

BOUND SHORT

BETTER
THAN
Coffee



BRONWYN GREEN



BRONWYN
REEN
BOOKS

Better Than Coffee

A Bound Short

Bronwyn Green

Better Than Coffee
Copyright © 2017, Bronwyn Green
Edited by Jessica Bimberg and Kris Norris
Cover Art by Kris Norris

Published by Bronwyn Green
Released March 2017

This is a work of fiction. All characters, places and events are from the author's imagination and should not be confused with fact. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, events or places is purely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any material form, whether by printing, photocopying, scanning or otherwise without the written permission of the author, Bronwyn Green.

Table of Contents

[The *Bound* Series by Bronwyn Green & Jessica Jarman](#)

[Blurb](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Better Than Coffee](#)

[Excerpt from *Bound: In Bounds*](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Also by Bronwyn Green](#)

What's hotter than sexy accents, BDSM, and a bit of rope?

Not much.

Enjoy the Bound Series

London Bound by Jessica Jarman
Drawn That Way by Bronwyn Green
The Professor's Student by Bronwyn Green
Nothing Serious by Jessica Jarman
Out of Sync by Bronwyn Green
In Bounds by Bronwyn Green
Good With His Hands, a *Bound* short by Bronwyn Green
It's Nothing, a *Bound* short by Jessica Jarman
Better Than Coffee, a *Bound* short by Bronwyn Green
Things Like This, a *Bound* short by Jessica Jarman

COMING SOON

Safeword Protected by Jessica Jarman
Caught by Bronwyn Green
Taking Notes by Jessica Jarman
Drawn Out, a *Bound* novella by Bronwyn Green
Holiday Bound, a *Bound* novella by Jessica Jarman

Better Than Coffee

Few things are better than coffee...but Cat discovers some while on holiday.
Namely, one Hugh Boyd.

Dedication

To Rox – Having entire conversations in metaphor while drinking ridiculously elaborate coffee on your couch and hate watching movies will forever be one of my favorite pastimes. I love you...even though you hate musicals and The Princess Bride. What is even wrong with you?!

Better Than Coffee

“Here you are, kitten.”

A steaming cup of what smelled like heaven appeared in her peripheral vision, but Cat Archer was distracted by the long, perfectly formed fingers cradling the mug. And the hands they were attached to. The hands she'd imagined on her body far too often. Oh, who was she kidding? Everything about this man distracted her. His dark, windswept hair. The perpetual scruff that covered his face. His panty-melting Irish accent. *Especially* his panty-melting accent.

She forced her gaze to his face and arched her brow as Hugh, the painfully gorgeous barista of the Seaside Café, set down the latte and a piece of some sort of decadent layered pie on the table next to her laptop.

“Still with the kitten?”

He grinned and shrugged. “You’ve been coming here how long? Every day for three weeks, now,” he said, answering his own question, his thick brogue wrapping around her like a warm sweater. “Long enough for me to get a taste of your claws, anyway. Kitten suits.”

Cat rolled her eyes and shook her head. “Whatever. And it hasn’t been three weeks. You guys are closed on Sundays.”

“Naughty, naughty kitten, can’t even give the lord his day,” he said, his kissable-looking lips quirking.

“How does that even work?” she asked. “You’ve got a sign that says, ‘A day without coffee isn’t a day worth living.’ hanging above the espresso machine. A shop that has that sign *and* closes on Sundays seems a bit contradictory, don’t you think?”

Hugh laughed, the corners of his dark eyes crinkling and his smile bright enough to lead lost sailors ashore. “Drink your coffee before it gets cold.”

She glanced at the cup again then tilted her head toward the other occupant of the patio, an older woman at the other end reading a book. “Think you’ve got the wrong customer. I didn’t order anything.”

“This one’s on the house. You’ve been out here workin’ for hours. Besides, I’ve been experimenting, and you’re my test subject.”

She leaned toward the latte and sniffed. It smelled delicious. She paused with the cup halfway to her lips and narrowed her eyes at him. “What’s in it?”

“Are all Americans so suspicious?” When she didn’t respond, he shook his head. “Madagascar vanilla, cinnamon, nutmeg, green apple and just a hint of coconut.”

She wrinkled her nose. “I was with you until you said coconut.”

He crossed his arms over his chest, and it was almost impossible for her to tear her eyes away from his nicely muscled forearms, revealed by the sleeves of what looked like a hand knit sweater he’d pushed up. “Thinkin’ about callin’ it *Kitten’s Britches*. Just try it.”

“Fine,” she muttered. “You’re so bossy.” He raised an eyebrow at her as she wrapped her chilly palms around the heavy stoneware mug, lifted it to her mouth, and took a sip. Closing her eyes, she groaned as she savored the flavor then immediately took another drink. “Okay. You win. This is amazing,” she admitted, opening her eyes.

Hugh’s gaze was fixed on her, and the humor that had been bounding between them moments earlier had vanished, leaving only the roaring sound of the sea below and something that felt far too much like carnal awareness. As she met his eyes, he seemed to snap out of it and smiled, though it seemed a little strained around the edges.

As if the deck’s other occupant was aware of the undercurrents of attraction between Cat and Hugh, she suddenly gathered her belongings and went back inside the shop.

Hugh cleared his throat and nodded toward the woman standing at the counter. “I’d best see what she’s about.”

Cat nodded. “Thank you for the coffee and...whatever this piece of sin on a plate is.”

He laughed as he opened the door to the shop. “That, kitten, is apple amber. I’ll check back in a bit—see how you like your sin.”

She paused with her fork halfway to her mouth. Had he intended that to be interpreted as the come on it sounded like, or was she just reading too much into everything because she was so insanely attracted to him? She sighed. She needed to get a damn grip. She was here to work on her thesis, and the last thing she needed was this kind of distraction. Any kind of distraction, really. Gathering and cross-referencing folktales and fairytales that had been handed down through the generations from all the counties in Ireland required her entire focus. Wondering if Hugh had been flirting with her wasn’t helping anything. Nor was imagining what he looked like under that bulky gray sweater—which was what she was currently doing.

Glancing at the fork she still held, she brought it to her mouth and about died. The sweet airiness of the meringue collided with the sticky tartness of the apple, and she was in heaven. Thesis abandoned for the moment, she enjoyed the rest of the pie and coffee. Her attention kept drifting to Hugh, though. Every once in a while, she’d see him look up at her and smile. And every time, her stomach would flutter wildly, and she’d look away like a middle schooler instead of a grown-ass woman. God, she was pathetic.

