



MAGGIE'S  
*Secret*  
WISH

STARLA KAYE *INS*

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Maggie's Secret Wish  
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# *Maggie's Secret Wish*

*Starla Kaye*

*A 1 Night Stand Story*

*#14*

~DEDICATION~

*To Valerie Mann and Kate Richards...two amazingly busy writers who gave me this opportunity to grow with another publisher and expand my horizons.*

“Come on, Maggie, give it a chance! You’re turning into a boring workaholic.” Samantha heaved a sigh that nearly stole the breath from her petite body. “I bet you haven’t left this apartment in days, maybe weeks. I bet you’ve even been wearing those same clothes all that time. As lovely as those cow-printed lounge pants and KU T-shirt are...not!”

Maggie Malone sat at her desk and scowled at her best friend, wondering why she’d even let Samantha come inside. She didn’t need this harassment. She didn’t have a spare minute. Her skills as a designer for website-challenged, up-and-coming young professionals wanting their face and *words of wisdom* on the Internet were in high demand. At least right now. But Samantha was right; Maggie couldn’t remember when she’d last stepped outside her apartment in Kansas City’s Country Club Plaza. As if proving her current hermit-like state, a garbage bag sat by the front door waiting to go to the trash bin, stuffed with empty boxes from the nearby restaurants that delivered to lazy people like her. She clearly had no life at the moment. *How depressing is that?*

“I like these pants,” she grumbled. Okay, maybe she did need a change of clothes. And when had she last washed her hair? The long braid hanging down her back felt heavy. What about make-up? Did she even remember how to apply it?

Samantha walked over and frowned down at her. “It’s time for an intervention. It’s time you went out into the world again. You need some fun. You need a date. You need sex.”

“Whoa! Sex? Aren’t you getting pretty darn personal here?” She and her Badboy had become regular partners of late. *He* was nine inches of velvety perfection, able to satisfy her at varying speeds, and only took batteries. She didn’t have to feed his ego or anything else.

One of Samantha’s perfectly defined eyebrows rose. “The problem is that *you* haven’t been getting any...any va-va-va-voom lately. No fly-me-to-the-stars orgasms. With a living, breathing man, that is.”

Maggie narrowed her eyes, hoping to not go further into a sex toy discussion. Grudgingly she admitted, “Yes, I’ve been in a bit of a dating slump.” Eight months, fourteen days to be exact. Ever since Eric had decided one night—right after they’d made what she’d thought was amazing love—he was moving out the next morning. Commitment just wasn’t working out for him. *He couldn’t have hinted at that before I’d wasted over a year living with him, before I’d started thinking about wedding plans?*

“I can see from the pinched look on your face that you’re thinking about Eric the Prick again. *Don’t!* You’re better off without him. You two never should have been together.”

Samantha smiled, her perfect white teeth sparkling. Everything about her friend from childhood was *perfect*. She wore a size 2, to Maggie’s size 12. Her feet were dainty, Maggie’s... well, she didn’t want to go there. Samantha’s fingers were slim and her nails always well manicured. Nail polish? What was that? Then, Samantha’s strawberry-blonde hair was regularly cut in a chin-length style that cupped her delicate face. Maggie hadn’t been to a beauty salon in... okay, it had been a while. Her almost waist-length pale blonde hair had a mind of its own, so usually ended up in a braid in an attempt to control it. And while Samantha always looked carefully pulled together, Maggie felt she always looked like she didn’t have a clue about what to do with her hair, how to apply more than just eye shadow and mascara, or what was the latest fashion trend. Not exactly a disaster, but close to it.

“Not that I would ever say I told you so,” Samantha stated and drew Maggie’s attention again.

“Of course not.” Maggie gave her a weary smile, unable to stay mad at her friend. Samantha meant well. She’d never gone out with a slimebucket like Eric. She’d dated a number of near-gods while in the dating market. Now she was happily married to one and wanted Maggie to be every bit as happy and settled into a lifetime of wedded bliss. Unfortunately, Maggie’s choices of men ran more along the lines of he-seems-like-a-good-guy only to discover before long that he was really only a step above crud. She’d really thought Eric was....

She forced the seriously depressing thought aside and focused back on what

Samantha had originally tried to talk to her about several days ago and was determined to discuss now. "Madame Evangeline? A matching service?" *Am I really that desperate?* Well, there was that no-sex-with-an-actual-man-in-almost-forever thing. And she'd been having these dreams lately, these fantasies about...jeez, it was bad enough her friend knew she'd been in a sexual dry spell; she did *not* need to know about those fantasies! She would never tell anyone about them.

Samantha all but danced around in excitement. "A friend of a friend of a friend of Scott's used her service. It's costly. But she's good. I mean *really* good. Besides, you can afford it."

Maggie worried her lower lip and tried not to see the desperate hope in Samantha's eyes. It was like her friend believed if she didn't take this chance, well...that would be it. Maggie would remain dateless, loveless, and alone for eternity. *Again, am I that desperate? Yes, darn it.*

"Leave me the email information and I'll think about it."

Her friend looked crushed. "But I wanted to help you with it, with the message, I mean. You need to make a good impression. Madame Evangeline is very selective about who she chooses to work with."

"I create websites for the extremely hard to please." Maggie straightened in her chair. She glanced out the window of her second floor apartment at The Plaza. People bustled about from store to store even though the day appeared cloudy and threatened rain, possibly snow. *Will spring never get here?* She hated March with its indecisive weather attitude.

Annoyed that her thoughts were wandering off again, she focused on her friend. "You don't think I can write an impressive email message?"

Samantha thinned her lips and hesitated, clearly trying to find a tactful response. Finally, she gave up. "Please don't blow this."

Maggie should've felt irritated at her friend's apparent lack of confidence in her email social skills, but she didn't. She just felt sad, because her love life had come to that unfortunate point. She could try going to a club again, try hitching up with someone as she'd done in the past. But her hitching-up talents with a reasonably good prospect were pitiful. She gave a weak smile. "I won't."

Resigned to being excluded from Maggie's email writing, Samantha set a piece of paper with Madame Evangeline's email address in front of Maggie. "According to Scott's friend, she wants a message that includes your name, age, brief relationship history...like previous marriages, that kind of thing. What you desire in a potential lover."

Samantha looked directly at her, worry creasing her brow. "I did tell you she arranges one-night stands at one of the Castillo Resorts and Hotels? These aren't *real* dating matches."

Maggie slumped in the chair, nodding. "I almost forgot that part." Maybe this was a complete waste of time, all this hassle for a one-night thing. But then, was it any different than if she went to a club hoping to go home with some strange man for at least that night? Not that she'd done that in several years. She remembered Samantha telling her Madame Evangeline carefully checked the backgrounds of all her clients. She did her very best to make sure both matched parties would be safe. That sure had to be better than Maggie taking another chance on her luck at finding a decent man on her own. *Sleazy Jerks batting a thousand, Maggie Malone zip.*

"At least I'd be getting out of this apartment." She knew a little about the Castillo Resorts from her friend. Samantha and Scott had honeymooned at one on Maui. She'd always wanted to go to Hawaii. "If I had my choice, I'd want to go to Maui's resort. I'd even stay for a week because I really do need to get away for awhile." Of course, workaholic, boring person that she was, she'd take her laptop, her iPad, her iPhone....

Samantha's green-eyed gaze softened with obviously pleasant memories. "You would sooo love it." Then she came back to the present, studied Maggie, and said firmly, "Pleasure *only*. No work. No taking any of your electronics, at least *not* your laptop."

Maggie didn't even bother to respond to that. She went nowhere without her laptop. Then she thought about what she was even considering. Her stomach fluttered with nerves. Her mind tumbled with warnings about the craziness of the idea. But her body—long missing the feel of a man holding her, of a man caressing her, of a man sliding inside her—screamed, *Go for it!* Still, she said, "I



don't know."

"Don't you dare back out now! No, no, no!" Samantha's eyes brightened and Maggie sensed something impossible to turn down about to come her way. "Did I tell you that Madame Evangeline arranges these one-night stand matches, *but* her *real* goal is making long-term love matches? She doesn't advertise that. Actually, she doesn't advertise at all. Anyway, her record for serious love matches is *amazing!* You cannot refuse to take a chance, Maggie. You can't!"

Ridiculous as it was, her friend had her at the mention of *making long-term love matches*. Maggie was a hopeless romantic, stubbornly sure a Prince Charming waited for her out there, in spite of her long list of failures in the world of romance. She struggled to find him, to have him find her. Still, she didn't really think it was possible in this kind of setup, a one-night thing. But what would it hurt to try? *Besides, I might get to go to Maui!*

"As soon as you leave I'll—"

Samantha practically ran across the living room. Her hand on the door to leave, she turned back to beg, "Call me the second you get a message back!"

