

# THE MASTER'S PRIZE

**MAGGIE NASH**

AVAILABLE MARCH 16<sup>TH</sup>

[WWW.TOTAL-E-BOUND.COM](http://WWW.TOTAL-E-BOUND.COM)

“Okay ladies and gents, we only have one hour left for you to claim your kiss with our sexy newsreader Elise Blake. Be the first person here with five thousand dollars and you get to smooch with the siren herself live on radio.”

Mitchell Collins leaned forward and turned the volume up. Did he just hear right? The woman whose voice he’d been lusting after for the past month was finally being offered to him on a platter? No way was he going to pass up this opportunity.

“Charlie, make a detour to Bondi will you. I want to pay Wolf Radio a visit.”

Charlie knew better than to make a comment, but Mitch saw the smirk as he flicked on the indicator to change lanes and make the drive across town. Charlie may smirk, but the cat-and-mouse game Ms Blake had played with Mitchell over the last few weeks had been a bone of contention between the both of them, especially since she seemed to be winning at the moment. Charlie thought it was so hilarious that she’d declined all Mitchell’s invitations, seemed to know where he was going to turn up *and* managed to leave every time just minutes before his arrival.

He'd studied her bio, including her photo, many times since the first time he'd noticed her at the Club Fetish training night four weeks ago. Although she'd worn a mask, the sensual energy evident in her eyes as she'd watched the training session from the observation deck was explosive. Her body language screamed intense arousal, and his dick had stiffened painfully just watching her short little breaths and the way her fists opened and closed in response to the sex play she was observing from a distance. When her nipples beaded tightly under her shirt, he nearly lost it right there and then.

Fuck, she'd made him hot, and he couldn't even see her face. He'd decided there and then that he would be the one to train her, and by God, he hoped she was a sub because he sure as hell wanted to dominate and care for that luscious body. The rules of the club forbade him from approaching her while she was an observer, so he'd planned to meet up with her in the bar after the session. New members, and those who came to observe usually had many, many questions, and he had been looking forward to answering them all for her in great detail. However, by the time he'd finished checking on the couple in training and given them instructions for their next session, she was gone. It had taken him a few weeks to find out her name, and that was only after some serious bribing of the office manager at the club.

He hadn't heard her speak at the club, but since finding out who she was, he listened to her radio show every chance he got. He felt like a lovesick schoolboy with a major crush, not a successful businessman, or a master dominant. What the fuck was happening to him?

Getting to talk to her in person, however, was proving to be impossible, or so he'd come to believe after all the efforts he'd made. So why was she suddenly making herself available to all and sundry?

Who cared at this point? He hated to lose, and now it looked like victory was in his sights. She couldn't outwit him on a national radio program, could she? Not when he was a major advertiser with the pull of money behind him. Although it hadn't helped him meet her so far...but now he had her in the crosshairs, he couldn't wait to pull the trigger.

*She would be his.*