
HIS WOMAN

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Untitled

His Woman

By

Carolyn Faulkner

Chapter 1

"WHERE IS SHE?" he growled, muscle ticking in his jaw.

"Am I speaking to Isaiah Rollins?"

With exaggerated patience, he asked again, enunciating each word precisely. "Where. Is. She?" He wasn't a man who enjoyed repeating himself, especially not when he'd been awakened from a sound sleep at two in the morning by a call from a hospital.

"Ms. Dejardin is at the Dartmouth-Hitchcock Emergency Department. Her phone says that you are her emergency contact."

He'd long since deduced that—and didn't let on in the least just how surprised he was to find that out. But he tucked that tidbit of information away to talk to her about later. Pinching the bridge of his nose, he asked the question that—if he was honest with himself, and he always tried to be, although he didn't always succeed—he least wanted to, but he had to know.

"Is she... alive?"

Although the delay was no more than a nanosecond before the woman responded, his heartbeat had already begun to race, his chest became so tight, he could barely breath, and his mouth went Sahara dry before she said, "Yes, sir, but she was involved in an accident."

Most of his symptoms abated at her first word, but he could hear his teeth grinding together and consciously had to stop that bad habit, realizing that this was the first time he'd done that in a while.

But—like the teeth he'd nearly ground down to his jawbone sometimes, while they were together—he hadn't had to deal with her for quite some time.

"I'll be right there."

With that, he leaned back on the bed, head tucked into the curve of the backs of her knees, face inches from places that he knew would still be reminding her of what they'd done last night every time she sat down for the next couple of days. In an uncharacteristically fanciful thought, he wondered, if he got close enough, if he could feel the heat rising off her well-punished backside. She'd text him and complain about it later today—and the fact that her pussy ached from him fucking her so hard—but the last thing he'd read would be her asking when they could get together again.

Reggie—Regina—Waters was, like all of the five or six women he saw in a casual rotation, hot as fuck, and he was always amazed that he, a guy with a mug only a mother could love, could get a woman like her. But not all of his women were stunningly beautiful like that—and he very carefully valued none of them more than the other. They

were all in his contacts because he knew they could give him—most—of what he wanted in a woman.

Still, none of them—none of any of the women he'd slept with, before or since—could hold a candle to the woman for whom he was going to leave his nice, warm bed and nice, warm companion to play knight in shining armor tonight.

Why, exactly, he was going to do that, he wasn't quite sure. He didn't owe her squat, and he really shouldn't have even been considering going to her, based on how she'd out and out betrayed him a couple of years ago. But even with his surprise at still being her emergency contact—despite the fact that it was likely just an oversight on her part, although, granted, it was the kind she rarely made—there was no way he was going to leave her there, likely injured and frightened.

His jaw clenched again, knowing that she had no family around. She was, essentially, alone in the world, and he couldn't ignore either the phone call itself, or what it said about her.

Those thoughts were the impetus for him to do what he knew he needed to do.

"Regina," he called softly, not wanting to startle her out of sleep, knowing that that was something that stressed her badly. Isaiah rolled, straightening out behind her and rubbing a big hand up her thigh to cup a butt cheek that instantly warmed his hand through the sheet. Keeping his voice low and soft, he continued, "I'm sorry, but I have to go help a friend." He leaned down and planted a kiss just behind her earlobe, feeling her shiver delicately. "Would you mind letting yourself out?"

She turned immediately. "Of course not. Is whomever the call was about going to be okay?"

Isaiah was already up and getting dressed. "Honesty, I don't know. They don't tell you anything over the phone. HIPPA, I guess." He dropped a kiss on her lips before heading out the door, where he stopped and gave her that very particular look. "You were very well-behaved last night, chick. Good girl."

He could see her preen at his praise before the usual blasé façade descended. "Maybe we could see each other a little more often than every month or so, then?"

"I'll think about it. Drive home carefully," he cautioned firmly.

"No, you won't," he heard her say with a sigh as his footsteps ate up the length of the hall.

And he knew that she was not wrong.

IT WAS the fastest trip he'd ever made across the state. It was New Hampshire, so as long as it wasn't rush hour, there was never bumper to bumper traffic, and at this hour, he barely saw another soul, much less a cop. So, as much as he was an inherent believer in the sanctity of laws, he flew down the road as if I89 were the Autobahn.

