

Claimed
Vegas Nights Book Two

By

Rayanna Jamison

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Chapter One

Ruby Barrett, or Roo, as her sisters called her, hung up the phone and set it down on the table, staring at it as if it were a snake in the Garden of Eden. And it may as well have been. What her sister was offering was the perfect combination of temptation and ruination. Ruby's twenty-fifth birthday was this weekend, and Diamond had a thing about twenty-fifth birthdays as her own had changed her life completely. Now Diamond was engaged to Paxton Donovan, the owner of an exclusive BDSM themed hotel/casino and nightclub in downtown Las Vegas. And that was where she wanted Ruby to spend her birthday.

For Ruby, it sounded like a dream come true, and Di knew it. As hard as she had tried, Roo's fantasies were no longer a secret amongst her sisters. Rojo, once an ordinary Vegas hotel and casino that just happened to house a BDSM nightclub inside had recently undergone a big make-over, making it into a premier destination for life-stylers everywhere. She had been following the updates through the copious emails Diamond had sent her asking for her opinion as decisions were made. Just the photographs of the rooms and décor alone were the stuff fantasies were made of. Next weekend was their official grand opening and unveiling of the new digs. Doms, subs, Mistresses and Masters were coming from all over the world to be the first to utilize the new accommodations. The nightclub had tripled in size. It no longer was just about performances. There were playrooms both public and private full of state of the art equipment hand crafted by the best.

Opening weekend was a dream come true, and Ruby knew exactly what Diamond was up to. Her sister was well-meaning, but ill-informed if she thought for one second that Ruby's fiancé Trevor would go for it. Diamond, bless her heart, not only thought Trevor would go for it, she somehow had gotten it into her head that the two of them having this experience together would force Trevor to open his mind and be willing to experiment with her. Her sister was greatly underestimating the extent of Trevor's stubborn dedication to being the most boring and predictable person on the planet. Not to mention he was utterly convinced that Diamond had lost her mind when she agreed to work with and then date Pax, becoming not only his wife, but his full time submissive. If anyone in her family would listen to him for a second, Trevor would lead the revolution to free her sister from what he deemed as the evil clutches of a money-hungry, sexually deviant opportunist. Of course, Trevor was just a cynic. His family, like Ruby's, was among the old school Hollywood elite, and he had never managed to fully graduate into the real world; instead choosing to look down upon anyone who didn't have the same affluent background.

Of course, Diamond was oblivious to Trevor's distaste, and she continued to hold out hope that the man Ruby had dated for over a decade would pull his head out of his ass, and give her sister what she really wanted. Ruby hadn't told her the truth—which was that it was completely hopeless. In the last ten years, Ruby had changed a lot, as most people do between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. The only thing that had changed about Trevor was his voice and his physical appearance.

Glancing at the clock, Ruby bit her lip. She had at least an hour before Trevor got home from work, and dinner was cooking away in a crockpot on the counter. Carrying her laptop into her room, she quickly ditched the constricting business suit and nylons she had worn to work that

day, opting instead for only an oversized T-shirt. Pants could wait until later; she needed easy access.

Aware that she was racing against the clock, Ruby quickly piled pillows against the headboard, and lay propped against them, knees in the air, feet flat on the bed, and laptop balanced precariously on her lap. Opening the desktop folder titled real estate, she smiled at her cleverness. The sub folders were carefully arranged in alphabetical order, and it didn't take her long to get to the O's. Hidden in plain sight, filed under open house pics, was her Rojo file containing all the photos Diamond had ever sent her of the remodel. And there were a lot. Detailed photos of the cleverly titled 'master suites' with their opulent décor and very useful furniture, as well as photos of each and every playroom included in the club. It might seem weird to most people that she kept a secret file of décor on her laptop to masturbate to, but she was an interior designer after all. To her, the 'where' was equally as important to the fantasy as the 'who' was, if not more so. With one hand on the keyboard, and the other in her panties, she closed her eyes and selected a photo at random. It was easier than having to choose what she was in the mood for, and she figured if she had been in a true submissive dynamic, the choice wouldn't always be hers anyway, so choosing this way lent an air of realism. She was her own Dom, setting up the scene to surprise his submissive. Had she been a good girl, or naughty, or both? Would she be tied up and fucked hard, refused the privilege to come at will? Would she be bound in intricate knots and suspended from the ceiling while her Dom drove her crazy with teasing pleasures of which she had never dreamt? Or, her favorite, bound to the spanking bench, or across his knee, spanked until her ass glowed red and she begged for mercy from his punishing blows, vowing never to misbehave again?