Maggie breathed a sigh of relief as the door closed then wondered if she could really go through with contacting Madame Evangeline. She sat for several minutes, debating yea or nay, to be daring or to stay in her sad, little world. Almost without realizing what she was doing, she went to her personal email account and started a message.

When she finally came fully back to reality, she stared in shock at what she'd written. Particularly the part near the end where she'd said almost as an afterthought, *I've been having these dreams about spanking. Wondering what it would be like to go over a man's knee. To have him slap his hand against my bare bottom. Not in a really painful way, just as a taste of what a spanking would be like. They're such naughty fantasies, almost erotic. I want to be spanked and then I want the man to give me the hottest, steamiest sex ever.*

*Good Gawd!* Her heart raced. *Delete. Delete. Delete.* But, to her horror, her finger moved to the *Send* key instead of *Delete*. As she cried, "No!" the message went off into cyberspace. She covered her face in mortification and prayed it got lost in the maze of the Internet or at least that Madame Evangeline wouldn't

bother to open the email. *Oh, Gawd!*

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Maggie had avoided going to that particular email address to check messages for two days. But Samantha kept calling her, kept pressing to find out if she had received a response yet. What a pest she could be. Holding her breath, she went to the *Gmail* address. *Please no. Please no. Please no.*

She gaped in horror. Five emails from Madame Evangeline. *Five!* What about her message had captured the matchmaker's attention enough to have her keep trying to contact Maggie? *The spanking stuff! Oh, jeez.* That had to be it. Nothing else about her basic info could possibly draw a stranger's interest.

Fingers shaking, she opened the first message.

*I'm so pleased you contacted me, Ms. Malone. I'm sure that I can find someone perfect for you. Please email me back so we can discuss this further.*

Palms sweating, she opened the next message.

*I've done a basic background check on you, Maggie, as I'm sure you're aware I do for all my clients. Your websites are quite well done, unique. I could see your special imaginative flare. I noticed it in your query message as well. I'm positive I can find the perfect match for you. Please contact me as soon as possible.*

Maggie drew in a nervous breath. Madame Evangeline had mentioned *imaginative* things in her second email, certainly meaning the fantasies. *How embarrassing.* Yet she opened the third message.

*I know exactly what you need, my dear Maggie. You need time away from your work, time to satisfy your secret desires, time to let a very special man attend to your every wish. I eagerly await your response.*

Satisfy her secret desires? Let a special man attend to her every wish? Oh, yes! Need thrummed through her, making her squirm in her desk chair.

Heart racing, she opened the fourth message.

*What you need, dearest Maggie, is a special night at one of the Castillo*

*Resorts and Hotels. I'm thinking the one in Maui would please you most. The more I study the websites you design, the more sure I am of your sensuality, of the type of man who could please you. I look forward to you contacting me soon.*

How could the other woman know about her preference for Maui? How could this unknown woman sense so much about her? See how much of herself she put into each of the website designs? It was eerie...exciting, too.

She gathered her courage and opened the final email, one sent only an hour ago.

*I truly believe, my dear Maggie Malone, that one special night giving free rein to your delicious fantasies will make a new woman of you. Every woman has secret dreams, delicious desires. But not every woman has someone who can help her fulfill those dreams and desires. You must let me help you. I will find you the perfect man for such a special night. You must trust me. Please contact me today.*

Maggie swallowed hard. She could hardly breathe; her stomach fluttered with anticipation. If only she could take this chance and step way beyond her comfort zone. If only she could, in fact, have a night where anything close to her fantasies came true. She wasn't even sure where these wicked dreams had come from. Did she need to stop reading so much erotica, especially those with a certain lean to them? Had she been surfing too many daring websites and wondering about some of what she'd read? Was she just too darn curious about things that would give her mother a heart attack just knowing what her daughter was longing to try?

She popped back to the moment and found that she'd already typed in a response saying yes, she'd like to discuss an arrangement at Madame Evangeline's convenience. Deciding that was an acceptable statement, she pushed *send*.

A shower and a container of yogurt later, Maggie sat back down at her desk. The other woman had already responded.

*I'm sure, Maggie dear, that you spend too much time wondering and worrying about where and why these dreams come from. I believe you probably*

*over-think things. I can tell that from some of the intricate details in your websites. There is nothing wrong with having fantasies. What would be wrong would be to find yourself doing some of those imaginative things with the wrong person.*

Was Madame Evangeline eerily perceptive or what? She'd nailed her over-thinking-things quirk. She'd read far too much into what she saw beneath the layers of Maggie's website designs. A shiver swept through her. Spooky.

*Doing some of those imaginative things with the wrong person?* Like someone she might meet in one of the Internet chat rooms specific to her *special* interest? She'd never commented to anyone, never intended to do so. Lurking was as far as she meant to go. And she really should stop that, too. But she was curious—more curious every day—about this unfamiliar world of spanking and its varying appeal to so many people. She began mentally sorting through some of the men she knew, wondering if any of them would... *No*. In truth, she couldn't think of *any* man she'd ever dated who would consider anything the least bit kinky. Every last one of them had been vanilla to the core. She sighed. *Vanilla*. Only a few months ago she wouldn't even have understood what that meant.

A new message flashed from Madame Evangeline. Should she even look at it? Was this all going too far? Yet she opened it.

*I sense this need you have growing stronger. I sense that you're suffering because of your frustration and curiosity. You need relief. You need to satisfy your secret wish. I can help you with that.*

Those unsatisfied needs felt even stronger now. Maggie's lower lips pulsed rhythmically from one end to the other. The impish clit had become playful as well, throbbing, wanting. It all but screamed at her to reach down and give it what it demanded. *Absolutely not! You are not masturbating right now. Think of something else. Anything else.*

She noticed that there was more to the message and concentrated on reading it instead of seeking pleasure.

*I've gone ahead and made a reservation for you this Saturday at the Maui Castillo Resort. For a week, which, of course, is longer than the one-night arrangement I will make for you. I assume that is all right with you?*

Without thinking it through, Maggie began typing: *Yes, a week is fine.* She hit *send* and then quickly started another message: *No. I really shouldn't even be considering this. I'm sorry to have bothered you.* Off went the message and she slumped in relief then frowned in disgust.

Madame Evangeline immediately responded. *Nonsense. This special experience is exactly what you need. You know it, dear. Do not deny yourself this lovely treat. Besides, I have already found the perfect man for you. Ian MacDonald. In truth, I have been seeking the perfect woman for him. I believe you two are fated for this time together.*

Maggie couldn't help it; her imagination was already conjuring up images of a man to fit the name. *Which is absolutely crazy!* She typed back: *I don't think I can do this. I'm really sorry.*

Madame Evangeline didn't know when to give up. She promptly messaged back: *Ian MacDonald is very Scottish, very dark, and sinfully handsome. I've been told he is quite wild in his loving, which should go along with your desire for hot, steamy sex.*

Her pulse pounded, heated...as did everything in her. She had a serious thing for listening to a male Scottish burr. Dark and sinfully handsome sounded pretty good, too. Wild loving. *Oh wow! I really like that idea.*

A new email popped up. *I have another reason why I believe Ian would be perfect for you, dear Maggie. He is a dominant.*

Maggie gulped, her eyes widening in dismay. Though becoming fairly desperate for a night of hot and super heavy loving, the idea of doing such a thing with a complete stranger was not only nutty beyond all reasoning, but also not safe. Add to the mix that this Ian was a dominant, maybe a Dom. Maggie had been dreaming of a man who would take charge of her, make her pay for her disobedience to his rules, make her suffer certain indignities. Not that she was the kind of woman who disobeyed rules. She didn't even jaywalk. She didn't go a mile over the speed limit. She certainly wouldn't ever do anything worthy of having someone take her over his knee. *Gawd*, she was as vanilla-boring as the men she'd dated until now. But, oh, she had dreams....

Her face flamed, glad the other woman couldn't see her. Such wickedly

naughty thoughts. Shocking for a straight arrow, Midwest born and bred farm girl like her. But she really, really desired just one night experiencing something far from her normal life. Just one night experiencing a bit of kink and super hot loving, too. She sighed, blowing out a frustrated breath that seemed to come clear up from her toes.

Another email flashed at her. Wary, Maggie opened it.