Turning back to her computer, she willed herself to stop thinking about Hugh. She’d chosen to work at the café because they had the best WiFi near her rented room, a steady supply of caffeine, and she could enjoy looking out over the Irish Sea mostly uninterrupted. The café had been built on a rocky cliff, and the deck could only be accessed from the inside of the building, which meant that only the occasional customer came out here. The locals didn’t bother, and most of the tourists took quick selfies with the sea as a backdrop then left.

Breathing deeply, she watched the rolling water. She doubted that she’d ever tire of listening to the restless waves or staring at the gorgeous countryside. She also doubted that she’d ever tire of interacting with Hugh. Dear god, that man

rang every bell she had. Smart, funny, kind, competent, a great cook, and sexy as fuck. Plus, he had that edge of bossiness she rather liked. Of course, in her fantasies, he was more than a little bossy. She shifted in her seat and tried to ignore the sudden ache between her legs as she imagined kneeling at his feet and sucking his cock. She could almost feel his hands tightening in her hair as he fucked her mouth.

She didn't normally fantasize about casual acquaintances, but there was something about Hugh that called to every inappropriate thought that had ever popped into her head and brought them all to a boil whenever she looked at him.

Frustrated, and far too aroused, she pushed back her chair and stood. She needed to move—shake off some of this excess energy so she could actually accomplish something today. She had hours and hours of audio recordings she needed to transcribe. And she was more likely to get that started if she left the coffee shop and got far enough away from Hugh that she was able to think about something other than the way his eyes crinkled at the corners when he smiled. Or whether or not he'd taste like coffee if she kissed him. Yeah. She needed to put a little distance between them so she could focus.

She glanced through the window. The only person she saw behind the counter was Hugh's niece, Brigid. Perfect. Cat could dart in and get another latte to go and then get her ass back to work at her rented room without having more Hugh-related angst and arousal. Angstrousal? Aroungst?

After putting her notebooks and computer into her satchel, she slung the bag over her shoulder and gathered the dirty dishes and brought them inside to Brigid.

The teenager nodded to Cat's empty plate. "Ready for another piece of amber, are you?"

"God, no." Cat laughed. "It was amazing, but I'm totally full. I'll take a large to-go cup of dark chocolate cinnamon mocha, though." What she really wanted was another cup of *Kitten's Britches*, but that would likely mean Hugh would have to come out here and make it.

"Leaving already?"

“I’ve gotta get some work done, and I’m just too distracted here, today.”

Brigid nodded. “That’s me. Every day.”

Cat laughed and pulled her credit card out of her phone case and slid it across the counter.

“Are you still looking for fairy stories for your project?” Brigid asked.

Cat perked up. “Always. You got some for me?”

The girl grinned and pushed her light brown hair from her face, her whiskey-colored eyes crinkling in the corners, so like her uncle’s. “Well, not me. But my Great-Gran is back at my mum’s—it’s our turn to watch her—and she’s got great stories. Some really wild ones about selkies and fairies.”

Excitement flared to life, and Cat was happy to push transcription to the side for another day. “Do you think she’d talk to me?”

Brigid giggled. “I think she’d talk to the streetlamp if she thought it was listening.” She cut a generous slice of the apple amber, put it on a plate and covered it with plastic wrap. “I’ve got to bring her afternoon snack and make her a fresh pot of tea, why don’t you come with me, and we’ll see if she feels like chatting?”

“Lead the way.”

Brigid held up a finger and stuck her head through the doorway of the kitchen. “House is empty. I’m going to run Great-Gran’s snack up to her and make her a fresh pot. I’ll be back in a few.”

“See she eats something with protein, too,” he said. “She can’t just live on caffeine and sugar.”

“Why not? You do.”

“Brat.”

Cat smiled at the obvious affection between the two. Hugh’s fondness for his family only upped his attractiveness. Dear god, she was pathetic. Shaking her head at herself, she followed Brigid up the lane and tried to push all thoughts of the girl’s hot uncle right out of her head.



The familiar sounds of the clacking of knitting needles and laughter greeted Hugh when he let himself into his sister's house, after he'd closed up the café for the day. His gran and his sister, Moira, were easy enough to identify.

"And that's the trouble with the Fair Folk," his gran said. "They ruin woman for all mortal men."

There was more laughter, and he could swear he heard Cat. His brow furrowed.

"Well, I could stand a bit of ruining," his sister muttered.

"Same," Cat—he was sure it was her—agreed. "Where do I find these Fair Folk?"

He walked quietly into the kitchen and set the pot of stew on the stove and turned on the burner.

"Well, you've heard of the black Irish?" his gran went on, and Hugh rolled his eyes, knowing full well what was coming. He glanced into the front room where his grandmother was holding court and saw Cat nod. "Well, there are those who say that the Irish with darker hair and eyes and complexions are descended from the selkies—like our Hugh, here."

All heads turned toward him. It was hard to tell in the waning light, but he thought he saw Cat's cheeks pinken. "Not a selkie, Gran. I don't like swimming in the sea."

Cat's brilliant green eyes shone with laughter. "So, you're not hiding a seal pelt somewhere?"

"Along with a string of broken hearts?" his sister added with a grin.

He discreetly flipped her off as he bent to kiss Gran's cheek. "Not hardly."

She patted his cheek, her blue eyes blessedly clear of confusion for once. "I didn't think that Rosemary Williams was ever going to stop cryin' over you."

"Jesus, Mary, and, Joseph. We were fifteen."

"Ya shoulda heard the wailing," she said to Cat. "It was just dreadful."

Hugh rolled his eyes. "I'm certain I didn't ruin Rosemary Williams for mortal men."

Moira shrugged. "She asks after you often enough."

Cat giggled as she turned off her recorder and put it into her satchel.

"Of course," his sister continued. "It's usually while I'm stitching up one of her hellions from whatever mischief they've got into that week. Maybe she's just fantasizing about a quieter life."

"Ruined for mortal men," Gran echoed.

Cat's laughter intensified as she stood. "Aileen, thank you so much for taking the time to talk to me and share your stories. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed visiting with you." She turned to his sister. "And you, too, Moira. Thank you for letting me invade your home."

She turned to Hugh, and her smile froze momentarily, but before she could speak, he said, "And where do you think you're going? It's supper time, and that stew isn't going to eat itself."

She met his gaze with that same half wary-half intrigued expression she'd worn earlier when he'd brought her the coffee.

"Catherine," his grandmother said. "It's time to eat."

"I don't want to intrude," Cat murmured.

"I've got the bread—fresh from the oven," Brigid announced as she shoved open the door and set the wooden cutting board on the table.

"You're not intruding," Moira said. "We'd love to have you."

"Mum, can I go to Carah's for supper?"

Moira raised her eyebrow at her daughter.

"They're having pizza," Brigid wheedled then turned to him. "Nothing against you or your cooking."