Her finger ran across the smooth screen of her laptop, up and down and in circles until she felt like stopping. And then she opened her eyes, smiling when she saw what she had chosen. A favorite of hers. The Master Suite. Aptly named—a play on words. The master suites had been beautifully refinished to fit the needs and fantasies of any Dom and sub wanting to play in a more private atmosphere than the one provided in the club. There were no crosses or spanking benches in the rooms, but those things could be rented for a fee. The walls were slate gray, the finish so seamless and exquisite, you might think you were in a room with steel walls. The lush carpeting was black, and extra thick to be soft on the knees of a kneeling submissive. The wall treatments and bedding were all made of a deep red satin; the color of lust and blood, her brother-in-law had told her with a wink. There was an oversized leather chair in each room, which Ruby knew was intended to be just the right size for an over the knee spanking with plenty of room for cuddles afterward. In the sitting room, a black leather chaise took the stage. It was Ruby's favorite item. She could just picture laying there cuddled up with one of her favorite naughty books, and the high back was the perfect height to be bent over the back afterwards to act out her favorite scenes.

Staring at the photo once more, she set her laptop aside, and lay down on the bed, her legs splayed open and her hips lifted. Her fingers found her tight nub, and began to rub gently, rolling it between two fingers as she ground her hips into the mattress.

The door to the master suite closed. She didn't even notice until a dark shadow cast across the pages of her book, making it hard for her to read. She looked up in surprise, opening her mouth as she searched for an excuse.

"Reading again, eh? Is that what you are supposed to be doing?"

Her mouth went dry as she stared up at the tall man in the designer suit who was frowning at her expectantly as he carefully and deliberately loosened his tie and rolled up his sleeves, advancing on her with a glint in his eye that meant business.

“No, Sir, I mean... I um.” Knowing she was surely in for it, all she could manage to do was squeak out a slew of incoherent excuses. Her eyes never left his hands, watching as he expertly rolled one sleeve and then the other, knowing that within a matter of minutes, those large sexy hands would be wreaking the ultimate havoc on her backside, and possibly other parts as well.

“You were supposed to meet me downstairs thirty minutes ago. I don’t like to be kept waiting, little one. I tried calling your phone, but it went straight to voicemail. Is it dead again?”

Her eyes bugged out at the realization that she had unwittingly committed multiple offenses. “I... it must be.”

“I see.” Her Dom, spoke casually, as if her responses were of no importance, all the while slowly threading the belt through the loops on his trousers.

“Have you been touching yourself while you read those naughty stories?”

“I didn’t come!” she squeaked out, thinking that he had finally found one rule she had not broken.

His brow quirked up in amusement, but he said nothing. With a snap of his fingers, he pointed at a spot on the ground in front of him, and she jumped up, crossing the room quickly to kneel at his feet. His fingers weaved their way through her tight red curls. He grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled back, using her hair as a lever until she gazed up at him.

“Such a naughty little sub.”

Shivering, she nodded slowly, waiting for further instruction. She wouldn’t speak unless she was asked.

“Tonight, you will be punished. But first, you will give me pleasure.” He snapped again, and she quickly went to work, unbuttoning his trousers, watching the soft fabric puddle at his feet as it glided down muscular thighs and calves. Black boxer briefs bulged in the front, showing off his growing need for her. She pulled them down too, licking her lips when his cock sprang free of its restraints. Cupping her hands around his balls, she formed a cup for it to rest in, and slowly leaned forward, teasing the head with only the tip of her tongue, watching him as he closed his eyes and rolled his shoulders, the first sign that he was relaxing after a long day.

Smiling, she got to work, licking the length up and down with slow soft swirls of her tongue, teasing him until he was throbbing and ready. Sucking her master’s cock was her greatest submissive pleasure, and she reveled in the feeling of service as she took him wholly into her mouth, until her lips rested at the base. She could go deep, and she was always rewarded greatly for it when it was her turn. She worked in a slow rhythm, drawing him in, and slowly pulling him back out, constantly working with her tongue as she sucked greedily on his throbbing member. She felt when his upper body tensed and knew he was close to release. Applying pressure to the base of his cock with one hand, she grabbed his sack and tugged gently, scraping him softly with her teeth as she did so. The only time she could get away with it was when he was right on the brink. Something about the tugging, squeezing and scraping combined sent him over the edge. Just as he always did, he screamed out grabbing her hair to guide her as she suckled every last drop of his seed from the tip, licking and sucking greedily until he released her.

When it was done, she rocked back on her heels and smiled up at him, careful not to speak.

