

SINN



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CHAPTER 1



SiNN was already on stage when Jake Gabriel slipped inside the private room, a male dancer cupping and caressing her naked breasts.

Jake halted mid-step.

Another latecomer bumped into him, demanding he keep advancing into the space. He didn't budge. Couldn't.

This was no ordinary strip joint.

Sensual Latin music poured from the sound system, the rhythm decidedly unhurried and sultry, creating an accompaniment to the performance rather than an intrusion. Subdued lighting bathed the semi-circular platform in a hazy glow. Light glinted off the dark gold wallpaper, the leather wing chairs surrounding the stage, and SiNN's tawny flesh, ripe from good health and youth.

His heart beat quicker than the unhurried music.

She wore little. A delicate gold chain around her slender throat shimmered in the muted light. Another chain dangled from it and travelled down her torso to her navel where it attached to a diamond. Beneath the jewel, numerous chains draped her hips, then dipped to her cunt, barely covering it.

She swayed gently. The dainty chains rolled left, right, left, exposing her smooth mound, her delicate curls removed.

Her cleft peeked out.

Forgetting to breathe, he hungered to see her sweet opening, her pink lips damp from arousal, separated for a man's cock.

Her skilled dancing and the jewelry hardly allowed that.

Bad, bad girl.

A tall woman, her gold high heels added another three inches to her height, which would put her face on the same level as his shoulder. She'd hidden her features behind an elaborate mask, the feathers iridescent blue and green, revealing no more than her eyes and mouth. Her plush bottom lip shone dully as it would after she'd drawn her tongue over it.

A pulse ticked hard in his throat, making swallowing difficult. He ached to strip off her mask and gold finery. The heels she could damn well keep, while she wrapped her long legs around him.

Look at me.

She did not. Seemingly oblivious to the forty or so men in here, she kept her gaze above the audience, her back to the male dancer's. On a beat from the music, she draped her arms around his neck, exposing her bared breasts even more.

He dragged his thumbs over her taut nipples.

Air hissed through Jake's teeth.

The male dancer stroked her tips again.

Jake wasn't certain if the guy's moves were an unconscious act on his part or typical for the performance. It wasn't clear whether she enjoyed his touch or not. The guy was in his mid-twenties, the same as her, his muscles ropy from him working out.

Her curves were lush and natural.

Jake liked them.

Repeatedly the male dancer thrust his hips against her to simulate fucking.

Rough male murmurs rose from the crowd, signaling approval, the audience young, old, and in between, all affluent. The cover

charge for this place made certain no lower-class slob would dare enter. The chamber was one of three in The Second Circle, an upscale gentleman's club in Phoenix. Its name a tribute to Dante's second circle of Hell, the one the Italian poet had named lust.

A wise choice for an establishment where SiNN performed.

Responding to her partner's erotic cues, she dipped her head to the right. Her thick, shiny hair, as brown as cocoa, swept over the guy's naked torso. He wore only a gold leather thong.

And had to be sporting an erection.

Jake sure as hell was and his cock hurt like a son-of-a-bitch.

Didn't stop him from lifting his face to the TV screen bolted near the ceiling, broadcasting the performance to give patrons a closer view.

SiNN's coffee-colored areolas had puckered from her partner's stroking, making the tips seem much longer. Surely heated and sweetly scented.

His mouth went dry.

The camera angled up, revealing a mole gracing her collarbone, another below her jaw line.

She lowered her face and looked at him from the screen, her hazel eyes glassy with desire.

Drawn to her, he stepped closer.

A hand gripped his arm. Toby Quinn leaned in, his mouth close to Jake's ear. "We should wait in her dressing room or outside."

Not a chance. When Jake first heard about her performance, her stage name had amused him. He'd sensed her show would prove no more than a routine striptease or pole dance.

How wrong he'd been.

He pulled his arm free and stepped behind the leather chairs. Each seat cost an extra three hundred bucks for the twenty-minute show. Men in their twenties, thirties, forties and beyond filled them, their casual clothing or suits impeccably tailored, their colognes not something Jake could afford.

For those who'd declined to pay the extra fee or had arrived too

late for a seat, their only option was to stand behind the others. More than twenty men did so.

He should have observed them carefully, assessing any risk as he'd learned during his training.

Since Toby was already doing so, Jake focused on SiNN.

With a ballerina's grace, she sank to one knee at the stage edge, her other leg outstretched. The male dancer held her arms above her head, trapping her in the position, exposing her tempting nudity to the crowd. She lifted her face to his, showing her long throat.

Heat battered Jake.

Her weighty breasts quivered from her heightened breathing. Several men leaned forward for a closer look. Their leather chairs squeaked. A few left their seats to slip crisp bills beneath the chain caressing her stomach and the strands draped over her cunt.