"I'm fine." He lifted the lid off the pot, looked inside then back at his niece. "The stew, however, has been mortally wounded by your rejection."

Moira shook her head at the two of them. "Go on, now. But back home by eleven."

Brigid bounded out the door, and Cat took a step after her. “I should probably—”

“You should probably sit down, already.” Gran directed Cat to a seat at the table.

Hugh grinned and nodded toward his gran. “We do our best, but she’s spoiled as they come. It’s best you listen to her and just do as she says.”

Cat shook her head and sat, slinging her bag over the back of the chair.

Moira passed out bowls, plates and cutlery, and he grabbed the butter and a knife for the bread Brigid had brought from the shop.

Cat’s hands fluttered near the tabletop. “Can I do anything to help?”

“Sure.” He pushed the cutting board toward her and handed her the bread knife. “How about you slice while I get drinks?”

She nodded and sank her teeth into her bottom lip while she sawed away at the loaf. It would be nothing short of a miracle if Gran didn’t slap her hand, take the knife and do it herself. He poured his grandmother a fresh cup of tea and grabbed a couple bottles of beer from the fridge for him and Moira. “You want a beer, kitten?”

“Kitten?” Moira snorted.

“Your brother thinks he’s quite clever.” Cat glanced up at him. “And yes, please. A beer would be lovely.”

“Oh, he’s quite something all right,” Moira muttered.

Hugh couldn’t seem to keep his gaze from their guest. From the expression of pure pleasure that crossed her face as she ate—there was just something fucking hot about a woman who enjoyed her food as much as Cat did—to the way her fingers toyed with the long neck of the beer bottle. It was impossible not to imagine her hands on him. Imagine her fingers wrapped around his prick as he kissed her, her lips sweet beneath the taste of beer.

It didn’t take much of a jump to imagine what she sounded like when she came. Of course, his imagination was pleasantly fueled by the memory of the sound she’d made this morning when she’d tasted the coffee he’d created for her. Jesus. He’d remember that throaty groan for the rest of his life, and he knew

he'd be replaying it over and over tonight when he took himself in hand. He'd be remembering the way her eyes closed and her lips parted and the ragged sound of her voice.

Moira shot him a funny look, and he sincerely hoped the direction of his thoughts hadn't been obvious. Once their bellies were full, Cat insisted on washing the dishes while Moria helped Gran to her room. It was later than she usually stayed up, but they'd all been having such a good time over supper, no one had really noticed the time. But when Gran's lucidity started fading, so did the laughter.

He scraped the leftovers into a storage container and popped it into the fridge while Cat quickly scrubbed out the pot. After she was finished, she tucked a lock of her reddish blonde hair behind her ear and glanced up at him.

"Thanks for the stew. It was delicious."

"You're welcome, kitten. Thanks for visiting with Gran, today. I can tell she really enjoyed your company."

She glanced toward the bedroom, her expression worried. "I hope it wasn't too much for her."

He shook his head. "She's in and out these days."

She didn't look convinced, and her eyes darkened with concern. "I should probably get going. Will you please tell your sister I said thank you so much for welcoming me into her home?"

"I will, but you're not walking home alone."

She frowned at him. "I'll be fine. Besides, Brigid is walking home alone."

He stepped closer. "Carah lives next door. Your boarding house is across town. Besides...do you even know how to get there by yourself? In the dark?"

She stared at him for a moment more, looking like she was about to argue, but she finally shook her head. "Fine."

"Such a gracious little kitten."

She rolled her eyes. "Whatever."

"I'll be right back." He tapped on his gran's door.

Moira opened it, and Hugh looked past his sister to where Gran was tucked into her bed.

She pushed up on her elbow. “Rupert?”

Hugh’s heart sank. “No, Gran. It’s Hugh.”

She looked so confused and lost, he regretted correcting her. “That’s so odd. Y’look just like my Rupert, you do.”

Moira looked at him, eyes filled with pain, and laid her hand on arm. “Go on and walk your kitten home,” she murmured. “I’ve got everything under control, here.”

“You sure?”

She nodded. “She’ll be asleep soon. Do me a favor, though, and leave a note for Brigid—just let her know to check in with me when she gets home in case I’m still in here.”

“Will do.” He stepped farther into the room, bent and kissed Gran on the cheek. “Sleep well. I love you.”

“I love you, too, Rupert.”

Hugh swallowed hard and avoided Moira’s gaze as he left the room. Watching Gran slip away seemed a lot harder and a lot crueller than he imagined it would be to have her die suddenly—unexpectedly. He knew what that was like—why he’d thought this slow fading would be easier, he had no clue. He was an idiot.

He glanced at Cat, and her smile dimmed as he approached.

“I just have to write a quick note to Brigid, and we’ll be ready.”

“Okay.”

He quickly scrawled a message to his niece on a piece of paper he tore from a notebook and propped the note up against the vase of autumn roses in the center of the table.

Turning to look at Cat, he found her watching him. He gestured toward the door. “Shall we?”

She slung her bag over her shoulder and made her way outside. His hand on the small of her back, he followed her down the front steps and into the night.

Slowing her pace, she laid her hand on his arm. “Is everything okay?” When he didn’t answer right away, she added, “Are *you* okay?”

He met her gaze. “Not especially.”

“You wanna talk?”

He shrugged. “Somedays, she’s incredibly lucid—like today, telling you those stories. And tonight, when I went in there, she thought I was her dead husband.”

“Oh, Hugh...” His name was more of a breath than a word as it passed her lips. “I’m so sorry.”

He shrugged again. “Usually, she tends to have more coherent days when she says with Moira.”

“Where does she stay when she’s not at your sister’s?”

“My aunts and uncles take turns having her—except for the ones in the States. Most recently, she was in Galway with my Uncle John and Aunt Carol. Moira and I prefer to have her closer, though.”

“You guys take good care of her.”

“She took us in after our parents died. I’m sure one of the aunts or uncles would have, but she wouldn’t hear of it.”

“I’m so sorry.”

He shook off her concern. “It was a long time ago.”

“How old were you?”

Her eyes shone in the light of the flickering streetlamps as she stared at him, her compassion was so thick and warm, it was almost a tangible thing. “I was eleven, and Moira was fourteen.”

Before she could say anything else, he pushed away the press of memories and added, “I’ve had all the maudlin I can stand, tonight. Now, tell me something good.”

She bit her lower lip as if she were trying to decide whether to play along and let him avoid his pain, or not. She worried her lip back and forth, and he could practically feel the plump flesh between his teeth. God, he wanted to taste her. He wanted to lose himself in sweetness of her mouth. The warmth of her body.

Her expression brightened. “Well, I don’t want to brag or anything, but something great happened, today.”