“Damn, you’re good at that. Your skill in that department, however, is not going to save you from the consequences of the areas where you are lacking.”

“Yes, sir.” She agreed demurely, biting back a smile, as she pulled his trousers back into place. It was what he always said, but he always went just a teensy bit easier on her after a good blow job.

“Kneel in the corner and wait for me. Think about all the ways you deserve to be punished. I expect a full list of your transgressions when I return. If something is missing, your punishment will be double.”

Still on her knees, she crawled to the corner, knowing that it was what he expected, and sat there facing the wall in a position of high protocol. Upturned hands rested on thighs that were spread wide for easy access. Her chin nearly touched her chest as she stared at the dark wooden floor and waited, listening as he made his way to the restroom to clean up.

“Come.” With one word, he beckoned her to the chaise where she had previously lounged. He sat on the side of it, and patted his knee. She was careful not to show her excitement, but over his lap was her favorite place to be and a position not often used by an experienced Dom such as himself.

At his signal, she crawled to him, standing only to place herself across his lap, resting her head on the cool leather of the chaise.

“Not so fast, little one. We’re getting ahead of ourselves. What naughty things did you do today?”

She ticked off a list that had her bottom clenching in anticipation and waited.

“You were a very naughty little sub today.” He informed her, pinching the underside of her bottom as he spoke. “I’m going to have to punish you severely I think, for blatant disregard of your rules.”

She trembled in his lap. “Yes, sir.”

Moaning aloud, Ruby worked her fingers into her soft folds, strumming herself into a frenzy. She was so close. Flipping onto her stomach, she pushed farther, filling herself completely with two fingers while still stroking her clit. Her movements grew frantic as her climax built inside her. She could feel it hovering on the edge, but she wasn’t quite there yet.

Shuddering on the brink of release, Ruby returned to her fantasy.

Her Dom tapped her bottom, a cue that he was ready to begin. “Stay in position, or you will get extra punishment later.”

Yes, sir.” The softly uttered phrase had no sooner left her lips than the first stroke fell. She yelped in shock as she recognized the smooth bite of leather. She had been expecting his hand.

“What? You were expecting my hand?” he asked with a laugh, reading her mind as he so often did. “You were far too naughty for that. Maybe later if you take your spanking well, little one.”

Ruby’s breath was shallow as her hips gyrated against the mattress. Her fingers pounded at her pelvic walls frantically. The spanking was always the part that did her in.

The leather had a sting that was both painful and pleasant. Ruby often thought that it was enjoyable while it was happening and more excruciating after. The leather strap he used she knew from experience was about eight inches long and an inch and a half wide. The marks it left were glorious. She moaned into his pant leg just picturing the beautiful stripes she would bear tomorrow with pride. Recognizing the sounds of her arousal, he stopped abruptly, pinching the tender skin on the underside of her buttocks that had just been kissed by the leather.

“It sounds like you’re enjoying this, babygirl,” he muttered, flicking his index finger across her soft folds checking for wetness. “Just as I suspected.” He tsked, as he withdrew his finger, sucking it loudly. “This is a punishment. It’s not supposed to make your pussy wet. Leather always does that to you, though, doesn’t it? Maybe I should switch to something my naughty girl doesn’t enjoy quite as much. Maybe a wooden paddle, or the cane?”

She groaned inwardly careful not to react to his torturous teasing. He loved to make her squirm, but she knew he truly did not want her to enjoy being punished. He was always very adamant that if it was too enjoyable it became a game. But oh, it was hard to not enjoy it when he touched her—no matter if it was punishment or pleasure.

“What’s that you say?” he teased, flicking her clit hard with his middle finger. “The cane and the paddle both? Oh, I like that idea very much.”

Ruby’s hips ground frantically into the mattress as she continued to strum herself with expert prowess. Just one last little flick against her throbbing clit had her screaming as she came. Sex with herself was far more exciting and satisfying than sex with Trevor ever had been.

Spent and panting, Ruby rolled over and peered at the bedside clock, rolling her eyes when the glowing red number came into focus. 4:56. Trevor would be home soon.

She rolled off the bed, closed the secret file on her laptop, shutting down the whole thing for good measure and stumbled into the master bath to clean up. After a quick shower, she pulled her hair into a messy bun, stepped into a pair of her favorite yoga pants and stalked into the kitchen humming. Spotting the crock pot on the kitchen counter she said a silent prayer of thanks that she had remembered to put a roast in before she left for work this morning. One less thing for them to fight about.

