

CLUB INDIGO BOOK THREE

appreciated

KAREN NAPPA



APPRECIATED

Club Indigo Book Three

KAREN NAPPA



Published by Blushing Books
An Imprint of
ABCD Graphics and Design, Inc.
A Virginia Corporation
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901

©2019
All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. The trademark Blushing Books is pending in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Karen Nappa
Appreciated

EBook ISBN: 978-1-64563-080-7

v1

Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's
advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Acknowledgments

How do you honor people who've been of great help and support but you don't want to expose? The first two books we just left out this part. Now finished with our third manuscript and starting on the next installment, we want to express our gratitude.

So, a big thank you to...

... our beta readers, who keep us going with endless advice, feedback, and words of encouragement (or funny videos) for believing in our books and making them better.

... our Kansas City informants, who help us get the local details right. We don't always succeed, but we do try.

... our Master, for sharing us with the characters from Club Indigo, helping with the male perspective and making sure we don't neglect our other duties. (There's a little bit of Paula in the both of us.)

... our doctor friend, who helped us with the medical details. All mistakes are ours, but without you, it would have been so much worse!

... our author friends who lend their law enforcement relatives and friends to help with the police department. Again, the mistakes are on us!

And last but not least, a big thank you to all the lovely and supportive people at Blushing Books for believing in us and helping us with getting our stories into the world, because writing isn't just about coming up with a narrative and telling it in an alluring way.

Prologue

PAULA STONE WAS HAVING a ball dancing with Kate at the reception for the double wedding. Paula's friends Laura and her sister Suzie had pulled off a great event in a short time. She had only known Kate and Suzie for a few months through Laura. Paula had been touched when she had been asked to be Laura's maid of honor.

She had met Kate, Suzie's maid of honor, during the weeks of wedding prep. Paula knew the other three women belonged to a private BDSM club. She wasn't sure how she felt about that lifestyle—none of the women seemed submissive to her. Kinky or not, she was very pleased to be able to add Kate and Suzie to her select group of friends.

The up-tempo song faded out and the sound of a piano signaled a ballad was next. "Incoming." Kate signaled Paula with a big grin on her face. The tall redhead was wearing stiletto heels. Paula wasn't small, herself, but Kate in heels towered over her. Paula didn't wear heels, because you couldn't chase bad guys in them, so Laura had found cute flat sandals for her. They were comfortable enough and went well with the dress, but she wouldn't have worn either if it weren't for her friend.

Paula turned her head in the direction where Kate was

looking and, sure enough, there were two men heading over in their direction. *Cute blond. Young enough to have some stamina and old enough to last more than eight seconds.* Exactly what she wanted in a one-night stand. Paula turned back to Kate to call dibs. The second she did, her feet rooted to the ground and her smile melted like a patch of snow in the sun.

Paula caught a raised eyebrow from Kate, but before Kate could react, Chris had wound his arms around her and pulled her away. Paula was left standing alone on the dance floor, face to face with Jim Cagney, the cute blond forgotten.

Freshly shaved, cute boy-next-door looking Jim.

Way too young and 'try thinking with your head instead of your vagina' Cagney.

Jim—he's a fucking colleague—Cagney.

"Dance with me." His tone of voice made it sound like an order. 'Normal Paula' would have bristled at that. 'Normal Paula' didn't date cops after her ugly divorce from one. 'Normal Paula' seemed to vanish every time Jim Cagney was in her vicinity.

Paula didn't know what to do or to say. She placed her hands on his shoulders like she was touching an unfamiliar loaded weapon. She couldn't really resist him without causing a scene and drawing attention. *It's only one dance after all.*

His arms went around her middle and they started swaying to the music. At first, Paula was tense and she tried to keep as much distance between their bodies as possible. She didn't want to dance with him. She really didn't, but it was kind of nice to be in his arms. He was a competent dancer, leading her with grace, confidence, and strength. He danced in a way that was utterly like the man himself.

As Jim led her around the dance floor, Paula's reserve crumbled and she started to relax in his arms. To her amazement, he began to sing along with Johnny Legend. Jim had a nice tenor voice and he really could sing. After the first verse, he started harmonizing. Paula looked up at him. His eyes sparkled and a corner of his mouth curved up as he sang about 'loving all her

perfect imperfections.' She wished she hadn't looked at him. His smile showed off his dimples and his eyes pulled at her.