*I've just received confirmation of your reservation in Maui for a week beyond your night with Ian. And Ian has just confirmed that he will meet you at the Maui airport on Saturday. I'm in the process of making your flight reservations and I will let you know as soon as they're completed. Anything else, dear?*

Maggie blinked in shock. How had this all come together so fast? Hadn't she emailed Madame Evangeline back only a half hour or so ago that she shouldn't be considering this crazy plan? Clearly the other woman had been working on this arrangement ever since Maggie first contacted her two days ago. It had all happened so fast. She normally took days, even weeks to make a decision on anything. She sometimes researched things nearly to death.

Her nervous fingers typed: *I don't know this Ian person. I don't know anything about him.*

She thought about the things she'd read about online, about the photos she'd stared at, about her strange fascination with it all and wanting to try it—at least once. Some of it, that is. There were definitely some things in the BDSM world she couldn't imagine ever wanting to try. Nipple clamps came to mind immediately. *No! Not ever even considering something like that.* And that was some of the tamer stuff she'd learned about.

She added to her message: *I don't think this is a good idea.*

The determined woman wrote back: *I'm sure you knew of my reputation before you contacted me. You know that I would never match up people I haven't checked out well. I would never wish any of my clients put in an unsafe situation.*

Maggie felt bad now, like she'd hurt the woman's feelings. Scott trusted her, and so did Samantha. She typed back: *Yes, I know all of that. I apologize.*

*Accepted. It is all settled. I have just emailed you Ian's photo. He has already*

*seen yours. And the flight information is attached as well. All I ask now is that you allow yourself to enjoy this special treat.*

Maggie sat there for several seconds debating about emailing Madame Evangeline back and cancelling the whole arrangement, about not clicking on the attachment. But then her finger spasmed and suddenly the most breathtaking man she'd ever seen in her life appeared on her monitor. *Oh. My. Gawd!* When she'd begun envisioning what a Scot named Ian MacDonald would look like, she'd seen a man of forty or fifty—for some weird reason—with trimmed, dark auburn hair. Possibly with a beard. Green eyes. And wearing a kilt, of course.

She sucked in a breath that did nothing to still her rapidly beating heart or ease the renewed distress aching between her legs. *This Ian, the real Ian MacDonald was...What? Just too oh-my-gawd handsome.* Instead of auburn hair, he had thick, wavy dark brown hair that fell just over his shoulders. Hair that begged a woman to run her hands through it and let her fingers play within it. Equally dark eyebrows accentuated eyes as blue as the summer sky. Eyes that even in a mere photo seemed to look into her, seemed to see things she'd long kept hidden. His nose was thin, long, but not too long. A heavy stubble covered his square jawline and she could almost feel the bristles as they rubbed against her face when he kissed her...or rubbed against her much lower when he....

A man like that would be so disappointed in her. She hadn't worked out at the exercise club she belonged to in far too long. Her thighs were on the need-some-tightening side. She didn't even want to think about her derriere. Taut as a drum it wasn't. Her upper arms could stand some serious time spent lifting weights, too. And her stomach.... *Oh, jeez. I'm a thirty-two-year-old disaster.* Time was becoming less her friend every day.

But Madame Evangeline had said he'd seen her photo and still agreed to this crazy arrangement. Maybe his eyesight was bad, or poor at least. Then she wondered *what* photo he'd seen. She hadn't sent anything to the other woman. But she had some photos on her Facebook page, including some Samantha had posted there...some from that ridiculous Valentine's Day party her friend and Scott had hosted. *Oh no! Surely she hadn't sent him that one! Wearing a cupid angel costume that Samantha had insisted would be perfect on me. Oh please,*

*not that one!*

How could she go through with this? *And Saturday is only three days away!* Another click revealed her flight information. She felt faint, panicky. *Pick up the phone and call the Maui resort. Cancel your reservation.*

Her cell phone rang and she nearly had a heart attack. If it was Samantha, she would verbally wring her pretty neck for putting her in this bizarre position. One hand on her chest, heart racing, she pushed *talk* and noted a long distance number she didn't recognize. "Maggie speaking." She didn't know what else to say. Actually, her throat was dry and she couldn't have said anything else anyway.

"Maggie Malone?" A husky Scottish burr immediately enthralled her.

*Ian MacDonald?* She didn't know any other Scots. Well, actually, she didn't know him either. But she couldn't imagine who else it could be. How had he gotten her phone number? *Duh, from Madame Evangeline, determined matchmaker that she is.*

She bobbed her head and then realized he couldn't see her. Finally she gasped, "Yes." Surely he would think her an idiot for having zip conversational skills. Surely he would now announce that he'd changed his mind about this arrangement.

"Ian MacDonald." His tone nearly turned her into a puddle of lust-crazed female. "I look forward to meeting you in person, Ms. Malone."

"Maybe this isn't a good idea," Though her voice was weak, her body nearly screamed, "Yes it is!"

"I, too, was hesitant at first when Madame Evangeline emailed me. But I have changed my mind. I am intrigued. I will meet you at the airport on Maui. You will be there, Ms. Malone. Do not disappoint me," he commanded and then softened his tone. "I will *not* disappoint you, this I promise."

Before she could even think about answering him, he disconnected. She stared into space and couldn't believe all that had happened in the last few days. Her whole world was about to be turned upside down. Little Miss Always Cautious was about to step into the world of the wild and crazy. She should be scared out of her mind, but she wasn't. She'd allow herself one special night to remember for the rest of what would surely be a very dull life when she finally settled down into



marriage with some boring-but-good man.

She glanced at the clock. *Shopping*. She needed to do some mega-shopping. No way would she go to Maui and spend a hot, steamy night with the Scottish Super Stud, wearing granny panties and sensible white cotton bras. *Victoria's Secret, here I come!*

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Ian left Jackson's office in the Vegas Castillo Resort several hours after the phone call to Ms. Malone and smiled thoughtfully. He'd come there from Edinburgh over a week ago to see his old friend and to think about where his life was going. When he'd turned forty the previous month, he'd finally started questioning what he was doing and what he really wanted to do. It wasn't that he felt *old* but rather ready to step into a new phase in his life. Not that he didn't like both his full-time career as an erotica writer and his part-time career as a professional Dom, because he did. But lately all of it had just felt...well, same-old, same-old.

The din coming from the casino nearly deafened him. Slot machines appeared to be alive as they competed with one another for being the loudest, whether announcing they were the most exciting game in the casino, or that they paid off more than any other machine. Then there were the even louder bells and whistles when a machine did have a winner, quickly followed by squeals of the ecstatic winners and their supporters. And music from the 60s blared from hidden speakers. He'd had a headache since he'd woken up that morning, now it was worse. The heavy smell of cigarette smoke didn't help either.

He strode across the main floor, darting between the craps tables, determined to reach the bank of elevators for the hotel. Several women laughing and talking stepped out of one of the lounges and nearly walked right into him.

"I'm sorry, lasses." He mumbled an apology though they were at fault. He attempted to edge his way around them. It was only early afternoon, but all three of the women reeked of alcohol. A fact, even in Las Vegas, he found distasteful.

A redhead tottering on high heels blocked his path. Eyes glazed over, she still managed to put a hand on his chest and grin. “Want to get lucky, handsome? Real lucky?” She nodded at her two friends, who inched closer and giggled.

*Absolutely not.* Were they not drunk and clearly knowing what they were about—possibly. He had participated in ménages many times, but the idea held no appeal just then. Instead he carefully removed her hand and eased backward, shifting his left arm out of sight so they wouldn’t see his lack of a wedding ring. Not that all men wore one. Then he used the easiest of excuses. “Sorry, I’m on my way to meet up with my wife.”

Disappointment had them all looking pouty. Pouting women irritated him. He shifted further away.

The one who had touched him seemed particularly disappointed. “The best ones are always taken.” She heaved a sigh and turned to walk off with the other women.

Relief swept over him and he sped toward the elevators, pleased to find one opening as he rushed up. He wanted no other run-ins with inebriated women or other women out for a quick round of mindless sex. That kind of play didn’t interest him today, hadn’t in a while now. He was off his game and that had been worrying him along with what his future would entail.

Ian took the elevator to the VIP floor and the suite Jackson always saved for his use when he came to visit. As he walked toward it, he thought about what the redhead had said—*the best ones are always taken*. He didn’t think of himself as one of the best men, certainly not the kind of man most women would want for a husband. His quirks alone would make many women want nothing to do with him. Oh, he could please a woman better than a lot of men, but that was a sideline of his work as a Dom. And his experiences as a skillful lover helped him add credible depth to his erotica novels. But he was *not* suitable husband material and he knew it. He’d done quite a bit of thinking about that lately. The fact saddened him. Once upon a time he’d been like the majority of people, certain he would mature into adulthood, establish his life’s work, find a woman to settle down with, and then have a family. Now because of what he did, because of what he’d done, because of...no, he’d never have that kind of normalcy in his life.

