

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies

THE CAMEO
JW MCKENNA

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An Ellora's Cave Publication, August 2004

Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.

PO Box 787

Hudson, OH 44236-0787

ISBN MS Reader (LIT) ISBN # 1-84360-991-6

Other available formats (no ISBNs are assigned):

Adobe (PDF), Rocketbook (RB), Mobipocket (PRC) & HTML

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Cover art by *Syneca*.

THE CAMEO

J.W. McKenna

Chapter One

Dorothy Eckland was every bit the professional woman. At least that was how she saw herself. Her chin was raised a little higher and her shoulders held more erect as she walked among the common folk.

Dorothy worked as a loan officer at a downtown bank, where image was important. She dressed impeccably and usually wore her dark blonde hair up in a bun. She had a no-nonsense attitude about her life and the people in it. Rules helped define her existence. She obeyed bank regulations at work, traffic regulations on the streets and her own moral code otherwise.

At twenty-eight, she was in the prime of her life. She was good-looking, reasonably well-to-do and respected. Dorothy might admit to herself that she was lonely on occasion, but she'd usually dismiss it by telling herself how lucky she was.

Dorothy had a routine she followed. Every day, sharp at nine, she'd show up at the bank, settle into her desk along the back wall and start her paperwork from the previous day. Other employees would nod at her, just to be polite—she rarely participated in office chitchat. Customers would come in, hats in hand, obsequiously looking for loans, and Dorothy would handle them with measured compassion, even though in a secret part of her, she found them too needy and desperate.

At 11:30, she'd get the nod from the balding, officious bank manager, Mr. Darkin. She'd rise, take her purse from the bottom drawer of her desk and head out for lunch. Other employees knew not to ask her to join them—she'd refused too many times before. Privacy was a protected asset. She usually ate at the restaurant across the street, then spent some time walking through the park down the block if the weather was nice. If it rained, she might stop at the library or run a few quick errands.

At precisely five o'clock, when the heavy bank doors shut, she'd gather her things, nod goodbye to the other officers and to Mr. Darkin, then head home on the subway to her one-bedroom apartment. She had no cat, no dog, no goldfish. She liked it that way. Her life was well-organized and efficient.

On Thursday, the second day of May, Dorothy's ordered existence took a sharp detour.

It was a lovely warm day. She left the bank at 11:31 and headed for her usual restaurant. Dorothy ate a quick salad then felt compelled to walk through the inviting sunshine. It had been a long, cold winter followed by a gray spring and she was glad to finally see the sun again. For reasons she couldn't explain, she skipped the park on this day and headed downtown, toward the shops along Third Street. There was an eclectic mix of merchants there and she thought she might find something she liked.

She strolled past the small Korean-owned grocery with the delicious fruit out on display, looked longingly at vacation posters in the windows of a travel office, and went in to try on a pair of overpriced shoes at an upscale boutique. Finally, she found herself standing outside a small antique shop, wedged in between a bookstore and a café. Acting on impulse, she entered.

A bell announced her arrival. Dorothy almost turned around, as there was no one else in the shop. She always felt uncomfortable when she was trapped under the hungry gaze of the shopkeeper, as if he expected her to buy something. But the merchandise drew her in. She loved the smell and look of the antiques inside. She did not consider herself a collector, but did buy a few items here and there when she found something that particularly interested her.

"Good morning," sang the shopkeeper, an elderly gentleman sitting behind the counter. "Or is it noon already?"

Dorothy checked her watch. "Just past," she responded, mentally noting she had to be back at the bank in twenty-five minutes. Plenty of time for a quick look around.

Grateful that the man didn't ask her if she needed any help—she hated to be bothered when window-shopping—Dorothy began to walk among the short, crowded aisles, looking over the merchandise. Furniture, including armoires, chairs, desks and tables of every description, were stacked to her left, but she did not tarry there. She had all the furniture she needed. To her right, she found herself drawn to the smaller items, such as lamps, collectibles, pictures and knickknacks.

She glanced up to see the man paying no attention to her, which encouraged her to keep exploring. It was an interesting little shop, although a bit dusty. She spotted a Tiffany-style lamp in blues and greens that she liked and thought it might go well on her desk, in place of that boring industrial model she'd had for years. It had no price tag.

"How much for the lamp?"

The old man looked up. "Oh, that? That's not an authentic Tiffany, but it's a very good reproduction. Can you bring it closer?"

Dorothy approached, carrying the dusty lamp with her.

"Oh, my," he said as she got closer. "That's been here a while. Excuse me while I dust it off."

He took it and disappeared into the back room. Dorothy waited by the counter, looking through the glass at the jewelry. It all looked the same to her—watches, rings, bracelets. She didn't see anything that interested her.

The man returned with a much cleaner lamp and plugged it in. The bulb glowed through the blue and green shade. "I could let you have this for \$50."

"Fifty? That seems a bit steep for an old dusty lamp." Dorothy knew how to bargain.

"Look at it now, how it catches the light. It's beautiful."

"Yes, but it's been here for months. I'll give you \$25 for it."

The old man smiled. "Forty."

“Thirty and not a penny more.”

The man paused. “Wait for a minute.” He put the lamp down and disappeared into the back room. Dorothy was nonplussed. What could he possibly be doing? He returned in a moment carrying a small, slender box. “I just got this in today, and when I saw you, I thought this might be something you’d be interested in.”

Dorothy was ready to dismiss it, whatever it was, and concentrate on the lamp. But when he opened the box, her breath seemed to catch in her throat. It was a beautiful cameo, attached by a fine gold chain. It showed a young woman in profile, her bodice exposed, thick hair done up in ringlets.

The old man spotted the look in her eyes and started his smooth sales pitch. “This is a true antique. Authenticated. From the early twentieth century, probably about 1915. It belonged to a rich Fifth Avenue matron and had been kept in the family ever since. But hard times have forced the great-grandson to sell some of her things. I was lucky enough to obtain this.”

“It just came in today?” Dorothy thought the piece was exquisite. She knew value when she saw it—but she couldn’t possibly afford something so rare, so beautiful.

“Yes. In fact, I was about to call a regular customer, who I’m sure will want it.” He paused. “However, I like to make new customers my regulars as well. Would you like to try it on?”

Dorothy licked her lips, just with the tip of her tongue. “Oh, I couldn’t possibly. Could I?”

But the man was already taking it out of the box and unclasping the chain. “Here, let’s at least see how it looks. There’s a mirror over there.” He held the cameo up and Dorothy came forward as if in a trance. She turned and allowed the old man to put it around her neck. It nestled between her breasts, giving her a warm glow. She moved to the mirror and looked at it. It hung at just the right spot, where the valley of her breasts started. It was the most beautiful piece of jewelry she’d ever seen.

“H-how much?” she called out, never taking her eyes off her reflection.

"Tell you what," the old man said. "I'll give you the cameo and the lamp for two hundred."

"The lamp?" Dorothy turned and looked back. She had completely forgotten about it. "Oh, the lamp. This and the lamp for two hundred? Hmmm." She mentally did the math. That would place the value of the cameo at \$170. Was that fair? She had no idea what cameos were worth, but thought this one was of exceptional quality. Still...

"One hundred thirty for both."

The old man bit his lip. "One fifty."

Dorothy turned. "Sold." The word came out without any thought. It was as if she had suddenly tired of bargaining and just wanted the cameo. She wrote out a check and the shopkeeper bagged up her lamp. She decided to wear the cameo, but allowed him to put the empty box in the bag.

Outside, she glanced at her watch. 12:35. *Jesus!* Time had flown by while she was in that shop! She hurried back to the bank, the cameo feeling heavy against her chest as she walked.

Inside, she breezed past a frowning Mr. Darkin and sat at her desk. She placed the bag with the lamp to the side, out of the way. She felt a little flushed from her quick pace, so she waited a few minutes for things to return to normal, then slipped off quietly to the bathroom.

When the door had closed behind her, Dorothy found herself staring at her reflection, eyeing the cameo, seeing how the face caught the light. It made her feel special and a little reckless, as if she had finally, after all these years of careful living, decided to do something just for her.

"It's only a hundred twenty bucks, minus the lamp," she said to herself. "You deserve it."

She washed her hands and patted a damp paper towel on her face to cool off. She hoped she wasn't coming down with something. When she returned to her desk, Dorothy noticed she had a customer waiting, a young man dressed in a suit. She

immediately dropped into her professional demeanor, and soon had the man's information all neatly entered into the computer.

"We'll let you know tomorrow if we'll be able to finance this loan," she said smoothly.

"That's a lovely cameo," he said suddenly.

Her hand went to her chest. "Oh, this? I just bought it. You like it?"

"Yes. It's beautiful. It looks very nice on you."

