



BUY ME

N. S. HOWARD

Collared: Reporter Michele was given an assignment that caused her heart to skip a beat. First, she had to work with Jason again, the man who broke her heart on one of her first assignments. If that didn't tug at her emotions enough, then the prospect of going to a charity event where selected women were auctioned off for a weekend certainly made her anxious. She nervously accepted the task to go as Jason's date, knowing she had to dress the part of a submissive woman with Jason in control.

Michele understood she was just playing a role for one evening, but did Jason?

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By

NS Howard

Dedication

I would like to dedicate this story to Janet S. for helping me with my story edits and introducing me to eXtasy Books. Janet is busy with her own work and family, but took time to compliment and encourage me on my writing.

Writers need to come across more people like Janet.

PART ONE

Chapter One

Colleen sat naked on the desk chair with one leg curled under her. The bedroom had been converted into an office but retained the look and feel of warmth rather than functionality. The walls were painted the colour of a coffee latte that accented the dark furniture. She had decorated the room herself, painting it twice to achieve just the right shade, and now she pivoted the chair back and forth looking at the walls. A print of flowers in a planter box hung on one wall and on the opposite wall, a picture done in muted colours of water paint of a nude woman reclining on her side on a couch.

She had bought it on a whim because there seemed something sensual about it, though she had never carefully examined print before. Now, as she studied the print, she saw the look on the woman's face that suggested she actually not only was slightly aroused, but also vulnerable and not just because she was nude. One of her arms was

draped along her side with her forearm dropping

behind her back while her other arm was hidden under her body. In Colleen's imagination, she pictured the woman's wrists held together by a length of rope. Suddenly, the picture had a new perspective for her and she thought of herself in the painting.

Colleen ran a hand through her raven hair that fell in curls to her shoulders, accenting her pale skin. She put both her hands behind her back, crossing her wrists before pressing her back against them to the cushioned back of the swivel chair. The feeling of being helpless caught her off guard and she took in a sudden gasp of air, feeling her nipples quickly stiffen. She closed her eyes, wondering what she should do, wondering if she dared reply to the mail that demanded her attention.
