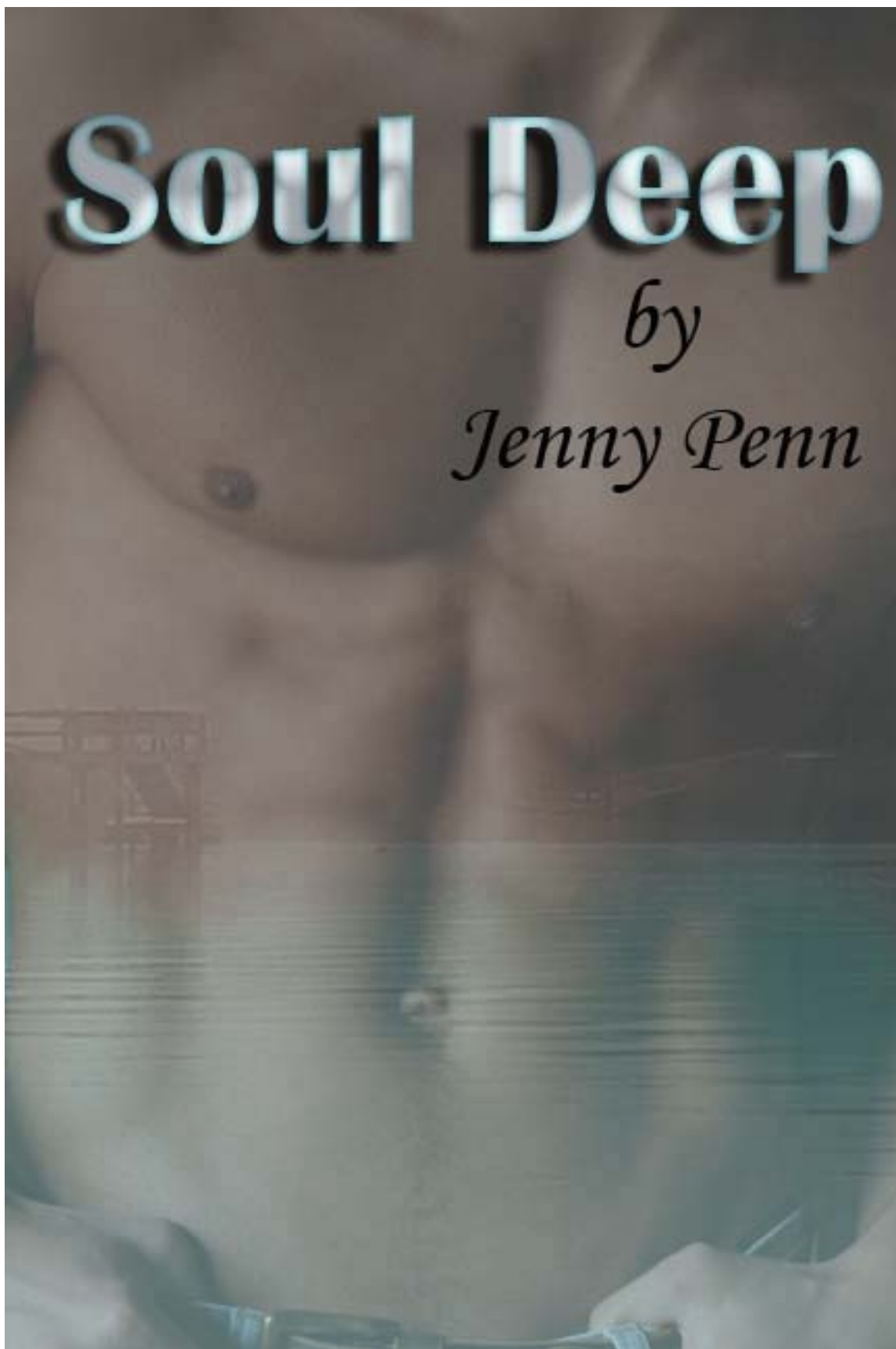


Soul Deep

by

Jenny Penn



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Warning:

The following material contains graphic sexual content meant for mature readers. The love scenes are explicit, leave nothing to the imagination and are high in volume per the overall word count. Additionally, Soul Deep contains language that some readers find objectionable such as “fucking,” “cock,” “pussy” and so forth. There are no scenes of bondage, submission, same sex encounters, or forced seductions.

Soul Deep

By: Jenny Penn

Genre: Paranormal

Chapter One

She shivered and wished that she could look away. Her eyes remained riveted on him. He was huge; all of him was enormous, especially the large, hardened cock jutting out in her direction.

She had never seen one so big. The paintings and statuary around the temple were nothing compared to his man. If he were a man. The lust glazing in his piercing blue eyes spoke of primal, animalistic lust.

As he knelt between her spread legs, she tried to wiggle away. There was no give in the ties around her wrists or the hard Earth over which she was stretched. As he lined up that mammoth cock with her opening, the fear she had been expecting finally appeared.

He would tear her in two with that thing. It was too big to fit into her body. When he was done, she would be a bloody ruin of a woman. As her mind expanded with its horrible musings, she felt tears form and sniffed them back. She would die with dignity.

The small sound drew his gaze from her body to her face. His eyes narrowed and she did not need to speak his strange language to read the distaste in them. For a second, she held her breath expecting to be punished.

When, instead, he bent and placed his mouth over her opening, she gasped. It was indecent, immoral. Such a thing should have filled her with disgust. It didn't.

She bit back a groan as his tongue found her sensitive nub and quickly began to rub it. He must have cast some magical spell over her, because her body became a thing of wild need as a foreign pleasure ruled it.

She cried out as the rapture gripping her body shattered, contracting her muscles in a sharp rush of ecstasy. She felt the flood of wetness between her legs at the same time she felt his hard, heated length pushing into her.

Her eyes flew open and traveled down his face to where he was looking at her spread legs. The dark, thickness of his cock was disappearing between her pink folds, matching the growing sense of fullness in her body.

With a snarl, he flexed his hips and slammed into her.

Abby looked at her reflection in the large two-way mirror. She could feel the eyes staring back at her from the other side. Not just any eyes. Blue eyes tinged with deep greens and somber grays, turbulent like the deep ocean in the middle of a storm. They were his eyes.

Tucker D. Simpson's eyes.

Two hours ago, he had turned and pinned her with his angry gaze. In that moment, Abby had felt the truth of what the opal had revealed. She had looked into those eyes before, seen them a thousand times.

The surge of emotions at finally finding him had paralyzed Abby. Her hesitation had given him all the time he needed to have a patrol officer corral her and take her down to the station for questioning.

Absentmindedly, her hands closed over the opal pendant around her neck. The feel of the cool stone gave her comfort, easing some of the muscles that had tightened with the knowledge that he was there, watching her.

Abby was pulled from her thoughts as the door swung open. Detective Simpson looked just as he had in her dreams, tall, dark haired, a sexy combination of rugged planes.

His hard, ripped body was intimidating in the flesh. The predatory intent in his gaze fueled Abby's nervousness. The lethal grace with which he moved added to the dangerous aura that surrounded him.

Tucker studied his suspect as he settled in the seat across from her. The moment he had opened the door, the sweet scent of woman had surrounded him. The odor of fresh flowers teased his senses with a feeling of intimacy that did not belong.

Tucker had never met Abigail Wize before tonight. Of this, he was certain, but something about her smell was achingly familiar.

Abigail was soft and innocent looking with her honey hair massed in a disarrayed bun. Wisps of golden tendrils escaped to curl around her face, highlighting her full lips and big, chocolate eyes. Those eyes fell from his gaze, lowering not in guilt, but in submission.

Damn, woman. Why did she have to do that?

Tucker felt like growling as the blood drained from his head to his dick in a rush so fast he felt lightheaded. Tucker shifted in his seat to accommodate his growing cock. It was pushing painfully against his jeans.

Nothing got him hotter than a submissive woman. That was the only reason he was sitting in an interrogation room with a suspect in a cop shooting sporting a hard on. He was suffering from the aftereffects of adrenaline.

I gotta get laid.

“You’re Abigail Wize, correct?” Tucker wasn’t about to let his dick ruin his interrogation.

“Yes, sir.”

“What line of work are you in, Miss Wize?”

“I make soaps and stuff, sir.”

“And stuff?”

“Yes, sir. Soaps, body oils, scented bath salts, candles, those sorts of things.”

“I see. Soaps, oil, and scented things.” Tucker repeated. “Is that it?”

Abby looked up at him from under her lashes, not sure how to answer that question. She could hear the condescension in his tone. See it reflected in his eyes.

He was still the same man. He had only ever believed in what he could touch and see. It had always been his downfall. It would be so again.

“Miss Wize?”

“I perform other services for my clients.”

Abby cringed inwardly at the way that sounded, especially given in the husky tone her voice had taken on. Always soft spoken, the desire that this man aroused in her had deepened her voice, making it sound sexy and seductive.