His eyebrows rose. “Yeah?”

“Apparently, my fame as a cultural anthropologist is spreading across Ireland. Just today, someone named a coffee drink after me.”

A surprised laugh burst from him, and he felt something shift and loosen in his chest. He wasn’t sure laughter had ever felt like such sharp relief before.

“I suspected were a celebrity. You’ve that air about you.”

She glanced up through her lashes and grinned. The sight of it punched him in the gut, momentarily stealing his breath.

“Does that mean I can have another one tomorrow?”

“You can have whatever you want, kitten.”

She looked like she was about to say something as the wind whipped between her boarding house and the building next to it, and she began to shiver. “Fuck, it’s cold!”

He guided her onto the porch, out of the biting autumn wind, and nodded toward the door. “Go on with you. Get warmed up, and I’ll keep you in coffee for as long as you want.”

She laid her hand on his arm. “You sure you’re okay?”

He shoved his hands in his pockets. “I’m fine. Now, get inside. You’ll freeze out here.” He smiled, or, he tried to, anyway. “I’ll see you later, yeah?”

She nodded. “Yeah.”

Cat let herself into the boarding house with the key she’d been assigned. She locked the door behind her, cognizant of the fact that Hugh stayed where he was until he heard the tumbler thunk into place. He lifted his hand then headed back up the street in the direction they’d come.

Her heart ached for him. The expression on his face as he’d left his grandma’s room earlier She couldn’t imagine what it would be like to watch a loved one fade away like that. Especially someone as vibrant and full of life as Aileen.

Cat had enjoyed her time with the old woman, immensely. And Moira, too. What could have been incredibly awkward when the younger woman came home from work and found a stranger in her house, hadn't been at all. Moira had made them all tea, and they'd had a great time.

Of course, once Hugh had arrived, Cat hadn't been able to think of much else. After spending more time with him, seeing him interact with his family, she was more attracted to him than ever.

Even now, as she was lying in bed, trying to get comfortable, she was still thinking of him. Thinking of his hands as he'd rolled the beer bottle between his broad palms during supper. His long fingers as he'd dried the dishes she'd washed. His hand at the small of her back, his warmth seeping through her clothes and into her skin. God, what she wouldn't give to have his hands on her now.

Her body tingled, and her cunt practically ached. Flopping over, she punched her pillow and tried to relax. If she were smart, she'd just give up, get up and work on transcribing some of the recordings. Instead, she attempted to find a position that would allow her to sleep. Mostly, she ended up glaring at the numbers on her alarm clock.

She'd finally fallen asleep around dawn and was woken shortly after that by the brightest, rudest sunbeams she'd experienced during the entirety of her stay. She squinted blearily at the light and dragged the quilt over her pounding head and tried to slide back into to sleep. It didn't work. She glared at the clock some more then finally gathered her toiletries and clothes and stumbled down the hall toward the community bathroom.

Even the hot shower and ibuprofen did nothing to dull the throbbing in her skull. She suspected the only thing that would help was caffeine. And a lot of it. And for that, she was going to have to go to the source of her sleeplessness. Sure, she could get coffee elsewhere, but it wouldn't be as good. Nor would it come with a side of the most gorgeous eye candy she'd ever seen. The only sensible thing was to go to Hugh's.

She pulled a hoodie on over her t-shirt and shoved her sunglasses onto her face. It was far too bright to go outside without them. When she reached the Seaside Café, she got in line behind a busload of tourists and attempted to wait patiently. By the time she reached the counter, she was regretting her decision to get out of bed.

Hugh nodded toward the sunglasses she still wore. “You’re really embracing this celebrity thing, aren’t you?”

She pushed them on top of her head and squinted at him. “More like I’m being forced to embrace the screaming headache that comes with a night of insomnia.

Hugh winced. “You want your special?”

“Yes, please. And can you make it a triple shot?”

“Sure you don’t want me to see if Moira can come down and set up an IV drip?”

“Do you think she would?”

He chuckled. “I’ll make you a triple—on the condition that you eat something with protein. You need to get something solid in your stomach.”

“Bossy,” she muttered.

“You’ve no idea, kitten.”

Her stomach flipped with nervous arousal. She was sure he hadn’t meant that in the way she wished he had.

He waved her away. “Go sit before you fall over.”

A short while later, Hugh brought her coffee to a table she’d chosen in the darkest corner of the room. The coffee was followed by an asparagus, Gruyere, and bacon omelet smothered in homemade Hollandaise sauce. He waited while she tasted it, smiling in satisfaction as she groaned her appreciation.

He’d been right—she’d needed actual food along with her coffee. She felt a ton better afterward. When another busload of tourists pulled in, Cat moved onto the deck and grabbed a table with a good view of the counter. And it wasn’t because she was lusting after Hugh. It was because she wanted to be sure she

could dart in and get another cup of coffee before his next influx of customers. She needn't have worried, though.

Shortly after the lunch rush, he stepped out on to the patio, stopping at her table. "One piece of apple amber and an extra-large *Kitten's Britches* for the world famous cultural anthropologist."

"I promise to remember the little people when I receive my many illustrious awards," she said, somehow managing to keep a straight face.

He laughed, and she had to admit she couldn't help but feel a certain sense of satisfaction that amusing him caused.

"You're definitely feeling better."

She nodded. "So much better. Thank you."

"Hopefully, you'll be able to sleep, tonight."

"I hope so." Though, if her brain was going to fixate on Hugh again, she was probably fucked—and not in the way she wanted, either. She shifted in her seat, uncomfortably aroused by his nearness again. "So, what's with the mad rush today?" she asked, trying to distract herself from reaching out and touching him.

"This time of year, Saturdays are crazy. End of season tourists, mostly."

"Well, don't worry about running out here all the time to check on me. I can come inside when I need something." She took a sip of coffee and briefly closed her eyes, savoring the taste. "Not that I don't appreciate it," she added, glancing up at him."

He studied her for a moment, then grinned. "We're good, kitten. We're good."

The sound of airbrakes squealing signaled the arrival of yet another bus, and through the glass, they could see Brigid dash through the front door.

"Well, thank fuck for a little help," he muttered. "I should get back in there and face the under-caffeinated horde."

She smiled at him. "Good luck."

"From your lips to the lord's ear, kitten," he said as he pulled open the door.

Her gaze followed him back into the building where he greeted the customers with a smile. He was beginning to look as tired as she still felt. She guessed he hadn't slept well, either. Probably up worrying about his grandmother. Not that

she could blame him. He and Brigid scrambled around behind the counter, quickly filling orders and handing them to customers. She turned back to her laptop. She needed to focus.