"Thank you." Dorothy found herself blushing. She hadn't blushed in years!

After the man left, Dorothy found it hard to concentrate on work. Her hand kept moving back to her chest to touch the cameo.

"That's a very nice piece of jewelry. Is it an antique?"

Dorothy was startled. She looked up to see Mr. Darkin standing by her desk.

"Uh, er, yes, it is. Supposed to be from the early 1900s."

"Well, it's very pretty." He smiled briefly and moved off.

That took her by surprise. Mr. Darkin was not the type of boss who would compliment his employees, especially the women, for fear he might be accused of sexual harassment. Still, it pleased her. That was twice in just a few minutes that she'd been complimented about her purchase. It made her feel special—and sexy for some reason.

The rest of the day went by uneventfully, except that she received two more positive comments about the cameo. They made her blush each time and gave her a tingle between her legs. When she went to the bathroom at about 3:30, she was surprised to find herself quite wet. By five o'clock, she was glad the day was over and looked forward to relaxing on her couch.

In her apartment, she put on shorts and a T-shirt, poured herself some wine and put her feet up. Her left hand idly fondled her cameo. It sure did attract attention! She was pleased she'd made the purchase.

Her right hand drifted down, almost of its own accord and reached underneath her shorts. Her fingers rubbed against the smooth material of her panties. *Hmm, that feels nice*, she thought. *All those compliments can make a girl horny.*

She began to rub herself, enjoying the sensations rippling from her loins. Her panties got in the way, so she pushed her hand underneath. God, she was still wet! Her fingers squelched among the fluids, easing the movement against her clit. Dorothy moved her legs apart and increased the pace of her fingers. She was surprised at how horny she was—it was like she couldn't stop herself. In minutes, she achieved a satisfying orgasm.

After a few moments of rest, she sat up, feeling somewhat chagrined. She had never done that before! Sure, a few times when she was in bed, just before drifting off to sleep, but never sitting out on her couch like a common slut!

She shook her head ruefully. Mustn't let those compliments about her jewelry go to her head!

Dorothy ate a solitary meal, read a book and went to bed. As she slipped off the pendant, she had a vague feeling that she should leave it at home the next day. Something about it seemed...odd.

Sometime during the night, she began to dream. She was in her living room. There was a man in front of her, talking softly. Dorothy couldn't make out the words but she trusted him for some reason. He was tall and slender, and probably handsome, although she couldn't see his face. His words soothed her. She found herself leaning back against the couch, opening her legs for him. Perhaps he had asked her to—she didn't know. She had on a robe, her favorite one—a short red silk number she'd bought while in San Francisco last year. The man came closer and stepped between her legs, trapping them apart. She didn't mind. It was as if she were a different person. She felt naughty and it excited her.

The man leaned down and touched a breast through the silk. The heat from his hand warmed her. His thumb brushed a nipple. She began to grow aroused. She could

smell her scent and knew he could too. She looked down to see a bulge in his pants. She smiled and licked her lips.

The stranger's hands came together at the tie of her robe and began to undo it. She thought she should stop him, but then decided not to. It was as if she were someone else. The robe came apart, exposing her naked body to his gaze. He smiled and said something soothing. She caught the word, "beautiful", but nothing else. She could tell she had gotten even wetter.

The man's right hand went to the core of her, and ran his fingers up along her very wet slit. She groaned and spread her legs wider apart. She was being so naughty, but it felt good. He brought the wetness to her mouth and she sucked at it eagerly. This was a completely different Dorothy and she loved it. She had no regrets—the dream freed her.

The man's fingers returned to her pussy and began to stroke her. She didn't want him to stop. She gasped and opened herself to the coming orgasm. His fingers became more insistent and Dorothy's libido began to take flight. Just as she climbed the final hurdle toward her climax, the man leaned in until his mouth was next to her ear. Finally, she could understand his words. "Be my slut", he whispered and his fingers drove her over the edge.

"OH GOD!" She shuddered with the power of it. "OH MY GOD!" She felt like she was falling backward and didn't care—she simply let herself go, abandoning herself to the sensations.

She woke up, sweaty and heated. She was alone in bed, her legs pressed tightly together. She felt the downside of an orgasm and realized she must've had a "wet dream". She'd never had one before. Wasn't that something only men had? But she now understood that the term applied to women as well, for her pussy was gushing fluids.

"Damn," she said aloud. "That was incredible."

Chapter Two

The next morning, Dorothy decided to wear a higher-necked dress, so it didn't matter whether she wore the cameo or not—no one would see it anyway. At the last minute, she slipped it on and let it hang underneath the bodice. *Who cares if no one can see it? I'll know it's there. And that's who I bought it for anyway.*

But it did seem to make a difference. People smiled at her more—even employees who had previously considered her stuck-up. Mr. Darkin came over and made some small talk, an almost unheard of gesture. If she didn't know any better, she would've suspected he was flirting with her. But that couldn't be—Darkin never flirted with his employees.

Dorothy found herself enjoying the attention. She smiled back and even put her hand on Mr. Darkin's arm once. That sort of behavior would've shocked her just a few days ago. Now it seemed normal.

She also noticed she was quite wet most of the day. More than once she had to go into the bathroom and pat herself dry with tissues. She had a strong urge to masturbate, but she resisted. This was a workplace, after all!

At lunch, she skipped the restaurant and went for a walk. Without thinking about it, she found herself in front of the antique shop once again. On an impulse, she entered. She wondered if the old man could help her understand what was going on.

"Hello," he said when he spotted her. "I hope your purchases have brought you some pleasure."

"Uh, yeah," she responded. *You don't know the half of it!* "Listen, I was wondering, uh..." She suddenly felt foolish. "That cameo..."

"The cameo?" His eyes were sharp.

"Can you tell my any more about it?" She wasn't about to let on that something was amiss.

"Why? Don't you like it?"

"Oh, no, I like it very much. I just wanted to know more about it...you know, when people ask me about it."

"Oh, well there's nothing more, really." He paused. "You know, the great-grandson did tell me a funny story when he consigned the jewelry to me. Something about how it seemed to 'reveal your inner light', for those who wore it. I wasn't sure what he meant." He laughed. "I actually carried it around for a while that morning before you came in, but it didn't do anything mysterious for me. It's just a cameo, after all."

He crossed his arms. "You're wearing it today, aren't you?"

"Uh, yes – how could you tell?"

"I can see the edge of the chain around your neck. Why are you wearing it if no one can see it?"

"I just like it, that's all. It makes me feel...good."

He nodded. "It's a very beautiful piece. I think it gives you a glow."

She blushed. "Well, I'd better get back to work. Thanks." Dorothy left, shaking her head at her own foolishness. What was she expecting him to tell her? And what did that mean anyway, "reveal your inner light"? What kind of new-age crap was that?

Still, she couldn't deny that something odd was happening. She felt more alive, more sexual. As she returned, she found herself glancing at the faces of the men in the crowd, as if trying to spot the mysterious man of her dreams. It was hopeless, of course – she hadn't even seen his face clearly.

The afternoon crawled by. Dorothy found that by scooting up close to her desk, she could squeeze her thighs together and no one would notice. The pressure gave her a little thrill, but it made her even wetter. She had to make several trips to the ladies room to take care of business. During her last visit, she sat on the toilet, looking at her wet

pussy and couldn't help but touch it. Just for a second, she told herself. Her fingers slid easily along her slit, from the bottom up to her clit. She sucked in her breath—her clit was so sensitive! She listened for sounds of anyone approaching. It remained quiet. What could it hurt? She allowed her fingers to stroke her slit. At first, she just brushed her clit, but in seconds, she had the pads of her fingers pressed firmly on it and was rubbing herself hard.

She could feel an orgasm coming on—one she couldn't stop. Nor did she want to. She rubbed more furiously then threw her head back and came, hard. She gasped aloud then bit her lip, but the real world didn't seem to matter much at that point. Her entire being was focused on that hot, wet core between her legs and the sensations rocking her.

"God," she whispered. "Goddamn!"

She listened. Thank god, no one could hear her! She cleaned up then left the bathroom as soon as she could. Outside, she expected to see the employees lined up, applauding, led by Mr. Darkin, but the corridor was empty. She sighed in relief. She felt she'd dodged a bullet.

What the hell has gotten into me?

That evening, once safely in her apartment, she took off the cameo and put it away in her top dresser drawer. She didn't really believe the cameo could be the cause of her sudden wantonness, but she didn't have a better explanation. She needed a break and whatever might work, she'd be willing to try it.

She slept restlessly, her dreams disjointed and confusing. She dreamed she was out walking, dressed in her red silk robe and nothing else. The same strange man appeared on the darkened street in front of her. She thought she should run, but her feet refused to obey. He approached and put his arms around her. She found comfort there. The man made her feel safe again. She remembered trying to see his face this time, but she still had only a vague image.