“Services and clients.” Tucker repeated, feeling a glimmer of excitement that was tempered with disappointment. There was something personal about the sense of anger that he felt coursing through his body.

“You tell that to a vice cop and you know what they think?”

“I can imagine, sir.”

“It’s detective.” Tucker barked, unable to take those ‘sirs’ anymore. Every damn time she whispered ‘sir’ in that come-hither voice of hers his cock thumped against his jeans, demanding freedom.

“Sorry, detective.”

“But you’re not denying it?” Tucker growled.

“Denying what?”

“That you offer sexual services-“

“I do not.” Her tone clearly said he had offended her. “I offer my clients...peace of mind.”

“Peace of mind?” Tucker scowled. “You’re going to have to be more specific, Miss Wize.”

“I offer them comfort for their soul.”

“Comfort for their soul.”

“Insight into their lives.”

“Insight?”

“I allow them to see and understand their hidden nature.”

“Miss Wize.” Tucker growled.

“Yes, detective?”

“Specifically, how do you offer them comfort and insight?”

“I,” Abby shifted as she tried to figure a way out. There was none. “I offer them my psychic services.”

“You’re a psychic?” Tucker blinked.

“Yes, detective.”

“As in you touch things and then get visions of them? Or are you a palm reader?”

“I...” Abby hesitated.

“Yes, Miss Wize?”

“I show them their past.”

“Their past? Huh?” Tucker wasn’t buying the psychic bit for a moment. Abigail may take the prize for the most creative lie, but a lie was still a lie. “What? Don’t they remember?”

“I’m referring to past lives.”

Abby felt like sighing. It would begin now. He’d ridicule her truths, become angry when he didn’t get the answers he liked. Eventually, his anger and lust would combine and he would put her into sexual servitude.

He would claim that it would last as long as her lies. He would die before he would accept the truth before him. This was how it always was.

“Oh, of course, past lives. How silly of me.” Tucker studied her bowed head for a moment. “Tell me something. I’ve always been curious, why do only the rich and famous get reincarnated?”

“Pardon me?” Abigail’s head lifted and she stared at him in confusion.

“I’m just asking. Everybody, I’ve ever heard of having a past life, turns out to have been Cleopatra or Mark Anthony. Why is that?” Tucker saw her lips tip up slightly. “I’ve said something to amuse you?”

“Cleopatra is believed to have worn an opal to help her seduce Mark Anthony.”

She did not expand that explanation. Tucker wasn’t sure what it was supposed to mean. His eyes went to the large stone set in gold around her neck.

It was light lavender and, as far as he knew, Opal was white, or was it black? Hell, Tucker didn’t know a damn thing about stones, but he knew all the new age freaks liked their crystals.

Whatever. It didn’t matter to Tucker. Little Miss Wize’s stone wasn’t going to save her this time. If she thought that a few breathy ‘sirs’ and a magical stone were going to overpower him with lust, she was sadly mistaken.

He wanted to know where Earl Black was and she was going to tell him.

“So is that why you were at Pierpoint Landing? Looking for ghosts?”

“I was just admiring the view.” Abby felt her face flame with that lie. She had never been a good liar. It wasn’t in her nature.

“The view?”

“I find looking out at the water relaxing.”

“Brings comfort to your soul?”

“Exactly, detective.” She gave him a shy smile that did funny things to his heart.

“Where do you live again?” Tucker growled, annoyed at his response to Abigail.

“I’m renting a house in Ravenel.”

“That’s more than forty minutes from Pierpont Landing, right?”

“Approximately, sir.”

“And how many boat landings are between your house and Pierpont Landing?”

“I don’t know, sir.”

“But you didn’t drive all that distance to meet Earl Black? To give him a reading, perhaps?”

“No, sir.”

“Do you know Earl Black?”

“No, sir.”

“You’ve never met him before?”

“No, sir.”

“Why were you hiding in the bushes?”

“Because there was gun fire.”

“No other reason?”

“No, sir.”

“It’s just a coincidence that this urge to enjoy nature in the middle of the night came on the night that Earl Black decided to dock there with a boat full of cocaine, right?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Because you don’t know Earl Black.”

“I don’t know him.”

“Never seen him.”

“No, sir.”

“God damnit! I told you to stop calling me that.” Tucker snapped, his fist slamming into the table. He couldn’t take it. Just sitting was damn painful thanks to his overgrown erection.

“Sorry, detective.” Abigail whispered. “Force of habit.”

Tucker opened his mouth to blast her, to give her the scare that she obviously needed. Shooting a cop was a serious offense and it was time she started treating it as such.

The phone on the wall ringing halted his plan. Annoyed at the intrusion, Tucker stood and yanked the receiver up.

“Yeah.”

“Peterson is taking the primary role on the case.” His partner, Max, informed him curtly.

“What the hell...”

Tucker slammed the phone down and stormed out of the room, preferring to confront Max in person. Slamming the door behind him, Tucker turned on Max.

“Say that again.”

“Captain Howard has informed me, we are to assist Peterson as primary on this case.”

“Why the hell are we doing that?”

“Officer Jennings died in surgery. You know what that means.”

“We’re about to have our asses handed to us on a platter.”

“Yep.” Max nodded.

“IA is going to step into us.”

This was going to be a mess. The first thing that was going to come out of internal affair’s mouth was a censure on the fact that they hadn’t called SWAT in to help. They would be right about that. Tucker knew they’d screwed up. That didn’t mean he was going to slink off to wallow in guilt and pity.

“So as of right now, we’re pretty much done with Earl Black’s case. We’re to hand everything over to Peterson and answer all his questions.”

“I hate this shit.” Tucker muttered to himself. “I want this bastard.”

“I want him to, but how we going to catch him.”

“Abigail Wize.”

“You think she knows where he is.”

“If she doesn’t, I think he’ll be in contact. I’m betting money they’re lovers.”

“So you’re not buying her ‘I was just admiring the view’ story?”

“Are you?”

“No. But we got to turn her over to Peterson.”

“Nothing to turn over. She says she doesn’t know him. We don’t have any proof otherwise. We give him her statement, Peterson will ignore it.”

“So you’re going to cut her free? Schedule a more private time to talk to her?”

Max grinned as his eyes dipped to Tucker’s obvious erection.

“It’s a leftover from the adrenaline rush.”

Before Max could respond, Tucker turned and walked away. Max watched him for a moment. He’d been Tucker’s partner for eight years and knew that Abigail Wize had gotten to him more than Tucker would willingly admit.

Turning, he found the girl looking right at him in the mirror. A prickly sensation of awareness whispered over him. It held him transfixed for a second, before he snorted and shook it off.

“Damn, creepy girl.” Max muttered to himself.

Chapter Two

“Look.”

Slowly she opened her eyes. There, reflected in the mirror, was every sinful detail. In crisp, vivid detail, she saw herself naked, kneeling on top of him, her back settled into his chest, his thick knees between hers, forcing them wide so she could see perfectly where their bodies were joined.

The forbidden, erotic sight sent a wave of delicious pleasure through her, making her cunt clench and weep over the shaft buried deep within her. He felt so good there, she wished only that he would put her on her stomach and ride her as he had done so many times.

“Can you imagine what Adrian would think, should he see you like this?” His thick brown hair tickled her shoulder as he lifted his head and met her gaze in the mirror. “He would spit upon you for rutting with his enemy.”

“Please.” She whispered. She did not want to think of her betrothed or his reaction should he ever discover that she found pleasure in her kidnapper’s arms.

“That’s it, my pet. Beg for it.” He lifted her honey locks and began to nibble on her shoulder. “You are my pet, are you not?”

“Yes.”

“You will do as I say.”

“Anything. Please, I need...”

“Then pleasure yourself.” His hands covered hers, taking one to her breast and the other to where they were joined. When she hesitated, his teeth bit almost painfully into her shoulder. “Do it.”

Unable to do anything but obey his commands, she began.

Tucker moved along the edge of the house. It was late October and the Sugar Gum trees had shed their leaves, leaving the ground a dense patchwork of oranges and browns. He was careful as he walked through the untended piles to make little noise.

As he peered into the windows of Abigail Wize’s rental, nothing and nobody

caught his attention. He knew little Miss Wize was here, somewhere. Her blue Bug was parked in the driveway.

Max had wanted to flip a coin to decide who would interrogate little Miss Wize. Tucker had lashed out at the suggestion, angered at the possibility of another man touching her.

He told himself his reaction was just a leftover from the dreams he'd had last night. They had been strange dreams. Abigail and him had appeared dressed in everything from furs to silks to denim.

The backdrop had changed as much as their clothing had. The only constant through his dreams had been them, in one heated intimate embrace after another. Her silly suggestion of past lives had wormed its way into his subconscious and festered there. That was the only explanation.

The sound of her voice brought him back to the moment. He could hear her singing along to the radio as he approached the back of the house. Tucker listened as she came closer and angled his head to see her through the window.

