

PLAYING WITH POWER



VANESSA LIEBE

BLUSHING BOOKS

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Vanessa Liebe
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BREAKING THE RULES



Fuck he was big. Built like a bear. Caia narrowed her eyes through her sunglasses at the man who stood leaning against a wall, arms folded, across the swimming pool from her. Yes—built like a bear—because he was a fricking werebear. She could smell the testosterone from here and promptly shivered in distaste. Who wanted one of those alpha beings pawing at them? And just what the hell was his problem? He was staring at her. In fact, he had been for a while. She'd felt someone's eyes on her over several occasions in the past few days, but when she'd turned to look, she hadn't caught anyone. Had it been him?

Caia shifted on her lounge. At least the big brute couldn't tell whether she was returning his stare or not because of her shades. The last thing she wanted was for him to think she was interested. He could take his weird fixation somewhere else. Caia didn't do werebears. She only did well-hung humans every once in a while. And only for one night to fuel her magic, then she wiped their memories. That way there were no messy emotions involved.

Giving the were freak a final look of disgust, Caia leaned back against her lounge, then closed her eyes. To enjoy the glorious sunshine.

“Your drink, madam.”

Caia sighed. “I didn’t order a drink.” She didn’t even bother looking up at the waiter.

“A gentleman bought it for you.”

What the fuck? Caia hadn’t started flirting with any men today to obtain a free drink. “I think you have the wrong lady,” she said with growing annoyance.

“No. The beautiful lady in the tiny pink bikini. That’s you.”

It was indeed. Caia opened her eyes, whipped off her shades and glared at the waiter. “Which gentleman?” Yet, before the man turned to look, she knew it was going to be that damn werebear. Sure enough, the waiter pointed him out. Incensed at having her sunbathing interrupted, Caia shoved her shades back on and resumed her position. “Tell him not to bother me again. If he does, I shall shove the glass where the sun don’t shine.”

The man made a noise of discomfort. If she didn’t know better, she would say he was scared. “But, madam. Mr. Blackwood is the owner of this resort. I can’t take the drink back.”

Caia hesitated. It wouldn’t be fair to get a hireling into trouble. “Very well.” She took the drink from the tray. “Thank you.” She waited until the waiter walked away before she tipped the drink into a nearby flower pot. There. Problem solved. No way was she accepting a drink from a werebear, owner or not. He might have drugged it. She glanced across at him again, and couldn’t help feeling a little nervous at the look on his face before he turned away and disappeared into the club house. It had promised retribution. Perhaps she had been unwise to piss the owner of this gorgeous resort off. She really liked it here and would hate to have to find somewhere else. But the bear had to learn to take no for an answer and Caia didn’t like backing down.

Shaking her head at how ridiculous she was being, she lay back and closed her eyes once more. She was a powerful witch for fuck’s sake. Well, she was when her magic was fully charged. Still, low on magic or not, she smiled at the thought of turning the werebear

into something if he tried anything again with her. Then she determinedly forgot all about him as she soaked up the gorgeous feeling of the hot sun on her skin.



THE WITCH WAS PLAYING with fire, refusing his drink. Tariq had seen her, decided he wanted her and that was that. She would be his. No female could ever turn him down. And yet, this witch had dared to glare at him—he had felt it from across the pool. She had tipped his drink away too. What woman did that? Her defiance and indifference challenged him. Made him want her all the more. As if her lush body barely constrained in that skimpy bikini hadn't made him hard enough.

Tariq smiled as he walked into his office, his anger of a few moments ago turning into anticipation of the hunt. If the witch thought she could deny him, she was wrong. He would inform her of the club rules and once she broke them, Tariq would take great delight in teaching her the consequences of doing so.

Soon, the beautiful redhead would be submitting to his inner beast. He doubted she'd ever experienced sex with a half-vampire, half werebear like him before. And although Tariq had sensed her disdain about his werebear half, he was confident that the witch would soon change her mind. Immune she was not. Emotion of any kind hinted at passion and he looked forward to unleashing that passion. Taming the wild beauty was not his intention. Far from it. But she would be solely his. For he also wanted her as his vampire mate.

Tariq walked over to his large wooden desk and sat down behind it. Then he reached for the intercom. "Prescott? Locate Miss Sanderson by the pool for me, will you, and inform her that I wish to see her please." He released the button, not waiting for affirmation. His orders would be carried out without question. The only uncertainty in the equation was Miss Sanderson herself.