One of his hands went to her sash and untied it. She glanced around, afraid someone would see her, but they were alone on the darkened street.

"It's all right," he whispered. "You're my slut and you want to be naked for me."

His words confused her. She wasn't anyone's slut. She was a good girl. That was how her parents had raised her. She tried to pull away, but he held her firmly. She tried to close her robe, but his hands were inside now, making it impossible. She could feel the cool air on her flesh.

She tried to fight, telling him she wasn't like that. He didn't say anything. His hand moved down to her pussy. As soon as his fingers touched her, she melted.

"See?" he whispered. "You live for this. My little whore."

She had to admit, his touch was wonderful. He stroked her and she quickly neared her orgasm. She knew it would be another powerful one. She felt languid in his arms, and allowed herself to be brought to the brink.

Suddenly, he stopped. She looked up sharply at his blurry face. "Please," she begged.

"You must do something for me first."

"What? Tell me—I'll do anything." And she would—anything to be allowed the release she needed.

"Don't wear panties tomorrow."

"What?"

"You heard me. And no pantyhose either. I want your pussy naked under your dress. Garter and stockings only."

"I-I can't."

His hand moved away. "Then you won't get what you need."

Her pussy ached. "No—wait. Okay. I'll do it. Just please, let me come."

His hand returned and she again began to climb that shimmering staircase to ultimate pleasure. She loved his fingers on her. She could even smell him now—a mix

of Old Spice and musk. The orgasm began to build in that special place, just under her sternum. In seconds, she fell off the edge into the abyss. This climax was every bit as powerful as the other one.

Like before, she awoke just as the orgasm let her down. Her legs were closed tightly together, trapping her hand in between. Apparently, it was her own hand, not the stranger's, which had brought her to a climax. Her hair was sweaty with her release. *Jeez!* She looked at the clock—5:47 a.m. Almost time to get up.

Then, in the light of the new dawn, she caught sight of something else and froze. There, on her nightstand, was the cameo. How had that gotten there?

She rose shakily and went to the dresser. She was sure she had put it away. But it wasn't inside, of course. She must've sleepwalked during the night and retrieved it. How? She had never sleepwalked before in her life.

Chapter Three

Dorothy left the cameo at home, safely tucked away in her dresser. Surprisingly, she didn't feel much better. She still had that itch she couldn't scratch. She couldn't say for sure that the cameo had any power, but she couldn't say it didn't, either.

She wore her panties and pantyhose, as usual. The idea of obeying the dream man seemed ridiculous in the light of day. She was a professional and she wasn't going to play slut to some figment of her imagination.

All day, Dorothy felt irritable and out of sorts. She nearly snapped at a difficult customer and after he left, the ever-alert Mr. Darkin asked if she felt all right. She forced a smile and told him she was fine, just a little tired. He nodded and walked away. Dorothy found she was disappointed he didn't try to flirt with her today.

In fact, all the other employees seemed more distant—just as they had been before she had bought the cameo. She missed the small talk, the mild risqué repartee. Could there really be something going on here?

She should sell it, she decided. Just sell it and be done with it. Or give it away. She had a niece who was nineteen next month—she could send it as an early birthday present. Even as the thought crossed her mind, she knew she'd never do it. If the cameo did indeed have some mysterious power, she couldn't inflict this kind of behavior on her niece. Not that she believed it, of course.

She excused herself to go into the bathroom and found her pussy again sopping wet. *What the hell was going on?* Once again, she found she couldn't resist rubbing herself to a quick climax, yet it didn't feel as good for some reason. Dorothy thought she might be getting her period early—perhaps all she was experiencing was a little PMS.

At five, she went home and fixed a small dinner. She watched some TV, trying to keep her mind off the jewelry. This was all so stupid!

Just before getting into bed, she opened the drawer and unwrapped the cameo. It lay there innocently on the scarf, looking like nothing more than a beautiful bauble.

"This is silly," she said aloud. But she didn't put it away. Instead, she felt compelled to slip it around her neck.

Instantly, she felt better. The irritability she had felt that day eased. It was like a drug had been administered. A smile crept across her lips. She decided, without any conscious thought, that she would wear it tonight while she slept. She told herself it would help her to sleep better.

That night, the dream returned. This time, she was on a subway train, heading downtown. There were others in the car, but they paid no attention to her. The man appeared before her. He had a stern expression on his face. "You disobeyed me."

She knew instantly what he meant. "I can't go without panties!" she said defiantly, her voice pitched low so others couldn't hear. "I'm not your slut."

"Of course you are—you just don't know it yet." The man exuded confidence.

She turned her head away. She didn't have to listen to him. Yet, his words affected her. She felt the pang of disappointment and her pussy grew wet.

"Stand up."

Dorothy started to refuse, then found herself on her feet. He reached out and unbuttoned the jacket of her suit. She put her hands up to stop him but he merely shook his head and her hands dropped to her sides. She felt powerless to stop him. Glancing about, she noticed that a few of the people had turned in their direction, watching, waiting.

The suit coat came apart. The man immediately began unbuttoning her white blouse. "Stop that," she said. Her arms wouldn't move. He grew impatient and pulled the blouse apart. Buttons flew to both sides. Now more people had turned to stare at her. Dorothy felt her cheeks redden and wished she were somewhere else.

He reached around and unfastened her bra. Her breasts spilled out. She desperately wanted to cover herself. "Please," she begged him.

"This is what happens to sluts who don't obey their masters," he said. He slipped the coat and blouse from her shoulders then yanked the bra from her. Now she was exposed from the waist up. People began to stand and crowd closer. The man slapped one of her breasts, hard, causing her to gasp. Her arms finally worked and she brought her forearms up to protect her breasts.

"Do you want more punishment?"

"No!" Dorothy's breast ached.

"Do you want your blouse back?"

"Yes, please."

"Please, what?"

She wasn't sure what he meant, but instinct took over. "Please, sir."

"Master. Call me Master."

"Please, Master."

He handed her the blouse and she slipped it on quickly. Only a couple of the buttons were left, but at least she wasn't completely exposed. When she looked down, her nipples were clearly visible through the fabric.

"Now the panties."

"What?" She squeezed her thighs together.

"You heard me, slut. You brought this on yourself, you know. You can't refuse me."

"No, please—I'll be good."

"I don't want you to be good. I want you to be bad. That's what sluts do."

Dorothy was confused. She'd grown up being such a good girl. Now her world had turned upside down. Bad was good and good was bad.

She reached under her dress. She wasn't wearing pantyhose in her dream, so it was easy to slip down her panties and let them puddle to the floor around her ankles.

“Give them to me.”

She bent over and retrieved them. He held them overhead. “Who wants them?”

The crowd cheered. Hands went up. He tossed the panties to an elderly black man, who immediately thrust them to his face and inhaled deeply. “Aaaahhh!” he said, bringing laughter from the crowd.

Dorothy felt exposed and embarrassed—yet strangely excited. She felt enormous pride that her body could be driving the crowd wild. She’d never thought of herself as a completely sexual being before.

She huddled there, waiting for more orders. Despite the circumstances, she felt safe in the man’s presence. He wouldn’t let anything happen to her. Besides, this was just a dream, wasn’t it?

“Now, tomorrow, when you go to work, you’ll go without bra OR panties and pantyhose. You may wear garter and stockings and you may wear a blouse and a suit jacket that doesn’t show your naughty nipples.” He reached out and pinched one. Immediately, Dorothy felt her pussy gush in response. She squeezed her legs harder together so the crowd wouldn’t be able to smell her arousal.

“And don’t forget to wear your cameo. If you disobey me this time, the consequences will be far worse than this.” He waved his hand across the leering crowd of commuters.

“Y-yes, Master.”

Suddenly, the subway vanished. They were on the street again, alone. She still had on her tattered outfit and she could feel the breeze slipping under her skirt to caress her naked loins. The man stood close.

“You may masturbate for me, slut. You know you need it.”

She looked around fearfully. There was no one there. He was right—she did need it. Tentatively, she reached down under her skirt and began to stroke herself. The man put his hand on her forearm.

“No, pull your skirt up so I can see. Sluts like being exposed.”

Nodding as if that made sense somehow, Dorothy pulled up her skirt with her left hand and returned her right to her wet slit. God! She was so horny! She began to rub herself, in full view of this mysterious man.

The man unzipped his own pants and freed his cock. Dorothy couldn't take her eyes off of it. She could see the veins on it as it jutted out from his body. His meaty fist grabbed it and began to stroke, up and down. She could see the slit at the top, opening and closing with each pump. His cock grew purple and seemed to swell even larger. She tried to match her movements to his. Her eyes remained fixed on his cock.