He stepped into the expansive, elegantly appointed suite and barely glanced at the furnishings he'd seen many times before. Ultra modern wasn't his style. He favored comfortable furniture, over-stuffed pieces of buttery soft leather or rich, velvety fabrics. Chairs and sofas you could drop onto and moan in pleasure. Spindly chairs designed for look rather than comfort only made him want to leave again. But he would be leaving tomorrow, much sooner than he'd originally planned.

As he wandered over to the wall of windows overlooking the famous Las Vegas strip, he thought about the strange situation he'd been talked into by Jackson. His friend worried about him. He didn't like the idea of Ian being alone the rest of his life and he refused to believe that there wasn't a woman out there who could look beyond his past and everything else. He'd wanted Ian to contact his friend Madame Evangeline, the famous matchmaker for one-night stands that often went on to being forever-after matches. Jackson refused to take *no* for an answer. Madame Evangeline had found Jackson his own happily-ever-after relationship, so he was determined she could do the same for him. And so there he was, about to meet Maggie Malone in Maui for a supposedly perfect one-night stand match-up.

*Maggie Malone.* The brief profile Madame Evangeline gave him portrayed Ms. Malone as a woman far different than one he would normally have pursued for a romantic involvement. A farm-born, small town raised, self-employed website designer now living in Kansas City. Nothing wrong with any of that, but she'd sounded like...well, like a straight-laced computer nerd. He'd doubted she would have anything that kept his interest for more than a few minutes. He'd immediately pictured a nice young woman with zero personality and no hint of sensuality. She might even be a virgin. So he'd balked at the matching and politely refused. Not so much for his sake, but for hers. She would deserve a better man than he, someone not into the kinds of kink he was.

But Evangeline didn't give up easily. She sent him a photo of Ms. Malone borrowed from her Facebook page. He had to smile. It hadn't been the normal this-is-me picture found on most pages. No, it had been a shot taken at a Valentine's Day party. Dressed as a very sassy looking, flaxen-haired cupid,

complete with a fluffy white halo and wings, innocent she was *not*. At least not the way she filled out the pink mini-dress with its corseted top pushing a pair of spectacular breasts up nice and high. And then there'd been long legs sporting white thigh highs, topped with adorable pink bows, plus killer pink stilettos.

He'd almost salivated right there in Jackson's office as he'd gaped at the picture. He, a man who had seen women of all shapes and sizes in far less, or even supposedly sexier gowns meant to bring a man to his knees, had grown so hard, sitting was difficult. He'd noticed Jackson's interested reaction, too, and fought the first flash of jealousy he'd ever had.

Ian remembered shaking his head in amazement. *Jealous. Him.* Over a woman he hadn't even met. And would only meet for one day and night if he accepted the match. He had refused again, although he'd hesitated at first. He'd been curious what Ms. Malone would look like without the sexy cupid outfit. But not curious enough. He was still considerably more than a pretty woman like her could handle. At least his kinks were.

Then Evangeline had played her trump card: Maggie Malone had been fantasizing about spanking. She was still very much vanilla, but curious. So curious she was dreaming about a man who could satisfy this need within her that she didn't understand. Dreaming about the same man going beyond giving her a taste of mild domination, to burning up the sheets with her. All right, this was his interpretation of what Madame Evangeline had said in far simpler words. But he'd been intrigued by this apparently multifaceted woman. He'd finally accepted the match, the challenge. He could give her all she dreamed about. Domination was a big part of his life, and he could do *mild*, as long as he got the pleasure of seeing her bare bottom over his knee, turning a pretty pink from the flat of his hand.

He smiled thoughtfully. Yes, he could give her a taste of what a spanking was like. And he could show her how a hot-blooded Scot descended from barely tamed Highland warriors could make love to her until she would beg for release again and again...and again. Just thinking about it made his cock harden. The drunken, flirty women downstairs hadn't aroused him at all. But the idea of warming Maggie Malone's bottom and then giving her *hot, steamy sex*—

Evangeline's exact words—definitely appealed to him.

*Maybe this isn't a good idea.* He recalled Ms. Malone's wary comment when he'd called her to verify he would meet her at the airport in Maui. Good idea, bad idea...he didn't really care. He was interested. And he hadn't been really interested in much in way too long.

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Maggie couldn't believe it, she was actually pouting. *Pouting. Really?* A woman of her age, her professional status, her...well, everything...didn't react to disappointment like a two-year-old. The scenery had been as breathtaking as she'd imagined. Lots of *you're not in Kansas anymore, Maggie Malone* moments during her ride in the luxury limo. All the way from the airport the driver had carried on a continuous tourist's brochure-like speech. She should be delighted with the whole special treatment she'd received. A nice, private ride in a fancy limo, sipping on some kind of tasty Hawaiian wine, pigging out on chocolates. Yes, all of that was good. Still....

As they pulled into the drive leading to the front entrance of the Maui Castillo Resort, she slumped in the plush seat. She was pissed at Ian MacDonald. He'd told her that he would pick her up at the airport then sent a limo instead. The fantasy one-night stand event was already less than wonderful, in her totally biased opinion. She just might go to the front desk and inform them she wouldn't be staying after all. She would....

Her grouchy thoughts were interrupted as the limo stopped and several uniformed valets surrounded it. Then the serious Scottish eye candy, Ian MacDonald, pushed through the younger men to open her door. The speech she'd roughly thought out to let him know how annoyed she was caught in her throat. *Gawd, the man just stole my breath with a simple look!*

"I apologize for not meeting you at the airport." He offered no further explanation. No "I couldn't come because..." No "A matter I had to attend to came up." Nada.

She considered staying in the limo and requesting the driver take her back to the airport. But she considered the foolish idea for less than a second. Still, she shifted around the hand he held out to her for assistance. “I’m perfectly capable of getting out by myself.”

Of course, she nearly stumbled and ruined her independent moment. He caught her before she landed on her face.

The other men nearby appeared surprised by her attitude and annoyingly amused. But it was the immediate raising of one of Ian’s eyebrows that made her realize what a stupid thing she’d done. “Sorry, long flight,” she mumbled and managed to ease out of his hold. A closeness that, to her distress, had her pulse racing as if she’d just run a marathon—as if *that* would ever happen.

Rather than accept her comment, he leaned in to whisper for her ears only, “We’ll discuss this later.” Then he turned to the valet pulling her two suitcases from the trunk.

“We’re in the Pacific View Executive Suite.” He held out a tip, which the younger man took with an appreciative nod. Then Ian took her tote bag from her hand before she could stop him and handed it to the valet as well.

“Hey....”

“It will be fine.”

Maggie’s heart did a funny little dance at the husky firmness in his tone. His thick, rumbling burr made her palms sweaty and knees weak. She could listen to him talk all day long...all night, too.

“Are you all right?” His brow furrowed. “You seem a bit distracted.”

She nodded, mortified at her body’s reaction. She wasn’t a virgin, but she might as well be considering her pretty tame experiences with sex. Something she hoped would vastly expand during her one special night. *One night!* Suddenly she realized she had way too much she wanted to learn and experience in one night.

*How depressing.*

“I’m fine. Jet lag, that’s all.”

He seemed to accept her explanation and took a moment to talk to another of the valets. She waited impatiently. *Now what?* She really had no idea where this whole special day and night was headed. She knew what some of it might hold,

some of the fantasy stuff. But beyond that she felt seriously awkward. And, due to his statement and the stern look in his eye, her butt cheeks were now clenching and unclenching. According to some of the stuff she'd read online, she understood that a remark along the lines of *we'll discuss this later* didn't bode well for the recipient woman's bottom.

Her face heated, and, oddly, excitement pricked low in her body. She remained silent and more than a bit anxious until Ian faced her once more. Then she got lost in his amazing blue eyes as they studied her from head to toe. Nerves tingled like live wires in her stomach and she attempted to suck it in lest he notice the non-perfect slight flabbiness there. She really should have stuck to that Pilates program at her gym.

A crooked smile slipped onto his face and his eyes warmed. "You worry too much, Ms. Malone." His gaze smoothed over her again and she shivered as if he'd touched her. "I like what I see, verra much." His burr thickened.

She hugged his words to her and glanced down, taking in every fine inch of the more than six-foot Scot. *Well, yum! Isn't that interesting.* Not only had his accent thickened, but also a certain part of his body had swelled. There was a definite bulge in his khaki trousers. Most men, she thought, would be embarrassed at being seen by others in such a telltale state. Ian MacDonald was *not* most men. He simply smiled even more and winked at her until she nearly drooled. Thank God, she didn't give a sigh of pure adoration.