Would she refuse to come? Tariq couldn't resist tapping his fingers on the desk top, waiting for her to come, or for Prescott to inform him that the witch had declined his invitation. Five minutes ticked by, then ten. At twenty-five minutes, Tariq's jaw tightened. What the hell had happened to Prescott, never mind the damn witch? He made to stand up, discover for himself what was going on, when the door suddenly opened, and in the beauty sauntered. He sat back in his chair, waving an apologetic Prescott out of his office as he took in the glorious being in front of him. The door closed, and he was left alone with her.

She glared at him defiantly, while flicking a long strand of hair back over her shoulder. "You summoned me?"

Tariq blinked, too distracted by the enticing sight of her firm breasts jiggling in her inadequate moorings to think clearly for a moment. The filmy wrap she now wore came to mid-thigh, over her bikini, and did little to hide her body from him. It made him shift in his seat. "I did, Miss Sanderson," he said, after clearing his throat. "I wish to inform you of some of the club rules here."

The redhead immediately rolled her eyes at him. "Let me stop you right there, Mr. Blackwood. I know this is a club for humans, and that I'm a witch. But I promise not to turn them all into toads or something drastic during my stay here. Will that suffice?"

"I'm afraid not. You see, I know what kind of witch you are."

Miss Sanderson narrowed her eyes. "And you're a werebear, but you can't help it."

"Enough." Tariq uttered the word on a growl. "You're a witch who needs sex to replenish your magic. That I don't have a problem with. What I do have an issue with is wiping the memories of your lovers afterwards. I won't have my guests messed with."

Instead of looking repentant about her past actions, or future intentions however, the witch folded her arms over her chest and glared at him. "You have to be kidding me!"

"No." Tariq stood up behind his desk so that he could look down at her from his intimidating height. It was a wasted effort on his

part, though, for the five-foot ten, leggy red-head was having none of it. She merely raised a brow.

“Are we done here, Mr. Blackwood?” she asked, scornfully. “I will fuck who I want, when I want and how I want. Then I’ll wipe their memory, because the last thing I want is some human male following me around, making adoring puppy eyes at me.”

God, she was really something, Tariq bit back a laugh. But frowned when she spun on her heel to leave. “Stay where you are. We are not done, Miss Sanderson. You will not use magic at my resort. Is that clear?”

She stiffened. And Tariq could sense her debating whether to leave the resort or not. She clearly didn’t like rules. He suspected she would love to tell him to go fuck himself. Except her magic was low. Miss Sanderson needed to replenish soon. She needed a fuck sooner than she wanted to let on.

“Fine,” she finally muttered. “No magic.”

Tariq used preternatural speed to move across the room and stand in front of the door, blocking her exit. She gasped. “You’re half vampire, too?”

“Indeed.” He let his eyes flash with the gold of his demon to prove it beyond doubt. It had the surprising effect of making her nipples tighten. The tangy smell of her arousal teased his nostrils. So, the witch might not appreciate a werebear, but it seemed vamps weren’t off the menu. Interesting. “Unless you need a quick pick-me-up fuck now? That I can oblige.”

Miss Sanderson shook her head as if to clear it. Blue eyes looked up at him with frustration and anger showing in their depths. “You Neanderthal pig,” she told him crossly, prodding his chest with a finger. “No doubt your idea of getting a woman is to pull her by her hair back to your cave.”

Tariq laughed. “Sweetheart, the only hair pulling I’ll do is when you beg me to do it while I fuck you from behind.” He grabbed her finger to prevent her stabbing him with it anymore. “Now, go back to enjoying my resort. Do whatever you like, but

if you use any magic I'll know, and you'll suffer the consequences."

Before she could object, Tariq moved, opened the door and pushed her gently through it. "Until we meet again," he whispered in her ear. Then patted her on her firm backside, before closing his door again. He grinned at her noise of outrage that came from the other side.



HE WAS DRIVING HER INSANE, that Mr. Blackwood. It was three days after the meeting in his office, where he had revealed he was also half vampire and yet Caia still found herself at his resort. She kept telling herself to go, especially because he watched her constantly, clearly hoping she'd break his rules. He also consistently sabotaged any attempts she made at seducing a man. One moment, she would be successfully flirting with one—on the brink of going back to a room—and then *he* happened. The object of her lust would catch the damn vampire werebear's eye and promptly beat a hasty retreat. Caia might as well have his stamp of ownership on her forehead. But all that said, she genuinely loved this resort and to leave seemed like running away from a challenge. She would not give in, no matter how frustrated she was feeling.