Of course, there was that annoying little tickle in the back of his head that reminded him that he was behaving hypocritically. He was also a big believer in walking the walk—in following, as closely as he could—the majority of the rules he gave his girls, most of which were just meant to keep them safe, and one of which was

always to obey the rules of the road, including speed limits.

But this was an unusual situation, and—more so—he, unlike them, wasn't required to confess the fact that he'd broken a rule, which meant that he would never find quite the level of absolution for their transgressions that he provided to the women with whom he was involved.

Isaiah parked his big black Lincoln and hustled into the lobby of the ER, not bothering to go where the security guy at the end of the metal detector tried to direct him, which was into a line to talk to a registrar. Instead, he opened the big, wooden double doors and walked up to the nurses' desk.

"Sir, you can't be in here," the guard, who was about half his size—as most people were—said quite forcefully.

"I got a call about a friend who had an accident and was in the ER. This is the ER, correct?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then I am where I'm supposed to be."

"Are you Mr. Rollins?" the woman behind the desk asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Your friend is right this way."

Without sparing the guard another glance, he followed where the older women led.

His first sight of her, sitting upright as she was in the hospital bed, with those startling violet eyes closed, was like a punch to the gut. She looked frail and fragile—two words he never expected to associate with her—especially since

she had a sling on not one, but both arms, holding them tightly immobile against her body. The road rash scrapes and cuts shone bright red against her pale face, and he shuddered to think about what that glamorous hospital gown might have been hiding.

Despite what had happened between them, he found himself immediately at her side—to hell with his plan to maintain a cool distance from her, which is what he knew he should have done. But she was battered and hurting and there was no way he'd be able to maintain that kind of façade with her, even if she wasn't, he acknowledged baldly to himself. He hadn't realized just how starved he'd been for the sight of her—even like this. His eyes drank her in, and he could have spent hours cataloging every minute difference in her appearance.

But then she opened her eyes, and he knew he shouldn't have been so quick to jettison the cool wariness he'd hoped to adopt with her—not that he really had a choice. It was right there—she was right there—that bone-deep recognition, deep within him, that she was his woman, and right beside it was the gut wrenchingly honest acknowledgement that nothing and no one would ever—could ever—measure up to what she was—had been, he tried to correct ruthlessly—for him.

"Zay. Wh-what are you doing here?" she asked, speaking slowly and a bit woozily.

He wanted to take her hand, but that wasn't possible, although he knew he had to touch her somehow so, carefully avoiding any area he could see might be painful, he brushed his hand over the riotous curls that were even more so at the moment, coming away with several small branches and a dried leaf in his hand.

It took him a moment to realize the import of those small, telltale signs.

"Imagine my surprise when I got a call about an hour ago telling me that I was still your emergency contact and that you'd had an accident."

"Oh." She nodded her head, then gasped in pain, automatically trying to bring her right hand to her temple, and yelping loudly at the attempt.

"Are you going to tell me what happened, Mia?" he asked, pretty sure he didn't want to know.

SHE RECOGNIZED THAT TONE, alarmed at how quickly the butterflies that had appeared in her tummy at the sight of him—as always—were flooded with familiar waves of both true dread and a helpless, burning desire that had remained achingly unfulfilled for a criminally long time. "I went for a night ride and had a motorcycle accident. Hit a patch of sand. How I managed to mangle both arms, I'll never know, but I've always been talented like that."

Mia gave him a tentative grin, but he was not smiling back at her. If anything, "the look" had gotten much worse at her explanation, and if he probed any further into the situation—which she had no doubt whatsoever that he was going to do—it was probably going to be one of the worst looks he'd ever given her.

They certainly shouldn't affect her like they were, but then, her body had always responded much more eagerly to him than anyone—even herself.

Just then, the doctor pulled aside the curtain. "Well, Ms. Dejardin, I think we've gotten everything done for you that we can. You'll want to contact your primary care doctor, who will send you to an orthopedist who will oversee your further care."

Zay stuck his hand out to the doctor. "I'm Isaiah Rollins, Mia's... friend. She's a little fuzzy on the details. Can you tell me what happened and what treatment she's received so far, please?"