As weary travelers began spilling onto the patio, she picked up her things and moved to where the deck extended around the far corner of the building. There was only room for one chair and a tiny café table, but she'd be out of the glare of the sun and away from any windows *and* the temptation to stare at Hugh. Problem solved.

Cat woke to the sensation of freezing rain spattering her face and a bone deep cold that rattled her bones as she shivered. She blinked, trying to make sense of her surroundings. It was full dark, and the roar of the sea nearly drowned out every thought in her head. She shut her laptop and quickly shoved it into its case to protect it from the rain that was falling heavier by the second. Patting the table, she found her phone and checked the time. How the hell was it nearly ten o'clock? She shoved the phone into her pocket and stood. Her hand knocked against the mug, sloshing now frigid coffee over her fingers. Wiping her hand on her jeans, she slung her satchel over her shoulder, grabbed the mug, rounded the corner, and stopped dead at the darkened door of the café. She knew before she tried that it would be locked. She was right.

Thunder rolled across the sky, and lightning flashed over the roiling water. She knocked on the door, hoping against hope that Hugh, or Brigid, was still in the kitchen. No luck. She tried again. Her hands were so cold, the pain from the impact of her knuckles on the wood nearly brought her to her knees. The icy rain pelted her, blowing sideways in sheets and soaking her even though she was standing under the building's awning.

"Motherfucker," she muttered, huddling closer to the door. Spending the night outside in the middle of an October thunderstorm on the Irish coast hadn't been on her travel itinerary. Neither had dying of hypothermia, but she wasn't sure there was a way to uncheck either box.

A square of light suddenly appeared on the floor of the deck. She backed up to the railing and looked up at the second story. Someone was still in the building.

“Hey,” she yelled. “Hey!” But the thunder muffled her words. “Hugh!” she tried again.

A shadow passed through the square of light, but that was the only movement, and she couldn't tell if whoever it was had heard her. Dumping the remainder of the cold coffee over the side of the deck, she moved back to the door and used the heavy stoneware mug to rap on the wood frame, hoping it would be loud enough for someone to hear and that the cup wouldn't shatter. She pounded and yelled, shivering so hard she could barely stay upright. Finally, a light flipped on in the stairway that was usually cordoned off, and she saw bare feet pounding down the stairs. Hugh came into view, backlit by the stairwell light, looking like an angel. A hot, scruffy, disheveled angel.

He raced over to the door, and her heart leapt as she heard the lock's tumbler mechanism thunking into the open position.

“Cat! What the hell are you doing out there?” he demanded as he pulled her inside the shop, locking the door behind her.

“I-I f-fell a-asleep.” She could barely talk, she was shivering so hard.

“Jesus, Mary and Joseph, you're wet though.” He frowned, and he pried the mug from her near-frozen fingers and set it on the nearest table along with her bag. Then, he unzipped her soaked hoodie and peeled it off her, letting it fall wetly to the floor. Grabbing the hem of her t-shirt, he lifted and dragged it up and over her head.

“W-what the f-f-fuck are you d-doing?” She crossed her icy arms over her chest, completely aware that her nipples were pressing insistently against the sheer fabric of her bra.

“Trying to make sure you don't get pneumonia.” He stripped off his sweater and pulled it over her head, guiding her arms through the sleeves.

She was immediately cocooned in the scents of rich coffee and Hugh, heat from his body still trapped in the fibers of the intricate knit. His chest was bare,

and she couldn't tear her gaze away from his tightly plated muscles or the dusting of dark hair as she followed the trail down to the waistband of his jeans.

He vigorously rubbed his palms up and down her arms, clearly trying to get her blood flowing faster. "I am so sorry. I checked before I locked up. I can't believe I didn't see you out there." His distressed expression warmed her as much as his sweater.

"A-around the c-c-corner. Thought I'd b-be less d-distract-ted."

He dropped to his knees and looked up at her as he unbuttoned and unzipped her cold, wet jeans, his lips twitching. "Well, it obviously worked. You had so few distractions, you fell right to sleep."

She rolled her eyes then startled as the backs of his fingers hooked inside her jeans, settling hotly against her chilled skin. She reached to push them down herself, but he gently batted away her stiff, trembling hands.

"I've got you, kitten." His voice was slightly more strained than it had been earlier as he continued to stare up at her, his face level with her groin.

It was all she could do to stand still. She wanted to cant her hips forward, beg him to bury his gorgeous face in her pussy until she came. Despite the bone-aching cold that still gripped her, she couldn't imagine that release under Hugh's lips and tongue would take any longer than three-point-five seconds as aroused as she suddenly was.

He abruptly looked away and perfunctorily tugged her jeans down her legs, pausing only to help her slip off her shoes and socks. As abruptly dispassionate as he was, she knew that the attraction she thought they shared was all one-sided. Hers. Embarrassment flooded her, and her cheeks heated.

Once he got her shoes and jeans all the way off, he climbed to his feet and wrapped his big, warm hands around hers and frowned. "Christ, you're still half-frozen."

"Any chance you've got a clothes dryer around here? I can quick dry my clothes and get out of your way." At least her teeth had finally stopped chattering.

His frown deepened. "You're not going anywhere until you're warm again." Continuing to keep his hands wrapped around hers, he brought them to his

mouth and blew a couple warm streams of air into their cupped palms, then gently rubbed them. “And you’re not in my way.”

“Oh.” The word squeaked out, barely audible.

He bent and picked up her wet clothes then took her hand and led her toward the stairs. “Let’s get these in the dryer and get you under a blanket and get you something warm to drink while you’re waiting.”

She followed him up the steps, thankful that his sweater fell to mid-thigh. It was shorter than anything she normally wore, but it was better than wandering around in her bra and underwear. Especially since her nipples were still painfully hard, and despite his disinterest, her panties were damper than ever. Neither condition had been caused by the cold rain.

He pushed open a door at the top of the stairs to reveal what looked to be a one-bedroom apartment. It was warm and homey, and she wanted nothing more than to curl up on the couch—preferably under that toasty looking afghan draped over the back.

“Wait here.” He disappeared into the bedroom and returned with what looked to be a pair of drawstring pajama pants. He knelt in front of her and pulled the pants up her legs while she balanced unsteadily with a hand on his bare shoulder, the tightly corded muscles flexing beneath her palm. He carefully rolled up the legs. “Don’t want you to trip.”

“Thank you. For all of this. I’m so sorry I fell asleep, and now, here I am ruining your evening.”

He snorted and glanced around the small space then nodded to the pizza box and beer bottle on the coffee table. “Yeah, it was quite the party you interrupted. You hungry?”

“Not really. But...I wouldn’t say no to some coffee if it’s not a hassle.”