Abigail, wrapped in a fluffy, terrycloth bathrobe, was bent over the tub. She tested the water before her hands went to the belt holding the robe tight.

Tucker's mouth went dry as she shrugged off the oversized garment. Large breasts, softly rounded tummy, curvy legs, his eyes greedily drank in the sight of her naked body.

The thought that had been teasing him at the back of his mind crystallized. It was way over the line, but that wasn't going to stop him.

Abby's eyes popped open. Tucker was here. The opal weighed heavily on her chest and she looked down to see that it had deepened to a darker shade of lavender, well on the way to becoming purple. This was supposed to be.

Abby knew what lay ahead. It lay behind them as well. Already her body was beginning to burn for a relief long denied it. Memories of his hands, his mouth caressing her body made her skin tingle. Her pussy pulsed, softening and readying itself for his invasion.

That was not what Tucker had in mind. Not just yet. It would be prudent to release the tension already building in her body.

Abby slid her finger between her swollen folds and found her clit. Her hips jerked with the contact, sending a small wave of water over the edge of the tub and splashing onto the floor. She started rubbing the sensitively nub gently.

Closing her eyes, she imagined that it was Tucker's hands on her body, his thumb picking up speed as his fingers slid down to delve into her sheath. Her other hand slid over her breasts to roll and pull her nipples. Her touch became firmer as her body began to hum with pleasure.

Her mind drifted toward the dreams from the previous night. The vivid images added to her excitement as her body began to tighten with the impending explosion.

Her breathing accelerated as her hips began to thrust back on her fingers. The tense coil winding through her body broke apart in a storm of delight that had her collapsing back into the tub; her muscles and limbs limp with pleasure.

Abby stayed there, sinking deeper into the water for several minutes as the aftershocks of her climax vibrated through her. It had been pleasant, but not enough.

The only thing that would ease her need was Tucker, and he was waiting for her in her bedroom. Abby wondered if he already had the bed sheets set up.

Her legs were weak, whether from her recent release or from the knowledge of what was to come, Abby was not sure. Leaving her robe on the hook, she wrapped herself in a large bath towel.

While her visions were not always technically accurate, she was not about to risk having him ruin her robe by ripping the material from her body. This way when he told her to put her hands up, the towel would simply fall to the floor and there would be no destruction of her possessions.

Just as in her dreams, when she stepped through the bathroom door a large hand clamped around her mouth. Another came up to circle her waist and pull her back against Tucker's hard body. Instantly, she was engulfed in the musky, warm odor of him.

"Not a sound. Do you understand me?" His rough voice thrilled her, his breath warming the edges of her ear.

Abby nodded her head, her body relaxed against his. Abby craved what was to

come. The idea of him controlling her, mastering her, aroused her.

It aroused him too. The proof was growing hard against her backside. She could not stop her hips from wiggling, measuring the size of his erection against her soft flesh. Tucker cursed, his grip becoming almost painful as he angled his hips away from her.

“Be still!”

Again, she nodded and ceased her teasing motions.

“I’m going to let you go. You’re going to do everything I tell you to or you will be punished. Understand?”

Her nodded acceptance did not appear to reassure him, because he added, “there is no one here to help you.”

Instead of scaring her, that reminder made her heart pound with excitement. Knowing how vulnerable she was to him only increased her arousal.

He released her and Abby stood perfectly still as he moved around to face her. His face set into hard, determined lines, his stormy eyes darkening, his body tensing with defiance.

“Move.” He nodded to a spot over her shoulder. “Over there.”

Abby turned and felt her breath catch as she saw in life, what she had seen in her dream. He had tied several sheets together and loped them over one of the exposed wood beams of the log cabin’s roof.

Tucker felt his heart beat echoing in his hard cock as he watched Abby docilely do as he instructed. Did she have to obey his every order with graceful obedience? The way her head was lowered, her eyes peering at him through her lashes, her perfectly relaxed, trusting stance, everything about the woman turned him on.

He wanted her so badly that it hurt to remain upright. Tucker was going to fuck her. First, though, he was going to interrogate her. He wouldn’t be able to do a good job at that with his damn cock distracting him.

Fortunately, he had an idea how to take care of that problem and teach little Miss Abigail how things were going to be between them.

“On your knees.”

She obeyed his barked command without a flicker of surprise or a flinch of fear. Abby knew what came now and her only concern was that she wouldn’t please him. She

watched him from lowered lashes as he moved toward her, his hand going to the zipper of his jeans.

“You are mine, Abigail. I am your master now.” Tucker informed her in a voice that dared her to argue. “It’ll stay that way until I say otherwise.”

Tucker could see her eyes following his hand as he undid his pants and freed his cock. Her eyes widened at the sight, eating up the motions of his hand as he stroked himself. Good, the little woman was finally beginning to understand her predicament.

“If you disobey me, you will be punished. Understand?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I’m not sure you do.” Tucker stepped in front of her. “But you soon will. Suck my dick.”

Abby had never sucked a man’s cock, but she knew how to please Tucker. He always liked to be licked and stroked first, even if it did cause him to growl and become aggressive.

Tentatively, she wrapped her fingers around his amazing length. His cock felt like heated steel covered in silk. Her hands tightened, testing the strength of his thickness. He jerked under her touch and she heard his growl echo through the room.

Abby stared at the broad head of the cock in front of her as a small pearly tear wept from its eye. Without thought or hesitation, she leaned forward and licked it up. He tasted salty and she licked her lips, enjoying the flavor.

Tucker bit back a groan, not wanting her to know the power she had over him. His balls were so tight, he knew that he couldn’t take much more of her teasing. Burying his hands in her hair, he jerked her forward.

“Suck it now, Abigail.”

Abby was not ready to stop her explorations. Ignoring his order, she bent her head and used her tongue to investigate his swollen flesh. She kissed and licked her way down the length of his shaft, hesitating a moment before sucking lightly on his testicles.

His cock thumped her in the cheek, the muscles along his thigh and ass tightening as his hands bit painfully into her hair. Abby smiled on the inside, satisfied that he was enjoying her touch.

Tucker was not nearly as satisfied. If she continued teasing him this way, he was

going to disgrace himself and come in her hair. Clenching his teeth, he forced himself to pull her head back.

“You’ll be punished for teasing me this way, Abigail. Now, suck.”

Without making him suffer any longer, Abby wrapped her lips around the bulbous head of his cock and sucked lightly. Tucker growled above her and thrust his hips forward.

Abby took the sudden penetration, fighting not to gag as he began to fuck himself into her mouth. After a moment, she recovered and clamped her lips tightly around his shaft. Her tongue flicked along his length as it slid in and out, faster, harder with his growing arousal.

Sweet mercy above, nothing compared to the feel of little Abigail’s lips latched onto his cock. Tucker watched through narrowed eyes as she tried to take him deeper into her throat.

Satisfaction roared through him at how submissive she was, how she was letting him do whatever he wanted to her. That, added to the feel velvety wet suction of her mouth, sent him over the edge.

His hips jerked as he came. Groaning out his release, his head fell back as he continued to stroke himself into her mouth, his motions slowing as she swallowed every bit of his cum.

After several minutes, the world righted itself and he looked down at the little miss who had just given him the best blowjob he’d ever had.

Her head was bowed, her cheeks flushed, her hazel eyes watching him through the thick forest of her lashes. Tucker felt his heart jolt with awareness.

The unwelcome, unwanted sensation made him growl with displeasure. This was nothing more than an interrogation. Nothing.

Chapter Three

The four-poster bed was massive. Her arms and legs stretched wide across the soft surface and they still didn't touch the post. She twisted her wrist; testing the leather straps he had bound her with.

A deep chuckle drew her eyes to the right and she found him staring down at her. He was amused by her feeble attempt to escape. Aroused by her body, naked and spread before him, the hard evidence pressed outward, tenting his kilt.

She swallowed hard, feeling her body soften and readying itself for him. It had been two days since he had taken her from her father's home. Two long days of pleasurable discovery. Now it was time for a new lesson, from the looks of the flogger in his hands.

He was running the leather tassels over his hand as he walked around the bed. He paused to run the tassels down her neck, over her breast, teasing her nipples before letting the tips of the leather straps tickle her stomach and coming to rest on her newly shorn mound.

"You know your father's plan."

She swallowed. Yes, she did. He'd been trying to get the details out of her, but she would not tell him. It was not out of loyalty to her dad, but to the large Scottish warrior. His life would come to a short end, did she tell him her secrets.

The tassels lifted and a second later sparks of pained pleasure shot up from her mound as he struck. The tiny balls of heat blossomed into a wildfire as he struck again. Repeatedly the tassels came down until she was wreathing with her pleasure, arching into the blows, bringing her to the very edge of ecstasy before abruptly stopping.

"Tell me your father's plan."

"Stand." Tucker ordered as he stepped back to tuck his cock safely away in his jeans. "Arms up."

Damn it!