Stirring the cocktail, which an almost conquest had bought her, Caia considered her next course of action. Her magic was running very low now and what she needed was a quick pick-me-up. Something to get her juices flowing as well as a temporary magical refill. Unfortunately, playing with herself wouldn't cut it, for it wouldn't replenish her power. Full on seduction was out of the question too at the moment, thanks to Blackwood acting all possessive over her. But, she smiled. A massage ought to do it. Naked, full body. Why hadn't she thought of it sooner? That asshole couldn't stop her using the resort services, could he? And all Caia needed to do was sweet talk the masseur into giving her a

happy ending. It would be their secret. After all, the employee wouldn't want his boss to know about how he had stimulated a guest. And the best part—no magic. Caia wouldn't need to wipe the masseur's memory. She wasn't going to be breaking Mr. Blackwood's rule.

"He can go fuck himself," she muttered under breath, before sucking up the last of her cocktail through a straw.

"Excuse me, madam?"

Caia looked up to find a bartender in front of her. "Oh, nothing." She smiled at him. "Could you book me in for a massage at the next available time please?"

"Certainly."

The bartender turned around to use the phone. He spoke for a few moments and then returned to her. "All booked for four o' clock, madam."

Caia looked at the clock. Only half an hour to wait. "Thank you." She made to get off the bar stool, when the bartender's next words stopped her.

"You may as well give up you know," he said, in a sympathetic voice.

Caia frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Everyone at this resort knows you belong to Mr. Blackwood."

"I'm not his!" Caia said through clenched teeth.

The man gave her a look. "Mr. Blackwood wants you and he always gets what he wants. It's only a matter of time."

"Well. I'm the exception!" Caia huffed with annoyance. She couldn't fucking believe this. "I pick the man I want, not the other way around." When the bartender merely shook his head, she got off her stool and stalked away.

"Damn vampire-bear. Tells me to enjoy his club, yet he's doing everything in his power to prevent me from doing so."

It made her more than tempted to break his rule. Use the last of her magic to turn that bastard into something. Discover what these consequences of his were. They couldn't be that bad. And talking of

her stalker. Where was he? Caia glanced around. *There*. Leaning against a wall, arms folded as per usual. To the casual observer, he looked as though he was merely overseeing his resort, checking his guests were receiving the service they had paid for. But Caia knew differently. He was looking at *her*. Her skin prickled in awareness of him. The asshole. She mouthed the word at him, feeling marginally better when his jaw clenched with annoyance. Then she frowned as he indicated for her to look to her right. Caia did so and promptly gritted her teeth. The handsome human, who had bought her the cocktail not ten minutes prior, was deep in conversation with some blonde bimbo. Damn the vampire cross breed. There was no need to rub it in that he had ruined another one of her conquests. At this rate, she wouldn't be getting laid anytime soon.

Caia paused in the action of performing a spell. Suddenly realizing that that was exactly what Blackwood intended. Rile her into breaking his rule so he could punish her. "Nice try, cave bear." She mustn't let him get to her. She glanced at her watch. Fifteen minutes until her massage. She may as well go to the salon. Giving the bane of her life a quick smirk, Caia tossed one long strand of hair over her shoulder. Then she walked into the complex with a provocative sway of her hips. Let him drool around his fangs over that, she thought in glee. He wasn't getting anywhere near her toned body. Give the bastard some blue balls for a change.

However, the smug smile slipped from her face at the sudden memory of being in his office. The moment when she had discovered he was also a vampire. It had made her nipples tighten and her cunt wet. A completely involuntary reaction on her part but vampires did make her weak at the knees. After her one encounter with one all those years ago. It had been the most ecstatic, magic fueling night of her life. And it had scared her. How easily she had lost control, craved the fang bites. She never wanted to be that smitten again, which is why she stuck to humans and erased their memory afterwards.

“You’re ten minutes early for your appointment, madam. But if you get changed into a toweling robe for me, I’ll get the oils ready.”

“Pardon?” Caia blinked, unaware of having walked all the way to the health spa area, so engrossed had she been in her thoughts. “Yes, of course,” she said, mustering a smile. “I apologize for being early. I have a lot of tension which needs releasing.” Tension of the sexual kind.

She eyed up the masseur as she spoke. Not bad, and he had strong, flexible looking digits, perfect for stimulating her clit after her massage. Things were suddenly looking up. She went over to the changing cubicle and began stripping off her clothes.

Once naked, Caia slipped a white toweling robe on, enjoying the friction of the rougher material on her smooth skin. She exited the cubicle and walked over to the massage table. “What’s your name?”

The masseur turned from preparing oils. “Andrei.” His attention then quickly returning to preparation. “Please make yourself comfortable on the table.”