The money fell quickly, drifting to the stage.

Undeterred, the men offered more.

Jake guessed they wanted a chance to get nearer to her or capture her attention. He couldn't blame them.

Her gaze touched a few. Additional bills made their way from the men's pockets to her body jewelry.

The TV screen showed they'd gifted her with nothing but hundreds. Tens and twenties weren't even in the equation.

"Jake."

Toby. For three years, Toby had been his friend and partner in the U.S. Marshals Service, and if Jake had allowed himself any sentimentality, the younger brother he'd never had and certainly didn't want now.

Frustrated, he faced him.

At thirty, Toby had clean-cut features and close-cropped blond hair, making him a perfect clone for the corporate world. Similar to the other guys here who'd also dressed in suits. Like them, Toby now watched SiNN. He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing.

However, his face betrayed nothing, his features far more neutral than the rest.

Those in their forties and fifties bore wistful looks. They either reminisced about past carnal times or hoped they'd engage in some down-and-dirty action tonight. Millennials in the crowd leered openly. A few also checked their smartphone screens, though none dared record the show. The club promised to ban a man for life if he did anything that stupid.

A guy to Jake's left made a pissed sound.

"Aw hell."

He seemed too young for this place given his spiked black hair and cherubic features. His attention kept darting from the performance to a baseball game playing on his iPhone.

Others checked on what looked like stocks or text messages. Many frowned at what they saw, particularly one man across the stage. Cellphone in hand, he read whatever was on the screen, his Latino features absorbed, his mouth turned down, accentuating the thin scar on his chin.

Maybe his team had lost or his stocks had plummeted. Perhaps his wife or girlfriend had texted him to get his ass home and take care of their kids.

Toby elbowed Jake. "We should wait somewhere else."

Jake wasn't about to leave even if he'd been able.

On one knee, the male dancer had draped SiNN over his leg, her ass exposed and vulnerable.

Call him crazy, but Jake sensed he was going to spank her as part of the act.

The already subdued crowd grew quieter. A cellphone rang, playing Ne-Yo's *Another Love Song*. The owner shut off the ringtone, leaving the Latin music to fill the silence. Percussion instruments joined the guitars and piano, their rhythm accelerating like a quickened pulse.

Perspiration ran down Jake's neck.

Head bowed, SiNN appeared ready to accept her punishment. She lifted her ass, welcoming it.

Toby made a frustrated sound. “Jake.”

“I’m not leaving.”

“We shouldn’t—”

“Then don’t.”

SiNN’s partner stroked her naked buttocks—rounded and firm. He explored the furrow between her cheeks, the fragile chain resting there.

She arched her back.

As Jake wanted her to do for him, face lowered, legs spread, willingly offering her juicy cunt. She’d smell from female need and animal lust. Her opening would be hot, tight, wet, his cock rigid and thick. He’d ease inside her inch by inch until her flesh hugged his full shaft and his balls tapped her ass.

He had no idea whether she’d enjoy a man taking her slowly, or quick and rough, pretend dangerous, like a modern-day pirate.

The room spun. Dizzy, he lowered his head.

Toby leaned in.

Jake didn’t want to hear what they should do. He only knew what he needed. “If you don’t want to stay, go outside and have a cigarette.”

“You know I don’t smoke.”

“Maybe it’s time you learned.” He stepped away, ignoring Toby and the duty that brought them here tonight.

The male dancer lifted a small paddle off the stage, the object covered in black material. Velvet?

A man in the crowd straightened. “Go on. Give it to her good. Make her squeal.”

Jake frowned at the guy.

A faint crack sounded. Approval buzzed from the spectators. The male dancer brought the paddle down once more. Her ass cheeks vibrated from the measured discipline, its noise barely registering past the music, the Spanish guitars seeming too loud.

Jake expected her to wince in pain.

Her mouth tilted up in a feral smile. She lifted her buttocks, wordlessly begging for punishment.

Jesus. His cock stiffened so much the skin felt as though it might split. His balls ached. Her partner disciplined her in an impossibly erotic manner, interrupting the paddling to stroke her spanked cheeks, now faintly pink.

Her mouth fell open on a pleased gasp.

The young man trailed his hand over her breast.

She mewled in delight.

He resumed punishing and arousing her.

A guy who'd been texting stopped to applaud. Others followed, the noise competing with the tune. Several men flung hundred dollar bills onto the stage.

Jake figured this performance wouldn't be one they'd soon forget.

A good thing for an erotic dancer who called herself SiNN. Not good for a young woman known as Lea Baptista outside this club.

She was on Cubrero's hit list and had once been in witness protection.

She should be keeping a low profile, staying off the grid as much as she could.

She certainly shouldn't dance here.