be easier to manage dead. Will Dorian have the strength to defend, or does it take the magic of a woman of white light to annihilate the evil darkness?

Chapter One

The hairs on the back of her neck prickled. Stomach clenched. Heartbeat escalated. Her nerves tripped, sending an intuitive message to her brain, the instinctive need to do whatever was necessary to survive danger.

The whispers echoing in her mind forced her to turn on every light. Put a match to white candles. Her hand trembled as she smudged the room, burning sage, cedar and sweetgrass to dispel negative influences. In a practice as innate as breathing, she protected herself because once again she was the hunted.

Outside the windows of her metaphysical book and gift shop, dusk had settled. With the night came her anxiety. This was *their* time. Physically and mentally powerful men not of her world, men her instincts told her were deadly under the canopy of an inky black sky.

Standing in her shop, Audra Quinn closed her eyes and visualized white light emerging from the *crown* chakra—the energy point located at the top of her head—engulfing her to the *root* chakra—the heart of her femininity.

He was coming, and she didn't have the fortitude to resist. He wasn't the first, yet he was different. As long as she could remember, she'd been their fixation. Only never before had she wanted to succumb.

Audra's gift of empathic abilities protected her from men like the one whose imminent arrival loomed closer. She had the sensation of his heavy breath on her skin. Heard his beating heart. Sensed the darkness dwelling within him. Audra had always been afraid of the dark.

Her breathing became shallow. This man was more powerful than the few who had come before. She couldn't remember her awareness ever being so palpable. Nerves quickening into frenzy, her heightened senses told her to flee. No! She didn't run anymore. She was strong enough to withstand his influence.

Yet, tonight the darkness seemed more relentless. And never before had it made her blood pump through her veins like the raging rapids of a wild river.

He was different.

She didn't need to turn around to know that he was there. He had come for her.

Standing just inside the door, he could not disguise the darkness that lurked within, not from her. Audra's powers remained focused. They had to be. Showing him weakness would increase his strength.

Hypnotic, ice-blue eyes locked onto hers, and the impact hit her in the *solar* plexus, the spiritual center. He took a step closer, and the energy moved into her *root*. The heat dampened her panties and engorged her clit. She tightened her thighs to quell the ache. Hardening into tight buds beneath her shirt, her nipples strained for the touch of his hands. She closed her eyes only to visualize with perfect clarity how it would be for his long blunt fingers to touch her heated flesh and part the swollen lips of her pussy.

A moan broke from her lips. She leaned against the counter. Blood pounded in her ears. Sweat beaded on her brow. Her legs spread of their own volition. He was there, and yet he wasn't. She could feel him pressing into her. His thrusting cock stretched her, pushed past the barrier of her innocence and claimed her as his own.

Audra's eyes flew open. *This was his intent.*

At her body's responses, she questioned her ability to shield herself. More disturbing was her uncertainty that she wanted to. Attempting composure, she cleared her throat.

"Can I help you?" It was the wrong thing to say because it was clear in her mind that he intended to help himself. To her.

The light in her small shop couldn't penetrate his aura. He moved in shadow amid the incense, crystals and new age books. He passed Egyptian statuaries, Indian incense burners and tarot cards on his way toward her. He neared the back wall with shelves stocked with Kama Sutra creams, oils and powders. The candles she'd lit burned brightly, flickered, and then extinguished, smoldering in his wake.

Her chest constricted as he stepped around the counter. Nothing between them but sexually charged kinetic energy.

His desire spiked her arousal, and her arousal increased his desire. Always before, she had been able to remain steadfast in her determination not to succumb to the temptation of the men who came from the night. Tonight she wouldn't. Every cell in her body cried out to this man...to the darkness in him.

Large and statuesque, he stood well over six feet tall. Her eyes raked up his long legs, past his thick muscled thighs encased in black denim, and rested on the swelling evidence of his hunger behind the faded fly.

Shoulder length hair, dark as the shadows from where he came, brushed the collar of his open leather jacket. He wore a tight T-shirt that made her hands twitch with the need to run over the contours of his broad, powerful shoulders. His deliciously disturbing scent, masculine and spicy, hit her senses with the impact of a tidal wave.

Butterflies filled her stomach as his hand reached out to touch her. She weakened, and her knees buckled. His blatant desire hammered into her thoughts in relentless telepathic images. Erotic images wreaking havoc on her will. She'd never encountered such a virile man. Only he wasn't just any man.

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