“I’m Caia.” They might as well be on first name terms when he was going to be giving her an orgasm. She removed her robe and placed it on a nearby chair, uncaring of her nudity. Then she lay down on her stomach on the table, with her face in the specially made niche. She looked at the carpet while she listened to Andrei pottering about. Finally, his white shoes turned toward her and Caia smiled when there was an indrawn breath, before a towel was placed over her buttocks. Preserving her modesty was a waste of time when his strong hands were going to be kneading those very buttocks soon. But let him act the professional, bless him. Though he didn’t stand a chance.

“Have you worked here long, Andrei?” she asked and then groaned in pleasure as his oiled hands started kneading her shoulders. God, she did have some knots. It felt good.

“I’ve been at this resort for five years now. I love working here.

Mr. Blackwood pays his staff a generous salary and treats them well.”

Caia rolled her eyes at that, which Andrei couldn't see. No doubt some of that was hush money for the fact he was half vampire, half werebear. Unless of course, he used mind control. In which case, it was rather the pot calling the kettle black. How dare he complain about her wiping memories when he controlled those of his staff?

Caia told herself to forget Blackwood as she continued to make idle chatter with Andrei while he massaged her. Several groans and sighs escaped her as the talented masseur kneaded her slick skin.

“You do have a lot of tension, Caia,” he said.

“I know, right?” Most of it caused by his employer. “That’s why I’m desperate for release.”

She couldn't resist voicing a hint to what she ultimately wanted.

“I’m going to press harder.”

“Press as hard as you need.”

And boy did he. “Oh, yes. Andrei! That definitely hits the spot.” There was pain as the knot of tension was kneaded out, but then Caia started to feel drowsy with the rhythmic movement of his hands. She closed her eyes, enjoying the experience.

“I need my glutes done too please, Andrei.” Anything to get those magical hands on her ass.

He chuckled. “Most people are too embarrassed to ask for that area to be massaged. And yet it’s a very important for your health.”

Oh yeah. Tell her about it. Such a sensitive, pleasure zone. She couldn't wait.

“Let me get some more oil,” Andrei said and Caia grunted her affirmation. Not questioning the masseur's actions. However, when the masseur returned to her side and the towel was removed from her buttocks, it was a different pair of hands touching her. Larger hands with a tougher kneading action and ones that brought her senses alive. *Him*. Caia knew it. but the question was, did she let him continue, or beat him to a pulp?

She groaned loudly as he expertly caressed and kneaded her buttocks. Oh, fucking hell, she couldn't think straight.

"Is that all right, madam?"

Hell yeah. And he even managed to sound like Andrei! How the hell did he do that? Caia decided to play along rather than miss out on her magic fix. After all she was already feeling the first stirrings of arousal and the little zing that meant her magic was starting to recharge. The more aroused she got, the stronger the charge.

"It's lovely, thank you, Andrei. And call me Caia, remember?" She groaned as he kneaded her buttocks again. "A little harder though please."

"Like this?"

Caia felt her clit throb as Blackwood suddenly kneaded a particularly sensitive area of her buttocks hard and didn't care whether the vamp could smell her arousal or not. "Yes... that's good." She gave herself up to the pleasure of his expert hands, drifting away on the magic humming through her body and the sheer sensual euphoria. When his hands slid down between her thighs to massage her upper legs, Caia unashamedly opened them. Let him stare at her plump pussy lips, wet with excitement. She needed this. In fact, she silently begged him to stroke the aching flesh. It wouldn't take much to make her come.

Yet, his hands moved down her thighs to the backs of her knees and Caia almost growled in frustration.

"Something wrong, Caia?"

Damn him. She would not give Blackwood the satisfaction of admitting he was frustrating her or that she knew it was him. "No. Everything is fine. Andrei."

God, she could practically hear his smile. The smug asshole. So, when he enquired how she was enjoying her stay at the resort thus far, she couldn't resist saying, "It's a beautiful resort, but there is one complaint I have."

The hands massaging her legs paused slightly, before

continuing. "Oh? What is that, if I may ask? Mr. Blackwood would be very displeased to hear a guest was not enjoying herself."

"Do you think he would want someone to fix it?" she asked innocently.

Blackwood's hands moved from her calves to her feet while they spoke and Caia bit back a groan at how good he was at massaging. He really was working all the kinks out. And her magic hummed louder as her pussy grew slicker.

"I'm sure he would."

"Oh. Well, I'm not sure I should say."

Caia waited for her feet to finish being massaged to push his tolerance. "Shall I turn over?"