Tucker swallowed, hard, as her towel fell to the floor. His eyes feasted on the sight of her nude, glistening body. Her nipples were hard, puckered points. The thick

gleam of feminine cream coated the inside of her thighs.

It was a testament to how hot the little vixen got at being ordered to suck him off. Abigail was wet and ready. That knowledge hardened his cock, amazing him with its ready response. It should have been limp and happy for a while.

Not that Tucker was admitting he was old, but he had passed the days when his dick could rebound in an instant. He was still good for several rounds a night; he just needed some recovery time. Apparently, Abigail was his Viagra, because his cock was aching to feel the wet heat buried between her legs.

Taking a deep breath, he moved toward her, behind her, reaching up to tie her wrist together with the sheets. She accepted being bound with ease. The sign of her trust elicited a primal instinct, one that called out to him to take her, claim her, hold her, never to let go.

Focus on the task at hand.

The reminder helped him gain a precious amount of control. Distancing himself helped even more. He took the other end of the sheets and pulled, tightening the long makeshift rope until she lifted, going to her tiptoes.

He stood there for a moment, entranced by her beauty. She was his now and would remain that way until he decided to release her. It was a heady sense of power, made sweeter by the fact it was Abigail bound before him.

Tucker frowned as that thought slipped through his mind. Something about her called to him, the softness of her voice, the sweet smell of her body, the gentleness that lurked behind her every action and voice. The sense that he knew this woman conflicted with what he knew rationally.

Tucker couldn't afford to be mired down in those kinds of thoughts. He had a job to do, a killer to catch. Abigail was a lead. That was it. End of story.

“You disobeyed me a moment ago.”

Tucker began, moving toward her. Abby looked up at him, her heart pounding at the implication of his words. It would begin now.

He had always like to give physical substance to his power over her. With furs, leather, ropes, he had bound her, using her for his pleasure and loving her despite his resistance. In her captivity, she had always felt powerful and seductive, knowing that his

lust bound him to her as securely as any chain he used.

“You teased me Abigail. You must be punished.” He was standing directly in front of her now, so close she could feel the heat from his body.

“Yes, sir.” The whispered words were barely audible.

His hands moved toward her breasts. Instead of touching her swollen globes, he lifted the large opal pendant. The purple stone mesmerized him, darkening before his eyes. As he rubbed his thumb over the surface, it appeared to almost shimmer in response to his touch.

“Did your lover give you this?” Tucker could hear the jealousy in his own voice.

“It was a gift from my mother.” Abby studied the fascinated look on his face before adding. “It is a heart stone.”

Tucker eyes darted up to her. Letting the pendant go, he slid his hands over to cup her breast. Immediately he began rolling her nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Abby gasped, her back arching reflexively. He did not relent until she was whimpering, biting her lower lip to hold back the pleas for more.

“You will not play with me, tease me or lie to me. I am in control. If you disobey, I will show no mercy.” His other hand moved between her legs and she moaned as he parted the wet lips of her sex. “None.”

He pushed one thick finger into her, almost matching her groan as her hot, little cunt clench tightly around him. Her small, wet opening begged for deeper, harder penetration and his cock ached to fill it.

“Tell me about Earl Black?” Tucker forced the question through clenched teeth.

“I don’t know Earl Black.” Abby whimpered.

She knew her answer would not please him, but didn’t expect his immediate and drastic response. His finger slid from her body, leaving her achingly empty. A moment later fire shot up from her cunt as he slapped her across her pussy.

Her clit took most the force from his palm. Shocking scorching pleasure shot through her as she cried out from the impact. The blows continued, one right after another until she was wreathing with the white-hot rapture erupting through her blood.

“Tell me where Earl Black is.” Tucker pinned her clit under one, thick finger and began to rub the little bud.

“I don’t know.” Abby fought to get the words out. She couldn’t think from the pleasure flooding her body.

“But you do know him.”

“I...I’ve seen him before.”

“Where?” Tucker slowed the motions of his fingers, not wanting her come yet.

“Where?” He repeated.

“In my head.” Abby gasped.

Tucker blinked, unsure that he had heard her right. In her head? Tucker was not in the mood to play games. He released her tender nub and gripped her chin, forcing her to look him in the eyes.

“Where did you see Earl Black?” Tucker repeated.

“In a vision.” Abby rushed on, knowing by the darkening of his features that he did not like the answer. “I saw him last night in a dream.”

“Visions? Dreams? I haven’t got time for this bullshit.”

He slapped her across the pussy again, making her shriek. She arched away from the blow, her feet coming off the ground. She swung for a moment before finding purchase again.

When she opened her eyes, he could see the lust glazing over them and knew that if he hit her again or so much as teasingly flicked over the lips of her sex, she was likely to come. She would need a moment to come back from the edge.

“Tell me where you really saw him.”

“I told you, in a vision.”

“A vision.” Tucker growled. “For a moment, let’s just say I buy that. Are you going to tell me that what you saw in this vision pulled you out of bed and forty minutes north to Pierpoint Landing?”

“Yes.”

“And in this vision did you see Officer Jennings get shot?”

“No.” Abby lowered her eyes. “Not him.”

“Not him? Then who?”

“You.”

“He didn’t shoot me.” Tucker drew back. He didn’t believe for a moment that she

had a vision, but what she was saying couldn't be ignored. "Are you saying he's going to shoot me?"

"Not him." Abby swallowed. "Max, your partner."

"Max is going to shoot me?" Tucker almost laughed at that. "Why?"

"He'll be aiming for Earl, but he'll miss."

"Is that right?" This was pointless.

"In six days, you'll die beneath the purple demon."

"The purple demon, woman if you don't start making sense..." Tucker let the threat trail off, knowing that her imagination would conjure up things worse than he was willing to do.

"In six days the full moon will look down upon you while the purple demon laughs and you die beneath." Abby knew it was hopeless. He never listened, never believed, but she couldn't stop herself from trying.

"God damnit! Start making since!"

"That's all I have. It's the truth, whether you want to believe it or not!"

Tucker growled, his hands going back to her pussy. With no warning, he shoved three thick fingers up into her and began to fuck her hard and fast. She was hot, this one, with her tight sheath clenching around his fingers.

He drove her fast and furiously to climax, entranced by the beauty of her features as she came. The need to taste her overwhelmed him, altering his course. Tucker did not give her time to recover but knelt in front of her. Lifting her feet onto his thighs, he positioned himself directly beneath her.

The pink folds of her delectable flesh were mere inches from face. Tucker wasted no time, shoving his mouth into the slick slit and fucking his tongue into her with greedy carnal abandon. Above him Abby, shrieked and jerked back, but he held her in place with his hold on her hips.

God, she tasted good. There was only one way she could taste better. Tucker swore when he got her home, he'd shave her pussy naked. Then he would make a feast out her anytime he chose.

Home?

Tucker ignored the question from his subconscious. He was taking her home with

him and keeping her as long as he wanted. That was that. To emphasize the point, he swirled his tongue, hitting the sensitive spot hidden within her sheath.

The single touch had her screaming, her hips bucking as she drowned him in the flood of her release. Her inner muscles clenched around his tongue, squeezing and trying to suck it deeper.

Abby shuddered as the second, more powerful orgasm washed through her. Still, he did not release her over sensitized flesh. She screamed and bucked with mindless pleasure as she felt his velvety tongue rasp against her clit, sending fire bolts shooting through her.

Numbly, Abby tried to remember if being eaten alive was deadly. If it were, then Tucker's plan was murder, not torture. He didn't relent as she came, but continued to devour her.

He manipulated her clit with expert precision that drove her collapsing climax higher and higher. Then suddenly it was happening again. Her world fell apart in shattering waves of pumping, grinding release and still he manipulated her clit, pushing her higher, harder, faster.

Abby couldn't catch her breath. Her body shivered and her pussy continuously pulsed under his assault. As much pleasure as he was giving her, her pussy ached with the need to be filled, stretched, full of hard, thick cock.

Anything less was torture. She wanted to cry mercy but he had already warned her that he would have none. When she was certain that she could take no more, he pulled back.

The respite was temporary. Tucker forced his fingers back past the clenching ring of muscles at her opening and into her slick channel. She watched him through eyes blurred with desire.

"How do you know Earl Black?" Tucker demanded.

"I saw him in a vision."

Her response made him growl. By God, she was going to tell him the truth if he had to fuck it out of her.

Chapter Four

She was too tight, too full, stretched too wide by him. Pleasure chased pain up her spine making her shudder with the confusing mix of sensations. Fear and embarrassment warred with the pleasure. What he was doing was dark, forbidden, it went against every decent thing she knew.

Her mind might rebel, but her body knew what it wanted. She pressed further down into the mattress, arching her back, eager for more the deliciously savage invasion. He gave her what she wanted, easing another inch of his hard, thick cock into her ass.