It registered in her brain that a different song had started and there was something wrong about that. She couldn't remember what, but she needed to do something. She let Jim lead her around the dance floor to two more songs before she heard the sounds of *Halo*. In that moment, Paula knew she would cave. Her walls had tumbled down and, like Beyoncé, she was prepared to take the risk. She could try to blame it on the romantic setting of the wedding, but somehow she'd run out of excuses to avoid sleeping with Jim Cagney. She would go home with him and fuck the man out of her system once and for all.

JIM PULLED up to his condo and turned off the engine of his deep blue Acura. He turned to Paula to ask if she was sure she wanted to come up with him only to discover she had fallen asleep during the drive. He contemplated what to do. He didn't think Paula would be cut out to live his brand of BDSM. She was probably totally vanilla. According to Laura and James, she hadn't understood their relationship initially and had declined an offer to attend their collaring ceremony last year. She hadn't wanted to come to Club Indigo, their private BDSM club. He debated with himself what to do. A gentleman would drive her home, but he wasn't willing to let her go. It was too good to have her in his car and to bring her to his place. He got out of the Acura and walked around to her door.

"Paula, wake up," he said as he opened the door and reached over her to release her safety belt. He rested his hand on her leg. He didn't know how she would react when startled, but he was prepared for anything to happen. Paula's eyes flew open and, sure enough, her hand went for her gun, or rather where her gun would have been if she were on duty. Jim chuckled. "Would you really shoot an innocent man for trying to help you out of a car?"

he asked. *Damn, she's cute, and she would take off my balls if I voiced that thought, and not even bat an eyelash.*

The next instant, Paula attacked him but not in the way he had feared. She latched onto him and pressed her mouth to his. She was aggressive, biting and nipping at his lips and rubbing her body against his. His dick went from semi-erect to ramrod straight in seconds.

On instinct, Jim grasped her roaming hands and pressed them to her sides. Their tongues dueled for dominance. He transferred her wrists to his left hand behind her back and used his right hand to hold her head at an angle more to his liking. He softened the kiss, not wanting to physically overwhelm her, and a shudder went through Paula. Jim could pinpoint the exact moment she let go and gave in. It was a heady, beautiful feeling to have her submit to him. She was his!

As sexy as this was, he needed to control himself, or they would be fucking here in front of his condo for all to see. Mrs. Novak would definitely see, because the woman never seemed to sleep and always knew all the gossip.

Jim pulled Paula from the car and half dragged-half carried her to his front door. As soon as he closed the door behind them, he pressed her up against it and claimed her mouth again. When she tried to wrap her arms around his neck, he intercepted them and pressed them above her head. He felt her stiffen for the slightest moment before she gave in to him—again. Damn! If he wasn't in the middle of it, he wouldn't have believed it. Detective Sergeant Paula Stone was submissive.

Chapter 1

JIM BENT DOWN and pulled her up over his shoulder.

"Hey," Paula protested and tried to lift her upper body.

He almost lost his balance and leaned into the wall holding his map of Middle Earth. Jim swatted her ass. "Hold still," he growled. "I don't want to drop you." He grinned as Paula went limp against his back, like a rag doll. With his nose this close to her crotch, he could smell her arousal and it made him aware of his own erect cock as the zipper dug into him with steel teeth. Jim maneuvered them through the door, into the bedroom, and lowered Paula to his bed. *Fuck, she looks good on it, but we have on too many clothes.* Jim had dropped his coat and tie long before they left the wedding, but he was still dressed in his vest, dress shirt, and formal slacks. He unbuttoned the vest and shirt and draped them over the valet stand in the corner of his room. His slacks were next and he groaned in relief as his straining cock sprang free.

Paula lay on his bed like a pagan sacrifice and smiled as she looked her fill. He felt like Aragorn defeating the king of the Nazgûl. Her eyes trailed down his body and halted at his groin. He liked how her eyes widened and she involuntarily licked her lips. A drop of precum had already formed at the slit and he used it as lubrication to work his hand up and down his shaft. Her eyes

followed his every movement—she lifted herself up onto her elbows to get a better view.

"You are wearing way too many clothes. Rule number one—never wear more clothes than I do." Confused eyes blinked up at his statement, but then she scrambled to take off her clothes, dropping them next to the bed in a haphazard pile. *Okay, she scored points with her prompt obedience to my order, even if her sloppiness would earn her a punishment in the future.*

"On the bed." Jim's voice was hoarse. She had been hiding a beautiful physique under those boring pantsuits. Luscious curves over a muscled form. She worked out, but not so much that she'd lost her womanly appeal. He liked that she wasn't shy about her body. She lay down and allowed him to look his fill. She was secure and confident with or without her clothes on.