"By all means. But keep your eyes closed or you'll spoil the ambience."

Yes, that was true. She certainly didn't want to spoil the reality of who it really was about to bring her off. Keeping her eyes closed, she turned over, while idly wondering what he thought of her body in the silence that ensued.

Then his hands were on her shoulders, massaging again and she relaxed.

"You were saying?" Blackwood prompted.

Caia sighed. "Well, all the men in this resort seem to fear me, Andrei. They don't come near me. Am I so ugly do you think?"

"Not at all. You are very beautiful and would tempt anyone."

His hands ran lightly over her breasts as he spoke and Caia felt her nipples instantly harden.

"Do you truly think so?"

"Yes." And fingers grazed her hard nipples, making her moan.

"Good. You see I have a problem, Andrei. I want to come so badly and playing with myself simply doesn't do it."

There was a pause and Caia could feel his eyes on her body. She let her legs fall open in invitation. "Do you think Mr. Blackwood would want me left in this state? To be so unsatisfied?"

“No.” His voice was half growl and Caia’s nipples tightened to painful peaks.

“Then help me, Andrei. Make me come.”

In the silence that followed, Caia almost doubted herself, her appeal. She was about to open her eyes and see what the hell Blackwood was up to—give up this pretense that she didn’t know who the hell he was—when there was sudden movement. At lightning speed, she found herself maneuvered into position. She had her ass in the air and she was folded back with her knees down by her head. Strong hands moved her arms, before placing each of her hands around her ankles. “Keep gripping your ankles.”

Caia grunted in annoyance at the order, but complied, eyes remaining closed. Good job she was flexible for the old muff pie in the sky position. “This had better be worth it,” she told him. After all she’d been disappointed in the past by lovers eating her out from this position, especially when she was so nicely exposed to them.

“I’ve never had any complaints,” Blackwood said gruffly. And then Caia found out why as he moved closer. She felt his palms rest on each upper thigh, his warm breath across her wet pussy, before his wicked tongue stroked her into a frenzy.

“Oh fuck, Andrei!” Jesus. That tongue—it made her almost incoherent with lust, almost made her forget whose mouth was really paying homage to her throbbing clit. With her eyes closed she could still pretend it wasn’t him, wasn’t a fricking werebear giving her the best god damn cunnilingus she’d ever received.

Caia couldn’t prevent guttural moans as Blackwood’s lips closed over her, slid up and down her slick pussy. Then his tongue would play with her clit again—caress it, rub it. “Urgh... oh... yes, right there!” she cried out, her juices flowing freely into his eager mouth.

Then the talented bastard suddenly slid his tongue in and out of her gushing cunt and Caia cried out in pleasant surprise. Unbelievably she could feel an orgasm build. Something was very different about this—not that she had any complaints—it was just that she’d never come this quickly before. But all rational thought

fled as Blackwood drew her clit into his mouth and sucked hard, while a thumb smeared pussy juice over her rosebud. Caia felt him slowly slide in a digit, passed the tight ring of muscle, wiggle it around. Oh, good lord. What was he doing to her? The combined effects of having her clit sucked and her ass fucked by a finger soon had her coming into his mouth. Loudly.

“Fuck yeah! Oh..”

And Blackwood didn't stop. He must have been drenched in her juices, but he kept lapping them up, delving his tongue deep inside her, while his finger continued to play with her ass.

“It's too much,” she gasped, overwhelmed by the continued stimulation.

“Nonsense. You can come again.”

No. She really couldn't. Caia let go of her ankles and opened her eyes.

“Grip your ankles or I'll tie them down. And close your eyes.”

With her magic fully replenished by the amazing oral sex, Caia should have told this asshole where to go. Give up the pretense, for Andrei wouldn't dare speak to her like this. Or she could put a spell on Blackwood. However, his gruff command made her wet once more and he was *very* good with his mouth. So, obediently, Caia closed her eyes, sighing as Blackwood began to stroke her with his tongue.



TWO HOURS later and Tariq could still taste the witch on his tongue. Tangy, musky, something unique. Maybe some of her magic, who the hell knew. He simply loved making her come. Loved the delicious feel of her juices in his mouth. It had made him more than tempted to drop the pretense he was Andrei, lower her ass back down to the table and sink his cock into her. Fuck her brains out. Make her scream his name. Yet he had restrained himself. Instead, after making her come a third time, Tariq had removed his finger

from deep within her tight ass, repositioned her body on the table and covered her with a towel. He'd been gone before her eyelids had even fluttered open.