She moaned with the excess of emotions searing through her as he lodged himself fully into her backside. He hesitated, bringing his hand around her to work his fingers in and out of her pussy. Her small sheath was made even tighter by the girth of his erection pressing down on her channel.

It was beyond anything she had ever felt; more intense than any of the other times he had taken her into his intimate embrace. When his thumb stretched up and began to tease her sensitive nub, the pleasure overwhelmed her.

She screamed as her body bucked under the lash of her orgasm. He waited no longer, beginning to drive himself deep into her. Her scream continued until her voice broke as her body shattered.

Tucker stood and began to rip the clothes from his body. His motions were sharp with barely suppressed violence. His control was frayed to the bitter fringe, and he could deny himself no more.

Abby drank in the sight with wide eyes. He was all chiseled male strength. From his smooth pectorals to the neatly defined strips of his ripped abdomen muscles, the well-toned muscles flowed and bunched with masculine grace under his bronzed skin.

He was rock hard and large all over. From his rugged jaw clenched with need to the mammoth erection pointing directly at her, there was no softening the intent tightening his body.

Tucker watched as her hazel eyes darkened to chocolate as she took in the sight of

his body. The shiver of need that coursed through Abigail's body made him tighten with a strange feeling. It was warm and it heightened his sense of power. Tucker did not want to examine it, wanted instead to focus on his single goal.

Mastering Abigail.

Scooping her into his arms, he ground his teeth together to hold back his groan. She felt so good in his arms, her skin so soft and cool against his heated flesh. It felt good, right and natural to hold her close. Exciting too.

She was an irresistible beauty and he could not take his eyes off her as he lifted her enough to relieve the tension on the sheets and allow him to tear the binding free. Unceremoniously, he dropped her onto the bed and ordered her onto all fours.

His cock throbbed like an angry beast as she got into position. Knowing his desires, she laid her head flat on the pillows, arching her back and raising her lush ass. Her thighs parted to reveal the pink, swollen folds of her pussy.

The sight made his cock pulse as the pressure mounted in his balls. For a moment, Tucker wondered if he would shoot off before he even touched her. The mounting pressure in the base of his cock threatened to do just that if he did not hurry and bury himself deep within her.

"Tell me you want this." Tucker demanded as he knelt behind her. His hands moved to open her thighs, widening the space between her soft flesh.

"Yes." Abby panted with her excitement.

"You forgot the sir."

Abby shrieked as a hard smack sent sparkles of zinging pleasure from her ass to her cunt and up to her nipples. A moment later, she moaned as she felt his body pressing into hers. He was mounting her, covering her body from behind and she could feel the thick, rounded tip of his cock pushing against her opening.

He paused there, his cock stretching the tight ring of muscles at her entry wide. It was not enough. Not nearly enough to ease the emptiness making her pussy ache.

"I'm waiting." Tucker growled.

"Yes, sir." Abby whimpered, wishing that he would give her more and finish what he had started.

"Call me master."

“Master.”

“You’re mine till I decide otherwise. Understand, Abigail?”

“Yes, master.”

“I’m going to fuck you now, my pet. You may thank me.”

The way he growled the word fuck sent thrills through her. A guttural, animal sound, it made her pussy tighten with excitement. This was no soft, gentle seduction. He was intending on a rough, basic rutting of two animals in heat. Heaven help her that is just what she wanted.

“Thank you, master.” Abby heard him growl and knew what her words did to him. Egging him on, she added, “Thank you for fucking me, master.”

“Tell me now how you know Earl Black and things will go much easier for you.” Tucker demanded.

“I saw him in a vision, master.”

Abby moaned and whimpered as he forced her untried muscles to stretch over his hard cock. It was slow penetration, reducing her world to the erotic sensation of him burning up her insides as he fed her more and more of his cock until he was seated deep within her. She felt skewered, impaled on this thick cock.

“So tight, so hot.” Tucker snarled. “Working inside your snug little cunt is sweet heaven. I’m going to wear this pussy out, ride you till you can’t walk, if you don’t tell me how you know Earl Black.”

“I saw him in a vision, master.”

Abby’s statement ended in a scream as he pulled out and slammed back into her. He began to thrust, fast and deep into her. Abby cried out and tried to arch closer, into the steady impalement as his thrusts strengthened.

His powerful movements drove her closer and closer to the destructive rapture, but always stopped within seconds of her fulfillment. He paused long enough for the tension coiling through her body to collapse back on itself, doubling in strength.

Then he would begin again, driving her higher and higher, until she swore that she could take no more. Her body was sensitized, primed for the release that he continued to deny her.

And himself. Tucker demanded the truth, cursed when she gave it to him, but he

did not find his pleasure without her.

Tucker fought off the need to come. His testicles burned with the need to release his seed and he panted with the effort to hold back. He was wild for Abigail, completely obsessed with her. What he most wanted was to feel her convulse in orgasm around him as he buried himself deep within her tight, snug sheath.

Ah, hell. I'll interrogate her later.

He reached around to cup her mound. Raking his fingers through her curls, he found her clit and began to rub it. Abigail sobbed; her hips bucking backward as he steadily drove her insane.

Tucker felt her pussy clamp down tight along his cock, her inner muscles beginning to spasm with her impending release. Placing his finger right over her clit, he began to fuck her hard, shoving her against his finger with each inward stroke.

Abby screamed as her pussy convulsed violently and her body shuddered with release. Wave after wave of ecstasy rolled over her from her head to her toes, growing in speed and ferocity as he continued to slam into her.

Tucker lasted seven, eight more stroked before he roared with his release. He shafted her deeply, driving himself right to the back of her little cunt as his hot seed spilled from his body and bound them together in a perfect, erotic union.

This was it, what he had been looking for his whole life, absolute nirvana. Nothing had ever come close to feeling this good. This was special. Tucker did not fight the truth as it washed through him.

He had no energy to fight. His chest was heaving as his sex-exhausted muscles gave out and he collapsed on top of Abigail, squashing her into the mattress. It took several minutes for his brain to return to functioning normally.

When it did, it hit him what he had just done. He had just fucked a woman who might be a suspect in a cop killing.

Might be?

When had he begun to doubt his conclusion?

Damn it!

Abigail was tying him up in knots and that really pissed him off. Shoving himself away from her when all he wanted to do was snuggle down into the bed for a nap, took

more strength than it should have.

“Get up.” Tucker snapped as he reached for his clothes. “Get your robe out of the bathroom. You’re coming with me.”

His sharp commands warned her not to argue and Abby silently did as he instructed. She knew why he was mad. He was feeling things he didn’t want to feel. While his mind warned him to flee, his soul only knew to capture and hold. It always began this way.

Ten minutes later they were roaring down Savannah Highway, she was not certain of their destination. Tucker did not speak or explain anything to her as he pulled into a small subdivision. Parking his truck in the garage, he dragged her across the seat and into the house. He flung her away from him once he had forced her into a large, masculine bedroom.

“You’re staying here, understand?”

“Yes.” As his hands curled into fist, Abby quickly added, “master.”

“There are going to be some rules.”

He stepped up to her and ripped the robe from her body. Mentally Abby sighed, so much for saving her expensive garment. It lay, torn, on the floor and she could bet she knew what the first rule was going to be.

“You’re to remain naked at all times. I don’t care who I bring home with me. If you cover your body, you will be punished. Understand?”

“Yes, master.” Abby whispered as she lowered her head.

“Whenever I’m not here, you’re going to be chained. So if you need to go to the bathroom, tell me now.”

“No. I’m fine, master.”

“Good, then get in the bed.”

Docilely Abby crawled into his massive, four-poster bed and let him cuff her to the headboard. Without a word or a glance at her, he stormed out of the house. She sighed as she heard his truck fire up and squealed down the driveway.

Tucker was having a snit. He could fight it all he wanted, but there was no changing the facts. He was going to fall in love with her. Then he was going to die.

Chapter Five

Wave after wave of delicious rapture roared through her in a storm without an ending, not with him continuing to slam into her. She shuddered and sobbed as he rode her hard, fucking her faster, deeper with every thrust.

She reached for his wrist, trying to remove his finger from her clit. With every stroke, she was pushed and pulled against that rough digit, intensifying her pleasure until she thought her body would shatter.

Easily he captured her hands with his free one. Pulling them over her head, he held her hostage for his never ending loving. It was too much for her body to contain. As she felt the world around her disintegrate and her body shatter, she heard his roar of satisfaction echo through the room.

Long minutes passed as her muscles quivered and her lungs heaved, but slowly the world around her reformed. She became aware of his heavy weight pushing her deeper into the cot. He appeared to have passed out, but finally he roused himself enough to roll to his side, his arms locking around her to hold her close in his sleep.

When he had first caught her and brought her into the encampment, he had told her that she would sleep on the floor like the southern bitch she was. Not one night had he cast her out of his temporary bed. Instead, every night he cuddled her close as he drifted off into sleep.

