

**Alchemy xii**  
**New Year's Eve**

**Tamsin Flowers**

The girl draped over the spanking bench mewled like a kitten that had lost its mother. Her buttocks glowed with radioactive heat. Between them, soft folds shone with her own pungent dew. Harry Lomax drew a deep breath—the aroma was captivating. Reminding him of long sultry nights followed by intimate dawns.

However, the girl on the bench wasn't really the focus of Harry's attention. His eyes were scanning the clusters of people who had gathered to watch the spanking scene play out. They showed, as one might expect, a preference for well-worn leather, black kohl, thigh-high boots and fishnets. Some of them he recognized in person, the rest by type. Doms with a surfeit of self-assurance. Subs quivering with excitement. Brats with a challenge in their eye. Fragile-looking femmes who could reduce grown men to tears with the flick of a whip or the curl of their lip. He'd been here before. He'd worn the gear. He'd played all the scenes from the bottom up and the top down.

But tonight he wasn't wearing his leather. This wasn't even his club. Master Blasters was the sort of club he'd stopped frequenting years ago. This evening he'd favored a low profile in black jeans with a T-shirt that gave away nothing about him. Acting like a tourist, lurking here for thrills and titillation. But he wasn't. On this particular evening, Harry had come here to play poacher, looking for fresh-faced, corruptible ingénues upon whom he could work his considerable charms. Searching for someone who might intrigue him.

The girl on the spanking bench lost count, so her Dom started over. Harry went to the bar and ordered a vodka straight up from the barman. He dropped onto a stool while he waited for his drink. Always the same. Always vodka. Always neat. Harry could see no reason to complicate alcohol delivery with sugar-loaded additions. And as he had no intention of playing tonight, he could afford a little vodka buzz.

As he raised the shot glass to his mouth he saw her. Four girls were clustered together watching the spanking scene, open-mouthed. But one stood out, head and shoulders above the other three. Not only literally—she had to be six inches taller than any other woman in the club—but an aura came off her which told Harry he'd found what he'd come for. When the other girls blinked or looked away as the paddle made contact with raw, ruddy flesh, this girl leaned forward, her tongue darting out between her lips. Her eyes were bright with

excitement. She whispered something to one of her companions, causing the friend's eyebrows to catapult up with shock. The tall girl threw her head back to laugh. Wiping her eyes, she turned her attention back to the spanking scene like a vicar confronting a plate of oysters. God, she was magnificent!

Harry Lomax drained his vodka, smiled to himself and left the club.