After a taste of what he could do to her, give her, Caia would come to him easily now. He should be disappointed that the chase was over so soon, but then Tariq was desperate to claim her.

"Have you put the table where I said?" Tariq turned to his *maitre d'*.

"Yes, sir. On the private rooftop, overlooking the sea. Candles have also been placed everywhere you wished. I simply await your instruction to light them."

Tariq nodded, pleased. "And the dinner?"

"Your guest's favorite as requested. Chef has outdone himself."

Tariq thanked the man before dismissing him. The witch was about to see that a werebear could do romantic. He couldn't wait to see her lovely eyes light up with delight at the sight of the sun setting over the breath-taking sea view while they ate dinner. Or how she would smile when one hundred candles would suddenly be lit around them once the sky had darkened. Surely no female could resist such a romantic ambience?

Tariq walked over to his desk and pressed the intercom. "Send the dinner invitation to Miss Sanderson."

There was a brief pause. "Shall I send it up to her room, sir?"

"Take it there personally, will you, Prescott? I want to know her answer immediately." He released the intercom button, smiling at the thought of the beauty recovering from her 'massage' in her room as she no doubt was. After all, she had been quite sated when he'd left her. A couple of hours' rest would rejuvenate her for tonight.

However, twenty minutes later, there was a knock on his door. "Enter," he called out.

A flustered looking Prescott came into the office. "I received no answer at Miss Sanderson's room, sir."

Tariq was about to wave his assistant away, not at all concerned.

He must have really worn her out and the witch was in a deep sleep.

“But, sir. I was informed that she was at the pool bar and so I went there to hand the invitation over...”

Tariq frowned, knowing that he wasn't going to like what came next. “And?”

Prescott took a deep swallow. “Well, sir. She read the invitation, then looked at me with a smile as she tore it into shreds. Told me to let you know that there would be consequences if you bothered her again.”

Tari's jaw clenched. How he didn't roar with anger he didn't know. But he managed to thank his assistant in a calm voice and assure him that the situation would be resolved. Prescott nodded, then promptly left. Once the door closed, Tariq felt the rage build. How dare Caia refuse his invitation in such a public manner! And issue a threat. He was more than tempted to turn into a bear, to smash a few things. Never had a woman proved so provoking with her unpredictable behavior. Perhaps she needed reminding that she was his, that he was the one in control here. Time for playing was over.

Tariq left his office, moving with purpose through the complex and straight to the swimming pool. Several guests looked as though they were about to speak to him, yet changed their mind as soon as they saw his face. If they were wary of his anger, why wasn't the damn witch?

He exited the building and his gaze honed in on her straight away, on the far side of the pool. She was talking to a man at the bar. Tariq's eyes narrowed. He didn't recognize the human. Must be a new guest, arrived that very day, especially if he didn't yet realize that the lady flirting with him was Tariq's. Every golden inch of her displayed in another brief bikini. This time a turquoise one.

There was a certain amount of grim satisfaction felt when Caia spied him heading their way and Tariq saw her stiffen. But then she lifted that stubborn chin of hers and he knew she was ready for

battle. It would not go well for her. He had no qualms about fighting dirty. So, when Caia ignored him and resumed her flirtation with the muscular hunk by her side, Tariq released a strong psychic wave. *I am in control here. You will all go back to your suites and forget about seeing me.*

“Yes, you’re in control and we will go back to our suites,” all of the guests in and around the pool replied, before slowly disappearing off as commanded.

Caia’s anger was palpable from a hundred yards away as she watched her latest target walk away like the other guests. However, she wore an unconcerned expression on her face by the time Tariq came to stand in front of her.

“You have such a way with your guests, Blackwood.”

He ignored that, choosing to cut straight to the chase. “Why did you tear my invitation up?”

She gave him a look as if he was lacking in intellect. “Because I don’t want to have dinner with you, Blackwood. It’s really quite simple.”

“It’s Tariq,” he told her with a growl. “You can call me Tariq after my tongue has been inside your pussy.”

Caia flushed, glancing about to check no-one was left to hear their conversation.

Tariq was beyond caring if there was. “You can’t deny you loved every minute of what I did to you on that massage table. How you moaned as you came in my mouth. How your ass gripped my finger when I thrust it deep inside.”

She made a yawning motion. “Gee, get over it, Blackwood. We had great oral sex together. Move on.”

His fists clenched. Fuck, but she knew how to push his buttons. “You can’t ignore me any longer. You will have dinner with me.” He stared deep into her eyes as he spoke.

Caia shook her head. “No. I won’t have dinner with you. And it’s no good trying to use your damn vampire hypno tricks on me.”