Suddenly, it erupted, sending a jet of white cream across her sensitive breasts. She gasped aloud and came as well, her knees buckling. She started to fall backwards, but instead of hitting the sidewalk, she fell back onto a bed. Her bed.

She awoke, safe in her bedroom again, her orgasm ebbing, her legs squeezing her hand again. “Goddamn it!” she said to the ceiling. It had been another bone-rattling climax, something she was starting to think she couldn't live without. She sank back in the sheets and shook her head.

Her breast felt strange. She clicked on the bedside lamp and sat up. Opened her nightshirt and stared. There, on the side of her left breast, was the clear outline of four fingers, marked in red.

Chapter Four

Dorothy didn't wear panties or a bra to work. She had stood by her dresser, naked from the shower, and debated with herself about the dream and what it had meant. Finally, she decided just to go along with it—what could be the harm? On the downside, she feared what might happen in her dreams if she disobeyed. On the upside, she hoped it might lead to another one of those amazing orgasms.

She had on her gray blouse, buttoned up with a suit jacket that she planned to wear all day. She wore a knee-length dark blue skirt. From the outside, she looked every bit the professional. Underneath, she was closer to the slut that the mysterious man of her dreams wanted her to be. Her naked breasts pressed against the rayon, making the nipples hard and causing her pussy to tingle.

Her stockings, held up by garters, framed her damp loins. She could feel every breath of air across it. Her labia seemed elongated and overly sensitive. With every step, she could feel her pussy growing more excited.

The cameo hung down almost to her breasts. She dared not leave it at home again. It seemed to brighten her mood and draw others to her. She had missed that attention yesterday.

As soon as she walked in, all eyes seemed to turn toward her. She thought it was just her imagination until, one by one, the other employees approached her to pay her a compliment or to just chat for a few seconds. A few put their hands on her upper arm or shoulder in a gesture of affection. It warmed her. Mr. Darkin even allowed his hand to rest on her waist, just briefly, causing her pussy to produce more lubrication—as if she needed that!

The customers seemed more attentive as well, even though Dorothy knew they couldn't tell she was naked underneath her suit. She worked extra hard to help them

get loans and it paid off. By four o'clock, she had written up more loans than she ever had. She began to write up her documentation, knowing Mr. Darkin would be very pleased.

"Excuse me?"

She looked up and her heart skipped a beat. The man standing in front of her desk had a similar body shape to the man of her dreams! He had the same wavy hair, with just a touch of gray, and his sport coat and khakis were what her dream lover had been wearing.

"Y-y-yes," she stammered. Her pussy was so wet now, she feared she'd leak into her skirt.

"I'm here to ask about a commercial loan? The lady up front said you could help me."

"Oh, yes." She mentally shook herself. "Have a seat, Mr...um..."

"Rose. Mike Rose." He sat and smiled at her.

This had to be a huge coincidence, but it rattled her, nevertheless. She tried to compose herself and concentrated on taking down his information. Mike—she couldn't think of him as Mr. Rose—said he wanted to open a nightclub.

"A nightclub?" She frowned. Those came and went so quickly in town, they usually made for poor investments. She explained that to him, but he seemed unconcerned.

"And why do you think yours would be successful?"

"Because it will cater to a certain type of people," he said. "They don't have anything like it in town, so I won't have any competition."

"Oh, you mean..." She thought "a gay club". She was suddenly disappointed.

He seemed to read her mind and laughed. "No, not a gay nightclub. It's for the bondage and discipline crowd." He said it so matter-of-factly, she wasn't sure she heard right.

"B-bondage...and..."

"Discipline. You know, domination and submissive games that people play?"

She shook her head. "No, of course I don't know. I mean, I may have read something about them..." She blushed. She had a sudden urge to go into the bathroom and rub herself to a quick climax.

"Well," she composed herself. "I'm not sure what our board will say, but let me take down your information and..." She found it easier to fall into her professional patter. He gave her the facts she needed and she wrote it up.

"I can see that you're a bit confused about all this," he said. "If you like, I can take you to a club and you can see for yourself."

"No, that's okay," she said, then paused. "I thought you said there were no competitors in town."

"There aren't. This one's about forty-five minutes away."

"Oh." The idea of going with this man to a bondage club out of town was ridiculous, of course, yet Dorothy felt strangely attracted to him. "No, I couldn't, really. But thanks."

Mike shrugged. "No problem. Well, you know how to contact me if you change your mind."

"S-sure," she managed. He smiled one last time and left.

Dorothy got up, even as Mr. Darkin came over. She waved him off, pointing to the restroom and he nodded. She raced inside and clanged the stall door shut behind her. She pulled up her skirt around her waist and sat down heavily on the toilet. One hand immediately went to her sloppy wet pussy, while the other one pushed down her suit jacket and began pinching a nipple through her blouse. She threw her head back and rubbed herself to a quick and satisfying climax. Suddenly, she heard the sound of flushing in the stall next to her and she froze. She hadn't even checked to make sure the bathroom was empty!

Did the other woman hear her come? Who was it? She peeked through the cracks to see, but couldn't tell. She heard the sound of washing, the hand dryer went off noisily, then the door opened and closed again. She was alone.

Dorothy patted herself dry, knowing it wouldn't last. She let her skirt fall down around her legs, feeling naughty once again for not wearing underclothes. And masturbating in the stall, right next to someone! That was so unlike her! Her hand went to her cameo and she again wondered if she should get rid of it—or if she would even have the strength to.

Chapter Five

With the cameo around her neck, Dorothy went to bed eagerly. She looked forward to her dreams tonight, as she had done what the mysterious man had asked of her. No doubt, he'd be very appreciative tonight. He'd hold her, and kiss her and make her feel like a good slut...no, woman. *Where had that come from?*

She smiled at her slip of the mind. Good slut. Yeah, that's what the man wanted her to be, but she still didn't think of herself as that. She had to admit, however, that it did make her feel sexy. And rather naughty.

She drifted off to sleep. Sometime during the night, the man reappeared in her dream. They were on the street again. "Are you proud of me, Master?" she asked. She tried to peer more closely at him to see if he was Mike Rose, but his face remained indistinct.

"Open your robe," he replied.

She looked down at the red robe and untied the sash. She wasn't worried. Nor was she embarrassed. She opened it and let him gaze upon her nudity. She had a half-smile on her face.

"Very nice." He paused. "But I'm still a little disappointed in you."

"Why? I did everything you asked of me."

"Yes, that's true. But when the man invited you to go see the bondage club, you refused. In fact, you thought he was nuts."

She gasped. "That *was* you!" For the first time, his face seemed to sharpen. He did look a lot like Mike Rose.

"Who?" he asked.

"That man. M-Mike Rose. From the bank."

He shook his head. "Don't know him."

Dorothy was confused. "Well, why have you been visiting me? Why do you ask me to do those naughty things?"

"Because that's your true nature." He stepped close and took the cameo gently in his hand. She could feel the heat from his fingers on her chest. "The cameo doesn't change a person's inner being, it only brings it to the surface."

"No!" Even as she denied it, she remembered the old man's words—"It brings out your inner light".

"It's true."

"I don't see myself as a slut." But she couldn't lie in her dream. "Maybe I think a few naughty thoughts once in a while, just for fun, but I'm not... I don't..."

"Well, you are, deep down. Here, I'll prove it." He reached down and ran his fingers along her wet slit. She gasped and nearly swooned. "See?"

"That doesn't prove anything."

"You want proof? Okay." His clothes seem to melt away. He stood now, close, his erection pointing at her stomach. She gasped but did not pull away. It excited her and she wanted him—she couldn't deny it.

He reached around behind her and pulled her by her hips until she could feel his hard cock pressing against her belly button, his heavy ball sack touching her clit. Dorothy nearly came right then. He moved slowly against her and she began to rock with him. She wanted him inside her.

"Please," she moaned. She reached between them to touch the tip.

"Please, what?" His voice teased her.

"I need you."

"Say it."

"I need you inside me."

"You can do better than that." His cock never stopped moving.

"Dammit! Fuck me!" Her voice startled her. She knew she was too loud but didn't care.

He stepped back, clothes again on his body. A groan escaped her lips and her pussy felt hollow. She wanted him. Her robe remained opened and she stared at his bulging crotch.

"See? You really are a slut, deep inside. It's time to let it out now."

He reached out and his fingers pinched her tuft of pubic hair until she winced. "You shave this tomorrow, real close. No panties, no bra, just like today. I want your naked pussy open to the breeze, hidden only by your skirt."

She wanted to, but her strict upbringing kicked in automatically. "I won't!"