Instead she finally muttered, "Ditto."

"Ditto?"

*Did I actually say Ditto? Good grief!* "I meant...." She snapped her mouth shut. It would be more embarrassing to admit she liked the way he looked, too.

"Shall we walk down to the beach for a few minutes? It is quite beautiful." He reached for her hand. "It will give us time to get to know each other a little better before...."

Maggie swallowed hard at what the *before* implied. Time alone in their suite. Getting up close and oh, so personal. Him taking charge of her. *Soon, oh, yes! Please, very soon!*

She looked at his very large hand and gulped anxiously. He would connect that

hand to her bottom. *Maybe. Hopefully. Oh, jeez!* Didn't she really want that? She didn't know anymore what she wanted. Beyond sex, that was. Definitely sex.

He threaded his fingers with hers and said in a husky, calming tone, "All will be well, lass. You can trust me on this."

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The fishy scent of the ocean surrounded them as they walked barefoot along the water's edge, having left their shoes near the sidewalk leading from the resort. But Ian found himself ignoring the smell, ignoring everything around them. He inhaled the light scent of oranges mixed with vanilla drifting from Maggie and found it delightful. He tired of women who all but drowned in cloying perfumes they believed would entice a man. No, he far preferred the simple quality of her scent. And he liked the way she let her almost waist-length hair fly free. Most professional women he knew either wore their hair cut almost mannishly short, or no longer than to their shoulders. He liked this longer mass and the silkiness of it, having felt it brush against his arm a time or two. In fact, there was much about Ms. Malone that he liked. Even her flash of independence and attitude while getting out of the limo. Of course, he planned to make her pay for it later. It would satisfy part of her fantasies and his need for dominance. The thought of putting his hand to her pert bottom surprised and excited him. He was far too experienced, too jaded at acting the disciplinarian to become excited—aroused even—at such an idea. At least he'd believed so until that moment.

"You are a...a Dom?" Maggie asked quietly, not looking at him. Her cheeks were pink, her palm sweating against his. "I mean, Madame Evangeline didn't exactly say that. I just thought it was what she meant."

Ian mulled over what to tell her. He didn't wish to scare her off and for the first time in all the years he'd been a practicing *Dom*, he was uncomfortable discussing it. From his first look at Maggie's photo something strange pulled at him. More than desire for all the feminine secrets hidden beneath that sexy little costume. More than curiosity about her secret interest in being dominated. There'd been



something in the easy smile she had in the picture, something in the spark of life in her brown eyes that called to him, something of innocence he hadn't been familiar with in a long time. She was a complex woman he would delight in getting to know. Except they only had one day and night.

"Maybe I was wrong. Oh, jeez, this is embarrassing." Interrupting his troubled thoughts, she tried to pull her hand free and walk farther into the surf.

"Drowning yourself isn't the answer." He tugged her back until he held her flat against him. A surge of awareness, almost electrical in its powerful sensation, hit him. He absorbed it, surprised, enticed.

He lifted her chin with a finger so that she met his eyes. He saw something equally puzzled and sizzling in their depths. "You were not wrong. I *am* what is referred to as a *Dom*, at least part-time."

Her eyes rounded, as did her mouth. A mouth he badly wanted to kiss. Not a man to deny himself, he lowered his lips to hers. Plump, soft, tasting of peppermint. Irresistible. He had to have more and yet he found himself waiting for her response.

She opposed him for a half second. Then she gave what sounded like a whimper of resignation and abandoned whatever held her back. She opened her mouth and tentatively slid her tongue out to tease the seam of his lips. Back and forth, then again. His entire body stiffened, his cock hardened and pulsed and shoved at the confines of his pants. *Sweet St. Ninian, how long has it been since a woman so quickly turned me on? Ever?*

As if worried she was going too far or doing something wrong, she started to pull back. *No!* Almost in desperation, he clasped her hard against his aching body. Holding her close enough that she had to feel how much he desired her. He rubbed the firm evidence of his arousal against her mound hidden beneath the layer of capris and panties she wore. Suddenly he wanted those layers gone; his own clothing gone as well.

Ian pulled on what was near his last rational tie to reality and set her away, panting. She looked mortified as if he'd found her lacking in some way. Again, she tried to turn and walk off.

He snagged her arm. "If you're thinking I don't want you, lass, you are verra

wrong.” He drew in a shuddering breath, trying to tame the beast within him ready to come out and claim the beauty in front of him. “In another second I would have had your clothes torn off...my own, too. I would have had you on your back here in the sand with your legs spread wide. I would have pounded into you.”

He watched her cheeks grow even pinker. And he saw the heat of desire flare in her expressive eyes. He gently cupped her face. “Do my words repulse you?”

“No.” Her breasts rose and fell in a deep breath. “I wouldn’t have stopped you.”

*Right answer! Or is it?* He had never been so drawn to a woman, never felt this confused, this protective. “I won’t take you in such a crass way, Maggie Malone. I won’t act so irresponsibly out here where anyone could happen by.”

He thumbed the side of her face again, fascinated by how soft her skin felt. “But I *will* take you. More than once. I will have your beautiful body bare beneath me as I...”

She glanced away and protested, “I’m not beautiful. I’m out of shape. I’m...”

*Where had she gotten such a ridiculous notion?* He reached around and swatted her bottom, a natural reaction for a Dom like him used to correcting misbehavior. He’d already noted that the nearest people on the beach were a good half-mile away, but it wouldn’t have mattered if anyone had been closer. He could not allow her to talk in such a way. “Do not belittle yourself to me or to anyone else.”

She blinked at him, shocked at first. Slowly that shock changed to wonder and she shifted her other hand back to touch her bottom. “You spanked me.” Her tone was one of awe, not anger, not recrimination.

Her response pleased him. “Is it not part of why you are here? To have your sweet butt warmed? To be tipped over my knee?” He could—and would—do all of that, but he would also lie between her long, shapely legs. He would sink into her welcoming body. Heat curled through him and the beast was fighting for freedom once more.

“Um...yes.” Those adorable cheeks flamed again. “At least I thought so.” She studied her bare toes in the sand. “I’ve been having these fantasies about...about...”

She captivated him; so different from the women who made up his select clientele. The women who came to him for discipline knew what they wanted and needed done. He didn't allow them to choose the method of their punishment, but he always understood what they were looking for. No one ever left his office unsatisfied. Just as he would not let this budding submissive leave without her dream being fulfilled. A dream he would enjoy fulfilling.

"About being spanked," he finished for her.

Her gaze lifted to him and he noted the relief at his understanding in it. "I don't know where my fascination with spanking came from. The books I've read maybe? The websites I've gone to?" She shrugged her slender shoulders, drawing his attention again to the low-cut, gauzy shirt that didn't do much good at hiding her full, tempting breasts. Breasts he was eager to set free, eager to suckle, eager to enjoy. "It probably all sounds so silly to you."

"There is nothing wrong with this fascination you have. What would have been wrong is if you had made an attempt to connect with someone online who claimed to be a disciplinarian." He narrowed his eyes in irritation. He knew how dangerous it could have been. "There are many out there in the world of the Internet. Many who could have done you real harm." *Could have killed you*, but he couldn't say it to her...didn't even want to think it.

She paled, and then she jutted out her chin. "I'm *not* completely stupid. I would never have actually contacted one of those people. I kept hoping this fascination would just go away."

He heard the frustration in her voice. "But it has only been growing stronger, hasn't it? You came here hoping to satisfy your curiosity and move on." He met her worried gaze. "You came here to be with *me* because Madame Evangeline understood your needs, because she knows my reputation. She trusts me with you, with good reason. I deal out discipline as wanted. But I would *never* go too far, *never* truly hurt a woman."

"I am trusting you both." Her voice was a near whisper and he saw the concern in her eyes.

"I will give you only what you desire and maybe after today your fascination will go away. Maybe you will not at all like being taken over a man's knee and

having his hand applied to your bottom.” The thought that some other disciplinarian might have been the one to touch her in such a manner was abhorrent to him. He wanted to be the first man who gave her the experience. Strangely, the *only* man to ever do so.

He drew in a breath, fought off the almost overpowering urge to abandon his good sense and act the animal his body wished to be. The need to claim her, to ram deep inside her was becoming stronger with every moment they were so close together.

She timidly reached up to touch the side of his face, running her thumb over the stubble there. “Just so you are clear on this, Ian MacDonald.” She traced his lips and smiled at his indrawn breath. “I want more than a spanking from you. Much more.”

