

CHAPTER 1



Tiffany Morgan did not need the officer behind her to yelp his siren to let her know she needed to pull over. She could see the flashing red and blue lights reflecting in her rearview mirror just fine, thank you very much. With a wince, she slunk down in her seat. She'd wished and hoped for this, except now she'd wondered if she hadn't been a little too rash with her plan.

Gazing into her side mirror, Tiffany could feel her rear end clench with dread as Officer Kyle Andrew Sinclair rose out of his car and strode over to hers. Why couldn't he be like a normal guy and ask her out? Why did he make her resort to these childish tactics to get his attention? And dear God, why did he have to look gorgeously edible in his dark-blue winter uniform and cap? Her insides gave a little flip at the thought of talking to him again. All she could do was hope and pray he'd end up reacting as pleased as she'd envisioned him.

However, this wasn't the first time she'd gotten on the wrong side of the handsome, but strict, officer of the law. And it wouldn't be the last. Although, she'd much prefer being on his good side, she was eager to have him on any one of her sides—top, back, right, or

left. Just having him next to her made her knees grow weak. He made her feel desirable, feminine, and petite.

Though not terribly tall, she stood, barefoot, at five foot six, there weren't many men in town who could make Tiffany feel tiny and delicate. However, Kyle always could, and with nothing more than a crook of his finger and a single flash of his rich dark-brown eyes. Though they were hidden behind those dark mirrored sunglasses so popular today, she had no doubt they were narrowed and scowling at her.

He tapped on her closed window. Swallowing, she pressed the button lowering the thin glass barrier separating them. "Yes, Officer Sinclair?" she asked, trying to make her voice sound innocent, yet sexy.

"I believe you should know the routine by now, Miss Morgan. License and registration, please."

"Yes, sir," she replied deferentially in an effort to ease his anger a little. When she'd gotten into trouble before, she'd discovered it pleased him when she deferred to him as "sir".

Handing him the documents she had ready and available on the seat beside her, she watched as he perused them, no doubt to make sure she hadn't let either of them lapse. Forgetting such things could get her in hot water with him, too. Kyle was a stickler for following rules and regulations, which was unfortunate for her. Gazing up at his stern features, she waited, with a pasted smile and her hands folded, for him to pass judgment.

He jotted something on the pad he held. No doubt her license number. He intended to give her a ticket, except she had other plans. If she had the nerve to carry them out.

"Did you realize you were going forty-five in a twenty mile per hour zone? A school zone?" he asked in his official police officer voice.

"Yes, sir," she answered, knowing there was little point in denying it. She had been speeding on purpose in hopes she'd catch the officer's attention. Since the kiddies were all safe in school, she

wasn't being reckless, just speeding. Was it possible to barely break the law?

He pushed his glasses down his nose to glare at her straight on. "You knew you were speeding?" he asked, incredulity stamped on his rugged features.

"Yes, sir," she answered, staring up at him at him with her best ingenuous smile.

Pocketing his pad along with her license and registration, he took a single step back. "Step out of the car, please, Miss Morgan," he snapped, his tone revealing barely suppressed anger.

Closing her eyes, Tiffany swallowed for courage then stepped out into the crisp January air as he'd commanded.

"Turn and place your hands on the roof of your car, please," he insisted, his palm resting on his gun.

Though she did as he ordered without comment, she thought he was carrying things a bit too far this time. What was he going to do? Shoot her for speeding in a school zone? Frisk her for hidden weapons? She gulped as his strong hands did exactly that. She arched her back, unable to suppress a small groan at the impersonal, yet strangely erotic, pat-down he gave her.

"Spread your legs, please," he commanded next, placing his knee between her thighs to ensure her compliance.

Though tempted to lean back and ride the firm thigh pressing against her butt, she restrained herself. His action hadn't been necessary, since she had no intention of disobeying him, but now her panties were soaked through. She wore a jacket and a short, tight skirt, having left her coat in the car, so it wouldn't have taken much for him to check her there, too. However, he was conducting his search in an impersonal manner. Damn him.

When he was done, he stepped back. "You may turn around," he advised, anger still simmering beneath the surface of his words.

Tiffany knew he hated it when she drove over the speed limit. He considered it reckless driving, which he refused to tolerate. She watched as he pressed his glasses back and took out his pad again.

"I'm giving you a ticket and recommending you attend mandatory driver's training, this time, Miss Morgan." Though she still couldn't see his eyes, Tiffany suspected they simmered with spirals of fury. "What you knowingly did is stupid, reckless, and unacceptable," he informed her, his tone clipped and cool.

She gazed at him through lowered lashes. He'd delivered her cue. "Um, Officer?"

One eyebrow arched above his glasses as he answered. "Yes?"

She wet her lips and gave her hips a provocative little swing. "Perhaps we could work something out, instead?"