The doctor shook the big man's hand, saying, "Ah, good. I'm glad you're here. As you can see, she's going to need some help for a while, on several levels—six weeks' to eight or so worth, I'd say, depending on how quickly she heals. And in answer to your questions, she had a motorcycle accident, and I'm sorry to say that she was not wearing a helmet at the time."

Although he'd suspected as much, Isaiah's head still snapped around to glare fiercely at her, and if she hadn't been so drugged up, she might have gotten up and left rather than have to bear up under such unhappy scrutiny. "Yes, I'm sorry you had to say that, too," he murmured softly, while his tone and his face both subtly—but unmistakably to her—promised retribution at some point, even if he had to postpone it.

Mia closed her eyes so she didn't have to look at his expression—the disappointed one with which she was all too familiar. Zayah never got mad, never yelled, never said degrading or hurtful things. But the mere idea of disappointing him was much worse than any of that. He used to like making her wait for a punishment, feeling that it helped it sink into her hard head—and it was true torture—but she'd never had to wait six weeks.

"She suffered breaks to both of her upper arms, near her shoulders, which can be tricky to heal. There are various contusions and road rash, as well as a mild concussion. Will you be taking care of her over the next few days?"

"No," Mia said flatly, eyes popping open only long enough to say that.

"Yes," Zay answered, eyes flaring a bit.

"Well, you—or whoever ends up caring for her for the next couple of days—should be aware of warning signs to look for in a patient with a concussion—things that, if they happen, should prompt you to bring her back to the ER. I'll have the nurse print those out with your discharge papers and go over it with you. Mostly, she needs rest, especially for the first few days, in regards to the concussion. A quiet, dark room should help."

Zayah nodded. "Just give me the instructions. Believe me, I'll make sure she follows them to the letter."

Mia rolled her eyes behind their lids, immediately regretting doing that when the bad headache she already had instantaneously became glaringly worse, and a soft moan escaped her lips.

Isaiah—not the doctor—reacted immediately to her distress, reaching out to touch her, and again encountering the problem of where he could do that without adding to her pain, so his hand ended up cupping her cheek. His, "Are you all right?" was gravelly and full of concern, as was his expression.

"Yeah, I'm just learning all the things I can't do for a while, and rolling my eyes at you is one of them."

There was the barest hint of a smile on his face when he said, "Well, that's a good thing. And considering what happened, I know that you know that you're in no place to be rolling your eyes at me." As plain as day, in her head, she could hear the "little girl" that would have been added—with undeniable sternness—to the end of that sentence if this were a couple years earlier.

"The nurse will be right back with your discharge papers and you can head home to rest."

"Thank you very much for your help, Doctor," Mia said, and she meant every word of it.

As if it were his natural place to be doing so, Zay shook hands with him again. "I second that. Thank you very much for taking care of her."

"You're welcome."

"Right back," was a relative term when applied to an ER visit, so it took nearly another hour before he was pushing her wheelchair to his car.

"You brought the boat," she commented upon seeing the relatively large luxury vehicle as he opened the car door and set the breaks on the chair. He felt utterly useless watching her scoot to the front of the chair, stand up, and transfer into the buttery soft leather seat without his help. He was itching to offer her his arm or do something—anything—to help her, but in her rather unique position, there wasn't much that he could do. Even lifting her into the seat would be a dicey proposition at best.

"I didn't know what kind of condition you'd be in when I got here—they really didn't tell me anything beyond that you'd been in an accident—and this is the biggest, most

comfortable ride I own. It's pretty easy to get in and out of without the step stool you were always threatening to use to get into my truck. And if you'd broken your leg or something like that, I could have had you stretch out in the back."

The man was amazing. If she had gotten such a call for him, she would likely have just grabbed her keys and flown out the door, leaving her phone, her purse, her everything, in order to get to him. But, too, it wasn't as if she had a choice of umpty-ump cars in her driveway. The idea of having to fold, spindle, and mutilate his broken body into her little compact car did bring a thoroughly evil smile to her face, though.

She refused to consider why she would have gone to the ER for him in the first place, considering their past—kind of like how she couldn't believe he'd come for her, and had even volunteered to take care of her for as long as two months—a woman he supposedly hated.