Tariq glared at her, frustration filling him. “I’m not trying to

hypnotize you. I'm merely telling you how it's going to be. I wanted to show you that I'm not a Neanderthal, that I'm capable of romance." He almost winced at that last part slipping out. The last thing he wanted was to show vulnerability.

Caia gave a sigh, indicating how tiresome she found him. "You're not listening. I told your man that I didn't want to be bothered by you. That there would be consequences if you did."

Tariq grabbed her arm. "It's all prepared. Come."

She shook herself free. "Don't say I didn't warn you." She stepped back and made a pushing motion with her hands. "Never fuck with a witch!"

Tariq felt a wave of power come toward him, pick him up off his feet, carry him through the air, and drop him into the pool. Water closed over his head. Damn her. Caia was going to pay for that. He swam to the surface, breaking through. He shook water from his hair and stood staring at her. She was on the edge of the pool smirking down at him, which pissed him off no end. But then he felt a growing elation. She had used magic.

"You've broken my rule, witch."

Yet, instead of looking concerned, the beautiful redhead laughed at him. "Fuck your rules, Blackwood. I'm leaving your resort." Then she spun on her heel and walked away, hips swaying, beautiful tight ass exposed in a thong.

Tariq growled low in his throat. The hunt was on. Using vampiric speed, he swam to the edge of the pool, heaved himself out and took off after her.



CAIA KNEW she was in trouble the moment strong arms, in a sodden shirt, wrapped around her waist and whisked her off. In a blur of motion Blackwood took her through the complex to his room. She assumed it was his as it was very masculine in appearance, the height of luxury and wreaked of werebear. However, what

bothered her was the position she now found herself in. She'd barely had a chance to take in her surroundings before she was chained in silver, face down, spread eagled on a bed. She immediately pulled on the chains attached to the cuffs around her wrists. "Release me at once and I might go easy on you," she said through clenched teeth. Though she knew it was no use. An empty threat, for Blackwood had her locked up tight. Silver ensured that she couldn't use her magic.

"I told you that there would be consequences, Caia. Did I not?"

"I thought you were bluffing." God, she still hoped he was bluffing, scaring her a little before he did indeed release her. But, suddenly the reality of being half naked and vulnerable in front of a vampire made her pause for thought. What did he have planned for her?

"I never bluff," was all Blackwood said.

Then she could hear him moving around the room. What the fuck was he doing? Footsteps approached the bed and Caia lifted her head off the duvet to look at him. He was peeling something in his hands.

"How old are you, Caia?"

She glared at him, her neck straining from holding her head up. "Why do you care? I'm above the age of consent for your little games if that's what you want to know."

He regarded her thoughtfully. "Two hundred perhaps."

"One hundred and eighty-nine."

Where the hell was he going with this? Her age shouldn't matter. He probably had centuries on her.

Blackwood smiled and held up what was in his hand. "Then you're old enough to know how the Victorians punished wayward souls."

Caia stared at the piece of peeled ginger root, carved into a butt plug and felt a shiver down her back. "Figging?"

"Clever girl."

Oh, fucking hell. She didn't know whether to be worried or

excited. Instead, she gave him a look of pure hate. "I'm going to kill you when you're done."

Blackwood laughed. "No. You're going to take your punishment, then scream my name as I fuck you and you accept my claim."

Caia panicked at that. Claim. He wanted her as his vampire mate? She began to wriggle earnestly in her chains. "You can't do this." That meant being his for eternity.

"Oh, but I can. Now onto your knees, Caia. Ass in the air for me."

She refused to comply, so Blackwood got onto the bed and simply lifted her into position, the chains long enough to enable easy movement.

"Obey me next time and I'll go easy on you."

She swallowed deeply, aware of his deliberate use of her earlier words. She wouldn't let him break her. She could take this. She'd done sensation play numerous times. Yet, she couldn't help tensing when her thong bottoms were ripped away and Blackwood's hands caressed her ass cheeks. "You're so beautiful like this, Caia. I can't wait to play with you."

Caia lowered her face back to the duvet, face turned to one side. "Just get it over with."

Then she sucked in a breath as Blackwood parted her cheeks and gently inserted the ginger root into her butt. No lube was needed as it was naturally slippery. She was surprised at his gentleness though, especially when he intended to punish her. But then the oil in the ginger root began to warm up. She shifted on her knees, feeling the tingling. Growing in intensity, until she felt a slight burn. And all the while Caia knew that damn werebear was kneeling behind her watching her ass. It made her furious. Unfortunately, it also turned her on and made her pussy grow slick.