That was all he could stand. Ian scooped her into his arms, grinned at her gasp, and strode back toward the resort. Neither said a word.

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Ian carried Maggie to the private elevator leading to the exclusive suites and finally set her down. Still, he didn't say a word and she wasn't sure what to say either. She waited nervously, wondering what would happen next, wondering if her courage to go through with all of this would fail her. It was crazy. It was the most bizarre thing she'd ever done in her life.

And then her thoughts turned to his kiss, his bold statements about what he'd wanted to do right there on the beach. *Oh, God help me, I want it, too.* Okay, she'd rather make love on a nice soft bed than in the sand. *Yuck! All that gritty sand getting into crevices...getting into my hair.* But she definitely wanted this handsome Scot to show her his other skills...the ones as a lover and not as a Dom. Her heart raced. *He could be dominant in bed, though. Yes, I like that idea.*

The door finally opened to their floor and Ian took her hand. “Let us get to the first part of why you are here, Maggie Malone.” He leaned down to kiss her, more a quick peck than a real kiss. “After that we'll satisfy your other needs.”

Her stomach tumbled with nerves. *The first part of why I'm here. Oh, wow! This is really going to happen. Now. Today. Oh, wow!*

He led her into the large suite, went straight through it to the bedroom without giving her a chance to look around. She barely noticed her two suitcases and tote bag sitting near the closet. What she noted was the king-sized bed. *Will he sit on the side of it and take me over his knee there? How will I feel about that later? Will I be able to make love with him there after this, sleep with him there?*

But he didn't stop beside the bed and she breathed a sigh of relief. Instead he walked calmly toward a seating area near the sliding glass doors leading out to their private lanai. The roofed patio held a pair of comfortable-looking chaise lounges that looked out toward the beach and sparkling turquoise water. A spot where she'd like to sit and simply enjoy the view.

He stopped and faced her, but she couldn't read his emotions, other than seeing determination in the set of his jaw. Her stomach churned. She could still say, *No, I don't want to do this after all.* But, the strange truth was, she did want to try it. *Just this once, and with this particular man.*

They stood in silence for several long seconds. She knew he waited for her decision on the matter. Finally she said quietly, "I'm ready."

Ian gave the barest of nods, but she sensed his approval. He seemed to shift into the *Dom* mode she'd read about.

"Normally my clients tell me their transgressions...why they believe punishment is necessary. This isn't that kind of situation."

Maggie worried one side of her mouth and slowly shook her head. "Is there such a thing as too good?" Again, she thought about what a boring person she'd become. "I am the dullest person you'll ever meet."

His eyes warmed and a hint of a smile played over his face. "You deserve to be spanked for believing such a ridiculous thing."

She thrust her chin out. "I am! Really. There is *nothing* exciting about me."

One of his dark eyebrows rose. "You came all the way to Maui to be with me for a one-night stand arrangement. A stranger, really. Even though you understood how thoroughly Madame Evangeline checks out her clients. You trusted in her. Dared to trust in me." He held her gaze and she tingled all over. "Few people

would be so daring.”

“It seems odd to say thank you for the compliment.” She put a hand to her nervous stomach. “Especially when you’re about to give me a taste of what you do for a living.”

He frowned, which confused her a little. “It is *not* what I do for a living. It is what I do on the side, and for only a verra select few people.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to upset you.” She really wanted to know what he *did do* to make a living, but she decided not to ask. They would never see each other again after tomorrow. He would give her the spanking she was so curious about and they would have sex. He’d said as much. Hot, steamy, heart pounding sex. But then he would leave tomorrow. Odd, but she was saddened at the knowledge.

“What are you thinking about?” He walked closer, stopped in front of her, and stroked the side of her face. “Are you worried about this spanking?”

Her body tingled from the touch of his fingers against her cheek all the way to her toes. The way he’d said *spanking* in that deep, Scottish burr...*Oh my!* “No. I’m a little anxious, but not worried. No, I trust you.”

As he listened to her and breathed in her scent, heat fired in his eyes and his nostrils flared. Were her nostrils doing the same? She inhaled his scent, too. It was good. *Oh yeah, really good.* Some kind of aftershave that made every one of her woman’s places tremble in excitement. Plus his own smell, pure man. *I’m dying here.*

He blew out a deep breath—his broad shoulders growing taut, stretching the fabric of his pale blue shirt. “If we don’t do this now, lass, I might not be able to do it at all.”

Maggie glanced down to try and calm her growing desire to abandon the nutty plan and go straight for the sex she definitely wanted. When she noted the way his khakis tented, that urge grew harder to ignore. But she’d fantasized about this too much.

She raised her chin again and said in a rush, “Spanking first. Sex later.” Then she realized what she’d blurted out and groaned in embarrassment.

He chuckled and amusement lit his eyes. “Is that an order, my brazen lass?”

Fortunately, he didn’t expect an answer. He took her hand and led her across

the room. "On the sofa? Or on a chair? This is *your* fantasy."

Heart racing, she looked from the plush sofa to the straight-back chairs next to a small table near the glass doors. She would be more comfortable with her legs stretched out on the sofa, of course. But since it would probably be the only spanking in her life, she decided to go with the more standard situation in the stories she'd read.

"Chair," she squeaked out. Her stomach fluttered with nerves and anticipation. *Oh wow! It's going to happen. Now.*

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Without another word, Ian led Maggie to the table and chairs. He thought about how jaded he'd become over the years to dealing out discipline. He barely even gave the women and their feelings a thought anymore. They came to him for a specific reason and paid him a handsome fee to deliver a hard punishment that brought them to tears. His job was to make them thoroughly miserable, make it difficult to sit comfortably for at least a day, make them feel humble for whatever reason important to them. But from the moment he'd seen Maggie's picture in that sexy cupid outfit, he'd somehow known this would be a far different experience than a simple weekend affair. Evangeline's revelation of Maggie's special fantasy had intrigued him, enticed him to agree to the arrangement. Still, he'd never expected to be this attracted to her. This was now about far more than satisfying her curiosity, or about his enjoyment of having another pretty bottom to warm, or about making love with a surprisingly sensual woman. He didn't understand his strong reaction to her, but he would play this thing out.

"Do I have to bare my own bottom?" The near whisper snared his attention.

"It will be your choice." Ian wasn't sure he could lower her clothing and skim his fingers over her soft flesh, without abandoning this whole scene. He wanted inside her too badly. He wanted her heat surrounding him, her body squeezing him. He hadn't wanted a woman this much in a long time.

Maggie raised her head and tossed him an annoyed look. "You're the Dom. I

thought *you* gave the orders.”

He blinked in surprise and fought to keep from smiling. She continued to surprise him. He forced down the need to take her right then, hard and fast. Instead he pulled on his familiar role of the Dom she wanted. “You will lower your clothing to your knees. And then you will put yourself over my lap.”

She sucked in a breath and her eyes widened, but he sensed more approval than distress at what he’d said. *Good.*

He pulled out a chair and sat down, adjusted himself due to the discomfort of his hard-on pressing the limits of his slacks. When he noted how she watched him shift his cock to a better position, his arousal grew even more. Then with shaking hands, she undid her capris and shoved them down her legs. An instant later she pushed the tiny lace panties down as well. He was mesmerized; like she was the first woman he’d seen in this vulnerable manner. He stared at the curly blonde patch hiding a place he really wanted to be inside.

“I don’t know if I can do it. Go over your lap.” She appeared frozen in place.

“Have you changed your mind? Now that you have lowered your clothing in preparation for your spanking?” He wanted her over his lap, wanted to see that creamy bottom resting high on his thigh, and he desperately wanted to touch it. The thought of turning it pink—even red if she could take that much—only added to his eagerness.

She shook her head, although she still didn’t move.

Ian held out a hand, deciding to offer her some help, something he would never normally do. “Putting yourself over the knee is usually a necessary part of the spanking ritual.”

She bobbed her head in understanding and sucked in a deep breath, making her plump breasts capture his focus. His hands ached to touch them, cup each magnificent handful. And he wanted to trail his tongue over each nub. Nibble on them until they hardened, until he took them into his mouth and sucked, until she moaned and squirmed in frantic desire beneath him.

Again, Maggie jerked him from his wandering thoughts. She took his hand and he pulled her forward. Then looking determined, she almost dove across his lap. She wriggled until her bottom was perched on the edge of his right thigh and her



hands were flat on the floor. Her long hair draped around her head. He was trying to tame the beast within him once more when she muttered, "This really is an uncomfortable position."

No one had ever said that to him before, but, of course, it would be awkward. Ian had to smile as she kept squirming, evidently trying to get more comfortable. "You are about to get spanked, Ms. Malone. Soon, this minor discomfort will not be of importance."