Her eyes caught on his blue uniform with its small sashes of red. Two more days and that uniform would bleed red. There was nothing she could do, because he would not listen to her.

Tucker dropped his keys and cell phone onto the dresser. He could see Abby curled up in the middle of his bed thanks to the light shining in from the hall. She had his pillow tucked up along her side, her face resting on it.

In the past five days, he had been called out twice in the middle of the night for work. Each time when he came home, he found her like this, all snuggled up in his bed, holding his pillow close.

The image made him feel a strange warmth in his chest. It was a constant condition when Abby was near, one he was growing accustomed to. Something about her made him feel...at peace.

She was easy to be around, to talk to, and, when he let himself, to laugh with. Okay, so she was a little weird. Tucker had eventually broken down and questioned her about those so-called psychic abilities.

She'd told him all about his past lives. Apparently, he had never been rich or famous, which was kind of a disappointment. It wasn't as disappointing as hearing that he always died in his thirtieth year.

Especially, since he had turned thirty not four months ago. At least, he'd always been some form of a protector, warrior, soldier, which was why he always died so young. After hearing all that, he'd decided to go back to watching baseball.

The only benefit to Abby's unique psychosis was that she wasn't clingy. Tucker knew some of the girlfriends and wives worried themselves sick or into divorce court. Every time the phone rang or they watched their men holster their weapons, they wondered if that would be the last time they would see the men they loved.

Not Abigail. Since she was certain she knew when and how he was going to die, she did not appear concerned in the least when he had been called out. When Tucker had explained her position to Max, his partner had shaken his head and called Abigail weird.

Whatever her quirks were, there was no denying she was the best lover he ever had. The sex was amazing, satisfying in ways that he had never dreamed. Abigail submitted to his dominant desires with grace and trust, it was almost as if she had been made just for him.

Abby was everything he wanted in a woman, in more ways than just in bed. She was the type of woman he had carefully avoided his whole life. The type of woman that made a man think of bringing home flowers and large Thanksgiving dinners, Christmas trees filled with homemade ornaments and little kids squealing in delight.

Hell, Tucker had even bought her pumpkins. In the past two decades, Tucker had not celebrated a single holiday except for the fishing trip he took with his friends on the fourth of July. Something though had made him pull over when he had seen the pumpkin patch.

Before he knew it, he had loaded two large pumpkins into the bed of his truck. All the way home he had cursed himself, considered tossing the damn things out. Then he had seen Abigail's smile and knew that he was hooked.

Yeah, he had it bad. He had yet to enforce all the rules he had issued her first day at his house. There was no need to chain her when he wasn't home. She was always there when he got back. His house cleaned, dinner ready, she made coming home finally feel like it should.

Nor was he keeping her naked all the time. At least, not completely naked. He had started down that path, but found himself too distracted, not give her one of his shirts to cover up with. It was supposed to help him concentrate on something besides his hard dick, but the sight of Abigail in one of his shirts...

Tucker sighed. Tucker admitted, if only to himself, that he had been wrong. Abigail had nothing to do with Earl Black. Someday, he would have to own up to that truth. Until then, he couldn't bring himself to let her go.

Abby's eyes fluttered open, her lips pulling into a soft, welcoming smile as he slid into bed. Tucker felt his chest tighten as his cock swelled, readying itself for duty.

"Can I have my pillow back?"

"You can have whatever you want, master."

Her huskily offer made his heart start to pound. It did that whenever she called him master. The little minx knew what that single word issued from her full lips did to him.

He reached out and cupped her face, angling her head to meet his kiss. He caught her sigh and gave her his groan as he deepened the kiss, intensifying it as her tongue began stroking his, tangling with it as she fought him for control of the kiss.

She caught his tongue, sucking on it until his cock ached with need and his hands became rough in their exploration of her body. Then the minx bit him, nipped his lower lip with her teeth and he felt like he had been seared as red-hot lava erupted from his balls and flooded his body.

"You want to play rough, do you?" Tucker growled.

"I want you to fuck me, master."

Abby knew what she was doing, tempting him like this, but she couldn't stop

herself. She was too hungry, too needy, craved his domination with a desperation that didn't allow time for the niceties of foreplay.

She needed to feel him buried deep inside her, pounding into her with all his strength. She wanted to feel him in the most basic way. Tempting him further, she slid her leg up his thigh, parting her own and cradling his thick erection in the soft haven of her pussy.

He took immediate advantage of the invitation, rubbing his cock into her. His heated flesh parted her slick folds. The hard length of his cock ground into her clit, making her moan and arch into him. Tucker chuckled, repeating the motion as he bent his head to lap and suck at the pink buds topping her breast.

“Is that what you want?” Tucker murmured against her swollen flesh. “You want my cock?”

“Yes.” Abby gasped as the bulbous head of his dick hesitated at her entrance. “Please, more.”

“You're a greedy little wench.” Tucker pulled back, delighted when her hips followed.

“Don't tease me.” Abby begged.

“Demanding too,” Tucker bit gently down on one of her nipples, making her gasp. Her hands tangled in his hair, holding him to her. He spared nothing in his assault. Using his fingers, tongue, lips, teeth, he tormented her breast until she was wreathing, incoherent sounds falling from her lips.

“Please, Tucker. I need you.”

Three simple words and they ripped his world apart. This was Abigail and the grim truth was he needed her to. Tucker didn't question it, didn't hide from it, he simply gave in to the truth and the need. Lifting her leg up, he slid his between her soft thighs.

Lying side by side, he slowly began to penetrate her tight, clinging pussy. The position made her channel smaller, harder to push into. He felt the sweat gathering along his shoulders and down his spine as he worked the head passed her clenching opening and into her wet velvety depths.

Once he was barely in, he paused to take a deep breath and gather his strength. Abby was mewling, wreathing in his embrace. With one hard thrust, he buried his hard

cock deep inside her pussy.

Abby tilted her head back and moaned. He was so big, penetrated so deep, that her tight pussy felt stretched beyond its limits. It was always like this when he took her and she loved it.

So did Tucker. The feel of her small sheath making him fight for every inch, clamping down on his cock, was the sweetest torture he had ever endured. Pushing her leg high up on his hip, Tucker slid his hand down between their bodies.

Capturing her clit, he rubbed the tender nub, pinching, pulling, toying with it until she screamed and convulsed around him. Her inner muscles fisted tightly around him, breaking his control.

He had never experienced anything as good as pumping in and out of her wet pussy. Tucker slammed furiously into Abigail, unable to get enough as he felt emotions breaking over him in an insatiable tide of need. His lips pulled back in a carnal snarl as he succumbed to a pleasure so fierce and intense, he could do nothing but drown in the sensation.

Abby screamed and bucked as her world fell apart again. Shattering waves of ecstasy ripped through her. Wave after wave of her orgasm crashed through her, until no part of her was not shaking with the aftershocks of rapture.

Abby had no idea how long she held him, arms locked tightly around his neck, leg bent over his hips. As she slowly stopped fighting for breath, her limbs began to weaken, sliding away from him to fall limply around her.

Her muscles still trembled with the aftereffects of her devastating release, but she had no control over that. It was always that way when Tucker took her. Abby wouldn't change that for anything in the world.

She loved the way he claimed her with such savage need that she felt branded, owned, protected and loved. Even if it were temporary, if that was all that it had ever been. For now, she would bask in the glow of his attention.

Abby sighed with that thought and snuggled into his side, pleased when his arms tightened around her. The shrill ring of his cell phone broke the intimate moment. The sound was a cold intrusion. Abby tensed as sensation washed over her.

This was it. Tucker's destiny had arrived.

Chapter Six

She watched him dress. With each layer of clothing he donned, her wild lover disappeared and the stolid military commander emerged. When he turned, she quickly shut her eyes.

She did not want to hear whatever he had to say. It meant nothing; he was going to leave regardless. She had tried to warn him, told him that the Germans would ambush them, but he had dismissed her concerns.

Every day he went onto the battlefield was another day he could die. He would not back down. He had a duty, a responsibility and he was not one to cower from danger.

Her predictions were just a matter of anxiety and imagination as far as he was concerned, a weakness of her femininity. It was the role of the woman to worry.

She felt the bed depress under his weight. Rough fingertips brushed back the hair from her temple and his lips caressed the area he had uncovered.

“I love you.”

Then he was gone. The door clicking closed behind him and she could no longer hold back her sobs of grief.

Abby watched Tucker get dressed through eyes clouding with tears. He wasn't listening to her. He never did, he never believed anything she told him. This time was no different. She had never figured out a way to make him understand.

Tucker was sliding his gun holster back over his shoulders, but she knew he'd never get a chance to fire it. Looking down she could see that the heart stone had changed colors. It was no longer purple, but had gone black. Small slivers of red were already beginning to bleed into the stone.

“Don't worry, sweetheart.” Tucker leaned down to drop a kiss on her forehead. “I'll be home before you know it.”

