

A Touch of Lavender

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eISBN 9781682521793

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Cover Artist: Syneca Featherstone

Published in the United States of America

Loose Id LLC

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San Francisco CA 94117-0549

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Prologue

Looking sharp in a full-dress uniform, Jack Larson accepted the plaque award Mayor Remington handed him.

“For going above and beyond the call of duty in saving Brianne Whintworth and stopping Graylan Conner, we thank you.”

Mayor Remington extended her hand. Jack took it and gave it a firm shake. My, her skin was soft. He noticed she wasn't quite eye level with him. That made her what? Five-ten? Five-eleven? Jack shrugged. He didn't care. He liked the way she looked him right in the eye, showing him it didn't bother her that she was shorter than him. He also liked how her green eyes captivated him. He liked the woodsy scent he smelled on her. Not girlishly overbearing and smelling of flowers, and yet not harsh like a man's aftershave. It was something subtle and in between, with a hint of lavender, as if to invite him for a walk through the woods on a perfect day.

Of course, he'd noticed these things about her before. But usually when he got close to her, certain things just seemed to reach out, grab him, and hold him captive. Like they were doing now.

He looked down at her hand just before she released him and caught a glimpse of the tattoo on her wrist peeking out from the cuff of her white blouse. So the kick-ass mayor had a tat bracelet of thorns? He wondered if there was a rose farther up her arm. Now he knew why she always wore long sleeves. “Thank you,” he replied and released her.

He'd held her hand a bit longer than necessary. The truth was, he knew he rubbed her the wrong way. As a detective he sometimes took cases no one else noticed or wanted, and every once in a while, he was wrong and should have left those cases

alone. He also knew that every time she saw him coming, Mayor Remington figured he was bringing trouble. He kind of liked causing her a bit of aggravation. It just seemed anytime shit was coming down, it tended to land on him or his colleagues. He'd been in her office before talking about Graylan Conner, and she'd told him she needed proof. He'd gone out on a limb this time, without permission, to get her that proof. He'd pretended to simply be walking his dog, Harry, around Graylan Conner's garden shed. Harry was a well-trained rescue dog and had reacted, which gave Jack probable cause. He hadn't had a search warrant.

He'd known there was little time. If he had waited, Brianne Whintworth would be dead.

So he knew the mayor was pissed. But she smiled and gave him an award for saving a teenage girl's life because she knew the press as well as the public would react if she didn't. But the next time he had to step into her office and they were in private, he was probably going to get a lecture on protocol and policy and procedure.

Because Mayor Melanie Remington liked to give lectures.

And he knew if he had been wrong and Brianne Whintworth hadn't been buried alive under Graylan Conner's garden shed, she would be skinning his hide now instead of giving him an award.

Mayor Remington was done with him. She ignored him as she moved to the officer next to him and handed him an award for bravery.

Jack watched her ass. Hell, the woman had legs that went clear up to her ass. And it was a nice ass.

Damn, he was going to have to start participating more at the Midnight Castle, maybe give a good spanking, get a spectacular blowjob, and fuck until the sun came up.

Maybe then he wouldn't stare at the mayor's great ass, wasting his time and wishing for something he was never going to get.

Chapter One

With half my face covered by my mask, it was easy to fall into my alter ego, Jax. And after the week I'd had, I wanted nothing more than to let go of Detective Jack Larson and enjoy some downtime. I stepped into the pool, letting the water ease my muscles. I hadn't done everything I'd planned to do. I knew I needed to celebrate with something like a great blowjob, and fuck all night, but all I'd managed thus far was to join in a spankfest in one of the small corner rooms where a pretty blonde was tied up. Her "master" had informed everyone she'd been a bad girl and was in need of punishment. I enjoyed helping. I enjoyed watching her blissfully come. It always amazed me how some liked to be spanked. Although I enjoyed bringing pleasure to someone else, being part of the group and helping out, I didn't understand the desire to be spanked. I saw enough pain in my job as a police detective.

No, I'm into mouths and tongues. I would never say I don't like a deep, hard fuck, because I do. But I like to start out with my mouth first, or having a pretty, red, lipstick-covered mouth on my cock. And if I can have both at the same time, I like it even more.

But I must be honest. I haven't been in the mood for much more than watching of late. Not since my sweet Lily Pad left the Midnight Castle with another man, searching for greener pastures in a different club. I was so over missing her, though. It had been a year.

But thus far, I hadn't met anyone who turned me on like she had. She did have a great tongue. And she certainly knew how to use it.

Some splashing interrupted my thoughts. There were others in the pool. I hardly noticed them. Instead I continued swimming around, lost in my own world, wondering why I never felt like fucking or kissing or anything these days. Maybe I should see a

doctor. He'd probably tell me the stress of my job was getting to me. He'd be right. The last case—Graylan Conner, a decorated man of the law, killing two teenage girls and burying them under the shed in his garden—bothered me so much I hadn't slept, even though I saved his would-be third victim.

Maybe that was why I didn't feel like fucking. I was overtired from not sleeping, and not sleeping because I was stressed, and stressed because of my disturbing job. The real problem was I loved my job. I loved saving people. I loved that a young girl was alive because of me. I closed my eyes, swimming and wishing life could be so easy and weightless as it was when I was in the water. With my next stroke, I decided I would find a willing play partner, get in a good fuck, then go home and take a sleeping pill. I opened my eyes.

And saw her.