The scene around them suddenly changed. They were in a theater-in-the-round, surrounded by hundreds of guests. She gasped and pulled her robe closer about her. "Mike" — that's how she saw him now — shook his head.

"No, you don't control these dreams. I do." He tugged at the robe and Dorothy found herself unable to stop him. Her arms again refused to work.

"Please," she begged as the robe began to slip down her shoulders.

"Please what?"

"P-please, Master, don't make me."

"It's up to you. Shave your pussy or we let all these nice, respectable people watch you masturbate on stage."

She knew she was trapped. "Okay, okay! I'll do it! Just, please, don't let them see me naked."

"Oh, but that's nothing," he said, allowing the robe to slip to the floor. "Sluts like to be seen naked. Sluts think about sex constantly. They have to have it."

The crowd began to murmur. Dorothy wanted to run, to cover herself, but she could do neither. She just stood there, partially blocked by Mike and stared helplessly into his eyes.

"Please, Master."

"Just for a minute. It's good training for you." With that, he stepped aside. The crowd rose up on their feet, applause beginning to thunder down. At first, Dorothy was mortified beyond belief, but when they began to applaud her, she felt warmed by it. They loved her body! She had lived her entire life being "the smart one" and now people were recognizing that she had a beautiful figure!

She blushed, but then broke into a big smile. She nodded at the crowd, standing there naked and unafraid. It was an amazing feeling—very freeing.

Mike stepped closer. "Now, which would you rather do—shave or bring yourself to a huge orgasm in front of these wonderful people?"

For a brief moment, she considered it. Could she? No, don't, the conservative part of her said. She fought against the "old Dorothy" and lost—for the time being. "I'll shave, Master."

"Good." The theater vanished. They were standing on the street again. Dorothy was still naked. With the crowd gone, she felt no embarrassment. In fact, there was a part of her that missed the attention.

"Masturbate for me."

"No!" Conservative Dorothy spoke up automatically. Slut Dorothy was thinking, "Fuck me."

A riding crop appeared in his hand. "Very well. I'll spank you until you do."

She couldn't move. He brought the crop down on her naked ass, causing her to jump. It didn't really hurt, but it had an immediate reaction. She felt the heat in her pussy, as if he'd turned on a switch. She became even wetter, if possible.

He struck her again and again. She grew hotter. She didn't think she could stand much more. The blows should've hurt, but they only increased her desire. She wanted him, she wanted his hard cock inside her. He was cruel to deny her.

"Rub yourself."

This time, her hand went automatically to her pussy. She couldn't stop herself. She heard the squishing sounds she always made when she was really turned on. She gazed into his eyes as she neared her climax, falling deeper under his spell.

"See, you love this. You were born to be a slut."

His words electrified her. Her fingers moved in a blur. She no longer cared that he was watching her. She needed it. When she came, she felt her knees buckle. She looked up to see her face even with his cock, bulging in his pants. Without asking, she reached for it, and heard his laughter in her ears as she unzipped his pants and freed his erection.

Dorothy took it into her mouth and his cock tasted sweet and perfect. She began to suck him to a climax, almost desperately. She had to taste him. Her hands cupped his heavy balls and she could feel them tense. Part of her knew this was a dream, and yet, it felt real. She could taste him, touch him, even smell him – dreams didn't allow that, did they? Her hand drifted down once again to her own clit and began to rub it. The man ran the end of the riding crop across her shoulder and back and she shivered, expecting him to strike her again. Instead of fearing it, she wanted it, needed it.

Her mouth never stopped working – she didn't want it to end, and yet she wanted to taste him. She knew she would climax as well. Dorothy timed her sucking to her rubbing, as she instinctively knew when he was about to erupt. When she sensed he was close, her fingers became a blur between her legs. In seconds, she was rewarded with his thick, creamy seed flooding her mouth. The taste and her own fingers triggered an immediate orgasm of her own and she felt herself falling, backward into her bed.

She woke up, sweaty and shaking, the orgasm still rocking her. One hand was between her legs, as usual, but two fingers of her left hand were in her mouth. Very strange, she thought, as she pulled them free. "Thank you, Master," she whispered to the ceiling. As dream Mike faded away, reality came crashing down on her. "What's happening to me?"

Chapter Six

The next morning, Dorothy didn't hesitate — she knew the price of her disobedience. While in the shower, she spread shaving cream all over her bushy mound and shaved it smooth. Her pussy felt sexy, naked and vulnerable. When she stepped out, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and gasped — there, on her pale white bottom was several marks from a riding crop. She bit her lip and tried to explain them away but couldn't. Dream Mike seemed to be becoming more real.

She dressed in another conservative suit, but wore no underwear. This time, however, her suit jacket came to just even with her nipples. If she leaned too far forward or shifted too suddenly, her nipples would clearly be visible through the material of her blouse. She tried it out in front of the mirror and smiled at the result. Just before she left, she put on the cameo and felt it warm up her chest right above her breasts.

Her pussy tingled as she rode the subway downtown, as she remembered how she had been naked in a car in her dreams. She looked around and imagined them staring at her, lusting after her. She had a fleeting desire to unbutton her blouse and observe their reactions when they saw her proud tits.

At the bank, everyone smiled when she entered. Now there was no pretense — every time someone talked to her, they'd put a hand on a shoulder or an arm. Even the women. Mr. Darkin rested his hand on her hip and left it there while he discussed the great day she'd had yesterday.

"You loaned out nearly a million dollars!" he exclaimed. "And nearly every loan was well-collateralized! I'm so proud of you." He rubbed her hip and Dorothy glowed. She wanted to reward him for his compliment, so she took a deep breath and allowed her breasts to come up out of her suit jacket. By Mr. Darkin's expression, she could tell

he'd spotted a nipple through her blouse. She glanced down and noticed a bulge growing in his pants. It pleased her to think she could generate that kind of reaction.

Mike came in about eleven. Dorothy was eager to see him again. Maybe he'd read her mind, or maybe his alter-ego in her dreams somehow made contact with him. Her pussy became wet and she imagined Mike's hard cock sliding into her, filling her up.

"What? I'm sorry?" He had been saying something and her mind was so far gone, she'd missed it.

"I said, 'you look lovely today'. Are you all right?"

"Oh, yes, I'm fine. Never better. I'm glad to see you again, too." Oops, that slipped out! She was supposed to be more demure, wasn't she?

He beamed. "Well, I just had a few questions I'd forgotten to ask..." He talked more about the collateral he'd put up and inquired when he might hear about the loan.

Dorothy barely heard him. Her pussy was producing so much lubrication, she feared she might soak through her dress. She urgently wanted go to the bathroom and clean up—and maybe masturbate, thinking of this handsome man making love to her.

"...sure you wouldn't like to check it out?"

"What? I'm sorry?"

"The club I mentioned. It might help you decide...about the loan, I mean."

Dorothy nodded, her mind daydreaming again. She could picture herself at the club, arm in arm with Mike, watching the goings-on around her, her pussy throbbing. She squeezed her legs together.

She remembered what the Mike of her dreams had said—how he had been disappointed in her for not accepting the invitation. She was so confused! Both men seemed real to her and she didn't understand why the Dream Mike wouldn't be able to contact the Real Mike, just as he had contacted her. Unless the Real Mike controlled the Dream Mike and didn't want to tell her...

"Ms. Eckland?"

"Oh! I'm sorry, Ma – uh, Mister Rose." She caught herself – she'd almost called him Master!

"Please, call me Mike."

"And I'm Dorothy." She made up her mind in an instant. "Yes... Yes, I would like to check out this club. From a business point of view, you understand."

"Of course," he replied smoothly. "Shall I pick you up at 8:30?"

"Oh, so late?"

"Well, the action doesn't really start until after nine. I'd want you to get the full effect, you know."

"Yes. I suppose that would be all right." She gave him her address, trusting Dream Mike not to have encouraged her to date a serial killer. The cautious side of her couldn't resist throwing in, "But I can't stay out too late – work and all."

"No problem." He left and Dorothy immediately went to the restroom.

Inside, she pulled up her skirt and sat on the toilet, starting in disbelief at how swollen and wet she was. *God, what a slut!* she thought. *Maybe Dream Mike is right.* She wiped herself up, but then paused and listened carefully. The bathroom seemed deserted, so she took a few minutes to bring herself off. She shuddered with relief – she sure had needed that! This time, she didn't feel guilty.

Chapter Seven

That evening, Dorothy waited nervously on the couch for Mike to show up. She wore a conservative blue dress, belted in the middle. She wore both bra and panties—she didn't want to appear too risqué. She felt like she was going out on a date, but that was silly. *Purely business*, she told herself. She wanted this loan to go through—it represented a good-sized chunk of the one million she'd loaned yesterday.