“No, you won't.” Abby latched onto his arm, not letting go when he tried to step back. “Tucker, you have to listen to me. Beware of the purple demon.”

Abby ripped off the opal and shoved it at him. “Can't you see? The heart stone

bleeds for you. It's the bleeding heart, it means death."

"Baby, I have to go."

"Take it." Abby forced it into his hand. "Look for the purple demon, look at the opal. It'll be pure red, believe in it. Promise me."

"I promise."

Tucker slid the opal into his pocket. He'd say or do anything just to stop those tears from falling. Well, almost anything. He wasn't going to hide from Earl Black, despite Abby's fears.

This was just why he knew they didn't have a future together. She didn't deserve to suffer like this. Not when he couldn't give her what she wanted and stay home. His job defined him. It was the only true passion he had ever had in his life before he met Abby.

Even if he would consider promoting up to a desk job, that wouldn't stop him from leaving tonight. When Max had said they'd located Earl, Tucker felt every tired muscle in his body rejuvenate.

That adrenaline got him out to Summerville in record time. Max, Butch and Alex were waiting for him on the side of the road. They went over the details quickly, before they headed for their positions.

Tucker would cover the back while Max went in the front. Butch and Alex would take the sides. It took him ten minutes to get into position. Tucker was careful as he cut his way through the woods, keeping an eye out for anything suspicious. With the full moon overhead, he had decent visibility.

There was nothing. As he crept up onto the back porch, he kept his eyes and ears open, looking and listening for any sign of Earl.

The small back deck was lit with Halloween decorations. Lanterns and pumpkins, cardboard skeletons and fake spider webs, Tucker was careful to keep to what little shadows there were, as he maneuvered around the porch.

Staying below the line of the window, Tucker pressed himself against the wall next to the back door. He could hear the TV going inside and peered through the window to catch a glimpse of a man in a recliner.

Earl. Max would be coming through the front door any second and they'd catch the fat bastard unaware.

A tinkling of purple blinked over Tuckers arm and he frowned at the sight. Looking up he saw it. There, hanging over the door, was a comical cutout of a demon. The purple twinkle lights sewn into the tacky plastic horns and beard were mostly broken, but a few still managed to blink on and off.

Abby's words echoed through him just as he heard the front door being kicked in. An instant later, he heard Max yelling at Earl to freeze. Tucker didn't know what made him do it, but he dropped to the deck floor just as gunfire filled the night and the wall behind him exploded.

Abby was waiting in the emergency room lobby when they wheeled Tucker in. With lifeless eyes, she watched as people in medical scrubs swarmed around him in a frenzy. His eyes were closed, white bandages turning to red over his chest and shoulder.

She had known he'd end up here. In their past lives , she had not always had a chance to see him this one last time. It was a cold comfort.

Cops came storming through the double doors as Abby was walking out. She caught sight of Max. There was an older man cussing him.

"Either of you dumb asses ever heard of crossfire?"

Abby didn't hear Max's response. She didn't need to. The answer as obvious.

It was over a day later when Tucker finally opened his eyes. The world that greeted him was blurry, filled with white and pale blues. Through the cotton in his head, he heard echoing beeps and gasps, and wondered if they were real noises.

It all slipped away. For how long he was not sure. When he next opened his eyes, lines and forms began to take shape. Enough so he knew, he was in a hospital.

The pressure in his chest, the pain in his shoulder, they told him clearly that he was injured. The pain was too much. His body felt old and tired. Tucker didn't fight the oblivion when it closed in on him again.

Another two days passed before he could stay awake long enough, to focus through the pain to recognize Max. His partner looked ragged. Tucker didn't have any family to keep vigil and he knew that was why Max was there.

Max was the only real family he had. Besides Abigail. The pain in his neck, not to mention the bandages, wouldn't allow him to turn and look, but he knew she was not there. Something told him she had never been there and that hurt almost as much as his chest.

"Abigail." Tucker croaked the word out before Max could say anything. He might have been injured but he wasn't blind. He could see Max cringe slightly and could guess what is coming.

"You need your rest, Tucker." Max looked ill at ease.

"Abigail."

"Don't worry about that right now. You look like you're in pain. Do you want me to call the nurse?"

"Abigail, where?" Tucker was fading fast, but he held on, wanting to know where his Abigail was.

"You need to relax, Tucker. Rest, focus on getting better."

"Now!" Tucker eyes closed of their own volition and he fought to open them.

"Please, Max."

"I don't know." Max sighed. "I went by your house to get her, because I thought... I don't know what I thought, but she wasn't there."

"Her rental?"

"She's gone Tucker." Max looked at him with a strange look. It looked like pity.

"Now, you need your sleep."

Tucker closed his eyes, not wanting to see Max's expression. This time as the darkness closed in on him it was colder, emptier and Tucker wasn't sure if he wanted to wake from it.

Chapter Seven

She was tired, but sleep eluded her. Hungry, but food didn't taste right. She tried to focus, but her mind only saw the cold, empty road ahead. With every breath, she ached from the heart out. There was no part of her body that was spared the pain.

It had been two months since his death. Two months of a living nightmare. Fighting to make her decision. She could live another eighty years like this, end the cycle and accept that all she'd ever have was her one-week.

On the other hand, she could let go now and hold on to the past. Perhaps, next time he would listen and it would be different. Then again, she might be confining him to this nightmare. What if she let him go? Would he live again to find another love, one that would last a lifetime?

She sat on the edge of her bed, watching as the morning sun's first rays spread across the floor. A new day and the same old light. She sighed and layed down on the bed.

Closing her eyes, she wondered if she really had a choice.

Tucker was tired beyond belief, his body threatening to give out on him. It had been almost two months since he had taken a bullet in his lung and still he had a long road to recovery.

That was exactly the reason Max had been dragging his heels with helping Tucker track down Abigail. His best friend had recited the 'you need your rest' lecture so many times that Tucker swore he'd hit Max the next time he started that tired speech.

Despite Max's current audition as the concerned mothering nursemaid, Tucker had been resting. That's all he had been doing physically besides therapy, but he was perfectly capable of picking up a phone and calling in favors.

He'd tracked Abigail down to the Blue Ridge Mountains almost two weeks ago. Tucker would have left then if it hadn't been for Max confiscating his keys. Pain in the ass that Max was, Tucker had agreed to wait until he was feeling a little better, a little stronger and his therapist said he would be okay to go on the trip.

His willingness to wait had ended the other day when he noticed the change in the opal pendant, the only reminder he had of Abigail. In the week that he had been with her, it had always been a deep, royal purple.

Until the night he been shot, since then it had been solid black. His memory was fuzzy about that night, but he remembered her showing the opal to him, talking about the red veins and the bleeding heart and death, or something like that.

Yesterday evening when he had looked at it, the red veins were back. Though he was in pain and was still recovering, he wasn't in any danger of dying. That left Abigail, or so he feared.

Without hesitation, he'd called a rental car agency and had them deliver a car to his house. Packing an overnight bag with the necessities, he'd driven all night. He knew he was at the right place because he was parked next to Abigail's little Bug.

Looking up at the steep path that led up to her new rental, Tucker cringed. It was going to be a draining climb. The only thing he wanted to do right now was to hold Abigail close and pass out.

She was at the end of the trail. Mustering up his strength, he started forward. Ten minutes later when he finally made it to the front porch, he had to lean on the post and rest for a moment. If the Bug hadn't convinced him that he had found Abigail, the floral scent that was uniquely hers did.

The sweet scent lured him in. He passed boxes of jars and bottles; tables set up with soaps and all sorts of herbs and flowers, and followed the soft sniffing sounds into the kitchen. There she was.

Her back was to him as she stood at the sink. Finally, the pain in his chest began to recede. Here she was all soft and sweet smelling only a few feet away. All he wanted to do was throw her over his shoulder and carry her off to the bedroom.

Pointedly he cleared his throat. The sound got an instant reaction from as she jumped and turned, obviously startled. In the soft morning light, he saw her eyes widen, the trails of her tears glistening across her cheeks as they fell toward her full trembling lips.

"Tucker?" Abigail whispered.

"Abigail."

“How?” Abby blinked, unable to believe what she was seeing.

“How what Abigail?”

“How did you get here?”

“I drove.”

“But...”

“Remind me Abigail, did I give you permission to leave my house?” Tucker intentionally kept his tone hard.

“You...” Abigail blinked, not expecting that question. “I thought you were...”

“Dead?” Tucker raised an eyebrow at that. “That’s no excuse.”

“It isn’t?”

Abby frowned. She was horribly confused. Tucker was not dead, but what he was saying didn’t make any sense. Why the hell was she wasting time talking anyway?

Jerked out of her shock, Abby flew across the room to throw herself into his arms. The warm, solid feel of him against her confirmed that she was not hallucinating. She buried her face in the soft fabric of his shirt, inhaling the musky scent that was his alone and letting it warm her insides.

Her arms tightened around him and she heard him grunt. One arm came around to hold her close, the other tangled in her hair. He pulled her head back until she was looking up into his eyes.