"Grab the headboard and don't let go," he ordered.

Paula looked above her head and did as she was told.

"I'm going to lick and suck and kiss every part of your skin and you're going to let me. I'll fuck you when I'm good and ready," he promised and she smiled up at him. "Don't let go unless you're in pain or having second thoughts. Just say 'stop,' and I will."

He started at her left foot. Lifting her leg and bringing her foot to his mouth, he kissed up her leg and continued working up and up. The smell of her arousal saturated the air as he moved closer and closer to her pussy. He sensed her breaking her hold before he felt her hands tangling in his hair. He gave her his Dom stare, and after a few intense seconds, she returned her hands back to the headboard. *Good girl!*

He picked up her right foot and repeated his actions. She groaned in frustration but didn't let go of her hold this time. As a reward, he licked over her pussy with the flat of his tongue. He made eye contact from between her legs. Her pupils were dilated, the blue irises almost invisible. He assessed her hold, delighted to see she had a tight grip and was following his instruction. He

placed a teasing kiss on her belly and dipped his tongue into her bellybutton.

Paula bucked. "Quit teasing."

Jim bit into the underside of her breast and she screamed.

He warned, "Don't try to control this. Just feel and enjoy."

She grumbled a bit, but Jim noticed that she hadn't let go of the headboard, not even when he clamped his teeth onto her breast. He took her nipples between his forefinger and thumb and squeezed and twisted. Paula moaned and her cheeks flushed. Apparently, she liked a little bite of pain with her pleasure. Although not a hardcore sadist like Connor Carmichael, Jim did like to torture pretty nipples and sweet pussies. He smiled in satisfaction. He probably looked like a hobbit after his second breakfast.

Jim trailed kisses down her body. He pushed her legs aside. Her pussy was already glistening with wetness but he intended to make her wetter. He wedged his shoulders between her legs and peeled her petals aside, exposing pink flesh and her bud of nerves. *What would she like?* He tested the waters by rubbing along the side of her clitoris and over the hood—not much reaction. He coated his finger in wetness and placed it right on top of the bud. A sensual moan was his reward. All right then; he grinned and started to use his tongue to drive her into her first orgasm. With a determined movement, he stimulated her clit while driving first two and then three fingers into her slick channel. Her G-spot was easy to locate and when he pressed his fingers against the spongy tissue, Paula arched her back from the mattress and pushed her pussy against his mouth. He liked how responsive she was. From the feeling around his fingers, he suspected she did Kegel exercises and he couldn't wait to feel her squeeze his dick. *Time to push her over the edge.* He sucked her clit in his mouth and teased the bud with his tongue. He crooked his fingers on her G-spot as though telling it to 'come here.' The first signs of her orgasm were the little tremors in her belly and thighs, then her cunt started to spasm and Paula wailed.

Jim eased her down from her climax, until the only sounds he heard were shuddering moans and ragged breathing. He grabbed a condom from the nightstand and ripped off the foil package. After he sheathed his dick with the thin latex membrane, he looked over at Paula and almost came there and then. She was still gripping the headboard. He reckoned her shoulders and arms had to be hurting by now, so he pried her hands away and eased her arms down. Paula groaned as he massaged her arms and shoulders and blood started to flow again. When Jim was positive she was comfortable again, he settled between her legs and aligned the tip of his cock with her entrance. "Look at me," he ordered hoarsely.

Paula opened her eyes and he looked down into her as he entered her body. Her strong muscles gripped him and he groaned in pleasure. "Squeeze down on me when I pull back." Jim started moving, and once again, Paula did as he told her. His eyes rolled to the back of his head while he pounded his hips. Determined to take her over with him, he found her clit and started to play with it in time with his thrusts. Paula's head started to thrash around on the pillow and her hot pussy squeezed the hell out of his dick. She was covered in a thin sheen of perspiration and flushed from her breasts to her cheeks—a sight to behold in all her passion and abandon. Sweat collected on Jim's back and began dripping from his forehead. All coherent thought left his mind as he pummeled into her and drove them both to orgasm. His spine tingled and his balls drew up, preparing to shoot his load. He pressed down on her clit, and her orgasm billowed around him and took the last of his reserve.

Paula's arms curled around him. They both lay panting for a moment, oblivious to his weight. Jim swirled his hips one last time with a lazy motion before withdrawing from her, and he felt her shudder. It pained him, but he needed to take care of the condom.