Hugh studied the adorable, shivering waif wearing his clothes, which twisted up his insides in ways he wasn’t sure he wanted to examine too closely. Her long strawberry blonde hair hung in damp hanks, and he realized he should get her a towel. More than anything he wanted to take her in his arms and warm her up

with good old-fashioned body heat. But falling on her like a ravening beast wasn't going to help the situation. Grabbing her wet things, he murmured, "No hassle at all, kitten."

He couldn't believe he'd locked her out there. He'd thought that the continual flood of customers had been too much for her and she'd slipped out while he'd been busy with an order. Guilt skewered him. Not only had he locked her out in a storm, it had been all he could do not to bury his face in her sweet-smelling cunt as he'd stripped her wet jeans from her body. Christ, he was a fucking perv.

"I can throw those in the dryer if you want to show me where it is." Her hands fluttered nervously at her sides as she followed him into the kitchen where the machine was tucked into the corner. "You don't need to wait on me."

He pulled her phone and what he assumed was her room key from her pockets and handed them to her before tossing everything in the dryer. When he turned around again, she was staring intently at his chest. As he watched, her gaze dropped steadily downward to hover at his crotch, her interest obviously piqued. Maybe he hadn't been the only one who'd been wanting earlier.

"My eyes are up here," he teased.

Cat's face instantly flamed, and she looked mortified. "Oh, my god. I am so sorry. You've been nothing but kind to me, and I'm behaving terribly when it's clear you're not interested." She backed up a step, her horror clearly growing.

"Cat, no—"

"I am so, so sorry." Her eyes darted to his then away just as quickly. "As soon as my clothes are dry enough, I'll leave. In fact, I'll go wait downstairs, now."

He moved toward her, but she took another step back and immediately tripped over a kitchen chair that hadn't quite made it under the table. As her arms wind-milled, he reached out and snaked a hand around her lower back and tugged her forward. The change in direction threw her off balance, and she fell against his chest—an odd combination of chilled and heated flesh. He tightened his arm around her, keeping her right where she was.

She pushed at his shoulder. "I'm making this worse."

"Cat, stop. You're fine."

She continued to struggle.

“*Cat*,” he said more sharply. “Stop.”

She caught her breath and stilled in his arms, but she wouldn’t raise her eyes.

“You’re not making anything worse. I’m the one who locked you outside in a storm, remember?”

She didn’t respond, just stared unseeingly over his shoulder.

“And more importantly, who says I’m not interested?”

She stiffened in his arms. And slowly, oh, so fucking slowly, she raised her eyes to his.

“Do you have any idea how crazy you make me?”

Beautiful green eyes wide, she shook her head.

“It was so fucking hard walking away from you last night. Every day, you come in, and every day, I realize I want you a little bit more. And every night—every single night—I get myself off thinking of you.”

Her lips twitched. “You do not.”

“Oh, but I do, kitten.” Hugh lifted her phone and key from her and set them on the counter then took one of her hands and guided it down to his achingly hard cock.

She gasped, and her fingers convulsed around him, then caressed up and down his length.

His eyes closed, and he murmured, “I don’t know how you people do things in the States, but this isn’t what we consider lack of interest.”

He felt more than heard her laugh as she quickly unfastened his jeans and shoved them down his hips, baring his dick. Opening his eyes, he watched as she carefully lowered herself to her knees. Her cheeks were still flushed with color, and she bit her lip then smiled almost shyly at him. “You helped me with my pants, I figure it’s only right that I help you with yours.”

She wrapped her small, still chilly fingers around the base of his shaft and squeezed. He couldn’t stop the groan that burst free, and when she swiped her

tongue across his swollen head, his hands found their way into her hair and tightened around the wet silk.

She moaned as she sank forward, taking him as far down the back of her throat as she could.

“You like that?” he asked. “You like having your hair pulled?”

She moaned again and made some sort of muffled answer that sounded like a “yes”. Opening her eyes, she stared up at him. Her gaze seemed to plead with him for more. He jerked forward sharply at the sight of his little kitten on her knees, and she clutched at him, pulling him deeper as her hips lifted into nothingness, as if searching for some kind of stimulation.

“And it’s clear you like giving head.”

She dug her nails into his arse in response, and he jerked forward again, pulling another ragged sound from her.

He yanked on her hair, loving the way she responded by trying to devour more of his cock and apparently not caring that he kept hitting the back of her throat. She continued to squirm and clutch at him. He wedged a foot between her knees.

“Gonna make you wait to come,” he murmured. “Let it build up over and over until you’re just gagging for it.”

Her eyes practically rolled back into her head.

“But right now, I’m gonna fuck your pretty, pretty face while you cream those knickers.”

Her hips punched upward again, and her groan vibrated around his shaft, sinking into his balls.

“Taking off your jeans earlier was probably the hardest thing I’ve ever done,” he said, continuing to shove into her willing mouth, loving the way his cock stretched her lips. Her eyes were lust-blown as she stared up at him. “It was more important to get you warm, but fuck me, I wanted to taste you.”

He thrust a few more times then withdrew and tugged her to her feet. “Gonna do that now.”

Cat's shuddering breath drifted across his skin. Cradling the back of her head, he captured her mouth. Her lips were as soft as he'd been imagining. He could taste traces of his own salty pre-come on her tongue, and beneath that, there was a sweetness there that was all her. He kissed her deeper still, and she threaded her fingers through his hair and tugged at his shoulders, trying to get closer.

He reached beneath the sweater and yanked the drawstring. The pajamas dropped immediately to the floor, and she kicked them away. He cupped her mound, and she thrust into his touch.

"You're soaking wet, kitten."

She leaned forward and sank her teeth into his lower lip. "You've only yourself to blame."

"And how's that?" He pressed his finger against the front of her underwear, separating her lips as she rocked against his hand.

She shrugged. "Hot, funny, Irish. You make the best coffee I've ever had, and you pull my hair when you fuck my mouth. What about any of that *isn't* your fault?" Her eyes closed as she continued to work herself against his hand. "Tie me up and flog me, and I'll flood you."

His breath stalled in his chest. "Christ, woman. Keep talkin' like that, and I'll come before I ever get inside you." He yanked off her knickers, baring her pussy, then lifted her up and set her on the table. "Now, spread your legs like a good lass."

He didn't miss the shudder that worked through her at his command. She braced her hands behind her and opened her legs, revealing the trimmed strawberry blonde curls that hid her mound.

"Wider."

She inched them farther apart.

He tapped her wet cunt, and she cried out, her back arching as her body begged for more.

"Oh, *fuck*, Hugh."

Holding her blown-out gaze, he did it again, harder, and she screamed his name. She looked so close to coming.