Glasses immediately came down again. "Pardon me?"

She gazed at his crotch. The evidence he found her attractive was obvious. "Perhaps, I could find a way to ease your discomfort, and you could forgive this small lapse of judgment on my part?" She ran her tongue over her lips again, in case he hadn't gotten the message yet. Sometimes men could be a little thick.

If his eyes could physically glare daggers, she'd be one dead cookie. "Are you attempting to bribe me with oral sex, Miss Morgan?" he inquired.

She gave him the most suggestive smile she had then answered, "Among other things..."

"That's it!" he growled, yanking his handcuffs out and smooshing her face against the icy cold roof of her car. Before she could even say "don't", he had her hands cuffed behind her back and was marching her over to his police car.

"Ow, Kyle. You're hurting me," she complained, struggling to match his long stride in the tight skirt and shiny black stilettos she hoped made her legs look ten miles long. His grip on her arm lightened, but other than that small concession, he was cutting her no slack. She made no attempt to resist him, since she already knew it would be useless. Besides, this was what she'd been hoping for, right?

"Get in," he commanded, pressing down on her head to protect it as he settled her none too gently in the back of his cruiser.

Leaning inside, he said, "You can stew there for a few minutes and think about what you did while I decide what to do with you." Then he slammed the door.

That ominous little warning had Tiffany's backside twitching again.

Remaining where he'd put her, Tiffany fumed—in silence. This had not been part of her plan at all. She'd imagined him so overcome with passion for her he swept her up in his arms, placed her on his lap, and passionately kissed her. He was not supposed to slap handcuffs on her wrists, toss her into his car, then slam the door and lock her in.

Yeah, he might be a handsome guy and all, with muscles a girl could drool over, but he was also a chauvinist pig sometimes. She was sorely tempted to stick out her tongue at him, since his handcuffs had curtailed her ability to give him the one fingered salute, which she'd also like to throw his way. It would at least make her feel better.

Except he stood in the front of the car with his back to her, which meant her infantile gesture would be lost on him. Scowling at his rigid stance, she scrunched her nose up and stuck out her tongue at him anyway then groaned when he held up his index finger in response. One. *Oh God*. Somehow he'd seen the childish gesture and was keeping track of her infractions. She was in for it now. She slumped back against the seat and waited.



KYLE WAS SO angry with Tiffany for her deliberate recklessness he feared he'd lose his temper with her. Rather than tempt himself further by giving her a well-deserved scolding, he slammed his cruiser's door and strode to stand before the hood of his car, where he crossed his arms over his chest and considered what he should do next.

She had no regard for her own safety. He'd known that since the

summer she'd turned ten years old and went swimming in the rain-swollen Pentucket river after her parents had forbidden her to go anywhere near it. Though seventeen and little more than a kid himself, he'd managed to save her. Then, once he'd made sure she hadn't been hurt by the river's rough handling, he'd been angry enough to give her five hard swats on her pink swimsuit-covered backside. Afterward, she wailed as if he'd beaten her black and blue. He'd held her for a bit and rocked her in his arms as he quietly scolded her for risking her life until she'd calmed.

Then, putting her aside, he'd ordered her home to change out of her wet suit. He thought she'd run to her daddy and complain about what he'd done, but she hadn't. Instead, the next day she started following him around like a pesky younger sister, remaining his permanent shadow until two years later, when he'd left and joined the army to train as a medic.

He knew she'd become smitten with him, since during those two years she'd tried to get his attention, by doing stupid girly things. Still, all it took was a sharp word or look from him and she'd settle down again.

Despite her constant tailing, they had little contact with each other until she turned eighteen and he found himself rescuing her again. This time from a near rape by one of the cretins she'd been dating. Since Kyle had joined up with the police force by did the "right" thing by threatening the guy with arrest first, despite the fact he wanted to knock out a few of the idiot's teeth. However, some guys were too stupid to live, he guessed, since this drunken lout didn't have the sense God gave a peacock to lie low.

As Kyle had leaned against the door of his cruiser and listened while the moron continued to spew epithets at him that should never have been uttered in a lady's presence, he kept an eye on his watch and waited for the second hand to swing up to twelve, at which point he informed the imbecile he was officially off-duty and clocked him one, knocking him out.

He'd then gone to Tiffany, who was still crying after her attack,

and picked her up in his arms to cuddle and reassure her, despite his deep anger over her complete lack of judgment in the guys she dated. She'd filled out quite nicely over the years, and he was attracted to her in a way that made it difficult to keep his distance, even though he was determined to try.

When she'd finally settled, he first made sure the loser hadn't hurt her, then he spent time talking to her. Okay, maybe he'd been lecturing more than talking, but she'd needed a good scare in his opinion. She could have been badly hurt if he hadn't "happened along". And that thought alone made him madder than a wasp with an agenda, as well as supremely protective.