The doorbell rang. She got up and answered it. Mike was dressed in a black T-shirt and jeans. He smiled at her then his smile seemed to falter when he saw her outfit. She suddenly felt foolishly overdressed.

"Isn't this right? Should I change?" She surprised herself by wanting to please him.

"Well..." he cocked his head. "You look like you're going to the cotillion."

"Oh, I didn't know. I thought I should look professional."

"Why don't you put on something a little more comfortable?"

"I just don't know what one wears to a...bondage club."

"Would you like me to help you pick out something?"

The cameo warmed her chest, almost in encouragement. It reminded her of what Dream Mike would say, "It's your nature to be a slut. Don't fight it."

"Yes, that would be nice," she found herself saying. She led the way to her bedroom, her heart pounding. Her pussy was well lubricated, as if telling her to fuck this handsome man. She thought he might be able to smell her arousal.

She stood by her closet while Mike went through her things. She thought he might pick out a T-shirt and jeans, like he had on, but he was more selective. He found a short red skirt she hadn't worn in years and a low-cut white blouse that would frame her cameo nicely.

"Here," he said. "Wear these. You'll fit right in."

She almost protested, saying the skirt was too short. But something about his demeanor stopped him. He reminded her of Dream Mike—her Master. The two men seemed to merge in her mind. She nodded meekly and waited for him to leave the room. He just stood there.

"Well..." She jerked her chin toward the door. "Leave so I can get dressed!"

"Yes, but only on one condition..." he said, his arms crossed in front of his chest. It made him seem more in control. "If you can skip wearing a bra and panties at the bank, you can certainly skip wearing them tonight."

She almost gasped. He had noticed! *Of course he had, silly! You practically thrust your tits at him today!* But how did he know about her lack of panties? *Did Dream Mike tell him somehow? Or could he just tell?*

She found herself staring, unable to speak or move. He smiled and broke the tension. He reached out and gently touched the side of her face. "You don't need them," he said gently and she melted. Her pussy ached for his touch.

"Okay," she squeaked.

He left. She quickly stripped off her dress, tossing it over a nearby chair then dropped her panties and bra. She slipped on the blouse and buttoned it up, then stopped and unfastened two of the buttons. The soft valley between her breasts seemed to radiate heat. Whether it was from her own rising internal temperature or the cameo, she couldn't tell. She looked away, shivering, but feeling alive at the same time. She was about to fasten her skirt up around her waist when she realized she needed to mop up.

She disappeared into the bathroom and was amazed at how wet she was! *God, will I ever stop this?* She wanted to rub herself—it would only take a moment—but didn't want to keep Mike waiting.

She dabbed up the excess, then flushed and stood up. With no panties and no hair, she felt every breeze down there. And her nipples seemed to press against the blouse, outlining the darkened circles. *How can I go out like this?*

She knew how – she didn't want to disappoint Dream Mike. Or was it Real Mike? She shook her head as she washed her hands, wondering how she had gotten so confused.

The ride to the club took just forty minutes. Dorothy huddled in the passenger seat, wondering what lay ahead. If Mr. Darkin could see her now! They pulled up outside a nondescript building in an industrial part of the nearby town. She couldn't believe someone would build a club here! Only a small neon sign above a solid metal door gave it away – "Tears of Joy".

"This is it?"

"Yes, it is. Now the owner doesn't know I'm thinking of opening a club one town over, so don't let on, okay?"

"Okay."

"Oh, and one more thing." He reached over and unbuttoned another button on her blouse. Now her breasts practically fell out. She almost stopped him, but didn't. She found herself vibrating with anticipation.

He opened the door for her and she got out, careful to keep her legs together. She felt exposed and quite wicked. Her mind wrestled with itself over whether she was the demure bank officer or the horny slut.

Mike paid a beefy gentleman the cover charge and they went inside. The club was dimly lit in red, with spotlights illuminating small stages scattered around the perimeter. Once her eyes became used to the dark, Dorothy stared, her mouth coming open. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. All around her were men and women dressed in leather or other dark clothing. And some had very little on at all! Some men held leashes attached to the collars of women. Dorothy spotted a few tall, confident women who held the leashes of male slaves.

She gasped when she came to one of the lighted alcoves. A woman, dressed in a black bra and thong, was bent over a chair while her "master" stood behind her wielding a riding crop. He struck her to the cheers of those watching, causing the

woman to flinch and cry out. From the marks on her ass, she'd apparently been there a while. Dorothy rubbed her own bottom unconsciously, remembering the fading marks there.

She turned to Mike. "Why would people want to do this?" Even as she spoke, she knew the answer—they had to.

"They like the lifestyle. They're exhibitionists or submissives or dominants and they come here to let their true selves out." He turned toward her, placing a hand on her hip. "Don't you ever feel it?"

She stepped back. "Feel what? I'm not like these people." Her words sounded hollow to her.

Mike just smiled and nodded. "Sure."

They walked around. At another alcove, a woman was standing, facing the crowd, her hands gripping her leather vest tightly, which was unbuttoned down the middle. She had on a neon-red thong that barely covered her mons. A man stood behind her, a cat-o'-nine-tails in his hand. He swished it menacingly.

"Please don't make me," she begged.

"Then pay the price for your disobedience." He whipped her across her buttocks and she screamed, rocking forward in her stance.

"Please, Master! Don't!"

"Up to you, slut," he said, slashing at her again.

Dorothy couldn't figure out what she was resisting—anything had to be better than getting a whipping! Then the woman sobbed and opened her vest, exposing her breasts to the crowd. Tattooed across them were two words, one on each tit—"Master's Slut". The crowd around Dorothy roared their approval.

She gasped. Apparently, this was a new tattoo and the woman had been embarrassed to show it. Dorothy couldn't believe the cruelty of the man, yet that same tingle shot across her pussy and up through her breasts. She could imagine herself in

her dreams, marked by her masterful lover, made to obey his every command or suffer the consequences.

“Would you like to get a tattoo?”

She spun around to face Mike. “N-n-no, of course not,” she managed.

“They have an artist in the back room. They do piercings too. Perhaps you’d like to see?”

He grabbed her arm and steered her toward a back door. Dorothy found herself unable to resist. As much as she was repelled by the displays, a curiosity burned within her.

The door opened and they went through. Inside, three men were busy working on women who were lying on padded tables, raised at one end so they could lean back comfortably. A small crowd had gathered to watch. Mike took Dorothy up to where she could get a better look.

One artist was tattooing something on the bare pussy of a young woman whose hands were being held firmly overhead in the grip of what Dorothy assumed was her “Master”. The girl, dressed only in a white blouse, not unlike Dorothy’s, whimpered but didn’t move as the ink was applied. Dorothy craned her neck and saw the first three letters of a word – “FUC”. The rest was hidden by his beefy hand.

“Fuck Me,” Mike whispered to her, as if she couldn’t have figured it out herself. For a moment, she wondered if he wasn’t so much reading the words as voicing a desire. Rather than respond and perhaps encourage him, she just nodded and turned to the next chair.

There, a nude woman lay on her stomach and the artist was working on a large, intricate design that started at the small of her back and ran down across one ass cheek to her thigh. It looked like a snake or a dragon. The woman appeared to be upset, albeit quietly. Her master stood near her shoulder, rubbing her upper back and saying soothing words to her.

Dorothy turned away, disgusted and aroused, as always. *What was happening to me?* she asked herself again. When she turned to the last chair, she bit her lip and squeezed her legs together tightly. A woman was spread out, completely naked. She had rings in both nipples that appeared to be new and the artist was now down between her legs, piercing her labia to apply other rings. Dorothy moved closer and counted three on one side and two on the other. The man was putting in the last ring.

She was fascinated, despite herself. She glanced up at the woman, who stared back at her, tears leaking from her eyes. Dorothy looked away, and then allowed her gaze to return to the woman's pussy, where the artist continued to work. She noticed that the woman's pussy was leaking fluids, making it difficult for the man to get a firm grip on the labia. He sighed and grabbed some pliers coated with rubber to grip her. The woman sucked in her breath but said nothing.

"That's so she can be locked up when her Master isn't around," Mike said matter-of-factly. "He'll probably put little padlocks through the rings."

Dorothy couldn't imagine such a thing!

"If you don't want a tattoo, how about a piercing—say a belly button ring?" His voice startled her.

She jumped and backed away from the chairs. Her pussy seemed to have a mind of its own, leaking fluids down both thighs. "No, no. Please, take me home."

"We just got here. Let's at least have a drink and we can talk about the loan."