"I can smell what I'm doing to you," he told her, his deep voice sending unwanted shivers across her skin.

"Go to hell," she said on a sob as the ginger took full effect.

"Such insolence, Caia."

Yet he sounded amused rather than angry. However, when she felt him move off the bed she panicked slightly. “Where are you going?”

“Fetching a new toy.”

She glanced to the side to see him carrying a crop toward her. Oh no, impact play. Her buttocks tightened at the thought, causing her to moan as the ginger burned. She relaxed and the burn eased.

Blackwood chuckled at her discomfort. “Now you will appreciate what I’m about to do. Tense up and the burn of the ginger is stronger, relax and the impact of the crop is more intense. Each decision you make has a consequence.”

“I get it,” she said through gritted teeth, trying to brace herself for what was to come.

Caia felt Blackwood climb onto the bed again to kneel behind her. She gasped when she felt the crop run lightly over her bare back, down and across each buttock. She anticipated the first sting. But instead, a hand unclipped her bikini top. It dropped down, releasing her breasts. His free hand reached over her to untie the strings at her neck. Then she was completely bared to him, waiting for his punishment to begin.

“I’m going to crop you into such a frenzy of pain and lust, Caia, that you won’t know whether to beg me to sink my cock or fangs into you first.”

Oh god. Her nipples tightened at the image of him doing both to her. Her clit throbbed. But she refused to give him the satisfaction of admitting that she wanted him. “Whatever,” she muttered.

A light tap on her left cheek was Blackwood’s response. And despite the lack of sting, Caia instantly clenched her buttocks, moaning when the ginger burned her ass. “Fuck. You,” she managed to gasp out.

After that she seemed to have unleashed the beast. Blackwood showed no mercy for her tender ass. Both cheeks were struck in steady, rapid strokes, in between running the crop over her

blazing flesh to tease her, lightly caress her, before beginning all over.

“Ugh. Oh.”

Caia tried to relax her buttocks so that the ginger didn't burn, but then the crop stung with more intensity, forcing her to tense again. Tears rolled down her cheeks. “I hate you, Blackwood.”

He paused in striking her searing backside. “Say my name.”

“Black—” he brought the crop down extra hard and Caia cried out. “Tariq!” she yelled, pulling on her chains. Oh, but if she could get free of these silver chains.

“Good girl,” he crooned, caressing her ass. “Are you sorry for breaking my rule?”

Caia held her breath. She would not give in. He twisted the ginger root in her ass, causing her to hiss.

“I asked you a question, Caia. Are you sorry?”

She sniffled, swallowing tears. Was she sorry? Never. But she'd had enough of the pain. She wanted some loving. Even if it came from him. “Yes.”

“Truly?” The crop ran over her abused buttocks once more. “I can never be sure if you're telling the truth. You have a nasty habit of defying me.”

“Please, Tariq. I'm sorry for using my magic and throwing you into the pool.”

Although that had been worth it, and she fought an insane desire to giggle. The memory of him looking so shocked and pissed as he stood in his drenched clothes. He must have sensed her amusement though, for he brought down the crop. Hard.

“Fuck! I said I was sorry, damn you.”

“I need to be certain. Two more strokes should do it.”

“No. Please!” God damn him to fucking hell. Caia squeezed her eyes shut, determined not to cry out as Blackwood—Tariq—hit each buttock with the crop, harder than ever.

She thought she heard him throw the crop to one side, then

squelching noises as wet clothing was removed, but her poor ass was throbbing too much for her to care.

“Cock or fangs?”

“What?” His sudden question made her snap her response.

Then Caia felt the tip of his cock being rubbed on her slippery folds. “Cock or fangs, Caia. Which do you want first?”

He really had to ask? She wanted it all damn it. “I want both. Fuck me hard like the animal you are!”

Tariq laughed, then thrust his cock in, up to the hilt. She was so wet, he slipped easily in, but the speed of it all—as well as his girth—made her cry out. Then the chains holding her wrists were released and Caia found herself upright on her knees, Tariq’s cock filling her, while he played with her swollen clit with one hand and cupped a breast in the other. “You’re mine.”

“No.” She tried to deny it, at least to herself.

“Yes,” he insisted, pinching a nipple.

“Tariq, don’t make me.”

“Say it.” He nuzzled her neck, making the hairs stand on end. Shivers ran down her back and her nipples tightened unbearably.

“I’m yours,” she told him, uncaring for now what the words meant, as long as he took her soon.

His fangs sank into her neck, claiming her and making her come around his thrusting cock.