Had she remained scared and tearful, he would have escorted her home after he'd finished giving her a sternly worded warning on the perils of dating guys who had more body ink than brains. However, Tiffany took extreme umbrage over his well-intentioned reprimand and began telling *him* off for daring to lecture her. Then *she*, in a very unwise move on her part, started shouting some of the same filthy epithets the *dickwad* he'd cold-cocked had dared to spout earlier.

Governing his temper, and showing remarkable restraint, he'd warned her three times she was treading water in a treacherous stream. And when she topped things off by hitting him in the chest and calling him a sanctimonious bastard, he growled he had run out of patience with her. And, without warning, he'd flipped her stomach down over his lap, pushed her panties down, and administered fifteen good whacks on her bare bottom for insulting a police officer. He stopped when she tearfully pleaded out an apology and promised to do whatever he said in the future.

After the punishment was over, he made her stay in position while he spread a medicinal lotion over her bright-pink posterior. She was a fair, green-eyed redhead who bruised far too easily, in his opinion. Though the peppermint-scented emollient served to soothe and protect fair skin, it stung like the devil when first applied to paddled bottoms. God, you'd have thought he was killing

her with the way she'd struggled, screamed, begged, and cried. She carried on far worse while he was spreading the creamy liquid over her curvy backside than she had when he'd punished her, and would have escaped his hold except his grip was unbreakable.

When the lotion's anesthetic properties kicked in, she calmed down and let him finish tending her, expressing her approval by giving occasional soft little moans of pleasure. Unfortunately, he couldn't help but admire her round and rosy-pink buttocks as he continued to stroke her and didn't want to stop. When his erection grew too painful to ignore, he turned her over so she could sit on his lap, but he didn't let her go. He couldn't. She was far too delicious for him to release, and she wanted to be kissed.

Kyle was all too willing to give Tiffany anything and everything she wanted. He kissed her deeply, surprising her a little when he pressed his tongue into her mouth. However, she responded with equal fervor as he praised and complimented her between kisses. She clung to him, pushing her small, though delightfully firm, breasts against his chest, and Kyle wanted so much more, despite his inner warnings against getting involved with a sexy, curvaceous troublemaker.

She was a warm armful he enjoyed kissing and holding almost too much. Still, given the harrowing day she'd had, he insisted on driving her home. She'd agreed in a suspiciously meek manner, which made him wary. Tiffany was anything but meek. He understood the reason for her uncharacteristic subservience when she asked him please not to tell her father.

Kyle had agreed, somewhat reluctantly, because he believed the older man would be hurt to learn what had almost happened to his baby girl, and also because he felt he had already seen to her punishment himself—most effectively. Seeing her to their front door, he gave her a final kiss and warned her to take care, since he'd be watching from then on. Then he'd left, vowing to put all the wayward thoughts he had about romancing the stubborn little minx out of his mind.

Despite his efforts to keep his distance, Tiffany would occasionally end up standing in front of him for something stupid or reckless she'd done. For some reason, he always seemed to be the one to catch her at her foolishness. If he didn't know she hated it when he punished or scolded her, he'd begin to suspect she was deliberately doing things so he'd catch her.

Though he found it harder and harder to maintain his distance, he always did his best to treat her like a strict older brother. Reckless stunts, anything that put her life in danger, was dealt with swiftly and harshly, usually with her ending up panties down over his knees for a firm paddling. However, he never spanked her hard or long and only used his hand.

She'd cry a little and want to be comforted afterward, and yet, over the last few months he'd begun to think she wasn't taking his punishments seriously. How could she, when he kept catching her doing reckless things far more often, the older she got? And her stunts, though not critically dangerous, were getting more and more serious.

Even so, he was sensitive to her tears and usually let her up at the first sign of them to give her a warm hug. He tried to limit the kissing, but found it difficult when she'd catch him opened mouthed and mid-sentence. Because when Tiffany put her tongue in his mouth, Kyle had a hell of a time not reciprocating. If the stunt she'd pulled was merely stupid, he'd let her go with a simple scolding and a warning if he caught her at it again, she'd be spending a much longer time over his knees.

Now, three years after he'd saved her butt from getting raped by an asshole, he'd caught her recklessly speeding—on purpose. And he was angry enough to give Miss Tiffany Anne Morgan's bare backside a lot more than a few light swats. Except Kyle knew if she agreed to the punishment he intended to propose, he would not be able to let her go this time. And though he wasn't a total *dickwad*, he felt, deep down, Tiffany deserved someone better than him. At least

until he caught her, through the reflection in his glasses, sticking her tongue out at him.

With an inward grin, he lifted his index finger to let her know he saw and had added one swat to his already mounting count. He saw her eyes widen and knew she'd gotten his message. Then watched as she slumped in his cruiser's back seat.