As he returned from the bathroom with a damp washcloth, sleepy eyes met his. "Jim Cagney, you're a stallion. Let's do that

again sometime," Paula mumbled, splayed out on her back, and fell asleep.

Jim looked down in wonderment at the blonde, who had been the star in so many of his fantasies. Her cool exterior and her turning down all advances from people at the police department had given her the nickname 'Haagen-Dazs,' because she was cold as ice and everyone wanted a taste of her. He now knew that under the layer of ice smoldered a fire that burned hotter than Mount Doom in Mordor.

He put away the washcloth and pulled the sheet over her. Her body would be starting to cool down soon. Jim shook his head as he started to gather and fold her clothes. To his utter amazement, there was a sexual submissive hiding under that harsh outer shell. He needed to talk to her the next morning and find out how deep that submissive streak ran. Could it be possible that they were compatible in more ways than just sexually? He went to sleep dreaming of a future with her.

PAULA WOKE up with a full bladder, a foul taste in her mouth, and a heavy arm draped over her middle. The arm belonged to a muscular male body with an impressive morning wood pressed against her back. It took her a few seconds to get her bearings, but then she remembered—the wedding, the dancing, the cute blond and—Jim Cagney.

No, no, no! She hadn't gone home and had sex with Jim. Memories assaulted her. She'd not only gone home with Jim, but she'd also had the best sex of her life. It wasn't because she hadn't had sex often. After her divorce, Paula made sure she had plenty of sex, but only on her terms. Last night had been different. Jim had been bossy, taking complete control, and she'd liked it. The way he'd insisted she hold on to the bed had made everything more intense. Paula had to contain herself from rubbing an

orgasm out to the memory. First, she had to get the hell out of here.

Paula looked around the room, masculine and extremely well-organized, with a valet stand in the corner. Who the hell had a valet stand in his room? She scanned the room more closely and noticed three large framed posters from *The Lord of the Rings* movies and did a double take. Was he some kind of fanboy? It didn't matter. She wouldn't be back here. She found her clothes folded on a chair near the bed. Folded? Okay, she really needed to leave! Paula moved Jim's arm so she could extract herself from the bed. She held her breath when she heard him mumbling, but he didn't wake up. She tiptoed to the chair and picked up her clothes. She couldn't help stealing a glance back. The bedside clock showed 6:30. She really had to get out of here. How could she have let herself stay the night? *Stupid, stupid, stupid.*

She closed the bedroom door as quietly as she could and let go of the breath she hadn't realized she was holding. She pulled her underwear over her sticky thighs and then put on her bra. She looked at her stockings and decided they were a lost cause, so she put them down while she slipped into her dress then held her shoes in one hand and the stockings bunched up in the other. She needed a shower and breakfast, but most of all, she needed to get out of here. Paula preferred to leave after sex and wasn't happy with the walk of shame she had to do this morning. It was different from leaving in the middle of the night—probably because it was daylight.

To her immense relief, her clutch was lying on the floor near the front door. She stuffed her stockings inside. She had no clue where Jim lived, but luckily, she knew Kansas City like the back of her hand. Paula opened the door and stepped out in the street. A quick assessment and she realized she didn't have to call a taxi. Although Jim lived in a better neighborhood than she did, it still was within easy walking distance of her house.

Paula started down the street. What had she been thinking? She wouldn't have gone home with a colleague if it hadn't been

for the romance and excitement of the wedding. Why had she broken her rule with Jim Cagney? It had been an amazing one night stand, but would that be enough for her? If only he'd been an egotist and bad in the sack, like her ex, she'd be over him now. These thoughts were leading her nowhere. One night was all she could give him. She could deal with that, and Jim would have to. Paula's mind went back to the dominant and possessive way he'd handled her. She'd never had a man take control like that—she'd also never had such great sex before. What would it be like to have someone in bed like that all the time?

Her mind kept spinning all the way home, but reality returned as soon as she opened the front door. Her entryway and living room was piled high with boxes, loose papers, and books. She stepped around the obstacles, certain she'd never let Jim or anyone else see her place. Where Jim's place had been pristine, her house was a cluttered mess. She tried to clean and organize it, but whatever got done fell apart within a month. She never seemed to have the time or energy. It had been like this since she had moved back to Kansas City after her divorce.