The door creaked as it swung open and she turned, taking in the sight of the man whom she had loved since she was fifteen. Trevor shrugged out of his suit jacket, set his briefcase down next to her shoes, and came up behind her, wrapping his hands around Ruby’s waist as he nuzzled her neck. She waited for the explosion of butterflies—the familiar tingle as spasms of arousal shot through her belly and into her most private places. Nothing came.

Trevor, as always was completely oblivious. “I made our reservations for Saturday,” he whispered.

A mixture of excitement and horror shot through her. Reservations? For Saturday? Her birthday? Her heart raced as she remembered her conversation with Diamond. Hours ago it had seemed like just another bit of fodder for the fantasy file. Was he serious? How had he known? Had Diamond actually called him? How had she gotten him to agree to it? “Reservations? This weekend?” She stuttered dumbly, her brain still working in overdrive trying to figure out how this had even happened and how she felt about it.

Trevor simply chuckled, and squeezed her tighter against him. “For your birthday, silly. How could you forget? We go every year.”

“Every year?” Instantly, her heart sank into her toes for a split second, and then, she got angry. Pulling out of his arms, she whirled around to face him. “Mario’s?” she asked already knowing the answer.

Trevor nodded eagerly. For a split second he reminded her of a puppy and she hesitated. Who wanted to kick a puppy, literally or figuratively? “And the waterpark in the morning.”

“A day at the waterpark, and dinner at Mario’s?” she repeated dumbly, wishing with all her might that for once Trevor would take a hint and not be so damn clueless. He didn’t.

“That’s what we do every year,” he repeated with a smile, moving to hug her once again.

She pulled back, glaring at him as she crossed her arms over her chest. “Exactly,” she spat. “That’s what we do every single year. Since I was fifteen.”

Trevor shrugged, clearly not seeing the problem. “So? What’s wrong with that?”

For reasons she couldn’t explain, rage seized her. “What’s wrong with that?” she repeated, eyes wide, and nostrils flaring. Her anger was violent enough that Trevor wisely took a step backwards. “Did it ever occur to you that I wouldn’t want to celebrate my twenty-fifth birthday

the exact same way I celebrated my fifteenth? Did it ever occur to you that I've aged ten years since then and I might not want to spend my day at a water park?"

Poor clueless Trevor. He looked honestly shocked and perplexed. "No, not really. You love water parks. But that's okay. We can do something else. It's your birthday," he agreed amicably. "Whatever you want."

The phrase 'whatever you want' should have made her simultaneously cheer and swoon, but she knew better. Uncrossing her arms, she raised her eyebrows and placed her hand on her hip, meeting his gaze in silent challenge. "I *want*," she stated clearly, "to go to Rojo. For the weekend."

It was both disappointing and predictable to watch the transformation in Trevor's easygoing façade. "No." He shook his head vehemently. "No," he repeated. "That's not a place for you. It's too..." He trailed off, likely unable to find a way to deny her that was not offensive.

"It's my sister's home."

His face clouded with anger. "And why any of you have let her stay with that deviant in that cesspool of depravity for so long is beyond me. I can't do anything about that. But I can do something about you, and you will not be going there."

"Actually," she began stepping up to where he stood so that they were toe to toe. "You can't and I am." It struck her even as she was saying it, that if he was as dominant a man as he had seemed in that moment, he very well could have. Of course, if he had so much as a dominant bone in his body, they wouldn't even be having this conversation.

She paused for a split second waiting for his reaction, but he had none. It wasn't really surprising as Trevor had all the personality of a wet noodle. What, she wondered, had she even seen in him all those years? Whatever it was, it was long gone, and soon, she would be too. With one last long disgusted look at the man whom she had wasted the last ten years of her life on, she turned and flounced from the room.

Locking the door behind her, she stood in the room they had shared for years. Why had she even bothered to lock the door? She wondered. Trevor wouldn't come after her. He never did, she realized with a start. For ten years, she had been the one to go after him. She had been the only one fighting, and she was fighting for something she didn't even want, hadn't wanted in a long time.

Disgust and determination mixed with anger overwhelmed her and she stomped to the walk-in closet, grabbing the biggest suitcase they owned. She was acting completely on autopilot, beyond thought or analysis, because if she stopped to think about what she was doing, she might not do it.

Drawers were emptied and clothes were flung into the open suitcase with abandon. Her eyes clouded with tears of frustration and her brain was a jumbled mess. Only one thought stood out, and she repeated it like it was her mantra. She deserved someone who would fight for her, and no matter how long it took, she was going to find him. Vegas seemed as good a place as any to start looking.