With a nod to himself, Kyle removed his glasses and hung them on his belt then opened the driver's side door of his cruiser. He turned off his light bar, shut the door again, then opened the back door and leaned in to gaze down at the girl he'd decided he needed to have in his life. Seeing she remained in her submissive pose, he said, "Well, Miss Morgan. It looks like you have an important decision to make."



NOT LIKING the sound of that, Tiffany sat up a little straighter and gazed at him through wary eyes.

"Here's what I propose," Kyle said leaning a little closer to her. "You can either spend a night in jail for attempting to bribe a police officer... Orrr..." He paused for effect as she held her breath for his next words. "Or, you can spend an indefinite amount of time with your panties off, stomach draped over my knees, and your delightfully cute bottom spanked with two swats for every MPH you went over the limit, as well as an additional five for attempting to bribe me, and one extra for sticking your tongue out. I believe that brings us to a grand total of fifty-six swats," he added with one eyebrow arched.

Tiffany's jaw dropped in disbelief. "Fifty-six swats! Are you crazy? I wouldn't be able to sit for weeks. You must be a fucking pervert to even suggest such a thing!"

"Five more swats for swearing, young lady. And if I hear you say 'fucking' again, I'll add washing your mouth out with soap to your punishment."

Tiffany clamped her lips together and glared at him. Past experience had taught her he'd make good on any threat or warning he gave her, so she bit her tongue and fumed silently.

He gave his head a slight tilt. "Your little language slip brings the total to sixty-one, and I still await your reply."

Though she had deliberately sought his attention, Tiffany had never expected he'd take things this far. "You can't be serious, Kyle," she said after another long moment.

"You should know by now I don't joke about anything that threatens your life or well-being. And reckless driving resides at the top of the list."

"I won't do it," she stated, wishing she could stab him several times over with her gaze.

"Your choice, of course. However, I suspect your father will be heartbroken to learn his little girl has to spend a night in jail because she bribed a police officer with a blow job in an unwise effort to avoid a speeding ticket."

He couldn't be serious. "You wouldn't!" she spat back him.

"Oh, honey. I definitely would." He stood and placed his hand on her door.

Scared he would do exactly as he'd threatened, Tiffany called after him. "Kyle!"

He leaned in again. "I'm going to give you five minutes to think about my proposal. If you refuse to give me an answer, I will assume you wish to spend the night in jail. Unfortunately, it will mean you'll have a record, and you'll have to be finger-printed, but I've heard the cots at the station aren't *too* uncomfortable."

Once again her temper got the best of her. "Bastard!"

He smiled. "The count is now sixty-six, honey, and I intend to start adding swats the longer you thwart me in this. So, think carefully, Tiff. You have a lot at stake here."

"Argh!" Tiffany growled at him as he shut the door. Kyle merely smiled at her then, after checking his watch, he retook his position by the cruiser's hood.



WHEN HE'D FLASHED his lights, Tiffany had pulled off to a deserted parking area near the school. The vacant lot meant he could dispense her punishment without attracting the attention of anything more than a few nearby birds and squirrels—no matter how much she screamed, begged, and cried. And he intended to deliver every swat he threatened.

This time he wouldn't be dissuaded by tearful pleas or cries of pain. His darling girl was going to learn there were consequences for reckless behavior and breaking the law. Although, admittedly, he had been intrigued by her proposition.

Crossing his arms over his chest, he chuckled over the memory of how surprised she'd been when he'd pressed his tongue into her mouth. She would have been at least ten times more surprised if he'd let her do what she'd suggested.

Checking his watch again, Kyle returned to the car and opened the door. "Your five minutes are up, honey. Have you made your decision?"

Watching Tiffany take a deep breath, Kyle was not surprised when she said, "Look, Kyle, I want to be reasonable about this—"

"I'm pleased to hear that," he concurred.

"However, a sentence of sixty-six swats is not reasonable by any stretch of the imagination."

He shrugged. "I guess this is where you and I will have to agree to disagree."

"It's ludicrous, insane, and totally out of the question."

He leaned in closer. "Tiffany Anne Morgan, school zone speed limits are established for a purpose, and there are penalties for violating them. Severe penalties. What's worse is the rest of this neighborhood has a speed limit of thirty-five. Even if I were to discount the school zone violation, you were still driving ten miles an hour over the limit. In the middle of January. With patches of black ice covering the road. And that, my sweet, is unforgiveable

and deserving of every swat I give you." When she opened her mouth, he raised a finger to let her know he wasn't finished, yet.

"Furthermore, since your five minutes are up, I'm going to add one swat for every minute you delay in giving me your decision."

"You're insane!"

He tapped his watch. "Thirty seconds, sweetheart, and we're up to sixty-seven. Tick tock."