"I suppose not, but still...." She shook her head and the mass of blonde hair shimmied around her. "The blood is rushing to my head. I...."

It was time to get on with this satisfying of her curiosity, and of his need to spank this woman. He placed his left arm over the small of her back and she stiffened. Then, not wanting her to get any more anxious, he swatted her bottom with a couple of hard smacks. Attention-getters, he called them.

She jerked her head up in surprise but said nothing, just seemed to be holding her breath.

He began a steady rain of smacks meant to prepare a bottom for what would soon follow. Some called this a warm-up. In this instance, *he* was getting warm all over watching the beauty stretched over his lap as she began to squirm and moan lightly. He recognized the early signs of pleasure—he was turning her on. Knowing that only made his increasing desire harder to deal with.

"Oh, Ian, this isn't what I'd imagined." She sighed in bliss.

This wasn't the kind of spanking she'd been fantasizing about; at least he didn't think so. Still, he sent another pair of hard smacks down to each cheek. Hard enough to leave handprints on her creamy flesh, now turning pink—a sight that always made his heart race. For him it had never been about wielding pain, though that was what many Doms he knew enjoyed most. He liked hearing a woman's weak whimpers, enjoyed the sensual feel of heat building on her soft bottom, and savored the change in skin color. He prided himself on enjoying those things while he gave the woman exactly what she wanted. It was all about satisfying needs.

He swatted her another time, harder than he intended. She gave a sharp gasp.

"Are you all right?" He would never normally ask that of one of his clients. It

wouldn't have been part of the scene being played out. But *she* wasn't one of his clients. He placed his hand against the barely warm skin. Warm enough to send a tingle through him, to make his cock push at her hip.

"It stings," she said as if trying to analyze what she felt. "But it isn't too bad."

Ian nodded although she couldn't see him, breathing easier. "The sting will get much worse if we continue. Or is your curiosity already satisfied?"

She hesitated then said timidly, "Not yet."

Given her basic approval, he spanked her with the flat of his hand non-stop a dozen times, covering every inch of her bare bottom. The smacks were firm, memorable, but not true punishment ones. No matter the experience she seemed to want, he could not make himself cause her real pain.

She kicked her legs out and her clothing shifted down to her ankles. "Yeeoow! That really smarts!"

"Believe me, the pain can get much worse." He knew he shouldn't, but he couldn't keep from smoothing his hand over her reddened bottom. In doing so, his cock swelled to dangerous proportions.

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Reacting to Ian's tender ministrations, Maggie arched forward, her mound rubbing against his leg. She craned her head back and attempted to look at him through her curtain of hair. "I'm feeling this in other places." She rubbed again and said in awe, "I read about how some women...." She stopped talking and lowered her head, embarrassed. Moisture had beaded between her legs. *Did he see it? Oh, jeez!*

His hand lifted and came down at the under cup of her bottom. Sharply. Twice. He didn't say a word, but she felt the bulge near her hip growing harder, pressing into her.

"Ohhh!" She gasped, arching up. The movement made her mound rub harder against his thigh and made her legs spread farther apart as if they had a mind of their own.

“You are almost ready, lass.” Ian’s husky tone had her lower lips pulsing. “A bit more to really light your fire and then....” He didn’t finish the thought, but she understood it.

Crazy or not—but then she’d come this far in her fantasy—she demanded, “Bring it on!”

Ian chuckled and then proceeded to give her what she’d asked for. He planted another quick, sizzling dozen smacks to her sore bottom. She shouldn’t have been quite so demanding. She wriggled from side to side, hissed and kicked her legs out even harder. Her capris and panties flew off.

“Okay! Okay! Had the experience. Ready to move on!” Tears trickled down her face. Her bottom was on fire. Yet he’d stoked an inner fire as well. She was more than ready to do something about *that* one.

The words barely left her mouth when Ian stopped the spanking. Except his hand again lay over her bottom. His long, hard cock pressed against her more determinedly. An instant later he spread her legs farther apart and boldly put his hand between her sensitive thighs. Then a magical finger found her clit, thumbed the seriously interested nubbin then trailed slowly upward.

She sucked in a breath, grew stiff, and finally blew out that breath. “Ohhhh. Ohhhh, Ian!”

“Are we ready to—” he began even as his amazing hand shifted away.

“Yes!” Maggie scrambled off his lap only to tug him from the chair and with her as she raced toward the bed. She nearly tripped over her capris. Her butt cheeks blazed and movement wasn’t pleasant, but none of that mattered. Not now. “Ready doesn’t even come close to describing it.”

Ian gave another of his deep, sexy chuckles. “I like a lass who knows what she wants.”

When she faced him, he grinned and stripped off his clothes. *Scottish stud, definitely.* Her mouth watered as each hunky inch was revealed. If only she could take a picture to pull out and drool over in the years ahead. Instead, she stood there and mentally took photo after photo of his tanned, lightly haired chest with pecs she wanted to smooth her hands over, with a splendid six-pack that tapered down to a waist showing not even a hint of belly roll. Then...her heart pounded

and she gaped at the oh-so-thick cock flag-poling up at her, silently ordering, *Come here, baby.*

He stood wearing nothing more than a crooked grin and holding onto the rod that put her BadBoy at home to shame. Serious shame. Ian didn't say a word; he just let her ogle him. Finally she came back to reality and jerked off her blouse and bra, then let them fall to the floor.

"You probably won't believe me." Her face flamed as much as her bottom. "But this is the most brazen I've ever been in my life." She swallowed nervously. "None of this is like me. This flying off to meet with a complete stranger, this spanking idea, this...."

He simply nodded and stepped closer, still holding his thick shaft in one hand.

The sight was incredibly arousing. She had to touch him. As her fingers made contact with his heated flesh, he dropped his hand and sucked in a breath that drew in his rock-hard stomach even more. She lightly smoothed her fingers up and down the swollen shaft, feeling the veins, the silkiness. "Gawd, that's a gorgeous thing."

"I don't believe my boy has ever been called gorgeous, but he likes it." His voice had turned deeper, huskier. So sexy.

"Soft as velvet, hard as a steel rod. Just like a man's shaft is so often described in the romances I read," she mumbled, continuing her observation. "Pulsing. Getting bigger, too." She smiled up at him. "I like that. Oh yeah, I really like that." She'd never before paid this much attention to a man's cock. In truth, she'd never been exposed to one nearly as intriguing.

"You're making me crazy, sweet lass." He shuddered as she stroked him once more. "Your words...your touch."

He pulled her closer with one hand and used the other to slide his *boy* between her legs. She hugged it with her thighs and moved back and forth, breathing roughly at the wondrous feel of him. No other man she'd ever been with came close to comparing to him. Not that there had been many.

Then he reached around and cupped her tender buttocks with his big hands. "So how was it? Your first spanking?" He squeezed her bottom a little harder, rubbed her with his rod. "Was the experience what you imagined it would be like?"

Would you want it again?"

*Again? What?* She couldn't think about anything beyond the ache inside her. "Please."

With a last squeeze of her sore bottom, he stepped back, pulling his long, stiff shaft from between her legs. Before she could protest, he turned her toward the bed. "On your stomach. Now."

Her heart skipped a beat at the husky command, the sensual promise. She scrambled onto the bed. A fleeting thought about her out-of-shape body passed through her mind as she stretched naked over the thick, floral comforter. Coolness brushed against her quickly hardening nipples and her sensitized mound. Her hair fell around her shoulders. At least face down she could hide her embarrassment from him. When she got home again, she was going to that darn gym religiously. Then she wondered, what did it matter? She wouldn't see Ian again. That was a depressing thought. Maybe instead of working out she would change to a new diet of chocolate and more chocolate.

The bed shifted and he crawled up behind her, straddling her legs. "So pretty, so pink," Ian said in a tone echoing admiration. He gently caressed her bottom. "So warm."

"Proud of yourself, huh?" She had to admit he'd done a good job, and she knew he'd held back his strength. He'd given her just a taste of what being spanked was like. "You're very good at what you do...at understanding, too."

He smoothed her bare butt once more then gave it a light smack. Just hard enough that she felt the spank, but more that it fired up every aroused nerve in her body. "Ohhhh!" She held her breath, savoring the feeling.

"Yes, I am a good Dom. I know what a woman wants, how much she can take." He shifted again and then he bent down to kiss one buttock and then the other. "Thank you for giving me this gift."

When his lips had touched her bottom, she'd arched downward in surprise. *Amazing. Oh-my-gawd amazing!* She craned her head and shoved her hair back so she could look at him. "What gift?" The sight of him straddling her, of his dark head just above her sore bottom, of his heated eyes gazing at her, had her quivering all over.