Catching the leg of the chair with his foot, he pulled it behind him and sat. He slid his palms under her arse and dragged his tongue through her dripping slit. Tangy and sweet, her taste filled his mouth. She stared at him, chest heaving, watching him go down on her.

“Take off the jumper. I need to see all of you.”

Cat pulled herself into more of an upright position and tugged off the garment, tossing it over the back of a chair. Her nipples were hard little points, jutting against the fabric of her bra. He wanted his mouth on them desperately, but he hadn't gotten nearly enough of the cream coating his tongue. Not yet. “Play with them. Show me how you like to be touched.”

He lowered his face to her pussy again, and using his fingers, spread her sopping cunt, watching as she yanked down the cups. She pinched and twisted her nipples, and his cock jerked at the sight. His little kitten liked to play rough. Oh, he could definitely get on board with that.

Holding her open, he licked and suckled at her velvety flesh as he circled her entrance with the tip of his finger.

“Please, please, please,” she begged, panting as she tried to push her pussy more firmly against his mouth.

“Please, what?”

“I need you to fuck me. Please tell me you have a condom.”

Christ, he hoped so. If he didn't, he'd go door to door until he found someone who did. “You'll get fucked, kitten. But first, you're gonna come. Now, keep playing with those gorgeous tits.”

She groaned and licked her fingertips before she continued tugging and twisting.

“I'd love to see some clamps on you,” he murmured as he brushed kisses along her inner thighs, scraping her flesh with his stubbled cheeks as he made his way back to her pussy.

She cried out, but he wasn't sure if it was a reaction to his words or his mouth.

He swirled his tongue over her cleft before licking her clit with just the tip. The barely-there caress wasn't quite enough to push her over, but he kept up the sweet torment, loving the way she shook and strained under his mouth. Finally, he gave her what she wanted and applied just a little more pressure. Her head thrashed from side to side, and she gripped the sides of the table, her knuckles turning white. Her entire body trembled as she arched her back and pushed herself firmly against his mouth, screaming out her release.

Lifting his face, he stroked his palms up and down the outside of her thighs, gentling her as she slowly came back to herself. "Just so you know," he murmured. "That was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

She blinked open her eyes and looked at him. "Please tell me that's not your way of letting me down gently because you don't have a condom."

"Not a chance." He stood and shoved his jeans the rest of the way off. "Don't. Move."

A shudder worked through her at his gruff tone, and he hid his smile as he went to his room and rifled through the bedside table until he found what he was looking for. She was sitting up when he returned.

"Thought I told you not to move." He stepped between her legs and hooked his arms under her knees and pulled her arse to the very edge of the table. Her breath caught at the abrupt movement, and the excitement in her eyes was impossible to mistake for anything else.

He put his hand in the center of her chest and shoved her to her back, following her over to capture a pebbled nipple between his lips. He sucked hard, scraping with his teeth. She drove her fingers into his hair and yanked, trying to keep him where she wanted him. Pulling free, he switched sides and teased her other nipple while pinching and tugging at the first. When he released her taut flesh, he said, "Clamps. I'm getting you some."

She whimpered and nodded.

“But first, I’m going to fuck you until you come all over my cock.” He quickly sheathed himself. “I know you said you’d flood me if I tied you up and flogged you...” He grabbed her wrists and, holding them with one hand, pinned them above her head. “But you’re gonna have to settle for this. Next time, I’ll do you proper.”

A shiver worked through her at his promise. She wasn’t going to last long—he could tell. He wasn’t sure how it was possible, but her nipples looked tighter than ever, and her needy, panting whimpers urged him forward. Gripping the base of his shaft with his other hand, he tapped the head of his cock against her clit, varying the speed and impact while she thrashed beneath him, nothing but the smack of wet flesh and her hungry cries filling his flat.

He couldn’t take it any longer. He set the tip at her opening and just shoved in, pushing a harsh scream from her throat.

“Hugh, god, *yes.*”

He groaned as he pulled back. She was hot and slick and tight and perfect around his prick. Being inside her grasping body felt like the only place he was ever meant to be. He’d wanted to take it slow, make it last for the both of them, but there was no way he could. Instead, he gripped her hip with his free hand and shafted her fast and rough. She loved it, straining against him and begging for more.

“Harder, please. I need you harder.”

He gazed down at her beautifully writhing body. “Fucking killing me, kitten,” he grunted and slid his hand from her hip to her clit, roughly tapping it with his fingers as he pounded into her pussy.

He pushed her to the edge. Her skin flushed pink and hot against him as he increased his pace. She was definitely warm, now. On a cry, she stiffened and went over, dragging him with her. Her channel pulsed and rippled around him, finally gripping him so hard, he could barely move. But he kept thrusting until tingles of awareness gathered and swirled at the base of his spine before exploding outward and nearly taking his consciousness with them.

Slowly, he slumped over her, covering her with his body. Releasing her wrists, he gathered her against him. She settled her arms around his neck and carded her fingers through his hair, a sleepy smile on her face. He stared down at her, nearly overwhelmed by the feeling of having her exactly where he'd wanted her since she'd walked into his shop and into his life nearly a month ago.

"This is probably the best method for warding off hypothermia," she murmured. "Whoever's in charge of healthcare around here should probably look into it."

She surprised a laugh from him. Then, he remembered. "Fuck me. You asked me to make you coffee."

"If you recall, I did." She grinned then kissed him long and slow. "Besides, you're much, *much* better than coffee."

"Oh, am I now?"

She nodded, satisfied smile still curving her kiss-swollen lips.

He reluctantly pulled away and quickly disposed of the condom before returning and running his hands over her gorgeous naked body. Bending, he pulled her into his arms again, his cock pressing into her slick cleft. She gasped slightly at the pressure nestled against her sensitive flesh. Staring in into his eyes, she lazily lifted her hips, sliding her damp heat along his shaft.

He groaned, and his cock twitched, interest quickly returning.

"How about we go crawl into bed, and I'll make you some *Kitten's Britches* in the morning?"

She arched a brow at him. "Tomorrow's Sunday. What happened to the lord's day?"

"With all the praying you've been doing since you got up here, I suspect we'll be fine." He kissed her again, deeper this time. Lifting his head, he smiled down at her. "Besides, don't celebrities like you get special treatment?"

She nuzzled into his neck. "You're all the special treatment I need."

"Just me, huh? What about my coffee?"

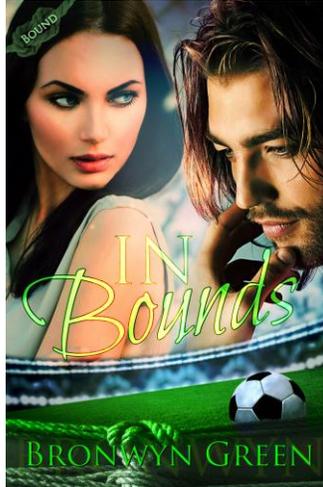
Her joyous laugh filled his flat and his heart, and he vowed she'd have opportunity to make that sound—and all the others—for as long as he could convince her to stay.

