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# SINGED WINGS

Hill Street Heroes, Book Three

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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.

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## Prologue

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**B**aylor smiled up at the beautiful, newly engaged couple on stage, the gorgeous stone glittering under the bright lights. "I need to use the restroom."

"Hurry back, baby. I'm sure Gwen is going to want to show off her new ring."

As she stood, Baylor had to force herself not to run. It wasn't that she was upset over her friend's engagement, just jealous.

She pushed through the heavy door to the bathroom, went to the sink and splashed cool water over her face before looking at her reflection. "What sort of horrible friend am I? I can't be jealous of their engagement."

Her hand instantly went to her belly and the scar her beautiful dress was covering. "Who the hell is going to want damaged goods?" A small voice in the back of her head screamed Zander's name, but she promptly ignored it, choosing to continue her pity party instead.

Baylor pushed away from the sink, then she left the bathroom and headed back to the party but stopped short when the smell of cigarette smoke tickled her nose. *Dammit*. She had been doing so well at kicking the habit Zander hated so much.

Nibbling her lip, she turned toward the room filled with her co-workers at the Fireman's Ball. She watched as Zander threw his head back and laughed at something Jensen said, while Autumn scowled at the men.

*They won't even notice.* While formulating a plan, Baylor ducked into the coat closet, dug some change out of her coat pocket and then started searching pockets. On her sixth coat, she hit the jackpot.

As soon as she stepped into the crisp night air, she wished she would have had the foresight to grab her coat. With the first inhale of the bitter tasting smoke, her ability to care washed away. The nicotine took effect. Her eyes drifted closed.

The choking cough pulled her from her reprieve. Noob. She shook her head as she joined the man. "I'm on to you."

As he spun on his heels, he wasn't quite able to hide his startled expression. "I'm sorry?"

"Come out here to smoke a cigarette that makes you cough every time you take a puff." She pulled another puff into her lungs, holding it for a second before releasing it into the breeze. "I'm trying to quit too. Z says I'm too pretty for such a nasty habit, but he doesn't get that it is more than a nicotine addiction. It's a need, really. Watching the cherry burn the cigarette to nothing. Satisfying."

"He's right." He plucked the offending object from between her lips, tossed it to the pavement and ground it in with the heel of his shoe. "Go back inside before you get yourself in trouble."

She simply smiled. "You're probably right. Can't risk getting caught, not with the promised consequences." As she turned toward the door, Baylor waved over her shoulder. "See you inside."

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## Chapter 1

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**Z**ander didn't even let the door fully close behind her before growling her name, "Baylor Phoenix."

Her eyes rounded for a second before her stubbornness took hold and her hand settled on her popped hip. "Zander Allen. Now that we have the niceties out of the way, what do you say we rejoin the party?"

Taking hold of her upper arm, he marched her to a secluded corner where he popped her on the ass once. "Who am I?" When she didn't answer, he looked over his shoulder to make sure no one else had entered the room and, even though the coast was clear, pulled himself up to his full height and used his body to block her from view before he landed a volley of three swats to her thinly veiled ass. "Am I going to have to fight you into submission every time?"

She held his eyes in challenge. "I don't know."

"Not an acceptable answer. Give me your panties."

The hand he was holding out expectantly dropped to his side when a mischievous smile took over her face. "I'm not wearing any, Sir."

It was his turn to smile as he marched her into the bathroom,

locked the door behind them, and easily bent her over the sink. "For a woman so unwilling to submit, you sure are pliable." Again, she didn't reply.

He shimmied her tight dress up her legs, exposing her naked ass to the room. "I specifically handed you a pair of panties and told you to put them on when we were getting ready."

While holding her eyes captive in the mirror, he raised a brow, demanding a response. "I didn't want panty lines, so I left them on your nightstand."

Shaking his head disapprovingly, he tsked his tongue against the back of his teeth. "And that is three."

She twisted and looked over her shoulder. "What happened to one and two, Daddy?"

"Now, you remember who I am?" He watched her eyes drop. "One, was the cigarette you started smoking before it was plucked from between your lips. Remind me to thank him later." She stiffened the slightest bit. "Two was the sass and refusal to answer my questions just a few seconds ago. Your lack of panties was number three."

"But, I—"

"Didn't think I saw you with that nasty thing in your mouth?" At her silence, he continued. "Even if I hadn't, I would have smelled it a mile away. Where did you get the cancer stick?"

"I-I felt around in the coats until I felt a pack and took one."

"You stole one?"

"I didn't steal it!"

How she had the courage to raise her voice at him while she was already in a prime position for him to demonstrate his displeasure, was beyond him, so he did the only thing he could. The palm of his hand bounced off her ass at a fast tempo. "You were a police officer!"

"I didn't steal it. I left two quarters in the pocket, more than enough to pay for it! I swear."

Her innocent plea seemed to only make things worse. The

strength behind his swats intensifying as his tempo picked up a bit.

"Daddy, I paid for it. I really did!"

His hand rested on her warm flesh, and he could tell her need to argue was going to get the best of her. "That is still stealing."

"It's not."

"Oh, little bird." He reached into the inside pocket of his suit jacket and pulled out a small, coiled leather strap. It was slightly wider than two of his fingers and about the length of his forearm and just what he needed in a pinch.

"Daddy?" Her voice quivered with fear, but beneath it, he heard the hint of need.

"I was a boy scout, remember? We are always prepared. Why else do you think I make you carry your paddle in your bag?"

"To embarrass me?"