Standing in the corner of the pool, she looked as lost in her own world as I felt lost in mine. She swept her arms back and forth, swirling the water with her hands. The motion caused her bare breasts to move in a wavelike motion. They were very pretty breasts. What I could see of her was pretty. Her deep purple butterfly-shaped masquerade mask was painted on and covered more of her face above her right eye than it did her left. The paint looked like the type clowns used for their makeup. It was beautiful. I wondered if she'd done it herself. Her lips were pink and full. She smiled softly as she made ripples in the water. She stood at the end of the pool in three feet of water, and I could see a lot of her belly. She was tall, not quite as tall as me, and muscled like an athlete.

For the first time in a long time, I felt a familiar spark. I wanted to fuck, not just think I should or that I needed to.

And I wanted her. I wanted to hear her voice, taste her mouth, taste her skin, taste her pussy.

I made certain my tied black Zorro mask was in place before I swam over to her. "Hi. Want some company?"

Now that the spark was lit, I moved. No sense in wasting time. Besides, I was afraid to admit to myself that if I waited, the desire might leave again. And I'd been dry too long. I didn't want to think about the fact that maybe I might be getting old, considering I was able to go a long time without needing a good lay.

No, I wasn't getting old, I decided. I did need a good lay. I did need to play. I just needed the right partner. And I was certain she was wet and waiting right in front of me.

Her eyes were the strangest shade of lavender I'd ever seen, matching the color of her mask. I couldn't wait to look into those eyes as I slid inside her. I was pretty certain they'd take on a smoky hue when they filled with passion.

She met my gaze. And held it for perhaps three long, antagonizing seconds.

Oh fuck. She's going to refuse.

I saw her refusal in her lovely eyes. She was in the water at the far end alone, obviously because she wanted or needed to be alone. Then she slowly smiled. I was drawn to her mouth action.

"Yes. Yes, I would like some company."

She spoke as if she was as surprised to hear her acceptance as I was.

"I'm Jax, spelled with an x."

"Nice to meet you, Jax spelled with an x. I'm Lavender, my favorite color."

"It looks good on you." I was being honest.

"My previous partner here always said that pink looked better on me, but he was referring to my pussy."

I chuckled. "It probably does look good, but I haven't seen it yet." I hoped to. I really hoped to. Being the cop I am, I was used to getting all the facts, so I asked, "Do I need to be concerned with your previous partner?"

The last thing I needed was to step up to the plate when it wasn't my turn at bat. There was enough confrontation in my line of work. I didn't need it here, which was

why I'd let Lily walk away. I figured if she wanted her mouth on another guy's cock, who was I to tell her she couldn't? We hadn't made any promises to each other.

"No, that guy met some younger, cuter piece of ass named Lily. He jokingly asked for a blowjob, and now the two of them are somewhere else together."

For a moment, I didn't know what to say. My Lily Pad, her guy? No wonder she looked as lost as I'd felt.

I forced a smile. Why should we suffer? Why should either of us be alone? Hell, I thought Lily left with him because he had a better cock. Lavender thought the guy left her for someone younger and cuter.

It was time to stop being pathetic and live a little, have some fun.

I placed my thumbs on each of her nipples and moved them in tiny circles. Her nipples were hard, pretty pebbles in no time. "Cuter than these?" I questioned, indicating her breasts. "Impossible. I'm pretty sure these are the prettiest tits I've seen in a long time."

She smiled at me again. She had a nice, easy smile. I'd seen that smile somewhere before, and I didn't want to think about where. Right now, I just wanted to touch her more, make her smile. I was intrigued with her mouth. I wanted to watch it, kiss it, taste it. I planned to watch every move she made with it as she used it to suck my cock.

Which was standing straight up and ready with the mere anticipation of that very action. I stepped closer to her, covered her breasts with my palms, and moved them in bigger circles.

"I'll bet you say that to all the girls."

I looked her right in the eye, searching for any hint of recognition. I saw none and moved even closer. I was amazed at how much I wanted her. I was amazed at how much I *needed* her.

The need was powerful, real, and felt strange, almost foreign, considering I hadn't felt it in more than a year.

I was not about to let it slip by without feeding into it now. “I don’t. In fact, I’m certain I haven’t said it to any other woman here,” I admitted. “I really do think yours are the prettiest I’ve ever seen.”

The idea that her tits were the prettiest because she was something like forbidden fruit flashed through my mind. I ignored it as I leaned down and sucked a nipple into my mouth. Sweet, delicious fruit. Damn, I wanted to eat her all night.

And I was pretty certain her groan sounded like a *yes, please do*.

She leaned her head back, causing her breasts to jut out toward me. Beautiful. I teased her with my tongue and felt her responsive quivers. I reached down with one hand. The water warmed her skin. I felt the wet lace panties she’d worn into the pool. Perhaps she hadn’t expected to have anyone reaching that place between her legs and that was why she swam with panties on. I moved them to one side. She gasped as I slipped two fingers into the tightness between her legs. Soft, hot, wetter somehow than the water that surrounded us. I reached in as far as I could.

Damn, I have no idea how she grabbed me as she did, when for the past year, I’d hardly given another woman a second look, but I wanted to reach far enough inside her to touch her soul.

In the pools here at the Midnight Castle Sex Club, there were the regular pool rules—no running, no diving, no lifeguard on duty. But there was also no fucking in the pool, only because there was no coming in the pool. No one wanted to swim with other little swimmers floating around.

So even though the water was perfect, and she hiked her leg up on my thigh to give me greater access to her tightness, I needed to get her out and get her out quick.

Because my cock was all but crying to feel what my fingers were feeling.

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Want to know what happens next?

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