“Well, *obviously*, I need that, too.”

He slid his hands under her arse and lifted. Her legs immediately locked around his waist, and her arms circled his neck.

“Cock and coffee.” He shook his head and grinned as he tightened his arms around her, not planning on letting her go any time soon. “You famous cultural anthropologists are all the same.”

Excerpt from *Bound: In Bounds*



Now Available

Her summer holiday just got a hell of a lot more complicated.

Ivy Wright knows several things to be true: Marrying a guy who can't keep it in his pants is a terrible idea. So is having a drunken, secret one-night stand with her best friend's little brother. And catching a soccer ball with one's face never works out well for anyone. When all three collide, what was supposed to be a relaxing vacation in the English countryside becomes unbelievably awkward not to mention sexually charged.

While recovering from a potentially career-ending injury, English football player, Will Darby, runs into the one woman he'd given up hope of ever seeing again. No longer chafing at being sidelined, Will is a man on a mission. He's never forgotten his one and only night with Ivy, and their attraction is stronger than ever.

Convincing her to give him a chance is only the first hurdle. Getting her to admit her kinks and let him give her what she needs physically and emotionally is another, but is their connection enough when her secrets keep pushing them apart?



Placing his hand in the center of her back, he shoved her down toward the mattress. "Hair over your shoulder."

Ivy swept the silky locks forward and exposed the gorgeous line of her back. He wrapped his fingers around the handle of the flogger and dragged the leather over her skin, tracing swirling patterns over her flesh and giving rise to trails of goosebumps as she shivered beneath his touch.

Twisting his wrist, he brought the fronds down against her left cheek. Her skin blushed sweetly, and she startled forward at the impact before moving back into position. He brought his arm down again, letting the strands, still damp with her arousal, snap against her right cheek.

She bowed her head to the mattress and clutched at the bedding, fisting the fabric in her grip as he let the flogger's tails fall against her back. He alternated left to right, arse to back, occasionally letting the fronds wrap around her to catch the sides of her tits and even her nipples if he got a lucky shot. Her whimpers punctuated the arousing sound of leather against her soft, lush skin.

Stepping closer to where she knelt on the bed, he slid the wooden handle between her knees and nudged them apart.

“That’s it, love. Let me see that pretty pink cunt.”

She shifted, baring herself to him. Her thighs were shiny with her juices, and he leaned down and swiped his tongue across her flesh, letting her sweet, tangy taste coat his tongue.

When she squirmed, he slapped the outer curve of her ass. “Unless you’re ready to end it, you need to keep your arse right where I want it.”

He draped his arm over the small of her back and held her where he wanted her and dragged his tongue up her exposed cleft, loving the way she trembled as she fought to hold herself still for him. He repeated the action, nuzzling her slick flesh and thrusting his tongue inside her, listening with satisfaction to her guttural moans.

Once she let herself get past the anxiety and discomfort that continued to plague her, she was so beautifully responsive. He’d love to see her banish the self-consciousness for good and just freely accept how fucking gorgeous she was.

“Oh, god, Will.”

He sank his teeth into the sweetly rounded curve of her hip before he answered. "Yeah?"

"Please just fuck me already. I'm dying."

He adjusted his grip on the flogger and brought it down across her arse, smiling as she lifted into the stroke. With his free hand, he reached into the bag and grabbed a condom as he continued to lash the backs of her thighs, and back, watching as the fronds curved up and around to snap hungrily at her pussy. She squirmed, clearly wanting more and less at the same time.

Her reactions were more arousing than he ever would have believed. Steady lines of pre-come leaked from his cock, dripping down his shaft, and his balls ached, threatening to spill all over her lash-reddened skin. He laid the flogger across the small of her back while he quickly sheathed himself and climbed onto the bed behind her. His knee twinged at bearing his weight, so he shifted slightly to the side in hopes of relieving the pressure long enough to give them both what they needed.

Gripping his cock at the base, he dragged it up and down her dripping slit. "This what you want?" he practically grunted as he centered himself at her opening.

"Yes, please. Please. Please. Please. *Please.*"

He dug his fingertips into her hips and held tight. "How could I deny you when you beg so sweetly?" He paused for a moment. "I mean...I suppose I *could.*"

She shoved her hips back at the same time she groaned out the word, "No."

But his hands on her hips kept her from impaling herself on this dick.

"God damn it, Will." She panted with frustration. Her head dropped and her arms shook with unrelieved tension.

When he sensed the fight go out of her, he slammed forward, roughly filling her. Her back arched, and her breath pushed from her body on a surprised squeal as he seated himself fully within her. Her channel clenched around him, sending ripples of awareness of how close he was to the edge. He refused to leave her hanging and unfulfilled.

Lifting the flogger from her back, he gathered the ends in his other hand and leaned forward, bringing the collected strands over her head to rest around her neck, startling a gasp from her. As soon as the leather wrapped around her neck, her internal muscles clamped down on him as little unintelligible sounds escaped her lips.

Any attempts to hold back and let her find her peak first vanished at the sight of her straining into the flogger and the feel of her flooding arousal coating them both. He'd never seen anything hotter in his life. Or more beautiful. It seemed like the more time he spent with her, the more often he had that thought.

Then there were no more thoughts. There were only the sounds of their bodies straining wetly together and their harsh breaths—Ivy as she trembled toward her release and Will as he tried to hold his at bay, all the while shafting her harder and faster.

“Tighter,” she whispered—half demand, half plea.

His cock twitched, her need for more nearly overwhelming him. He shifted the leather and handle to one hand and buried his other hand in the silk of her hair and yanked.

[Purchase *In Bounds*](#)

About the Author

Bronwyn Green is an author, blogger, and compulsive crafter. She lives in Michigan with her husband, two children and four somewhat psychotic cats. When not frantically writing, she can be found binge-watching Netflix while working on her latest craft project.

For the latest on Bronwyn's books, events and other random stuff...

[Newsletter](#)

Bronwyn loves connecting with readers!

[Blog](#) | [Facebook](#) | [Twitter](#)

[Instagram](#) | [Tumblr](#) | [Pinterest](#)

Also by Bronwyn Green

Bound: Drawn That Way
Bound: The Professor's Student
Bound: Out of Sync
Bound: In Bounds
Rising Blood
Finding You
Unexpected Gifts

For more information on these and other titles, please visit
www.bronwyngreen.com