When Tucker lowered his head, Abigail stretched up on her toes to meet him. Slowly Tucker traced the sensitive edges of her lips with his tongue, committing their shape to memory.

Tucker tried to go slow, to control the fiery burn in his blood, but when Abigail murmured unintelligently against him and opened her mouth, Tucker lost the battle to be gentle. Repeatedly he plundered the sweet, moist depths of her mouth.

Abby was no voyeur in the play. Unable to get enough of his taste, her tongue stroked his, her mouth sucking on his tongue until his dick thumped angrily against his jeans. Abby could feel his erection pushing against her stomach and squirmed, teasing him.

“Enough.” Tucker broke the kiss off, holding her head back with his hand in her hair. “As much as I enjoy kissing you Abigail. Your disobedience requires discipline.”

“Disobedience?” Abby repeated dumbly. “Discipline?”

“I did not give you permission to leave my house, did I?”

Abigail felt her heart pound faster with his words. She was so confused. For the past two months, she had been mourning his loss. Now here he was and until he had said the word discipline, she had thought she was dreaming.

She wasn't. He was here, alive. After so many lives spent finding him only to lose him within days, Abby didn't know how to respond. This was new.

“I thought you were dead.” Abby whispered.

“As I said that is no excuse.” Tucker retorted. “You are to go to the bedroom, strip and await your punishment. Now, Abigail.”

Chapter Eight

Abby's heart was pushing blood so fast through her body she felt dizzy as walked toward the small, single bedroom in the cabin. Her fingers shook so hard it was difficult for her to remove her blouse and skirt, but a few minutes later she stood there, naked, head bowed, hands clasped behind her back, legs parted, just as Tucker had trained her to do.

Tucker moved silently into the room. He was pleased that she had done as he told her, but concerned by the look of her body. She was too thin and he had not missed the dark circles under her eyes.

He knew then that it was her grief over him that had threatened her life. Still, he pulled out the opal from his pocket and checked it. Already it had turned lavender and was deepening before his eyes.

Silently he moved behind her. Lifting her hair out of the way, he placed the necklace back around her neck. After clasping the chain, he squeezed her shoulders and took a deep breath.

His body was still tired, weak, but he wasn't going to let that stop him. He had waited for this moment, dreamed of it for two months now and he wasn't going to let any annoying bullet wound get in the way.

"On your knees on the bed." Tucker ordered her.

Abigail did as he commanded, crawling up onto the bed. She knew what would come next; he would spank her and then love her. Having him mount her, ride her, just the idea of it made her hot and wet with need. Knowing that it would drive him wild, she lowered her head to the bed, lifting her hips and widening her stance.

The sight of Abigail's naked pussy, all pink and swollen with her need tempted Tucker. He almost abandoned his plan then. Taking several deep breaths, he regained his control.

His little temptress wasn't going to get out of her punishment so easily. Pulling out the things he would need from his overnight bag, he dropped them on the bed beside her foot before lying down, angling his head just beneath her pussy.

"Come here, baby. Let me have a taste."

Abigail thrilled at the rough sound of his voice, at the firm grip of his hands lowering her hips to his waiting mouth. At the first velvety caress of the tip of his tongue along her slit, Abigail shuddered and collapsed, settling herself on his face for a deeper, more intimate exploration.

Tucker couldn't get enough. Drunk on the sweet taste of her cream, he fucked her with carnal abandon. Forgetting all about his plans as he drove her to a shattering climax.

She flooded his tongue with a tide of desire, her inner muscles clamping down, trying to draw his tongue in deeper. As Abigail shuddered and withered above him, Tucker's own cock pressed angrily against his zipper demanding release.

Release it would have, but first he had her punishment to administer. Reaching for the tube of lubricant he had dropped on the bed, he undid the cap. Intent on distracting her, he again buried his mouth into her weeping softness.

Tucker's distraction worked and it wasn't until she felt the smooth, well-greased head of a cock pushing against her back entrance that Abigail suddenly realized he was up to something. Before she could become overwhelmed with fear, Tucker licked up her slit to flick her clit.

Abigail moaned as the pleasure blurred with the painful pressure coming from her ass as he steadily eased the thick head of the toy past the clenched ring of muscles at her entrance. When it popped through, the pain mutated into an intense burning pressure.

The pleasure radiating from her pussy tingled over the ache in her ass, intensifying it, merging with it, until she didn't know what she was feeling besides an overwhelming sense of fullness as Tucker buried the large, thick cock all the way into her ass.

Tucker did not rush her. Leaving the dildo alone, he continued to eat at her pussy with lustful wildness, letting his hands move to her breast. As the pleasure built this time, it was magnified by the stretched feeling in her ass, spicing the building rapture with intense heat.

Abigail's control broke when Tucker shoved two thick fingers in her pussy, thrusting them deep. She threw her head back and screamed as her climax ripped through her body. Her hips thrust against his hand, the motion unleashing a lava-flow of pleasure as the dildo shifted, pressing back against Tucker's hands.

Abigail sobbed as her whole body was racked by her piercing climax. She was barely aware of Tucker moving from beneath her. Pressing her face deep into the mattress, she lay there for several minutes, quietly sobbing around her panting breath.

Tucker waited for her breathing to even out. When finally her tears dried, he took a hold of her hips. She whimpered as he lifted her back on to her knees. The beautiful lobes of her ass were flushed a pretty pink.

Gently caressing them, he could feel the warmth generated by her body's response to the toy. In a moment, the soft flesh would be a lot hotter. Tucker smiled with the thought.

"It's time for your punishment, baby." Tucker warned her.

"Wa...what-" Her question ended in a scream as her ass lit up with pure fire.

The blows came fast, each one making her ass jiggle and tighten, clinging to the cock buried deep within her. The shocking pain immediately morphed into an overwhelming pleasure.

The sensations confused her. What Tucker was doing was erotically forbidden, but there was no denying the deliciously savage pleasure he was forcing on her. Abigail cried out and arched into the blows, in desperate need of more.

The pleasure was indescribable, unlike anything she had experienced. The rapture she had experienced moments ago rekindled, searing her with the intensity of the sensual flames eating their way back up her spine.

Abigail bit her lip so hard she felt the warm, coppery taste of blood trickle across her tongue. She tried to hold back her orgasm, but it was too much. She cried out with her release, her hips bucking backward as her ass squeezed around the thick cock buried deep within her.

Her climax was stronger this time, feeding on the ecstatic aftershocks still vibrating through her. She couldn't survive this; it was too much for her body to bear. Abigail felt every cell in her body explode, detonating as an avalanche of pleasure crashed through her.

Tucker could hold back no more. Watching Abigail wretch and buck with her climax, his cock demanded that it feel the explosion from the inside. Shucking off his pants, he mounted her with a barely suppressed frenzy.

Weeping, wreathing, Abigail felt the torturous fullness of another cock forging its way into her. This one was the heated silk of Tucker's, pushing past the clenching inner muscles of her pussy to fill her so full of cock her nerve endings felt divided, torn from each other, the shots of pained pleasure they sent out ricocheted through her.

Abigail was lost in the primitive lust of being filled by twin cocks. Her eyes were opened, glassy, unable to comprehend the colors swirling before her. The sharp animalistic sounds of passion that fell from her mouth were incomprehensible as Tucker began to move.

Tucker felt like an animal. One in heat and unable to control himself as he began to pound into the warm, willing cunt drenching him in the slick cream of his mate's desire. He was out of control, wildly fucking into Abigail, as he was driven toward that mind shattering moment when his soul would be ripped from his body.

Buried balls-deep inside her tight, clenching pussy, her spasming cunt milked his hard flesh, sucking his seed from his cock. He gritted his teeth, his eyes closing tight, as the flames of rapture whorled and whipped, ripping through his body and searing him to his soul.

It lasted forever and not long enough. Tucker collapsed beside her on the bed, his arms locked tight around her. His tired, injured body finally giving out.

For long minutes, he reveled in the power of the shattering orgasm still trickling through his body. This was perfection; his muddled mind finally managed a thought. This was just how he wanted to spend the rest of his days.

"Abigail?" He murmured when he realized her breathing had evened out.

She didn't respond and he worried suddenly that he had been too rough on her. This was the first time she had ever had a cock fucked into her ass and it dawned on him that he might have taken things too far.

Tucker rose up on his elbow to make sure she was all right. Abigail had passed out, but there was a smile on her face, the opal around her neck was deep purple. The sight of it warmed him through to his soul. Sighing, he slid from the bed.

After cleaning up in the bathroom, he returned with a washcloth and towel and tended to Abigail. Before slipping back into bed, he pulled the velvet sack he had stashed in his overnight bag. Pulling out the ring he'd bought, he slid it onto her finger.

He had forgone the traditional diamond and purchased a beautiful opal. With a sigh, he closed his eyes and held on tight to his one true love.