He thought for a second before he shrugged. "It's that too." Letting the leather unwind, he rested his hand between her shoulder blades before issuing his next command, "Spread your legs." When she did as she was told without the slightest bit of hesitation, pride welled in his chest. She was bullheaded, but that made her submission all the more beautiful. "You're getting twenty with the strap now. When we get back to the house, I will finish your punishment."

"Yes, Sir."

The sound of leather meeting skin was louder than he'd expected, but the noise didn't worry him. He had a job to do, a woman to protect, even if it was from herself, and he would be damned if he was going to let a little bit of noise keep him from doing just that.

The strap bounced off her ass as he gradually worked his way down the swell of her reddening globes. "Ow!" A particularly nasty lash kissed her sit spots, forcing her hands to move from the sink.

"Put those hands back where they belong. Right now." As soon as she wrapped her fingers around the basin of the sink again, he let the strap fly.

After another four, he stopped. "Three more, baby." The small whine had him biting the inside of his cheek. She knew when he announced the final swats, whatever the number, they were going to be the worst, and this time was no different. As he brought the leather down sharply, he laid three solid licks directly on her sit spots.

After tucking the implement away, he gathered Baylor in his arms, gently pulling her lip from between her teeth. "One of these days, you're going to bite that lip clean off."

Not bothering to lift her head from his chest, she mumbled, "I had to keep from crying somehow."

"Why couldn't you cry?"

"Everyone would know."

When he grabbed a hand full of her ass, he enjoyed the resulting hiss. "If I did my job correctly, people will know anyway, at least for a while." With a sigh, he pulled her dress back into place before he pushed her away from his chest. "If we stay here much longer, speculation will be far worse than the truth."

Taking her hand in his, he led her from the bathroom and back to their table. It was there that she started to pull away. "Baylor."

"We should go dance. Blow some steam off." Zander didn't even have to look to know that her free hand was picking at her poor abused cuticles.

He leaned into her, his lips brushing her ear, so only she could hear his words. "Your ass doesn't hurt that much, little bird."

"But—"

Her whine was cut short when his arm snaked around her



hip to rest his hand on her ass. "You'll squirm, making it obvious to all our friends just how naughty you are."

"Leland."

"Is our friend. He was our friend when you were undercover, and he is our friend now."

"I have never been glared at so much by a 'friend'."

"Do you need me to kick his ass?" Zander pulled back so he could see her face.

"You can't kick his ass; he's our friend." Her face softened. "Okay, I get it, point made, but he's still being an asshole."

The hand he rested on her butt gave the heated flesh a quick squeeze before turning to pull her chair out. "Sit down before you get yourself into more trouble."

"Is everything okay?" Gwen leaned into Baylor's side.

"Gwendolyn," Jensen growled.

Waving her fiancé off, Gwen eyed the couple. "Baylor?"

"It's fine."

When she tried to speak again, Jensen leaned into her. "She got spanked, bellissima."

"Yeah?" It took Gwen a few seconds, but soon her eyes widened and her mouth hung open. "Here? Wait." She held up her hand. "I don't want to know. My future husband," she smiled at the man seated beside her, "doesn't need any more ideas."

"Oh! Let me see the ring!"

At Baylor's demand, Zander turned to Leland. The man was scowling at Baylor. "Do we have a problem?"

Leland had the decency to look guilty. "I'm sorry. I know she was doing her job, but I can't help but feel a little betrayed. She was a spy. Still could be, for that matter."

As he fought back the urge to punch his friend, Zander spoke. "Do you have something you need to keep from a spy?"

"Of course not." Leland's eyes narrowed.

"Then why judge her for doing her job? Hell," Zander ran

his hand over his shortly cropped hair, "she has done nothing but help and support everyone here, including you and Autumn."

The sound of chairs scraping against the floor drew his attention. Gwen grabbed his girl's hand. "Baylor! Come dance!"

Her pleading eyes instantly went to his. "Please, Z?"

"I suppose you have sat on your punished bottom for long enough."

"Thank you!" Zander watched as his woman jumped up from the table, her hair billowing behind her as she all but sprinted to the dance floor.

Laughter from across the table had him dragging his eyes from his girl.

Leland nudged him. "I can't tell if she was in a hurry to get off her sore ass or away from you."

"Definitely the last one," Jensen said through his smile

He threw his napkin at them, only fueling their laughter further. "You're probably right. My strap packs a punch, but the sting doesn't last. Not long enough for her anyway."

"How is she?" Jensen questioned with a nod of his head.

A chill ran up his spine. He hated talking about the kidnapping and the trauma his girl had endured, but he knew he needed to. Rubbing his hand over his face, he said, "She's healing fine physically. Can't even tell she had three broken ribs with the way she moves. Hell, she's doing pretty damn good emotionally, for the most part. It's the scars that get her. She's self-conscious about them. Doesn't want anyone to see, doesn't want them touched. She just wants to forget about them." He shook his head before looking each man in the eye. "Hard to do when you're into public play. All it takes is a gasp, and she's done. The head space is lost."

The anger around the table was palatable as Jensen spoke. "Motherfucker got off too easily."

Murmurs of agreement floated into the air.

"But I have a plan." He turned to Leland. "Deck ready?"

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"It can be." Leland's eyes widened slightly as the significance of the question hit home. "Next weekend work for you?"

"Yeah, but she needs to start out small. Only the people who have seen them and know what to expect."

"You sure about this?" True concern shone brightly in the other man's eyes.

"I don't know, but I have to trust my instincts, and right now they are screaming at me to help her. I think putting her out there with people who won't judge her will help her to move forward. She can't get over her fears if she never faces them."