She had completely forgotten the loan. She tried to switch her mind back to the sharp-eyed bank officer but it proved to be difficult. Strange thoughts invaded her mind. She could see herself being spanked on a stage or getting a tattoo or having someone fondle her pussy to apply a ring. She forced the thoughts from her mind.

They returned to the main room and Mike got them both drinks. They found an empty table and sat down. After a couple of drinks, her mind seemed to clear. Dorothy looked around, marveling at how many people were there. The place seemed to be doing very well.

"This place is packed nearly every night," Mike said, as if reading her mind. "I'd guess they pull in about five-six grand a night. Over a year, that's one-point-eight million, gross."

Dorothy tried to focus on the numbers. "You think your club will do as well?"

"Even if it only makes half of what this one does, that's more than enough to cover all my expenses and make a tidy profit."

She nodded absently, her mind wandering again. A couple in the middle of the dance floor appeared to be trying to make love to each other. The man clearly had a large erection pushing against his jeans and the woman, dressed in a short blue skirt and black sleeveless top gyrated up against him, allowing the skirt to ride up, both in front and back.

Dorothy stared and knew that she was leaking into the back of her skirt, yet she felt strangely detached, as if she didn't care. Her eyes never left the couple. Other men danced by and occasionally allowed a hand to touch the woman's upper thigh or bare shoulder. The woman's date made no effort to stop them, so they became bolder. Soon, there were three men behind her, rubbing her ass, reaching around to cup her breasts. Her top came loose and a man pushed it up above her tits. She wore no bra, so her breasts flopped about as she danced up against her man, ignoring the men touching her. The man danced her toward a darkened corner of the floor.

"Doesn't it get out of control sometimes?" Dorothy asked Mike, her eyes riveted on the scene in front of her.

"Yes, but not too often. There seems to be a set of rules that people obey."

"Really?" She couldn't imagine. It seemed to be controlled chaos out there, barely repressed sexuality. She wanted to flee; she wanted to join in.

She sat upright. The thought of taking part excited her for reasons she could not explain. She could barely contain herself. Her hand went to her cameo. Was this causing her reaction?

Mike leaned over. "Would you like to dance?"

She did. She had to get closer to the couple on the floor. The men were now blocking her vision. She wanted to hear the girl moan, watch their hands disappearing into her clothes, see the expression on her date's face as they had their way with her.

Most of all, she realized, she wanted to *be* her.

Mike took her arm and they moved onto the floor. They danced to the music. His hand slipped around her waist, and pulled her close to him. He sensed that she wanted to get nearer to the couple, so he guided them over.

Dorothy gasped as she saw the woman now. She was pressed up against her date, her skirt riding up to her waist, her blouse hanging off one arm. Dorothy could see she wore nothing underneath—*just like me!* The woman was sandwiched in between her date and another man who had unzipped his pants. He was fucking her from behind—she could see his condom-encased cock already shiny with her wetness as it slid between her legs. The other two men hung around nearby, fondling the girl's breasts and apparently waiting their turn.

Dorothy thought she should be shocked by the scene, but she felt only arousal. They were raping this woman right in front of her eyes, and yet the woman wasn't complaining. If anything, she seemed to be deep in the throes of an orgasm. Her head was thrown back, her eyes closed and her date was kissing her neck. Dorothy found herself imagining what it must be like, to be the center of such intense sexual arousal, driving men crazy with her body.

"Would you like to do that? Have men line up to fuck you? Be a total slut?"

"No," she whispered. "I'm... I'm a...good girl..." Her words had no weight—they were meaningless. Her body said something quite different.

Mike's hands were on her ass now, pulling her skirt up. She tried to pull it back down, but he was stronger.

"Please."

“Please what? Do you want to be spanked or fucked? That’s the only choice I’m going to give you.” Mike had dropped all pretense of the eager borrower—he was exerting his control and she felt herself weakening.

“No!” She fought it and pulled away, only to be caught by one arm. The “good” Dorothy seemed to be trying to save her before it was too late. The “bad” Dorothy didn’t struggle in his arms.

“What’s it going to be, slut? Spanked or fucked?”

One of the men nearby overheard Mike and turned toward them. “Hey, baby, you look good enough to eat!” He leered at her, his dick bulging in his pants.

Dorothy shuddered and turned back to Mike. All the fight seemed to go out of her. “Spank me.”

“Spank me, what?”

She knew what he meant immediately. “M-master.” She wasn’t so much talking to Real Mike as she was Dream Mike, she realized, even though she was sure Dream Mike was a figment of her own imagination—wasn’t he?

Mike smiled and nodded. He took her to a vacant alcove and bent her over a padded sawhorse. Dorothy knew her skirt was riding up and she tried to pull it down. Mike just laughed and brought her hands down and tied them off to the legs. Before she could close her legs, he tied each to a support spaced wide apart, leaving her exposed to the crowd.

She could see between her legs—several people stood and watched, some applauding. Mike leaned over her. “Don’t worry, it won’t be bad this first time. Just enough so that you know you like it.”

Mike clipped a small microphone to his T-shirt and asked the crowd, “My slut said she wants to be spanked. Would you like to see?” His amplified voice caused the crowd to cheer and move closer. Dorothy thought she might just die of embarrassment.

Mike used his hand to push her skirt up higher. Before the embarrassment could register in her brain, Mike began to spank her, pausing to rub away the sting afterward. The heat was incredible. Dorothy knew everyone could see how wet she was. Instead of being embarrassed, she wanted Mike to fuck her and that shocked her too. Had she no shame?

"Do you think she wants more?" He asked the crowd. They, of course, roared their approval. Dorothy felt the slaps continue until she could picture her bright red ass being displayed obscenely to the eager faces.

Her cameo slipped out of her blouse and banged her chin as it fell toward the floor, arrested only by the thin, gold chain. For a moment, she thought her shame would return, now that the strange amulet no longer touched her skin, but it made no difference at all. She still felt horny and nasty, and slutty. Maybe it had no real power over her, after all. Maybe this was just her true self.

"Please," she whispered. Dorothy wanted nothing more than his hard cock deep inside her. Still, she fought against it. She couldn't! Not in front of all these people!

Mike leaned down. "What was that?"

"Please...Master."

"Please what?"

"Don't make me say it." Dorothy begged him. She wanted him to untie her, take her away somewhere privately, and then fuck her hard and fast.

"Oh, but I'm afraid you have to," he replied, his voice teasing her.

Unbeknownst to Dorothy, Mike unclipped the microphone and thrust it close, just as Dorothy whispered, "Fuck me." The amplified words echoed in her head. The crowd whistled and cheered. Dorothy's face grew beet red.

She wanted to change her mind – she almost told him to stop, to untie her. Then his hand returned to soothe her bottom and she shook with need. She knew her pussy gaped open and she no longer cared.

Mike leaned down to clip the microphone to her necklace. "Don't be shy—tell everyone what you want."

"Please, Mike—fuck me. Please." Her mind was gone now—she was just a cunt.

When his cock touched her slippery wetness, she exploded. When it plunged deep within her, she came again. The orgasms rocked her, one after the other. She knew she was crying out, her voice amplified in the room, but she didn't care. She needed to let go—to become the slut she was destined to be. When she felt Mike's cock erupt within her, Dorothy fainted from the overwhelming power of her orgasm.

Afterwards, Mike untied her and helped her up. She could barely stand. The crowd had dispersed after it was clear there would be no gangbang. They moved off to see other depravities. Dorothy felt dizzy. Mike eased her down at a nearby table until she could catch her breath. She could feel his seed leaking out of her onto the seat and she didn't care.

"Are you ready to go, my slut?"

She nodded, unable to speak. She couldn't believe that had been her up there, spread open and exposed, being fucked and climaxing for the crowd like a cheap tart.

Mike held onto her arm as they walked out. Several of the customers smiled at her knowingly and one man tried to touch her breast, but Mike slapped his hand away, for which she was grateful. She'd had too much and her mind was awl with confusion.

They rode home in almost complete silence. Mike made no effort to fill the air with meaningless conversation. Dorothy still couldn't believe what had happened to her. Did she want that? Had she asked for it somehow? Her hand crept to her cameo. She didn't think a piece of jewelry could've caused that, but how else to explain it?

As they pulled up to her apartment, Mike stopped the car and turned toward her. "I know you're confused," he said, his voice soft. "You have a lot of things to think about. You probably can't understand what happened or why. All I can say is trust your inner feelings. That's the true Dorothy."

She just nodded. “Thanks,” she whispered and got out of the car. Mike walked her to the door then kissed her good night. It was a chaste kiss, non-threatening.

As he walked away, Dorothy almost called out to him. She ached for his touch, his mouth – and yes, his cock. She surprised herself – she wanted him to take her again. Yet she knew it was his choice. She would be ready, whenever he wanted her.