He sat up, his thick rod barely touching between her legs. “The special gift of giving you your first spanking. Of trusting me not to harm you.” He took hold of his shaft and guided it to the spot begging for him now. “Of letting me make love to you.”

His words warmed her heart. Most people would have thought her fantasy crazy, unnatural. But Ian *wasn't* most people. He was a practicing disciplinarian. Maybe, because of who and what he was, the words meant even more. He hadn't made fun of her secret wish. He'd spanked her, although it had only been a small taste of what he could have done. And now he wanted to be with her in a whole other way. He wanted to have sex with her. No, he'd said, “make love to you.”

She smiled at him. “Thank you, too.” Then she turned her head away and placed her heated cheek against the cold comforter. To encourage him, she raised her bottom. “Ready.”

“Always the bossy one,” he said on a husky laugh as she heard him take a second to put on a condom. He slid his cock inside her, deep, in one long thrust that had him groaning and her sighing in pleasure. He gripped her hips and held still while she adjusted to him. “Okay?”

*Okay? No! She wanted more, so much more.* She shoved back against him, forcing him unbelievably deeper. “Action. Lots of action!”

The man understood *action*. He pumped into her in drives that pushed her down into the comforter, nearly down into the mattress. She curled her fingers into the cover and panted. She thrust back at him, desperate for more. “Oh, Ian,” she gasped. “Oh, oh, oh, Ian!”

He didn't tire easily. The hardy Scot rode her as heartily as a stud rode his mare. His breathing became ragged and he curled over her, always pounding into her, never slowing, sweating. “Maggie,” he gritted out. “Sweet Maggie.”

Finally she flew apart. Everything around her faded away except the pleasure exploding within her. Her heart raced and she lay blissfully content while he continued seeking his own release.

His grunts became desperate. The bed bounced beneath the fierceness of his ramming into her exhausted body. She wasn't sure how much more she could take, but then he groaned out at last, “Oh, God!”

It wasn't until he collapsed over her back, until she felt the fullness of him still inside her, and felt the warmth of his seed seeping between her legs that she realized the condom had broken. There could be consequences. Thank God she was still on the Pill. But she didn't regret any of this, not the spanking, and definitely not the lovemaking.

He eased from her tender body and rolled to her side. He gently moved the hair covering her face out of the way and said, "I'm sorry, Maggie. I feel bad about.... But I have no diseases." He hesitated, sounding sadder, "I cannot have children. Not that either of those things is a good excuse for not using adequate protection."

She looked at him, saw the regret in his eyes. *He can't have children?* She wanted to ask why, but that was too personal a question—which was a little nuts considering how very personal they had been in the last couple of hours. In spite of her history at failing in relationships, she still hoped to have children one day. And why was she thinking about this now? It wasn't as if there was anything between her and Ian. They had simply had a moment in time thanks to Madame Evangeline.

Her heart pinched. She remembered Samantha telling her how Evangeline's arrangements nearly always resulted in a happily ever after for the carefully matched couple. *Always, that is, until now.* But Maggie hadn't really expected a love match out of this situation. *Didn't you? No! That would have been crazy.* Still, somewhere in this short amount of time she and Ian had been together her secret wish had morphed into something else...something that could never be.

But the next time, and the numerous times after that, Ian wore protection that he thoroughly checked out before he made love to her.

## Epilogue

Ian typed the last line of his latest novel, *Maggie, My Love*, and knew he would have to change the title before he submitted it to his publisher. The title was for him alone. The story had been written in record time, and more emotional than any he'd written before. Maybe he should keep it only for himself. It wasn't about his brief day and night spent with Maggie Malone, but the pretty blonde who had won his heart in such a short time starred in it. Just as she had starred in every dream he'd had since leaving her in Maui and returning home to Scotland.

He sat back in his chair and glanced out the window across the room. Winter still had a strong hold. It seemed colder than ever before, the nearby hills bleak. But maybe it was just him. After being there a month, he'd thought that he would be back to normal, that he would be over her by now. He'd thought that he would return to his work as an author and meet his publisher's deadline with ease. He'd thought he would resume his part-time work as a disciplinarian. But he'd written a completely different book than previously discussed with his editor. And he'd cancelled every appointment with his clients. He just couldn't imagine taking another woman over his knee, putting his hand to another woman's bottom.

With a heavy sigh, he shoved away from the desk. Staying depressed like that wasn't like him. She was out of his life and it was for the best, at least for her. She would make a great mother someday, a warm and loving wife. He wasn't good husband material and he couldn't give her a child, all because of a bout with the mumps while in his twenties. He needed to get out of this house he'd rarely left in all this time. He needed to go down to his favorite pub and....

Someone pounded the heavy doorknocker hard enough that he heard it up in his second floor office. He couldn't imagine who it could be and he didn't actually want to find out. Just as he didn't want to go socialize in the pub. He didn't feel sociable. He was lonely, but he didn't want company. *I'm a mess.*



Whoever it was didn't give up. The doorknocker pounded again.

Grumbling under his breath, he gave up and went to answer the door, determined to send the intruder into his privacy on their way.

He pulled the door open. His brain had already formed the words, "Go away." But they froze on his tongue.

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Maggie was a nervous wreck. She'd finally given in to Samantha's constant harassing about talking to Ian. Her friend sensed her broken heart, but Maggie was trying to live with it, trying to get past it. But a surprise follow-up email from Madame Evangeline telling her that Ian had withdrawn from life and lived now as a hermit at his Highland home had done the trick. She hated the idea of him hurting because of her, because he believed they couldn't have a future together. Actually, she'd foolishly believed the same thing until that email. Then she'd realized she wasn't ready to give up on them so easily.

She hadn't thought he would respond to an email from her...and he hadn't. She'd decided not to try calling him. Instead she'd stepped way out of her comfort zone and decided to come to Scotland. The gazillion hour flight had been difficult. She'd worried every mile of the way that she was being a fool, that he wouldn't want to see her again.

She'd shivered on his doorstep for a several minutes before she'd found the courage to knock on his door. Seeing the shock in his expression then, she was anxious once more. *Have I made a mistake?* Then his eyes warmed with pleasure. *Hope?*

*Stop being a coward! Say something.* She ignored her racing heart. "I've been having this dream," she said, hearing the nervous tremble to her words. "I-I...."

Before she could finish the sentence, he pulled her to him, forcing her to drop the small bag she carried. He hugged her so hard she struggled for breath, but so did he. It was clear he'd never thought he would see her again. He was happy to see her again. A realization that made her almost certain everything would work

out.

Finally she managed to inch back, smiled up at him, seeing him through tear-filled eyes. “So, it’s all right that I came here?”

“God, yes!”

He couldn’t seem to completely let her go, which suited her. Held in the warmth of his embrace, she inhaled the scent of his aftershave she hadn’t forgotten, inhaled the unique scent of *him*. And she quickly became aware of the thick cock that had swollen between their bodies. He wanted her as much as she did him. At least he wanted her physically.

“I might have to stay with you a while. My dreams have become more...well, much more intense.” She studied him, waiting breathlessly for signs that he understood what she hadn’t said. That she wanted to stay here permanently.

“More spanking fantasies?” he asked hesitantly.

She nodded, and then took a chance. “More than that.”

He stood silently, seeming to weigh something in his thoughts, but finally he asked, “The children issue?”

Children were still important to her, but so was Ian. She’d sorted her way through her feelings on the matter while she’d missed him this last month and then again on the flight to Scotland. She reached up and cupped the side of his face. “Ever hear of adoption?”

A shudder went through him before he said huskily, “Oh, Maggie. Maggie my love.” He blinked away tears and tugged her into his home. “I’m never letting you leave again.”

Maggie took a second to glance around the stately, wood-paneled foyer, then raised her chin and focused on him. “If I remember right, Ian MacDonald, *you* left me.”

That crooked grin she well remembered slipped into place. “My mistake, sweetling. I will never do so again.”

Exactly what she wanted to hear.

## ~ABOUT THE AUTHOR~

Starla Kaye has worn many hats professionally and as a writer. She works part-time with her husband (who believes he is the model example for each of her heroes, “yes, honey, of course you are”) in an accounting firm. A gerontologist by degree, she volunteers in the community with a very active group of senior adults, who provide her with story ideas for senior adult romances she occasionally likes to write for fun. She is a multi-published author on-line in e-book and Print-On-Demand book form, writing as both Starla Kaye and S. K. Fero. She would love to hear from her readers at [starlakaye@gmail.com](mailto:starlakaye@gmail.com).

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