She thought about taking a shower but decided she needed a run first. She put on her favorite shorts and an old Police Academy t-shirt and headed out. A good, long run would help clear her head. She found the MP3 player with her running playlist—she liked to start with Dio's *Stand Up and Shout*—and headed out the door.

She came back an hour later and jumped in the shower. After a quick rinse, Paula dressed for the day and headed to the kitchen. She pulled a yogurt out of her fridge and fixed a cup of strong, black coffee. She looked at her kitchen table, covered with several weeks of mail and decided to eat standing up. As she leaned against the refrigerator, she spooned the blueberry flavored yogurt into her mouth. Once she finished her breakfast, she placed the used mug and spoon in the sink and tossed the yogurt container in the trash. She needed to do the dishes. She was running out of silverware. Now, where had she put her

phone? Oh, yeah, in that stupid clutch that went with the dress. What was wrong with pockets?

She checked her voicemail first. Two messages, neither of them urgent, but she had nine texts. What the hell? Laura had texted her twice.

1:14 am: *Did I see you leave with Jim?*

8:35 am: *You have to tell me what happened.*

Paula looked over them and fired off a quick response. Three messages from Kate.

8:23 am: *'Face Screaming in Fear' emoji—I left with Chris last night.*

8:28 am: *Did you spend the night with Jim?*

8:29 am: *Can you do coffee or lunch—'Folded Hands' emoji?*

Paula thought for a moment. She could use a friend, and she didn't want to bother Laura. Since she and James had recently become foster parents, they weren't taking a honeymoon right away, but they were still newlyweds. Paula decided to read the other messages first. The next person in the list made her heart flutter—Jim Cagney. She hadn't given him her private number, had she?

8:16 am: *Where are you?*

How on earth did he get her number? Oh, right. She'd given it to him when they worked together on a case involving Laura the previous year.

8:19 am: *You'd better have slipped out for Starbucks or something. 'Winking Face' emoji*

8:59 am: *Damn it, Paula*

9:12 am: *Garozzo's, tonight, I've made reservations for 7:00 pm*

She couldn't think about Jim yet. She'd call Kate first.

PAULA EYED her friend over the rim of her coffee cup. They were sitting in a corner booth at IHOP, both eating more carbs than they usually did.

"So if I understand correctly, you and Chris aren't compati-

ble, except you are." Paula stared in confusion at Kate. "I don't get it."

Kate stirred her coffee and nodded, deep in thought. She slowly closed her eyes and pulled in a long, slow breath through her nose, held it, and let it escape. She opened her eyes, and Paula noticed how her beautiful green orbs glimmered and were surrounded by dark circles. She figured she didn't look much better, herself.

"It's hard to explain if you're not in the lifestyle," Kate said slowly.

Paula nodded. "The lifestyle, you mean that whips and chains stuff?"

Kate cocked her head to the side and she narrowed her eyes. "Not always whips and chains but, yes, the lifestyle. What do you know about BDSM?"

"Not much. I've seen *Fifty Shades...*" Paula held up her hands at the disgusted expression on Kate's face. "...and you're not the first one to tell me it isn't a good example of BDSM." She tapped her forefinger against her mouth and gathered what she knew about James and Laura. She came up empty; she didn't get it. She shrugged and looked over to Kate helplessly.

"Okay, let me try to explain. Laura and James are a D/s couple. 'D' stands for Dominant and 's' for submissive. The full acronym has a lot of meanings, and there are almost as many forms of BDSM as there are people who practice it. But let's stick to this part for now. James' need to dominate matches Laura's desire to submit. They fit together because their needs and wants fulfill each other." Kate took a small sip of coffee and continued. "Chris and I are both dominant, so we don't fit."

"I thought all dominants were men."

Kate looked at her quizzically and started laughing. "Okay, that shows you know next to nothing about BDSM. Dominants come in all sexes and orientations. It's not about men dominating women unless that's how both parties want it. Some people switch roles depending on mood or partner. Anyhow, Chris and I

have incredible chemistry going on, and yesterday was one of the best sexual encounters I've had in my entire life, but we wouldn't work as a couple."

"This stuff is way more complicated than I realized. But what's wrong with a night of hot sex?"

Kate's shoulders slumped, and Paula had to strain to catch her whispered, "Because I've been fucking in love with the man for as long as I've known him and I can't go back to the friend zone with him after this."

Paula had absolutely no clue what to say to that. She did know she couldn't bother Kate with her own trivial problems. She had to deal with Jim Cagney, and it wouldn't be by going to dinner with him.