When they were on their way home, the car quiet and dark as they drove through the night, she said quietly, "Thank you for coming."

"You're welcome," he answered formally.

An awkwardness that hadn't been there before was suddenly heavy in the air.

"You don't have to take care of me. I'll have a friend come stay with me." That casual statement only managed to drive home the fact that she no longer considered him a friend.

"Like who?" he asked with no small amount of incredulity.

Mia frowned. "I don't know. Someone."

"Unless an awful lot has changed about your life in the past three years, all of your friends work for a living, and most of them have families of their own. They're not going to have the time—or frankly, the inclination—to babysit your ass for six to eight weeks."

She stared determinedly out the window. "Then I'll take care of myself."

Zayah gave a derisive snort. "Among other things, how are you going to manage to cook? Dress? Eat? And let's not forget bathing and wiping your... self?"

She hadn't thought of that last one, and she heartily wished he hadn't brought it up.

"I'll call a plumber and have a bidet installed and get really good at flushing the toilet with my foot, which I already do in public stalls. I'll wear nightgowns, since I can't bother with arm holes anyway. I mean, how do people with no arms manage? I'll get by."

His sigh was rife with anger and frustration. "Well, there's no need for you to have to do any of that, when I work from home and it would be no skin off my nose to help you until you can be a little more independent."

"Except that you hate me."

There was a horrifyingly long pause that brought tears to her eyes before he grudgingly admitted, "I don't hate you."

"Uh-huh. Well, I appreciate the offer, but I really can't think of a worse thing than being in a lot of pain and stuck in my house, at the mercy of a guy who supposedly doesn't hate me, but he doesn't like me very much and has an extremely low opinion of my morals."

Zay's hands tightened on the steering wheel as his frown deepened. "You'd seriously rather stubborn yourself into another injury or, at the very least, consign yourself to being alone in a house in your severely debilitated condition than accept help from me."

"Ah, how well you know me... in some ways."

He wanted to slam on the brakes, in the middle of the highway, to be able to look at her face while he spoke, but he didn't. "Well, I'll tell you how this is going to go, because you obviously can't see past your crippling stubbornness enough to realize the seriousness of the situation you're in." He could see her glaring at him but pressed on. "You've got a concussion, and you're not supposed to be alone, at least for a few days, so you're not going to be alone. And despite how goddamned head up and locked you can be about things, you know—deep down—that I am the best person to take care of you. If, after a few days, we both think that you could be just as safe and well cared for alone as you will be with me, then I'll go home."

THE CHANCES that he was actually going to leave her after a few days were fat and slim, but everything was fair—as far as he was concerned—as long as it got her to accept his help.

But she knew him well enough to know exactly what he meant by what he'd said. "Which, translated, means that you're going to stay with me until I'm completely healed."

"Damn straight I am."

He expected an immediate, fiery response, followed by a full-blown argument, with her accusing him of being high-handed and autocratic and every other derogatory ten dollar word she could think of to throw at him, but to his surprise, it wasn't forthcoming. After an unexpected moment of complete silence, Zay looked over at her and saw that she'd fallen asleep sitting up, the poor baby.

The delicacy of her features was just that much more acute than it ever had been, now that she was injured like this and pretty damned helpless, which he knew was what she hated more than anything else about this situation. Mia was a fighter, and she'd fought him tooth and nail every time he'd bound her to his bed or even just caught her wrists behind her back.

Damn, he'd loved subduing her, watching her closely as she literally exhausted herself to the point that she had no strength left, trying to escape the inescapable.

Then he'd thrash her hard, sometimes while he was fucking her. Sometimes he'd have her—slowly—bringing her to the brink many times before denying her the release she craved, keeping her hungry for that which only he could give her. She wasn't allowed to touch herself, so there would be no thunderous orgasm unless he allowed it.

But with Mia, hungry didn't mean compliant. She would fight him just as hard the next night, when he did the same thing to her. Sometimes, she simply couldn't bend to him, until he forced her—with a potent combination of pleasure and pain—to surrender all of herself to him, without reservation. It was a long, hard fought battle that he enjoyed more than he wanted to admit, but he always won her complete submission—eventually.