Chapter Eight

That night, Dream Mike returned. They were on that familiar street again. Dorothy was naked and unconcerned.

"I'm proud of you," he said, touching the side of her breast. She shivered and wanted him to touch her between her legs, just as Real Mike had done. She knew she would climax just as easily.

"Thank you, Master," she murmured. "But what happened to me? I'm not like that."

"Of course you are. You've been keeping the real Dorothy repressed for so many years, you don't even know yourself any more." Now both of his hands touched her breasts, sending sparks shooting throughout her body. Her pussy seemed to swell with blood and heat.

"That's... That can't be me! Can it?" She was losing her train of thought.

Suddenly, they weren't alone on the street. Men and women began strolling by, all fully dressed. Dorothy tried to cover herself, but Mike wouldn't let her. "No, it's only a dream, Dorothy. Let it go. This is who you are, a deliciously naughty slut. You like to show off your beautiful body."

He was right. She did like it. Just as she had liked it at the club. She had felt a power there that she'd never experienced before. It was freeing. She leaned back against the wall and allowed his hands to roam over her body. She met the glances of those passing by, unafraid.

Then her boss, Mr. Darkin, walked up. Dorothy gasped and turned to face the wall.

"Relax, my dear," Mike whispered in her ear. "He likes you like this."

She knew it was true. She remembered the way he had touched her at the bank and how she had reacted to it. She looked over her shoulder at him. Darkin smiled and touched her back. She didn't stop him. His hand dropped down to the pale globe of her ass and rubbed her there. She shivered. Her pussy throbbed.

He stepped closer. "May I?"

She knew what he meant. She looked at Mike, who nodded, and then she said, "Okay."

Darkin pressed Dorothy up against the wall, which felt surprisingly smooth. She heard the sound of his zipper then she felt his hard cock press between her ass cheeks. She gasped, as his cock found the right spot and he pressed it in. She was so wet it slid in easily, without pain.

"This is just a dream," she reminded herself, but it felt real. His cock was slick and hard and her pussy throbbed as it rubbed back and forth. Her clit ached to be touched and Darkin seemed to realize it, for he reached around and pressed the pads of his fingers on her clit.

"Don't come until I say you can," he growled and she knew he meant it. His strokes increased and she hung on, gasping, desperate, trying to hold off the inevitable. For a moment, she wasn't sure if she was here, or back at the club, being fucked while the crowd watched. She glanced over her shoulder to see passersby, stopping to stare.

"Come!" he barked, just as his seed erupted within her. Dorothy exploded, hugging the wall, feeling the strength leave her legs. She hung there, impaled on his throbbing cock, shuddering with her orgasms.

She woke up on her stomach, rocking to the aftermath of her climax. This time, her hands were nowhere near her pussy. "Oh my god," she said aloud. "I really am a slut."

Chapter Nine

Mike got the loan. When he came in for the check, he leaned over the desk and whispered, "Come with me."

Dorothy knew what he meant and she'd been waiting for this moment ever since she'd met him. She rose at once and left the bank, leaving Mr. Darkin staring open-mouthed after her. She winked at him, wondering if he had ever had a sex dream about her.

Mike drove them to the site of the future BDSM club. It had last seen life as a sports bar and had gone out of business a few months earlier. He unlocked the padlock and chain around the heavy double doors and escorted Dorothy inside. It still had the long bar and some chairs and tables scattered around. The big TVs had already been taken out, but two pool tables remained. She wondered why he had brought her here—she had expected he'd take her to his place. Her pussy demanded attention. She'd waited long enough for Mike to fuck her again.

"Imagine how this will look," he told her, strolling around. "We'll have alcoves here and here, and the main stage can go here."

"It's nice," she said, trying not to sound impatient. She had risked her job to come with him and he wanted to tour his club?

He turned and grabbed her, pulling her close to him. He kissed her hard and softly at the same time. His grip was firm but his lips tender.

"I brought you here for a reason." He stepped back.

"Oh?"

"I want you to help me run the club. Co-manager."

"But, I have a job."

"No you don't. I saw the way you left the bank. That part of your life has been shed like an old skin. This is who you are now." He waved his hand around the empty space.

"What? A barmaid?"

"No, silly, my slut. My bondage queen. My cute little slave."

Dorothy felt her pussy twitch with her need. "You sound so confident."

"Oh, I am. And I'll prove it." He grinned at her. "Take off your clothes."

"What? Here?" She looked around. For some strange reason, she felt like it was Dream Mike giving the orders.

"Yes, right here. Right now." He stepped closer. "Or I'll have to spank you."

"You wouldn't." She smiled. She would like nothing better.

He grabbed her as she squealed and began spanking her bottom through her dress. Then he yanked it up and began spanking her on her bare skin. She wasn't wearing panties, of course. She jumped and danced to get away, but not very hard—the spanking only made her wetter.

When he finally released her, Dorothy's fingers flew to her suit jacket to unbutton it. She dropped it on a nearby table and began to unbutton her blouse. Her breasts swung free, unencumbered by a bra. He smiled and nodded for her to continue.

She unzipped the skirt and stepped out of it, laying it on the pile of clothes next to her. She kicked off her Madden shoes, not even caring if they got scuffed. She looked around, feeling strangely calm. She *was* a slut. He took her hand, led her to a pool table and toppled her onto it. She scooted into the center and waited, her eyes alight with desire.

"Fuck me, Master," she breathed as he stripped out of his clothes in record time. They fell together.

Dorothy held her legs wide apart, waiting for his hard cock. It thumped against her thigh and she grew even wetter. He kissed her and squeezed a breast, then pinched a nipple. She wiggled her ass against the felt and moaned. When the tip of his cock

touched her pussy, she gasped. It felt so right. He slid into her so smoothly – she'd been waiting forever for this.

Mike began to move, his arms holding himself up over her, his cock plunging deep within her. She wrapped her legs around his waist and hung on. She was his slut, his whore, his demon lover. All she thought about was his cock and his muscles, the way they all moved together to bring her this ultimate pleasure. She could feel the orgasm coming from a far distance, thundering toward her. "God," she breathed. "God."

She wanted to be consumed by him, devoured. She wanted his cock in every orifice, plunging in and out while she gladly debased herself, her fingers rubbing her clit or her nipples. She remembered her dream and wanted Mike to press her against the wall and fuck her from behind. She wanted to be tied down and fucked in front of a crowd. Anything and everything he wanted to do to her, she would do. She was his slut at this moment, and forever.

It was so easy to let go, to become the slut she was. It was her destiny. She felt the "old Dorothy", the straitlaced, repressed woman, fade away. The new Dorothy welcomed sex in all its forms.

His pace increased and she knew he was close. She held off her orgasm as long as she could. When he thrust deep within her and she felt his seed erupt, she exploded, hugging him close. "Oh my god! My god!" Her climax was every bit as powerful as the one she'd had at the club.

They held each other tightly until the sensations ebbed. Finally, Mike rolled off her. "Now, do you really want to go back to work at that old boring bank?"

"No," she breathed.

"No, what?"

She smiled. "No, Master."

Dorothy quit her job at the bank the next day and helped Mike open the new club, called Red Stripes. Opening night, the club was packed. She strolled among the guests, wearing a leather vest and short skirt. Tattooed on her left breast was a small rose, in honor of Mike. She carried a riding crop, but that was just for show. She was submissive to her Master and always would be. She proudly displayed her red welts down along her thighs, a recent “gift” from him. Her fingers idly moved to the space between her breasts, where the cameo used to be. She no longer needed it, of course. It had served its purpose.

* * * * *

During a hot day in July, a quiet woman entered the shop on Third Avenue and began looking at the merchandise. Her shoulders seemed slumped, as if she carried the weight of the world on them. The old shopkeeper smiled when he saw her.

She approached the jewelry case and began looking at the displays of watches, rings and bracelets. She shook her head and began to move away.

“I just got something in today that you might be interested in,” he said suddenly, startling her.

“What?”

“I had been saving it for a regular customer, but I like to make new regular customers too,” the old man said. “Would you like to see it? It’s very rare.”

“Well, okay.” The woman seemed doubtful.

The man disappeared into the back room and reappeared a moment later with a slim case. He showed the woman the jewelry inside. Her eyes opened wide.

“That’s beautiful,” she breathed, looking at the cameo.

“It belonged to a wealthy matron, but her great-grandson fell on hard times and had to part with it,” the shopkeeper said. “I’ve been told it has mysterious powers. Would you like to try it on?”

About the author:

J.W. McKenna is a former journalist who took up penning erotic romance stories after years of trying to ignore an overly dramatic—and often overheated—imagination. McKenna is married and lives in the Midwest, where polite people would be shocked if they knew what kind of writing was being done in their town.

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